

“Imperius?” he presumed, and Remus nodded.

“We think so. They’re certainly trying quite hard to get into the Department of Mysteries — luckily, the Unspeakables are one of the few genuinely competent departments of the lot.”

“I wish my connection with him was more useful,” Harry grumbled. “I’m trying to block off my end the best I can, but with the dreams... I don’t know if he’s not holding meetings or just purposefully keeping me out of them, but all I’m getting from him is this bloody endless corridor with a locked door.”

Snape’s spine stiffened. “May I take a look?”

Harry nodded, and dark eyes met his. He forced himself to relax as he felt the intrusion, pushing his dreams to the forefront of his thoughts. Snape didn’t linger, and when Harry blinked away, the man was scowling. “That’s the Department of Mysteries,” he confirmed. “He’s trying to get you curious.”

“Does he think I’d have any better luck at breaking in than he would?” Harry muttered, rolling his eyes. At least now he knew why his dreams were so repetitive. Suddenly, his blood went cold. “If he’s giving me these dreams on purpose, do you think he knows? That I’m a horcrux?” Worse; did he know that Harry was *aware* that he was a horcrux?

Snape’s face was grave, but he shook his head. “I doubt it. There is little to no information on a human vessel for a horcrux — furthermore, given what happened the night— the night you got that scar, I doubt him splitting his soul was intentional. Likely the magical backlash was enough to splinter off a piece, since it was already so fragile from the previous horcrux rituals. He likely just thinks it is some magical residue from the failed killing curse.” A grim smile crossed his thin lips. “I may not be privy to as many of his plans as Lucius Malfoy, but I am the one the Dark Lord comes to for difficult and obscure magical research. If he were looking into the possibility, I would know.”

Harry tried to be soothed by the confidence in the man’s tone, but he still felt cold.

At least his hand didn’t hurt so much anymore.