

Harry didn't know what to look at first; the gleaming wood chests overflowing with treasure; the huge piles of bright tapestries and rugs and what looked like saris; the beautiful furniture stacked all over the vault; the towering bookshelf in the corner with hundreds of titles nestled safely inside. His breath caught in his throat.

"I went down here once, y'know," Remus told him. "James brought Sirius and I down to come pick out an engagement ring for Lily from the family selection. Not sure where Pete was that day, but he didn't come with us. It wasn't quite as full then — some of the furniture was still at your grandparents' house. But when they went into hiding, they had the Potter elves clear out all the properties of anything that might be valuable, just in case. Lily always said when the war was over they'd come back down and pick some out for their own house, so you'd be able to grow up with your heritage around you." He smiled sadly, crossing over to a beautiful cabinet engraved with elephants and stained various shades of red and orange and gold. "This was in your grandparents' living room. Sirius got stuck in it once when we played hide-and-seek with some of Euphemia's friends' grandkids."

Harry snickered, feeling the emotion well in his chest. These things all belonged to his family, had memories for his father or his grandparents or other relatives. He would never learn those memories.

"I can't claim any of the Potter properties until I'm of age, can I?" he asked sadly. Farlig cleared his throat.

"Not legally. But were you to visit one and ask the wards for access, as the last blood Potter, they are unlikely to deny you," he said shiftily. "We at Gringotts cannot pass on the deed until you are a legal adult, but as none of your properties are under any sort of Fidelius that we know of, there is nothing stopping you from finding them."

A slow smirk crept over Harry's lips. "Huh. Good to know." He was happy at Seren Du, but there was a war coming, and God only knew what might happen. It was nice to know he had options.

This was the hardest vault of them all to walk away from with only the family book. Remus squeezed him around the shoulders, kissing his hair. "We'll come back," he promised. "We'll sit and look at every single item in the vault, if you want to."

He did. He really, really did.

Finally, he asked Farlig to take them back up to the surface so they could head home. It was so different, seeing all those heirlooms in person rather than just a list on a roll of parchment. His entire family history, crammed into a handful of vaults. Remnants from when all four families had had dozens of people within them, multiple lines to inherit and collect and claim items from the vaults, enough to fill all of the family houses. Now it was just Harry. What was he supposed to do with all that stuff?

As the cart flew through the tunnels beneath the bank, Harry let himself dream. He dreamed of a house with a huge garden, with the elephant cabinet in the living room and the bright rugs on the floor, and the Peverell family silverware in the cupboards — Sirius could have the Black family stuff, wherever he was living. He dreamed of several sets of tiny footsteps