

**(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)**

**A/N: The Wizengamot Session begins.**

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... No seriously, what?!

Harry stares at the shrouded figure of Lady Slytherin from across the foyer, feeling a sense of utter disbelief running through him. Then, he straightens up, a slight shiver running down his spine as Lady Slytherin slowly turns in place and meets his gaze.

Of course, Harry is no coward so even in his state of confusion, he doesn't back down. Instead, he arches a brow at the cloaked woman, as if to ask if she'll be coming over to meet with him as well. There's a long pause where it feels like everyone in the room is holding their breath... and then Lady Slytherin turns and continues on her way.

“What's the matter Lord Hallows? Kneazle got your tongue?”

Turning back to Narcissa Malfoy, Harry stares for a moment... before letting out a chuckle that quickly sours the Pureblood Witch's burgeoning good mood. Her own smile is wiped away as he continues to laugh at her, her face scrunching up in a distinct scowl until finally, she whips around on her heel and stalks away from him.

Harry calms down shortly after that, his humor at Narcissa's undeserved smugness and obvious inferiority complex drying up in the face of this latest revelation. Lady Slytherin... it honestly felt a little *too* obvious, but she had to be the one behind all of the wizard deaths, right?

At the very least, the fact that it was a 'Lady Slytherin' instead of a 'Lord Slytherin' made it clear that this was the reason Voldemort wasn't a problem in this world. Death had been very clear that someone else was already or had

already taken care of Voldemort... and it could only be the one who had usurped his secret family house.

That was about the only silver lining Harry could find from this ridiculousness, however. At least he could say with near-certainty that Lady Slytherin wasn't a female version of Voldemort. That would be... disgusting.

Still, this whole situation just got a lot more interesting, didn't it? And as the doors to the Wizengamot Chambers open and people are finally let inside, Harry can't help but be a little bit lost in thought, considering the ramifications of this latest discovery.

He's so lost in thought that he finds his way to his seat without even really paying his surroundings much mind. It isn't the first time in his many lives that he's been in these chambers after all. Not by a long shot. It's not even the first time that he's been a sitting member of the Wizengamot.

It's not until he comes to his seat and remembers he actually has two of them that Harry pauses for a brief moment to consider his options. Sitting in either chair would show his bias towards one House over the other, probably. So by all accounts he should sit in the House Black seat, since that was the one Narcissa wanted to fight him over.

... But he started out as Harry Potter and that felt disrespectful to the House Potter seat to just ignore it. In the end... he'd come here to combine both Ancient and Noble Houses into one, hadn't he? So really, there was only one true option...

Moving to stand behind the two seats, which have magically moved closer together on account of Harry's presence and claim over them, he places a hand upon the back of each, making things abundantly clear to everyone watching.

Only then does Harry look out at the rest of the Wizengamot... only to blink at what he sees. He probably should have expected this much, but he's still a little caught off guard by how... empty it is.

To be fair, Magical Britain has always been a small place. Even in worlds where the wizard population hasn't been completely decimated, there have only ever been about fifty to a hundred Wizengamot Members at any time.

However, in this world... the annihilation of an entire gender combined with the actions of the goblins and the Patriarchal Society that existed before now... has left the Wizengamot so low in population that Harry can literally count the number of people in the room in less than a minute.

It's twenty-three including himself, to be clear. Twenty-two witches... and him, Lord Hallows, standing at the ready with a hand on each of his claimed seats.

Nearly everyone else sits down of course, including Lady Slytherin who has one of the most ornate chairs in the place, likely on account of its age. The only other person who doesn't sit down is the woman that can only be the Chief Warlock of this Wizengamot... Augusta Longbottom.

The Matriarch of House Longbottom looks like she's seen better days. To be fair, Harry has only ever known her as an old woman... but this Augusta is very clearly far more worn and weary than the other versions of her that he remembers. Perhaps because she not only lost her son and his wife to madness, but no doubt also lost Neville as well sometime in these past eight years.

Regardless, she gives Harry a look as she stands at the Chief Warlock's Podium in the center of the chambers.

"Would you care to take a seat so we can begin, Lord Hallows?"

Harry smiles apologetically.

"I'm afraid that's why we're here, Chief Warlock Longbottom. House Hallows has no seat currently... but I do hope by the end of today, everything can be settled."

There's some shifting and tittering to that from the women in the chamber. Narcissa looks like she's bitten into something sour, while all the rest seem to be

a mixture of amused by his audacity and annoyed by his arrogance. Still, Harry nevertheless stands his ground even as Augusta stares him down, clearly expecting him to buckle.

... Finally, the old witch lets out a sigh.

“Very well. We shall start there today, I suppose.”

She acts like this is some great concession on her part but given Harry had literally called for this meeting in the first place, he would have been rather annoyed if they didn't start with his request. Still, he doesn't say that... instead merely smiling and bowing his head respectfully.

“My thanks, Chief Warlock.”

“Hm. Well then. As you all should already know, we're gathered here because Lord Hallows requested a meeting to discuss the feasibility of combining his two Wizengamot Seats into one. The seats in question being those of House Potter and House Black, which have been empty for quite some time now.”

She speaks in a dry, clinical tone as she lays this out, sweeping her gaze across the chambers. Finally, Augusta shrugs.

“Lord Hallows; would you like to explain your reasoning?”

