

Harry and Susan turned to stare at each other, eyes wide.

“You’re related to Griselda Marchbanks?” Susan asked. “I— does that mean... I’m sorry, but... Mrs Frobisher, how much are you aware of what Harry and I have been doing at school — outside the HA?”

Far from being confused, Mrs Frobisher’s face was knowing. “Are you talking about your alliance with the other heirs?” She smiled, reaching to place a hand on her daughter’s shoulder. “Aunt Zelda hasn’t publicised things for safety’s sake, but considering what we’re going to discuss later, I think I can trust that none of you will be spreading rumours. Vicky is indeed the heir to the Tremblay seat. Well, technically I am, but as soon as Vicky comes of age she’ll be the next in line. I’ve no intention of being on the Wizengamot — and Zelda certainly has no intention of leaving the seat empty any time soon!”

“I... we had no idea,” Harry murmured. “I mean, your family tree isn’t public record — we haven’t been snooping,” he insisted quickly. “Just... seeing what information is common knowledge.”

“No, no, I understand. Amelia has mentioned a few things about Susan’s political future,” the lawyer remarked with a grin. “But the Tremblays have never really fallen in to the whole Wizengamot crowd — I myself was educated in Japan, where my mother’s family is from. We didn’t want Vicky to feel like she had a reputation to uphold when she’s just trying to be a teenager. No offence, of course, Amelia,” she added hastily, but Amelia waved her off.

“Oh, none taken. Sometimes I think that’s the right idea of it — unfortunately, the Bones family have been far too proud of themselves in the last few centuries to hide away their family tree. And of course, there’s only the one branch of it left, now.” Amelia’s smile turned sad as she looked at her niece.

“We’ll keep your secret,” Susan promised. “But, Vicky... if you’re ever interested in taking a more active role, before your aunt passes the seat on. Or if you just want to meet the other heirs our age — we’d be happy to introduce you. We’ve got a sort-of study group.”

“I’ll think about it,” Vicky confirmed. Then she frowned. “Is Cormac McLaggen in it?”

Harry frowned. “No? Should he be?” Harry was only vaguely aware of the older Gryffindor, in that Katie thought he was a prick.

“He’s always bragging about his Uncle Tiberius like he’s the Ogden heir.” Vicky scowled. “Like he’s *special* for having a family member on the Wizengamot.”

“Cormac McLaggen isn’t Tiberius’ heir, love,” Mrs Frobisher assured. Her eyes flicked to Susan as she spoke. “Aunt Zelda knows who it is, but she won’t tell me. She’s good friends with Tiberius, though, and apparently he’s got a few things to say about how his brother-in-law raises children,” she said, sounding amused. “If I remember correctly, Tiberius had an older sister who passed the seat on to him to go travelling, but I don’t know where she ended up. Presumably she has a child that’s in line.”