

Thinking of home, Harry turned on his heel, landing right outside Seren Du. He desperately hoped people were home — he had to tell *someone* his good news.

“We’re out back!” Sirius called, and Harry ran around the side of the house to find the whole household in the garden, enjoying the beautiful afternoon. Even Buckbeak was out there, sprawled in a patch of sunlight, fast asleep.

“You look happy. And sweaty,” Draco added, eyeing him over. “Should I be concerned?”

Harry had to snort at the ridiculousness of the implication. “As if.”

“Do we finally get to hear about whatever it is you’ve been keeping under your hat all week?” Remus asked, raising his eyebrows at the teen. “Don’t try and fool me, you’ve been bleeding anxiety since last Tuesday.” He tapped his nose in emphasis. Harry bit his lip; he should have known he wouldn’t be able to keep it entirely secret.

“Well,” he began slowly, unsure how to best word it. “I had... a meeting, of sorts, today. And things aren’t *officially* official. But... I just made seeker for the England team.” He had to blurt it all out, unable to hold it in a second longer.

Draco jumped to his feet in shock. “What?”

“Viktor arranged a tryout, back before the battle and all. He’s friends with the team manager, I guess. And apparently Oliver spent ages talking me up, so I went and I flew and Viktor caught the snitch but I guess they thought I was good enough anyway. So they offered me the spot. And I said yes.” He grinned at the blond. “So it looks like we’re going to Greece next summer after all.”

The next thing he knew he was having the life kissed out of him by an armful of exuberant blond. “You’re fucking amazing,” Draco declared. Then, in a more boastful tone, “I’m going to marry an international quidditch star.”

Harry laughed. “You can’t tell anyone yet,” he said, looking around to include the others. “Not until it’s all signed and everything. But... yeah. I did that. Sorry I didn’t say sooner.” He hadn’t wanted to deal with their disappointment if he stuffed it up.

“There’s only one thing we can do about this,” Sirius declared, rising gracefully to his feet. Harry eyed him warily, wondering if his godfather was going to give him an earful about choosing quidditch over his studies.

Sirius’ face split in a wide grin. “Ceri!” he called, “we’re gonna need a cake! A big one!”

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The wedding of Oliver Wood and Lord Cassius Warrington was perhaps the biggest social event of the year.

Considering the Ministry was refusing to put on any sort of celebratory ball or dinner until the country was running smoothly and they had a proper Minister elected once more, there