

the picnic basket had been unpacked onto a conjured table.

A round of cheers went up when Harry revealed his purchase, enlarging the butterbeer crate and setting it in the usual place, grabbing a finger sandwich off the table.

“I don’t want to know how you managed that, do I?” Neville asked wryly, accepting a bottle. Harry beamed at him.

“Ask me no questions—“

“You’ll tell me no lies, right, yeah,” Neville finished, rolling his eyes.

The portrait hole opened, and a roar of cheering filled the room as the quidditch team entered, wearing Gryffindor house hoodies and beaming widely. Harry whooped, grinning when he met Angelina’s eyes — he was *so* glad she could experience winning the cup one last time.

Ginny was striding towards them, a determined glint in her eye, and Harry was about to ask what the matter was when she stepped up to Neville, grabbed him by the shoulders, and pulled him down into a kiss.

Neville froze only for a moment, before his arms wrapped tight around the redhead, butterbeer bottle still in his hand as he kissed back like there was no tomorrow. Harry laughed, wolf-whistling loudly, and another round of cheers filled the room along with several cat-calls and more whistling.

Across the room, Harry could see a red-faced Ron gearing up to head over, only for Hermione to grab him by the arm and begin yelling at him. Good. Ginny and Neville deserved this moment.

When they finally surfaced for air, both of them were grinning like loons, and Harry clapped them both on the shoulders like a proud parent. “About fucking time, I say!” he declared vehemently, making them both blush.

“I, uh— we’re gonna go talk. Somewhere quieter,” Neville told him, his cheeks as red as the Gryffindor banner, but his hand still firmly clasped in Ginny’s.

“No worries. Here, take these with you.” He handed Ginny a butterbeer, and Neville a napkin stacked with chocolate chip scones. “They might all be gone by the time you get back. Also, fantastic catch, Ginny,” he complimented, making the girl beam wider.

“Thanks, Harry! I hope you’re ready to have me at chaser try-outs next year!”

He pat her on the back, then ruffled her hair. “You’re on. Now get out of here, lovebirds.”

The only reason neither of them flipped him off was because their hands were full, but Ginny’s glare did the work anyway. Harry watched them go fondly, then looked for the three chaser girls in the crowd, eager to hug the life out of them for their victory — and make Angelina and Alicia cry again, probably.

He might not have played this match, but he would always be part of their team.