

# Happy Birthday, Hero

*by Gelsey*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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1 April 1978

"Happy birthday, hero!" Gideon caught Dorcas as she whirled into his arms through the mass of people that packed the Three Broomsticks for the twins' birthday.

"I'm no hero, angel," he replied, laughing as he spun her around.

"You're mine, luv," Dorcas said breezily before disappearing into the crowd again. The turnout was greater than expected. Everyone used partying as an excuse to forget these days.

Looking around, Gideon spotted his sister Molly. He was surprised that she'd come; she looked ready to pop with her own twins. He flashed a grin at her, and she smiled back. Her expression shifted from happiness to horror, though, and Gideon instinctively turned.

He barely blocked a hex from a Death Eater. *Damn, why couldn't they have protected this place with a Secret Keeper*, he thought desperately, though he knew it was impossible.

Chaos erupted as party-goers screamed and grabbed wands. Pops of Apparition sounded as those that could escape, did. Soon, it was only the Order and the Death Eaters.

And Molly and her family.

Gideon paled with the realization that his sister and her family were stuck here. Between pregnancy and children, they couldn't Apparate anywhere.

Fabian and Dorcas appeared at his side, wordless hexes zinging from their wands.

Childish shrieks burned at his soul. Gideon looked around desperately, trying to find a way to get his family out.

"Gideon!" Dorcas pointed at a table. Under it was young Charlie Weasley, clinging to a cat. *The boy could never leave an animal*, Gideon thought as he ran towards him, racing a Death Eater.

He slid under the table, sweeping Charlie into his arms and reversing course. He transferred the terrified boy into Dorcas' arms. "Get them out of here," he urged her.

"You, too, Gideon!" she said, grabbing him more tightly than Devil's Snare.

"I'll be along after. Someone's got to cover you," he said, casting a frantic Portus on a chain from around his neck. "Dorcas, please," he said. He pulled her to him, crushed

his mouth against hers. His eyes told her he loved her, no time to say it. "Go!"

He curled her fingers around the chain and shoved her towards where Arthur protected his family. Dorcas stumbled over to them and made certain everyone touched the Portkey. "Gideon!" she screamed, hand reaching for him.

The despairing cry ripped through his heart as they disappeared; his name had been the password. He could almost hear the 'I love you' in the void afterwards.

Time to leave, Gideon thought. He glanced at Fabian, saw they were surrounded. When Apparition failed, the two started firing hexes in concert, in sync as they'd been since birth.

In the end, they were outnumbered. Gideon was on his back, unable to move. A masked face appeared above him, and the mask was removed, revealing Antonin Dolohov's ugly mug. Gideon knew he wouldn't see Dorcas again.

"Happy birthday, hero," the man sneered, and then there was green light, and then nothing.

A/N: Written for a challenge at the LJ community Romancing the Wizard. Please let me know what you think!