

# Pyrite

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**Pairings:** Gen

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**Spoilers:**

**Warnings:**

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**Summary:** Harry learns something about pure-bloods, and his father, which rocks his world. And not in a good way.

**Notes:** Just an idea that popped into my head as I was trying to get to sleep earlier.

Harry took a seat when the goblin waved at one of the visitor chairs and looked up attentively, albeit a bit nervously. He was seventeen, and therefore old enough (according to wizarding law) to officially inherit. And frankly, he wasn't sure what would be there. Certainly, the Potter name was quite old, but one look at a family like the Weasleys brought home the point that far-reaching ancestors might mean nothing when it came to monetary matters.

"I am Gildmaar," the goblin said, sliding a folder over and opening it. He glanced at the contents, then said, "The world knows your birth date, but we must verify, that and your identity, to satisfy the usual safeguards on inheritance. Also that you are not under the control of any potions or spells."

He nodded, seeing the sense, and suffered to be tested. Thankfully, the goblin magic (and he was internally hooting over the idea that the ministry thought they were being so repressive by denying the goblins wands) was surprisingly gentle, and it was over quickly enough.

"Excellent," the goblin quite nearly drawled. "Then we shall move on. Mr Potter, it is rumored that your education has been somewhat lacking, you having been raised in the muggle world. With that in mind I shall explain more in depth than I would normally."

And by then Harry was feeling mightily curious.

"Pure-blood families have, for a very long time, held to the custom of testing their younglings for certain factors, generally all before the age of six weeks. What is important here is the test performed which helps them to determine advantageous marriage alliances for those same children."

"Huh?" What the devil was he talking about?

"The specific test I speak of reveals the child's orientation, Mr Potter. To be blunt, if the child is homosexual."

Harry imagined, after his brain kicked back into gear, that he must look quite stupid sitting there gaping. "They can determine that?" he finally choked out. He had already realized that *he* was homosexual if his daydreams and normal dreams were anything to go by, that and his roving eyes and appreciation of the male form.

"Oh, yes," Gildmaar assured him. "Mind, the test is done, for some *purely* as custom. Some do not seem to care about the results. They would arrange a marriage based on their needs, and not based on what the child is suited for, if you catch my meaning."

Well, that only made a certain kind of sense. He could hardly imagine Abraxas Malfoy or Orion Black giving a flying fig if their sons were gay when it came to cementing an alliance to another powerful pure-blood family. But. . . . Harry gave the goblin a suspicious look. *Why* was it the topic of conversation now?

Gildmaar nodded several times and glanced back down at the contents of the folder. “In addition, Mr Potter, some families made inheritances conditional.”

Oh dear. Was he going to have to be married or something to inherit?

“In the case of James Potter, the man was quite adamant that his primary heir not be homosexual.”

He was recalled from his daze some time later by his name being repeated; his heart was pounding fiercely. He felt rather like he was swimming in too thick air and everything seemed a bit hazy to his eyes.

“It is said—and this is strictly rumor, you understand—that James was pressing for more children, quite possibly due to the results of your testing,” the goblin continued. “Then again, perhaps your parents simply wanted multiple children.” Gildmaar shrugged. “His wishes, of course, impact your inheritance.” The goblin slid a sheet of parchment out of the folder and stared at it for a moment. “Another custom of pure-blood families is to set up a trust vault for each child, assuming they have the money to do so. This ensures that the child will have the resources they need until they come of age, especially in the event that a disaster occurs.”

Trust vault, paid for school, supplies. . . . Harry nodded absently.

“A trust vault is handled in one of two ways when the child comes of age. If they’re the primary heir it is absorbed back into the estate. Otherwise it becomes the sole property of the child in question. Therefore, you will retain whatever funds remain.” Gildmaar pushed the parchment across the desk. “That details, as of 8 o’clock this morning, the value of that vault. Also listed are your earnings from Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. Apparently you are a silent partner in that business. And, given that the seed money did not come from the main estate, you keep the earnings for yourself.”

He was still having some trouble breathing, but he could not quite pin down what he was feeling just then. The parchment was as described, giving a total for the trust vault, including the money the twins had dumped into it—not that he had known they were doing so. His hand was shaking as he trailed a finger down the page. “What’s this?” he asked, glancing up.

“Ah,” Gildmaar said with a nod. “Your mother, on the other hand, held different views. She, of course, held the right of disbursement for any and all money and property she brought into the marriage. Her wishes were that her estate be divided equally between any of her offspring. As you are an only child, you inherit all of it.” More sheets of parchment were slid from the folder and pushed across the desk. “These detail any and all transactions for your vault.”

Ten minutes or so later Harry looked up, bottom lip firmly between his teeth. And then he spoke, in a curiously even voice. “So all that I have is now in this one vault, is that correct? And I have complete control of it as of now.”

“Correct, Mr Potter.”

“What a bloody asshole,” he shouted suddenly. “I knew he was cruel as a kid, but this is disgusting! Happy effin’ birthday, Harry.”

“Mr Potter,” Gildmaar said sternly.

He was instantly contrite. “I’m sorry,” he said softly. “You’re not the target of my anger. Please accept my apology for my impropriety.”

Gildmaar stared at him, then nodded. “Apology accepted. Now, let us move on to the other matter, that being the will of Sirius Black.”

Harry’s gaze snapped up. More shitty news? Or was there a glimmer of hope to be found? It wasn’t about the money, it was about the attitude, and knowing that in his father’s eyes he would never be good enough. And he couldn’t even yell at the man directly, his anger left mostly impotent.

“All other bequests outlined in Mr Black’s will have already been executed, as those parties were already of age.” Gildmaar closed the folder and pushed it aside, sliding a different one over to open and glance at. “You are Mr Black’s primary heir, and thus, the bulk of his estate falls to you. You have the option to consolidate your holdings into a single vault if you wish, just to keep things tidy.”

He took a deep breath, wondering, yet afraid to wonder, and finally asked his question. “When . . . was his will made?”

“Mr Black filed three wills with us, the first being after he inherited from his uncle. The second was after he was named your godfather, and the final will was in January of 1996.”

Not so long before he was killed, then. And yet. . . . Did he want to know if he was the primary heir before the final will, or not? He wasn’t sure he could handle another seeming betrayal. It was, after all, quite possible that Sirius had been privy to the results of the test, but had forgotten due to his long imprisonment. He shook his head. “I would like to consolidate, please.”

Gildmaar nodded and fetched out some paperwork and began filling it in. One sheet was pushed over to him for perusal and a signature, another was placed into an outbox after that. He imagined it contained orders for other goblins to start shifting things around. He spent some time looking at the statement for what he had inherited from Sirius, and wondered, exactly, how expensive it actually was to live in the wizarding world. It wasn’t like anyone had ever offered a class on those things applicable to everyday living. He couldn’t even tell if he would need to get a job after he left Hogwarts, though he had planned to do something. At least he knew he had a home now.

A key was presented to him, and the meeting wrapped up. As he stood to leave he paused and looked at the goblin. “What . . . will happen to the Potter estate, then? I mean—wait, no. Never mind. Even if I have the right to know, I don’t think I could stand to.” Hundreds, possibly thousands of years of Potters, and everything they had accumulated, gone . . . and to what. He could not bear to know. He only knew that the image he held of his father was irrevocably shattered.