

“The *best* time,” she said with a giggle. “Harry, this is ridiculous! I’m here in this castle wearing this amazing dress and dancing with an *international quidditch star*. It’s like something out of a movie!”

Harry laughed, glad she was enjoying herself. Maybe it would ease some of the tension between them. As long as she didn’t think too hard about Ron.

Accepting something bright green and bubbling from Cassius, Harry took a hesitant sip to find it was sweet and tasted of apples. “Not bad!”

The Slytherin stole the drink from Harry’s hand, taking a sip with a contemplative look. “Not as good as mine, you can keep it,” he declared eventually, holding up his neon blue drink. Harry snorted.

“Gee, thanks.”

Susan stole Harry’s drink next, offering her own violently pink concoction in return. Harry shrugged, sipping and getting hit with a blast of cherry. “That’s really good, actually,” he said as he offered it back to Susan, who shook her head.

“I’m keeping yours,” she told him. “You can have that one.”

Harry shrugged, and kept drinking.

As Luna had promised, after a fifteen minute interlude in which people got drinks, chatted and rested their feet, the Weird Sisters arrived on stage, and the students went wild. Harry was amused to see most of the adults had retreated to the back of the room; far enough away to still be chaperoning, but well out of the throng of screaming teenagers.

Harry looked around to see the others had all finished their drinks, and met Fleur’s eye. She was smirking, surveying the group. “Let’s dance.”

They headed onto the dance floor, easily finding a group of familiar faces; Neville and Ginny, the twins and their dates, and Luna. Ron was still nowhere near the dance floor. Harry didn’t even know if he was still in the room. “There you are, mate!” George cheered, his hand in Boris’ and his lips already kiss-swollen. That explained where those two had disappeared off to during the interlude.

The first song started up to a riot of screaming, and Harry soon discovered that informal dancing was mostly a lot of jumping around and shaking your hips, with the occasional ridiculous overdramatic dance move thrown in — usually courtesy of the Weasley twins. It wasn’t a partner type of dance, so Harry was in the middle of a crowd of people, grinning as Susan shimmied up beside him.

He was having the time of his life!

At one point, Susan was stolen for a while by her fellow Hufflepuffs, but she returned quickly with them and their dates in tow. Harry happily shuffled back to make room for the new additions, and was surprised when Blaise and Daphne joined them, dragging Millicent