

He tried not to take too long in the shower, though half the time was spent just trying to breathe, willing the tears to come and the dam to break so he could just *get it over with*. He hadn't properly cried yet. He'd come close, had some tears escape onto Draco's shirt the night before — but it felt like it was all building up inside and he just needed to release the pressure, only it wouldn't go. Eventually he gave up, shutting off the water and drying himself with a spell, staring into the mirror for a long time. He had a scar on his forearm, now, where Wormtail had cut him, jagged and ropey. It could join his scar from the basilisk, his scars from the Dursleys' *care*. Marks of a boy who was more weapon than child. At least in the eyes of some.

As promised, there was a steaming bowl of porridge waiting on his bedside table, and a fresh set of sheets on the bed. Pomfrey was gone, and the curtains around Moody's bed were drawn once more.

As he ate, Harry forced his emotions aside to start thinking on the more rational side of his brain. Voldemort was back. He had to prepare for the worst. He wished he had his notebook, or at the very least a quill and parchment; his brain was buzzing with thoughts, plans and ideas and questions. He remembered Remus' words from the night before; *we can make plans as soon as you've had the chance to recover*.

He wasn't alone in this. As soon as he could get to Seren Du, they could figure it all out. No doubt by then they would all have a better idea of where things stood. What Voldemort was planning.

There was a knock on the door, and it swung open tentatively. The trio on the other side made the hole in Harry's heart rip open a little wider. Fleur, Viktor, and— "Cho."

The Ravenclaw girl's face crumpled, and she dashed forward, throwing her arms around Harry's neck. "Oh, Harry!" Her eyes were red and puffy, making Harry wonder if she'd spent the whole night crying.

"I'm so sorry," he choked out, holding her tight. "Cho, I'm so, so sorry, it's all my fault."

"I don't know what happened last night, but I know that's not true," Cho insisted, pulling back to look him in the eye. "Cedric cared about you so much, Harry. If he died helping you, or protecting you, or whatever he was doing — he would've wanted it to be that way."

That twisted the knife deeper in Harry's chest. "That's just it, though!" he burst out angrily. "It wasn't any of that! He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, and they killed him for it!"

"I zink you should tell us what 'appened," Fleur cut in gently, a hand on Harry's shoulder. "Zen we can make sense of zis mess, non?"

Cho perched herself on the edge of Harry's bed, wrapping her fingers around his. Fleur took Remus' empty chair, and Viktor leaned against the bed opposite. "Whenever you are ready, Harry," he murmured.

Harry took a deep breath, and began to talk.