

Wee Wizards Quidditch

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1

Chapter 1 of 1

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After twenty years of playing professional Quidditch, Viktor Krum was taking stock of his options. He was tired of playing professional Quidditch, but not in a mood to become a school Quidditch teacher yet.

He consulted with his teammates and came up with the idea of organising and coaching a Wee Wizards Quidditch team. It would give him time on a broom and help youngsters who might be scared to fly or even Muggleborns who knew nothing about the game.

He was in England to promote the team and ran into an old friend in Diagon Alley.

Harry Potter had seen the news about Viktor retiring and wanted to invite him and his wife over for dinner with Ginny and the kids.

"Thank you, Harry. We would love to come by. I think our three will be with their grandparents, but I need to check. I will owl you in the morning. It is wonderful to see you." Viktor shook Harry's hand.

"Bring the kids if at all possible, Viktor. Mine are still just toddlers and Gin is pregnant again, but we would love to see your kids. Tell your wife she owes us updates." Harry laughed.

Back at the rented flat, Viktor brought in the grocery bags. He had picked up pumpkin juice for his youngest son, Teodor; blackberries and almond oil for his very pregnant wife; knitting needles and a peacock feather quill for his daughter Elisaveta, and a Kneazle kitten because Crookshanks had succumbed to old age the month before.

"Love, I brought everything on the list and a present as well. Come see," he called out.

Hermione came out of the bedroom with her wand stuck in the mass of curls on her head. She was carrying a book and talking to the six year-old walking beside her.

"Teo, your papa is going to take you with him when he demonstrates flying for the Wee Wizards team, I promise. Won't you, Vitya?" She kissed her husband and squealed when she saw the kitten perched on his shoulder.

"This one is full Kneazle and her name is Pyewacket. I bought her from the store in Diagon Alley. Harry was there and has invited us to dinner tomorrow night. He asks that we bring the kids with us. He volunteered to help with the Wee Wizards team. Ginny is pregnant again, too, so you won't feel uncomfortable. You two can talk baby all night long, if you want. We can wait another day to take these three to your parents', can't we?" He was grinning hugely at her, knowing she would love to see her old friends.

"Yes, darling, my parents won't be back from Paris until two days from now, anyway. I don't think Elisaveta and Alexei will be too disappointed to see their Uncle Harry and Aunt Ginny. Teo hasn't even met them yet. Alexei will be starting school next year. Maybe we should talk to Harry about which school to consider. I love the kitten. I see you brought everything a pampered Kneazle princess could ever want. I love you, Viktor. No one in the world has such a thoughtful, caring husband."

Viktor kissed the top of his wife's head and picked up his son before answering. "Why don't we see where Alexei wants to go to school? If he picks Durmstrang, then we can send Elisaveta to Hogwarts or vice versa. We can discuss it at dinner tomorrow. Where is my dushterya, anyway? I brought her knitting needles and her fancy quill. Is she taking up the mantle of knitting caps for house-elves now?" He chuckled.

"No, she has decided to go learn the fine art of knitting jumpers from Molly Weasley. Since Ron and Lavender left the country, Molly and Arthur have been missing the rest of their children and sent an invitation to Elisaveta to come for a few days while we are here. She wanted the peacock feather quill because Victoire has one. They are both reading in their rooms."

"This is going to be a busy year, love. I'll finally have enough time for my wife and family and a hobby I will love."

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*Hermione Diggory said :*

*4. Viktor's decision to coach Wee Wizards Quidditch gives him a chance to reconnect with an old friend.*

*6. The couple of your choice, pumpkin juice, a Kneazle kitten, knitting needles*

*7. The couple of your choice, almond oil, blackberries, a peacock feather quill*