

Remus glanced up when Harry arrived, his honey eyes quickly taking in the bags under his eyes and his damp hair, the hunch to his shoulders and half-curved fists. The gaze quickly became knowing. "Which one?" he asked, and it took Harry a minute to parse the question.

"Cedric," he said eventually. He hadn't had a trip into Voldemort's head since that one Divination lesson. Remus relaxed a little, though his lips pursed.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really," Harry replied honestly. He accepted the arm that wound around his waist for the brief moment he walked past, heading for the teapot. Ceri floated a mug out of the cupboard for him. "Were you expecting it to be the other one?"

"Severus was Called last night," Remus told him. Harry froze. "I was worried you might have seen it."

"Are you okay?" Harry asked quickly, turning his gaze on the Potions Master. Now he knew what to look for, he could see Snape's night had been even worse than Harry's own.

"I am fine, Harry," Snape replied. He had to be tired if he was using Harry's first name.

"Will I train with Remus today?"

"For this morning, yes. We will return to duelling in the afternoon," Snape said, raising his mug to his lips. His hands didn't shake.

"Unless you need a break," Remus added, still watching Harry with concern. "If you need more sleep..."

"No, I'm fine," Harry insisted. The last thing he needed was more sleep; more of an opportunity to see Cedric's face.

"If we're ever pushing too much, just tell us," Remus said, tone serious. "This is still your summer holiday. The situation might be... escalating, but that doesn't mean you aren't allowed to say no."

"If I was at the Dursleys I'd be shut away with no wand, no contact and no idea what's going on in the world," Harry pointed out. "I might as well do something worthwhile since I have that freedom. I'm happy to train; I'm still having fun. This is way better than anything else I could be doing." He still got to fly and swim some evenings, and had even ridden Buckbeak once, though he'd had to stay inside the tree line. "But it's not all about me, so if either of you need a break—"

"If we need a break, we will tell you," Snape cut him off curtly. "But I am fine. I can handle meetings with the Dark Lord; they're likely to become a regular part of my week, now." Over his shoulder, Remus grimaced.

"Then nobody needs a break, and everyone's fine," Harry surmised, daring Remus to say otherwise. The werewolf snorted.