

McGonagall was quiet but dignified in claiming the Ross seat, and at last Susan was the final person to step into the centre of the room. Many of the older Wizengamot members were eyeing her with confusion, unsure why she would be there when her aunt was clearly planning to stay in power.

“With the permission of my aunt, I, Susan Constance Bones, have come to claim the Bones seat of my birthright.”

“I gladly pass this mantle to my niece, and relinquish all claim on the Bones seat,” Amelia replied formally. She had no need to move seats, as she was occupying the Minister’s seat in the room. Beside her, Arasi Shafiq gasped.

“Minister Bones, this is highly irregular,” he burst out as Susan claimed her seat. “You do realise that should you fail to win the election, you will no longer have any place within the Wizengamot?”

“I am aware, Lord Shafiq,” Amelia replied mildly. Harry had to admire her confidence, in making that irreversible move. “I also—” She cut off mid sentence, as the door opened once more.

Draco’s sharp intake of breath was the only sound within the hall as two girls walked hesitantly into the room. “I— are we too late?” Pansy Parkinson asked, wringing her hands anxiously. “There were issues with the floo.” At her side, Millicent Bulstrode stood blank-faced and tense. Both Slytherins had been missing since term ended, feigning loyalty to Voldemort to keep from being disinherited and left with nothing. They’d hoped the pair had fled to Germany, to Millie’s betrothed. Feared much worse fates for them.

When Harry glanced over at Draco, his boyfriend’s knuckles were white around the arms of his chair.

“You are just in time, ladies,” Amelia assured with a smile.

One after another, the Parkinson and Bulstrode seats were claimed.

“As I was saying,” Amelia continued, “I also recently discovered that prior to her incarceration, Dolores Umbridge, Lady Selwyn, willed her seat specifically to ‘*the Minister for Magic*’.” Her lips quirked. “Therefore, with the permission of its bloodline, I, Amelia Grace Bones, do hereby claim proxy guardianship of the Selwyn seat, for as long as I serve as Minister.”

Harry wasn’t the only one who couldn’t hold back a snicker.

“As we can see, the magical family lines of Crabbe, Goyle, Lestrangle, Travers and Crouch have ended, as judged by the Wizengamot Chamber,” Amelia announced, turning solemn. “Gringotts bank have been notified, and will deal with the house assets appropriately. Lady Malfoy, your proxy guardianship of the four lines you have held is now ended — we thank you for your diligent care.”