

“There is, but Sirius knows exactly what’s in there, and he says I won’t open it if I know what’s good for me,” he replied dryly, chuckling at Bill’s look of mild disgust. “No, I wanted to show you this — I found it in that cabinet we were clearing out.” Carefully, he dug the locket out and set it on the desk, nudging the rag away so Bill could see it clearly. “It has the same magic as my scar, Bill. I think it’s another horcrux.”

“Another?” Bill asked, aghast. “You think he made more than just you?”

“I wouldn’t put it past him.” Voldemort had already more than proved he was willing to take an innocent life. “Even if it’s not, it feels awful and needs destroying, but I really think it is, Bill.”

Bill scanned it with several spells, his expression growing more and more grave. “I think you’re right, mate.” Reaching into the pocket of his leather jacket, Bill pulled out a dragonhide bag, and levitated the locket inside it. Immediately, Harry felt the pressure of the magic ease off. “There; that’ll keep it protected until I can get it back to work, do some investigating. I’ll take care of it, don’t worry, Harry.” He pocketed the bag again, then clapped Harry on the shoulder. “I’m sorry about your cousin, by the way. Awful stuff.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, heart clenching briefly. “S’pose you’ve heard it’s all being swept under the rug.”

“Merlin forbid the Ministry take responsibility for anything,” Bill retorted wryly. “But they’ll get theirs, eventually. Once the right people are in power.” He squeezed Harry’s shoulder, nudging him towards the door. “Come on; if we don’t hurry up, Ron’ll have eaten everything.”

Harry snorted — even Ron might struggle with the amount of food Mrs Weasley cooked in this house, never sure how many people she’d be feeding. But he was hungry, so he let Bill lead the way down to the kitchen, both of them tip-toeing past Mrs Black’s portrait.

While they ate, Bill tried as tactfully as possible to tell his mother the kids shouldn’t be dealing with cursed objects unsupervised.

“Well there’s only so much cleaning they can do without their wands,” was her response, and Bill grimaced.

“Maybe they shouldn’t be cleaning, either?” he suggested. Clearly he wasn’t going to point out that they could definitely use magic without getting into trouble — Harry wondered if Mrs Weasley had forbidden everyone from revealing that fact to Ron, Ginny and Hermione. “It’s the summer, Mum. Just let them relax.”

“The kids have plenty of time to relax as well, Bill, don’t worry,” Mrs Weasley assured. “But if I didn’t give them anything to do, Merlin only knows what sort of trouble they’d get into!” She laughed, shaking her head. “Though I do see what you mean about the cursed cabinets; they can stick to taking down wallpaper until they’re back at school. There’s certainly plenty of it that needs to go!”