

“As the last of my family line,” Harry began in a firm, steady voice, “I, Harry James Potter, have come to claim the Potter, Peverell and Slytherin seats of my birthright, and relieve Lord Black of his proxy duties for those houses.”

The names he listed made several people gasp, and Harry wondered how the fact of him being Slytherin’s heir wasn’t common knowledge by now.

Then he felt the magic reaching into him, searching his core and his blood, checking he had the right to make the claims he had. Harry kept his breathing steady, holding back the instinct to fight the intrusion.

Three seats glowed with a bright white light beneath them. His robes shifted, becoming the plum garb of a Wizengamot member, and the magic converged electric-cold on his hand to form his lordship ring — able to shift between the three crests at his will.

Harry knew his choice was important’ whichever seat he took was the title he would be addressed by, though he had the right to all three. He walked forward, and offered Augusta Longbottom a smile as he sat down beside her.

“Welcome, Lord Potter,” Amelia greeted, inclining her head towards him.

*Lord Potter.* He was a lord, now. With all the powers and responsibilities that came with it.

If he had surprised the Wizengamot, then the next claim had some of them almost falling off their chairs.

“With the permission of my grandmother; I, Neville Francis Longbottom, have come to claim the Longbottom and Gryffindor seats of my birthright. I also claim the proxy guardianship of the Hufflepuff seat, with full permission of the current Heir Hufflepuff.” Harry filled with pride at the way Neville’s voice didn’t waver once, his head held high and not a hint of fear or shyness in his frame.

Beside Harry, Mrs Longbottom stood. “I gladly pass this mantle to my grandson, and relinquish all claim on the Longbottom seat.”

As she shuffled down the steps, her robes became a set of neat navy dress robes, while Neville’s transformed appropriately. The tall Gryffindor kissed his grandmother on the cheek, then headed up to take the seat at Harry’s side, giving him a shaky grin. Harry offered a discreet thumbs up.

One by one, seats were claimed. Some were expected — Theo; Anthony; Draco. The blond claimed his seat like he had waited his whole life for such a moment, and Harry saw Narcissa dab her eyes with a handkerchief. Daphne shocked many by claiming proxy of the Ravenclaw and Ollivander seats, waving cheekily at her uncle sat across the room in the Greengrass seat. Through it all, Percy Weasley diligently took notes on the proceedings, in his new official position as Senior Undersecretary to the Minister.

Then Severus Snape stepped forward, becoming Lord Prince, to the most prominent silence of all.