

“Nah, he’s mates with all the younger ones,” he replied, gesturing to his scattered siblings.

“Mum’s basically adopted him,” Bill agreed, clapping Harry on the shoulder. “Don’t mind André, Harry. He gets a bit star-struck.”

“Wotcher, Harry!” A woman with bright green pixie-cut hair waved at him. “I’m Tonks.” That prompted a round of introductions, and Harry only remembered about three names, but they quickly moved on to talking about people and events that Harry didn’t know, reminiscing their old Hogwarts days, and Harry discreetly excused himself from the conversation, heading over to where Mr Weasley now had the fire going.

Bill and Charlie’s friends didn’t stick around much longer, all having other places to be, and the two eldest Weasley boys rejoined the family in time for lunch, while Mr Weasley kept up a running commentary of people he knew walking by. Percy emerged from the tent at the smell of food, muttering about how much work he still had to do.

They were joined by Ludo Bagman, and later Barty Crouch, and Harry hadn’t realised just how many people at the Ministry Mr Weasley was friends with. Harry tried to stay out of the conversations the best he could, listening in interest but trying not to draw attention to himself; after spending the summer thus far with only three people, all of whom couldn’t give two shits about his scar or celebrity status, it was exhausting having to go through the Famous Harry Potter fuss with every other person who stopped by.

Several hints were dropped about what was happening at Hogwarts this year — mostly by Percy Weasley, who seemed all too smug to know something his younger siblings didn’t. Harry merely hid his smile, pretending to be just as oblivious as his friends. They’d find out soon enough.

At last, it was time to head to the match. Harry was surprised to hear they were up in the top box, making him wonder exactly what kind of favours Mr Weasley had called in — and how many times he might’ve dropped that he was planning on bringing Harry Potter with him. It made something uneasy settle in his stomach; sure, he was glad to be going to the cup, and glad that all the Weasleys got to go too, but the idea that someone he trusted was using his name to curry favours without his consent made him feel a little bit sick.

Harry put the thought out of his mind, determined not to let anything put a damper on his enjoyment of the day. Even Ron’s whining about not having enough money to afford souvenirs. He was at the final of the Quidditch World Cup, and nothing would bring him down. He wouldn’t let it.

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The match was incredible.

Things got off to a bit of a rocky start in the top box, when Minister Fudge arrived and immediately started showing Harry off to the Bulgarian Minister like some sort of national landmark. Harry’s name had *definitely* been involved in getting ten top box tickets. Then the Malfoys arrived, and Ron immediately started making disparaging remarks about Draco. Harry, who had brightened up slightly at the sight of the blond, merely had to settle for