

“Good to know.” Harry cleared his throat. “So, uh; I suppose I should start by telling you that Gringotts has magical signature evidence that Albus Dumbledore put a block on my family magics when I was a baby? And put enough compulsions on me when I started school that I repeatedly endangered my own life without hesitation?”

Both women stared at him in horror. Sirius squeezed his shoulder. “You’d better go from the beginning, pup.”

“I... yes, I think you’d better,” Frobisher agreed faintly. Harry gave a grim smile.

They certainly had a lot to cover.

.-.-.

Harry’s recount of everything he knew for certain Dumbledore had done to him took a little over half an hour, but when it came to things they only speculated it was a much larger conversation. “I’m worried that if we bring everything out too early, he’ll get it swept under the rug,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “He just... half of wizarding Britain is so *convinced* he can’t do anything wrong, and they’ve already painted me a lunatic half a dozen times.”

“With even half this evidence, he’ll struggle to convince everyone,” Mrs Frobisher assured. “Especially with what I’ve heard Amelia pulled out at Lord Black’s trial.”

“That was brilliant,” Harry agreed, grinning up at Amelia. The dark-haired witch smiled slightly.

“I saw the opportunity, and I took it,” she demurred. “The Wizengamot has spent decades being Albus Dumbledore’s personal chessboard, it’s long overdue for that to change.” Then she shook her head, amazed. “I had no idea he’d gone so far as to put compulsions on *children*.”

“You didn’t tell us it was that bad, Harry,” Susan added, biting her lip worriedly.

“It’s fine. They’re gone, now. And as far as I know, he hasn’t done any on any of the other students.”

“Still,” Mrs Frobisher said, “we can only imagine what else he might have done that no one has discovered.”

“I suspect we’ll never know the full extent of it,” Sirius mused with a frown. “But as long as we can get enough to break what hold he currently has. Long enough for the kids and their friends to get in and show us old farts how politics is really done.” He winked, making both Harry and Susan grin.

“I certainly think we’ve got enough to work with,” Mrs Frobisher agreed. “I can’t yet file anything for his comments regarding your connection with the Dark Lord, but you can be sure I’m keeping an eye on the paper, Harry — the second he steps out of line, I’ll file a suit on your behalf,” she promised.