

Chapter 6

Harry donned Dolohov's robe and grabbed his wand. It was sleek and black, made of rigid oak with a Dragon heartstring core. It wasn't a great fit, but it would work for now.

"Is that guy really dead?" Neville asked.

Harry nudged Dolohov with his bare foot.

"Quite."

"Bloody hell," Ron gasped. "You killed him!"

"It was him or Hermione," Harry shrugged. "Not really much of a choice if you ask me."

"Well, yeah," Ron said, glancing over at Hermione. "But-"

"Look, we really don't have time for this," Harry interrupted.

"Are you really a Nargle?" Luna asked, cocking her head to the side curiously.

"Fraid not," he smiled and held out his hand. "Harry Potter."

"Luna Lovegood," Luna replied, shaking his hand.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Luna," Harry smiled, and then turned his attention back to the frightened group. "Right. Everyone, stick close to me and stay together. If you see a Death

Eater, curse them until they stop moving and then curse them a couple more times for good measure.”

Stepping over Dolohov’s body, he paused thoughtfully and nicked a Time-Turner from a broken cabinet and stuck it in his pocket.

“Harry!” Hermione hissed incredulously. “You can’t steal that!”

“They won’t miss it with all the damage, and it might come in handy,” he shrugged and continued toward the door. “Stay on your toes. I don’t know where they are anymore, but they’re spread out throughout the department.”

Heather reached out, grabbed the back of his robes, and pulled him to a stop.

“What about Sirius?” she asked.

“Sirius is at Grimmauld Place,” Harry told her. “Kreacher lied. He’s been taking orders from Bellatrix. Voldemort’s been trying to trick you into coming here for months. I guess he finally lost patience.”

“So, it was a trap,” she said, guiltily glancing at her friends.

“It’s not your fault,” he said, gabbing her shoulders and turning her to look at him. “Dumbledore should have told you more. But right now, we need to focus on getting out of here.”

Heather straightened her shoulders and nodded determinedly.

“Good. We need more information, and for that, we need to catch a couple of Death Eaters.”

"You want to catch them?!" Ron asked incredulously, an expression shared by the others.

"It'll be easy," Harry assured him. "There are seven of us, and they've broken into pairs to search for you. But I can do it on my own if you'd rather just get out of here."

"I'll help!" Heather interjected quickly.

"Me too," Hermione added.

They turned as one to look at the rest of their friends. Ginny nodded confidently, Luna hummed and twirled a lock of her hair, seemingly in a world of her own, and Ron sighed. Of all of them, Neville looked the most apprehensive.

"Fine," Ron said. "I'm in."

"We don't have to kill them, do we?" Neville asked nervously.

"No," Harry smiled reassuringly. "We need them alive. Just stun them."

Turning, he walked over to the door the Death Eaters had come through. Inexplicably, it led back to the circular room they'd first entered through. Heather and her friends followed him, wands at the ready and glancing at the doors cautiously.

"Wait," Hermione called suddenly.

Ron froze in the doorway. She slashed her wand through the air, and a purple, fiery X appeared on the door.

"So we know which way we came from," she explained.

“Great idea,” Harry smiled.

He nodded at Ron, who closed the door. As soon as it shut, the outside wall began to spin. When it came to a stop, they were facing a completely different set of doors. The door with the X on it was now behind them.

“Now what?” Ron asked.

“Now, we just pick a door and see if we can find some Death Eaters,” Harry grinned.

He marched forward to the door directly in front of him and pulled it open. The room inside was dark and undisturbed, so he closed it and moved to the next. In that room, the lights were on, illuminating a number of floating model planets spinning slowly above his head. Turning back to the others, he waved for them to follow and entered the room.

“How do you know Death Eaters are in here?” Heather whispered.

Before Harry could answer, they heard a thud followed by a muttered curse in another part of the room.

“Hide, quick!” he whispered harshly.

Neville, Ron, and Ginny dove behind a pair of desks on one side of the room, while Harry, Hermione, Heather, and Luna ducked behind a shelf filled with galaxy globes, crystal balls that depicted a moving image of the galaxy within.

“Over there, I think I heard something,” one of the Death Eaters said.

They heard them rush around the corner and come to a stop.

“There’s no one here,” the other Death Eater growled. “Let’s keep looking.”

