

“Harry, it’s Krum!” Ron hissed, as if Harry might not have noticed.

“For heaven’s sake, Ron, he’s only a quidditch player,” Hermione said with a roll of her eyes. Ron looked at her like she’d gone mental.

Harry rolled his eyes as they descended into quiet bickering, jogging forwards a couple of steps until he was between Neville and Parvati instead. Parvati was still starry-eyed, but she was a little more composed about it. “I knew he was young, but I had no idea he was still in school!”

“Imagine trying to keep up your grades alongside a professional quidditch career,” Harry muttered with a grimace.

They all settled at their house tables, and waited for the foreign students to choose their places. The Beauxbatons students decided on the Ravenclaw table, while the Durmstrang delegation — following Krum’s lead — made for the Slytherin table. Harry didn’t know what was funnier; watching Draco trying to play it cool as Viktor Krum sat right next to him, or watching Ron quietly fume about it.

Harry studied the foreign delegations curiously; each school had clearly sent only the students who were of age, as they had about fifteen students each. Beauxbatons seemed to be a pretty even mix of boys and girls, while he could only see two girls in the Durmstrang group. Dumbledore stood at his podium, and a hush fell over the room.

All he did was greet their guests and declare the start of the feast, and Harry was surprised at the number of foreign dishes on offer. The house elves had outdone themselves!

“Oh, you should try this, boys,” Parvati urged, gesturing to a large crock pot filled with some sort of stew. “It’s gyuvech, I had it in Bulgaria once with my family. It’s delicious.” Harry and Neville shared a glance, then shrugged, each spooning some of the stew onto their plates. The whole point of the tournament was cultural sharing, after all.

Ron and Hermione were a little further down the table, and Ron finally seemed to have realised Harry wasn’t sitting with them. Unfortunately — or fortunately, depending on how you looked at it — he was promptly distracted by a beautiful blonde French girl coming up and asking to take one of the dishes. Ron was completely tongue-tied over her, and Hermione waspishly gestured for the girl to take the bowl, glaring at the redhead. Harry noticed several other boys goggling at the blonde as she walked back to the Ravenclaw table.

“D’you think she’s part veela or something?” Neville asked curiously, his eyes following the girl as well. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“She could be.” It would explain why all the boys were staring. Did veela not affect women?

“Oi, Harry, there’s room for you up here,” Ron called once dessert appeared on the table, gesturing to the empty seat beside him — the seat he’d cleared for Viktor Krum.

“I’m alright, thanks, Ron,” Harry waved him off, helping himself to cake. Neville snorted at the outraged look on Ron’s face.