

Chapter 7

“Remember, Keep your answers short and to the point,” Daphne said, straightening Harry’s lapel of his purple robes. “Don’t give them a chance to take you out of context.”

Harry nodded nervously.

“You’ll do fine,” Penny whispered, caressing his back.

“Yesterday was a huge victory for the Ministry. Keep pressing that point,” Amelia told him. “And remember, you’re not alone.”

Glancing at her out of the corner of his eyes, he smiled just as the elevator came to a stop. The door opened to the sound of shouting voices. A line of Aurors stood, holding back a sea of reporters and people.

“How the hell are we going to get through this?” Kim shouted over the din.

“Make a hole!” one of the Aurors shouted.

He tried to push his way through but was nearly swallowed up by the crowd as they all pushed forward, yelling questions. Annoyed, Harry raised his wand to his throat.

“Quite!” he barked.

Everyone fell quiet until a blonde witch with garish makeup and an acid-green quill floating next to her shoved her way forward.

“Harry! So good to see you,” Rita simpered. “You have to tell us-”

Her mouth continued to move, but not a sound left her lips. Harry smirked as Daphne discretely tucked away her wand.

“I know you all have questions,” Harry said. “I’ll be happy to answer them, in the Atrium, after the Wizengamot meeting. Now, if you could please let us through?”

The reporter at the front grumbled but moved out of the way as the Aurors made a path. Behind the reporter were a combination of well wishers and critics. Some thanked him, while others hurled insults. In the case of one angry young man, he tried to hurl more than that. Fortunately, the Aurors were on him before his wand had even cleared his robes.

“You’ll pay for what you’ve done to my family, Potter! You’ll pay!” he shouted as the Aurors cuffed him.

“Let me know what that was about when you find out,” Harry whispered to Amelia.

She nodded as they pushed open the doors to the courtroom. All conversation stopped, eyes following their every move as they walked to the front and took their seats. The viewing gallery was packed to the brim, some even standing due to the lack of seats.

“Minister,” Dumbledore greeted him with a smile. “Would you like to hold normal proceedings first?”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Let’s get this over with.”

“Very well,” Dumbledore nodded, stepping back from the podium.

Clearing his throat, Harry stepped up with Amelia at his side.

“Right, first things first, let’s go over what happened,” Harry said. “Last night, the Auror department successfully pulled off the largest raid on British magical soil. Using the information obtained from my own testimony and that from convicted Death Eater Walden McNair, we identified the locations of over a dozen safe houses and residences harboring Death Eaters. Troublingly, a number of Death Eaters that were identified worked for the Ministry, including four in the Auror Department. After speaking extensively with Madam Bones, we devised a plan that would allow us to clean up the Ministry and arrest the majority of the Death Eaters we were after, all in one night.

“During yesterday’s meeting, while the Ministry was on lockdown, we arrested all known Death Eaters within the Ministry. Once the Ministry was safe, we executed the arrests of forty-seven Death Eaters. Four more were regrettably killed while resisting arrest. Sadly, two Aurors also lost their lives. Auror Marcus Peterson was killed while attempting to get non-combatants away from the fighting at the Nott residence. Auror Augustus Brooks was cursed in the back by fellow Auror turned traitor, Albert Runcorn. I will be petitioning this body during today’s meeting to see that both of these wizards receive the Order of Merlin, third class, for their heroic sacrifices.”

Taking a deep breath, Harry looked around the room, meeting the eyes of as many as he could.

“Despite those tragic losses, we achieved our goal of crippling Voldemort-” he broke off, hands clenched into fists at the fearful gasps and shouts around the room. “Voldemort’s forces. This is not the end, but it is an important first step in combating his forces. Now, I’m sure many of you have questions, and I’ll be happy to take them now.”

“Why weren’t we informed of this!?” a wizard shouted furiously, jumping to his feet.

“Tiberus Nott,” Amelia whispered helpfully.

“Security,” Harry replied shortly. “Information was given out on a need to know basis.”

“This is outrageous!” Nott shouted. “You can’t just go around arresting members of some of our most important families!”

"I can when they break the law," Harry said forcefully. "We are in this war because the Ministry failed to act after the last one. Over half of the Death Eaters we arrested claimed the Imperius Curse last time, and the Ministry let them go. That will not be happening under my watch."

