

Harry didn't know what to do with all the praise, blushing like a tomato with Oliver's arm still heavy over his shoulders. "Let me just finish school, first, yeah?" he said eventually. "One thing at a time."

Oliver chuckled, ruffled his hair once more, then let him go. "Right, I'm going to leave you lot to talk contracts and things, and go start thinking up ways to apologise to the Scottish team," he joked. "And I've got one last kilt fitting to get to." He practically vibrated with joy at the thought of his upcoming wedding. "As soon as you're allowed to start telling people, Potter, you owl me, because we are *celebrating*, alright?" He smacked a kiss to Harry's cheek. "I'll see you in a few days. Andy, Claud, always a pleasure," he shook both their hands, then turned to Viktor. "And *you*, let us know if you can stick around for a few days more, we'd love to have you at the wedding."

Viktor looked surprised, but nodded, shaking Oliver's hand. "I will rearrange my schedule. I will be there," he promised.

"Perfect, we'll owl you the details." Waving to them all, Oliver headed back into the tunnel, whistling cheerfully to himself.

"As much as I would love to get you to sign a contract before you leave, Harry, I'm not the only one involved in the decision. But quite frankly if the board don't agree, I'm resigning," Andy joked. At least, Harry thought he was joking. "I'll have the legal team draw something up and get it over to you once everything's sorted. And I look forward to working with you."

"I— you know I still have school and everything, right?" Harry checked. "I *really* want this position but I'm not going to mess up my NEWTs for it."

Andy chuckled. "Not to worry; we can work around it, see how schedules line up. And the Cup won't start until after you graduate, so we don't have to worry about that." He leaned in with a conspiratorial grin. "I'll have you know, Harry, that I'm too smart a man to anger Minerva McGonagall by damaging her student's chance at good grades." He gave a theatrical shudder. "Swear I still have nightmares of her yelling for catching me out after curfew."

Harry snorted — yes, McGonagall had that affect on people.

With the tryout seemingly over, Harry looked to Viktor. "What are you up to for the rest of the day? Did you want to go get lunch or something?" He was too full of adrenaline to eat, but once that wore off he knew he'd be starving.

"Thank you, but I have a meeting soon," Viktor demurred. "I will owl you, though, since it seems I am in the country until the wedding. We should get dinner." He shook Harry's hand. "Well done today. I look forward to playing against you in the Cup." With the snitch still in his other hand, he winked. "Next time I may not be so lucky."

Harry said his goodbyes, shrank and pocketed his flying gear, and strode through the tunnel to head to the apparition room. Once he was there, he had to bite his lip to stop himself from screaming in joy.

He was going to play quidditch for England!