

“Things between Severus and James were complicated, Harry. And Severus will be the first to admit he wasn’t exactly innocent in the matter,” Remus said.

“I bet Snape didn’t strip any of you half-naked in the middle of the school grounds,” Harry spat viciously, glad when they both flinched.

“No, he didn’t,” Remus admitted. “That was too far, and even James agreed that, once he calmed down. He sort-of saw red after Severus called Lily the M word.”

“But the fact that you had him like that at all!” Harry wasn’t letting them talk him out of his anger. “You treated Snape the way my cousin Dudley treated me. I was just lucky he didn’t have magic to help along the way.” Dudley with magic... now there was the stuff of nightmares.

His accusation made Sirius wince. “We were fifth years.”

“*I’m* a fifth year,” Harry shot back immediately. “That’s no excuse.”

“No, it’s not,” Remus agreed sadly. “Harry, I’m sorry that we tried to shield you from the more... vindictive parts of James’ school years. We didn’t want you to think ill of your father — he was far more than the boy you saw in those memories.”

“You didn’t want me to think ill of him, or of you?” asked Harry knowingly. Both men were silent. “I thought so. Look, I love you both. I always will. But... I don’t know if I can look at you the same, having seen that.”

Sirius looked crushed in a way that had Harry’s heart clenching.

“We understand,” Remus assured. “But please understand that was just one moment. One incident; none of us at our best. When we get the chance to get the Potter pensieve out of the vault, we’ll show you more. The good, and the bad,” he promised. “But despite some rough moments, James Potter was a good man. As is Sirius. And I... I try my best to be worth the forgiveness Severus has offered me.” Now he looked pained, too, and Harry started to feel a little guilty. He didn’t want to dredge up old wounds. He just wanted to *understand*.

“You’re a good man too, Moony,” Sirius insisted roughly. “The best of us.” A smile flickered across Remus’ face, but he said nothing.

“I think that would be good,” Harry said slowly. “To see more memories. If you’re willing.” Anything to banish the awful sight of his father’s cruel, laughing face from his mind.

“We’ll sort something out this summer,” Remus promised. “But please, Harry — don’t hold our stupid teenage decisions against us as adults. We know we were wrong, back then. We grew up. We apologised. It— it wasn’t easy, at times. But we moved on.”

“Snape said the same thing, sort-of,” Harry admitted, and Remus’ smile finally looked genuine.

“We worked through a lot of old grievances to get where we are today,” he said. “I wish that hadn’t been your first real sight of your father, Harry. But what’s done is done. You of all