

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he roared, raising his wand in defence of Snape, placing himself between the two.

“Even you’re defending him!” the man spat. “How the hell is he just sitting there, easy as you please — he should be in the cells with all the other Death Eater scum! We all saw him yesterday, right at his *master’s* side, the perfect little lap dog. We’ve all known for years about his true loyalties! Murdering piece of shit!”

The man tried to lunge again, but was held back, though there was a slowly gathering crowd behind them who looked like they may share the man’s sentiments. Harry’s stomach curdled — in all his relief, he had almost forgotten about this part.

“Severus Snape has been spying on the Dark for longer than I’ve been alive!” Harry growled. “He was with Voldemort yesterday because that was exactly where *I* needed him to be. Did you ever think that maybe there were plans going on that you weren’t fucking privy to?”

The man didn’t falter. “He’s got you right fooled, hasn’t he, Potter? Wrapped around his slimy little finger, believing he was on your side all along. He’s a traitorous little worm and he deserves to rot for everything he’s done!”

“*Everything he’s done?*” Harry repeated incredulously. “Do you mean all the Death Eater raids he informed the Order about in time for them to send help? Or the misinformation he gave to Voldemort for years? Or do you mean training me himself for the last three years so I would actually have the ability to last long enough to off the bastard?” He sneered, watching the man go from very red to very pale in a matter of moments. “I don’t need to explain myself to you,” he added hotly, “but safe to say Severus Snape is the only reason I was able to kill Voldemort— *STOP FLINCHING*, it’s just a name, he’s bloody dead!” he snapped, seeing how many people still shuddered every time he said it. “There’s more to this situation than you know, so don’t start thinking you have the right to judge him when you know *nothing*. Hell, he’s more of a hero than I am!”

The man still glared at Snape over Harry’s shoulder. “How do you know you can trust him? How can you put your faith in that greasy little turncoat? You say he wasn’t the Dark Lord’s — then he was Dumbledore’s man for a bloody long time; how do you know he isn’t going to kill you as soon as your back is turned?”

Harry opened his mouth to argue, but before he could get even a word out, there was a loud bang.

Remus Lupin had shoved the door to the hall open so hard it hit the stone, and was stood in the open doorway, absolutely *fuming*. His eyes glowed a vibrant gold, lips pulled back in a snarl, and even with his left arm in a sling to protect his healing collarbone he still managed to look intimidating. “*Anyone*,” he growled, stalking down the aisle between the tables, “who wants to get at Severus Snape, is going to have to go through *me*.”

The man arguing with Harry scrambled back a step in fear as Remus placed himself protectively in front of Snape. “We did not spend eighteen bloody years hiding the truth for some whiny little idiot to damn Severus for crimes he was forced to commit just to keep people *alive*.” He puffed up as if his hackles were raising, glaring at the man, looking *exactly*