

That was it. Inside that faintly glowing orb was the record of the words that had destroyed his life forever.

The words that had led to the death of his parents, and thirteen years of relative peace for the rest of the wizarding world.

“Harry, don’t touch it,” Neville warned, but it was too late. Harry’s hand was already reaching out, wrapping around the strangely warm glass. As he did, he placed a protective charm around it. Things were going to get messy, and he didn’t want it cracking.

“It’s got my name on it,” Harry argued. “That means it’s mine.”

Suddenly the air shifted. Instantly, all six of them tensed.

“There are two names on that label, Potter,” a cold, familiar voice drawled. Harry turned to face Lucius Malfoy, his pale hair glowing eerily in the blue light. “And the other owner would very much like that Prophecy.”

Harry moved to stand in front of his friends, feeling them gather behind him, their wands out and ready. Malfoy wasn’t alone; a dozen shapes suddenly loomed in the shadows, more Death Eaters surrounding Harry and his friends. Harry glared at his boyfriend’s father, wishing he could hex the snot out of him, show him what he’d learned from Severus Snape. But it wasn’t time yet.

“Where’s Sirius?” he asked, and didn’t flinch when the Death Eaters mocked him. Though when the female voice chimed in, taunting him in an exaggerated baby-voice, he felt Neville’s full-boddy shudder and suddenly knew exactly who the woman was.

“Oh, and you’ve brought your little friends, how sweet,” Malfoy remarked, his eyes trailing over the group behind Harry. “Miss Greengrass, I’m surprised to see you here. Your uncle will be most... disappointed.”

“On the contrary, my uncle will be delighted I got the opportunity to tell you to go fuck yourself in person,” Daphne retorted sweetly. Several Death Eaters growled, and one raised a wand, but a sharp look from Lucius held back any spell they might cast. Harry was quietly surprised; it wasn’t like Death Eaters to show hesitation, even when hurting children.

“Enough of this!”

Bellatrix Lestrange tried to summon the Prophecy, but Harry was faster. It still rolled to the ends of his fingertips, and that was enough to have Malfoy turning on his companion.

“I told you, no!” he reprimanded. “If you smash it—“

Ah, so that was their concern, was it? Harry smirked. “Why does Voldemort want it so bad?” he asked boldly, and was very proud of his friends for not even twitching at the name, while all the Death Eaters shuddered and Bellatrix Lestrange began to screech about his *filthy mouth* defiling her lord’s name.