

his thick waist, squeezing lightly, already imagining the bikini she could transfigure for herself. Something that would make Neville far too distracted to think about his own bare-chested state.

Mandy Brocklehurst could go suck a dick; she wasn't getting *anywhere* near Ginny's boyfriend.

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With summer break so close, and no exams to direct their focus, the tension amongst the students was getting to unbearable levels. Two weeks before the end of term, McGonagall called a school-wide assembly after dinner one evening.

"It has been decided," she announced, "that Hogwarts will remain open for those in need for the duration of the summer holidays."

Immediately, the hall burst into noise. McGonagall cleared her throat pointedly, staring them all down until the students hushed again. "This does not mean you will be forced to stay. Nor does it mean that, should the battle come to our doors, you will be forced to fight. If you have alternate arrangements made for your own safety, I will do my best to help you keep to those arrangements. But, if you have nowhere else to go, we will not close our doors to you at the end of the year."

Her gaze turned intent, fierce. "However, I will warn you that this school intends to stand as a stronghold against the forces of Lord Voldemort, and as such it may well not be the safest or best place for you. Make your choices wisely; I know all of you are capable of having bright futures, and I would hate to see those futures crushed by the false promise of superiority."

Harry was reminded of the way McGonagall had looked when expelling the six students who had attacked him, stony and yet so hopeful for her students to make the right decisions. There was some dark muttering in amongst the worried voices as they all got up to leave — not just from the Slytherin corner of the room, either.

He wasn't so stupid as to think those six students were the only loyal Voldemort supporters in the school. The others were just biding their time, aware that Harry was practically untouchable here.

As the first students reached the doors, all of a sudden there was a boom so loud it rocked the very foundations of the school. At the same time, four students dropped to their knees with gasps of pain, and the headmistress swooned back into her chair.

Harry hardly registered the smack of his knees hitting the stone floor, his head ringing with the force of the pressure on the school wards. He thought he felt a hand on his back, heard a voice calling his name. "Attack," he croaked, squeezing his eyes shut as there was another assault to the web of magic surrounding the castle. Hogwarts cried out for help in his mind, and he did his best to provide strength.

Had he been more coherent, he would have noticed his friends banding tight around him, protecting him from view. What he *was* aware of was the connections around him, as his