

took his hand and met his gaze. “You have my blessing, Harry. Not that I think you need it, but if there was any doubt in your mind — I cannot think of anyone better suited to my son than you.”

He swallowed hard. His eyes itched. “Thank you,” he rasped. “I— that’s good to know.” Narcissa was right, he would have done it regardless of her opinions, but... he would much rather have her on board.

“You silly thing,” she tutted, kissing his forehead. “As if I would turn you away. Sirius and Andi would never speak to me again, for one!”

A choked laugh erupted from Harry’s lips, and Narcissa gently urged him forward once more. “Come on, darling. If I’m not mistaken, it looks like there might be a party brewing.”

Harry blinked, looking up at the castle, the illuminated windows shining brightly in the gold-hued evening light.

A party sounded nice. But a nap sounded better.

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Luckily, Harry got his nap — Draco took one look at his ashen face and marched him right up to bed, muttering all the while about foolish Gryffindor idiots who didn’t know their own limits.

Draco napped with him, cuddling him close above the blankets, the window open to let in a cool breeze and the sound of birdsong. It was perfect.

They woke in time for a late dinner, and came down to the Great Hall to find that a party had indeed been brewing, and was now in full swing.

There were just two tables left in the hall, both laden with mouthwatering food, and Harry eagerly took a seat beside Ginny and began piling his plate high. “I like the hair,” he complimented. She beamed.

Where the night before it had been tufted and slightly charred, the left side of her hair at all sorts of ragged lengths in the wake of whatever spell had caught her, now it had been cleaned up a bit, made to look intentional — the side of her head was shaved to a soft red fuzz up to her side-parting, a juxtaposition with the fiery curtain of hair on her right side. It looked incredibly *cool*, and Harry wondered if she was about to start a new trend.

“Tonks did it!” Ginny enthused. “I actually really love it — I’d been thinking about changing up my hair, y’know. Wasn’t planning on something quite as drastic as this, but it looks way better than I expected. And feel how soft it is!” She grabbed his hand, lifting it up to stroke the shaved side of her head. It was indeed velvet-soft. “Fleur’s mum got my ear grown back, too!”

Harry hadn’t even noticed that; the entire top half of her ear had regrown, not quite the same shape it once was, but present all the same. “Congrats.” He tweaked the ear gently, making