

desk waiting for him to complete his homework. His little Wizarding Wireless went on his bedside table next to the alarm clock.

When he opened the drawer of his bedside table to put away his photo album, he froze. Lined up inside were several potion vials, all labelled in Snape's neat, spidery handwriting.

*Bruise Balm - For topical application only*

*Skele-Gro - Only use if necessary*

*Nutritional Supplement - Six doses (marked), take before sleep*

*Standard Healing Potion, Grade 3 - Drink on empty stomach*

Harry's pulse thudded in his throat, his palms growing clammy. Snape couldn't have snuck those in while Harry was sleeping, could he? He must have left them there before Harry had arrived — before he'd seen the way Harry lived at the Dursleys.

He swallowed thickly. How much did the adults think they knew? How many of Snape's suspicions had been confirmed by his little jaunt to retrieve Harry? The prospect squirmed in his stomach, anxiety clawing its way up his chest.

*Your father should have tried harder to beat it out of you.*

Maybe their similarities would be enough for Snape to keep silent. Surely if he wanted to confront Harry, he wouldn't have left the potions? He was a Slytherin, he respected subtlety. He may let Harry deal with his own demons.

But if Snape knew, what did Remus and Sirius know?

There was a knock on the door, and Harry slammed the drawer shut. He nudged the door open with a flick of his wand, revealing Remus in the doorway. He was wearing a dark brown dressing gown over blue striped pyjamas, and his hair stuck up haphazardly. "Morning, cub. Thought I heard you up and about." He looked around the room, then at the wand in Harry's hand, and smiled. "Making yourself at home? That's quite the book collection you're building there. I hadn't realised you were such a voracious reader."

"I had a lot of things to research last summer. And a lot of access to Flourish and Blotts," he added sheepishly, making Remus chuckle.

"I'm glad you're settling in. Are you hungry? Ceri should have breakfast done soon."

Harry's stomach rumbled loud enough for both of them to hear it. "I could eat," he said after a beat. Remus snorted. "Are the others up? Sirius, and, uh, Professor Snape?" Harry felt himself blush.

"Sirius is still in bed, but Severus is already downstairs." Remus paused, looking conflicted. "Harry, are you sure you're alright with our— our relationship? If it's too much for you—"