

“The chocolate cauldrons!” Romilda repeated. “They were specifically *for you*. You let him have them, didn’t you?” She gestured back at Ron, who was hurrying towards them now, looking furious.

“Of course, you’re after Harry. It’s always *Harry bloody Potter*,” he grumbled, glaring. “You know he’s not even into girls, right? He can’t love you the way I do, Romilda!”

Hermione caught up with him then, and slapped him hard across the face, the sound echoing through the hall. “How *dare* you!” she hissed, turning around and hurrying from the hall, shoulders shaking with sobs.

“What is the meaning of all this?” McGonagall thundered, striding over with Dumbledore hot at her heel. “Mr Weasley, Miss Vane, what in Merlin’s name is going on here?”

“It’s all Harry’s fault!” Romilda accused. “If he’d just *eaten* the chocolates I’d given him rather than letting *him* find them!” She glared at Ron, who looked like he might cry.

“But— but Romilda,” he croaked.

“And what, exactly, was *in* these chocolates, Miss Vane?” McGonagall asked icily.

Romilda froze, suddenly seeming to realise just how much trouble she was in. “Um. Nothing?”

“Indeed. So if I were to ask Madam Pomfrey to test Mr Weasley for the presence of love potions, it would come back negative, would it?” The Gryffindor housemistress’ stare had broken stronger people than Romilda Vane — the fourth year girl crumbled after only a few seconds under the piercing gaze.

“Alright! I stole Amortentia from Slughorn’s classroom!” she blurted, tears welling in her eyes. “I just — if Harry would just give me a *chance*!” She turned to him plaintively, and he recoiled back.

“I’m gay, Romilda!” he reminded, horrified. “And even if I wasn’t, you don’t get to *drug people into loving you*. That’s basically rape!” This wasn’t a Weasley twins’ love potion, only powerful enough to embolden feelings that already existed. Amortentia was the strongest love potion in the world; continued dosing could turn someone into a mindless slave!

“I think we all need to just calm down a moment,” Dumbledore cut in, but McGonagall ignored him.

“Amortentia is *illegal*, Miss Vane! If you were of age you’d be facing time in Azkaban for such a crime!” she told her student, who gasped and continued crying.

“I— I didn’t mean to!” she wailed. “I just wanted him to like me!”

“Now, Minerva,” Dumbledore soothed genially. “I’m sure Miss Vane is very sorry for what she’s done. And really, if Mr Potter had not been so irresponsible in leaving the chocolates lying around his dormitory, poor Mr Weasley would not be in this predicament.”