

# Chapter 108

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

From that point onwards, Harry was on cloud nine for the entire rest of the summer. Every morning he woke up and caught sight of that glint of silver and green on Draco's hand, and his heart did gymnastics inside his chest. Draco had started teasing him for it, mocking the ridiculous smile that greeted him every morning, but he was just as bad.

The teasing when Harry went down to breakfast every morning was far worse, anyway.

At least Harry wasn't the only one being a big old sap all over the place; Sirius and Charlie had officially begun proceedings to adopt the three Forrester children. Harry suspected their own engagement would come soon — hopefully a better proposal than Sirius' drunken declaration after the war ended.

Everyone was certainly kept busy over the next week or so, as school drew nearer and everything had to be put in place for that. The Department of Education managed to arrange for examiners to come to the school for a week, to oversee any OWLs or NEWTs the students wished to take — most of the just-graduated seventh years preferred to come to Hogwarts in their summer holidays than to drag out their education any further. A few would be repeating at least part of seventh year, Harry knew, but for the most part they all just wanted out of the castle and into the world. He didn't blame them; he himself was desperate to be done with education, as much as he loved Hogwarts.

Cho Chang was one of the students who wanted to get her NEWTs out of the way, and Harry just happened to be in the castle on the day she took her DADA exam. When she saw him in the corridor on her way out of the practical exam, she took one look at him and burst into tears.

"Did it go that bad?" he asked, and she whacked him on the arm, laughing even as she cried. Then her arms wrapped around his waist, squeezing him firmly.

"I probably got an O, and I never would have done it without you," she told him. Her dark eyes were shiny when she looked up at him. "I wish he was here to see it. To see everything we've done."

Harry swallowed tightly, feeling that phantom ache around the raw edges of the hole in his chest that had begun with the death of Cedric Diggory. It would never go away, not truly. "He'd be so proud of you," he told her, chin on her head, letting her snuffle into his shirt. From what he'd heard of the battle, Cho had been a true force of nature, taking on three Death Eaters by herself and Disarming the lot of them. "What's next for you, then?" he asked, releasing her. She wiped at her eyes, smiling.

"A Charms Mastery, if I get my O," she told him. "There's a Charms Mistress in Seoul that I really want to study under; the magic on that side of the world is totally different to the kind