

“I... I got an O in Potions,” Harry stuttered — that, to him, was the most surprising grade of the lot. He looked up at Snape, wide-eyed. “I got an O in Potions.” No matter how many times he said it, it still sounded utterly ridiculous.

Snape’s lips curved in a smile, and even Harry could see the pride shining in those dark eyes. “Nothing less than I expected,” he replied. The flood of warmth that filled Harry’s chest at his words took him by surprise — had he truly been so worried about letting him down?

Yes, he realised. He had; Snape had put so much effort into working with Harry over the summers, despite their rocky start. He was a hard man to please, and Harry felt like a puppy who had just been given a treat for doing a good job. He grinned so wide his face hurt.

“You are never allowed to call me a nerd again,” Draco declared, making Harry realise the blond was leaning over his shoulder to snoop at Harry’s results. Grey eyes glittered, and lips pressed to Harry’s cheek. “Not bad, Potter.” It was said ever so fondly, and the warm feeling got impossibly bigger.

“How’d you do?”

Draco held his own parchment out so Harry could read it, right as Sirius gave up on patience entirely and plucked Harry’s results from his hand. Harry ignored him, head pressed lightly against Draco’s as he read.

*Draconis Lucius Malfoy has achieved:*

*Astronomy: O*

*Care of Magical Creatures: E*

*Charms: O*

*Defence Against the Dark Arts: O*

*Herbology: E*

*History of Magic: O*

*Ancient Runes: O*

*Potions: O*

*Transfiguration: E*