

Once they had the cabinet completely empty — something that took several hours, and more than a couple of close calls with cursed objects — Hermione insisted they move it to check for doxies nesting behind it. Just as they were getting ready to pick up the heavy piece of furniture, the drawing room door opened.

“Lunch is— whoa, whoa, what are you three doing?” It was Bill Weasley, whose eyes went wide in alarm at the sight of them.

“Clearing the cabinet, like Mum said,” Ron replied with a shrug. “Thought we’d check it for doxies.”

Bill’s gaze flicked from the cabinet, to the bulging rubbish bag, to Harry — who gave a discreet nod and a pointed glance, expressing his own feelings on the matter. “I told Mum I’d deal with that!” Bill fussed, waving his wand and raising a shield over the rubbish bag. “Bloody hell, what was she thinking? You three could’ve been killed!”

“We were fine!” Ron argued.

“None of you should be touching anything in this damned house without an adult present! There’s all manner of curses on all sorts of things! Tonks and I found a hairbrush that was enchanted to take a bite out of your skull the other day, just lying on a shelf!” Ron paled, and Hermione gasped.

“But— but Mrs Weasley said it was all safe, she’d checked it,” she said, voice wobbling.

Again, Bill’s eyes moved to Harry, who shook his head ever so slightly. The cabinet contents was *not* safe.

“It’s not your fault,” Bill assured. “I just need to have a word with Mum about the kind of jobs she’s giving you lot. Bloody hell. Anyway, leave that thing where it is — lunch is ready. Also, hi, Harry; good to see you.”

“Hi, Bill,” Harry greeted, as if he hadn’t already seen the redhead that summer. “The twins mentioned you were around.” He paused for a moment — he didn’t want to raise suspicions, but he *really* didn’t want to go to lunch with that *thing* in his pocket. “Hey, can I borrow you for a second? There’s a locked drawer in the desk in the room I’m staying in, Sirius says he can’t remember being the one to lock it and he thought we should get you to take a look first. Just in case.”

Bill frowned, then caught the insistent look in Harry’s eyes, and nodded. “Yeah, no problem; I’m sure it’ll only take a second. You two go on ahead, tell Mum we’ll catch up,” he said to Ron and Hermione. Ron, not ever one to miss a meal, dragged a protesting Hermione down the stairs, while Harry led the way to his bedroom. When they were inside, he warded the door.

“There’s not actually a locked drawer in the desk, is there?” Bill presumed, glancing at the desk in question. Harry grinned lopsidedly.