

go on.”

Harry bit his lip in thought. The diary had been with Lucius Malfoy, and the locket... either Voldemort had left it in Grimmauld Place, or he'd given it to Regulus Black.

“What about with his other followers?” he suggested. “That seems to be what he did with them; giving them to other people to look after.” He was struck with a thought, and frowned. “Is there a way to search the vaults of his Death Eaters? I know the contents is private and everything,” he added quickly. “But if you're, like, cataloguing or whatever. Surely you could take a look?”

The pair frowned, Bill glancing at Gorrak for authority on the matter. Slowly, a sharklike grin crossed the goblin's face. “It is true that what wizards choose to store in their vaults is at their discretion,” he began. “However, the Nation has laws. Including the law that no living being is to be contained within a vault.” His dark eyes flashed viciously. “I believe a horcrux could be considered a living being, of a sort. It would be entirely within Gringotts policy to remove such an object from its vault for violation of goblin law.” He turned to Harry, nodding decisively. “We shall see it done. If there is a horcrux within this bank, we will find it.”

“Brilliant.” Harry's stomach clenched, hardly daring to hope it might be that simple.

When he looked back to Sirius, his godfather was bent over the desk, wielding a sharp grey quill over an ancient looking piece of parchment. Considering Gorrak and Bill were already deep in discussion over which vaults to check, Harry sidled over to the desk, peering at it curiously. “What are you up to?”

“Oh, y'know,” Sirius replied airily. “Just a little family tree maintenance.”

Harry's eyes widened, and he looked closer. Sirius' name on the tree now glowed bright gold, showing him to be the current head of the family. A few rows over, in fresh black ink, was Andromeda Black Tonks.

Sirius had only needed to write her name; as the magic accepted her reintroduction to the family, ink sprawled out, creating lines to link her to her husband Edward Tonks, and her child Nymphadora Tonks. Sirius nodded in satisfaction, then put the quill down, reaching for a blood red one lying next to the family tree.

Without hesitation, he struck a line through the name of Bellatrix Black Lestrage, murmuring something in Latin that Harry didn't quite catch. There was a flare of magic, a tug within Harry's core, and then Bellatrix's name faded on the paper until it was little more than a scar of faded ink, her connections to her family dissolved.

“Merlin, that felt good,” Sirius declared, smirking. Farlig grinned, rolling up the family tree at Sirius' order.

“I will have the full accounts of the Black holdings sent to Curse-breaker Weasley to bring to you,” he declared.