

“What kind of boy are you looking for?” he asked, knowing Fleur’s standards were incredibly high. Perhaps there was a boy who could be persuaded to ditch their date last minute to go with a Triwizard champion.

“‘E must be ‘andsome,” Fleur said, and Harry gave her a look that said *‘obviously’*. “I want ‘im to be taller zan me. A good dancer. It would be nice if ‘e spoke French, but not necessary.”

Harry racked his brain, looking around the hall as if Fleur’s perfect man might just appear out of thin air. As he glanced past the doors of the Great Hall, Cassius walked in, talking to Cedric. Harry froze, a slow smile creeping across his face. “Fleur, I’ll be right back.”

Harry sprinted across the hall, skidding to a halt in front of the two sixth years. “Cassius!” he greeted, and the Slytherin stared at him in confusion. “Do you have a date to the ball?”

“Aren’t you going with Susan?” Cassius asked. Harry rolled his eyes.

“I’m not asking for me, you git,” he muttered, though he did wonder what would happen if he turned up to the ball with Cassius Warrington on his arm. Draco would slaughter them both. “Do you have a date?”

“No,” Cassius said. “I never really got around to asking anyone.”

“Are you good at dancing?”

“Harry, I’m a Warrington.” It was much the same tone Draco had replied with when Harry had asked a similar question, and Harry snickered. He eyed the older boy carefully; he was taller than Cedric. That would make him taller than Fleur, if only by a little.

“Are you entirely opposed to the idea of having a date?” If Cassius wanted to go alone, Harry wouldn’t force him, but it would be doing him a *huge* favour.

Cassius frowned doubtfully. “I mean, it would depend on the date? And I’d have to check with my, uh, someone.”

“Since when did you have a *someone*?” Cedric cut in, looking amused. Cassius blushed.

“None of your business, Diggory,” he muttered. Cedric laughed.

“Would that someone be okay with you being a shameless piece of entirely platonic arm candy for a very pretty girl who needs to look good for some pictures?” Harry hoped whoever Cassius was dating wasn’t the possessive type. “I’ll owe you one.”

“I mean, probably?” Cassius shrugged. “I really don’t understand where you’re going with all this, Potter.”

Harry reached out, grabbing Cassius by the wrist and tugging him towards the Gryffindor table. He dragged him right up to where Fleur was sat. “Fleur, this is Cassius Warrington,” he introduced, though he was almost certain they’d met before. “Attractive, over six foot, an