

He watched her think for several seconds, before the penny dropped. “No way!” she breathed, wide-eyed. “You...?” She tapped her chest, about where a badge would sit on a Hogwarts robe, and he nodded. Immediately, he was tackled in a tight hug, Ginny squealing into his ear. “Harry, that’s amazing!” Then she pulled back, and scoffed. “You fucking nerd. *Mr Eight Os.*”

He just rolled his eyes — they were back to this again. He probably wouldn’t be rid of that nickname until after he got his NEWT results.

“I didn’t think she’d give it to me,” he confessed. “Thought I was too much trouble, to be honest.”

Ginny grinned at him. “You’re the good kind of trouble, though,” she told him, winking.

“Oi, you two!” The call startled both of them, turning to see Draco in the doorway. “The count’s almost over, they should be announcing it soon.”

Harry and Ginny scrambled to their feet, following Draco into the main parlour. The whole room was clustered around a Wizarding Wireless with the volume turned up, tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Susan sat closest to the Wireless, on Theo’s lap with a white-knuckle grip on his hands. Today’s eyepatch was bright orange with the words ‘Vote Minister Bones’ printed in black.

Harry squeezed into a seat next to Tonks, trying not to elbow her in the stomach as he situated himself. In the metamorphmagus’ tight t-shirt, the bump of the four-month pregnancy was unmistakable, and Tonks couldn’t stop grinning about it.

Draco perched on the arm of the sofa beside him, hand coming to Harry’s shoulder, and Harry reached up to squeeze it anxiously.

“You know she’s going to win, right?” Tonks murmured, watching him in amusement. “Hawthorne is a clotpole. No one’s going to vote for him.”

“You never know,” Harry pointed out warily, “they voted for Fudge, after all.”

Then Draco hushed him, as Susan turned the volume up even louder.

*“It seems we have the final count coming in!”* the announcer declared. *“And... with a staggering ninety-six percent of the votes, Interim Minister Amelia Bones is now our confirmed new Minister for Magic! Congratulations, Minister Bones, and commiserations to Mr Hawthorne.”*

Harry was on his feet with excitement, Tonks right beside him as the whole room erupted in cheers. Susan burst out sobbing in Theo’s arms, and Mrs Longbottom didn’t even get mad when the twins let off some indoor fireworks. But they were quickly extinguished, as Amelia’s victory speech began on the broadcast.

*“Thank you all for putting your faith in me — I know it isn’t easy, after such a difficult few years. But the dark times have passed, and I will do everything in my power to help this*