

The Fast and the Furious

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The Fast and the Furious

The Hogwarts library was deathly silent, with only the occasional whisper of a turned page or the scratch of a quill against parchment giving any sign of life until a gasp rang out catching the attention of everyone in the stacks.

"What is it?" Padma Patil said as she slid next to her bushy haired classmate.

"I've found the spell we need." Hermione said pointing at the text she had found, while holding down the pages that kept trying to turn themselves.

"Sweet Merlin." The Indian witch breathed as she scanned the spell, paying special attention to the power indexes. "Hermione, look at the formulas. This isn't a charm, it's a curse. It feeds off the targets magic."

Hermione nodded, while making notes on the parchment in front of her.

Padma read deeper into the text. "You can't be thinking about casting this on Vo-Voldemort," The girl stumbled over the Dark Lord's name. Harry was insistent that his friends speak the name of the dark wizard. At first the Ravenclaw had resisted this, but after a Death Eater attack on Diagon alley had resulted in the deaths of her twin and their mother, she recognized that there was little more the evil man could do to her. "Casting this on the Dark Lord would curse him certainly, but he would still be insanely dangerous until he burnt himself out."

"That's why we're not going to cast it on Voldemort." Hermione said as she canceled the copyright spells on the book in preparation to copy it. "The target will be Harry."

"You're going to cast this on Harry?"

"If I can make it work and he agrees, yes."

There was a pause while Padma absorbed that though. "You're working through the first formula? I'll get started on the second."

"We'll need rock solid proofs." The brunette said absently, her attention on the parchment where she was starting to construct the complex arithmagical model for the first part of the curse. "I'm not taking chances with Harry."

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Three months later:

Harry Potter convulsed on the ground as his screamed rent the air.

The pain ceased, Harry fought to regain control of his body.

"You were doomed from the begging Harry." Voldemort's sibilant voice reached the boy. "But you put up a valiant fight. I honor you with a quick death."

"Damn you Tom."

"Don't worry about your friends Harry. The young men will be joining you shortly, the young women will be entertaining my Death Eaters tonight." A body fell to the ground next to Harry. He forced his eyes open to find Hermione shivering on the ground next to him. "Especially this presumptuous young lady. Lucius' son has made a special request for her favors."

The approximation of a man began to laugh, and he was joined by his assembled Death Eaters. "Good bye Harry Potter." The Dark Lord flourished his wand. "Avada..."

"VELOS MERKARI!" Hermione Granger called having pulled her backup wand from the folds of her tattered robes. A bright blue burst of magic arced through the air to the fallen Harry Potter and the Boy Who Lived... vanished.

Voldemort's eyes went wide, and then the Dark Lord gestured pulling Hermione to his outstretched hand, her wand slipping from her fingers. He grasped the front of her robes and hissed. "What have you done Mudblood?"

The brunette smiled through her pain. "I've killed you, you arrogant son of a bitch."

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Harry blinked as everyone and everything around him seemed to... stop.

The world was absolutely silent, he glanced about seeing the pockets where the fighting was still going on, spell fire was actually frozen in the air.

"Son of a BITCH!" He screamed as he forced himself to his feet, fighting through the residual pain of Voldemort's cruciatus. Ok Potter, think. Hermione did it, she wasn't sure that it would work, but it obviously did. Harry had never doubted that it would, but had hoped against hope that it wouldn't be necessary. The first thing he needed to do is kill Nagini. Snake first, then bloody Tom. Harry hobbled over to where he had seen the snake

There it was. Harry raised his wand and cast a cutting curse. Only to see it freeze in the air as soon as it left his wand. Damn it. Harry pocketed his wand and bent down to pick up a tree branch severed by an errant reducto. It moved just fine. Ok, he could move himself and anything connected to him.

Harry spotted Draco standing a few paces away. Assigned to guard the snake? What ever. Harry smiled and approached the blond Pureblood ponce and delivered his very best cricket swing between the Slytherin's legs. The impact accelerated the blond to Harry's frame of reference for a split second, leaving him suspended in mid air as the tree limb shattered.

That was fun. Harry reflected on what he had learned. His frame of reference was running thousands of times faster than the world around him. Touching things and people caused them to enter into that frame for as long as he was in contact.

Was it feasible to kill a snake that large by beating it with a club? Maybe. A sword would be better, but he didn't have...

Where was Lucius Malfoy? There, standing over Neville's prone form. Harry rushed over to the elder Malfoy. There had to be a reason for that stupid pimp cane the man carried. It couldn't be for hiding his wand; the blood bigot used his wand far too often to think that it was hidden in his cane.

Harry rushed to the Slytherin and pried the cane from the man's hands. He pulled the snake headed handle straight out. Nothing. He twisted the handle clockwise until it clicked and then he pulled, removing the wand. Ok. Harry reinserted the wand to the cane, and returned it to the original position. Then he twisted the handle anti-clockwise. Another click. Pulling the handle revealed a blade almost thirty inches long.

Very cool.

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The brunette smiled through her pain. "I've killed you, you arrogant son of a bitch."

Voldemort's attention was diverted from the woman by a cutting curse suddenly appearing next to Nagini, Draco Malfoy suddenly being lifted into the air, screaming in pain, and Lucius Malfoy falling over dead when blood suddenly sprayed from a wound that suddenly appeared in his chest.

"Kill the prisoners!" Voldemort screamed. The Death Eaters raised their wands, then stared in amazement as their arms fell to the ground clutching broken wands. The Dark Lord's blood red eyes went wide as he watched his familiar liquefy before his eyes, breaking the connection to his last horcrux.

"What did you do?" he again hissed at the girl in his grip before he felt a sharp pain bloom in the back of his neck, and stared in amazement when he found himself staring up at his suddenly headless body.

Hermione stumbled back when the dead man released her. Holding her throat, she reared back and kicked the still blinking head across the battlefield. "I told you, you arrogant son of a bitch, I killed you."

The bushy haired witch tried to calm herself as the rest of the defenders of Hogwarts realized that their fortunes had turned. Many of the surviving Death Eaters somehow died. Padma Patil rushed up to her friend.

"Harry?" she asked hopefully.

"He should be trying to slow down. We practiced the exercises that should let him do it, but..."

And Harry Potter faded back into reality. He doubled over with his hands on his knees panting as if he had run a marathon. "That sucked." He said. "It took hours to calm down enough to..." and he was gone.

Then he was back. "Damn It!" the raven haired wizard swore. "Ok. I think I've got it this time."

Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry, crushing him to her body. "Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"What we talked about last night?"

"Yeah?"

"Right now."

"Yeah?" Harry turned to the crowd that was slowly assembling around the pair. "Everyone, it's over. We can talk about it tomorrow. Now's the time for celebration." He scooped Hermione up in his arms. "Don't look for us; you're on your own."

And the pair was gone.

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The party lasted through the night, but several people did wander into the Great Hall for breakfast where they found a very happy Harry Potter and a somewhat less than happy Hermione Granger. As soon as Hermione spotted Padma Patil enter the Great Hall, she excused herself and made her way to speak with the Ravenclaw.

“Padma, we need to start researching this stupid spell. I need to counter it, and I need to counter it now.”

“But Hermione, Harry’s in control of it.”

“He’s not. When he get excited he speeds up, not all the way like at the battle, but fast, really fast.”

“But that’s a good thing isn’t it?” Padma asked.

Hermione took on an expression of intense frustration. “Believe me Padma, faster isn’t always better.”

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