

“Draco and I have been friends for far longer than just this summer,” he pointed out. “There was just the minor issue of his dad wanting to *kill me*, so we didn’t think to publicise it.”

Hermione huffed. “So? He’s still exactly what you’re becoming; an uppity pureblood who thinks they’re better than the rest of us.”

“I’m still a half-blood, Hermione,” Harry said, but she just rolled her eyes.

“A half-blood who’s planning on joining the same government system that’s been oppressing muggleborns for decades! We don’t even get a say in how this country is run, we’re just expected to shut up and let the purebloods walk all over us! How could you possibly support them, Harry — how could you think your *mother* would be happy about that?” It was clear she had a whole speech prepared, and Harry wished he could send her Justin’s way and have her actually listen to his and Susan’s plans for the future of the Wizengamot, but he knew she would just take everything straight to Dumbledore — if she even paused in her ranting long enough to actually listen.

“You have to have control of the government before you can change anything about it,” he pointed out patiently.

“Like any of them would change a system they benefit from,” Hermione dismissed, making Harry scowl.

“What do you propose, then, Hermione?” he retorted. “We should all just give up our seats and let the Death Eaters have full control? Or do you think all of us should give proxies to Dumbledore, so he can go ahead and do whatever the hell he wants with this country? Because he’s done *so much good* with the seats he’s had the last few decades.” His disdain was blatant, and Hermione glared, hands on her hips.

“Professor Dumbledore knows a lot more about politics than you and your *friends*,” she spat. Harry couldn’t help but scoff.

“You’re so sure about that, are you?” he shot back reflexively. “Look, Hermione, I don’t care what you think of me or my friends, but I’d suggest you do your research before you start accusing people of oppression. My Wizengamot seats are part of my family heritage, and I’m not going to ignore them just because *you* think anyone who isn’t a muggleborn is immediately out to get you. Especially not when you’re just jealous I have decent friends that aren’t you.”

He started packing up his books and parchment; his essay would get done much faster in the privacy of his dorm, even if it would be a bit uncomfortable to have everything balanced on a conjured lap desk. Hermione continued to splutter at him, half-starting a dozen different sentences, her tirade utterly derailed by his complete lack of interest or defensiveness.

“I never thought you’d be such a *blood purist*, Harry,” she declared as he stood — loud enough to draw the attention of the few people in the common room who weren’t already watching their interaction. Harry rolled his eyes; wonderful, now he’d have *that* added to the rumours about him going Dark.