

## Harry Potter and the Fine

**AN: I do not own Harry Potter, his image, likeness, or the piles of money he has made his creator. But you knew that.**

### Harry Potter and the Fine

Pain.

That pretty much defined the universe that Harry Potter found himself in.

Pain.

This was what he had imagined Hell to be like back when he went to Sunday school, before Dudley's behavior caused the fat little boy to be ejected from services, which meant that there must be something wrong with the church, so the Dursleys never attended again.

Pain.

Was he still alive? It didn't seem possible, not really. But could you really hurt this much and not being alive? The darkness exploded into light which caused even more pain. He was suddenly aware of a horrible taste in his mouth and a buzzing sound.

...dmast... rry? ... me ack .. me.

Padma's voice?

PADMA! The last thing he remembered was stepping between Padma and the oncoming blue curse. He remembered being surprised when the curse had shattered his shield and hit him fully in the chest... then nothing.

The light was fading again. The pain was reduced, but still almost all consuming, as the universe grayed, Harry tried to remember how to pray so that he could ask the all powerful being they told him about in that Sunday school to protect his friends.

Yet another vile taste filled his mouth and the light came back.

"...amn yo... rry Pot... die... me..."

A different voice broke in.

"...I can... o... up to..."

Something (someone?) was touching his face, his lips... his face seemed to be... wet?

Padma was speaking again. "... ove...ou...ke up...Harry. Wak.. up...."

Harry ignored the pain. Padma needed him. He put all of his effort into opening his eyes. There she was. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Harry?"

He tried to speak, but nothing came. A small amount of water was poured into his mouth. Harry painfully swallowed. "Padma?" he managed to whisper.

"Harry!" the witch clung to him.

Hermione came into his field of vision being supported by Luna Lovegood. "Harry?"

"Hey H'mione." He managed to whisper. "Luna. Where's Ron?"

"Ronald is in the far bed Harry." Luna said. "He's sleeping. Madam Pomfrey says he'll be fine in the morning. Amazingly we didn't lose a single student or staff member. You were hurt the worst, Madam Pomfrey didn't know if you'd ever wake up."

"Why..." Harry's strength was fading. "Why are we still alive?"

Luna gestured with her wand and a chair slid from the wall to Harry's bedside. So very carefully the blond Ravenclaw assisted her lover into the chair. Hermione looked up from her seat and gave Luna a chaste kiss that promised more to come. Through his pain Harry remembered how surprised he had been when the pair had come out to the castle only a few days before.

Hermione took a painful breath and explained.

====oooOOOooo=====

The Dark Lord Voldemort and a contingent of fifteen of his best Death Eaters had made their way into Hogwarts Castle via the Vanishing Cabinet that Draco Malfoy had located in the Room of Requirements and had painstakingly repaired.

Once inside the ancient castle's ward, the Dark Lord and his minions made their way to the Great Hall where the evening meal was in session. Voldemort burst into the Great Hall and immediately fired off the curse he had specifically designed to destroy Harry Potter.

Taking the boy's damnable luck and freakish reflexes into account rather than curse the boy himself the Dark Lord targeted the girl his spies had told him was Potter's woman, and of course the boy placed himself in the way of the curse. The Dark Lord's laughter when 'The Chosen One' fell to the curse chilled the blood of all who watched.

Neither the Dark Lord, nor his minions expected the maelstrom of spell fire that came from every direction when the students reacted to the attack. Still the fight, though brutal was short as the Death Eater's cut a swath through the assembled students and staff while the Dark Lord himself dealt with the Headmaster, after almost twenty minutes of magical combat did the fight between the two magical titans reach its climax, with an exhausted Dumbledore on his knees before an injured but victorious Voldemort.

"Here he is, the Champion of Mudbloods and Squibs!" The Dark Lord said, his voice magically amplified to echo throughout the castle. "Any last words Headmaster?"

Dumbledore looked up and drew a painful breath, but before he could speak the Great Hall went dark, a storm forming in the enchanted ceiling. An actual bolt of lightning arced from the ceiling to the Staff Table. It was only after his eyes cleared from the flash blindness that Voldemort discovered that everyone of his Death Eaters were now dead, each with a knife from the Hogwarts Dinner service buried in each eye.

"What is this? How did you do this Dumbledore?" The Dark Lord screamed.

"**THOMAS MARVOLO RIDDLE**" a new voice echoed throughout the castle. "**THE TIME OF YOUR JUDGEMENT HAS COME!**" Every eye in the Great Hall was focused at the far entrance to the Great Hall, where hovering over the Slytherin table was Madam Irma Pince, the school Librarian, magic arcing from her body, her hair, having escaped its normal bun, cascaded around her in ways that caused more than a few of the male students to suddenly start drooling slightly.

"What is this?" Voldemort bellowed

"**YOU LEFT HOGWARTS IN JUNE OF 1945 AND NEVER RETURNED THE COPY OF OGDEN TRULOVE'S DARK ARTS OMNIBUS YOU HAD CHECKED OUT OF MY LIBRARY .**" The woman took a breath and gestured at the shredded paper littering the Great Hall "**YOUR IDIOT DEATH EATERS HAVE DESTROYED AT LEAST FIFTY OF MY PRECIOUS BOOKS TONIGHT. I CAN HEAR THE DAMAGED BOOK WARDS SCREAMING EVEN NOW. IT IS TIME TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE, TIME TO PAY YOUR FINE.**"

====oooOOOooo=====

"It was horrible Harry" Hermione sobbed at the memory. "I mean, it was Voldemort and everything, but the things she did to him, just horrible. Every sword and battleaxe in the castle, flying from every direction, she sliced him into tiny little pieces." The bushy haired Gryffindor shook her head.

"That was when Ron got hurt, instead of standing still, he jumped up to try to hex Riddle and caught the flat of a battleaxe in the back of the head." Padma explained.

"Riddle was begging Madam Pince to let him die, but she wouldn't, she just kept at him for three hours." Hermione continued. "It was horrible."

"It truly was Harry." Luna said sobbing. "Her power was unbelievable; I guess all that time with unrestricted access to all those books, let her become so very powerful. I never thought I would feel sorry for a dark lord, but..." the blond Ravenclaw couldn't continue,

"When she finally let him die," Padma pickup up the story, "She just straightened her robes and went back to the Library."

"Bloody Hell." Harry breathed. "Is Neville here? Dean? Seamus?"

"I'm here Harry." Neville said stepping into Harry's field of view.

"Nev, I need you to go to the dorm. I need..." Harry's strength failed him.

"What is it Harry?"

"I need you to go to the dorm..."

"Yeah Harry?"

"There's a library book under my pillow... It's due back today; could you turn it in for me?"

====oooOOOooo=====