

fall over in front of everyone and Susan hates me and never speaks to me again and I've ruined everything?"

Neville snorted. "Susan wouldn't let you fall over," he assured. "She'd hex you into dancing properly before it got to that." Harry didn't think that sounded like too bad a deal, and he said as much, making Seamus laugh.

"You'll be fine, mate," the Irish boy insisted. "Just don't stare at her tits and you'll be grand." Dean thwacked him over the back of the head.

Harry doubted that was going to be a problem for him, but kept that to himself.

His dress robes were folded neatly in his trunk, and Harry got them out, finding the shirt and trousers that went under them. The shirt was a tunic-style shirt in a muted gold colour, with a high collar and shiny gold buttons down the front. The trousers were so dark green they were almost black, close-fitting without feeling uncomfortably tight. They were surprisingly comfortable, and Harry looked himself in the mirror before he put the robes on over them. He'd chosen that particular shirt because it was vaguely Indian-inspired, and it took his breath away to see himself in it. He'd never worn anything remotely like it before — he'd worried he'd look silly, but it actually looked good!

Shrugging into the robes and buttoning up the front, he turned back to the mirror for the full effect. The robes were a dark emerald green, with gold embroidery around the cuffs and hem that was also Indian-inspired, to go with the shirt.

"Wow, Harry!" Seamus' appreciative whistle cut into his daze, and Harry blushed. The other Gryffindor wore light blue dress robes with a bright purple shirt beneath them.

"It's not too much?" Harry asked, unused to wizarding clothing at all, let alone formal wear.

"You look great," Neville insisted quietly from where he was buttoning up his own robes. They were much more traditional in style, a dark red colour that made his hazel eyes glow. It made him look older, and surprisingly handsome. Ginny was a lucky girl.

Harry told him as much, watching the boy's ears turn almost as red as his robes. Across the room, there was a low curse.

Ron was stood in the middle of the dorm, staring at himself in the mirror with a look of utter disgust on his face. Harry tried not to laugh. His dress robes did look awful. Harry wondered how much he was regretting not taking Bill's old set. "I can't go out like this," Ron groaned. "I'll be the laughing stock of the school!"

"It's not that bad," Dean attempted, keeping a remarkably straight face. Ron glared at him.

"It's hideous! Look at this lace!" The robes didn't look much better on than they did on the hanger, like Ginny had laughingly assured her brother they would. They weren't terrible by themselves — old fashioned, sure, but not the worst — but the fraying lace... it wasn't a good look.