

“I haff learnt to ignore fear,” Krum replied simply. “In quidditch, fear stops you winning.”

“Your Wronski Feint at the cup was pretty fearless,” Harry agreed. Krum raised an eyebrow.

“You vere there?”

“Yeah, you were brilliant! I play seeker as well,” he added, blushing slightly. “For Gryffindor. Cedric is the Hufflepuff seeker, actually. Maybe it’s a sign. We’re all reckless and crazy, exactly what the Goblet is looking for.” That actually drew a chuckle from the reserved Bulgarian wizard.

“I vonder if Fleur plays quidditch,” he mused absently. “It would be fun to all fly together sometime.”

Harry took a moment to realise the international quidditch star had just invited him to fly with him, and almost had a small heart attack. “We’ll have to ask,” he said instead, trying to keep it cool. Krum hadn’t bat an eyelash at him being Harry Potter. Harry refused to kick up a fuss about him in return. “Did you bring your broom with you, then?”

“I bring my broom everywhere,” Krum assured. Harry hadn’t seen him out flying; then again, he probably kept it secret, so he wasn’t disturbed. If the hordes of fangirls got excited about watching him in the *library* — there were three around the corner, even now — they would lose their minds at watching him train for quidditch.

Bored of reading the same paragraph over and over in the hopes it might magically provide him with an answer, Harry let his gaze trail over to the books Krum had out. He froze. Several of them were about dragons. The ones that weren’t were on eye-related hexes.

Krum knew about the dragons.

Harry shut his book quickly, straightening up. If Krum knew, and he knew, and Madam Maxime knew — which meant Fleur knew — then... Cedric was the only champion going in blind. Harry couldn’t allow that. “I’ve got to go,” he declared suddenly, grabbing his bag and getting to his feet. “I’ll see you later, yeah?”

Krum only nodded tersely, going back to his reading, and Harry about sprinted from the library. “Point Me Cedric Diggory,” he muttered with his wand out, hoping the older boy wasn’t in his common room or somewhere else Harry couldn’t get to.

He was in luck. The spell led him to the Transfiguration courtyard, where Cedric was lying on a bench with his head in Cho’s lap and a book propped in front of him, surrounded by several other Hufflepuffs. He looked up when Harry came thundering towards him. “Harry? What’s the matter?”

“Can I talk to you for a second? Privately?”

Cedric shot him a bewildered look, but stood up and followed Harry across the courtyard and out of earshot. “It’s dragons,” Harry told him urgently. Cedric’s brow furrowed. “The first