Their footsteps grew closer, and Harry poked his wand between the shelves. Hermione, Heather, and Luna followed his lead, while Ron, Neville, and Ginny aimed their wands over the desk they were hiding behind, exposing as little of themselves as possible. Looking over at them, Harry nodded. The moment the Death Eaters appeared in their view, they cast.

“Stupify!” they shouted.

The Death Eaters didn’t have time to react before the Stunning Hexes bombarded them. Their unconscious bodies dropped heavily to the ground. Harry stepped out from behind the shelf with a grin.

“Perfect.”

“What now?” Neville asked, keeping his wand trained on the Death Eaters.

“Now, it’s time to call in a little help,” Harry smiled. “Jezebel. Lilith.”

Jezebel and Lilith appeared in the center of the room. Everyone except Harry recoiled at the sight of a naked demon, but she ignored them as she closed her eyes and inhaled deeply through her nose.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve visited the mortal world,” she said. “I forgot how fresh the air smells.”

Opening her eyes, she turned to Harry and smiled.

“I didn’t think you’d summon us so quickly. Well done.”

“Guys, this is Jezebel and Lilith,” Harry grinned. “They raised me while I was in hell.”

“Er, hi,” Heather said uncertainly.

Behind her, Luna smiled and waved, appearing completely unperturbed.

“We’ll have to save introductions for later,” Jezebel said, turning to the Death Eaters on the ground. “Snape alerted the Order. They’re on their way.”

With a wave of her hand, she vanished the Death Eaters’ masks.

“Gregory Goyle senior and Walden McNair,” she smirked. “My my. These two have been very naughty.”

“They’re all yours,” Harry said.

Smiling, Lilith and Jezebel reached down and ripped the souls from the Death Eaters’ bodies. They struggled fearfully as they slowly sank into the ground.

“Was-was that a demon?” Neville stammered.

“Yeah, but don’t worry,” Harry said. “Demons aren’t evil by nature. Most of them are actually pretty nice.”

Neville stared at him incredulously.

“They seem nice to me,” Luna said.

“But, don’t they steal human souls?” Neville asked, gesturing to the two bodies on the floor.

“We try to only collect the souls of the damned,” Jezebel said, startling Neville as she appeared next to him. He jumped back and looked at her cautiously, but she just smiled. “Your soul is quite safe.”

“The damned?” Ron asked.

Before she could respond, his attention was drawn to Lilith, who reappeared next to Jezebel.

“Those that have committed such horrific crimes during their lives that their souls are damned to hell for all of eternity, no matter how much good they try to do to make up for it,” Jezebel replied.

“If you demons, then why does she look human?” Luna asked, examining Lilith closely and trying to peer inside her ear.

“Oh, I’m not a demon,” Lilith smiled. “I’m a Succubus.”

Luna tilted her head to the side and blinked.

“As in the mother of all Veela?” she asked.

“That’s me,” Lilith grinned.

“Neat.”

"Let's finish this conversation later," Jezebel said, staring off into the distance unseeingly. "Death Eaters are coming this way, and the Order will be here soon. We should lead them to the Death Chamber. We'll have more room to fight there."

"Death Chamber?" Neville asked incredulously.

"Lead the way," Harry said.

"Uh, shouldn't you put some clothes on?" Ginny asked, elbowing Ron in the ribs to stop him from staring at Lilith.

"If you insist," Lilith smiled.

She waved her hand through the air. White mist gathered around it. Clenching her fist, she gripped the mist and pulled. It turned into a pure white, thin, flowing robe that she quickly donned.

"I've never worn clothes, and I'm not about to start now," Jezebel said firmly.

Her tail whipped back and forth in irritation as she turned and marched to the back of the room. Harry trailed after her, followed by the others. They reached a door at the end and entered the Death Chamber. An ancient, crumbling stone arch sat in the center of the circular room, surrounded by tiered stone benches that rose in concentric circles. The opening of the arch was shrouded in a veil that resembled smoke, liquid, and fabric all at once. Face pressed against the veil, fleeting and ever moving, while indistinct voices whispered as if from a great distance.

"What is that?" Hermione asked, eyeing the arch uncomfortably.

"The Veil of Death," Luna replied to everyone's surprise. "They say it's a doorway to the underworld."

Jezebel snorted derisively.

“Hardly,” she scoffed.

“Then what is it?” Ginny asked.

