

Since most of his free time had been taken up by detentions since he'd arrived at school, Harry had hardly spent any time in the library so far. Compared to the endless hours of the year before, it felt strangely unfamiliar when he walked in. Madam Pince eyed him warily, but didn't say anything.

He made his way towards the Potions section of the library, a smile tugging at his lips when he saw half a dozen clusters of students gathered around tables, all from mixed houses, all studying diligently together. His friends had promised they would keep the study groups going, and it looked like they had succeeded.

A familiar head of copper curls caught his eye, and he peered into one of the darker corners to see Susan sat with Justin Finch-Fletchley, both of them gesticulating wildly as they spoke soundlessly — under a privacy ward, clearly.

Unsure if he was intruding, Harry edged closer. Luckily, when Susan spotted him, she grinned. A wave of her wand had the ward coming down. "Hiya, Harry."

"Hey, guys." On the table, he spotted one of the enormous law books Susan had had all the heirs searching through over the summer. One dark eyebrow rose. "You two look busy."

Justin's gaze was wary, and he hunched his shoulders a little as if to cover the notes on the table. Susan waved him off. "It's fine, Harry's with us," she assured. She raised the ward once more, pulling out the chair beside her. Harry sat.

"What are you up to? I thought this stuff was... private?" *Not for anyone outside their group*, he thought, watching as Susan lit up with a devious grin.

"Harry, did you know Justin's dad works for the muggle government?" she said. Harry blinked, perplexed.

"I didn't, no." He knew the Hufflepuff was a muggleborn, but that was the extent of it.

"He's an MP," Justin supplied proudly. "Labour, not Tory."

The only bit of muggle politics Harry knew was that Uncle Vernon was a staunch Tory supporter, so he assumed Justin's dad being in the opposite party meant he was probably a fairly solid bloke.

"Justin has been teaching me a bit about how the muggle government works," Susan continued. "With their elections for the governing seats as well as their Prime Minister. It's fascinating, really."

"I'm sure it is," Harry agreed mildly. It wasn't a topic he'd ever been particularly interested in. "What are you plotting, Bones?" He knew that look on her face all too well by now.

"Me? Plotting?" She feigned innocence, and even Justin laughed. "Okay. So, the Wizengamot is great — or, at least, it will be, once we've sorted it all out," she said, waving a hand dismissively like that was a simple task. "But it's still so very... pureblood. And obviously, we need to uphold wizarding traditions and culture — half the problems we're having is that