

“The champions are allowed to invite family to the final task,” Mrs Weasley explained, kissing him on both cheeks. “Dumbledore thought you might like us to visit.”

“Charlie wanted to come, but he couldn’t get time off work,” Bill volunteered. There was a squeal by the door as Fleur entered the room, immediately rushing over to her mother and sister with a babble of excited French. Harry noticed Bill’s eyes following her as she passed them.

Harry wasn’t sure what would’ve been worse; having no family to visit, or having the Dursleys at Hogwarts. The latter made him snicker to himself; that would be quite the sight. All the same, he was glad Mrs Weasley and Bill had volunteered, even if he wasn’t quite sure how he felt about the Weasley matriarch these days. The only thing that would’ve been better was if Sirius and Remus could have been there.

“Merlin, it’s weird being back,” Bill told him, his hand on Harry’s shoulder. “Haven’t seen the place in years. Bet it hasn’t changed much.”

“It probably hasn’t changed much since *my* day,” Mrs Weasley agreed. “But still, it’d be nice to take a look around.”

“Fancy giving us a tour, Harry?” Bill asked with a grin. Harry looked around; all of the other champions were in with their families now. Fleur’s gaze kept slipping appreciatively towards Bill, even when Gabrielle tugged on her arm and said something in French. Harry smirked at the French champion, and she gave a pointed look at Bill in reply, her intention very obvious.

“Don’t you want to meet the other champions first?” Harry offered, already walking towards the Delacour family. When he was a few feet away, Gabrielle darted away from her sister and wrapped her arms around his legs, beaming up at him.

“‘Arry!” she greeted brightly. Harry bent down to kiss her cheeks in a proper French greeting.

“Bonjour, Gabrielle,” he said, having learnt a very basic amount of both French and Bulgarian from the foreign champions in the time he was supposed to be preparing for the third task. “Ca va?”

She babbled back a sentence that Harry only caught a couple of words of, and Fleur laughed. “Zat might be a leetle past ‘is learning, Gabrielle,” she said teasingly, retrieving her sister. “‘Arry, introduce me to your family, s’il te plait?”

“Fleur, this is Molly Weasley, and her eldest son, Bill,” he introduced, knowing Fleur would connect the dots of the surname. Fleur greeted Mrs Weasley with a polite smile, and when she turned to Bill her eyes grew darker.

“Eet ees a pleasure to meet you,” she said, her voice a little husky. Bill’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed.

“The pleasure’s all mine.” He took her hand, bowing over it with a kiss to the knuckles. Behind them, Fleur’s mother giggled.