Nodding, Harry stands tall behind the two seats, his green eyes flashing.

“It's quite simple, really. Through my blood, I have proven my claim over the Potter and Black Vaults over at Gringotts. I have chosen, rather than taking either name as my own, to consolidate those Vaults under the name Hallows. The Ministry has acknowledged this change and so has Gringotts. At this point, I believe it only makes sense that the Wizengamot do the same so I am motioning for these two Wizengamot Seats before me to be consolidated into one seat... the House Hallows seat.”

His words cause another wave of shifting and murmuring from the women in the sparsely populated chamber. Augusta clears her throat, sending them all into silence as she grunts.

“I am inclined to agree. Still, we must follow procedure. Does anyone have cause to protest Lord Hallows’ motion?”

“I do!”

Narcissa Malfoy is immediately on her feet of course, eyes blazing as she glares at Harry from the Malfoy Seat in another part of the chamber. Nobody is surprised by her interjection, least of all Augusta... though the older woman does seem rather exasperated as she gestures to Narcissa.

“Very well. You are recognized Lady Malfoy. Speak.”

Straightening up to her full height and squaring her shoulders as well as setting her jaw, Narcissa’s nostrils flare as she sweeps her gaze around the room.

“This man... this wizard has come out of nowhere. Presumably from the mainland, but even then there’s no trace of his origins. He has laid claim to two of our most ancient vaults, bypassing the restrictions that the Gringotts Goblins have gleefully put on the rest of us. He says that his claim comes through blood, but the relations between House Black and House Potter are well documented and slim at best. For him to have both Black and Potter blood flowing through him doesn’t make sense! I declare him a pretender! A false heir to House Black at the very least and likely House Potter as well!”

Narcissa’s incredibly inflammatory words ignite even more of a reaction from the other twenty-ish witches in the room. Seeing them all whispering to one another seems to embolden her as she lets a vindictive smile spread across her face and jabs a finger at him.

“Tell me, Ladies of the Wizengamot, are we really going to let a wizard with mysterious origins come and dictate to us? Are we really going to let him step

foot in these chambers and make himself at home? I say nay! I call for the removal of this pretender Harry Hallows immediately!”

Well. Talk about a firebrand. Harry arches a brow, even as everyone starts trying to talk at once, several witches rising from their seats to speak over one another. Harry casts a silent bit of magic on himself to parse what they’re saying... and is pleasantly surprised that Narcissa doesn’t seem to actually have much agreement from the other women in the room.

Oh, those few closest to her, likely her allies, are certainly advocating for his removal as well, leaving her smug smirk in place as she gazes at him like she’s already won... but beneath their loud voices are other noble witches who are not so... convinced.

Finally, Augusta brings out her wand and produces a loud bang that shuts everyone up and sends them back to their seats. Not that everyone had risen or tried to speak... for instance, the likes of Lady Slytherin had remained seated, not saying a word.

Once everyone is quiet again, however, Augusta gazes at all of them angrily.

“Is this a government body or a pack of animals? I will have decorum in these chambers or I will start removing you lot first.”

There’s some shuffling in seats at that, a handful of witches looking appropriately chagrined and called to task. Most of them just sit primly and properly, noses up in the air though.

“Lord Hallows has made a motion. Lady Malfoy has presented her complaint and called for his removal. However, the Lady Malfoy has no right to call for the removal of another member of the Wizengamot. Whether you like it or not, Lady Malfoy, the Lord Hallows is a recognized member of this governing body. The only question today is whether he will be keeping House Potter and House Black separate, or consolidating the two seats into one under House Hallows.”

Narcissa's smug smile drops and she once again looks like she bit into something sour. More than that, there's a rage in her eyes that makes Harry wonder if she's going to outright attack Augusta or something. She doesn't, obviously, but he does have to admit to some mild surprise over how hard Augusta is shutting the other woman down.

To be fair, back when the Wizengamot was a proper ruling body with somewhere between fifty and a hundred sitting members, there was a lot of factionalism. Especially among the so-called 'Light' and 'Dark' families. Dumbledore had done a lot to push that while he'd been Chief Warlock, with someone like Lucius Malfoy having to focus his efforts on turning Cornelius Fudge into his puppet because Dumbledore and his 'Light' Faction so thoroughly dominated the Wizengamot.

It wasn't until Lucius had the Minister of Magic in his back pocket that he'd been able to make any sort of progress at eroding Dumbledore's support structure.

However, that was then and this was now. There really weren't enough people left in the Wizengamot to support that sort of thing... or so Harry would have assumed. Admittedly, he'd never been much of a politician.

And yet, Narcissa had definitely been part of the 'Dark' faction... and Augusta as the Matriarch of House Longbottom would have been part of the 'Light' faction. So perhaps that was why she was shutting down Narcissa's attempt to have him completely thrown out of these chambers. Or maybe she really just was that much of a stickler for tradition and procedure.

"Bringing the topic at hand back to Lord Hallows' motion... we have heard from Lady Malfoy. Would anyone else like to speak before we put things to a vote?"

Harry looks around the chamber at that, curious who else might have an opinion on the subject. One would think it would be nobody, but that would be ignoring the fact that these were all Pureblood Nobles. They loved nothing more than to stick their noses where they didn't belong AND make themselves heard on subjects they weren't truly involved in.

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**A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!**