

to Ron and Hermione, who were just finishing up their conversation.

“Who were you talking to, Harry?” Ron asked as they walked, and Harry shrugged.

“Just some people from school. Oh, look, there’s the tap.”

On the way back, Harry was almost bowled over by Oliver Wood, who jumped on his back in greeting and ruffled his hair, dragging him towards his tent to introduce Harry to his parents.

“Charlie told me the news, by the way. That’s amazing, Oliver, congratulations!”

Oliver glowed with pride. “Thanks, Harry. You’ll have to come to a match once the season starts back up!”

Just then, a familiar head ducked out of the tent beside Oliver’s family. “Oliver, I swear, are you going on about Puddlemere *again*?” He looked up and blinked at the sight of Harry. “Potter!”

It was Cassius Warrington, one of Harry’s tentative new allies. “Warrington,” he greeted neutrally, unsure exactly how to interact with the older boy in public, though they’d been writing all summer. He glanced between the two. “Are you two friends or something?” He hadn’t thought they knew each other outside of quidditch rivalry. The pair shared a look, glancing away quickly.

“Nah, just coincidence,” Oliver dismissed. “Randomly assigned campsites, y’know? Anyway, I don’t want to keep you too long. Write to me when you’re back at school, yeah? I want to know what the new keeper ends up like.”

Harry bid the two farewell, still eyeing them bemusedly.

Eventually, they made it back to their campsite, which seemed to have gained a few more members. The eldest three Weasley boys had arrived, and Bill and Charlie seemed to have amassed a crowd of their own.

“You guys took ages!” Fred complained, taking the water from Ron.

“Met a few people,” Ron replied with a wave of his hand. “Dad still not got the fire going?”

“He’s having fun with matches,” George said. They turned to see the man, sat surrounded by spent matches, and Hermione let out a fond sigh.

“I’ll help.” She sat down beside him, gently taking the matchbox.

Harry left her to it, wandering over to Bill and Charlie’s group curiously. He didn’t recognise any of them; presumably they were friends the older Weasleys had at Hogwarts.

“Alright, Harry?” Charlie greeted companionably, beckoning him closer. “We’re having a bit of a reunion. Harry, this is everyone. Everyone, this is Harry Potter.”

“I thought you were taking the piss when you said you knew Harry Potter!” a blond man blurted, slapping a hand over his mouth immediately. Charlie laughed.