

Harry just nodded, bidding her goodnight, and head down to the dungeons.

To his combined surprise and trepidation, Snape was not alone in his quarters.

“I’m going to *kill her*,” Remus growled, eyes glowing bright with the wolf as he cradled Harry’s hand between his own. “How *dare* she harm my cub like this.”

“Moony, I’m fine,” Harry assured soothingly. “This is nothing, really.” It was going to scar, he could tell, even with Snape’s attention. But it could just join the other scars on his body.

He wondered what Umbridge might think if he showed her all the marks his uncle had left on him, if he told her she had something in common with *muggles* — that the muggle methods were more effective, really, so she had best up her game.

“It’s not *nothing*, this is illegal!” Remus argued. Snape set a hand on his shoulder, and the man slumped wearily. “I don’t want you getting any more detentions trying to defend me, Harry. I love that you’re willing to fight for me like that, but really, she isn’t worth it.”

“It wasn’t just for defending you,” Harry said, trying not to squirm as Snape rubbed dittany onto the bleeding wound. “It was mostly for pointing out that Quirrell was possessed by Voldemort.”

“Also not a worthy cause,” Snape pointed out flatly. “For Salazar’s sake, Potter — do us all a favour and learn to keep your mouth shut.”

“If I’m in detention, she doesn’t have the time for anyone else,” he retorted stubbornly. As far as he knew, Umbridge only had one Blood Quill.

“You are not responsible for the entire damned school!” Snape hissed. “How long will it take for us to knock out that senseless drivel Albus has been filling your head with?”

“Please, cub,” Remus tried earnestly. “I worry about you enough as it is, with Dumbledore so close to you. Don’t give me another thing to go grey over.” The attempt at a joke was weak, but it made guilt squirm in Harry’s stomach.

“I just... I hate her, so much. She’s putting so many people in danger with her ridiculous *Ministry-approved curriculum*.”

“But that isn’t something you’re going to fix by getting detention with her every night,” came Remus’ response. When Snape pulled back from Harry’s mostly-healed hand, the werewolf swooped in for a hug. “Let her do what she came here to do — make life difficult for Dumbledore. We all know it’s temporary. As soon as the Dark Lord goes public again, Fudge and Umbridge will lose all credibility, and she’ll be out on her arse.”

Harry pursed his lips. “That’s relying an awful lot on Voldemort to make a move.” He eyed the adults suspiciously, gaze dropping to Snape’s forearm. “What do you know that I don’t?”

“Very little, actually,” Remus assured. “Just that Voldemort is clearly going after the prophecy. You saw what happened to Podmore in the paper, I assume?”