

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

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The maze was a blur.

All four champions had agreed to keep an eye out for one another during the task, to help out if it looked like someone was in a really sticky situation. With no idea what could be lurking within the hedges, it had seemed like a good idea.

Then everything went so very, very wrong.

Harry found Cedric at the mercy of Viktor, whose eyes were glassy and unfocused. A quick spell had the Durmstrang champion unconscious on the grass, and Cedric stared up at Harry with fearful grey eyes. “What the hell is wrong with him?”

“I don’t think he was himself,” Harry said, looking down at Viktor with a grimace. “Someone put him under the Imperius curse.” He was pretty familiar with the signs, after Moody’s classes. Cedric went ashen.

“Merlin. You don’t think... Fleur?” Harry hadn’t been the only one to hear her scream, then. He shrugged, shaking his head. All they could hope was that she was okay.

“We should stick together, if we’re the last two left,” Harry suggested. “Either way it’s a win for Hogwarts. And quite frankly, I just want to get this over with. The sooner we’re done, the sooner we can check on Fleur, and get Viktor somewhere safe.”

Cedric agreed, and after sending up red sparks for Viktor, the pair set off.

A sphinx and an acromantula later, and the pair of Hogwarts champions were stumbling up to the plinth to see the Triwizard Cup glowing softly in front of them. Harry had a huge gash on his leg, and Cedric was bleeding from several places beneath his shirt. “You take it,” Harry urged. “You’re the real Hogwarts champion.”

“I wouldn’t have made it this far without you,” Cedric insisted. “You take it. Show everyone what you’re made of, that Harry Potter is a force to be reckoned with. You need that more than I do.”

“Together,” Harry decided eventually, realising the Hufflepuff wasn’t going to back down. “Like I said before; it’s still a win for Hogwarts. We’ll split the money, or whatever.” Cedric could have it all. Harry certainly didn’t need it.

That seemed to satisfy Cedric, and the pair each took a handle. Harry immediately felt like something was hooking him in the navel, and the world spun.

They arrived in what looked like a graveyard, the Cup dropping to the ground between them. “Is the Cup supposed to be a portkey?” Cedric asked, his wand raised in front of him. Harry