

“Masters’ quidditch things is being in the shed,” Ceri piped up. “Dobby is putting them there last night.”

“Perfect, thanks.” Harry thought for a moment. “My practice snitch is still in my trunk, I think. I’m gonna run up and grab it; I’ll meet you outside?”

Draco nodded, brushing a kiss across Harry’s cheek before the Gryffindor could sprint up to his room. So focused on finding the snitch so he could get out in the sunshine and up in the air, Harry almost didn’t notice the things on the bed. Then he skidded to a halt, eyes going wide.

The bed was made — a habit after years of having to make Dudley’s — and there, in the centre, was a folded up cloak. His invisibility cloak.

He took a step closer, realising the cloak was not alone. On top of it lay the Elder Wand and the resurrection stone in its new ring, both items that had been in his pocket the night before that he’d completely forgotten about in his grief.

But how the hell did they get *there*?

With a hesitant hand, Harry reached out, brushing his fingers over the silky fabric. He had truly thought he would never see it again, thought it was lost to Dumbledore forever.

This Hallow can only be freely given. Never stolen .

He jumped at the voice that echoed through his head. His eyes went wide. Was that...

The truth that all the legends forgot, is that the Hallows combined mean nothing in the hands of one who fears Death. A true master does not fear their subject, after all.

Yup; Death itself was speaking to him, in his head. Or he’d gone mad.

Not madness, little Master.

I don’t want to be your Master, Harry thought at the entity. *I never asked for any of this.*

Exactly. I knew, when I created these Hallows, that they would drive mortals mad. That they would send souls to my domain, in their greed and lust for power. And I knew, when I offered these Hallows to three young men, that their family would be the perfect vessel for the magic I offered. It takes more than just ownership of the Hallows, little Master. It takes Peverell blood, and a soul that has seen Death up close yet does not shy away, does not seek to delay it. A soul I have been waiting for for a very long time.

Harry stared at the bedspread, at the cloak and stone and wand lying innocently on top. *You knew it would be me, when you made them? How... how is that possible?*

Time means little in Death, little Master. The voice sounded almost amused. ***Now, you have the Hallows. The strength of the Deathstick, the power of the Resurrection Stone, the protection of the Invisibility Cloak. I am at your command. What will you do?***