

memories. “Lucky you found it, then. Bill’ll take care of it. Just add it to the pile of shit from this house I’m paying for the goblins to destroy.”

“I— Ron said Mrs Weasley told them to just chuck everything out. Even the stuff that isn’t cursed.”

Sirius’ smile grew twisted. “Oh, I’m sure she did. Easy to be careless with things when they don’t belong to you, isn’t it?” He looked up at Harry, and his gaze softened. “Don’t worry, pup. Molly thinks I’m disposing of all the rubbish bags as she sets them aside to be chucked. Really I’m going through them with Moony and Ceri — the cursed stuff needs properly managing, and anything worth keeping is going to the family heirloom vault, just in case you want it when you’re older. Or your boyfriend does,” he added with a wink. “Him and Cissa have as much of a right to it as we do, I think.”

Harry’s shoulders slumped in relief. “Good. I thought — I know you’ve got bad memories of your family,” he said cautiously. “I didn’t know if that would extend to the things they used to own.”

“The Black family wasn’t always awful,” Sirius told him. “It’s just in the last century or so — a bunch of them got mixed up with Grindelwald, and it all went downhill from there. But a few generations of shite shouldn’t make the whole family a write-off. And I’ll be damned if I let Mundungus bloody Fletcher make money from selling my family silverware,” he added with a growl.

“Seriously? He tried that?” Harry asked incredulously, outrage brewing when Sirius nodded. “Why is this Fletcher bloke even in the Order? He sounds useless.”

“He’s Dumbledore’s contact in the *less reputable* parts of the magical community,” Sirius quoted with a roll of his eyes. “As if he’s even good at that. Idiot’s useless in a fight, has double-crossed half the dodgy dealers in the country, and can’t be trusted as far as you can throw him. But Albus insists he’s useful, so he stays. Merlin only knows what plans the old goat has for him.”

Harry scowled. He’d like to be given five minutes alone with Fletcher.

He pushed the bloodthirsty urges away, grinning when a spell from Sirius had all the posters fluttering to the ground.

“There we go!” the animagus cheered, vanishing the posters with a flick of his wand. “Knew I’d get there eventually.” He turned to Harry, winking. “You can put up pictures of sexy boys now, if you want.”

“I think I’ll pass, thanks,” Harry said with a snort.

“Hmm, yeah; don’t want Draco getting jealous,” Sirius teased, yelping when Harry shot a Stinging hex at him. “Oi! You’ve gotten far too used to doing magic whenever you want.”

“I haven’t done any in front of the others, don’t worry,” Harry assured. “They still think they’ll get in trouble. Has no one explained to them how the trace laws work?”