

“You managed to fool the two greatest Legilimens in the country?” Snape asked, looking both proud and horrified. Harry shrugged.

“The two most *arrogant* Legilimens in the country,” he corrected. “I told them what they expected to hear, showed them basic proof, and they didn’t question it. I did smash a Prophecy. But this one was safe in Daphne’s pocket the whole time.”

There was a beat of silence. Then, Remus poked Snape in the shoulder. “And you thought Sirius and I were all the influence he had. *Not my responsibility* my arse; you’ve made him as sneaky as you are!”

Snape’s pale cheeks went vaguely pink. Harry wasn’t quite sure what that was about, but he laughed regardless. “Anyway, shall we see what it says?”

“I... are you sure you wish us to be the ones to hear it?” Snape asked, surprisingly cautious. Harry nodded without hesitation.

“I wish Sirius could be here too, but you can always tell him later. I trust you both.” No matter what he’d thought when he’d learned of Snape’s involvement with the Prophecy and the murder of his parents, the man had proven himself a hundred times over by now. He deserved to know.

Harry leaned forward, removed the Unbreakable charm he’d put on the orb, and slammed it down firmly on the coffee table.

Immediately, the pearlescent ghostly form of Sybil Trelawney rose from the shattered glass.

*“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...”*

Then, she faded, leaving silence in her wake.

Harry stared at the small pile of glass shards, the words echoing through his head. “Well, then,” he croaked, and coughed. “That, uh... fair bit to unpack, there.” He looked up at the two men. “What do you think that power refers to? Just my family magics, or...?” He waved a hand up at his scar, to encompass the whole *horcrux* situation.

“It could mean the Slytherin magics in particular,” Snape suggested. “That is quite a heavy boost to your magic, and one he would be anticipating within himself rather than you. I believe the horcrux is covered in the later part; *neither can live while the other survives.*”

That was certainly true; Harry could not truly live safely with the shard of soul in his head — and the Dark Lord trying to kill him regularly — and Voldemort would always have a half-life while part of his soul existed within Harry.