

“Oh,” Mrs Weasley deflated for a second, then continued clearing the table. “Not to worry, then. That’s one less thing to worry about. I’ll have to send your vault key back to Professor Dumbledore.” That was muttered to herself as an afterthought, but Harry stiffened, his hands clenching under the table. Dumbledore still had his vault key? And was just sending it out however he pleased? Harry should have known.

He made a mental note to include a word about that in the letter he planned to write to Gorrak and Farlig about his scar, wondering if there was any way to stop people accessing his vaults without permission. Merlin only knew what the headmaster was doing with free access to Harry’s family vaults.

Between the eleven of them they made short work of taking all the dishes back into the kitchen, and Harry was soon curled up on the cot bed in Ron’s room, closing his eyes and trying not to feel strange about no longer being in his own bedroom. It was funny how quickly he’d gotten used to it. For once, he had somewhere that felt more like home than Hogwarts.