

blank expressions. Kingsley was one of them, though he showed no recognition.

“Sit.” Umbridge practically threw him into a chair.

“Well, Dolores? Did you find them?” Fudge was eager-eyed, but Umbridge’s face went stony.

“Only Potter and Longbottom. The room was empty otherwise,” she admitted begrudgingly.

“Well, then, that seems to be that,” Dumbledore declared cheerfully. “There is no Educational Decree preventing two boys from being in a room together.”

Harry hated the drawl of insinuation in his tone. Fudge puffed up angrily.

“We both know what they were really up to, Dumbledore!” He turned to Harry, sneering at him. “I expect you know why you are here, Potter.”

“No, sir,” Harry replied blankly. Fudge’s face turned purple.

“I beg your pardon?”

“I don’t know why, sir. Neville and I were just doing homework.”

“A likely story,” Fudge scowled. “You truly claim to have no idea why Professor Umbridge has brought you here? No recollection of breaking any school rules? Or *Ministry Decrees*?”

Harry maintained his polite expression. “No, sir.”

Fudge looked like he was about to have a stroke, his anger rising.

“I think, Minister, it is time I fetch my informant,” Umbridge piped up, shooting Harry a gloating smirk. Harry didn’t let himself react; not even when Umbridge disappeared through a side door, and returned with none other than Marietta Edgecombe.

So that was their leak.

The curly-haired Ravenclaw girl looked utterly terrified and bewildered, looking from Fudge to the aurors and back again. There was a blankness to her gaze that had a flare of triumph shooting through Harry’s stomach.

“Don’t be scared, dear,” Umbridge encouraged gently. “The Minister is very pleased with you. Tell him what you told me.”

Marietta’s wide eyes flicked to Umbridge, and a quiet whimper escaped her lips.

Umbridge pressed further, but Marietta remained silent. She looked to Harry, horror in her gaze, and he stared back impassively.

She would have no memory of the HA, but she would know what she had done.

“Very well, *I’ll* tell him,” Umbridge snapped eventually, turning to Fudge. “Earlier this evening, Miss Edgecombe came to my office and told me that should I proceed to a particular