

When the goblin returned, it was with a second goblin at his side. This one looked older, with wispy white hair and a deeply lined face. “This is Gorrak, Mr Potter. He’s one of our senior staff, and specialises in inheritance claims and family magic.”

Harry wondered if goblins shook hands. When none was offered to him, he merely nodded, twisting his fingers anxiously in the hem of his t-shirt. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Gorrak. Can I ask... what am I doing here?”

“Do you consent to a scan of your magic?” Gorrak asked, bypassing all pleasantries. Harry blinked.

“I— yes, I consent.” If the goblins were planning to hurt him, they probably wouldn’t ask consent first.

Gorrak raised his hands, and his fingertips glowed with a faint silver light as he ran them over the air a foot in front of Harry. If Harry concentrated, he could feel a sort of... tingle, faint on his skin, making the hair on his arms stand up. Gorrak lowered his arms, scowling.

“Wizards.” He spat the word like a curse, sharing an unreadable look with his colleague.

“Farlig, did Mr Potter have anyone with him when he spoke to you?”

“No, sir,” the other goblin, Farlig, replied promptly. “He was alone.”

“What’s the matter?” Harry interrupted, cheeks turning red as both goblins turned to look at him. “Something’s wrong. Am I okay? Is my magic okay?”

Gorrak eyed him speculatively. “Mr Potter, can you recall any time in which you have been the recipient of any sort of long-term enchantment, or ritual magic?”

Harry’s brow furrowed. “Ritual magic?” he repeated, bewildered. “No, not that I know of. Why?” Had someone cursed him?

“I expected as much. The block is so deeply ingrained, you were probably just a baby when it was set.” Gorrak’s muttered words were more to himself than Harry, but Harry caught them anyway, and froze.

“Block?” he repeated. His pulse thudded in his ears. “Are you— am I— I don’t understand.”

Gorrak met his gaze unflinchingly. “Mr Potter, I regret to inform you that there is a rather severe block on your magical core, entirely restricting your access to your family magics.”

The words echoed in Harry’s head.

“Family magics? What does that mean?” He’d never heard of such a thing.

Gorrak took the seat opposite him, a serious expression on his face. “Family magics, Mr Potter, are the magics passed down through wizarding families for generations. They are tied to your individual magical core, but are a separate part of it — they pass certain gifts or talents down family lines, and every wizarding parent will pass on some level of family magics to their children. Even muggleborn parents. In your case, however, the magics are of one of the oldest lines in wizarding Europe. They are an enormous part of your core, and