

blueberry every time she got particularly irate. It had all the muggle-raised students quietly singing Oompa-Loompa songs whenever Umbridge passed, which of course made it happen all over again.

Umbridge's hand flew to her face — which was its usual furious shade of magenta — and horror filled her eyes. “This discussion is not over,” she hissed, before storming from the room. As soon as the door shut in her wake, Harry dissolved into helpless giggles.

“That was amazing,” he croaked, watching a small but satisfied grin cross his housemistress' face.

“You're not actually thinking of becoming an auror, are you, Potter?” she asked, raising her eyebrows. “Because I hate to disappoint you, but I feel they've far too many rules for your liking.”

Harry snorted. “Oh, no, Professor. I want to play professional quidditch,” he confirmed brightly. “I just wanted to see Umbridge's face.” And it had been far better than anything he could have imagined.

McGonagall pinched the bridge of her nose in exasperation. “You have been spending far too much time with your godfather, Potter.”

“Thanks,” Harry chirped.

She stared at him, then shook her head. “Regardless, I have no doubt that you'll be able to take any subjects you please at NEWT level — except perhaps Potions; Professor Snape only accepts O level students, and while I understand his judgement of your skill is... weighted, I'm not sure you're quite there yet.”

“I'm studying hard,” he promised, making her nod approvingly.

“Also, Potter,” she added, flicking through his file, “it says in my notes that you have been enrolled in both the Arithmancy and Ancient Runes OWL exams.”

“Yes, Professor,” he confirmed. “Remus has been helping me self-study.”

“A few weeks of summer may not be enough to get you up to OWL level,” McGonagall warned. She studied him carefully, and clearly saw something in his gaze. “But if anyone could surprise me on that front, it would be you. I shall confirm the request.”

Harry grinned at her. “Thank you, Professor.” He wouldn't let her down.

“Just do me a favour, Potter,” the Gryffindor housemistress requested, and Harry cocked an eyebrow curiously. “Make sure your little group gets the highest OWL scores this school has seen in years, will you?” There was a fire in her gaze that reminded Harry exactly why she was head of Gryffindor.

“I'll do my best,” he promised. It was an easy one to make.

His students were going to blow their exams out of the water.