

spare copies of old books that will do you quite nicely until you can get your own. Ah, Harry, my boy, would you mind grabbing Mr Weasley a copy of *Advanced Potion Making* from that cupboard over there while I find some scales he can borrow?"

Harry was the closest to the cupboard, so he slid off his stool and headed over. There were only two copies of the book, and both of them looked fairly battered. Harry picked up the one on top, flicking it open to see what state it was in; Ron would whine eternally if he thought Harry had purposefully given him the worse copy.

To his surprise, the pages were absolutely covered in handwriting — the previous owner had taken issue with practically every potion in the book, crossing things out and adding their own instructions, or writing tips in the margins.

It was very familiar handwriting, to Harry — the same handwriting he'd seen scrawled all over the notes in the lab at Seren Du, and on the labels of all the bottles in their Potions cabinet. Similar, but more rushed, to the handwriting that had littered Harry's Potions homework for the last five years.

His eyebrows rose, and Harry quickly tucked the book into the inner pocket of his robe, grabbing the other book; a flick through it proved it to be slightly dog-eared but otherwise unmarked, so Harry was happy to hand that copy over to Ron.

With everyone prepared, Slughorn began the lesson, proudly showing off the potions he'd brewed as an example of a successful NEWT education.

Harry very much hoped Slughorn would be keeping a keen eye on these cauldrons — Veritaserum and Polyjuice Potion would cause absolute chaos if they were snuck into the school population.

Hermione was in fine form answering questions, preening with every smile and chuckle she drew from Slughorn at her prompt responses. Harry had to crane his neck to look at the third potion, the one he didn't immediately recognise — as he did, the steam rising from the cauldron drifted his way. At first, Harry didn't recognise much of a change in smell; there was an underlying aroma of treacle tart, but it wasn't all that strong. Then he realised that the combination of the woody scent of broomstick polish and the familiar spicy notes of Draco's aftershave were not actually coming from the boy sat beside him, but from the cauldron of what was definitely Amortentia — as confirmed by Slughorn, chuckling over Hermione's enthusiasm.

Harry inhaled a little deeper; indeed, the steam made him feel like he had his nose pressed into the curve of Draco's neck, as he often did when they were curled up together. He felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and glanced aside, meeting Draco's gaze and raising one eyebrow slightly.

Draco's pale face flushed pink, and he nodded, the movement hardly noticeable as he watched Slughorn, pretending to pay attention. Under the table, Draco's knee bumped against his, just for a moment.