

“I— thanks, Professor,” Harry croaked, and she left. Across the hall, Harry could see Draco staring at him with pained eyes, clearly torn between coming to check on him and not being late to class. Harry flicked his gaze towards the door pointedly. He could find Draco later. If the blond tried to talk to him now, Harry might lose it.

If he had eaten a single one of those chocolate cauldrons... how many had Ron had, to be so head over heels so quickly? Harry might not like the bloke, but he still felt bad — he didn’t deserve to be love-potioned. Hopefully Hermione would understand once she heard what really happened.

But if it had been Harry... if he had been dosed, if he had approached Romilda somewhere a little more private than the Great Hall... how far would she have let it go on?

“How did Slughorn not notice there was some missing from the cauldron?” Parvati remarked quietly. Harry grimaced — the Potions professor hadn’t been in the hall during the drama, but Harry was certain McGonagall would give him one hell of a dressing down for leaving Amortentia unsupervised in a school full of children.

How many other people could have snuck some out of there?

“Y’know, I think Romilda got lucky, there,” Neville said, and Harry goggled at him.

“Her? I was the lucky one!” He’d been too busy worrying about Draco to even remember the chocolates existed.

Neville’s hazel eyes were serious as they met his. “Yeah, but imagine what your boyfriend would have done to her if she’d succeeded,” he pointed out. “Way worse than anything Hermione could come up with.”

Harry sucked in a sharp breath; Neville was right, of course. Hell, there was nothing to say Draco wouldn’t destroy her just for *trying*, and Harry was of half a mind to let him.

Even Lavender, who didn’t know who Harry was dating — though he wouldn’t put it past her to have figured it out by now, perceptive girl that she was — looked nauseous at the prospect.

“Next HA meeting,” Harry murmured softly, “we’re learning detection spells. Alright?” He knew a few, thanks to Snape and Sirius, but he’d never anticipated having to use them regularly at school.

He didn’t want anyone getting ideas from Romilda’s little stunt, though.

“Sounds good, Harry,” Lavender agreed, squeezing his shoulder gently. “Why don’t we go up to the common room for a bit? We’ve got Snape second period, I don’t think he’ll go easy on you after this.”

Harry grimaced — he wasn’t sure he had the energy to pretend to hate Snape, not now. But he’d have to find it somewhere.