

you're so *easy* to fool. I got those blocks removed when I was thirteen, they haven't troubled me for years." He smiled sweetly at the astonished Dark Lord. "I just wanted to get you here so we could do *this*."

At once, Severus' wand moved in a complicated spiral and flick pattern. "Fiendfyre!" he said clearly, and flames leapt from his wand, instantly swallowing up the enormous snake on the grass.

A horrifying scream rent the air — not from Nagini, but from the horcrux within her, dying in the cursed flames.

It was a risky move, using something as quick to anger as Fiendfyre, something that could so easily burn the entire place to cinders under the wrong hand — but this was Severus Snape, the man of an iron will and such firm Occlumency shields that he had managed to fool both Lord Voldemort and Albus Dumbledore for years. Fiendfyre would not *dare* break loose from his control.

The flames lasted just long enough for the scream to fade, and then they faded too, sucking back into Snape's wand like a vacuum and leaving nothing but a pile of ash.

"Severus!" Voldemort exclaimed, turning his wand on his follower. "What— you traitor! I should have known all along you were Dumbledore's man!"

"You're wrong," Snape spat, dark eyes flashing. "I am no more Dumbledore's man than yours — I did this for Lily, and for Harry. I helped destroy your horcruxes, every last one of them. I let you believe you could trust me, and now I have brought you to your end!"

Voldemort raised his wand, the tip already glowing green, and Harry moved his at the same time.

"Avada Kedavra!"

A figure dropped to the ground, dead.

And Severus Snape smirked.

"Quickly, Potter," he ordered, gesturing to the body of Lord Voldemort, crumpled and lifeless on the grass. "Clean up your mess."

The next words from Harry's mouth were Parseltongue, his wand moving in sharp jabbing motions over the corpse. "*Cleanse this body, destroy this soul, banish it from this mortal plane. Let no harm come from this magic any longer.*"

Magic, stronger than anything Harry had felt so far, flooded through him, pouring into the body in front of him. He could feel every atom of his existence powering the ritual — the castle, boosting his magic with its own, with *Hannah's*, still pushing so hard to help the fight even from her hospital bed. He forced it all forward, praying the ritual would work. He was sure they had got all the horcruxes, but just in case there was anything *else* Voldemort might