

“Zat would ‘elp as well, yes,” she admitted with a grin. Sobering, she pressed their foreheads together briefly. “You ‘ave been a great friend to me zis year, ‘Arry Potter, and I ‘ope to be ze same to you in return. Eef you ever need me, I will be zere. Zis fight is for all of us.” The fire in her eyes reminded Harry exactly why she’d been chosen as Beauxbatons’ champion.

“Thank you,” he said sincerely. “I’ll keep that in mind.” He didn’t want to lose touch with Fleur, or any of his new friends.

She hurried off to say goodbye to someone else, and Cho touched Harry’s elbow gently. “Can I write to you? Over the summer?” she asked. “I... I’ve liked getting to know you better, this year. Ced was gonna invite you over to his for a bit, this summer. He thought you might want to get away from the muggles, y’know? I’d imagine you’re probably not allowed to visit anyone anymore, though.”

Harry hadn’t been allowed to visit anyone but the Weasleys before Voldemort had returned, but he didn’t tell Cho that. His heart ached for the future that might have been. “I don’t know if I’ll be allowed to get owls,” he confessed. He hadn’t had the chance to talk to the twins yet. “But if I can, I’ll write to you, yeah? I’ve liked getting to know you, too. I’m glad we’re friends, Cho.”

Cho gave him a watery smile, and she hugged him. “We won’t let him win,” she declared vehemently, her voice a little choked. “We’ll fight him. For Cedric.”

She stepped away, and someone tapped Harry on the shoulder. He turned to see Viktor smiling down at him. “The Durmstrang ship is about to leave,” he declared. “But I did not want to go without saying goodbye.”

Viktor wasn’t the most tactile person, but he grabbed Harry in a brief, firm hug nonetheless, meeting his gaze intently when they parted. “Var is coming,” he said solemnly. “And should you need the aid of Durmstrang, we will be happy to assist. As I said; our deputy headmaster is a good man.”

Harry nodded. “I’ll keep in touch.” He cracked a smile. “Maybe we’ll play quidditch against each other some day.” Viktor chuckled, clapping Harry on the shoulder.

“I would like that very much, Harry. Very much indeed.” It was a pipe dream, a fantasy of a time when war was past, but they could hold onto it all the same.

“What’s happening with you and Hermione?” Harry asked curiously. He didn’t see the bushy-haired girl around anywhere. Viktor’s smile faltered.

“She has promised to write to me, but things haff been... different, lately. I think perhaps she is not the girl I thought she was.” He eyed Harry knowingly. “She is not the friend I thought she was.”

It didn’t take a genius to see that Hermione hadn’t been anywhere near Harry since the third task. He could imagine how that came across to others. “I’m sorry.” Whatever Hermione was to him, Viktor had liked her a lot.