

older Hufflepuff; the way Patrick started to flourish his wand a little more, showing off for the pretty girl.

All kinds of bonds would be made, in this room, he could feel it.

His chest was bursting with pride as he continued the lesson, observing all the progress being made. Not for the first time, he wished the rest of the Slytherins could be there to share in it all, but it wasn't time for that yet. He had to make do with training Draco privately, and letting Blaise and Daphne pass the lessons on to their secret little group of Slytherins rebelling against the Dark and their parents.

It had taken a tricky little addendum to the contract, to allow the pair to talk about what they learned from Harry enough to be able to pass the knowledge on to others, but it was worth it.

Curfew approached, so Harry wound down the session, ready to carefully send people on their way. They left in small groups; some from the main door, others through the doors closer to the common rooms, trying to leave in intervals enough to not look suspicious. They had been lucky, so far; Umbridge seemed satisfied that her Educational Decree had stamped out any rebellion, and was focused more on inspecting the teachers again.

"Hey, Susan," Harry called, gesturing for the girl to stay back. She bid Hannah and Ernie goodbye, wandering over to Harry's side.

"What's up?"

Harry shook his head, waiting until the pair of them and Neville were the only ones left in the room. "I've been thinking," he finally said. "I think it's time I start properly gathering my case against Dumbledore."

Susan's eyes widened. "Why now?"

"He's ignoring me," Harry said. "I don't know why. Maybe with Umbridge about he's worried he'll be seen playing favourites. But he's leaving me alone, which means it's the perfect time for me to start the proceedings. I'm going to write to the goblins over Christmas, once I'm out of the castle." They still had the sample of magic from Harry's blocks and compulsions, not to mention the records of Dumbledore's unlawful access of Harry's vault.

"Okay. What do you need from me?" Harry could have kissed Susan for not asking any more questions.

"Nothing much, yet. Just thought I'd give you the heads up. Even if I have a case, I still can't do anything while Voldemort's at large." He wasn't stupid enough to rock the wizarding world by denouncing the leader of the light while the dark faction could stand to benefit from it. "I know your aunt has been gathering her own evidence, for things he's done at the Ministry — if you're going home for Yule, maybe you can let her know, so when I've got everything I can find I can coordinate with her on the rest."

A vindictive smile formed on Susan's face. "Sounds perfect. I'll pass a message along when I can. Y'know, add it to the list," she joked, winking.