

felt dread building in his gut, every instinct insisting that something was *wrong*.

*“Kill the spare.”*

The words echoed in Harry’s head, the flash of light burned into his eyelids, and all of a sudden Cedric was on the ground and Harry couldn’t look away and he was *dead*.

Cedric was dead.

The feeling of wrongness increased when the cloaked man forced Harry to his feet and began tying him to a gravestone. Harry managed to catch the name on the stone before his head was yanked back around with a hand that was missing a finger.

*TOM RIDDLE*

Harry stared at Wormtail as the man secured Harry’s bindings. This was not good at *all*.

He couldn’t help but look back at the grass, where Cedric’s still form lay. He wished the boy would jump up, grinning that rakish grin, and assure Harry it was all a joke, that everything was fine. But he wouldn’t.

He was gone.

He tried to struggle when Wormtail cut into his arm, but it was fruitless, and Harry could do nothing but watch as Voldemort was reborn from the cauldron. He caught the odd hissed word from the snake circling him slowly, but his focus was on the red-eyed wraith of a man in front of him, the parchment-pale face twisted in a satisfied smirk. “We meet again, Harry Potter.”

Uncaring of Wormtail’s whimpering as he bled onto the grass from his stump of a wrist, Voldemort used the man’s Dark Mark to summon his Death Eaters, sending a fiery spark of pain through Harry’s scar. Harry looked around at the masked faces, their bodies shrouded in black robes. He wondered if Snape was one of them. Would he be expected to risk his position at the school to join them? Would Harry have one ally in this graveyard?

He wasn’t surprised to see Lucius in the mix, even as his heart twisted painfully. Draco would be upset; though he knew, deep down, that his father was only loyal to Voldemort, Harry knew there was still a part of him that hoped for his father’s redemption. Hoped it was all an act, and he was truly the loving father Draco had always wanted.

Finally, Voldemort’s attention turned back to Harry. Harry could hardly focus as the man regaled his followers with the story of his return, his head feeling like it was about to cleave in two. But he tried his best; it was all important information. Sirius and the others would need to know.

He’d thought the pain in his head was the worst thing he’d ever experienced, but it was nothing compared to the Cruciatus curse in person. Harry would have been on his knees if he weren’t tied to the headstone; almost did end up on his knees, when Wormtail untied him. It