

Harry was almost tempted to inform her that his filthy mouth had also defiled her nephew, but that was a story for another time.

Slowly, he shuffled one foot back. The Death Eaters were watching his hands — one holding his wand, the other holding the prophecy. They didn't notice when the heel of his shoe tapped back against the toe of Ginny's. He felt a quick tap back, and then the faint movement of a hand behind him. Harry continued to taunt Malfoy and his fellows, keeping attention firmly on him.

He kept them talking, let Malfoy do his whole villain exposition thing, let him think he was so clever leading Harry to the conclusions of what happened to Podmore and Bode. Harry had to kill as much time as possible, silently praying that Sirius was able to get hold of the Order soon. He liked his own chances against the Death Eaters — was desperate to put some of Snape's spells into practice — but he didn't want to risk his friends.

Then, faintly, he felt something go warm in his pocket.

His mirror.

Help was on the way.

“NOW!” he yelled, and all at once six wands were raised; five voices sent Reducto curses at the shelves, while the sixth — Harry's — sent a Cutting curse straight in the direction of Bellatrix Lestrange's chest. She screeched, managing to move fast enough that it caught her across the arm instead, but it was enough.

Glass orbs shattered everywhere as shelves began to topple, and Harry was running, hot on Susan's heels as they sped for the exit, destroying as much as physically possible in their wake.

The fight had begun. They just had to last long enough for assistance to arrive.

Chapter End Notes

In the last couple chapters we've passed 5k kudos and 2.5k comments, which is AMAZING and I am so grateful to all of you for sticking with me on this adventure <3 Even if like 500 of those comments are you guys begging me not to kill off Sirius ;) We're getting through it, friends! I just had to build tension for a liiiittle bit longer~