

They tried not to stay out too long past curfew, both because they needed to sleep, and because they were both painfully aware that Sirius Black could be roaming the castle at any time. Harry knew he was being foolish, but he couldn't bring himself to care. He *liked* spending time with Draco. The blond boy was funny when he wasn't being scathing; and sometimes even when he was. Spending time with him made Harry wonder if he'd made the wrong choice when he'd begged the sorting hat not to put him in Slytherin.

"I'll see you later." Harry watched Draco leave — Draco always left first. He waited several minutes, then made to swing his invisibility cloak over his shoulders, only to freeze when the door swung open. He stared guiltily into the honey eyes of Professor Lupin.

"Harry," the professor greeted neutrally, taking in the scene in front of him. "Did I just see Draco Malfoy leave this room a few moments ago?"

"...Maybe?"

"You don't look like you've been fighting," Lupin started, and Harry shook his head.

"We weren't fighting! We were, ah, playing Warlock's Bluff."

"A card game," Lupin said flatly. "With Draco Malfoy."

"We're maybe, kinda, friends now?" Harry replied, voice rising an octave as he shrugged helplessly, waiting for the outburst about not trusting Slytherins and being more carefully running about after dark.

"Merlin," Lupin muttered under his breath, glancing skyward in exasperation. "History repeats itself indeed." He cleared his throat, looking back at Harry. "Fifteen points from Gryffindor for being out after curfew."

"What! Aren't you going to take from Slytherin? Draco was out too!"

"Draco had the good sense not to get caught," Lupin retorted. "Also, he doesn't have a murderer looking for him. You're playing a dangerous game, here, Harry." His eyes flicked down to the fabric bunched in Harry's hands, and he smirked. "Ah, of course. How long have you had James' cloak?"

Harry looked down at the invisibility cloak, then back up at his professor. "You know what this is?" Lupin laughed.

"Know what it is? Harry, I spent half my school career hiding under that thing," he replied ruefully. "That cloak got the four of us out of many a sticky situation. It's reassuring to know you have it, but that doesn't mean it's okay for you to be out after dark. Let me walk you back to your common room. Put the cloak on."

With a sigh, Harry didn't bother arguing. He swung the cloak over his shoulders, noticing how amused Lupin looked as he disappeared. "You're not entirely Lily's boy, then," the professor remarked, leading the way out of the classroom. "Plenty of James in you yet. Not sure if that's a good thing."