Jezebel approached the arch and ran her hand along the stone.

“A prison,” she said, tilting her head to the side and closing her eyes. “Thousands of souls are trapped inside. Most of them a damned, some of them are innocent...”

Opening her eyes, she turned to Lilith with a saddened expression.

“And a couple of Lost Souls.”

Lilith looked at her sharply.

“Can you tell who?” she asked.

Jezebel shook her head and turned to Harry.

“You could free them if you were to destroy the arch,” she said. “Lucifer would be grateful to receive so many souls.”

Harry grinned.

“Lucifer?” Ron yelped. “You mean, like, the devil?”

"I don't appreciate that name," a deep voice rumbled.

Lucifer appeared in a towering burst of flames next to the arch. Neville yelled, took a step back, and tumbled backwards over one of the benches while the others stepped back fearfully. He ignored them and circled around the arch with a contemplative look on his face.

"How despicable," Lucifer sneered. "Souls trapped in darkness for thousands of years because of the arrogance of man."

He turned to Harry.

"Free them, and I'll grant you the assistance of Jezebel and Lilith for the rest of your time on this mortal plane," he offered.

Harry glanced at Jezebel and Lilith, grinned, and held out his hand.

"Deal."

Lucifer smiled and shook his hand. Aiming his wand at the arch, Harry unleashed a powerful Blasting Hex. The arch shattered, and the crumbling, fractured remains hovered a short distance from their original position. The veil wasn't holding back the souls; it was made of them. They exploded outwards, rushing toward freedom. Some were pulled upward, drifting through the ceiling, but the vast majority descended down through the floor under the watchful eye of Lucifer.

When the stream of souls had ended and the Veil faded to nothing, he smiled and patted Harry on the shoulder.

"Very well done," he said. "Having you in the mortal world is going to be far more interesting than I thought it would be."

Lucifer stepped back and vanished in a burst of flames.

"Poor Nix," Jezebel muttered.

Lilith hummed and nodded in agreement. As the arch crumbled to the ground, Death Eaters burst into the room from all directions. They looked at the broken arch and Jezebel and froze.

"Potter," Malfoy growled. "What have you done?"

"You brought your friends," Harry said, gesturing toward the circling group of Death Eaters. "It's only fair we even the odds a bit."

"James Potter, in the flesh," Malfoy sneered.

"Harry, actually."

"It hardly matters," Malfoy drawled before turning to Heather. "Give me the prophecy, and I'll let you and your friends live."

"What is it?" Heather asked defiantly. "Why does Voldemort want it so bad?"

"Dumbledore hasn't told you?" he asked, arching a brow.

"Dumbledore has been lax in telling Heather what he needs to," Harry said.

Everyone's attention turned to him as he stepped down from the dais and took the Prophecy from Heather. He held it in front of his face and peered into the swirling depths.

“Fortunately, I’m here now, and I know exactly what it says. Seems like you need this a lot more than you do,” he said, turning to smirk at Malfoy. “Voldemort wouldn’t be pleased if the Prophecy were to... break.”

Harry faked dropping the orb and laughed as the Death Eaters all hunched over as if they had a hope of trying to catch it.

“Maybe we should just torture the information out of you,” Bellatrix said, leveling her wand at him.

Jezebel appeared over Harry’s right shoulder.

“Touch him and I will kill you in the most painful way imaginable,” she growled threateningly.

“The Order is here,” she whispered softly in Harry’s ear.

“Tell you what,” Harry said loudly. “You want the Prophecy so bad? Then catch.”

He brought his left arm up sharply and hurled the orb into the air. His right arm raised his wand and let off a blasting hex that sent Malfoy hurtling backward and pelted Bellatrix and McNair with debris. The Order appeared behind the remaining Death Eaters and the room descended into chaos.

“Get behind cover!” Harry yelled.

Grabbing the back of Heather and Hermione’s shirts, he yanked them behind a stone bench. The dove next to them and peeked over the top, occasionally sending mild hexes and curses at any Death Eater that passed too close.

Tonks was dueling Crabbe behind them. She was doing well until she blocked a powerful curse that caused her to stumble. Her foot slipped off of the step and her arms pinwheeled as she tried to keep her balance. Harry rushed over to her just as she fell. He caught her before she hit the ground with one arm, and with the other, he sent a Piercing Hex through Crabbe's chest. Tonks gasped as the man fell, clutching at the blood pouring from his chest, and then glanced up at Harry with wide eyes.

