

He blinked.

“What?”

“That was incredible! The speed of those turns, and that dive! Ollie said you were fearless but I didn’t realise he meant like *that*! To think, you fly with that kind of skill with only a school-level playing experience... a year of training with the team under your belt, and we might actually stand a chance at the cup.” Claudia was at his side, nodding along with every word, seemingly speechless.

“But... but Viktor caught the snitch,” Harry protested. Viktor clapped his shoulder.

“Only barely. Had it flown the other way, I am sure you would have made it.” Then he grimaced, stretching his back a little. “Flying with you reminds me I am no longer eighteen. Blessed Morgana.” This was followed by a string of mumbled Bulgarian.

Bewildered, Harry looked up at Oliver. “I think my new team may burn my contract for encouraging this to happen,” he commented, rubbing at his stubbled cheek. “I knew you were good, but bloody hell, Potter!”

Slowly, tentatively, Harry allowed himself to smile. “You... you really want me on the team?” he asked, looking back at Andy and Claudia.

“Absolutely,” Claudia enthused. “We’ll have to run it by the rest of the team, and all the management lot, but after a play like that I can’t imagine them having any problems with it!”

Excitement swelled in Harry’s chest, but he held it back, suddenly doubtful. “And you’re not just saying this because of the whole Harry Potter thing?”

Andy snorted. “I don’t give a fuck how many Dark Lords you’ve killed, as long as you keep flying like that.” His lips twisted slightly. “Of course, we’ll have to make your contract pretty iron-clad — I don’t want the investors deciding you’re our new poster boy and harassing you into a bunch of media parades and sponsorship stuff that’s barely got anything to do with quidditch, you’ll never get a moment’s peace.” Harry made a face — yes, he definitely didn’t want that. “But you’ve clearly got the talent. So, if you’re up for it, we’d love to have you.”

He held out a hand, and after a moment’s pause, Harry shook it.

Oliver couldn’t hold in his excitement any longer, whooping with joy and picking Harry up off the ground with the force of his hug. “I knew you’d do it!” he exclaimed. “They’d be mad not to have you, kid.” He set Harry down, beaming at him, ruffling his hair. “I knew from the first time I saw you on a broom that you’d be something special.” He winked. “Once you’ve graduated, you’ll give Puddlemere a call, aye? I’d hate to have to play against you in the National league as well.”

“You are a dear, dear friend, Harry Potter, but please do not join the European league when you graduate,” Viktor told him, “I would like to reach retirement with my reputation in tact.”