

"I tried to tell him," Harry insisted pathetically. He paused, biting his lip. "Sirius, am I going too fast with Draco? Not— not physically," he hastened to clarify, feeling his cheeks heat. "But it's only been a few months and I already care way more about him than I think I'm supposed to. Like... like love-kind of feelings, maybe? I don't really know. I don't know what love is supposed to feel like." He hadn't had much of it in his life.

Sirius sighed, though his eyes were fond. "You're probably better off talking to Moony than me about this, pup; I've never really been in love. But from what I understand of it, it happens when it happens and you're best to just let it. Merlin, Remus fell in love with Snape when he was twelve, even if it took him a few years to admit to it. Your dad fell in love with Lily the second he laid eyes on her when they were eleven. I'm not going to sit here and tell you you're too young to love Draco."

"But what if I tell him and he doesn't feel the same? Or something happens and it turns out it's not love after all and I end up ruining everything?"

"I think it's safe to say you're at least a little bit in love with him," Sirius said gently, grinning. "And that's okay! That's great, even! Whether you tell him or not is up to you, but allow yourself to feel your feelings however they come to you. You're young, sure, but that doesn't mean you can't feel these things just as strongly as someone twice your age. And as surprised as I am to be saying it, there are worse people to give your heart to than Draco Malfoy."

"I really think I love him, Sirius," Harry whispered, looking at the closed drapes of his bed as if someone was about to rip them open and laugh at him.

"Then you hold onto him and don't let go," Sirius said firmly. "Some people need to go through a few people before they find the one that fits. Others get lucky enough to find the right fit on the first try. You do you, pup; as long as it feels right, just go with it."

Harry thought about Ginny, flirting with random Ravenclaw boys because she was too scared of the depths of her feelings for Neville. Harry refused to be like that. He had Draco, and he wasn't giving that up for anything, even if his feelings terrified him.

"Thanks, Pads," he said quietly, smiling. Sirius grinned back at him.

"It's what I'm here for, kiddo." He paused then, looked a little more serious. "Severus said Dumbledore didn't seem thrilled by the article."

"He wasn't impressed, no," Harry confirmed. "It was actually quite funny. I don't know what his problem is, though; Draco said he's gay too, so it can't be that."

"He probably just wasn't expecting you to take initiative like that," Sirius pointed out. "The Compulsion charm isn't supposed to make you impulsive in that way."

"Only in ways he can control," Harry said with a scowl. "Well I'm not sorry I did it. I'll just have to see if he tries to cast the charm on me again." He gave his godfather a thoughtful look. "Should I reel things in a bit? Try and play into it, so he doesn't get suspicious? Or d'you think it's a bit late for that?"