

excellent dancer, and I'm pretty sure he speaks at least a little bit of French." It was the type of thing purebloods did, teach their kids foreign languages. Draco spoke three.

"You think I'm attractive?" Cassius' voice was quietly smug, and Harry ignored him.

He shoved Cassius down onto the bench, dropping down beside him. "Cassius, I believe you know Fleur Delacour. She's in need of a date to the Yule Ball."

Cassius blinked at him. "A very pretty girl who needs to look good for some pictures? Harry, you said nothing about it being a *champion*!"

"Oh, did I forget to mention that bit?" Harry replied innocently. Cassius kicked him beneath the table.

The Slytherin turned to Fleur, only looking a little bit like he thought she might eat him alive. "I'm not single," he warned her, and she laughed.

"I am not looking for a boyfriend," she assured. "Just a dance partner. May I?" She got to her feet, and Cassius did the same. Fleur manhandled him into dance hold, looking contemplative. She had to tilt her head up a little bit to look him in the eye, and after a beat, she gave a decisive nod. "You will do quite nicely." Fleur released him, stepping back with a disarming smile. "Would you go to the ball wiz me?"

"I— absolutely, yeah," Cassius agreed, nodding. "I... what colour are you wearing? Do I need to change my dress robes?"

"I will meet you tomorrow after breakfast and we shall compare," Fleur said. "If that is acceptable?"

"Works for me. I've got to go — I was trying to persuade Cedric to help me with a... thing. I'll see you both later?"

They bid him goodbye and Cassius left, still looking vaguely bewildered by the turn of events. Fleur threw an arm around Harry's neck, kissing him on the cheek.

"You are a lifesaver, 'Arry!" she declared in delight. "I 'ad assumed a boy wiz a face like zat would already 'ave a date."

"Cassius is full of surprises," Harry agreed, making a mental note to interrogate the boy about his mysterious paramour at the earliest opportunity. "Glad I could help, Fleur."

All four champions now had dates to the ball. At least, he assumed so — Viktor had yet to tell them who he was going with, but he insisted he had it covered. Harry had a pretty good idea what that meant.

It was certainly going to be an interesting night.