

“Well, that’s good,” Vicky said decisively. “McLaggen is the worst. He kept flirting with my roommate last year, even when she told him to bugger off. He was a *sixth year*.” She gave a theatric shudder. “*And* Katie told me he was talking about trying out for Keeper this year.”

“He didn’t try out last year, did he?” Harry asked, horrified at the thought of Katie having to play on the same team as her hated yearmate.

“No,” Vicky said, shaking her head, “he was in the hospital wing. Ate something stupid on a dare, I think.”

“What a delightful young man,” Mr Frobisher said dryly. “Well, I wouldn’t worry about it, sweetheart; I’m sure you’ll beat him even if he does turn up for tryouts. And on that note, I think we’d best leave your mother to talk business with her clients.”

Vicky looked a little dismayed to have to leave the table — Harry could relate — but she nodded in the end, getting to her feet.

“It was good to see you both,” she said to Harry and Susan. “I’ll see you at school, I suppose. If not sooner.”

“See you, Vicky. And don’t worry — I’ll talk to Ginny about putting in a good word with Colin for you,” Harry teased, winking. Vicky huffed.

“I think I’m doing just fine on my own, thanks,” came her confident retort. Then, she offered picture-perfect curtsies to both Sirius and Amelia, and followed her dad from the room.

When they were gone, Mrs Frobisher sighed. “Never thought I’d be raising a Gryffindor,” she muttered, shaking her head.

“If it helps, Hufflepuffs aren’t easy, either,” Amelia sympathised. Susan just gave an innocent smile.

“Professor Sprout says I’m a delight,” she insisted.

“Professor Sprout doesn’t know half of what you get up to at that school,” Amelia accused without hesitation.

“Now, Amelia,” Sirius drawled, eyes bright, “People in glass houses shouldn’t throw stones.”

“You know absolutely nothing, Sirius Black,” Amelia retorted, narrowing her eyes at him. “And remember I got you out of Azkaban.”

“For which I will always be grateful,” Sirius agreed, though as soon as Amelia looked away Harry saw his godfather wink at Susan, mouthing ‘*I’ll tell you later*’.

“Student hijinks aside,” Mrs Frobisher cut in pointedly, Vanishing the empty dishes on the table with a wave of her wand, “we do have quite a bit to discuss. From here on, you can be assured that anything said falls under client confidentiality.”