

live Marauder.

That made Lupin chuckle. “I’m glad our good work is being continued. But that doesn’t mean you can tell them, Harry,” he added. “I’m telling you because it’s James, and because I need you to understand why it’s so dangerous to have this map. Sirius Black helped create it. If it ended up in his hands, he could find you anywhere in the castle. I can’t let you have it back, I’m sorry.”

Harry winced; if he’d known, he never would have kept the map. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him. “Don’t take it to Dumbledore.”

“Beg your pardon, Harry?”

“Don’t take the map to Professor Dumbledore. Please.” If Dumbledore found the map, if he had another way of monitoring Harry... he was screwed. Lupin’s brow furrowed.

“I wasn’t planning on doing so. But why don’t you want it going to the Headmaster?”

Harry glanced down at the map, then back up at Lupin, deciding to throw caution to the wind. Lupin had been good about being honest with him so far. “Professor Dumbledore put a curse on my magical core to block me from my family magics.”

Lupin’s eyes went wide in alarm. Harry blurted out the whole story of his trip to Gringotts, including the Compulsion charm, explaining why he thought Dumbledore was the one who did it. “And I shouldn’t have told you that, because he can read minds, and if he finds out then he’ll know I know, and I’m done for!” he finished, somewhat panicked. Lupin’s hands came down on his shoulders, squeezing gently.

“You’re fine, Harry. Your secrets are safe with me. I have... let’s call them natural mental defences. Dumbledore has never been able to read my mind.” Harry let out a sigh of relief, and Lupin let him go, turning to pace the length of the desk. “Of all the things... I knew he was bad, but I never thought... Merlin, to block your family magics!” He turned to Harry abruptly. “You’re sure the block is gone?”

“The goblins said it was, yeah.”

Lupin sighed in relief. “Good. Good. When James turned seventeen, the boost in magic from his family line just about cracked all the windows in the dorm. That combined with the Black family — and Slytherin! Good grief, to have that sort of power surge trapped inside you with a magic blocker could level the school when you come of age!” His head snapped up, colour draining from his face. Harry’s heart skipped a beat, his blood turning to ice.

Was that what Dumbledore wanted?

“Who else have you told?”

“Neville knows about almost all of it. The twins know I’m taking up my family seat, but they don’t know about the block. And a few other kids — apparently word got around amongst the heirs that the House of Potter is back on the playing field.”