

A hand on Harry's arm made him turn, meeting Draco's concerned gaze. "Sirius was right; you should get back up to the castle."

"Only once I know everyone's okay," he insisted. He might have told Moody that he hadn't asked his friends to fight, which was true, but that didn't mean he didn't feel some measure of responsibility for them. They were his students, of a sort.

For a moment, he thought Draco might argue. Then the blond merely sighed, pulling Harry in to a tight hug. "Fucking *Gryffindors*," he muttered. Harry laughed against the collar of his jumper.

Someone must have sent word up to the castle — McGonagall, Hagrid, Snape and Pomfrey arrived, Pomfrey immediately setting up a triage station just outside Honeyduke's as Draco hurried to assist her, the unconscious Professor Vector their first patient. The sweet shop was the least damaged of all, and Mrs Honeyduke was handing out bars of chocolate for the shock. When he drifted by to get a headcount of HA members, Harry found himself getting a huge bar of his favourite milk chocolate pressed into his hands. "Thank you, Mr Potter," Mrs Honeyduke murmured. "We wouldn't have stood a chance without you and yours." Then she was off, herding up a group of fourth years, sending them to catch up with the group Flitwick was leading back to the school.

Harry pocketed the chocolate, shaking his head bemusedly as he turned.

And immediately found himself at the end of the Hogwarts Matron's wand. "Sit down before you fall down, Potter." She gestured towards a conjured cot in front of her.

"Madam Pomfrey, I'm fine."

"I'll be the judge of that. You're limping." Over her shoulder, Draco scowled as Harry backed away from the mediwitch.

"There's students in far worse shape than me. Pass me a Healing potion, I'll be fine."

Pomfrey didn't look happy, but she couldn't deny the crowd of students needing her services was growing, so she let Harry be with the potion and a Nerve Tonic, as well as a mild threat to see her before he snuck away to the castle.

He stayed as long as he could, helping gather frightened students from their hiding places and offering what limited healing magic he knew. He levitated the corpses that hadn't been taken by the Order off to the side, where no one had to look at them. When some of the masks fell off, he recognised students who had graduated within his time at the school, and had to swallow back the bile that rose in his throat.

He conjured sheets to cover the two dead students, still held in the lifeless arms of a stout woman he vaguely recognised as a clerk at Gladrags, her protection clearly not enough.

The hand on his shoulder was McGonagall's this time, her weathered face drawn. "I can take it from here, Potter. You four are the only students left in the village; we've accounted for everyone else."