

That just made Ginny look smug, running a hand over her boyfriend's chest. "He does, doesn't he?" she agreed proudly, patting Neville's cheek when he blushed.

"I need to go shower," Draco declared. "So put your tits away before I have to open the door, Weasley, in case your mother finds out how scandalous you are."

Ginny laughed, summoning a shirt from across the room. "If I must," she mock-sighed. "Although that reminds me — I was thinking about getting a nipple piercing, sometime before we go back to school. Pretty sure I can blackmail Charlie into taking me to his tattoo artist friend for it. What do you think?" She turned in Harry's direction, cupping her breasts and looking at them with a curious expression. Harry snickered, seeing Neville turn a vibrant shade of red.

"Pretty sure you're asking the wrong bloke, Gin," he said mildly. "But right before school is the best idea, less chance for your mum to find out. Also if you do go, let me know, I want a tattoo."

"Ooh, tattoo and piercing date," Ginny said delightedly, pulling her t-shirt over her head. "You're on, Potter."

It was such a *normal* morning. The easy movement between them, discussing their return to school like it was a sure thing, the teasing and the banter and Neville's eternal blush. Like it was any other day.

"You never answered my question, Neville," Draco reminded. "What time d'you come of age?"

Neville took a second to stop staring at Ginny's chest, even though it was covered by fabric, no doubt imagining a piercing there. "Oh, yeah. Quarter to midnight," he said, running a sheepish hand through his hair. "Barely today."

"As the seventh month dies," Harry murmured to himself, earning an odd look from the taller boy. "Nothing, nothing." Neville had never heard the Prophecy, didn't know how close he'd come to being in Harry's shoes. If Harry had his way, he never would.

A lithe form pressed against Harry's back, a hand pinching his arse. "Shower time," Draco said, eyes smouldering as he looked at Harry. "Coming?"

Harry summoned his clothes quickly, ignoring Ginny's cackling laughter as he followed Draco out.

It was going to be a difficult day; they had to take their joy where they could.

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They knew what was coming when Snape disappeared.

The Potions Master had told them — the family, those who knew the truth — that the Dark Lord had asked Snape to be at his side when the battle came. Snape was one of the best duellists on the Dark side, after all. Voldemort had so few left these days,