

Skeeter paled, and was left with no choice but to take a picture of Cedric and Harry stood side-by-side, with Cedric's arm around Harry's shoulder. The badge was still on Harry's robes.

When they were finally allowed to leave, Cedric burst into laughter as soon as they were out of the judges' earshot. Krum and Fleur were still with them, and even they looked amused. "That was fantastic, Harry!" Cedric wiped tears of laughter from his eyes. "The look on her face!"

"I saw the kind of articles she wrote this summer," Harry said with a scowl. "I didn't want her turning this into the next chapter of the Saga of the Boy-Who-Lived. This should be about you three, you're the real champions here."

"She is not a pleasant woman," Krum remarked, shuddering.

"Shooting 'er down was vairy entertaining," Fleur agreed, smirking. "And per'aps you are not so bad, leetle 'Arry." Harry was fairly sure that was a compliment.

"I'm not here to steal your spotlight, any of you," he promised. "I just want to survive this thing and get on with my life."

The three other champions shared a look, then smiled at him. Harry smiled back, hoping desperately that it meant they were on his side. Or, at the very least, not actively hating him.

.-.-.-.

When he got back to the dormitory after dinner, which had been quite the affair when all the champions sat and ate together — especially once people noticed Harry's badge — Harry found Ron up there, scowling. "You've had an owl," he bit out, gesturing to where Hedwig was sat on Harry's bedside table. "And you've got detention with Snape, for skipping class. Tomorrow night after dinner." He looked less smug than he should have about that, making Harry wonder if he, too, had detention for hexing Goyle. Harry just hoped Snape wouldn't make them serve it together.

Ron didn't stick around long, and as soon as he was gone Harry made a beeline for his owl, offering her a treat from his drawer once he removed the two letters. His stomach twisted, anxiously anticipating what the Weasley boys' response might be.

*Hi Harry,*

*Of course it's okay for you to write! I'm glad to hear from you. Especially once I heard about your name coming out of the Goblet. Are you okay? I expect it's all a bit mad at the school there. The twins said you're handling it well, but if I can help, let me know.*

*I do know Gorrak, though I don't work for him often, and I'm surprised to hear you met with him. I saw him the other day, actually. He's well, and sends his regards. He also says the matter you last wrote to him about has been taken care of. Is everything alright, Harry?*