

The Parting

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A few years after Harry drops out of Hogwarts. What will it take to finally destroy Voldemort? He needs and wants to take down Voldemort, but how, and what to do with the death eaters after...

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1 - Cold Days, Cold Reunions

A familiar sign swung in the eerie wind. It read 'The Leaky Cauldron,' a little pub for the wizarding world, but it had long been deserted since the Reign of Voldemort had begun once again. Inside sat 20 year old Harry Potter, sipping his coffee and reading the Daily Prophet behind his hooded cloak. A bell tingled as someone entered, but Harry dared not look and suddenly a hand clasped his shoulder.

"Hey Harry...ev'ry thing alright?" Said a familiar voice.

Harry looked up and saw his friend Ron Weasley in a similar cloak and robes but his were red, just like his flaming hair. He smiled broadly and still his freckles and dimples looked child-like.

"Oh, hey there Ron...Yeah I'll be fine. How are you and Hermione?"

"Good I guess. She's still in Italy looking for that wench Bellatrix." Ron said with a fury only to show his love. "I wish she were you know, here to help track down where Malfoy goes..."

Both men looked around, pulling their hoods down. The bell had tingled again as a woman had entered. She wore purple robes that glistened in the light, rain water dripping down it, her fiery-like red hair flowing down the front of her shoulders and wearing a broad-lovely smile across her face.

"Ginny!" Ron exclaimed running to hug his little sister. "God, I've been worried I might've lost one of the only family members left!" He said sorrowfully. She smiled and patted his back, "Don't worry, I'll always be okay..." She then turned and stared at Harry. Emotions stirring and running high. Harry was so happy and glad she was still alive and well but yet so sad and miserable that he still had to hope and pray nothing got to her, his love, world, fiancée. "Harry! I've missed you so much!" She rushed over hugging him so tightly that all he had in return was swooping in for a kiss. "Don't worry, I've missed you too. How's the twins?" He asked carefully. Ginny glanced down with a frown then looked up. "Well...that's why I've come," She said hesitantly; making Harry and Ron look at each other, "I don't exactly...know where they've gone? They have disappeared when I returned from Siberia two days ago. And haven't been home since. It's been terribly lonely and I'm afraid Death Eaters had come. The place was a mess and like...torn apart when I had returned. I didn't want to worry you so I didn't say anything thinking they'd be back." She then looked at them. The two men were looking at each other not knowing what to say.

"Ginny-," Harry started to say but had then stopped as a sudden crack, snap, and thud occurred by the counter. There was a lot of coughing and tripping going on between all the smoke. "Wha-what's going on?!" He heard Ron yell. Finally the smoke had faded. And there stood a tall lean figure with sleek blonde hair with a woman. The blonde man smiled a crooked cold smile and gave a chuckle,

"ello there Potter..."

2 - A Love Gone

The cold eerie air began to get colder with every step the golden hair man took. "Well...I didn't think I'd find you here of all places, just the Weasles over there-" Malfoy said with a sneer in Ron and Ginny's direction, "Blood traitors like themselves are always in obvious places...But you Potter..." He chuckled a little bit. The woman behind him came from her place with her wand out and stood beside him. This obviously was his loyal-love Pansy Parkinson. She gave a crooked smile at Harry and looked from him to the Weasly's behind him.

"Didn't think you're the guy to be talking Malfoy. You're not all that tough than you think you are, isn't that right Parkinson?" Harry said smiling and calm. "Shut your mouth, Potter. What makes you think that?" Malfoy glared at Harry with distinct anger.

I mean c'mon, when you first worked for your lord, you ran away cause' you couldn't do the job. How'd he forgive you and not kill you? You're just a coward to do anything, I bet Parkinson killed more than you! You probably haven't even used that unforgivable curse!"

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO!" Malfoy bellowed and shot a silent jinx, Harry countered it though. "Just shut your mouth Potter and maybe we'll let you live till' you get the Dark Lord!" Parkinson then yelled. She then smiled and pointed her wand at Ginny, who was at the side of Ron behind Harry. "No!" Harry and Ron both ran in front of Ginny, "Avdava Kedavra!" There was a still silence, the lights had gone out.

