

Harry walked with the pair through the halls towards their new quarters, explaining the plans for the school now that summer had arrived. “You two have one of the empty staff suites,” he added. “You’re supposed to be sharing it with Moony, but...”

Sirius snorted — there was no way Remus was going to sleep away from Snape in the same damn castle. “Guess we’ve got a spare room, then. Lucky us. You want it, pup?” he offered. Harry made a face.

“And see you two wandering around naked in the mornings? I’ll pass, thanks. Besides, if I moved in there everyone would know about Moony in a heartbeat.”

“Ha! Fair point. Ah well, might be useful for something,” Sirius mused, hitching his bag further up his shoulder. “So, what sort of numbers are we looking at?”

It was a long morning, getting everyone settled in the appropriate places. Several of the older students kicked up a fuss about being moved to Hufflepuff when they fully intended to fight, so McGonagall relented and agreed anyone of-age could bunk up in the Ravenclaw dorms.

Of course, that led to Ron Weasley throwing a tantrum about having to go to Ravenclaw when Harry and Neville were staying in their Gryffindor dorm, but by that point the twins had arrived and were happy to loudly describe the type of things Ron might see should he stay in Gryffindor — namely Draco; Draco and Harry performing various sexual acts; and even the possibility of Ginny and Neville performing various sexual acts. It worked to deter Ron, but also the twins managed to gross themselves out at the thought of their baby sister in such situations. Harry just laughed.

“What do you think, Gin?” he asked, smirking. “Wanna move in with your boyfriend and a couple of queers?”

“Mum would kill me,” Ginny said with a snort. “I’ll pack my trunk after lunch.”

Across the table, Neville turned pink.

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The first few days were awkward, to say the least. The younger students weren’t sure what to do, with no lessons and a whole bunch of strange adults gradually filtering into the castle. There was very little supervision, other than the fifth year prefects still living down in the Hufflepuff dorms, and Professor Sprout herself.

Surprisingly, it was Neville who provided an answer. “We’ll work the HA with them,” he suggested. “Obviously, not at the level the rest of us are doing. But they’re here, and they need to be kept busy. And— they might need the practice, if worst comes to worst.”

“It’ll help, Nev, but I really don’t have time to teach a bunch of second years how to Stun each other,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“We’ll do it,” Neville suggested, looking surprised by his own answer. “I mean— we know enough to teach the kids. And we can work on a rotation. You’ve got your own training and