

Once again, Snape looked unimpressed, but he didn't say anything. With his problem solved, Harry wondered if he should leave. He'd gotten quite used to spending Friday evenings in the Potions Master's quarters with Remus, doing his homework and catching his pseudo-godfather up on everything he hadn't managed to tell him through the mirror. The thought of going back to Gryffindor Tower so early made something in his chest twinge sadly.

"I won't help you with your homework," Snape declared flatly. "But if you wish to avoid the antics of the many Weasleys you surround yourself with, you may stay."

Harry checked his Occlumency shields for a minute, worried he had let Snape slip in. But no, they were as solid as ever. He was just pathetic and transparent, evidently. What had his life come to that he'd rather do homework in his most hated professor's private rooms rather than up in the common room with his friends?

"Would you... if you're not too busy, would you teach me the Bubblehead charm? Please?" he requested tentatively. Snape's dark eyes surveyed him for a moment, and then he sighed.

"Very well," he assented. "But if your essay on Monday isn't of O level quality, you'll be in detention until Easter."

Harry laughed, wondering when threats of detention had become endearing rather than terrifying. "Yes, sir," he agreed, grinning.

The Bubblehead charm wasn't particularly difficult, but Snape was right that it took concentration to maintain. Harry couldn't get it to stick for more than five minutes by the time Snape told him to give it a rest and get on with his homework, claiming he had essays to mark. The Potions Master didn't kick him out even then, so Harry settled in to do his homework at the man's coffee table, the pair of them sitting in surprisingly companionable silence as they each got their work done. Every now and then, Harry asked Snape a question, like he might Remus or Sirius. To his utter astonishment, Snape would actually answer, explaining concisely until Harry could make sense of the work he was doing. He was a great teacher when he wasn't being an evil git, in more subjects than just Potions. It was almost like being back at Seren Du, but... easier. Over the summer they'd still had a lot of prejudice and awkward history to work past. Now, Harry was actually enjoying being in the man's company. It wasn't quite as relaxing as being with Remus or Sirius, but it was... nice.

He wondered if Snape was enjoying it as much as Harry was; what he might go and tell Remus about it when he saw the man next. Harry could imagine it already; Remus' eyes lighting up at the news, that happy little proud smile that he got whenever he saw Snape loosening up around people who weren't him. Whenever his newly reunited family started truly acting like one.

Harry didn't mind so much, having Snape in the family. He was Draco's godfather, after all. But all that aside, he was Remus', and that made him Harry's to some degree, too. Whether Snape liked it or not.