

“Oh, he wasn’t much for dancing, so I left him over there,” Luna replied, gesturing to the other side of the dance floor. Harry could just make out Ron sat alone at a table, scowling into his glass of pumpkin juice. Served him right.

“Probably for the best,” Harry said, gaze scanning the crowded dance floor. Susan was with Ernie, laughing as they waltzed together. Harry’s chest gave a little twinge at the sight of Draco and Millicent dancing together, the shy girl looking pretty in black and silver dress robes. Draco was smirking, the collar of his robe undone a couple of buttons. He was so handsome it physically hurt Harry to look at him. He tore his gaze away, smiling to see the twins messing with Boris, switching partners with him and Angelina so quickly it was hard for him to figure out which twin he was dancing with. Angelina was laughing so hard she could barely stand up straight, which was just making the whole affair even more entertaining.

“I think they’re about to change bands soon,” Luna commented absently, her eyes on the string quartet currently playing. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Bands?”

“Oh, yes. It won’t be formal dancing for the whole night. I rather think everyone’s had about enough of that. The Weird Sisters will be playing soon.” It was said with a strange sort of confidence that Harry noticed Luna had only sometimes, but she was never wrong when she did. Ginny had wondered if Luna was some sort of Seer, and Harry was starting to think she might not be too far off the mark.

“Really? Brilliant!” Harry was even less prepared for informal dancing than he had been for the formal stuff, but it couldn’t be too hard to figure out.

Sure enough, the quartet announced their final song, and Susan retrieved Harry from the table to drag him back out there. “You holding up alright?” she asked in concern, and he grinned.

“Better than I thought I would be,” he admitted. “But looking forward to something a little less stuffy.” Susan nodded in agreement, and when the song ended, she offered him a low curtsy.

“It’s been a pleasure, Heir Potter,” she said quietly, grinning. He bowed in return.

“The pleasure has been all mine, Heir Bones.” He paused, side-eyeing her. “But you’ll still dance with me to the Weird Sisters, right?”

Susan laughed, linking her arm through his as they headed back to their table. “Yes, I’ll still dance with you,” she promised, patting his hand.

All the champions returned to the tables, and Viktor and Cassius volunteered to go retrieve drinks from the bar, which was serving things more interesting than water or pumpkin juice. Nothing alcoholic of course, but brightly coloured fruity drinks that fizzed and smoked.

“Having fun?” Harry asked Hermione, who had been beaming so wide all night her face had to be hurting.