

## Chapter 33

Harry entered the next heir's meeting with trepidation, knowing they would have three extra members. The larger group of Slytherins were already there when he arrived, Parkinson and Bulstrode with their arms folded over their chests and wary expressions on their faces as they eyed the rest of the room. Draco had his hands in his pockets and was rocking back in his chair, every inch the effortlessly uncaring pureblood. It made Harry grin. "Sorry, Malfoy, have you got somewhere else to be? You look a bit bored."

Draco smirked at him. "As a matter of fact, I promised I'd help some idiot Gryffindor with a Potions essay. But he was late." His gaze turned pointed, and Harry rounded the table to claim the empty chair beside him.

"You try getting away from Hermione bloody Granger when she's in one of her moods," Harry retorted, elbowing Draco so that only a quick spell had his chair slamming back to rights rather than sending him flying backwards. "You shouldn't sit like that, y'know. You'll crack your head open." He pressed his knee to Draco's under the table in a show of silent support, knowing the blond was far more nervous than he let on.

"I appreciate your concern," Draco replied wryly. "Now, would you care to explain to the girls why you insisted Blaise drag us here?"

Harry looked up, seeing the faces around the room had all turned varying shades of bewildered. Neville was the only one who looked amused, sitting between Parvati and Sullivan. "Right, yeah." Harry stood, turning to the two Slytherin girls, and bowed with palms open. "Well met, Heir Parkinson, Heir Bulstrode," he greeted. "Might I introduce you to... honestly, most of the named heirs of the current Wizengamot seat-holders. We're only missing a handful."

"You're taking the Potter seat?" Bulstrode blurted, her pureblood manners disappearing in the face of such a shock. "We thought you wanted nothing to do with it."

"I didn't know it existed until summer before third year," Harry told her. "Raised by muggles, kept ignorant by Dumbledore."

"Harry, be careful how much you tell them," Susan warned. Harry waved her off, sitting back down.

"Draco trusts them," he reminded her. "That's enough for me. Besides, if we have any hope of convincing them to trust us, they need to know we're not in league with *him*."

"Harsh words from the Gryffindor Golden Boy," Parkinson teased, leaning forward in her chair in a way that showed off her cleavage where her shirt was undone by several buttons. Harry didn't look for even a second.

"I haven't been quite so golden in a while," he replied evenly. "No one in this room serves Albus Dumbledore. And I know you don't want to serve Voldemort, either." Parkinson