

all. I'll talk to Sully, they're still down in Hufflepuff and from what I've heard the kids love them. Between us we'll sort something out."

Harry wasn't going to argue with that; it was one less thing for him to think about.

Mrs Weasley did indeed go apoplectic over the idea of her not-quite-sixteen year-old daughter sharing a dormitory with three older boys, one of which was her boyfriend. Harry felt sorry for Professor McGonagall having to deal with that one; they all knew that even if Ginny was ordered down to the Hufflepuff dorms, she'd find a way to sneak back up to Gryffindor anyway.

"Mum's trying to make me share a dorm with her and Dad, like I'm *five*," Ginny grumbled as she stomped into the dorm that evening, not even bothering to knock.

"Technically you are underage," Draco pointed out diplomatically.

"So's Neville, for another month! And Harry!" Ginny argued hotly.

"Yeah, you cradle-robber," Harry teased, nudging Draco's hip with his foot. Draco grabbed it, tickling the bottom of his foot in revenge.

"What does your dad say?" Draco asked.

"I told him we were in separate beds, but I think even he knew I was lying through my teeth. We had a really awkward conversation about pregnancy and Weasley fertility, and then he said that he knew I was too stubborn to do as I was told regardless so he just hoped I'd be sensible about things."

With a bit of magic, the boys' dormitory had transformed from a room holding five single beds to a room holding two doubles, with a makeshift partition in the middle that could be warded for privacy. Ginny didn't seem to give a single shit about any of the boys seeing her in various states of undress — Harry supposed after living with six brothers she had relegated Harry and Draco into that zone — but it was still good to have that boundary, if only at night.

Some things Harry didn't ever want to hear.

"Honestly I think they're more worried about me deciding to fight than where I'm sleeping. As if I'm going to let everyone I love step on that battlefield and just twiddle my thumbs down in Hufflepuff with the firsties," Ginny said, face a picture of disgust.

"Wait until they see a proper HA session," Harry told her with a smirk. "They'll realise they've got nothing to worry about." He would guarantee that his HA were more prepared for battle than most of the people coming to the school preparing to fight.

Harry scheduled that first session a week into summer, just as people were beginning to get restless. He made sure to check with McGonagall that they could claim the Great Hall for it — the headmistress had the tiniest of smirks when she agreed, and Harry suspected she knew exactly what he was trying to do.