"I can assure you," Amelia said, placing a calming hand on his shoulder, "the DMLE will be doing a thorough investigation. All suspects will be questioned under Veritaserum and be given fair trials. The Minister was insistent that we not have another Sirius Black incident."

That calmed several in the audience, but Nott fumed silently. After a moment, he sat down with a huff, knowing he couldn't push any further without looking suspicious himself.

"I have a question for Madame Bones," Marcus Greengrass, who Harry now knew was Daphne's grandfather, said as he stood. "What is your take on all of this?"

"Minister Potter had my full support," Amelia said. "We spoke extensively in the week leading up to the operation, and this was the best course of action. Anything else would've left the Ministry vulnerable or allowed the Death Eaters time to flee."

Nodding, Greengrass sat back down. Harry and Amelia answered a few more questions before Dumbledore finally started the meeting properly. Thankfully, as they'd gotten through all the old business the day before, they started with new business.

"Madma Clearwater, the floor is yours," Dumbledore said.

Nervously, Penny stood and took the podium.

"Thank you, Chief Warlock," she began, licking her lips. "Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot, as many of you may be unaware, I am a Muggleborn. As a Muggleborn, I've been met with many challenges. At Hogwarts, I had not only my lessons but an entire culture to learn. When I graduated, I found that, despite being Head Girl and having perfect grades, there were still some that judged me not by my character but by where I came from. Starting at the

Ministry, I found myself sorting and delivering mail, while those with worse grades but from better families were given higher positions.

“In speaking with other Muggleborns, I found my situation was not unique. Some Muggleborns, despite their love for magic, are forced to go back to the Muggle world to work. These are wonderful, talented being our community is losing simply because of who their parents are. Which is why I’m introducing the Muggleborn Equality Act. This bill will ensure that Muggleborns pay equal taxes, that employers can no longer discriminate based on blood status, and establishes fines for doing so. I believe it’s far past time for us to forget about such petty differences and focus on the person, not their blood. Thank you.”

There was a smattering of applause as Penny walked back to her seat. Taking her hand, Harry gave it a squeeze and smiled.”

“You did great,” he whispered.

Penny smiled prettily.

“Thank you, Ms. Clearwater,” he said. “I’ll now open the floor to questions. Madam Brown, the floor is yours.”

“Thank you, Chief Warlock,” Brown said. “Ms. Clearwater, I’ve always supported integrating Muggleborns into our society instead of ostracizing them. However, given the state of things, do you really think this is the best time to be introducing this kind of legislation?”

“Absolutely,” Harry said, unable to stop himself from defending Penny. “In fact, this is exactly what we should be doing. This war started because a group of people think they’re better than everyone else – that they have the right to take people’s lives - just because of their ancestry. It’s time the Ministry decides. Does it stand for only the old families, or does it stand for all witches and wizards, no matter who they are and where they come from?”

“Exactly,” Penny agreed, squeezing his hand gratefully. “That is precisely the sort of attitude that put us in the position.”

“If I may?” A wizard with long, gray hair and a fez on his head asked.

“Yes, Mr. Fawley?” Dumbledore gestured.

“While I don’t have a problem with the laws ensuring fair hiring practices, I do take issue with the tax changes,” he said. “Decreasing taxes for Muggleborns would increase taxes for everyone. I know the lower tax rate for the ancient families may seem like discrimination, but it was actually done as a reward for the many centuries we have provided our services.”

“I know,” Penny said. “But that doesn’t change the fact that higher taxes are driving Muggleborns away. The increased business taxes, especially, hinder new businesses. I know of at least twenty businesses that moved to the continent in the last twenty years because of it, including the Firebolt broom company. The innovations that once made us the greatest magical nation in the world are moving away and taking their money with them.”

“I see,” Fawley said thoughtfully. “Thank you for bringing that to my attention.”

The questions went on for quite a bit longer. Harry was impressed with how Penny answered them calmly and rationally. Thankfully, the meeting ended after that, though Harry knew he still had quite the task in front of him. With Penny and Amelia at his side and Hermione and Daphne bringing up the rear, they all took the elevator up to the Atrium.

A small platform had been set up, with Aurors guarding the stage. Of course, Harry was bombarded with questions. Holding his hands up for quiet, he stepped up and waited for silence.

“Is it true you’re arresting the opposition to take over the Ministry?” Rita asked the moment she could be heard.

