

Harry was glad to see Tonks carefully rounding up the still-living Death Eaters. He trusted her with them a hell of a lot more than he trusted Moody's people.

"Are you hurt, pup?" Sirius asked, rushing towards Harry and grabbing him gently by the shoulders. "Draco, Neville, are you boys okay?"

"Nothing major," Harry assured, giving himself a once-over now the adrenaline was beginning to fade. There was nothing he couldn't heal himself, he didn't think.

"I'm fine," Draco confirmed.

"I— I think I killed her." Harry turned to Neville, who looked like he was going to faint. His hazel eyes were glassy with tears as he looked back at Harry. "Did I kill her, Harry? Did— did I kill Bellatrix Lestrange?"

Sirius sucked in a sharp breath. Harry bit his lip. "I don't know, Nev." He would hazard a guess and say yes, but he wasn't completely sure what spell Neville had used. She certainly hadn't looked alive when her husband had apparated her out. "But if you did, good fucking riddance is all I can say." He placed a hand on his best friend's shoulder, meeting his gaze intently. "You saved my life, Neville. Saved dozens of lives, if you got rid of her. Don't you dare feel guilty for putting that bitch down. Not after what she did to your parents."

Neville nodded jerkily. Still, his whole body began to tremble.

"Come on, kid," Sirius soothed, putting an arm around Neville's shoulders. "Let's get you sat down, yeah? Give you a minute to breathe. Look, there's Ginny." He glanced back at his godson. "Get yourself up to the Hospital Wing, I'll meet you there."

Harry nodded, but when he turned, it wasn't to head up to the school. It was in the direction of the Three Broomsticks. The pub was a little charred and damaged out front, the sign nothing but splinters, but the line of students defending the doors had stood strong. Rosmerta stood with them, and now the fight was done she approached Harry. "I don't care what that idiot thinks — you're a damned hero, Harry Potter, and this whole village owes you our lives. You and all your friends." Around her, other shopkeepers who had dared venture out of their premises nodded.

"We just did what we had to do," Harry said, shrugging somewhat awkwardly. He wasn't used to being *thanked* for throwing himself into danger.

"Darn sight more than most would dare," Rosmerta returned. Then she straightened up, squaring her shoulders. "Let's get this mess cleaned up, then, shall we?" She looked at the crowd. "Anyone who doesn't have the strength to get back up to the school yet, come on in. I'll get butterbeer and sandwiches going, on the house." She smiled slightly. "And anyone who can fix my window gets a bottle of Ogden's Finest for their troubles. I was never any good with glass."

Several people perked up at that, including some of the students.