

He had to rein it in, had to at least *appear* to be struggling, for a little bit. Voldemort thought him weakened. Any surprise was Harry's advantage.

Neville and Luna knew the plan, so they covered for him when he pretended to have his magic fail. Harry ducked a jet of bright blue light, and Luna sent her own in return — a Blasting curse, which caught the black-cloaked figure in the chest, sending them flying backwards and sprawling to the ground. They didn't get up.

This was not the time to have mercy.

The night was lit up with spells, the half-moon shining high in the clear sky. His eyes adjusted remarkably quickly — after years in the cupboard, Harry had no problem seeing in the dark. He had the fleeting thought that they should have done more night-time training, should have planned for this eventuality. Hopefully the light shining from the castle was enough.

If it wasn't, the light from the Patroni keeping the swarm of dementors away would certainly help.

All around him, Harry could see familiar faces. Students he'd grown up with and teachers he'd learned from and people who had become family to him in just a few short years. He saw Oliver and Cassius, fighting side by side; the Patil twins, bracketing Lavender Brown, who seemed to have already amassed quite an impressive pile of broken wands at her feet. Tonks, hair a bright pink beacon in the midst of it all, standing guard over a downed figure — Harry couldn't see who. His heart jolted in alarm, but in moments a house elf appeared, grabbing the prone form and vanishing it from the battlefield.

Good. That was good.

He looked around, following the pull of magic, eyes straining for a head of silver blond hair. At last, he spotted him — Draco was alone, duelling two Death Eaters at once, and the sight of it made Harry's lungs seize. He sprinted over, shielding as he ran, Neville and Luna right on his heel. Without hesitation, he fired a Cutting curse at one of the Death Eaters duelling Draco. With his maturation still buzzing through his veins, the curse came out so powerful it sliced the man clean in half at the waist.

"Whoops," Harry remarked, throwing a shield up as Draco turned around, sheer relief filling those mercury eyes, just for a moment before Draco's attention turned back to the battle.

"Happy birthday, darling," he called airily, dodging a nasty-looking hex and firing back. "You'll have to wait for your present."

Harry laughed, shoulder pressing briefly against Draco's, slotting into the space at the blond's side as he'd trained to do for the last year.

"Nev, Luna, go!" he urged to the pair. "We're going to find him. Go help whoever you can."

Neville looked like he might protest, but Luna just grabbed him by the arm and tugged him away, the pair running to give assistance to Cho Chang.