"R-Ron..?" Harry said softly. Ginny was started to panic and sob, "R-R-Ronn? Yo-you there? Ron? RON?" She said. But yet, there was silence, and laughter emerged. "Oh poor Potty, his wee friend dead, and everything went to Potter's head..." Said Parkinson chuckling in a sing-song voice. But, nothing from Malfoy.

A hand clasped on Harry's shoulder, he got it off and turned around, the lights dimmed but still coming on. After all the shadows and darkness left, there stood a strong loyal friend. With flaming red hair, he smiled and said, "I lived..I dunno how I counter attacked it...But-" He looked over at Parkinson. Her face white, mouth agaped over her love's body. "Dr-Draco!" She started weeping. Ginny walked behind her with her wand on Parkinson's neck. "Now see here...If you two weren't on the other side with Voldemort-" "DON'T SAY THE DARK LORD'S NAME YOU-" SHUT YOUR MOUTH! LET ME FINISH!" The women glared at each other for a minute before Ginny cleared her throat. "As I was saying, IF YOU TWO WEREN'T ON VOLDEMORT'S SIDE THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPEND! Now, Pansy, I know you're not as mean or cold hearted as you seem. Do you want to end up like Malfoy here? Or any of the Death Eaters when we find em'? No, so..think of your options. Choose to be on their side, you'll die whether you win this battle or not. Voldemort only needs a few supporters afterwards so he'll clearly get ride of you-" Parkinson winced at this, " Or join us, that way if you do die, you'll die of dignity."

Ginny stood there with her wand still in Parkinson's neck, waiting for a decision. Parkinson looked down at her love's face, tears of hers on his cold cheek. She looked up at Ginny.

3 - Missing

She stared at Ginny with a fiery passion. "No..." She said and then a crack was heard and she and her dead love were gone. "Ginny! We could've had her! We could've captured her!" Ron said angrily. "No! I gave her a choice! She could've come over to our side peacefully! We aren't going to do what Voldemort does!" Ginny then stomped out of the Pub angrily. Harry and Ron went after her.

"Ginny! Wait!" They ran and ran. But couldn't get to her. She wasn't even moving she just stood there in shock. What was happening? The sky had darkened, making everything and everywhere darker. Harry then couldn't breathe. He gasped...then collapsed.

When he awoke, everything was bright and damp. It was like he was in a pool. Ron was next to him staring at him. As if he was petrified. Harry couldn't move though, all he could do was look. Was he too, petrified? He heard voices. "Give me it!" He heard a snarl. "NO!" Was that Ginny? She then screamed. Harry's heart felt as if it were breaking, he couldn't save her. Please, please let me up, he thought to himself. He could feel a tear going down his eyes. He then heard another agonized scream and a thud, then a cold hand gripping him. He then felt himself relax and come out of the numbness. He could breathe and move again- well not entirely. He was being held down by four others. Death Eaters. "Aww...poor Potty can't save his ickle' girlfriend." There then was a chilling laughter, "Oh yeah, don't send a girl for a woman's job," And laughter again. Of course this was none other than Bellatrix Lestrange. "What'd you do to Ginny! WHAT'D YOU DO TO HERMIONE!?" Harry yelled with anger. He couldn't take this anymore. He made Bellatrix and the others lose their grips and he pushed forward, attacking Greyback, who must've been the one interorgating. He then grabbed Ron from the floor and ran out of the room. But where to go? Ginny and Hermione was missing...were they dead? Oh, where to go...?

4 - Hopes Flourished

Harry kept running with the weight of Ron. He finally had them outside but he kept going, he had no clue where he was or where he was going to go but he made it somewhere out in the fields. Somewhere near fields...Harry kept running he soon made it into a familiar graveyard and stopped.

Harry put down Ron and called his name, trying to awake him. "Ron...Ron...please...I need your help as always. Please come around..." He even shook Ron a few times and slapped him. But he still didn't stir. Okay, maybe he was petrified...Harry took out his wand and silently muttered the spell to help him. Ron finally awoke groggily. "ermione...Ginny...arry?" He said. "Yeah, Ron...mate it's me, but Hermione and Gin- RON STAY UP! LISTEN!" Harry then shook Ron again and again...but he layed silently...what..what's going on? Harry thought to himself.

