

Mrs Weasley was hard to convince, but eventually the twins managed to ease her from the Hospital Wing, leaving Harry alone with Remus and Sirius. His eyes began to burn.

“Your potion,” Remus started, but Harry shook his head.

“Not yet.” If he kept pushing the reaction away, it would only get worse. “Just... just give me a minute.”

Sirius pressed a kiss to his forehead, squeezing him around the shoulders. “Whenever you’re ready, pup.”

Leaning into his godfather’s embrace, Harry let out a shaky breath, feeling a couple of tears leak from his eyes. Cedric was dead. Friendly, funny, overwhelmingly *Hufflepuff* Cedric. The boy who had become a good friend to Harry in the last year, who had been one of the first to believe him when he said he hadn’t entered the tournament. The boy who loved quidditch, and his friends, and his girlfriend — oh, God, *Cho*. She would be devastated. Harry hoped she had someone to comfort her. He hoped she didn’t blame him.

The door creaked as it opened, and Harry tensed, expecting another round with Dumbledore. There was no one there — at least, not until after the door was closed, and a murmured incantation removed the Dissillusionment charm on the two people who had entered.

“*Harry*.” Draco hurried towards the bed, ignoring Sirius and hoisting himself up to pull Harry into his arms. “Oh, thank Merlin you’re alright.”

Harry couldn’t stop the dry, aching sob that broke free, and he buried his face in the front of Draco’s robes, letting his boyfriend soothe him with a hand rubbing his back.

“He wouldn’t believe that you were fine until he saw it with his own eyes,” Snape volunteered, striding towards the bed. Now that they didn’t have an audience, he eyed Harry with concern. “I must apologise, Harry. I had all the pieces of the puzzle, and yet I failed to put them together until it was too late.”

It took Harry a minute to realise what the man was referring to, and then he eyed him incredulously. “Crouch had all of us fooled. You couldn’t have known.”

Snape didn’t look convinced, and Remus put a hand on his shoulder, leaning in close. “It wasn’t your fault, Severus. This would have happened one way or another. The circumstances are tragic, of course, but... it was inevitable.”

“My father was there, wasn’t he?” Draco asked, voice hollow. Harry sucked in a sharp breath.

“Yeah,” he confirmed. “Yeah, he was.”

Draco’s grey eyes shuttered for a moment, and when he opened them again his jaw was set. “I won’t let him get to you.” He held Harry tighter, lips pressing to his hair.

“Everything’s going to change now, isn’t it?” Harry asked dully. Everything he’d been working towards in the last year — everything he’d planned, it was all coming to fruition. Progress could not be made until Voldemort was dead, but unfortunately that meant he had to