“What?” Harry asked.

“It was in the prophet this morning,” Daphne whispered. “She thinks you’re trying to get elected Minister by arresting everyone that could run against you.”

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Harry grumbled softly before addressing the crowd of reporters. “Look, I’m only going to say this once. I have never wanted to be Minister. I took the job because I had no other choice. As soon as my thirty days are up, I’m going back to school. I have no intention of running for a full term.”

“So you have evidence Fudge tried to kill you?” a woman asked eagerly.

“We have compelling evidence that former Minister Fudge knew there had been an attempt and did nothing to stop it,” Amelia replied. “However, it will be up to magic itself to decide if he is guilty.”

“Minister, do you have a girlfriend?” a witch shouted from the back.

“Witch Weekly, give them an answer, or they’ll make something up,” Daphne murmured.

“I do, but I’m not saying who it is,” Harry said. “Can we get back to the reason we’re holding this press conference?”

“Have you learned anything from the Death Eaters you arrested?” Evangeline asked.

“Not yet, but we’ve only just started,” Amelia told her.

“Will the trials be made public?” A wizard with a French accent next to her asked.

“That’s still something we need to discuss,” Harry said. “However, even if the trials are not public, the results will be.”

“How are you determining if someone was under the Imperius or not?” A Swedish witch asked.

“Everyone arrested was given a full medical examination where we looked for signs of the curse, and they will be questioned under Veritaserum,” Amelia replied. “If this sort of thing had been done at the end of the last war, we may not be in this position.”

“Have you decided on who you want to take over as Minister?” A wizard in the back asked.

Harry thought for a moment before answering.

“I’d like to see Amelia take over,” he said. “I think she’s exactly who we need in charge right now. Unfortunately, I don’t get to make that decision.”

Next to him, Amelia pursed her lips unhappily.

“Minister Fudge seems to think he’ll be back in office by the end of the month. Any comment?” Rita asked, a smirk on her lips.

“Nope,” Harry shrugged. “Next question.”

Harry spent another half an hour answering questions until they started to get ridiculous. Calling an end, he headed back to the elevator.

“I told you I don’t want to be Minister,” Amelia said the moment the doors were closed.

“Neither do I,” Harry retorted. “But how useful is the DMLE going to be with someone like Fudge or Scrimgeour in charge?”

Amelia pursed her lips and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Look, I know you don’t want to be Minister, but we need you there,” Harry said.

Amelia sighed and stared blankly at the wall in thought.

“I’m not making any promises, but we’ll see who runs,” she said after a long moment.

Harry nodded. It wasn’t the answer he was hoping for, but it would have to do. Hopefully, Amelia would come around before he left office. Wizarding Britain needed someone like her right now.

Getting off the elevator, Harry checked his watch. It was only early afternoon, but he already felt exhausted. It probably didn’t help he had trouble sleeping the night before.

“You okay?” Penny asked, rubbing his back.

“Yeah,” Harry smiled. “Just tired.”

“Why don’t you take the rest of the day off?” she asked softly. “You’ve been working hard the last two weeks. You need to take some time for yourself.”

“What about everyone else?” Harry asked.

Penny smiled.

“They’re working because you are,” she told him. “How about instead of going out tonight, we go back to my place, have a nice quiet dinner, and watch a movie?”

Harry smiled, taking her hand in his.

“I’d like that,” he said, turning to the room. “Everyone! I’m going to take the rest of the night off, and I want you to do the same. Thanks for all your hard work this week. I really appreciate it.”

There was a murmur of excitement as everyone began to pack up. Smiling prettily, Penny kissed him on the cheek.

“See you at my place in an hour?” she asked.

“I’ll see you then,” Harry smiled.

Harry only made it a few steps towards his office before Daphne caught up with him.

“You did well with the press today,” she told him.

“Thanks,” Harry said. “What was with all the foreign reporters today?”

“This was international news,” Daphne said. “This is the first time since Grindewald that something like this has happened. Other countries are starting to take notice.”

“Too bad they’re not willing to help,” Harry grumbled, throwing his purple robes over the back of his chair.

“Have you asked?” Daphne asked.

“Yeah, not one of them is willing to send help without some pretty big concessions,” Harry sighed. “It’s all so stupid. The ICW was made to prevent another Grindlewald, and even they won’t do anything.”

