

A quiet snort escaped Snape. "Of course you're not," he muttered, shooting his partner an exasperated look. "Damned fool Gryffindors."

He didn't sound mad about it. Harry laughed, hugging the pair of them, uncaring about all the eyes still on them. "I'm really glad you both made it out okay," he said fiercely. He felt someone press a kiss to his hair.

"You and me both, cub," Remus murmured. "You and me both."

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After that rather eventful morning, Hogwarts finally began to clear out a bit. Everyone was fairly fed up of being cooped up in the castle for the last month, and Harry was quietly relieved when he saw so many people packing up and heading out. He was really quite sick of being stared at.

Through lack of anything else to do, his body still weary and his brain still somewhat scrambled from everything that had happened in the last forty-eight hours, Harry remained seated at the Gryffindor table, watching the world pass him by. Occasionally someone stopped to talk — it seemed everyone wanted to thank him before they left the castle — but mostly he just sat with Draco and watched everyone else begin the day.

He was just contemplating making himself useful in the hour or so before lunch, when a throat cleared behind him. Susan Bones smiled at him, her left eye covered in patch made of yellow fabric dotted with tiny gold suns. "Susan!" he greeted, startled. "What happened?"

"Cutting curse to the face," she relayed matter-of-factly. "Pomfrey healed the scar, but she couldn't save my eye. It's fine, though; doesn't even hurt. I just keep bumping into things, my depth perception is shot to hell." She gave a dismissive shrug. "Theo jazzed up my patch a bit, though, do you like it?"

Looking at the cheerful patch, thinking of the somewhat dour Slytherin, Harry grinned; that was unexpectedly adorable of him.

"It, uh, looks great. But that's awful, I'm sorry."

"It's not that bad," Susan insisted. "Still got the other one, after all! Anyway, I was hoping to catch you — Aunt Amelia is going to call a Wizengamot meeting tomorrow. She wants every eligible seat claimed proper, so we can start cleaning this mess up."

"Oh," Harry said, surprised. "That's fast."

Susan grinned. "You did your bit," she replied, "it's my turn now. We aren't going to have a full session — there's a whole lot of work to do before we can start fixing the laws around here — but it'll be enough to get everyone sworn in and introduced and all that. Make the old relics who still have their seats aware that we're coming for them." She grinned a shark-like smile, eye gleaming eagerly.

For a brief moment, Harry felt very sorry indeed for the existing Wizengamot members.