

The HA were trying to help, picking their own fights with Death Eaters, those brave idiots. Fred and George were stood protectively over a huddle of kids who looked too injured to make it to safety, working almost as one singular being they were so in tune.

Suddenly, Harry caught a spell to the side, and fell to his knees with a scream of pain as all his nerves caught fire at once. Bellatrix cackled delightedly — a sound that was cut off with a wet thud, ending Harry's pain just as abruptly.

When Harry looked up, he saw Neville stood over him, blood splattered across his face. In front of them, Bellatrix was hunched over, hand grasping at her chest and face going chalky as she gasped fruitlessly for air.

“You will not use that spell on *anyone* ever again,” Neville growled, helping Harry roughly to his feet. Bellatrix dropped to the ground — the two Lestrangle brothers didn't like that one bit, and Harry was given no time to recover as he jumped right back in to defending himself. But at least this time, he had Neville there, too.

The Death Eaters were outnumbered, their resolve weakened by the felling of their leader. Harry's limbs burned with exertion, but it was easier with Neville at his side. Easier still when a tall, pale blond form appeared on his other side, face set in fierce determination, wand slashing down in a movement Harry recognised but hadn't dared use himself, couldn't without giving away where he'd learned it.

Rabastan Lestrangle's left arm dropped to the ground, his wand going with it. The man screamed, while his brother snarled.

“You!” he roared at Draco, firing a Killing curse — Harry immediately summoned a broken bench to take the curse, though Draco ducked all the same. “I'll kill you, you blood-traitor scum!”

“I'd like to see you try!” Draco retorted, eyes blazing as he aimed another Sectumsempra, at Rodolphus this time.

Rodolphus screamed, arching his wand high above him, even as his chest split open from shoulder to stomach. There was a sound like a tree snapping, then the two Lestrangle brothers huddled together over Bellatrix's slumped form, and with a crack of apparition they were gone.

Within a heartbeat, several more cracks of apparition sounded — Harry whipped around, wand raised and ready for the next round of the fight, but it wasn't more Death Eaters. It was the Order of the Phoenix, headed by Alastor Moody.

They looked around, blinking at the destruction surrounding them — and at the assortment of Death Eaters on the ground, some dead, some merely bound with magic, all with hard-eyed Hogwarts students standing over them.

“Potter!” Moody barked, limping forward. “What the bloody hell do you think you're playing at?”