

“If Harry wishes you all to stay with him, you may,” Dumbledore announced. “But please save your questions until he is ready.”

Pomfrey returned with several potion vials, and Harry drank them as soon as he recognised Snape’s handwriting on the labels. The matron glanced down at the dog, who stared back at her silently. “This dog will be remaining with Harry for a while,” Dumbledore told her, his tone one not to be questioned.

“Very well. Into bed with you, Mr Potter,” Pomfrey urged, her voice surprisingly gentle. Harry didn’t care that he was still in his torn and bloodied tournament clothes, merely lying back on the mattress. Remus helped him with his shoes, pulling the blanket up over him.

“Harry.” It was Viktor, approaching the bed hesitantly. “I am sorry, for what I did in the maze.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Harry assured tiredly. “Are you alright? Fleur, you as well?”

“We are fine,” the French witch told him, offering a smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “We will return to our families, but... we wanted to make sure you were okay.” She approached the bed with a cautious glance towards Sirius, who didn’t move. Her fingers curled around Harry’s, squeezing gently, and tears welled in her eyes. “Sleep well, ‘Arry. We will return in the morning.”

Viktor clasped Harry’s shoulder briefly, then nodded, and the pair left the room. Harry wondered how much they’d been told; he’d tell them the whole story in the morning, or as much of it as he could bear. They deserved that much. They were all in the tournament together.

Once Harry was in bed, Pomfrey offered him another potion vial. “It’s Dreamless Sleep,” she explained. “I would recommend you drink all of it.”

Harry’s gaze turned to Remus, who smiled and moved closer. “We’ll be right here until you wake up.” Sirius let out a quiet bark of agreement, and hopped up onto the end of the bed to curl up beside Harry’s feet. Harry drank the potion, barely managing half of it before he was slumping against the pillows.

As he laid back down, the world became hazy, his eyelids suddenly very heavy. With Remus’ fingers smoothing over his fringe, he fell asleep.

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Harry awoke slowly, feeling warm and fuzzy, and like he could happily drift back off to sleep. But he could hear very faint shouting, and when he blinked his eyes open he realised he hadn’t been asleep long at all.

In all the chaos of Fudge bursting into the room, no one but Sirius and Remus noticed Harry sitting up and putting his glasses back on. The huge black dog shuffled further up the bed, resting his head in Harry’s lap and looking up at him with soulful eyes. Harry pet him on the head, offering Remus a halfhearted smile.