

It was the first time someone had told Harry he was more like his mother than his father, and it made a warm, fluttery feeling appear in his chest. He smiled, obediently following Lupin all the way back up to the Fat Lady, bidding the man goodnight before he murmured the password. One person in his life knew about his friendship with Draco, and hadn't condemned him for it.

Harry slept better than he had in weeks.