

They got in line, Harry at the back with Susan's arm in his, and followed the deputy headmistress into the hall.

The house elves had outdone themselves with the decorations; it was hardly recognisable as the same hall they'd had lunch in, looking like a veritable winter wonderland. Harry was glad the house tables had been exchanged for smaller, round tables, with a main table up at the head of the room where the judges sat, empty seats available for the champions. Harry's eyebrows rose when he saw Percy Weasley sat where Mr Crouch should be, wearing navy blue dress robes that looked brand new. What was he doing there?

As they positioned themselves on the dance floor, Harry let his eyes sweep the crowd for a minute. Ron was staring at Hermione like he'd never seen her before, and even Ginny — who *definitely* knew who Hermione's date was before tonight — looked stunned. Far away from them, with Pansy Parkinson on his arm in a set of frilly pale pink dress robes, was Draco. Wearing black velvet dress robes that hugged his chest and shoulders, and made Harry immediately want to rip them off the blond boy. How *dare* he look that good when they were in public and Harry had to pretend to hate him?

Susan cleared her throat to get his attention, setting his hand on her waist. "You promised me you'd be good at this, Potter," she reminded him, her gaze sharp. Harry smiled at her.

"Don't worry, I've got this."

The music started, and they were off.

Draco had been right that Susan would be much taller than him in her heels, but it didn't bother Harry in the slightest as they stepped and spun. He saw the faint look of surprise on her face as he turned out to be fairly capable, before it was replaced by an exhilarated grin; Susan clearly *loved* dancing. Harry definitely wasn't going to get away with just dancing once. He didn't mind that so much — he was having fun, too.

The first song ended, and after a short round of applause the second one began, the dance floor filling with people. "Who taught you?" Susan asked suspiciously, settling into an easier waltz. "You're better than I thought you'd be."

Harry thought of late nights in empty classrooms with Draco's hand in his, going over the steps again and again, rewarding him with kisses every time he managed to get it right. He grinned to himself.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

.-.-.

There were only a handful of dances before it was widely suggested that everybody sit down and eat, and Harry found himself gently herded off the dance floor and up to the top table with the rest of the champions and their partners. He ended up sat next to Percy Weasley, who was oozing with pride. "I got promoted," he declared as soon as Harry sat down. "I'm now Mr Crouch's personal assistant, and I'm here representing him."