

“Calling in that favour?” Charlie presumed, glancing back at the dragons. Harry shook his head.

“Nah, I’ve sorted that. This is about the letter I sent you the other week.” That got Charlie’s attention. To Harry’s surprise, the redhead put up several privacy charms, then leaned back against a tree.

“What sort of trouble have you got yourself into now, Potter?” he asked, his tone fondly resigned.

“Did Bill talk to you about the letter I sent him?” Charlie nodded. “Good. See, when I was in Diagon the summer before last year — Ron told you about that, right? Blew up my aunt?” Again, Charlie nodded, grinning faintly. “Right, yeah, well when I was there, I went to Gringotts, and something a bit strange happened.”

He told Charlie what Gorrak and Farlig had found, watching the redhead’s jaw drop.

“Bill wondered if it was something like that,” he admitted when Harry was done. “He said Gorrak only gets called in for really high-profile cases, inheritance theft and magic tampering and the like. And when he spoke to him, asked him about you, well; Gorrak didn’t say anything, but I don’t think he had to.” Charlie ran a hand through his hair. “Shite, Harry. And you’ve been dealing with this alone ever since?”

“Not completely alone, but that’s a whole other story that’ll take too long to tell you now.” Charlie had already been gone for a little while, his coworkers would eventually wonder where he was. “But safe to say, I don’t trust Dumbledore anymore. And…” Here came the hard part. “Recently Gorrak sent me a list of withdrawals from my vault over the years, to see if Dumbledore had taken anything. He had, and I’ll deal with that eventually, but… Charlie, your mum took money out, too. Way more than she could’ve needed to buy my school things for me.”

That threw Charlie for a loop. He slumped against the tree, blue eyes staring at Harry pleadingly. “Mum? Really?” Harry wished he could tell the man otherwise, but he merely shook his head.

“I don’t know if Dumbledore told her to do it, or she just thought she’d go for it since I wouldn’t notice a few extra galleons missing here or there, but… she did it. I didn’t want to believe it either.”

“It’s been hard, raising seven kids on Dad’s salary,” Charlie said with a sigh. “But to think she’d stoop that low…”

“I’m sorry,” Harry started, but Charlie cut him off.

“Don’t, it’s not your fault. She’s an adult, and she makes her own choices. I just… fuck.” He looked like his entire worldview had been rocked. Harry guiltily wondered if he shouldn’t have kept quiet. “If my family have done you wrong, then I swear on the Weasley name I will make it up to you,” Charlie vowed, his words thick with magic. Harry looked up in surprise. Charlie winked. “Heir Weasley, at your service. Bill’s taking the Prewett seat.”