

back home. She also knew that despite what Millie's father thought, Otto's family were not actually the avid Dark Lord supporters they had once claimed to be.

The only reason they had not publicly turned away like everyone else — other than their own safety, of course — was that doing so would make Mr Bulstrode dissolve the betrothal for sure, and nobody wanted that. Not with the risk that he might betroth Millie to some *other* boy.

Not like Pansy was facing.

"I'm sure you'll see him soon," she soothed, offering her best friend a brownie. "But forgive me for hoping it's because he comes here, not because you've buggered off to Germany."

"I'm not going anywhere until things are safe here," Millie insisted firmly. She reached out, covering Pansy's hand with her own. "I'm not leaving you. If it gets bad, we'll go to Lady Malfoy, together."

It would have to get *very* bad, for that to happen. Going to Draco's mother, turning away from their parents, would get them disinherited in a heartbeat. They were at the mercy of their fathers, until they were married. At least for Millie that was something to look forward to.

"Harry will sort it," Pansy insisted once more. She shuffled in closer, peering over Millie's shoulder. "Now show me what you've written so far. Even the saucy bits. *Especially* the saucy bits." Millie's cheeks burned red as she tried to hide her parchment, and Pansy laughed.

They would have their happy endings. Even if she hadn't quite figured out what she wanted hers to be yet. She would have the chance to find out.

Draco would be awfully sad if they didn't, and Harry would rather burn the world to pieces than see Draco sad.

Pansy approved wholeheartedly.

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Technically, they could have gone out somewhere fancy. One day, they would — Charlie deserved to be taken to incredible restaurants where Sirius could shower him with good food and expensive wine, and ogle him in dress robes, and make all the other patrons uncomfortable with their blatant flirting.

But while that did sound fun on occasion, neither of them were really fancy restaurant people, and quite frankly it wasn't worth the risk or the faff that came with Sirius going out in public.

So with a little help from Ceri, Sirius had the conservatory at Seren Du decked out to the nines, a table for two with a crisp white tablecloth and two silver candles set in ornate holders, and the most incredible dinner waiting for them.