

So if you would please take this copy of the book to Bill, however you can, that would be a huge help.”

Snape’s eyes were already trailing greedily over the titles on the main bookshelf. “And... the rest?”

“All the originals have to stay in the office,” Harry warned. “But... I’m sure Salazar won’t mind if you want to copy a few for personal use.”

“He’ll certainly make more of them than you would, lad,” Salazar remarked, making Harry roll his eyes.

“There’s some Potions books in the mix. I don’t know what’s what, though. Some of these books might still be around in the world.” Not all of the books were tomes lost to the ravages of time. Some were just earlier versions of books that were still in print today.

Snape was hiding it well, but behind the reserved frown he looked like all his Christmases had come at once. With great effort, he tore his gaze away from the wall of books. “You still need to practice your Bone-Breaking hex.”

“I can do that,” Harry assured. “I’ll be just over there. I promise I’ll yell if I hurt myself,” he added cheekily, watching Snape scowl. There was a brief deliberation on the man’s face — whether his need to stop Harry injuring himself was greater than his desire to start going through Salazar’s shelves. Eventually, Snape nodded decisively.

“I will choose three books to copy for now,” he declared. Harry was reminded absurdly of a small child at a library, trying to reason themselves out of taking the entire shelf home with them.

Severus Snape had *absolutely* been one such child.

“We will continue our lesson as planned, and then next time, you will bring your homework down here so you have something productive to do while I investigate these books. Provided, of course,” he added, glancing back at the portrait warily, “that I am permitted entrance in future.”

“It will be nice to have another actual adult to talk to,” came Salazar’s reply. Harry made a faint noise of indignation.

“Rude. Before I turned up you had no one but your snake,” he muttered pointedly.

“*One day you will look back on your childhood and you will understand exactly what I’m talking about,*” Salazar hissed, amused. Snape was eyeing Harry curiously, and Harry just snorted.

“*Bold of you to assume I will ever grow out of this,*” he replied, unsure exactly what part of his general existence Salazar was complaining about now. He could make a few guesses, if he had to.