

satchel to open later. He wasn't really sure what the protocol was, but he hoped no one would mind; opening presents in front of his guardians and the Malfoys had been bad enough, he didn't want that sort of pressure.

When he saw Parvati, she hugged him tight. "Thank you for the flowers, you absolute sweetheart. You didn't have to do that."

"I got an E in Divination because of you and Lavender," he retorted, as he'd said in the card with the flowers, "you deserved them for dragging me through that class."

"I got an O in Defence, and I sure as hell wouldn't have done that without you," she argued, smiling fondly. "It's what friends are for."

"Then shut up and accept flowers from your friend," Harry teased, and she laughed. "Congrats on the O, that's brilliant!"

"Ooh, are we swapping exam results already?" Anthony cut in, looking at them in interest. "How'd you do, then, Harry?"

"Yes! Inquiring minds want to know," Ginny pestered, smirking. "Ron passed six, mostly As and Es. Hermione's been *insufferable* — she didn't do half as well as she expected." She rolled her eyes. "*Only* seven Os, three Es. A true tragedy," she said in mock dismay.

Across the circle, Draco froze, his eyes meeting Harry's triumphantly. "I told you, Potter!"

"I had one more subject, that doesn't count," Harry argued feebly, but Draco was shaking his head, then he turned to Ginny.

"Harry got eight Os," he bragged. "It *would* have been ten, I'm sure, but there was the mess with Hagrid in Astronomy and then that whole vision business in History."

Immediately there was a wave of exclamations.

"Eight Os! Blimey, Harry!" Ernie said, impressed.

"You little brainbox!" the twins chirped, beaming with pride. Harry felt his cheeks heat, and he turned to glare at Draco, even as a smile threatened to overtake his face.

"I did pretty well, I guess," he admitted. Draco laughed, and kissed him hard enough for Fred to wolf-whistle.

"Fucking nerd," he teased fondly. "Practically a Ravenclaw."

"Oi!" the four Ravenclaws in the bunch piped up, offended.

Harry looked around, desperate for a change in subject. "Alright, what about NEWTs, then? Cassius, how'd you do?" He already knew Angelina's results, and the twins would be sitting theirs at the Ministry in a week.