

that pureblood, Wizengamot crap. But... for what it's worth, you're making your old godfather very proud indeed."

Harry's breath caught in his throat. "I— really?"

Sirius' eyes twinkled, and he leaned in to press a kiss to Harry's forehead. "Really. I can't really claim responsibility — you practically raised yourself thanks to those bloody muggles — but I'm glad I get to be here to see the young man you're becoming."

"I think you've got more responsibility for it than you think, Sirius," Harry insisted. Sirius pulled back, chuckling.

"Maybe. Have to share it with Moony, though. And Severus, I suppose." He made a mock-annoyed face. "It's probably for the best we got you after the formative years were out of the way."

"We'll see about that." Harry side-eyed him, grinning. "Once you've raised a kid or two of your own from the start, we'll see what they turn out like."

Then he reached for the door, because Sirius seemed entirely too gobsmacked by the prospect to do anything but stand there, wide-eyed and gaping. "I— we—"

Harry laughed at him, beckoning him inside. Only then did he let his grin soften. "For what it's worth — I think you'd be great at it." He rocked up on his toes, kissing his godfather's cheek. "I'm going to tell Draco how it all went. Goodnight, Padfoot!"

And so he skipped upstairs, leaving his godfather in the hallway to retrieve his brain from wherever it had fled in response to Harry's words.

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On the night of the first full moon of the summer, Harry could hardly sit still through dinner. It was finally time — he would finally be able to join his godfathers on their moonlit escapades.

He could tell Draco was a little jealous, though the blond was hiding it well. He knew how important this was to Harry, how much it meant to be able to take part in this ritual his father had helped begin. He'd get to join them eventually.

Sirius and Remus were restless, too, though Harry suspected theirs wasn't entirely excitement as his was — Remus was wary of Harry getting hurt, even though he had run with animagi hundreds of times in his life without issue, and also the Wolfsbane would leave him aware and docile even in the face of humans. But they were his godfathers, and it was in their nature to worry, so Harry didn't protest; they were still letting him join, after all.

If he could prove tonight that everything would go smoothly, hopefully he could become a regular addition to the full moon nights. The ones he wasn't at school for, at least.

After dinner, Remus and Snape disappeared upstairs; Harry was familiar with their pre-moon rituals enough to know that they wouldn't resurface until around half an hour before