

“Dumbledore was having some trouble getting tracking charms to stick on something going to an Unplottable property,” Charlie supplied wryly as Harry hauled himself out of the water, pushing his wet hair back off his face. It warmed Sirius’ heart to see the teenager looking so healthy, even if there were all those scars on his back and legs. He was as tall as Charlie, now!

“He decided to have me deliver it personally,” Sirius added, handing it over once Harry had cast a Drying charm on himself. Wandless, too, the little powerhouse. “Don’t worry, I dismantled all the charms before I came home.”

“I could’ve just copied off Draco’s list, it’ll all be the same,” Harry said, frowning slightly. “You should’ve just burned the damn thing.”

Sirius smirked to himself. “Don’t be so hasty, there, kiddo.”

His suspicions were correct — as Harry peered into the envelope, his eyes went wide, and he dug out the small red Quidditch Captain badge with a look of awe.

“I— but— it should be Katie’s!” he protested, staring at the badge.

“What is it?” Draco asked, getting out of the pool and striding over. “Oh.” He looked at the badge, then grinned. “Congratulations, Scarhead. You won’t need me to sneak you into the Prefect’s bathroom anymore.”

Sirius could have done without hearing that.

“But it should be Katie’s, she’s been on the team longer. I was *banned* last year!” Harry protested.

“Only because of Umbridge,” Draco pointed out, rolling his eyes. “Maybe Katie turned it down. Look, there’s a letter in there, too.”

Sirius watched Harry properly empty the envelope, tossing aside the book list — which Charlie caught, pocketing for later — and focusing on another piece of parchment attached.

“It’s from Professor McGonagall,” Harry explained, shock still in his voice. “Well, it’s from Katie, passed through McGonagall. She says McGonagall offered her the captaincy but she turned it down to focus on her NEWTs, and—“ He looked up, smiling slightly. “She says getting into pro quidditch will be easier if I have two years as captain under my belt, rather than just one. But she’s happy to help me out with it all if I end up really busy with all my other stuff again.”

Sirius wasn’t the only one who snorted — *all his other stuff*, that was an understatement to say the least.

“You’ve earned that badge, Harry,” Draco insisted. “You’re the reason Gryffindor wins as often as it does. You deserve it.”

“He’s right, kid,” Charlie piped up. “I’ve talked enough quidditch strategy with you to know you’ll be a brilliant captain. And if you ever need advice, well; you can take your pick from