

Shack this morning.” He brought Harry’s invisibility cloak out from behind his chair, neatly folded. “From one Marauder to another. The legacy you should’ve had since the very start.”

Harry’s breath caught in his throat as he took both items from Lupin. It was ridiculous, he’d had both of them in his possession before, but being given them now felt... bigger. His father’s legacy. “Keep them safe, Harry.”

“I don’t want you to go,” Harry said quietly, sounding far younger than his thirteen years. Lupin smiled, reaching out to squeeze his shoulder.

“It’s for the best, cub. I’m about to have some other priorities, once I catch up with an old friend,” he said with a pointed glance. “And you could do with more allies outside the castle.”

“But I just got you back.” Harry hated how desperate it came out. Lupin softened, pulling him into a brief, tight hug.

“You still have me, cub, I promise,” he vowed, lips pressed to Harry’s hair. He let go, smiling. “I’m not about to let you slip out of my life a second time, regardless of what happens. You’re family.”

“Family,” Harry echoed, a slow smile creeping across his face. He’d never had one of those he actually *liked* before.

“I’m proud of you, you know,” Lupin said, turning back to his packing. Harry stowed his map and cloak away in his bag, raising an eyebrow. “Rumour has it, you performed quite the Patronus charm last night.”

“It was a stag,” Harry boasted, and Lupin beamed. “That was Prongs, right?”

“Indeed it was. Your father’s animagus form was really quite something. James would be over the moon to see your Patronus take after him.”

Harry beamed at the thought, his heart clenching. At least this way it was like he had his dad with him still, after a fashion. “Are you alright?” he asked, brows furrowing in concern. Lupin seemed to be moving a little stiffly. “After last night and everything.”

“Oh, don’t worry about me, cub. I’m more than used to the whole process by now,” Lupin assured with a shake of his head. “I’m just glad none of you got hurt. I’ve not been that irresponsible about a moon since... well. Never mind. I suppose, under the circumstances, priorities were a little off last night. But Severus got me back to the castle safely this morning, and I’ll be right as rain in a day or two.”

Harry bit his lip; it was awful to think that his friendly, quiet professor had to go through such a painful-looking ordeal every month, that he was so accustomed to it he didn’t even flinch at the memory. Lupin was far stronger than he looked; stronger than Harry had given him credit for.