He then picked his mate up again and ran into a familiar village which hosted the graves. He ran into a familiar mansion. There he found an abandoned bed and layed Ron there. He soon noticed that he instinctively...too instinctivly was lead to the Riddle's mansion.

He didn't care at the time, he needed to help his friend and figure out things. There then was a low rumble and things being ran into. Harry drew back from the fire he was in the middle of obtaining at the moment. He looked toward the door, drew his wand out, and headed for it. He had his wand pointed out in front of him ready to get whoever opened it;not ever will he let them hurt him or his friend, not again. The door creaked open in front of him. It was a hooded figure. A death eater? Yes. That's what or who it was. It was sniggering at him.

"What'd you want, you sniggering bloke!?" Harry shouted pushing his wand into the neck of the figure. It finally removed its hood and mask. There in front of him was the very thing that ruined everything in his life. From the begging of his wizarding life. There in front of him laughing thinking Harry wouldn't dare hurt him, was Severus Snape. But he's wrong. Harry very much would've liked to kill him there. Now. "Snape...you're a coward, always have been. I'll give you props for being a double...triple...whatever agent and smart but still..." Harry said giving a small grin. He then silently thought the words and Snape soon fell to the ground. Cold. Dead. Gone. Finally, Harry felt little peace at last. Dumbledore's revenge, justified at last. Now what to do with Snape.

Harry left him there and went back to Ron. "C'mon, if he could find us then- Ron?" He went pale. His friend. Best friend. Cold as stone. He checked Ron's wrists. No pulse. He was...gone. Forever and dead. Harry finally teared. No. No. Not another. Dead. His best mate, gone. Harry sobbed over Ron's body. Feeling as if everything was hopeless now that he was sure everyone of his friends he knew were dead gone.

Harry left the mansion bringing Ron's body with him. The least he could do was bury him and say a few last words and come back someday and visit. If he lived and survived. No, he will, and will come back. He did this and then left for he needed to head somewhere other than here. But where. There was no where to go, again.

Everything seemed so still, gray, dull. He couldn't go anywhere. They won. He lost everything. All he could lose is his life. He already lost family, friends, lives, and his hope. So what else to lose? Harry decided to take on Voldemort head on now. He was ready to do anything. This was what he has come to. Voldemort did this, he ruined your life! He thought angrily in his head. He headed up the hill toward the graveyard and there he will walk till' he meets back to that horrid place where the death eaters had been.

5 - Way Too Easy

He headed through the eerie graves, expecting to run into some death eaters, but all was quiet. He then ventured on through the fields. Still nothing. Had he imagined everything? Was his mind messing with him? Was Ron- an of them gone!? He then made it to the dark gray building. He went inside. For what seemed like hours inside walking along the corridors, nothing, empty with the exception of mice.

He came out. He didn't even find Ginny or Hermione. Now what, now where to go. A thought came to his mind. Grodrick's Hollow. Of course. Like Hermione always said, Voldemort and his servants would be waiting for him to go visit his parent's grave. He smiled a dark smile, "It was time I paid some respects..." He decided to Apparate.

The cold, ungrateful, unpleasant feeling came, and a second later he was standing in the infected inferi and cursed cave. The chills went up and down his body and through and out. he didn't care. He was ready to take on Voldemort at last again, for the last time. One of them were to die. It was going to Voldemort. all of a sudden black figures came circling in. Perfect.

Harry smiled as he looked around the circle to see who were there to watch or bring him to Voldemort. A laughter came out loudly over near Bellatrix and Lucius. Of course the manical laughter had to be from Bellatrix. "Finally caught you now!!" She said wickedly.

"HA! Caught me? Yeah right..." Harry said smiling.

"You know, he's right, he came here on purpose." Lucius said frowning at Bellatrix.

"W-What? Why?" She frowned and looked furious. "I thought...we...ARGH! JUST GRAB HIM!"

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH BEFORE I SHUT IT FOR YOU!" Harry yelled at her and at everyone else, "I'll come on my own, mind you. Just tell me where..."

"HA!" She smiled viciously, "Yeah righ' c'mon then, come with Onty' Bella." She laughed and smiled sickly.

Harry did the same, "Alrught' ruddy good it'll do you..." He came with his wand to her throat. "Now, where is he..." "Potty, potty, potty...You can't kill me, you don't have the gu-" And she fell, without finishing.

