

At some point, McGonagall had returned, Pomfrey in tow, and the two women were struck silent in horror as they listened. When Dumbledore was satisfied, he put Crouch to sleep with a spell.

“Minerva, would you mind standing guard while I take Harry here upstairs for a minute? Poppy, if you could, Alastor is down in that trunk, he’s in a rather dreadful state and could use your assistance.”

“Potter should come as well,” Pomfrey insisted, but Dumbledore shook his head.

“I’m afraid I need Harry for just a little bit longer. Severus,” he added, turning to the man. “Please go out to the grounds and fetch Cornelius Fudge; he’ll undoubtedly want to question this man himself. Tell him I shall be in the Hospital Wing in half an hour’s time if he should need me.” He moved to stand beside Harry’s chair, helping him onto his feet. Pain seared through Harry’s leg. “Up you get, there you go, my boy. This will only take a moment.”

The last thing Harry wanted to do was go up to Dumbledore’s office with him, but he didn’t seem to have much of a choice. Dumbledore’s grip on his arm was surprisingly firm for such an elderly wizard, and he led Harry slowly up to his office.

The journey was a haze of pain, but soon he was sat in a chair in Dumbledore’s office, Fawkes perched on his knee. It helped a little to have the phoenix’s warmth with him, but it didn’t do a thing to aid the jumble of thoughts in Harry’s mind, or his throbbing leg.

“Harry.” Dumbledore’s voice cut through the fog. “I need you to tell me everything that happened tonight.”

“Professor, I really just want to go to sleep,” Harry pleaded, his voice cracking. “Can this not wait until the morning?”

“I’m afraid it cannot.” Dumbledore leaned forward in his chair. Even in his hazy state, Harry knew not to look him in the eye. “Start from the beginning, Harry. Don’t leave anything out.”

Slowly, with his eyes closed, Harry began to recount what had happened in the maze. By the time he’d reached the part where Cedric was killed, his voice was trembling, and he jumped when the office door slammed open. “Harry!”

A faint sob escaped Harry’s lips as Sirius rushed to his side, wrapping him in a tight hug. “Oh, pup,” he breathed, stroking Harry’s hair. “It’s okay, you’re alright, we’re here, we’ve got you, you’re safe.” Harry glanced up to see Remus stood behind Sirius, glaring at Dumbledore.

“What the hell are you playing at, Albus, bringing him up here alone after an event like that? Harry needs rest!” he thundered. Dumbledore didn’t flinch.

“Some things are more important than comfort, Remus. Though now you two are here, I’m sure Harry would be happy to allow you to stay.”

Harry’s fingers twisted in Sirius’ robe. His godfather wasn’t going *anywhere*.