

favour, no questions asked. And I get to use your Firebolt as much as I like before you go back to school.”

Harry would’ve let Charlie borrow his Firebolt anyway, so he agreed to the terms. Though he did wonder what kind of favour the dragon tamer might ask of him. He didn’t plan on losing, so it was a moot point.

“So we’re at one to Harry. Firebolt trades hands every round, and if it looks like whoever’s riding it is winning because of that, Harry can take my broom,” Bill declared, still in referee-mode. “Ready?”

They traded brooms, and the match began anew. Charlie was having a whale of a time on the Firebolt, zooming around and whooping in joy. Harry kept up with him fairly well on the Cleansweep, getting used to its speed and turning radius. Within the first few minutes, he had eyes on the snitch, and was off. Charlie was hot on his tail, overtaking him quickly, but Harry pulled out a tricky little manoeuvre that had him pulling in front again, hand closing around the snitch. They slowed to a halt, and Charlie stared at him. “Aw, fuck,” he muttered. Harry snorted.

But it wasn’t over that easily. Charlie won the third round, the snitch drifting by him while he and Harry were at opposite ends of the garden. The fourth round was extremely close, but Harry managed to just edge out in front.

“And that’s 3-1 to Mr Harry Potter!” Bill announced over the cheering of their spectators. Charlie cursed, but he was smiling as he landed.

“Bloody hell, Harry. That’s seriously impressive.” They shook hands.

“You made it hard for me, though!” Harry insisted. “Considering you’ve not played a proper match since you graduated, wow.”

Charlie chuckled. “You flatter me, but thank you. I suppose I’ll just wait for you to call in your favour then, hmm?”

Harry had no idea what he might need the Weasley brother for, but it was always good to have options to call on. He put the snitch carefully back in its box, taking his Firebolt back from Charlie.

They were called in for dinner shortly after, and Harry left his broom in the hallway with the others, heading for the delicious scent of food coming from the kitchen.

“Oh, I hope they’re home soon,” Mrs Weasley fretted, looking from the two empty spots at the table to the clock in the corner that declared them to be at work. “Arthur hasn’t had to work this much since the war.”

All the kids shared uneasy glances. “I’m sure they’ll be home in a bit, Mum,” Bill soothed. “Probably just got held up chatting, you know what Dad’s like.”