

“I should tell Parvati and Lavender their efforts weren’t wasted,” Harry mused, still in shock over that Divination result.

“Go on, boys; go write to your friends,” Sirius urged. “And take the day off training, too — you’ve earned it!”

Harry couldn’t even argue with that; he was far too happy to even try and concentrate on duelling.

Abruptly, Draco snorted. “I bet you’ve done better than Granger,” he remarked. Harry stared at him.

“Maybe in a couple subjects, but overall? I doubt it.” He couldn’t see Hermione getting anything less than an E. He wouldn’t even be surprised if she had straight Os.

“You might not have noticed because you were busy doing a thousand things at once, but Granger spent half of the last year paying more attention to what you were doing than her own work,” Draco informed him, deeply amused. “*And* you did one more subject than her, thanks to your two self-studies. Which, I can only speak for Runes, but she spent most of that exam trying to glare at you without getting caught. Between that and how much you improved through the HA, it wouldn’t surprise me if you’ve beaten her. History of Magic doesn’t count,” he dismissed easily.

Harry shook his head, a little incredulous. “We’ll see when school starts back, I suppose.” The idea of academically out-performing Hermione Granger... well, it was incredibly satisfying, to say the least.

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Sirius still felt strange walking into the Wizengamot chambers, his robes transforming into the official garb the moment he stepped over the threshold. It still felt strange to be in the Ministry at all; people looked at him like he was some sort of criminal, but he was getting used to that now.

It helped, having Charlie by his side. The redhead kissed his cheek before they all split up to take their assigned seats, and Sirius didn’t miss the wave of whispers sparked by the action. He smirked to himself; let them gossip, he had nothing to be ashamed of. Charlie was the one whose reputation would take a hit, and the dragon tamer had repeatedly assured him that he couldn’t give less of a damn about that.

He settled into the Black family seat, propping his ankle on his knee, and waited for the meeting to start.

“We have a new member joining us today,” Scrimgeour announced once everyone was present and quiet. He didn’t look too happy about it. Sirius sat up a little straighter; of course, the Warrington boy was claiming his seat, Harry had said.

The door opened, and Cassius Warrington strode in, the tightness of his jaw the only sign of his anxiety. Sirius could see the family resemblance easily; Julius Warrington, the boy’s