

Chapter 100

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was the second week of May when it finally happened.

They were stupid, really. Impatient. If these students were the best Lord Voldemort could gather, Harry wasn't worried at all about his chances of success.

That afternoon, Harry had decided it was long past time he go visit Hagrid. He hadn't been... avoiding his friend, exactly. He was really busy. And Hagrid hadn't exactly made any overtures to seek Harry out, either.

But it had been months since they'd had more than a brief hello at mealtimes, so after dinner Harry balled up his Gryffindor courage, kissed his boyfriend for luck, and headed down to the hut at the edge of the forest. He knocked on the door, and waited. As always, Fang barked excitedly at the prospect of visitors, and Harry smiled to himself as he heard Hagrid lightly chiding the dog, getting him away from the door. He pulled it open, and faltered. "Harry."

"Hi, Hagrid. Can I come in?" Harry's hands were in his robe pockets so that Hagrid wouldn't see them shaking. The half-giant blinked at him.

"Yeah. Yeah, o' course. I'll put the kettle on."

That was a good sign, and Harry's hummingbird heart slowed down a little. Fang nosed as his legs, slobbering all over his robes, demanding ear-scratches which Harry was more than willing to provide. He couldn't *not* smile when faced with the cheerful dog, who flopped his head in Harry's lap with a blissful look as soon as the Gryffindor sat down.

Hagrid fussed with the kettle and two mugs, one significantly larger than the other. With the large man's back to him, it was easier for Harry to make the first move. "I'm sorry, Hagrid."

Hagrid whirled around, beetle-like eyes incredulous. "What. *You're* sorry? Harry, you ain't got a jot to be sorry for!"

Wait, what?

Hagrid ran a hand through his tangled mane of hair, giving a gusty sigh. "Every time you came 'ere, you let me natter on about Dumbledore and how great a man he was, and that whole time you knew it was nothin'. I was so ruddy *proud* of having been the one to drop you off with Dumbledore after— after your parents died. If I'd've known..." He shook his head, scowling. "I'm the one who's sorry, Harry. You shoulda been able ter trust me, an' I gave you no reason to, blathering away with my blind faith like I was. I kept pushin' you towards the headmaster, and I never questioned why you might not want that — not even after you said you an' him was havin' some disagreements. You tried to warn me an' all! Idiot I was, I didn't listen."