

He started out at the beginning; Harry appearing at his quarters, dressed like a street urchin and looking entirely too pleased with himself. He let the memory play out, feeling Remus' sense of realisation dawn.

The memory continued; Severus preparing for Merlin only knew what — with a predictable surge of arousal in Remus' mind when the memory showed Severus changing into more appropriate clothes, something that left Severus equal parts amused and flattered — but as memory-Severus and memory-Harry stepped into the hidden passage down to the Chamber of Secrets, Remus' mind went quiet and still.

When they reached the basilisk, all Severus could feel was horror — his own, and his partner's.

He kept the memory going, long enough for Remus to see his cub's entirely too blasé attitude about facing the huge, deadly predator, only ending it when memory-Severus began the harvest. He pulled carefully out of Remus' mind, meeting glowing amber eyes.

“No wonder he hardly even blinked at fighting that dragon in the first task,” was Remus' immediate response. He gripped Severus' hands tight. “It was so *big*, Severus. Those fangs...”

Severus made a noise of agreement. The bigger fangs had been the length of Severus' entire forearm.

To think, that idiot little Gryffindor, spelled to the gills with recklessness-inducing magic, had gone to face such a thing with only his useless sidekick and *Gilderoy Bloody Lockhart* for assistance.

Worse; from what Harry had told him, neither of the two even made it that far.

“There's a pensieve in the Potter family vaults,” Remus said, apropos of nothing. “I know there is, because it used to belong to Monty. Next time Harry's at Gringotts, we are making him retrieve that pensieve, and we are sitting down and he is going to put in every memory of every ridiculous, *foolhardy*, *terrifying thing* that he has ever done. I can't take any more bloody surprises like that, Severus, I swear.”

“You and me both,” Severus agreed. He *still* didn't know the full details of what happened with Quirrell and the stone. Potter was remarkably evasive; like he knew none of them would approve of the situation.

“Thank Merlin the goblins broke the spells on him,” Remus murmured, running a hand through his hair. “Can you imagine what he'd be like now if he was still under Dumbledore's influence?”

The thought made Severus scowl; Potter would very likely be the arrogant, idiotic little brat Severus had anticipated the day he'd started Hogwarts. The brat Dumbledore wanted Severus to see him as.