

“That wasn’t a jinx!” he protested indignantly. Snape’s eyes flashed.

“That wasn’t a jinx, *sir*,” he corrected pointedly. Unable to help himself, Harry smirked.

“There’s no need to call me sir, Professor.”

Several people gasped quietly. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry caught Neville’s horrified gaze — and behind him, Draco biting his lip to contain his laughter.

Snape’s eyes narrowed, and Harry braced himself for the fallout. “Detention!” the tall man snapped. “Saturday night, my office.” That had been easy enough. “Watch your mouth, Potter, or you will find yourself removed from my classroom. I’m sure the *Prophet* would have a *field day*,” he added in that dangerously smooth drawl. Harry schooled his face into something vaguely resembling contrition.

“Well,” Snape said curtly, striding back to the front of the room. “It seems that for once in your lives, some of you have actually come *prepared* for your class. We shall see how long that lasts.”

Harry glanced around, catching the eye of several pleased-looking HA members. It wasn’t often anyone got one over on Professor Snape — with any luck, that would continue. If it meant Snape got the perfect excuse to push them all even harder, well, that was a bonus in Harry’s eyes.

.-.-. .

“Did you see the look on his face when we all started casting?”

“Bet he wasn’t expecting that!”

“But did you see his face when Harry said that!”

The class barely waited for the door to shut on Snape’s classroom before they were muttering eagerly to one another, grinning and snickering. It was a far cry from the despondent, angry faces Harry was used to seeing after a DADA class.

“Do you have a death wish?” Draco asked quietly, sidling up to him. Harry laughed. “I’m serious — talking back to him in front of the whole class like that, are you mad?”

“It just sort of happened,” Harry confessed, unrepentant. “You know me — sometimes my mouth does things before my brain can tell it not to.”

Draco’s eyes dropped to Harry’s lips for the barest of moments, and he scowled, glaring at Harry with a clear ‘*don’t flirt with me in public*’ face.

Harry just laughed again.

He was interrupted by Jack Sloper, delivering a message from Dumbledore and asking Harry about quidditch trials. Harry grimaced — he’d have to arrange that soon, before Sloper and his friend got their hopes up about continuing on as Gryffindor’s beaters.