“That’s bureaucracy for you,” Daphne said. “Useless at everything except making your life worse.”

Harry snorted and rifled through the papers on his desk, making sure he hadn’t missed anything important.

“Did you need anything else?” he asked curiously.

“Actually, there’s something I want to ask you,” Daphne said, flicking her wand to close the door.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Something wrong?” he asked.

“No, not wrong,” she said, fidgeting uncharacteristically. “Do you know if Granger is interested in witches?”

Harry blinked at the unexpected question.

“She’s never mentioned it,” he said. “So, you’re interested in dating Hermione?”

“Is there a problem with that?” Daphne asked defensively.

“Of course not,” Harry said. “I’m just surprised, that’s all.”

“Right,” Daphne nodded. “Sorry. My parents aren’t happy with my choice of partners. They expected me to get married, have a child or two... live out the typical Pureblood life. It’s why my mother’s been trying to talk me into pursuing a relationship with you, but like I said, you’re not my type.”

“I’ll try not to take it personally,” Harry smiled.

Daphne smirked, “If it makes you feel any better, if my parents forced me into a marriage contract, I would’ve made sure it was with you. And trust me, I can be very persuasive.”

Ignoring her bravado, Harry smiled, genuinely touched.

“So, are you going to ask her out?” he asked.

Daphne sighed, “Well, I was hoping you knew if she liked witches. But since you don’t, I’ll probably flirt with her a bit and see how she reacts. I’d rather avoid making a fool of myself if at all possible.”

“I could try and find out,” Harry offered.

“No offense Potter, but you’re about as subtle as a Hippogriff in heat,” Daphne smiled. “Thanks, but I’ll deal with this myself.”

“Alright,” Harry grinned. “Good luck.”

“Have fun on your date,” Daphne smirked.

Opening the door, she slipped back out into the main office.

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“Hey, Sirius, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry called, entering the kitchen.

“Oh, hello, Harry, dear,” Mrs. Weasley smiled. “You’re home early. Dinner won’t be for a couple of hours yet. I could make you a snack.”

“No thanks, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry smiled. “I actually came to tell you I’m going out tonight. I have a date with Penny.”

“Way to go, kiddo,” Sirius grinned. “She a pretty witch.”

“Harry, I really don’t think that’s a good idea,” Mrs. Weasley frowned. “It’s awfully dangerous for you to be out and about right now.”

“I know,” Harry said. “We’re having dinner in at her place. It’ll be fine, Mrs. Weasley. I had the Ministry put up wards around her apartment building.”

“He’ll be fine, Molly,” Sirius said, rolling his eyes. “The kid deserves to have some fun after all the hard work he’s put in this week. Just let us know if you’ll be spending the night.”

Harry blushed at Sirius’ smirk.

“Oh, before I forget,” Sirius continued, snapping his fingers. “Do you think Amelia would let me have my job back as an Auror?”

“I don’t know,” Harry said, looking at his Godfather nervously. “Sirius, I know you want to be useful, but are you sure that’s a good idea?”

"I know the risks, Harry, but I can't spend my life cooped up in this place," Sirius said, looking at him pointedly.

Harry nodded. He didn't like it, but it wasn't so long ago he'd been in that exact same position.

"I'll talk to her about it tomorrow," he said. "Just promise me you'll be safe."

"Funny, I was just going to tell you the same thing," Sirius smirked.

Blushing, Harry threw his hands up and left the kitchen, Sirius barking in laughter behind him.

"Hey, Hermione?" he called, walking past the sitting room where Hermione was looking over Ginny's Summer homework.

"Yeah?" she asked.

"Could you help me pick out an outfit?" Harry asked.

"Outfit?" Ron asked as Hermione stood.

"He has a date with Penny tonight," Hermione grinned.

"Bloody hell," Ron said. "She's got really nice--"

"Ronald!" Hermione exclaimed as Ron held his hands over his chest.

"What?" he asked. "S'true innit?"

“Urgh,” Hermione grunted exasperatedly.

Grabbing Harry’s sleeve, she dragged him up the stairs and into his room.

“Alright, the first thing I need to know is what kind of restaurant are you going to?” she asked.

“We’re not,” Harry told her. “We’re having dinner at her place.”

“I thought you were going out,” Hermione said, looking at him curiously.

Harry shrugged, “It was her idea. Honestly, after this week, I think we both just want to relax.”