He grinned in response.

"Avada Kedavra!" Bellatrix shouted behind him.

Harry's wand was in motion before she could finish the incantation. He flicked it behind his back and levitated pieces of the broken arch into the path. Sirius staggered back as the stone exploded in his face. Harry lifted Tonks to her feet and then turned to hurl a cascade of deadly curses and hexes at Bellatrix.

"Nice one, James!" Sirius shouted.

"It's Harry!" he yelled back.

McNair hit Daedalus Diggle with a powerful Banishing Hex that sent him crashing into Kingsley. While they were busy picking themselves up off the floor, he slipped into the chaos and looked for an exit.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a flash of red light. He parried it with a contemptuous flick of his wand and turned to the red-headed witch who had tried to curse him. Ginny Weasley paled rapidly.

"Stupid bitch," he muttered, raising his wand.

The tip glowed a deathly green, and the words to the Killing Curse were on his lips when the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen stepped in front of him. The front of her pure white robe had fallen open, giving him a teasing glimpse at the sinful figure underneath. He forgot everything happening around him as he stared into her hypnotic, glowing blue eyes.

"So powerful," the woman said breathily.

McNair straightened his shoulder and puffed out his chest. The woman smiled and licked her lips as she trailed a finger tantalizingly down the gap in her robe.

"Help the Order," she said, fluttering her lashes. "For me?"

Without thought, McNair turned and hit the first Death Eater he saw with an Organ-Rotting Curse. A visibly confused Kingsley Shacklebolt stunned him a moment later.

Harry twisted out of the way of a pale green, writhing Cruciatus Curse. Sirius used Bellatrix's distraction to press his attack, raining down dangerous and deadly magic that she neatly parried and blocked.

"Please let me kill this bitch," Jezebel said.

"I'm just warming up," Harry complained.

She sighed and folded her arms impatiently.

"Don't forget that you're mortal now. If you die, there'll be no coming back this time."

"I know," Harry said.

Around them, most of the Death Eaters had fallen. Moody and Tonks had joined Sirius to duel Bellatrix, and Kingsley was making his way over. Seeing the numbers turning against her, Bellatrix became desperate, and her violet eyes danced with a mad twinkle.

“Fiendfyre!” she screamed.

Fire poured from her wand. Sirius, Harry, and the rest of the Order quickly backed away as a wall of flames appeared between them and the mad witch. The faces of snarling, ravenous beasts flickered amongst the fire, glaring malevolently.

“Oh, shit!” Sirius yelled. “Run!”

“Jez! Help!” Harry shouted.

Jezebel stretched her wings and launched herself forward. She flew into the flames and disappeared from sight. The faces twisted and writhed as if in great pain before the flames rushed backwards. Jezebel’s skin and horns glowed a fiery red as she absorbed the demonic fire until it vanished entirely, and the room fell silent as steam wafted from her horns.

“Whoa,” Sirius gasped.

“Don’t let your guard down,” Moody growled.

“Don’t worry,” Harry said. “She’s with me.”

Moody’s prosthetic eye swiveled to look at him.

“And who the hell are you?” he asked.

“Harry Potter.”

Moody grunted disbelievingly.

“Where’s Lestrage?” Kingsley asked, looking around the room cautiously.

“She escaped,” Jezebel said, walking back to stand next to Harry and ignoring the wands aimed at her by the Order members. “She’s heading upstairs. Voldemort’s up there fighting Dumbledore.”

“Then let’s go give him a hand,” Harry grinned, wrapping his arm around her waist and leading her back the way they’d come. “You know, I don’t think you’ve ever looked hotter.”

Tonks snorted behind him.

Everyone followed them as they made their way back through the Department of Mysteries and crammed themselves into one of the golden elevators. The ride up to the Atrium was quiet, awkward, and thankfully brief. When the doors opened, they were treated to the sight of an epic duel.

Voldemort had conjured a massive, fiery serpent, which was fought by Dumbledore’s Phoenix magic of water. They clashed, creating a billowing cloud of steam that momentarily obstructed their view. It parted a moment later, pierced by a bolt of lightning that Dumbledore stopped with a conjured, silver shield. As fingers of lightning arced around him, scorching the polished stone floor, Harry spotted movement off to the side.

