

And then he lowered his wand and crossed the room, and embraced Black like a long-lost brother.

Harry felt his pulse echo in his ears. Professor Lupin, the man he'd trusted more than *anything*, was holding the man who wanted to murder him like he never wanted to let go. "Padfoot, old friend," he breathed, choking on a sob.

Hermione let out a wordless screech at the sight, her face ashen with pain and shock. "WE TRUSTED YOU!" she spat, glaring at the tawny-haired professor. "I wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt — I thought, if *Dumbledore* knows, you must be on our side — but you were working with *him* all along!"

"Not all this time, let me explain—"

"He's a werewolf!" Hermione declared, turning to look Harry in the eye. "That's why he's always sick. Don't trust him, Harry!"

Harry thought back over the school year; the regular absences, the silvery orb his boggart became, the strange potion Snape made for him regularly. Even the nickname, Moony. Calling Harry 'Cub'. "Oh," he said faintly. "That makes sense."

Lupin snorted. "I haven't been helping him, Harry, but I won't deny I'm a werewolf." He looked Harry in the eye, his expression earnest. "Please, cub. Will you trust me? Just for a few minutes?"

Harry folded his arms over his chest. Professor Lupin had been good to him this year. He hadn't seemed like he was plotting to kill Harry — he'd certainly had plenty of opportunities to try. "Talk," he said eventually.

"Harry, what are you doing? He's a werewolf!" Ron exclaimed, grabbing Harry by the shoulder. Harry ignored him, shaking off the hand and stepping closer to Lupin and Black. He needed answers.

"I was watching the map tonight," Lupin started, "I thought you three might go down to support Hagrid, and I wanted to keep an eye out. I watched you head across the grounds to Hagrid's hut. And twenty minutes later, I saw you leave. And get joined by a fourth name, moving very quickly."

"Yeah, his," Harry said with a dark look at Black. "He was following us."

"Not Sirius," Lupin corrected. "Peter Pettigrew."

"What?" Harry gaped. Pettigrew? Their other friend, the one who Sirius had killed?

Lupin turned back to Harry with imploring eyes. "Think, Harry. Wormtail."

Harry sucked in a sharp breath, looking at the rat currently playing dead in Hermione's lap. At Black, who had taken the shape of a dog. *Padfoot*. "Animagi," he realised. "You're all animagi. Which means... Scabbers."