

“It worked out pretty well. I learned that Justin Finch-Fletchley takes muggle boxing classes during the summers,” he revealed. “And isn’t afraid to fight dirty.” A lot of them had surprised him, honestly, when he’d told them to give it their best shot. They had been lucky not to end up needing the Hospital Wing.

Snape’s thin lips twitched in a brief smirk. “I’m glad to hear you’re putting your little club to good use.”

“You wait until exams come around,” Harry said proudly. “Then you’ll really see what these students are capable of.”

“I’m sure.” Snape straightened his robe, then vanished the empty goblets. “I believe that’s enough for tonight. I have books to translate.”

Harry, desperately in need of a shower and some Bruise Balm, wasn’t going to argue. “How’s that going?” he asked curiously, wondering what Snape might have uncovered in Salazar’s old books. Surely potions had only advanced since then?

“They are fascinating,” Snape admitted. “Many of the texts contain references to ingredients that have fallen almost entirely out of use in this age. Of course, many are now extinct, but those that aren’t... I will have much to work on over the summer.”

“Until Ceri drags you out of the lab and reminds you to eat,” Harry joked; a common occurrence at Seren Du. Snape huffed.

“Damned meddling elf,” he muttered, though there was no heat to it.

Sealing the passageway, Harry gathered his school bag and went on his way, heading quickly up to Gryffindor Tower. It was technically past curfew, but it was easy for Harry to avoid any patrolling prefects about. Except for one particular gorgeous blond Slytherin prefect, who he couldn’t help but pull into an alcove and snog for five minutes before heading on his merry way.

His good mood deflated when he reached the common room, and saw Parvati and Lavender crying over by the fire. “What happened?” he asked, hurrying over to them. Parvati looked at him with puffy red eyes.

“Professor Trelawney’s been sacked!” she wailed, crying even harder. Harry gaped at her.

“What?”

Through snuffles and hiccups, the two girls told him what had happened; the way Umbridge had tried to remove Trelawney from the castle as well as her teaching post, but Dumbledore had stepped in. The most surprising part was when they revealed Dumbledore had already hired a new teacher, and he was a *centaur*.

“Umbridge looked *furious*,” Lavender said gleefully, wiping her eyes.

“What did you say the centaur bloke’s name was, again?” Harry asked. Her brow furrowed.