

students existed.

“Charms club, Arithmancy society, Debate club, and last year some of the Ravenclaws in my year started a book club, but that’s more of an informal thing,” she relayed, tossing the quaffle hard to Alicia. Harry was caught off guard when the ball then came his way, but managed to catch it with his fingertips, passing it on to George across the circle.

“Blimey,” he remarked. “I didn’t even know half those things existed.”

Vicky laughed. “Guess you’ve always been a bit busy with other stuff.” That was an understatement if Harry had ever heard one. “My mum warned me about you, y’know.” Harry’s heart sank, wondering if he was in for another lecture about his sanity like Seamus had, but then he realised the girl was grinning. “She said you were trouble, but at least you paid well for it.”

Abruptly, Harry realised why her name was so familiar. “Your mum is my lawyer,” he said, eyes widening at the connection. Vicky grinned wider, nodding. “Wow. Didn’t realise she had a daughter at the school.” No wonder she’d been so keen to get Skeeter off Hogwarts grounds.

“I’ll tell her you say hi,” Vicky replied.

“Please do. Though I hope she won’t be offended when I say I *really* hope I don’t need a lawyer this year.”

That made the girl laugh so much she almost missed the quaffle, but a quick dive and a barrel-roll had the ball secured.

“Right, I think that’s enough of a warm-up,” Angelina announced, looking very satisfied with her choice of keeper. “Fred, George, get your bats and let the bludgers out. We’re gonna put the newbie through her paces.”

Harry glanced to Vicky, wondering if she was going to get nervous. On the contrary, she looked excited by the challenge. She shot off to hover in front of the goal hoops, braced for impact, no hesitation whatsoever.

Suddenly, Harry was feeling *very* good about their chances for the cup that year.

.-.-.

The quidditch team played right up until dinner time, and would’ve played even longer if they weren’t so starving. It felt good, being back in the air, and while Harry wasn’t as involved with the main plays, being a seeker, he could see that Vicky was going to fit in just fine. They didn’t get the snitch out — Angelina had no doubt in his ability to catch it, and wanted him focused more on the team — so Harry’s job was to essentially be as annoying as possible, trying to distract and disrupt the chasers and keeper. It was fun, and he was beaming as he walked with George up towards the castle; Fred had hung back in the changing rooms with Angelina, and Harry and George had no intention of waiting for them to finish.