

“We’ve dealt with worse,” Ron agreed. Harry bit his tongue against the retort that they had dealt with worse *with their wands*. If anything truly tried to get at him, he could always use wandless magic.

Still, as he got stuck in with removing items from the cabinet, he had to wonder what kind of scan Mrs Weasley had done; some of these things were *dripping* with dark magic. Ron yelped as a snuff box tried to bite his finger off, flinging it into the rubbish bag.

Harry pulled out a large silver serving tray embossed with the Black family crest, and looked around. “Is there somewhere Sirius wants us to put this stuff?”

“Mum said just chuck it all,” Ron dismissed. “It’s all dark — not like Sirius has any use for it anymore, is it?” He snorted.

At his sides, Harry’s fists clenched. “Did she ask Sirius that?” These things were family heirlooms, centuries old. They were the Black family legacy — *Harry’s* family legacy. It wasn’t even cursed, it was just a serving tray!

“Sirius hates this house,” Hermione told him. “He doesn’t want anything to do with his family.”

That didn’t sound like something Sirius would say — since he’d learned Harry was his heir, he’d become determined to redeem the Black family name eventually, no matter what it took.

But Harry didn’t want to cause yet another argument, so he reluctantly put the tray in the bin bag, and turned back to the cabinet.

He frowned, recoiling — in the corner of the cabinet, tucked away behind a vase Hermione had just removed, was a gold locket with the letter S embossed on the front. And it was full of dark magic — *familiar* dark magic.

It carried the same oily, disgusting feeling as the magic in Harry’s scar.

His heart leapt into his throat. Carefully, with the rag covering his hand, Harry reached for the locket. It didn’t seem to react when he picked it up, but he could feel the magic brushing up against his own like he’d had a bucket of cold water dumped over his head. He shuddered, then glanced up at Ron and Hermione, who were bickering over a crystal bottle that Ron was insisting contained blood.

While they were distracted, Harry put the rag-wrapped locket into his trouser pocket, resolutely trying to ignore the magic rolling off it in waves.

He’d get a closer look at it later, in his room. But in the back of his mind, there was a sinking certainty that he already knew what it was.

The question was, how the hell had it ended up *here*?

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