

“You doing alright, kid?” George asked, slinging an arm around Harry’s shoulders. Harry leaned into him, still smiling.

“Better now I’ve flown.” The redhead hummed knowingly. “I’ll be even better after tonight.”

George wiggled his eyebrows. “Post-curfew plans, eh?” Harry blushed, but nodded. “Catch me before you go; I’ve got some potions questions for your brainiac beau.”

“Will do. Though don’t expect any answers tonight.”

“Course not,” George agreed, smirking. “He’ll be too busy snogging your face off.”

Harry’s silence was an answer in itself.

“Ron’s not giving you too much trouble, is he?”

Harry shook his head. “He’s actually left me alone more than I expected. I don’t know if he’s just given up trying to do what Dumbledore wants, or if Dumbledore thinks I’m having some kind of teenage angst rebellion and will come crawling back to them in a month or two, but other than a few remarks, they’ve both been fine.”

Hermione seemed to take it as a personal offence that Harry was excelling in classes. He’d been the only one other than her to complete the Vanishing spell in class, and he’d actually beaten her to the punch in Charms. She had been studying even more diligently than usual, from what he’d seen.

“Glad to hear it. I live in hope that a bit of time alone will make him get his head out of his arse, but he might just be a lost cause.” George shook his head sadly. Harry frowned; it had to be hard, watching your little brother act in such a way.

“Lots of people are idiots when they’re fifteen,” he said. “Maybe he’ll come around eventually.”

“Maybe. Until then, we’ve got plenty of products to test on him.” George smirked mischievously. “Business is booming, and it’s all thanks to you.”

“You two are the ones with the brains,” Harry insisted. “I just invested in talent.”

That actually brought a blush to George’s freckled face, and he ruffled Harry’s hair. “We owe you, big time.”

“No you don’t,” Harry waved him off, “you’re family.”

George pulled him closer, smacking a loud kiss to his cheek. Harry groaned, wiping at the slobber-mark exaggeratedly. “Go pester Lee,” he mock-grumbled, turning through the doorway to the Great Hall. George laughed, but obediently disappeared.

As he headed to his table, Harry couldn’t help but glance across the room in the direction of the Slytherin table, where Draco was holding court in the centre of a cluster of fifth and sixth