

in front of him. “You might actually win this thing, y’know.”

“I don’t know about that,” Harry waved him off.

“He’s right, though,” Ginny insisted. “You’re doing really well, Harry. And you’ve always been good at getting through dangerous situations. You could take the Cup. Imagine if you did win!”

“I don’t care about winning,” Harry said tiredly. “I just want to not die.” It weighed heavy in the back of his mind that whoever had entered him into this tournament had done so for a reason, and had yet to reveal themselves. The clock was running down, and they could end up getting desperate.

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By the middle of the week, Harry was about ready to hex Ron’s mouth shut. As one of the few people who had been under the surface of the lake — regardless of the fact that he’d been unconscious for 95% of it — he had taken it upon himself to answer the questions of anyone curious enough to approach Harry. He’d gone from admitting to being put in an enchanted sleep for the whole thing, to insisting he’d fought off a whole group of merpeople bare-handed. Even Hermione was getting sick of him; though she was getting sick of everyone, after spending several days being teased about being the one Viktor would miss most.

On his way back from his last class of the day, Harry froze when his name was called across the hallway. “Mr Potter, would you mind following me to my office?” Dumbledore strode towards him, eyes twinkling genially. “I won’t keep you from your friends too long. I merely wish to talk.”

“We’ll see you at dinner, Harry,” Hermione said, tugging Ron along with her, leaving him alone with the headmaster. Harry had no choice but to follow Dumbledore up to his office, the headmaster conjuring a tea set once he was sat at his desk.

“Milk and sugar, Harry?” he offered, as if it were perfectly normal for him to invite a student up for tea without reason, even if that student was Harry Potter.

“Please.” Harry had zero intention of drinking anything Dumbledore gave him. He accepted the mug, putting it to his lips, but didn’t drink. Dumbledore’s smile widened. “Why am I here, sir? Is something wrong? Is it Sirius?”

“Everything is well,” Dumbledore assured. “I have not heard from Sirius for a while, but I am sure he’s doing just fine.” Harry hid a smirk at that; if only Dumbledore knew. “I merely thought I would see how you’re faring after the second task. You’re handling the tournament remarkably well, and I’m impressed. Your use of gillyweed was truly inspired.”

“Neville told me about it,” Harry lied earnestly. He didn’t look Dumbledore in the eye. “I had to, uh, borrow some from Professor Snape. But I think that was worth it.” As promised, Snape had given him three days of detention for theft. The first detention had been spent with Remus going over his Runes, and the second had become a lesson on cauldron monitoring