

The Slytherin Resistance

by DaniSnape

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The Lightning-Struck Tower

Chapter 1 of 1

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(A/N: This is a fanfiction piece concerning the world of Harry Potter with a specific emphasis on the Deathly Hallows. This is not for profit nor is it to break the spirit of canon.)

CHAPTER ONE: The Lightning-Struck Tower

Pansy was lounging on her chair; her eyes unfocused on the letter in front of her. Adrian Pucey, her ex-boyfriend, was being recruited by none other than Lucius Malfoy. Apparently the pureblood families were expected to have their sons join the Dark Lord's ranks. Impressment was expected of the weaker half-bloods or the more skilled Mudbloods, but the pureblood families were expected to serve willfully.

She knew what was going on already was horrific; Draco had confided in her what had occurred during the Dark Revel that occurred when he received his Dark Mark. Lord Malfoy had apparently clapped him on the shoulder with pride and had helpfully cast the Cruciatus Curse on the Muggle that was tied down beneath Draco. Apparently, the Death Eaters believe that sex is more enjoyable if the Muggle is wriggling against their own volition. She vomited the first time he had confided to her that he was forced to rape at wandpoint; he would have been killed on the spot otherwise.

Pansy and Draco were no longer together, but they kept up the act for appearances. He no longer had that warm glint in his eyes when they smiled in private to each other; he no longer confided to her what he was being forced to do. He was always gone, skipping Quidditch games, meals, and no longer laid his head upon her lap as they used to by the fireplace. She missed stroking his hair, but she missed so much more of him now. His stiff and emotionless face, crafted since a young Malfoy, was wearing away just as his own body seemed to be. None of the other Slytherins approached the subject to either of them, knowing what could happen if...

"Crabbe and Goyle just came back without Malfoy." Millicent said, concerned. Pansy knew that whatever Draco had been planning, it was going to happen tonight.

"Salazar's Snake." Pansy cursed and crossed over to the portrait painting of Slytherin himself. "*Vox supervenio illis quisnam vindicatum is.*" The portrait swung open, and the wall of blank portraits slowly brightened to show views throughout Hogwarts.

"What is this? What did you say?" Millicent said in quiet horror.

"Power arrives to those who claim it.' This is Salazar's Eyes. Every suit of armor in the castle is linked to these portraits. Draco has been going to that Room of Requirement all year; I hope he finally found what he was looking for." Pansy prayed that it would show him coming back safe and sound. The wall turned into a doorway and opened, and Draco came out with Bellatrix, the Carrows, and... Greyback.

"THAT'S THE CHILD-EATER!" Millicent shrieked, running off to barricade the common room doors. The Weasley girl and Potter's Mudblood were approaching the hallway when Draco immediately flung his arm outward, pouring utter darkness into the hallway. The portrait went dark, and Pansy's grip on her wand made her knuckles go white with fear.

"Pansy, why the FUCK would Malfoy bring that thing here?!" Others in the common room overheard what was said, and they were quick to disillusion themselves and to pull out protective amulets. Mafalda Black, whose grandmother Cedrella Black had married a Weasley, knew that she was considered an outcast despite being a pureblood. She also knew that Bellatrix would come after her despite the door being warded shut.

An eternity passed in silence as the Slytherins huddled together; the younger children sobbed as they realized who was prowling around the castle. The air felt colder as though the Dementors had arrived with them. A few of them shivered, jumping in their seats when they heard the meaty thump of a fist hitting the portrait door.

"Pansy? Let Auntie Bella in. We've come to... prune the family tree, so to speak." All of the Slytherins shook their heads no, knowing that Greyback wouldn't stop at just killing one half-blood Slytherin. His ability to change when it's not the full moon proved how little control he had of himself, and he didn't seem to care. The claws began to tap upon the door impatiently, followed by the faint scratching as if it were a chalkboard. The gruff voice that followed didn't sound like it came from human vocal chords.

"Mafalda? I was promised some sweet young flesh if I came along. You don't want to be... ungracious to a guest and deny them a sweet little snack? OPEN UP! I CAN SMELL YOUR SWEET BLOOD, AND YOUR FEAR IS LIKE AN APPETIZER!" Fenrir growled and began to throw himself at the door. The door cracked but instantly resealed itself. Draco caught up to the Death Eaters with the Carrows fast behind him.

"We have a mission to complete," Draco commanded quiveringly. Pansy stood in front of the portrait where she could see him, hoping that they all would survive the night.

"What mission is this? What's Draco up to?" Tracey Davis shrieked, her composure gone. Draco and his crew walked out of one portrait and appeared on another just after a few seconds.

"Remember the accidents that happened this year? The cursed necklace and the poisoned mead? Those weren't accidents. They were assassination attempts," Daphne Greengrass supplied. It was obvious what was going to happen now. Draco broke away from the others, running up the stairs toward the Astronomy Tower.

"Look! Professor Snape is... stunning Professor Flitwick?" Blaise Zabini pointed out, noting how quickly he got the drop on the former Dueling Champion. Snape stopped to tell Hermione something, and then ran off to join in the fight.

Back on the other portrait, Albus Dumbledore was disarmed and looking beaten. Draco's wand was shakily pointing at him, as if he couldn't hold his own wand up. They were in an awkward conversation, it seemed.

"I wish we could hear what's going on there," Pansy whispered. "Dumbledore is the only wizard the Dark Lord ever feared; if he dies... everything's going to change."

Crabbe and Goyle were heard chuckling in the distance. "We did our part; we're defin'ly getting our Marks now!" Goyle cheered. Crabbe stared at Daphne Greengrass lustfully, biting his bottom lip in greedy anticipation. Daphne shuddered in revulsion and was surprised to find Mafalda holding her hand reassuringly.

"I'll never let him touch you, Greengrass. You are far too good for the likes of him," she whispered. In the portrait, Bellatrix entered the Astronomy Tower with the Carrows and Greyback. Draco's resolve had seemingly diminished, and he was about to lower his wand.

Then Professor Snape entered. Professor Snape pointed his wand at Dumbledore. Professor Snape killed Albus Dumbledore.