

Harry had honestly forgotten about Bill and Fleur's wedding photos. In the aftermath, it seemed like such a silly thing to care about.

But the couple would be very glad to have them. He said as much to Dennis, who grinned. "I hope they like them. I— Colin was always better at developing magical photos than me, but I hope I did alright."

"I'm sure they're brilliant, Dennis." The crowd cleared a little, and over the boy's shoulder, Harry could see two people who could only be Mr and Mrs Creevey, watching them with sad, knowing faces.

Would they blame Harry, for the loss of their son?

He couldn't bring himself to ask.

"I've got to go," Dennis said, glancing back at his parents. "I'm glad I saw you, though. See you at school?"

Clapping the boy on the shoulder, Harry nodded. "Yeah, sure. See you then."

Dennis vanished into the crowd, and Harry looked down at the folder. Through the blue tint of the plastic, he could see the first photo on the stack — it was a picture of Bill and Fleur, a candid of them enjoying their reception, smiling at each other and sharing a look like the rest of the world didn't exist. Every few seconds, Bill would peck Fleur on the cheek, and she would giggle.

Harry tucked the folder away, swallowing hard. There would be even more ghosts to face, come September. He hoped he was ready.

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By August 23rd, Harry still hadn't told anyone but McGonagall about his tryout. He'd hidden the letter from Viktor with the full details, and when the day arrived Harry just told his family he had '*things to do*', kissing his pouting boyfriend and leaving the house, his quidditch gear and Firebolt shrunk in his pocket.

He followed the apparition co-ordinates, ending up in a plain white room with a photograph of the last England team to win the cup hung proudly on the wall — from 1922.

It had certainly been a while.

The door opened, and Harry was relieved to see Oliver Wood peek his head through, beaming widely. "You didn't bring your boy with you?" Oliver queried.

"I can do things without Draco! ...Sometimes!" Harry insisted feebly, making Oliver laugh. "What are you doing here?" They hugged, Harry up on his toes a little, and Oliver ruffled his hair.

"Got to come scout out the competition, haven't I?" he teased, making Harry's eyes widen.