

people know that such things are rarely simple.”

Harry knew he was talking about Draco, and part of him wanted to argue that Draco had been *twelve* and had never done anything as bad as that and he knew better now. But he was tired, and his heart ached, and he was worried that if he kept talking it over he would convince himself to hate his own family. He didn't want that.

“I think I'm going to get some sleep,” he said eventually. Sirius still looked like someone had kicked his puppy.

“We love you, Harry,” he said earnestly, and Harry managed a small, but genuine smile.

“I love you both, too.” Even that awful memory couldn't change that.

“Did Severus seem busy, when you left?” Remus asked, frowning.

“No, I don't think so.” The way he looked, Harry doubted he could have concentrated on work. Remus nodded, looking relieved, and Harry knew there would be a visitor in the Potions Master's quarters soon. Good — regardless of how he felt about the whole situation right now, Remus and Snape loved each other, and they could both do with company after Harry had dredged up such difficult history. Not to mention Snape's other worries.

Harry bid them both goodnight, and lay there for a while in the silence, still in his school robes.

He would talk to Draco about it when he could, he decided. Maybe he would have some insight to soothe Harry's soul.

For now, he really did need to sleep.