

Someone was running towards him, and the older boy got desperate; he charged right at Harry, fury on his face. A classic move of Dudley's, too. Harry used his own classic response — ducking aside at the last minute, and sticking his foot out to trip the large boy and send him sprawling. It was easy to catch him with a Stunner then, turning to face Turpin, the last Death Eater standing. She goggled at him.

“Why didn't the wards get you?” she screeched, making him grin.

“Self defence,” he replied simply — then with one last Stunner, she was downed too, right as Neville and Professor Sprout came skidding to a halt at his side. Neville took in the scene quickly, then shot a grin Harry's way.

“New wards?” he presumed, and Harry nodded. “Nice. Bloody hell, is that Dunbar?”

“Yup.” Harry turned to Professor Sprout. “Would you mind alerting the headmistress, please?”

The Herbology professor stared at him for a long moment, then turned, sending a Patronus off towards the castle.

“She's probably already on her way,” Neville pointed out. “See, look; there she is.” Indeed, she was marching across the lawn towards them. Harry had forgotten she held the wards now, too.

It was quick work between Sprout and McGonagall to properly secure the six students, levitating them back to the castle. Neville fell into step beside Harry on the way up. “You alright, mate?”

“Fine.” Harry grinned. “That was laughably easy, to be honest. Hadn't realised the wards would be so sensitive; they couldn't even cast Stunners with intent.”

“Blimey,” Neville said, awed. “I got worried when I registered the Cruciatus, thought they might all be using the same sort of stuff.”

“They didn't want me dead. They wanted to take me to their *master*,” he said, giving a disparaging look at the immobile group.

They were met by Luna and Hannah at the doors, as well as Daphne and Draco. “Oh, good, I thought you might have it handled when I felt the wards stop yelling at me,” Hannah remarked. “What happened?”

“Kidnapping attempt,” Harry replied cheerfully. Draco put his head in his hands.

“I swear to fucking *Salazar*, Potter, I'm never letting you out of my sight again.”

“Not a scratch on me, promise,” Harry assured, giving him a leering look. “I'll let you check, if you like.”

“Mr Potter,” McGonagall snapped, more exasperated than anything else. “I need you to come with me, to provide insight into what happened. Mr Malfoy is going to have to wait.”