

“Strange how?” Fear gripped Harry’s heart — had Dumbledore got to Draco too? He hadn’t thought to ask Snape to check him over.

“He isn’t going on about how much he hates muggleborns, for one,” Daphne drawled. “He’s been positively *nice* to the first years. And he came with me when I went to study Arithmancy with Ernie and Terry Boot.”

“It was a bit weird,” Ernie piped up. “I kept expecting him to hex me, but he was surprisingly polite.”

Harry’s panic began to fade; Draco was just starting to lose his Lucius-Malfoy-clone persona. There were worse things to happen. He bit his lip, thinking; it wasn’t his place to start sharing Draco’s secrets, but... he could set the stage for things. “Maybe he’s not as evil as we’ve always assumed.”

Parvati laughed. “Nice one, Harry. As if you’ve not been fighting with him since the day you stepped foot in the castle.”

“When was the last time you heard about me and Malfoy fighting? *Actually* fighting.” They’d exchanged insults, but they hadn’t raised wands at each other in weeks. He watched Parvati’s face grow confused as she thought it over.

“I think we should trust Harry on this one, guys,” Neville cut in supportively, his eyes knowing.

“What do you know that we don’t?” Sullivan’s tone was a mix of curious and suspicious, and Harry smirked.

“Daphne, Blaise, why don’t you two bring Draco to our next meeting?” he suggested, noting the wide eyes when he used Draco’s first name. “Parkinson and Bulstrode too, if you can convince them.” Draco trusted the two girls, and insisted they didn’t want to follow their parents’ footsteps. They could probably do with knowing they weren’t alone.

“You want us to bring three kids whose parents are Death Eaters to our top secret meeting on how to save the world once the Dark Lord is dead?” Blaise’s voice was unimpressed. Harry nodded.

“Yeah, sounds about right. Not everyone is the same as their parents. Look at Cassius. No offence,” he added to the older boy, who snorted.

“None taken, my father was a stain on the family tree and the rest aren’t much better,” he agreed freely.

“Exactly. So give them a chance, you might be surprised,” Harry said. Not everyone in the room looked convinced, muttering to each other. Eventually, Susan cleared her throat.

“Look, guys, Harry wouldn’t suggest it if he thought it would jeopardise anything we have here,” she said confidently, before turning her hazel eyes on Harry. “You trust Draco Malfoy?”