

well.” Harry hadn’t even realised Neville fit the bill too, his birthday the day before Harry’s. “Believe me, Harry; if I had even the slightest *inkling* of what was to happen, I never would have told him. By that point in my life I was already doubting my choices; that was just what tipped me back onto the right path.”

Part of Harry still didn’t understand how Snape could’ve become a Death Eater to begin with, when he had Remus who loved him so fiercely and Harry’s mother who had been his best friend as a child. But he doubted he would get that story, not until he was much older. It was clearly a long and complicated one. He just hadn’t realised it culminated in Snape indirectly being responsible for the death of Harry’s family.

Remus and Sirius knew, and yet they still thought of Snape as family! How was he supposed to reconcile that?

“I think I’m going to go to my room, if that’s okay.” Harry stood on shaky legs. Had he been looking, he would’ve seen heartbreak flash through Severus Snape’s eyes for just a moment before the usual impassive mask fell into place.

“Harry, please,” Remus started, but Harry shook him off.

“I need to think.” He left the living room, heading to his bedroom on autopilot and shutting the door quietly behind him. He wouldn’t slam it. He wasn’t having a tantrum.

He didn’t even know if he was angry. He should be; he had every right to be. But whether it was the hole in his heart that had formed after Cedric’s death, or something else entirely, Harry couldn’t bring himself to be angry at Snape.

Snape clearly had enough anger at himself for the both of them.

He didn’t know what he was feeling. The day had been full of so many revelations, so many emotions... he was just *tired*. He had the soul of a madman attached to his own, and he was the owner of hundreds of heirlooms he couldn’t possibly be worthy of, and he was prophesised to defeat a *Dark Lord*, and he was still hiding from Dumbledore and he couldn’t even go out in public without a disguise, and his boyfriend’s father was an awful human who worshipped the Dark Lord Harry was supposed to defeat, and *nothing about his life was normal*.

Apparently, nothing had ever been destined to be normal about him. Not since he was born.

There was a knock on Harry’s door, and he didn’t invite them in, but he also didn’t tell them to go away. After a beat, the door opened. “Hey, pup,” Sirius greeted cautiously, slipping into the room. “I have to head back to headquarters, but I didn’t want to leave without saying goodbye.” He edged closer to the bed. “Are you... okay?”

Harry let out a bitter laugh. “Would you be okay, in my position?”

“Merlin, no; I’d be crying in a corner somewhere! But we Blacks have always been a bit on the emotional side,” he replied with a wink. He sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes soft and