

“I can do that,” Harry agreed. His aunt and uncle never had to know he was there — fifteen minutes of sitting and looking sad would be good thinking time. He was doing so much thinking, these days. He felt like a Ravenclaw.

They were interrupted by a soft hoot, and then through the open living room window came a large pharaoh eagle owl; Bill Weasley’s owl. It had a letter in its talons, which it dropped in Harry’s lap. Harry’s brows furrowed; that was a much quicker response than he’d expected.

*Dear Harry,*

*Surprise! I’m back in England. With the current political climate, I’ve taken a job closer to home. Gorrak himself has asked me to head the research team on a rather difficult case he’s had on his desk for a little bit. I’m sure you know the one.*

*I’ve heard you’re being watched, but I’ve also heard that you’re not where you’re supposed to be. If that’s the case, would you possibly be able to meet me at Gringotts in the morning, at around nine? Bring someone you trust. It’s important.*

*If you can’t make it, let me know and I’ll figure out some other way to get the information to you. But it’s not something that should be mentioned outside of protected walls, and Gringotts isn’t just good at keeping gold safe.*

*Hopefully see you tomorrow,*

*Bill*

“Gorrak’s got Bill looking into my scar already?” Harry said, reading the letter a second time in case there were any more subtle hints he might’ve missed. “Well, Charlie did say he and Bill were looking at moving closer to home to try and take their Wizengamot seats from Mr Weasley.” He looked up at his two guardians. “Can I go?”

“It sounds like it’s worth the risk. We’ll go in disguise,” Remus confirmed. “I’m sure the goblins will understand.”

If Bill had found a way to remove the magic on Harry’s scar, he would’ve said so in the letter. But maybe he’d at least identified it.

“Well, at least that’s one less international letter for Hedwig to deliver,” Harry said. He hoped she was doing alright in her voyages to France, Bulgaria and Romania. “Has Bill been at any Order meetings?”

“No, and Molly hasn’t mentioned him either. He must’ve only just got back in the country,” Remus said with a frown.

“If he needs to meet with you before his own family, it must be urgent indeed,” Snape remarked, also looking grim. Harry shrugged, turning back to the letter. They’d find out in the morning, he supposed.

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