

Sirius nudged him into movement, so Harry did as he said, scratching Hedwig on the head before sending her off with the tightly rolled parchment. Then he gave one last look around his room, and wiped surreptitiously at his eyes.

“You soppy little lion.”

He wasn't sure when Draco had come in, but there he was, his face so terribly fond Harry's heart cracked a little further. “I promise one of these days I'll stop crying,” Harry joked, and Draco crossed the distance between them, holding him close.

“You cry as much as you like, my love,” he whispered, swaying them slightly as Harry buried his face in the blond's shoulder.

“We'll be back,” Draco continued softly. “Your room will always be your room. No one's going to take it away from you.”

What was it with his loved ones and reading the inner depths of his soul like it was written plain on his face?? He wasn't *that* transparent, surely?

“I know,” he murmured, though it felt better to say it out loud. “And I have my room at Grimmauld, too. I know it's better this way — we need to have a home we can invite people over to. The kids need that. But...”

“But this place is home, too,” Draco finished for him. A kiss pressed to Harry's hair, a soft inhale of his shampoo. “You can have more than one home, Harry. It's fine.”

For a boy who once had no home at all, it seemed an entirely foreign concept.

Eventually, he straightened up, clearing his throat and wiping his eyes. He didn't want to get the train to Hogwarts looking like he'd been bawling his eyes out like a homesick first year. He was Head Boy; he was supposed to be setting an example.

“You go wash your face,” Draco suggested. “I'll get our trunks downstairs. Oh, and I've been meaning to ask — when did you get your cloak back?”

Harry blinked, his mild emotional spiral derailed by the strange question. “My what?”

“Your invisibility cloak. I saw you put it in your trunk last night and I was going to ask but then I got distracted.”

He froze, thinking of the folded piece of fabric within his trunk — always handy to have, just in case — but also thinking of the stone set in a ring and the wand brimming with power, both now tucked away inside little box in a hidden drawer in his desk at Grimmauld Place.

Thinking of a voice, in the back of his mind, that never truly went away.

“Oh, that.” He forced a smile on his face. “It just showed up, after Dumbledore died. Guess it was the family magic bringing it back.” Not technically a lie.