

starting to learn why Remus insisted Snape was a romantic, deep down. “I think it’d be cool to be a crow. Flying without a broom and everything. Do you like flying, sir?”

“I do, though I don’t often fly for pleasure these days.”

“You could come fly with me sometime if you wanted to,” Harry suggested, hardly able to believe his own mouth. Snape paused, then looked back down at his book.

“Perhaps.”

Harry grinned, turning back to the chapter he was reading about the evolution of foxes.

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That night, he had a dream about Voldemort. No, not a dream — a vision. Harry couldn’t remember the details, just that his scar hurt when he woke up, and he felt nauseous, but strangely triumphant. He told Snape about it when he came down to breakfast. “Do you know what he might have been doing?”

“I do not,” Snape replied, lips thinning. “I have not been Called since that first meeting. I suspect I will be soon, though. Especially if the Dark Lord has made progress on whatever he is planning.”

“These dreams won’t stop even if I strengthen my Occlumency shields, will they?” Harry asked dully. Snape shook his head.

“We can assume the connection exists because of the soul fragment inside your scar. That puts him already inside your defences. However, I believe that keeping your shields up keeps the connection one-way — you can be pulled into his mind, but if he were to try and reach into yours himself, he would hit your shields. He can reach your dreams, but not your thoughts — and not your actions.” Harry didn’t ask how Snape knew that was a concern of his, when *he* hadn’t even known he was truly concerned about it until the man brought it up. “I do not believe he can possess you through this connection. Certainly there is no evidence that he has tried.”

“Even though sometimes I feel feelings that aren’t mine?”

“Emotional transference is not possession,” Snape told him. “Now finish your breakfast and get dressed, I’ll meet you in the library.”

Harry was surprised they weren’t in the duelling room, but grateful. He was always tired after a night in Voldemort’s head.

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In all the chaos that had surrounded the visit to Gringotts, Harry had almost forgotten about the other part of the trip; until he picked up his bag while tidying his room and remembered the four books inside. He removed them carefully, setting them side-by-side on the desk. His four family lines. His heritage, on paper.