

“That is *enough*, Mr Longbottom,” Dumbledore scolded, his booming voice sending shivers down Neville’s spine. “Control yourself, and cease spreading the lies Harry Potter has told you.”

He strode past Neville, his lurid blue robes swishing as he went, and while Neville desperately wanted to throw another hex he knew it would be no good.

He turned away, eyes trailing over the students who had watched the entire exchange. They stared back, silent, knowing.

No one would believe that Harry had left Hogwarts of his own accord. Not after everything he’d done to protect it — not after everything he’d suffered within these walls without breaking. And *especially* not without taking Draco with him.

Dumbledore might have given him detention, but the damage was done. Neville could see the last vestiges of trust in the headmaster die a hundred times over, fading away in every pair of eyes looking back at him.

He straightened his shoulders, nodding decisively. He didn’t care what it took, how many detentions Dumbledore might put him in.

He would find Harry if it killed him.