

“Still, it’s no small feat.” Remus thought Harry was giving the Bones girl a little more credit than was due. “You’re starting your career in politics early, I see.”

“Oh, no, I’m just a figurehead,” Harry insisted. “I don’t really want to go into politics. I mean, I’ll take my Wizengamot seats of course, and do what I can there, but it won’t be my full-time job.”

“Oh? And what will that be, then?” Remus asked, half expecting him to declare he wanted to be Minister for Magic, or Head Auror, or even Headmaster of Hogwarts. Harry’s grin turned a little lopsided.

“I’d like to play professional quidditch,” he said, just a touch of hesitation to his words. “Viktor said I’m good enough. And I like quidditch. I think it’d be fun. I could get ten or fifteen good years playing once I graduate, then I’ll figure out something else to do.” His grin faltered. “If I survive the war, at any rate.”

“You’re going to survive the war,” Remus said reflexively, refusing to even contemplate any other options. He thought over Harry’s words; having seen him fly, even with dementors in the mix, he had no doubt that Harry could indeed go pro if he wanted to. Perhaps it wouldn’t satisfy the wizarding world’s ideal as a career for their saviour, but quite honestly they could go fuck themselves. “What team would you want to play for? The Harpies will never sign you.” They’d been women-only since their inception.

Harry paused, then brightened up significantly. Remus wondered sadly if he’d expected to be told not to have such frivolous goals. Hell, Remus didn’t care if Harry snapped his wand and lived as a muggle, as long as he was happy. “I thought maybe the Magpies, or even Puddlemere, especially if Oliver’s still playing with them by then. It’d be great to play with him again. But I’m happy with whoever, really.” He bit his lip. “Viktor said I could make the national team if I wanted.”

“Viktor knows better than most,” Remus agreed. “Though honestly, that’s not saying much; the England team is a bit of a joke these days. Maybe if you joined it they’d actually be able to win a match.”

Harry laughed. He ran a hand through his hair, looking so much like James for a second Remus’ breath caught. “Yeah, maybe. I dunno, it’s all a ways off yet. I’ve got other things to focus on.” His face grew so serious, so much older, and it made Remus’ chest ache. He wished he could wrap the boy up and smuggle him away, far from Dumbledore and Voldemort and anyone that might harm him, so he could be a normal teenage boy instead of worrying about duelling and politics and whether he might die before he finished school. But he was Harry Potter, and the war would follow him wherever he went.

“Doesn’t mean you can’t have goals,” Remus said, smiling in encouragement. “You need something to fight for, a future to look to. I think becoming a professional quidditch player is a fine idea.”

Harry beamed at him. “Thanks.” He looked down, fiddling with one of the letters nearby. “I was going to ask Susan to tell her aunt a little about my… situation. About Dumbledore. I think it’s time to start building a case.”