“Okay,” Hermione said, looking through his wardrobe thoughtfully. “So, something nice but casual.”

“Could I ask you a personal question?” Harry asked as she started pulling out a couple of shirts.

“Sure,” she said distractedly.

“Are you attracted to witches?” he asked.

Hermione looked at him sharply and blinked. Harry knew he probably shouldn’t have asked, but his curiosity was getting the better of him. Hopefully, Daphne wouldn’t find out... or be too mad at him if she did.

“Why would you ask that?” she asked, looking at him intently.

“I was just curious,” Harry said.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, Harry thought as Hermione narrowed her eyes.

"Well, I prefer men, but I'm not opposed to dating a witch," she said slowly. "So, someone asked you if I was interested in witches."

"I didn't say that," Harry said. "like I said, I was just curious."

Hermione ignored him.

"It would have to be someone you saw today," she said, talking more to herself than to him. "And she was in your office before we left. It's Daphne, isn't it?"

"Please don't tell her I said anything," Harry begged. "I told her I wouldn't."

"So, it is Daphne," Hermione said, biting her lips as she started to pace. "If she didn't want you to say anything, then why did you?"

"I was curious," he shrugged.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "You know, that's really going to get you in trouble one day."

"I think you're about four years too late for that, Hermione," Harry grinned.

Smiling, Hermione shook her head and went back to picking out his clothes.

"Well?" Harry asked impatiently.

“This shirt with these pants,” Hermione said, pushing a pair of black slacks and a dark green dress shirt towards him.

“No, I meant about Daphne,” Harry said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh,” Hermione said. “Well, I’m not really sure. Like I said, I’m generally more attracted to men than women. Do you know when she plans on telling me?”

“She said she wanted to flirt with you a bit, see how you reacted,” Harry told her.

“That’s perfect,” Hermione smiled. “That should give me a few days to think about it and see how I feel. Thanks, Harry.”

“You can thank me by not telling Daphne,” Harry said.

“Are you really that scared of her?” Hermione asked with a smirk.

“Did you hear what she did to Johnson?” he asked. “You know, big burly Slytherin in the year above us? Well, rumor is he tried to cop a feel while we were waiting for the other schools last year. Apparently, Daphne froze his bits – like in a literal block of ice.”

“Really?” she asked excitedly. “Interesting. I’ll have to ask her about that. I wonder what book she found it in.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

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Stumbling out of the Floo into Penny’s apartment, Harry brushed the soot off his clothes.

“Hey, Harry,” Penny said from the kitchen, smiling.

Smiling, he joined her in the kitchen. She’d changed into a form fitting, dark red dress and had her hair tied back in a ponytail. As she turned back to the stove, Harry let his eyes rake over her curvaceous figure.

“Ooh, curry,” Harry smiled. “Need any help?”

“Can you cook?” Penny asked.

“It was the only chore at the Dursleys I liked,” he said.

Smiling, Penny nodded to the cutting board.

“Could you cut the lamb?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Grabbing a knife, he started cutting the lamb into cubes while Penny stirred the curry.

“It’s nice getting out,” he told her. “For the last week, it’s felt like even when I’m home, I’m still working.”

“I know what you mean,” Penny said. “I swear I bring half the office home with me at night. It’s been worth it, though. I was talking to my mum a couple of days ago, and I realized it was the first time I was actually proud to tell her about my work.”

“You should be,” Harry smiled, setting the cut lamb next to the stove. “You did brilliantly introducing that bill today. The next Minister would be a fool not to keep you on.”

“Actually, that’s something I wanted to talk to you about,” Penny said, adding the lamb to the curry. “Do you remember how I told you I was thinking about leaving before you took office? Well, I’d already sent out a few letters, and I just got one back this morning. Professor Flitwick offered to take me on as his apprentice.”

“Really?” Harry grinned. “That’s great!”

“Thanks,” Penny smiled. “I’m just not sure what I should do. I mean, if I keep my job at the Ministry, I could help make a real difference. On the other hand, an apprenticeship for a Charms mastery is hard to come by. If I pass this up, I might never get another chance. Plus, it would mean I’d be at Hogwarts for the next three to four years.”

Sharing a glance, they smiled shyly.

“What do you think?” Penny asked.

“Well, what would make you happy?” Harry asked.

