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The biggest surprise of his fourth year so far was quite possibly how much he enjoyed his Potions class, now that Snape didn't actively hate him. Sure, he had to play his part, but much like arguing with Draco, it was far easier to deal with when Harry knew the other party didn't mean it. He graded Harry (mostly) fairly, and Harry knew that whatever was going on outside the dungeons, Severus Snape would never give one single flying fuck about it. He didn't care about Harry's fame, or the Triwizard Tournament, or anything. Even the other teachers were treating him differently — Professor Sprout took five points off him for 'misting incorrectly' the other day. In the dungeons, he was Just Harry.

That meant Harry was actually somewhat looking forward to Potions on Friday afternoon, Hermione walking with him down to the dungeons, chattering on about Summoning charms. Harry indulged her — well, ignored her — having perfected the Summoning charm over the summer with Remus. When they arrived outside the Potions classroom, Harry realised all the Slytherins were wearing some kind of badge — and seemed to be waiting for him to notice. Seeing the smirk on Draco's face, Harry looked closer.

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"That isn't all they do," Draco said loudly. "Look." He pressed the centre of his badge, and the red lettering changed, turning green and forming the words '*Potter Stinks*'. Unable to help himself, Harry snickered.

"Oh, really funny," Hermione spat, pulling Harry away by the arm. "Very *witty*."

"Want one, Granger?" Draco drawled, holding out a badge. "I've got plenty. Only, don't touch my hand, I've just washed it."

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw Ron step away from the wall with a furious expression on his face, wand in his hand. Harry ignored him, smirking at Draco. "I'll take one, Malfoy," he said. The Slytherins all stared at him.

"Excuse me?"

"I'll take a badge. Are they free?" Harry almost laughed at the expression on Draco's face; one he was becoming very familiar with. It was the face that said 'I'm not sure what the hell you think you're playing at but I know better than to try and use logic when it comes to you'. Complete with the little furrow on his forehead, it was quite adorable.

"Harry, don't antagonise him." Hermione seemed to think he was joking. "Just walk away."

"Listen to your little pet bookworm, Potter," Draco said, giving the curly-haired girl a disparaging look. That set Ron off, the redhead clearly spoiling for a fight. He raised his wand, but Draco was quicker. At the exact same time, both of them spoke.

"Furnunculus!"

"Densaugeo!"