

“Really,” Neville confirmed. “My gran’s got my proxy right now, but she’ll pass things to me as soon as I’m old enough. Oh, this is great, Harry! The others will be so happy to hear you’re taking up your heirship; we weren’t sure, you see, when you never said anything.”

“Wait, no!” Harry went wide-eyed in alarm. “You can’t tell anyone, Neville.” He didn’t even know who these ‘others’ were, but if Dumbledore got wind of any of it...

“Harry, whatever Ron’s told you, it’s nothing to be ashamed of,” Neville replied, sounding defensive. “The House of Potter has a great history, and being an heir is a huge honour.”

“No, it’s not that, I—“ Harry faltered, letting out a sigh. Surely he could trust Neville, right? Especially if he was also an heir. Maybe he’d be able to help Harry out. “Come here.”

He scooted up the bed to make room for Neville to sit opposite him, then closed the curtains, putting up one of the privacy charms he’d learned from *A Hundred Spells Every Wizard Should Know*. Neville’s eyebrows rose. “What I’m telling you, Neville, you can’t tell *anyone*, okay?”

Neville nodded, brow furrowing in confusion. And Harry told him — all about his trip to Gringotts, and the block on his magic, and who he thought was responsible.

“I’ve been trying to learn everything I can since I found out,” he said, gesturing to the books. “Bought a load of books. But there’s so much I don’t know, and I can’t make things too obvious or Dumbledore will know I found out about the block.”

“He blocked your family magics?” Neville’s voice came out in a horrified whisper, his face pale. “He could get sent to Azkaban for that! That’s *so many* different kinds of illegal!”

Harry winced. “Who’s gonna believe me over him, though?” he said plaintively. “Even if they did, he’d find some way to convince everyone it’s all for my own good, or some rot.”

“That’s awful.” Neville squeezed Harry’s shoulder supportively. “Do Ron and Hermione know?”

Harry shook his head. “I can’t be sure they won’t go to him over it. Or he might get to them somehow anyway.” He couldn’t speak quite so plainly as he wanted to, but Neville got the idea; he couldn’t trust them yet.

“I’ll write to my gran,” Neville assured. “She taught me everything I know, she can help you too. Obviously she won’t know all the stuff that’s specific to the Potter family, but there’s probably a book in your vault about that. Or for, uh, any of the other families. Merlin, Harry, Slytherin? That’s *insane*! And Black, too — the House of Black is one of the oldest known pureblood lines in the world! How’d you get that one?”

“No idea,” Harry said with a shrug. “I guess someone down the line named me their heir. Do you really think your gran could help?”

“She’d be honoured,” Neville replied. “She loves all that stuff — can’t wait til I’m old enough to get more involved. She can keep a secret, too.” Neville paused, having a thought.