

Under Fire

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Every-day life as a member of the Order of the Phoenix and ex-Death Eater.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warnings: AU, rating is for swearing, pre-romance

A/N: Written for Welcome to My Nightmare: dramionedrabble's Halloween Challenge 2008. Day 05: We may not enjoy living together, but dying together isn't going to solve anything. -- *Night of the Living Dead*

Draco ducked behind a headstone, swearing. A jet of green light flew over his head, but Marietta Baumann, beloved wife and mother, provided enough cover from the curse...at least for now.

Gripping his wand tightly in his left hand, Draco looked around, trying to find a way to escape the advancing Death Eaters. Their latest mission for the Order had gone from bad to worse in a matter of seconds, and the future didn't look all that rosy either. Draco sighed and then hissed in pain as the sharp sting in his side revealed that he had managed to bruise his ribs when he had dived behind the headstone.

"Bloody brilliant," he muttered.

Another flash of green light flew over his head, missing its target only narrowly. For a brief moment the curse illuminated the scene around Draco, and he was able to make out a pair of legs three headstones over. They weren't moving.

"Potter, is that you?" Draco whispered. He didn't receive an answer.

Straightening up quickly, Draco fired several spells in the general directions of the Death Eaters, attempting to stall them. The angry screams told him that at least a few of his curses had hit home.

Hoping that he had created enough of a diversion, Draco left the shelter of Marietta Baumann's headstone and sprinted to the spot where he had seen the legs. Luck was on his side, for once, as the pitch-black night and the tombstones of the Muggle cemetery provided enough cover. Breathing hard, Draco arrived at his destination.

Harry was lying on the ground, unconscious. Draco squatted down beside him.

"Potter, this really isn't the time for a beauty sleep," he whispered, annoyed, shaking Harry's shoulder none too gently. "Get up!"

When Harry didn't move, Draco pointed his wand at him, muttering *'Ennervate'*. Harry's eyes shot open.

"So glad you decided to wake up," Draco hissed, dragging Harry's still sluggish body closer to the nearest headstone just in time before the Death Eaters renewed their fire.

"What's going on?" Harry asked, confused, attempting to sit up, but Draco held him down.

"Well, being our wise and fearless leader, you decided that the Order should check out this Muggle cemetery, where supposedly some of dear old Riddle's relatives are buried. Easy job, you said. Strictly recon," Draco explained sarcastically, all the while ducking closer to the headstone when no less than five killing curses flew over their heads.

"As it turns out, Riddle's relatives really are buried here, and being a loving family man, the Dark Lord has installed several protection spells around their graves, alarming the Death Eaters to our uninvited arrival. Any of that ring a bell?"

"Where's Kingsley?" Harry asked as awareness returned, looking around for the third Order member that had accompanied them that night.

Draco shook his head. "The bastards got him right when they arrived. Two Avadas right in the chest. No way he's alive."

Harry didn't have the time to grieve for the loss of his friend because right next to them, a headstone exploded with a deafening bang, showering them in the debris.

"Any bright idea how we're going to get out of here? The Death Eaters have put up an Anti-Apparition jinx," Draco shouted, firing spell after spell over the top of the headstone covering them, trying to hold off the Death Eaters.

"Let me think," Harry replied through gritted teeth, feeling around for his wand, which he must have dropped when he had been hit.

"Well, hurry up. 'Cause as much as living with you and the other imbeciles of the Order sucks, I sure as hell don't intend to die out here with you." Draco leaped up for a split second, sending another wave of curses towards the oncoming Death Eaters.

"Nobody invited you anyways," Harry shot back as his fingers finally closed around the smooth wooden surface of his wand. Not wasting any time, Harry fired several curses at the Death Eaters as well and then erected a Shield Charm that protected them from the incoming curses and blocked them from the Death Eater's view.

Trusting that the shield would hold at least for a little while, Harry and Draco held their fire and sat down behind the headstone again, trying to catch their breaths. They could feel the impact of every curse that hit their shield. It wouldn't last long.

"We need to find a way out of here and fast," Harry panted.

"You don't say," Draco drawled.

"I promised Ginny to be careful," Harry said ruefully.

"Potter, do me a bloody favour and stop thinking about the president of your fan club and focus on the problem at hand," Draco said, thoroughly annoyed.

"I just didn't think the cemetery would be this heavily guarded. I can't believe Kingsley is..."

"I think we should throw every hex we know at them and try to make it to the woods at the edge of the cemetery," Draco interrupted. "The Anti-Apparition jinx is likely to only cover the graveyard."

"Running? That's your plan?" Harry asked disbelievingly.

"If you've got a better idea, let's hear it," Draco challenged, but Harry remained silent. Draco was right; they either would have to make a run for it or wait until their shield collapsed and the Death Eaters came for them. The latter one wasn't really an option.

"Besides, I'm not going to stay here and continue listening to your emo-crap," Draco drawled. "Next thing you'll start crying and want to hug."

"Okay, let's do this," Harry sighed, ignoring Draco's jibe and slowly getting to his feet. He found that he couldn't put much weight on his right foot and stumbled to the side. Draco caught hold of him before he hit the ground.

"You going to make it, Potter?" he asked exasperatedly.

"Why, Malfoy, I didn't know you cared," Harry spat back, pushing Draco away.

"I don't," Draco assured, "I just doubt the Order is going to give me a very kind welcome when I return without your scrawny arse in one piece."

"Probably not," Harry agreed, steeling himself for the upcoming race. "Let's go."

Draco gave him a nod, and Harry lowered the shield. Before the Death Eaters had a chance to react, Harry and Draco fired a battalion of curses and spells at them. Then they turned and ran.

Ignoring the pain in his side, Draco ran as fast as he could through the near-black night. He dodged hex upon hex, taking as much cover behind the scattered tombs and trees as he could. Beside him he heard Potter panting.

He just thought that they might actually make it when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Harry stumbling. Without thinking, he grabbed a hold of Harry's robes and continued dashing forward.

Dragging Harry with him, Draco ran for the tree line, never looking back. As soon as he felt the slight tingle that signalled that they had left the range of the Anti-Apparition jinx, he tightened his hold on Harry and Disapparated in mid-run.

They landed in a heap on the floor of number twelve, Grimmauld Place, covered in dirt and blood, and were instantly greeted by Mrs. Black's wailing. Several Order members came running to discover the source of the noise.

"Harry, are you alright?" Ron could be heard shouting over the ruckus of Mrs. Black's screams and the noise of the other arriving Order members.

Harry nodded in affirmation and let Ginny and Neville help him off the floor. They carefully led a badly limping Harry out of the hall. Most of the Order members followed, trying to figure out what had happened.

Draco remained lying on the floor with his eyes closed, desperately trying to catch his breath. Now that the adrenalin was waning, he could feel the pain in his ribs and various other aches more pronouncedly.

"Malfoy, are you hurt?" Hermione's voice penetrated the pain induced fog in his brain. Draco reluctantly opened his eyes to see her kneeling down next to him and looking worried.

"I'm fine," he barked, sitting up slowly.

Hermione moved to help him, but Draco swatted her hands away, trying to stand on his own. He somehow managed to get himself into an upright position, but before he could take his first step, the world tilted to an odd angle, and he was swaying on his feet.

"Don't be such a baby and let me help you," Hermione snapped, drawing one of his arms around her shoulders and locking her own arm tightly around his waist, steadying

him. Realising that he was in no position to argue, Draco let Hermione slowly lead him upstairs.

They didn't notice Ron looking after them, an angry scowl etched on his face.

The End

A/N: Reviews are love.