

pages and pages of writing on all sorts of subjects, not just inheritance.

From what he could gather, being an heir now was a little like being an heir back in the regency days of England, when inheritance actually meant something. All the families' properties and money would pass down to the heir, and they would become the head of the family when the previous head stepped down. That left them in charge of the family magics and wards, any Wizengamot seats they held, and the family name itself. This was mostly used for things like marriage contracts and such — everything had to go through the head of the family before it could become legal. That meant that when Harry turned seventeen, he would become the head of four families — he'd checked Wizengamot records, and all four seats were currently held in proxy. All four by none other than Albus Dumbledore.

It made Harry's blood boil when he thought about it — the more he'd connected the dots, the more he was sure that Dumbledore was the only person who could have put the block and curse on him. But for what end? He was training Harry up for something — that much had been clear since he'd met the man — but why did it involve cutting him off from his family magics, and causing his core to implode when he turned seventeen? What plans did he have for Harry that didn't let him become a happy, healthy adult wizard?

Either way, Harry resolved to watch his step around the headmaster in future. And if Dumbledore was false, then who else might have ulterior motives... no. He couldn't go down that road, or he'd drive himself crazy wondering who he could trust.

Remembering what Farlig had said about learning to sense his magic, Harry eventually managed to find a book about magical cores when he went back to Flourish and Blotts, and he had notes on that now, too. It would take time, but apparently wizards could learn to sense their own magic, which was how wandless magic became possible. Harry liked the idea of being able to perform spells even if he didn't have his wand on him, though hopefully now he'd bought that holster that wouldn't be a problem.

Eventually, however, Harry's brain began to hurt from the influx of new knowledge. Though he certainly found it easier to sit and read than he ever had done since starting Hogwarts — it was like being back in muggle primary school, when he'd spent most of his breaktime sat in the library reading and hiding from Dudley and his friends, taking refuge in the written word and spending hours buried in books. He wondered if the recent lack of attention span was due to the curse that made him more impulsive. He hoped so; he was used to having to pretend to get lower grades so as not to make Dudley angry, but at Hogwarts he actually struggled to keep up average grades on his homework. He felt a pang in his chest when he realised he'd have to go back to pretending, or Dumbledore would definitely know something was up.

Leaving his books securely hidden in the bottom of his trunk, Harry made his way back out to Diagon Alley, blinking at the bright sunshine. Maybe he had spent too much time indoors.

Hands in his pockets, he wandered aimlessly down the alley, intending on picking up where he left off the day he went to Gringotts. Wiseacre's was hardly the end of the alley, and there was so much more he hadn't explored.

Harry bought a glass bottle of cold pumpkin juice and sipped from it as he walked, eyes roaming the shop fronts with mild interest. Being thirteen, there were a lot of places in