Bellatrix was trapped underneath a statue, her wand out of reach, a few feet away.

As Heather, her friends, and the Order watched the duel in awe, he approached the statue with Jezebel just a few steps behind. He smirked down at Bellatrix's snarling face and stopped next to her.

"Hey, Tom!" he shouted.

The duel froze as Voldemort and Dumbledore turned to face him.

"Another Potter?" Voldemort hissed curiously as his eye flicked briefly to Jezebel. "What is this trick, Dumbledore?"

"This is no trick of mine," Dumbledore said.

Harry met Voldemort's gaze and levelled his wand at Bellatrix.

"Avada Kedavra."

The Killing Curse left his wand and slammed into Bellatrix's chest before anyone could react. She fell limp and lifeless to the sound of stunned silence. There was a moment where nothing happened, as if time stood still.

And then the ground began to shake.

Voldemort's upper lip curled back in a snarl, and his red eyes glowed with mindless fury. He threw his head back and unleashed a scream of rage that stung the ears and shattered windows. With inhuman speed, his wand flashed upwards, and he unleashed a wordless Killing Curse.

Jezebel stepped in front of Harry and took the curse to her chest without so much as a flinch. Voldemort panted furiously and eyed her cautiously as the Floo flared to life behind him and out stepped the Minister for Magic and his entourage. His pudgy, wrinkled face rapidly paled.

"It's him," he gasped. "He's back!"

Voldemort glanced at the Minister and then turned his menacing glare back at Harry.

"You will pay for this!" he hissed.

The Aurors with the Minister raised their wands and unleashed a volley of curses. Voldemort Apparated away silently a moment before they would have hit him.

"Albus, he's back!" Fudge yelled, throwing his hands around wildly. "What do we do?! What-"

"Just a moment, Cornelius," Dumbledore said, not taking his eyes off of Harry.

"Professor!" Heather shouted, rushing forward.

"Potter! What on Earth are you doing here?" Fudge asked, but was completely ignored.

"Professor, wait!" Heather yelled, coming to a stop next to Harry. "This is-"

"Not the place for this discussion," Harry interrupted. "Might I suggest Padfoot's place?"

Dumbledore raised a bushy white eyebrow curiously and glanced at Sirius, who shrugged.

“Would someone tell me what’s going on?!” Fudge shouted. “Who is this? Why are there students in the Ministry? What-Sirius Black! Aurors, arrest him!”

The Aurors that had come with the Minister leveled their wands at Sirius while the Aurors that had come with the Order stepped in front of him defiantly. Moody leaned on his staff and glared.

“Put those wands down before you do any more damage to your careers,” he growled. “Do you really think we’d be standing here with him if he was guilty?”

The Aurors glanced at each other uncertainly, glanced at Fudge, and lowered their wands.

“That would be acceptable,” Dumbledore said, reaching into his pocket. “If you’ll just read this.”

“No need,” Harry smirked. “I already know where it is. We’ll just take Sirius with us so he doesn’t get arrested again.”

Dumbledore nodded and watched him curiously as he and Jezebel approached Sirius, who glanced at the demon cautiously. He was distracted by Lilith, who sidled up to him and hooked her arm through his before smiling up at him prettily.

“Maybe I should go with you,” Remus added.

Jezebel waved him over. Once they were all touching, Jezebel placed her hands on Harry and Sirius’s shoulders. Harry looked at Heather and smiled reassuringly a moment before they all vanished in a burst of flames.

Molly Weasley shrieked when they reappeared next to her in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place.

“Demon!” she screamed, leveling her wand at Jezebel as soon as she spotted her.

Jezebel gave her an unimpressed look as Remus rushed forward and wrenched her wand arm down.

“Wait!” he said sharply. “They helped us fight off the Death Eaters.”

Molly looked at him sharply.

“The kids! Are they-”

“They’re fine,” Remus told her reassuringly. “Not a scratch.”

Molly nodded, eyed Harry, Lilith, and especially Jezebel suspiciously.

“So, you’re Harry?” Sirius asked, taking a seat at the table.

His eyes drifted to Lilith as she took the seat between him and Harry, and Harry smirked.

“Yeah,” he said.

Jezebel took the unoccupied seat next to him as Sirius shook his head and smiled.

“You must have one hell of a story to tell.”

Harry grinned.

“You have no idea.”