

“Don’t forget to make a wish,” Harry added. Draco rolled his eyes, leaning over to blow the candle out neatly.

“I don’t suppose you remembered to bring cutlery?”

Harry pulled a knife and two forks from his bag, and Draco cut the cake neatly in half. It was sized perfectly for two people, just as he’d requested. Ceri had outdone herself, and the pleased hum Draco let out at the first bite had Harry’s trousers tightening uncomfortably. Draco ate his entire piece of cake perched on Harry’s lap, and both of their trousers were feeling pretty snug by the time they were finished.

“What else do I get for my birthday?” Draco drawled, his eyes bright in the dim light of the room, fixed firmly on Harry’s. Harry smirked, letting his hands wander.

“I’m sure I’ll think of something suitable.”

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By the morning of the third task, everyone was too busy speculating over what might happen in the task to care about Harry’s sanity, or lack thereof. The students would be having their last few exams that day, and the task would happen shortly after. So far, Harry had spent the exam periods with the other champions, sometimes practicing spells but mostly just lazing about being smug at their lack of exams. He was expecting to do so again, when McGonagall came to him at breakfast. “Potter, the champions are gathering in the chamber off the hall after breakfast.”

“What surprise have they got for us now?” Harry asked with a grimace, wondering if there was going to be some unexpected extra layer of difficulty. They had to do the maze blindfolded, or something. McGonagall smiled slightly.

“You’ll like this one, Mr Potter,” was all she said before leaving the hall. Harry stared after her for a moment, then shrugged.

“Guess I’ll see you later, then,” he said to Neville, finishing off his orange juice and getting to his feet. “Good luck with History of Magic!”

Neville made a face and Harry laughed, heading towards the door to the side chamber. He met up with Cedric on the way over, and eyed him curiously. “Any idea what this is about?”

To his surprise, Cedric grinned at him. “You’ll see.” The Hufflepuff pushed the door open, sending Harry in first. He looked around the room; Amos Diggory was stood next to a pretty dark-haired woman, beaming proudly; over in a far corner were two dark-haired people who, judging by the man’s nose, could only be Viktor’s parents. Near them was a beautiful blonde woman, her hand securely wrapped around Gabrielle’s — Fleur’s little sister. And over by the fireplace...

“Surprise!” Bill Weasley strode forward, grabbing Harry in a hug. He was quickly followed by his mother.