

Harry and I!” he chuckled, giving that grandfatherly smile. “But as often happens with these things, the story took on a bit of a life of its own, and, well — Harry had to continue playing his part, or else the whole thing would fail.”

Harry was done listening, fury rising in his belly. He turned to Susan, whose jaw was clenched tightly. “Get your aunt,” he murmured. “And send a message to Mrs Frobisher.” The stack of evidence of Dumbledore’s crimes she’d been sitting on for the last few months was about to see the light of day.

Susan sped off, and Harry strode forward, the crowd parting once they realised who it was.

“All a ruse, was it?” he called, drawing Dumbledore’s attention. “That’s the first I’ve heard of it.”

The old man’s blue eyes flashed angrily, just for a moment, before they were back to their twinkling warmth. “Harry, my boy. It’s so good to see you alive and well!”

“Really, because last time we met you had me tied to a bed with my magic bound, telling me how you needed to kill me to excise the evil within me from the world.”

“You don’t understand, Harry!” Dumbledore insisted. “I was misguided — I believed the piece of Voldemort within you could only be removed by your death.”

“And all that stuff about how he was taking over my mind and turning me into his little minion, and how you bound my magic as a baby to try and snuff it out?”

“Everything I did, Harry, I did for your own good,” Dumbledore said earnestly. Harry scoffed.

“That’s the biggest load of bullshit I’ve ever heard. You did it for your own selfish gains — you got a taste of power after you killed Grindelwald, and decided you liked it. You manipulated the children of Hogwarts without them even realising it, turning them against each other — against anything Dark, anything traditional, anything different. You made them turn to *you*, praising you as some saviour of the light, when really you were destroying the magical world from the inside out! You saw the rise of Voldemort as your chance to cement yourself as the saviour once more, to have everyone worship you as the most *powerful* wizard of the age.”

Harry smirked, watching Dumbledore stutter soundlessly. “And then there was a Prophecy, declaring a *child* was destined to be the one to defeat the Dark Lord. Not you. So you plotted, and you planned. And you took your chance when my parents were killed. Binding my magic, placing me with abusive muggles, leaving me entirely oblivious to my true place in the world. Then introducing me to magic through the most prejudiced *good* people possible, letting me hear all about how *terrible* and *evil* Slytherin house is, enough to have me argue the Sorting Hat out of putting me there!”

He couldn’t stop himself now; all the things he’d kept bottled up inside came spilling out of him in one furious tirade. “And if that wasn’t bad enough, you manipulated people I thought were my friends into spying on me, making sure I was making the *right* choices. You