

Narcissa only nodded in acknowledgement. Harry was surprised by the last name — surely Crouch would have died out when Barty Jr died? Evidently there had been another magical heir to the family in the Death Eater ranks. They were all so intermingled, it made sense.

It was a horrifying display of how much damage Voldemort had done, that five families had gone completely extinct under his reign, and several more only held heirs through as-yet-undiscovered bastard children and squib descendants. That several more families held only one possible representative of their line, right in this chamber.

It would take time to rebuild, and some things were lost forever. Such was the way of war.

“I call this Wizengamot session to order, as all appropriate inheritance announcements have thus been acknowledged,” Amelia said, her voice ringing out through the stone chamber. The expression that followed was one Harry knew all too well — he’d seen it on Susan dozens of times, that glint of mischief and that barely restrained smile. It usually came right before some bold move or unexpected bombshell. He braced himself, wondering what was to come next.

“With that said, I pass the floor to the new Lady Bones,” she continued. “She has brought a number of concerns to my attention, and I believe they are best explained by her.”

Then Amelia sat down, and Susan stood behind her desk. Her eyepatch today was a pale lavender, and depicted the Bones family crest. Theo was getting really quite good at the details, now.

“Thank you, Minister Bones,” Susan said with a nod of acknowledgement. Then she reached into her pocket, and pulled out a small cube — which quickly resized itself into an enormous stack of parchment. A stack that, as soon as she set it on the table, quickly replicated itself for every member of the Wizengamot to read for themselves. Harry reached for his, grinning at the familiar handwriting.

“These are just our immediate concerns,” Susan informed the chamber at large, keeping an impressively straight face even as her fellow student Wizengamot members failed to hide their glee. “The further concerns can wait until the new Minister is elected and things are less dire. But as you can see, there is a lot to be done here.”

The adults in the room stared agog at this seventeen year-old girl, only two days fresh off a battlefield and already telling the Ministry what for.

Amelia Bones sat back in her chair, and beamed with pride.

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They were several days past the battle now, and the celebrations had gone nation-wide. As wixen emerged from hiding and returned from overseas, magical Britain filled once more with people, all keen to celebrate the true death of the Dark Lord. Diagon Alley was thriving once more — the twins and Lee had been working non-stop on the fireworks orders coming in, while Blaise and the three ex-Gryffindor chasers manned the shop itself. Mr Ollivander had been found in a dungeon in Hampshire, and had returned to his shop like nothing had