

“Exactly,” Ginny huffed, glaring at Ron. “Whatever it is, it’s not that.”

“But it is something!” Ron argued. “He wakes up screaming bloody murder about a snake, and a hundred miles away our dad is *dying*! You heard what he said; he was inside the snake. He bit Dad!”

“That’s enough!”

Harry whipped around — Remus was in the doorway, his eyes flashing gold. “Harry is not a danger,” he declared. “I understand it’s been an emotional twenty-four hours, but yelling about it isn’t going to solve everything.” He paused, giving the barest of frowns. “The headmaster is aware of things, Ron. If he was worried about Harry or anyone else’s safety, he would’ve said something.”

As much as Harry hated it, that was probably the best thing to say to reassure Ron Weasley — Dumbledore was taking care of it. Indeed, it seemed to take the wind out of the redhead’s sails. Harry scowled.

“I’m going to bed,” he muttered, squeezing past Remus and heading for the stairs. He wasn’t surprised to hear the werewolf following him; neither of them spoke until they were in Harry’s room, the door warded. Then, Remus opened his arms, and Harry sank into them gratefully.

“It’s good to see you, cub,” he said, running a hand through Harry’s hair. He leaned down, kissing Harry’s scar tenderly. “Are you alright?”

Harry scoffed. “Really?”

“Fine, stupid question,” Remus agreed, brows drawing together in amusement. He nudged Harry towards the bed, both of them sitting on the edge of the mattress. “What happened? I only got bits and pieces. Arthur is in St Mungo’s?”

Harry relayed the events of the night before, going into more detail with the vision than he had with the Weasley children. “I spoke to Bill — I think the snake is another horcrux.”

Remus’ frown deepened. “That does seem to be the case. I’ll need to speak with Severus to confirm it, but...” He didn’t need to say the rest; if anyone knew what Voldemort’s horcruxes felt like, it was Harry.

“I— there’s something else,” Harry admitted. Slowly, he confessed what had happened when he’d taken the portkey; when he’d looked Dumbledore in the eye by accident.

“You think he knows what you are?” Remus asked, worried. Harry nodded.

“If he didn’t before, he likely does now.” Having Voldemort lunge at him through Harry’s mind was a bit of a giveaway. “But... I’ve been thinking. I bet he’s known since summer, if not beforehand. He’s been avoiding me all term.” He’d thought at first that the lack of eye contact was his own doing, keeping himself safe from the man’s wandering Legilimency, but the more he thought back on it the more he realised that Dumbledore had been the one not