

“This is where all the Wizengamot heirs meet up, isn’t it? That’s why you’re all here?” Her wide blue eyes surveyed the group in interest. She didn’t seem surprised or alarmed at the presence of all the Slytherins.

“...Yes,” Daphne admitted. She reached over, smoothing down some of Luna’s haphazard waves of hair. “Honey, this is supposed to be a secret meeting.” She merely sounded exasperated, like Luna knowing such information was expected — then again, with her suspected Seer abilities, perhaps it was.

“I won’t tell anyone,” Luna promised. “But I thought it’s about time I joined you all.”

“Hang on — Lovegood, are you saying you’re an heir?” Cassius asked sharply, causing a quiet intake of breath around the room. Luna, entirely unperturbed, nodded and began to braid a silver ribbon into Daphne’s hair.

“My mother was of the Ollivander line,” she declared absently. “The eldest daughter of the eldest daughter.”

Harry sat up straighter. “That explains *so much*,” he murmured, and Draco nodded beside him.

The Ollivander line was one that had gotten muddled over recent history, until no one knew who Garrick Ollivander’s heir actually was, which caused increasingly higher alarm amongst the Wizengamot as the wandmaker grew more ancient.

The Ollivander line was also known to produce... oddities. The current family head being a prime example, his preternatural insight into magic and wandlore making him excellent at his job but also seem a bit crazy. There were Seers in the line, too, if Harry remembered his research correctly.

A slow smile spread across Daphne’s face, and she kissed Luna chastely. “You are full of surprises, aren’t you?” she remarked amused. Luna paused in her braiding to stroke Daphne’s cheek. “Do you know why it’s time for you to let us know that?”

Luna hummed thoughtfully, tying off the end of the braid. “Not exactly,” she said. “But I know that I can trust everyone here. Great-granddad gave me permission to tell you.”

More than a few uneasy looks passed between them all — what could be coming, for Luna to suddenly *know* that they needed to be aware of her heritage?

Eventually, Sullivan grinned. “Well, I’m glad you’re here,” he declared, picking up his books and moving over, forcing Ernie out of his seat. “Have you done the Arithmancy homework yet? My numbers won’t add up right and I can’t figure out why.”

That seemed to break the spell that had fallen over them with Luna’s interruption, and slowly they all started to get back to work. But it didn’t stop Harry wondering, occasionally looking up to glance at the blonde-haired Ravenclaw.