

With Sirius' arms around him and Remus' hand on his shoulder, it was easier for Harry to tell his story. He didn't even think about what might not be prudent to tell Dumbledore, his brain too messy from the evening's ordeal, so he just spilled everything. Both the Marauders tensed when Harry told them of the shades that had emerged from Voldemort's wand; echoes of Lily and James Potter. He kept going right up until the moment he grabbed the portkey. "And then I came back to the school," he finished eventually, his throat raw and his heart aching. Saying it all out loud, reliving every moment, made it real in his mind. Cedric was dead. Voldemort had returned.

"Can he go get medical care now?" Sirius asked sharply.

"Madam Pomfrey is expecting him," Dumbledore agreed. "Harry, you have shown immense bravery tonight — equal to that of those who faced Voldemort in the first war. You have shouldered a great burden, and it is time for you to rest from it. Sirius, would you like to stay with him?"

"I'd like to see you stop me," Sirius retorted. "Come on, pup. Can you stand?"

Harry made to push himself up, and let out a cry of pain as his leg throbbed. Fawkes fluttered down to the ground, leaning his head against Harry's calf and shedding a few tears — the wound healed, but Harry still felt like his limbs were made of jelly.

"I've got you." Remus smiled softly, turning his back to Harry and placing the teen's arms over his shoulders. The next thing Harry knew, the werewolf was lifting him in a piggyback. Harry let his head rest on the man's shoulder, eyes falling half-shut.

Sirius returned to his animagus form and padded alongside Remus as he carried Harry out of the office and towards the Hospital Wing. Harry was vaguely aware of Dumbledore following them, but he was so *tired*, and he was still trembling from the Cruciatus curse.

When they reached the Hospital Wing, it was to an entire crowd of Weasleys, plus Neville, Hermione, Fleur and Viktor. They all jumped up at the sight of Harry, though several of them looked perplexed at seeing him carried by Remus.

"Poppy, he'll need a Nerve Tonic," Remus called, ignoring the audience to set Harry on the edge of one of the beds. Madam Pomfrey's eyes widened.

"Cruciatus?" she checked, and Remus nodded. Mrs Weasley gasped.

"Oh, Harry!" She rushed forward to hug him, but Remus stepped between them.

"Madam, I must ask you keep your distance; Harry has had quite the ordeal this evening, and he needs medical care and a lot of rest."

"Professor Lupin? What are you doing here?" Hermione piped up.

"We were concerned." His plural brought their attention to the large black dog sat at Harry's feet, and Ron and Hermione let out quiet 'oh' sounds.