"Anyone else want a go?" He said. Silence and shock looks came.

"No?...i didn't think so. So tell me, WHERE IS HE!?"

Everyone looked around...Satisfaction came to Harry's face. None of these people can take him down, if they did, they'll come with right after.

Finally, someone spoke up. "He's...He's..He-He's at the 'ogwart's castle..." A familiar Stanley Shunpike.

"Thanks Stan. Now you lot. STAY." And Harry disappeared like that, and landed in Hogsmead. He never knew how easy was this going to be. But for how long?

He started up toward the castle, guess the enchantments weren't lifted even though Voldemort took it over.

He made it, and entered through the large doors for the first time in a few years. It was cold, dark, bleak..silent. His steps echoed as he walked. He then heard a sound, a chill ran up his back. He brought his wand out, "Lumos."

A small chuckle came from behind. "Harry Potter. What a...well can't say surprise..." A dark figure with red eyes that had slits and small slits where his nose should be, and other snake like features emerged. He chuckled again.

"Voldemort..." Harry smiled saying this. "Well..here i am. Where you want me I guess. What next?" He taunted

"The words I should've spoke last time instead of having a chat! Ad-" Harry was sooner, better perhaps , " EXPELLIARMUS!" Voldemort actually caught off guard, his wand flying, Harry summoned it to him and laughed. "Now what?!" He then broke the wand in half. This all seemed way too easy. Harry then turned around and the real Voldemort stood. He backed off in alarmance."Hm...was too easy wasn't it?" He said calmly grinning.

Harry glared back,"I give you credit..." He then held tightly to his wand, blocking his mind from anything and held steady. "So what made you...come again to me...hoping to destroy me?" He and Harry walked in a circle like form.

"Cut to the point.."Harry said,"I don't have time for any information, lectures, or chats as you have presented in the past." Harry was irritated, he had made himself a fool for the last time.

"OH...you know, just wanting to destroy you of course. You ruined my reputation from the start you know. Plus being a loyal companion to Dumbledore didn't help, but what was the difference, I still got to you. And now here we are again. To finish what was started, correct?" He chuckled again pointing his wand at Harry. "Stupifey." Harry was stunned, his wand fell, he couldn't feel or move. "Now that I have you, Accio wand-" Harry's wand flew right in Voldemort's hand, he took that and threw his off to the side,"-I can torture and then finish this...nah, you'll probably escape from it somehow, so i'll just finish you. Goodbye Harry Potter." He raised Harry's own wand,"hm..how ironic." He smiled. There was no way Harry could escape. This was the end.

All of the sudden, a bellow of a sort came, there were pounding footsteps,"NOO!" It yelled. "What the devil?!" Voldemort said, he then decided to hurry and kill Harry, "Avada Kedavra!" "NOO!" The figure jumped in front of Harry, it then was laying limp in front of him. The only other person that had anything to do with Voldemort and Harry. Neville Longbottom laid there. Lifeless. Causing Voldemort to lose concentration and Harry was free. He was shocked and angry though. The only words to break the silence was, "Accio wand! Avada Kedavra!" a thud was heard.

6 - Nothing-The end

Darkness swirled everywhere. Unconsciousness, death, and warm wetness was around. A cold eeriness was creeping out behind him. Had he really done it? Killed him? After all these years? Or was he himself dead, too late to kill him first. There he saw the body of Neville lying there, eyes open staring into nothingness and inside them was...well nothing. Another eerie silence was taking place.

He sat up from where he was laying. There in front of him layed his enemy.

Harry smiled. He actually did it. Why was it so easy, why had it taken him this long. But the prohecy was finally ful-filled. He crawled over to Neville, feeling sorrowful and sad. No not another one...all of the sudden Harry didn't know what to do now that Voldemort had fallen. A swarm of Death Eaters came in; in a rush.

They looked over their dead master and proceeded toward Harry. Harry felt weak at the moment and couldn't really move. He was too tired. He didn't know what to do, all he could do was surrender. He finally defeated Voldemort what'd he care.

So they closed in on him. He passed out or was dead, all he knew was that, there was nothing at all.

Just sweet unconsciousness, away from everyone, and this is what he felt like he was to stay.

And he liked it.