

While looking at the Death Veil made Sirius' blood run cold, he wasn't looking for more than a second; the room was utter pandemonium. Duels were happening all over the room, though a fair number of Death Eaters seemed to be disarmed and unconscious like their fellows. It made Sirius grin as he launched himself into a fight with Rodolphus LeStrange, tearing the Death Eater away from a red-haired girl who looked much like Amelia Bones had when they were kids.

"You're Sirius Black," the girl declared, ducking a spell flying her way and sending back an impressive Flame-Whip hex in return.

"I am. I was framed. Harry can tell you all about it," Sirius told her. Above them, the rest of the Order was spilling in and joining the fight, and Sirius could see the relief in the girl's eyes.

Rodolphus let out a shout of rage at the intrusion, sending a particularly nasty hex Sirius' way, but Sirius deflected it with a somewhat obscure Shield spell. While Sirius had Rodolphus distracted, the girl — probably Susan Bones — was watching for an opening, and she sure as hell found one; a Stunner hit Rodolphus in the thigh and he went down like a sack of bricks. Immediately, probably-Susan was darting in, plucking the wand from the Death Eater's hand and snapping it over her knee without a hint of remorse.

"Sirius!"

The voice that called out was familiar, and Sirius whirled around, heart clenching at the sight of his godson duelling Lucius Malfoy worryingly close to the Veil. Bellatrix LeStrange was looming behind them, but Tonks and Kingsley had her under control for now. Sirius hurried down the stone steps, dodging curses and sending his own in return, jumping over another bound and disarmed Death Eater — and really, it was embarrassing for them, how many of them had been taken down by a handful of school children.

"Looks like you hardly needed help, kiddo!" Sirius said once he was at Harry's side, throwing up a shield of his own to block Malfoy's Entrail-Expelling curse. Harry grinned breathlessly at him for a moment.

"Still good to see you." Harry sent a wordless jet of lurid purple magic at Malfoy, missing him by mere centimetres.

Had they not been in such dire straits, Sirius would have sat back and watched in awe as his fifteen year-old godson duelled with Lord Voldemort's right-hand man and *held his ground*. Harry didn't look overwhelmed at all, fighting back with determination in his green eyes. All around them, Death Eaters were realising how drastically out-numbered they were, falling to spells — many of which came from the students.

"The only reason you're not dead is because you still hold that Prophecy, Potter," Malfoy snarled. "But I've no qualms about killing your *dogfather* here." As if to demonstrate, he sent a Killing curse Sirius' way, and Sirius ducked quickly.

"Just fucking try it," Harry dared, and then his Bone-Breaker hit Malfoy square in the shoulder, causing him to groan in pain. Harry pushed forward, trying to press his advantage