"They were friends, then."

"The best of friends," Lupin said softly. "Practically brothers. The four of us were inseparable, but those two… it went beyond friendship."

"You three, and my mum?" Harry asked, confused. Lupin shook his head.

"Myself, James, Sirius, and a boy named Peter Pettigrew." Lupin paused for a long moment, staring off into the distance, lost in a memory. Harry cleared his throat quietly, jolting him back to reality. "That was half a lifetime ago, of course. None of us had any idea that Sirius… sometimes, I still can't believe it myself."

Harry tried to imagine what it would feel like if Ron or Hermione were to suddenly turn out to be Voldemort supporters. The thought made him nauseous. "What happened?" he asked hesitantly. How could it all go wrong?

Your parents went into hiding," Lupin said eventually, not looking Harry in the eye. "Under a very complicated secrecy charm — the Fidelius charm. The charm allows a location or person to be entirely hidden, except from the one person who knows the secret — and anyone they should tell. They chose Sirius to be their Secret Keeper. Trusted him the most out of any of us. Within the week…" He trailed off, squeezing his eyes shut. Harry could fill in the rest. "Peter was furious when he found out. Went after Sirius. But he was never as good with spells as the rest of us, not quite as brave… He was one of the people Sirius killed when he blew up the street. All that was left of him was a finger."

Harry thought his heart had stopped beating. Silence hung thick in the room after Lupin's declaration, both of them caught up in horror and grief. "I'm sorry, Harry," Lupin said abruptly. His shoulders hunched as he sunk in on himself, as if he could hide from his own memories. "That's more information than you ever needed. I should've at least broken it to you gently."

"No, I'm glad you told me. I— I needed to know," Harry insisted. Sirius Black, the reason his parents were dead. "He was my godfather, wasn't he?"

"I— yes. How did you know?"

The words flashed through his mind. *Named Heir to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black*. He had his answer, now. He opened his mouth, unsure what he would say, but the door suddenly swung open.

Snape stood in the doorway, holding a smoking goblet. "Lupin. Potter," he greeted. Lupin jumped to his feet, almost knocking over his teacup.

"Ah, Severus. I was just showing Harry my grindylow." He gestured to a tank in the corner of the classroom that Harry hadn't noticed before that second. Snape's expression remained flat.

"Fascinating," he deadpanned. "Make sure to drink that directly, Lupin. I have an entire cauldronful in my personal lab."