

have done in the search for immortality, Salazar had assured him this would prevent anyone from resurrecting him again.

Voldemort's body glowed a searing white, as Salazar had said it would. Then, it dissolved, becoming nothing but tiny white particles, like a pile of sand next to Nagini's ashes.

Harry sucked in a deep breath, meeting Snape's gaze. It was done.

But the battle wasn't over.

Harry whirled around, wanting to see how things had gone while he'd been otherwise occupied. The sun was just starting to peek over the horizon now, the pale golden glow illuminating the scenes of destruction. His friends were still fighting — Neville and Draco were back to back, Neville with blood running down his face and one eye swollen shut, not letting it slow him down for a moment. Beyond them, Ginny and Daphne fought together, and not far off Narcissa was holding her own — beside her was a familiar head of long dark hair and a rakish grin, wand moving with almost lazy grace. *Sirius*. He was still alive, still fighting. Thank Merlin for that.

Harry grinned viciously, and raised his wand to his throat. "LORD VOLDEMORT IS DEAD!" he announced, amplified by a Sonorous charm. "IF YOU SURRENDER NOW, YOU WILL BE TAKEN ALIVE."

Cheers went up, echoing back as far as the castle itself, but Harry didn't have time to celebrate. At the announcement, the Death Eaters began to panic. Many of them turned back towards the property line, but the heirs weren't having that — with no need to fake Harry's weakness, they locked the wards down tight, banishing the dementors and preventing any of the Death Eaters from getting away. They were not going to let them run and pretend they had never been part of this travesty.

Some took his words to heart, dropping their wands and raising their hands in surrender — those ones were Stunned and bound. Others went down fighting, raging at losing their master, trying to take down as many people as they could with them. Harry threw himself back into the midst of it all, Snape at his side this time. He was starting to flag, he could feel it, but he kept pushing just that little bit further, not wanting to lose a single person more now they were so close to the end.

And at last, Hogwarts was quiet.

Harry stood up straight, sucking in a deep breath — the air tasted of ash and ozone and blood. Or perhaps it was his mouth that tasted of blood, he wasn't sure.

"Harry!" He turned, just in time to catch the body that slammed into him, meet the mouth that pressed urgently to his. Draco tasted of blood, too, but Harry didn't care, letting all his relief out into that kiss. "You did it," Draco gasped when they parted, clutching his shoulders. "You're alive."

"So are you." Harry grinned, hugging him tight, feeling the tears sting at his eyes. If nothing else, he had Draco.