

without them you will be refused any inheritance or heirships, as well as any family gifts you may naturally possess.”

Harry blinked, not sure he understood correctly. “So they’re just... gone?” he asked, panic rising in his gut. Gorrak shook his head.

“They are still there, Mr Potter. They are merely inaccessible to you. Can I assume you were unaware of any blocks or limitations placed on your magical core?”

“I had no idea. Who— Voldemort?” He’d said the block had been placed when he was a baby. Could it have come from the attack?

“Unlikely,” Gorrak replied. “The ritual undertaken for this sort of block takes several hours to complete. From what I understand of your... history, the Dark Lord Voldemort would not have had time for such magic.”

Harry felt sick. Someone he trusted — someone his parents had trusted, enough to leave their baby with them for several hours — had placed a block on his magic. “Is it— am I in danger? Will it hurt me?”

“Currently, it is causing you no issue but a slight drain on your magical core. You have an impressively strong core for someone so young, Mr Potter, so it’s likely you haven’t noticed the difference. However, as the heir to the Potter line among others, should you come of age while still under the influence of the block, you will be unable to claim your rightful seats on the Wizengamot, or any of your inherited properties. You would also come to harm when your magical core fully matures, as the block required to restrain your family magic also does not allow your magical core to expand in any way.”

“I have seats on the Wizengamot?” Harry spluttered, eyes wide. Wasn’t that the wizarding government? How could he possibly have access to that?

“Not yet, Mr Potter, but you will once you come of age. The Noble and Most Ancient house of Potter has been part of the Wizengamot since its inception, and it is your birthright. You may also hold other seats — with the political climate in the last few decades, several ancient houses have lost their immediate heir, and the title has had to find other avenues in the family tree. I am unsure just how many families you are inheriting magic from, but with that in mind, this block could be restricting a truly astounding amount of magic within you. The backlash upon your coming of age would likely be severe, and explosive.”

For several moments, Harry sat in silence, letting the goblin’s words sink in. It all felt like some sort of nightmare.

Eventually, Gorrak cleared his throat. “Mr Potter, if you would consent, I would like to check you for any other spells or enchantments on your person. This may not be the only thing done to you.”

“There could be more?” Harry scoffed, running a hand through his hair. “Right, of course, this is me we’re talking about. There’s always more.” He shook his head with a derisive snort. “I consent. If there’s any magic on or in me that isn’t mine, I want to know about it.”