

# Chapter 50

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

With every teacher trying their best to drown the fifth-years in work, it was no surprise that the heirs were struggling to find a time to meet up. Susan caught him in the corridor on his way to Divination the next morning, raising a quick privacy ward. “We need to have a study group,” she told him, and he grimaced.

“I’d love to, but I’ve got detention with Umbridge every night this week.” Susan swore, her gaze sympathetic. “Go ahead and meet without me, though. Nev can catch me up. I’ll give him my notes for you, too.”

“That’ll work. I’d imagine you already know what I’m going to say about Umbridge, anyway.”

Harry smiled wryly. “I think I’ve got the gist of it. We just need to make sure she doesn’t catch wind of what we’re up to; the last thing we need is Fudge having enough forewarning to try and worm his way out of consequences.” Sometimes it was utterly galling how long it was going to take for all of them to turn seventeen and be in a position to implement their plans — how long Fudge and his cronies, along with Dumbledore and his ilk, could keep ruining peoples’ lives for their own gain.

“It’s going to be a tough year,” Susan agreed, looking grim.

“I’ll do what I can. I make a rather excellent scapegoat,” Harry said with a wink, making her giggle. “Always happy to bang on about Voldemort a bit more if it’ll get her off your case.”

“Good to know.” She seemed amused. “Aunt Amelia believes you, by the way. She’s trying to do what she can to prepare the Ministry, but they’re all sticking their heads in the sand.”

“I figured as much. If it would help, I caught the names of some of the Death Eaters who were there that night — she might not be able to arrest them, but she can at least keep an eye out.”

Susan nodded eagerly, and Harry made a mental note to write the names down for her later and slip them in with the law notes. “Listen, Susan, I know things are all kinds of chaotic with OWLs and Umbridge and everything, but we need to make sure the wider study group continues. You heard the Sorting Hat — now more than ever, we have to break down those house boundaries.” The last thing he wanted was fear causing people to retreat back into old habits.

“Don’t worry, we’ve got it covered,” she assured. “We’ll especially need it for Defence, Merlin,” she added with a shudder. “You just get through your detentions, alright? Leave the unity to me.” She shot him a confident grin, then glanced down the corridor. “I’ve got to get to Arithmancy, I’ll see you later.”