

“May I remove this from the vault?” Harry asked Farlig, and the goblin nodded.

“Everything in the vault is yours, Mr Potter,” he informed him. “You may remove whatever you wish.”

It was tempting to grab anything that looked interesting and take it home with him, but Harry figured a lot of it was probably safest where it had been for the last however many years, and he could always come back another time to explore properly. The book was the only thing he removed from the Peverell vault.

Next they went to the Slytherin vault. As expected, there was a truly astonishing amount of green and silver, and snakes made up most of the decor. Harry again wished he could spend hours down there investigating everything — there was far more in this vault than the previous one. Huge cases full of books, glittering jewellery and weapons and housewares, portraits wrapped in canvas, an entire suit of armour with the helmet shaped like a spitting cobra. There was nothing more recent than the mid-19th century, according to Remus.

Harry found the Slytherin family book on a pedestal next to a statue of a bearded man, and he put that in his bag as well. He had to tear himself away from the vault after that, and Remus chuckled. “We can always come back, cub. When there’s more time to spare.” When Harry was older. When he wasn’t being watched. When Voldemort was dead. Harry wouldn’t have anything resembling time to spare until then.

The Black vault filled both of them with trepidation, having heard all sorts of horror stories about the family from Sirius. This vault was huge and full of all manner of things, none of which looked like they were entirely safe to touch. “One day, when the war’s over,” he declared, tiptoeing through the vault with Remus at his shoulder, aiming for the family book sat on a dresser. “We’re going to come back here with Bill and Sirius and Snape, and we’re going to get rid of every cursed, dark or potentially lethal object.”

“A fun activity for all the family,” Remus agreed wryly, ducking when a scarf hanging on the edge of a mirror lunged out and tried to bite him. With its *fangs*.

Harry grabbed the book and hurried back over to Farlig in the doorway, giving the goblin’s amused face a dubious look. “You can help too,” he decided. “Anything we can dismantle the spells from, we can sell it.” The goblins would like that. Harry didn’t care as long as he wasn’t releasing cursed stuff into the general public.

By the time their mine cart slowed to a halt outside the Potter vault, Harry’s palms were clammy and his heart hammered against his ribs. Remus squeezed his shoulder. “We don’t have to do this today, cub,” he said softly. “We can come back another time. Or Farlig can go in and get the book.”

Harry shook his head, climbing out of the cart and placing his hand on the vault door as he had done with the previous three, letting it feel his magic. The door melted away.

Unlike the previous three, the Potter heirloom vault was a riot of colour.