

“Now, Charlie, you can’t tell me you think it’s *normal*, how quickly Harry has gone from practically being part of our family to refusing to talk to Ron! He was so rude to me last year when we were all at Headquarters — he’s ignoring Professor Dumbledore, even! I can’t be the only one who’s concerned about his behaviour; his friendship with the Malfoy boy can’t mean anything good!”

“He was *rude* because he knows you stole from him, Mum!” Charlie blurted furiously. Silence fell abruptly. Charlie’s eyes widened in horror, Bill and the twins mirroring his expression, while the rest just looked confused.

“What?” Arthur spluttered, bewildered. “Charlie, what do you mean?”

He shouldn’t have said anything, but it was too late to take it back now. “Dumbledore gave Mum Harry’s vault key every summer, and she stole money from his account. Multiple times,” he confessed, staring his mother down. “He found out about it ages ago. He didn’t want you to know that he knew — didn’t want to cause trouble in the family. But I can’t sit there and listen to you talk about how *concerned* you are about him when you were perfectly happy to steal from a twelve year-old who thought the world of you!”

“What does it matter if Mum took a bit of money?” Ron scoffed, rolling his eyes. “He’s loaded, it’s not like he’d miss it.”

“That’s not the point, Ron!” Charlie snapped. “I’m sure if anyone had *asked*, Harry would have given you all the money you needed! He’s that kind of person. But to take from him without so much as a word, to pretend to welcome him into the family just to get *access* to him...” He shook his head, disgusted.

“Molly,” Arthur started, eyes narrowing. “Is this true?”

“I— it was just the money for his school things! And a bit extra — we had an extra mouth to feed, after all. I didn’t think he’d *mind*. Albus said it would be fine.”

“Almost two hundred galleons,” Bill said suddenly, drawing everyone’s attention. “Between Harry starting school and getting the security changed on his vault.”

Molly’s face reddened. Arthur stared at his eldest son. “You knew about this, too?”

“Harry told us not to tell you,” Bill replied. “He wasn’t sure if you knew — and if you didn’t, he didn’t want to cause problems, like Charlie said.”

“I never should have brought it up,” Charlie said. He was going to have some serious apologising to do when he got back home. “It wasn’t mine to share. But I just — you get so bloody *high and mighty*, Mum. Like you’re the only person who could possibly have Harry’s best interests at heart — you hated Sirius even before we got together because having him around meant that Harry might not need you as much anymore. And knowing what I know, I can’t be sure if that hate comes from a genuine care for Harry, or just because you’re mad at losing access to the Boy-Who-Lived and everything that comes with it. And that doesn’t even *touch* on how shitty you’ve been about my relationship — about all our relationships. Bloody