“Honestly? I really want to get my mastery,” Penny said. “I’ve always wanted to work with Charms, maybe open up my own enchanting shop. I know it’s kind of selfish-”

“No, it’s not,” Harry told her. “You have every right to do what you want with your life.”

Smiling, Penny brushed a stray lock of hair out of her eyes.

“You know, you should really listen to your own advice sometimes,” she said.

Turning back to the stove, she focused on it more than necessary.

“I also wanted to talk to you about us,” Penny continued. “Are you just looking for a fling or something more serious? I mean, it’s fine if you aren’t. I know I kind of sprang this on you, and this is our first date...”

Penny trailed off as Harry hugged her from behind, his cheek resting against her ear.

“I was already thinking of ways to see you when I went back to school,” he admitted.

Smiling brightly, Penny spun around and wrapped her arms around his neck. Threading her fingers through his hair, she kissed him softly. His hands caressed her back, stopping just short of her bum as their tongues entwined. Hearing a loud sizzle, Penny pulled back and gasped before spinning around to tend the stove. Harry grinned as he hugged her back, her round bum pressing against him.

“Can you take care of this while I go set the table?” Penny asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

With a smile, she turned and pecked him on the lips before spinning out of his arms. Harry let the curry simmer, stirring it occasionally while Penny set the table and popped open a bottle of wine.

“How do you like your meat done?” Harry asked.

“Medium rare,” Penny replied.

Harry smiled, glad they could agree on that. A few minutes later, he shut off the stove and ladled it out onto two plates Penny handed him.

“So, what kind of enchanting do you want to do?” he asked as they sat down at the table.

“I’ve been thinking about trying to replicate a Muggle cell phone with magic,” Penny said.
“Maybe I could do more stuff like that. Bringing Muggle conveniences to the magical world.”

“That’s brilliant,” Harry grinned. “My Godfather gave me a set of two-way mirrors, and I wished I had more of them. It would be great to talk to you or Amelia when I need to instead of waiting on a letter.”

“That’s a great idea,” Penny smiled enthusiastically. “I was thinking about enchanting necklaces or something. A mirror would be much better.”

“Maybe you could even find a way to travel like that, so I don’t have to fall out of the Floo,” Harry joked.

Penny laughed, and they both dug into their food. They talked and laughed throughout the meal before moving into the living room. She put on a movie before snuggling up with him on the couch. Legs tucked under her, she leaned against his side while Harry had his arm wrapped around her shoulders.

During an intense love scene, they turned to look at each other. Slowly, their faces drifted closer together until their lips met in a passionate kiss. As the kiss deepened, Penny moved his hand from her hip up to her breast. Nervously, Harry caressed it slowly, the large, soft globe giving way under her thin dress and bra. She moaned into his mouth when he squeezed it firmly, her fingers tightening in his hair.

Placing her hands on his chest, Penny pushed him back until he was flat on his back with her on top of him. She pressed her thigh against his straining erection and swallowed his groan as she ground against it. Sliding his hands down her back, Harry cupped her bum and squeezed, pulling her into him.

Eventually, Penny pulled back, leaving them both flushed and breathless. Kissing his chin, she smiled and laid her head on his chest. Harry didn't catch much of the rest of the movie. He was far more entertained by the beautiful woman in his arms. After it finished, neither of them was in much of a hurry to move.

"Are you having fun playing with my bum?" Penny asked.

Harry hadn't realized his hands were still there and blushed as he moved them higher up her back.

"Sorry," he murmured.

Penny giggled and gave him a lingering kiss.

"I wasn't complaining," she whispered.

Feeling bold, Harry held her gaze as he slid his hands slowly back down. As they rested on her cheeks, she smiled and kissed him again before laying her head back down on his chest.

"I think we should invite Hermione and Daphne for another movie night tomorrow," Penny said after a moment.

"We could make it a double date," Harry smiled. "Daphne fancies Hermione."

"Really?" she asked, surprised. "What makes you think that?"

"Daphne told me?" he admitted. "Hermione might've figured it out when I said too much, but she's not sure how she feels about it."

“Hmm,” Penny hummed thoughtfully. “Well, it would give them a chance to feel each other out.”

“I think Daphne’s more interested in feeling her up,” Harry smirked.

“That was horrible,” Penny giggled. “So, movie night tomorrow?”

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned.