

## Chapter 32

On Sunday afternoon, Harry, Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix arrived at the Wolf's Den. With the full moon only a few days away, the lawn was a hive of activity as everyone got ready for the big event. Dozens of healers and every Werewolf at the Den were anxious to see for themselves if the cure worked.

While Harry had been busy with bigger issues, Narcissa had taken it upon herself to hire Lily's friends from Hogwarts to work in the Enchanting Shop. Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas – along with Petunia – were all learning to fabricate Harry's Enchanted Mirrors. The timing worked out great since they were ratcheting up production in preparation for release to the public. Sometimes, Harry felt like everything was happening at once, leaving him little chance for a break.

Since it was a Sunday, and the Enchanting Shop was closed, Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas should have been home relaxing. Instead, they'd heard about him training some Aurors and asked to join. Somehow, James had heard about it as well, which led to Harry just giving in and letting everyone come. Surprisingly, even Dorea and Charlus had decided to come. After hearing so much about his DA lessons at Hogwarts, they were curious about his teaching style.

Unsurprisingly, when Harry met the large group, he discovered that James had invited Sirius, Remus, and Peter along as well.

"Hey," Harry smiled, hugging Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas.

"Hello, dear," Dorea said, kissing his cheek. "Look at this place. It's grown so much since the last time I was here."

"We had to enlarge the Enchanting Shop, the Greenhouses, and the front office to accommodate everyone," Narcissa explained.

"Huh, I thought it looked bigger," Harry said, gazing around.

“You didn’t know?” Remus asked incredulously.

“I leave that stuff up to Narcissa,” Harry explained with a shrug. “She deals with the logistics. I just come up with crazy ideas.”

“They’re not crazy if you pull them off,” Charlus grinned. “It’s an unofficial Potter family motto.”

James scowled as they shared a chuckle.

“Can we just get to the training?” he asked impatiently.

“James,” Dorea scolded softly. “Don’t be so impatient.”

“We’re just waiting for Samantha and Jessica to show up, and we can get started,” Harry said, checking his watch. “They should be here any minute.”

“Or now,” Samantha said from behind him.

“Or now,” Harry grinned as he turned. “Ladies, welcome to the Wolf’s Den.”

“Sorry about crashing your party,” Alice smiled. “It’s just hard to turn down a lesson from Harry when you get the chance. I swear he’s the best teacher we’ve ever had.”

“I still think Professor Tessle was the best,” Sirius said.

The girls that went to Hogwarts all rolled their eyes.

“You just liked her because her breasts were the size of your head,” Alice scoffed.

“Exactly,” Sirius grinned unrepentantly.

Around him, James and Peter snickered while Remus shook his head in amusement. Meanwhile, Dorea gave Charlus a sideways glare, like the byplay was somehow all his fault. He pretended not to notice as he introduced himself to Sam and Jess.

“Right,” Harry said, clapping his hands. “Let’s get started. Everyone, follow me.”

Lily kissed his cheek and dropped back to catch up with her friends as he led the group past the Greenhouses and into the woods. They walked down a narrow, winding path for a short distance until they came to a small clearing with a rock outcropping jutting from the earth. A number of large boulders, from the size of a trunk to the size of a small cabin, littered the ground.

“This group is larger than I was expecting, so you might have to take turns,” Harry began, turning to face the crowd of familiar faces. “I want you to find the largest boulder you think you can levitate, make it float as long as you can, and then move to the next size up.”

His classmates moved quickly to pick their boulders while Sam and Jess shared a confused look.

“I thought you were going to help us with our dueling,” Jess said, her brow furrowed cutely.

“I know this might seem a little unorthodox, but it’ll help,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “Things like learning new spells I don’t have the time to really teach you. Besides, you can learn that from any number of books. I’m going to teach you how to break your limits, and that’s not something you’ll find written anywhere.”

“I know it’s weird, but Harry knows what he’s doing,” Marlene jumped in, levitating a boulder six feet across. “Everyone in the DA is better at all of their classes because of him.”

“O-kay,” Jess said slowly, frowning as she watched James try and fail to levitate a boulder that stood as tall as Hagrid. “And how will this help exactly?”

“I’ll show you,” Harry smiled. “What’s the biggest boulder you think you could levitate?”

“Um... probably that one,” she said, pointing to one slightly smaller than the one James and Sirius were trying to levitate.

“Okay, show me,” Harry said, waving his arm in invitation.

Sharing a glance with Sam, who shrugged, she walked over next to him and drew her wand. Jess took a deep breath and then swished and flicked. She grunted, and her muscles strained as she tried to levitate the boulder. It rocked back and forth, slowly working its way out of the ground.

“Why are your muscles straining?” Harry asked, touching her shoulder gently. “Relax. Let your magic do the work.”

Taking another deep breath, Jess relaxed her muscles, but still, the boulder refused to rise.

“Close your eyes,” Harry said softly. “Imagine yourself back in Charms in your first year. It’s just a feather.”

“This is crazy,” Jess said, shaking her head as she closed her eyes.

By now, everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch.

“Good,” Harry said. “Now, tell your magic what to do. Don’t ask it. Don’t think about what you’re lifting. Just do it.”

Jess took a moment, let out a long breath through her nose, and then flicked the end of her wand up. Harry smiled as he watched the boulder begin to rise. Much like an iceberg, what you could see was only the tip of the boulder. The ground peeled away as more and more was revealed. Sam gasped and jumped excitedly as her friend lifted a boulder the size of Hagrid's hut from the ground with ease.

"Excellent," Harry grinned. "Now, keep your focus and open your eyes."

Jess opened her eyes and stared slack-jawed at what she had accomplished. The spontaneous applause from the others caused her spell to falter for a moment before she got it back under control. Slowly, she lowered it back to the ground and took a step back, staring at her wand in surprise.

"You're far more powerful than you think," Harry smiled, then turned to look at every one. "You all are. The only limits you have are the ones you give yourselves."

With renewed determination, everyone turned back to their boulders and tried again. Seeing James and Sirius still working on the same one, Harry rolled his eyes.

"James, Sirius!" he yelled. "Try this one first. Jess, you work on theirs. Sam, which one do you want to try?"

"Umm... that one," she said, pointing to one that was relatively small compared to what Jess had just lifted.

"You're not getting off that easy," Harry smiled. "Take turns with James and Sirius for now."

Nodding, she moved over to join the boys.

"If Sirius hits on you, feel free to hex him," Marlene smirked as she passed the girls.

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry moved about the clearing and held everyone with advice and encouragement. Even Charlus and Dorea got in on the lessons, levitating boulders that dwarfed anything the others were trying. They were obviously both very skilled and comfortable with their magic, but Harry still tried to get them to push what they thought their limits were.

About an hour later, as he was helping Dorcas finally levitate the boulder she'd become determined to lift, James' growing frustration burst to the surface.

"This is ridiculous!" James shouted. "We're not even learning anything useful! When has someone ever won a duel by lifting the heaviest rock!"

"James!" Dorea yelled scoldingly.

"What?" James shrugged. "It's true! How is any of this going to make us more powerful."

"It's not," Harry replied calmly. "You already have the power. This is about making you realize it."

"That doesn't make any sense!" James yelled.

Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Look, it's not the size of the boulder that's stopping you from lifting it," he said. "It's the fact that a part of you thinks you can't. Once you accept that and move past it, you'll realize there's so much more you're capable of. Here, try again."

Growling angrily, James spun around and whipped his wand angrily.

"Wingardium Leviosa," he screamed.

He held his breath, straining with effort, his muscles flexed as he tried to lift the boulder.

“Relax,” Harry said in as soothing a voice as he could.

“Shut. Up,” James grunted through clenched teeth.

With a sigh, Harry threw up his hands and took a step back. James made the boulder wiggle in place a couple of times before dropping the spell and sagging tiredly.

“You need to relax,” Harry tried again. “Let your magic do the work, not your muscles.”

“This is stupid,” James grumbled as he straightened up. “I’m going home. Come on, guys.”

Sirius, Remus, and Peter shared a look that clearly said they didn’t want to leave, but they would follow him anyways. As James brushed past Harry and earned a scolding from Dorea, Harry closed his eyes and focused. Just as they were about to set foot back on the trail to the Wolf’s Den, everyone was thrown off balance as the ground shook. They lurched as the ground heaved under their feet, sending several of them tumbling to the ground.

Roots cracked, and rocks crumbled as they began to slowly rise into the air. Harry had ripped a piece of bedrock the size of a Quidditch Pitch free from the earth and levitated it into the air with a spell taught to every first year.

“Holy shit,” James said, staring in disbelief as the Wolf’s Den gradually grew smaller and smaller.

Below, the people working stopped to stare in wonder and confusion as a chunk of earth levitated fifty feet above the tallest trees.

“Do you understand yet?” Harry asked.

Opening his eyes, he turned around and faced James, who clambered to his feet. His mouth worked silently as he stared at Harry like he'd never seen him before. Staring at James, he pointed his wand at the boulder that he'd been trying to levitate for the past hour. Without a word or so much as a flick, he effortlessly levitated it into the air.

"This rock has no magic of its own. It has no mind. No will to exert against you," Harry said softly. "I can do anything I want to it. I can make it smaller. I can make it larger. I can transfigure it."

As he listed each thing he could do, he did them with casual ease. Shrinking, enlarging, and transfiguring the boulder into a replica of Hagrid's hut at Hogwarts.

"It can't fight back. It can't resist. It can do nothing to stop me. If you can't defeat a rock, how can you beat another magical?" Harry asked. "Until I came to Hogwarts, I was a slightly above-average student. There was nothing academically impressive about me. There was no spell or technique I'd mastered that made me better than my classmates. And yet, I was able to stand up to Voldemort when none of them could. Do you know why?"

James stared at him silently, a trickle of sweat dripping down his brow.

"I refused to lose," Harry told him. "The thought of failing was so terrifying that I pushed it to the back of my mind and forgot about all the things I wasn't supposed to be able to do. When Voldemort put me under the Imperius, I forgot I wasn't supposed to be able to break free. When he put me under the Cruciatius, I forgot it was supposed to hurt. When he tried so many times to kill me, I forgot I was supposed to die. Instead, I fought back with everything I had, and it made me stronger. It wasn't because of studying or some secret, hidden magic that I discovered. I succeeded because I couldn't imagine any other outcome."

Slowly and silently, he lowered the boulder back into the ground.

"Now, get your arse over here and levitate that stupid rock," Harry barked.



James jumped and walked mechanically over to the boulder. The tip of his wand trembled as he aimed at it.

“Relax,” Harry ordered.

Pausing, he took a deep breath and settled himself. With a swish, flick, and a muttered incantation, James tried again.

“Don’t tense,” Harry said as his arms began to flex. “Don’t focus on what you’re trying to levitate. Just focus on doing it like you did in Flitwick’s class.”

Closing his eyes, James furrowed his brow as he focused. The boulder shook once – twice – and then slowly began to rise into the air. When he heard the gasps and quiet cheers, he opened his eyes.

“I did it!” James yelled.

“You did,” Dorea nodded while Charlus grinned and clapped his son on the back. “And hopefully, you learned a very valuable lesson. Now, Harry, can you please put us down?”

“Huh – Oh, right,” Harry said.

Carefully, he lowered their little floating island back down to the ground.

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“So, you did all of that to teach a lesson?” Adriana asked.

“I might’ve gone a bit overboard,” Harry admitted.

“I think you did wonderfully,” Dorea said as she helped Maggie bring in food from the kitchen.

They’d trained for hours, and by the time they got back to the Den, Maggie had already prepared dinner for everyone. Not wanting to be rude, everyone had agreed to stay. The dining room was packed as Werewolves, Healers, Harry, and his friends all sat down to eat. Seeing the massive platters and bowls of food, he wondered if Maggie and Molly were somehow related.

“If he’s going to keep doing stuff like that, I might come watch,” Adriana said. “None of us could figure out what was going on. We just knew it had to be Harry.”

“Well, most of us,” Thor smirked. “Jackson thought Leprechauns were playing a joke.”

“Hey!” Jackson yelled as everyone chuckled. “It could’ve been. They stole a whole bunch of Fairy Dust and made me Uncle Paul’s house float once. Got the shock of his life when he went to walk his Krup.”

Harry and the others laughed as Jackson began to mime the incident.

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A few days later, Harry and the girls were back at the Wolf’s Den. The night of the full moon had finally arrived, and everyone was anxious to see the cure work. A group of nearly a hundred Healers from all over the world had shown up to see it for themselves. Professors McGonagall, Flitwick, and Dumbledore also came to help with the massive event. McGonagall and Flitwick were erecting a tent and chairs while Dumbledore kept the Healers entertained with his amusing anecdotes.

Smiling at what he saw, Harry turned and made his way through the office and into the basement. There, Remus, Maggie’s son, Josh, and Thor were seated in golden cages, receiving their final treatment before the full moon. It wasn’t strictly necessary, but Agatha wanted to

take every precaution possible. Around them stood a crowd of Healers watching closely and taking notes while Agatha and Andromeda administered the treatment.

“How are you guys holding up?” Harry asked.

“I feel like I’m in a zoo,” Thor grumbled, glaring at a Healer so hard he backed up a step.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea for me to be here?” Remus asked. “Not that I’m ungrateful, but won’t this cause problems for Professor Dumbledore when people find out he let a Werewolf in at Hogwarts.”

“You let Professor Dumbledore worry about that,” Harry told him. “You just focus on getting cured.”

“There’s not much for me to really do,” Remus said, gesturing to the tube infusing filtered blood back into his body. “I’ve just had to lie here for four days.”

“As far as cures go, this isn’t so bad,” Josh smiled.

Returning the smile, Harry checked his watch.

“Right, I’ll come back to get you in an hour,” he said. “Remus, Josh, just hang in there. Thor, stop scaring the Healers.”

Making his way to the back of the room, Harry spotted Sylvia sitting on the floor next to Amanda as she played with Alfie in her cage.

“Sorry about the crowd tonight,” he smiled, taking a seat next to her.

"It's alright," Sylvia smiled. "If all goes well, will Amanda be able to take the cure next month?"

"Agatha thinks so," Harry told her.

"I don't like needles," Amanda pouted.

"I know, sweetheart," Sylvia said. "But you just need to do it once, and then you never have to spend the night in one of these cages or transform ever again."

"Will you stay with me?" Amanda asked, looking over at the other cages.

"Of course," Sylvia assured her.

Smiling, Harry pressed the tip of his wand to the side of the cage. When the mesh rippled, Sylvia gave him a grateful smile, kissed him softly, and scooted inside to sit with her daughter. Harry sat with them for a few more minutes before the door to the basement opened.

"Harry!" Maggie called. "The Ministry is here."

"Coming!" Harry yelled, then turned back to Amanda and Sylvia. "Time to go play politics."

"You can stay and play with us," Amanda offered, holding up Alfie, who yipped.

"I wish," Harry grinned. "I'll come back to check on you as soon as I can, okay?"

"Okay," she replied. "Bye, Daddy."

Smiling brightly, Harry got to his feet and made his way back upstairs. The smile quickly slid from his face when he spotted who was with David. Abraxas Malfoy.

“You’ve got some balls showing up here,” Harry said.

Malfoy sneered and smoothed out his robes. Turning to David, Harry raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“The Minister is on vacation,” he answered grumpily. “Her Senior Undersecretary thought that since he was here the last time, he should be here this time. Since Mr. Malfoy hasn’t been convicted of a crime, I couldn’t stop it. That said, this is still your property. I can have him removed if you’d like.”

Harry paused and thought for a moment. Clearly, Malfoy was there for a reason, but if he could force him to leave so easily, he couldn’t be integral to whatever the Death Eaters had planned. After spending all month preparing for this night, Harry was sure he could stop whatever they were up to. And maybe having Malfoy there would give him more information. He just wished the man’s Occlumency wasn’t so good.

“He can stay,” Harry shrugged. “It’s not like he can do anything to stop me anyways.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Abraxas drawled. “I’m merely here to observe and report any safety concerns back to the Minister.”

“Then you might want to inform the Minister that sending you here again will result in putting your safety in danger,” Harry told him.

“Is that a threat?” Malfoy hissed, his eyes blazing indignantly.

“Yes,” Harry nodded.

“Gentlemen,” David said, stepping between them as he tried to hold back a smirk. “Perhaps we should focus on why we’re here.”

“Follow me,” Harry said.

Turning around, he led them back outside. Several people looked surprised to see Malfoy there, including McGonagall, whose lips thinned so much they nearly disappeared. As Dumbledore came over to greet him affably, Harry used the opportunity to sidle over to Bellatrix. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his cloak and handed it to her discreetly.

“Follow him and let me know if he does anything suspicious,” he whispered.

Eyes gleaming excitedly, Bellatrix pulled him down for a searing kiss before making her way to the Den, where she disappeared inside. The door opened and closed a moment later, seemingly on its own. Trusting Bella to keep an eye on him, Harry went back to work.

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An hour later, he brought Thor, Remus, and Josh outside just as the other Werewolves were taking their potions for the night. Harry took a perverse pleasure in watching how uncomfortable Malfoy looked to be in their company. He stood awkwardly off to the side with a perpetual sneer on his face.

John and Maggie gave their son, Josh, a hug and wished him luck. Harry spotted Remus talking to his mother, a short, older witch with the same straw-colored hair as her son. Making a promise to meet her later, he glanced over and spotted Thor talking and joking with the other Werewolves. Unlike Josh and Remus, there was no family there to wish him luck or worry about his safety. They’d abandoned him long ago because of his affliction.

“Is there anything else we can do to help, Mr. Potter?” McGonagall asked as she and Flitwick stopped beside him.

“Oh, hello, Professor,” Harry smiled. “Would you and Professor Flitwick mind sticking around when we see if the cure works?”

“Of course,” McGonagall nodded.

“Are you concerned it might not work for them?” Flitwick asked.

“I’m more concerned with why a Death Eater that got arrested for trying to kill me would willingly choose to spend time in my company,” Harry said.

“He would be a fool to try anything with this many people around,” McGonagall said, sniffing disdainfully as she glanced at Abraxas.

“Well, he never was the best student,” Flitwick smirked. “We’ll keep an eye out for any trouble.”

“Thanks,” Harry smiled.

As the Werewolves entered the enclosure, Harry led those that had been cured over to a clearing between the Greenhouses and the Enchanting Shop. The Healers followed eagerly, the constant din of their voices following behind him.

“I need all the Healers to wait here,” Harry said loudly. “Once we know they’re not going to transform, you can ask your questions and collect your blood samples. Everyone else, with me.”

Harry led Josh, Remus, and Thor a short distance away from the Healers. When he felt they were a safe distance away if anything happened, he, Connie, David, Dumbledore, and the other professors formed a circle around them. Malfoy stood even further away than the Healers, watching with his arms folded over his chest and a frown on his face.

With a metallic click, Dumbledore opened his silver pocket watch.

“Two minutes to moonrise,” he said, closing it with a snap.

Taking a deep breath, Josh pulled off his t-shirt and started unbuckling his belt.

“Is it true Adriana got naked when she did this?” Josh asked.

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked curiously.

“Just wish I’d been there to see that,” he grinned. “Full moons haven’t been the same since she stopped coming.”

Thor laughed loudly and clapped him on the shoulder. McGonagall tried to look disapproving, but given the gravity of the moment, she kept silent.

“Here it comes, lads,” Thor said as the first sliver of the moon peeked over the hills in the distance.

Slowly, the moon rose higher and higher into the sky. They all heard the howls of the other Werewolves transforming, and yet Josh, Remus, and Thor showed no signs of distress. Remus and Josh broke into tears, dropping to their knees, but Thor remained alert, his head tilted slightly. Harry frowned and walked over to him as everyone else began to celebrate.

“Thor?” Harry asked. “What’s wrong?”

“Did you hear that?” he asked.

“Hear what?” Harry said.



“Oi! Everyone shut up for a minute!” Thor yelled, silencing the crowd with his deep, powerful voice before turning back to Harry. “Listen. I hear growling. There, near the treeline.”

Harry squinted into the darkness as he tried to look at the treeline a couple of hundred yards away. At first, he heard and saw nothing. Then, suddenly, a shadow shifted. Then another, and another. A low, rumbling growl reverberated in the air as large, shadowy figures with bright yellow eyes appeared in the shadows.

A loud howl rent the air, and as one, the figures stepped forward. Dozens of snarling, growling Werewolves surrounded the Wolf’s Den.

“What the hell are they doing?” David asked.

“Waiting?” Thor replied. “They’re waiting to hunt.”

“Hunt what, exactly?” Connie asked.

“Us,” Harry answered.

Looking over his shoulder, he made eye contact with Malfoy, who smirked. He turned and started to make his way back toward the main office when there was a sudden, deafening *crack!* Arcs of red lightning shot up through the wards, cracking them like glass.

“Ward Breaking Stones,” David whispered.

As the wards shattered overhead, Harry spun around furiously and whipped his wand towards Malfoy. He’d just about reached the main office and freedom when he was suddenly yanked backward. Malfoy drew his wand to try to free himself, but Harry disarmed him and continued dragging him across the lawn. Grabbing the back of his expensive robes, he hauled him to his feet.

“No one panic!” Harry yelled. “David, Connie, get everyone around the Pen and ward it off. Abraxas and I are going for a little walk.”

“Get your hands off of me!” Malfoy spat, trying to twist himself free. “I’ll have you arrested for this!”

“Good luck with that,” Harry said, pushing him forward at wand point.

As he marched off, David hesitated momentarily before leaving Dumbledore in charge and following after them.

“Harry,” he said, jogging to catch up. “I know you’re upset, but this isn’t the way to deal with him.”

“You saw what happened,” Harry said. “You said it yourself. Those were Ward Breaking Stones that were used. The same thing he brought with him the last time he was here.”

“You have no proof,” Malfoy said, earning him a shove from Harry.

“Then I’ll just have to find some,” he replied.

Suddenly, Bella whipped off the Invisibility Cloak, startling David.

“I followed him all night,” she said, panting lightly. “He didn’t place those stones.”

“He’d be an idiot if he did,” Harry said, marching Malfoy past the pen and towards the open field. “I’m betting he blackmailed, threatened, or just paid someone else to do it.”

“Unhand me!” Abraxas yelled. “You can’t prove anything!”

“Harry, I hate to say it, but he’s right,” David said. “I promise, I’ll personally conduct a full investigation.”

“I don’t think that’ll be necessary,” Harry told him.

Stopping about fifty yards into the field, he stopped and kicked the back of Malfoy’s knee. With a grunt, he fell down to his knees, glaring over his shoulder.

“Now, Malfoy, you’re going to tell me exactly what happened, or the first thing those Werewolves feed on is going to be you,” he told him.

As if to punctuate his point, there was a loud howl, and the Werewolves began stalking towards them.

“You can’t do this!” Malfoy shouted, his eyes gleaming with fear. “You wouldn’t dare!”

“Harry, this is going too far,” David said.

Harry waved his hand and Petrified him in place. Malfoy stared in shock as he froze in place.

“You better start talking,” Harry said, pointing to the Werewolves who were starting to run. “You’ve got about thirty seconds before they get here.”

“Let me go!” Malfoy screamed fearfully. “This is illegal!”

“So is attempted murder,” Harry reminded him. “Twenty seconds.”

“It was one of your guards!” Abraxas yelled in a panic. “Jacobs!”

“And how do you know that?” Harry asked. “Did you threaten him? Bribe him? Better talk fast.”

“Fine, we threatened him!” Malfoy screamed. “I’ll tell you everything; just get me out of here!”

“Oh, we’re fine here,” Harry said, patting his shoulder.

He released David from his Petrification as the Werewolves bared down on them. Snarling, bright yellow eyes gleaming maliciously, one zeroed in on Malfoy and leapt.

*Thud!*

The Werewolf slammed into a barrier and yelped as it crashed to the ground. All around the Wolf’s Den, more Werewolves slammed into the Ward painfully. Shaking their heads, they got back to their feet and prowled around the edge, growling menacingly.

“Sorry, I didn’t have time to explain,” Harry said to David. “I put up a second set of Wards after he came here with Ward Breaking Stones the first time.”

“Don’t ever do that to me again,” he said, letting out a long, slow breath.

“I got him to confess, didn’t I?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” David sighed. “I’m trying really hard to be mad at you right now.”

“You didn’t really think I was going to feed him to them, did you?” Harry asked. “I’m hurt.”

“Shut it,” David said, his lips twitching.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter!” Malfoy hissed. “The Dark Lord will-”

Harry stunned him before he could finish and let him fall to the ground.

“I think he pissed himself,” he chuckled, then turned back to face the Pen and pressed the tip of his wand to his throat. “Narcissa, now!”

“What-”

David stopped mid-sentence when a second blue, glowing Ward rose up behind the Werewolves, trapping them in a circle around the Wolf’s Den.

“Brilliant,” David grinned. “I’ll call the office and tell them to send every Auror we have by daybreak. I wonder if we can convince the Wizengamot to force them to take the cure after they’re arrested.”

“You’d be better off asking Dumbledore that question,” Harry said.

Levitating Malfoy, they started to make their way back to the Pen.

“Harry! Harry!”

“Is that Dorea?” David asked.

Harry plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out his mirror.

“Dorea, what’s wrong?” he asked as her pale, worried face swam into view.

“They’re here. Voldemort and his Death Eaters are here.”