

— they were headed outside, helping those who needed assistance coming in, helping repair any damage done. Helping deal with the dead.

Harry sat on a bench in the corner of the Great Hall, leaning back against the table as Draco scanned him for injuries. The blond's familiar, soothing magic washed over him, knitting together the skin pierced by the shattered door, and the other bleeding wounds he wasn't sure how he'd acquired. He felt something pop in his chest and wondered at what point he'd broken a rib. Draco's expression was more exasperated than anything else.

"Drink this," he ordered, holding out a potion vial. Harry necked it back without even looking. "And this." The second one went down as easily as the first — that was a Pepper Up, he could feel it already, the steam gushing through his ears as the false energy raced through his system.

"I'm gonna crash *so hard* after this," Harry said, and Draco snorted.

"You won't be the only one. Your magical core is all over the place, so for my peace of mind, please try not to do anything excessive or ridiculous for the next twenty-four hours?"

"Yes, dear." Harry pecked him on the lips. "How are you? Do you need healing?" Green eyes narrowed in concern, but Draco waved him off.

"Nothing I haven't already dealt with." His lips pursed, and he turned. "For Salazar's sake, Neville, get over here and let me heal that, it hurts just to look at you."

Harry tilted his head back, grinning somewhat dazedly, seeing Neville approach sheepishly and sit beside Harry. Draco happily got to work, and Harry took the opportunity to look around the hall.

They weren't the only ones who had come inside to lick their wounds. The house tables had been pushed aside like they often were for training, but people were sat on the benches, or on the floor, or up at the staff table. Harry was relieved to see McGonagall up there, her hair having escaped from its usual tight bun but otherwise seemingly unscathed.

In the centre of the hall, things weren't so light. Through lack of other options, they had chosen to lay their dead out there, covered by conjured white sheets but with faces left visible so they could be identified by their loved ones. There were more than a few sobbing clusters around white sheets. Even more still being brought in on stretchers.

"Charlie!" Ginny was off like a shot as her brother limped into the room, leaning very heavily against Viktor Krum. The Bulgarian seeker seemed to have a broken nose, dried blood sticking to his chin and all down the front of his robes. Between the two of them, they looked like they'd had a particularly bad quidditch accident.

Charlie's eyes filled with relief at the sight of his little sister. "Ginny, thank Merlin!" He let her hug him gently — his arm that wasn't around Viktor was hanging at an unnatural angle.

Harry caught Viktor's eye, beckoning the man over. Draco was already up on his feet, finished with Neville's face, and he laid Charlie out on the tabletop with confident