

tighter, happiness flooding his belly; he was at his own birthday party, with his boyfriend, in front of the rest of his friends.

A glance at Draco showed that he'd come to that realisation as well, but was distinctly more nervous about it than Harry. Harry kissed his cheek with a reassuring smile; everyone there knew about them, they had nothing to be afraid of.

Over with the rest of the group, Daphne wolf-whistled, and Draco rolled his eyes. "I'm going to..." He trailed off, and Harry laughed, kissing him properly before sending him on his way.

"I'm glad everyone could make it," Harry said, gaze trailing over the group. All of the heirs who could risk coming to a party at Longbottom Manor — that was to say, everyone except Pansy and Millie — were there, along with partners. Cassius had even brought Oliver, who had his arm wrapped around his Slytherin's waist, looking overjoyed at being able to act like a couple in front of other people; Harry could understand the feeling. Fred and Angelina were there as well, Angelina's gaze narrowed at Draco while Fred whispered in her ear, looking amused. Of course; she didn't know about their relationship. Oops.

Over by the conservatory, the adults were clustered together, wine in hand; not just Neville's gran and Amelia Bones, but Bill and Fleur, and Tonks and Kingsley. And, of course, the group from Seren Du — Remus was introducing himself to Mrs Longbottom, as one of the few who hadn't met her through Wizengamot dealings.

"And miss an excuse to get together?" Ginny pointed out, grinning. "I'm sure as hell glad for the chance to get out of the house. Hermione's still visiting, and I'm ready to kill the pair of them."

"Does Hermione even *see* her parents anymore?" Harry asked incredulously; the girl spent most of her year at boarding school, her Christmas breaks either at school or with the Weasleys, and now she was spending most of her summer with the Weasleys too!

"She's going home for a bit after booklists have arrived, she says," Ginny replied, though she sounded skeptical. "But she'll be back to stay with us before school starts. Luckily," she continued, looping her arm through Neville's, "Mrs Longbottom thinks I am a delightful young lady and is happy for me to visit as often as I like."

"You've got her fooled, then," Harry teased, making Ginny laugh.

"Oi, Ginny's not the only one who hasn't seen you in ages, y'know," Susan mock-complained from a few feet away. "Aren't you going to say hello?"

"Hello," Harry replied dutifully, then turned his back on her, only to snicker at her shout of indignation. "Kidding," he said, heading over to hug her. "Hey, Theo. How's it going?"

"Doing well, thanks." Indeed, the Slytherin looked much better than he had when Harry had left him at the Pottery; he looked like he'd actually slept, for one.

Harry made his rounds of the group, saying hello to everyone and accepting the birthday presents offered with bashful smiles, putting them all in his Twilfitt and Tattings extended