

“Congratulations,” Harry replied agreeably, glad Percy seemed to be doing well at work. He was a bit of a smug git, but he wasn’t all bad. Certainly not Harry’s least favourite Weasley sibling at the current moment in time.

Speaking of, Harry could see Ron sat with Luna, Ginny and Neville a few tables away. He was entirely ignoring them, too busy glaring at Viktor Krum. It made Harry sigh to himself; that was an explosion he’d *love* to avoid.

Dinner was surprisingly enjoyable, despite the judges’ presence at their table. Harry spent most of it talking to Susan, Fleur and Cassius, as they were sat on Susan’s other side. “We’ve really managed to do well for school representation here,” Susan remarked at one point. “One from each of the foreign schools, and at least one from every Hogwarts house. Was that on purpose?”

Harry refused to admit that getting Cassius to go with Fleur had been partly because he was a Slytherin, insisting that it just happened to work out that way. He just hadn’t wanted the snake house to get left out.

Susan barely let him sit and digest his food before they were back out on the dance floor, but she didn’t stay in his arms for long. “Mind if we trade?” It was Cedric and Cho, waltzing effortlessly towards them, and before Harry knew it he had Cho in his arms, and Susan was off into the crowd with Cedric. Cho giggled, adjusting Harry’s hold and nudging him into action.

That started a series of mid-dance partner changes, until Harry had danced with every single one of the champions and their dates, as well as Ginny, Neville, both the Weasley twins, Anthony Goldstein, both Patil twins, Luna, Daphne Greengrass, and at one point Professor McGonagall, who looked equally confused as to how she ended up there. “I hope you’re not considering asking Professor Snape to dance,” she said with a dubious look towards the dark-haired Slytherin, who was lurking in the back corner of the room, looking surprisingly handsome in jet black dress robes. Harry hoped Remus got to see him in the robes before the night was through, if he hadn’t already.

“Don’t worry, Professor,” Harry assured with a grin as they twirled through the crowd. “Contrary to popular belief, I don’t *actually* have a death wish.” That drew a reluctant chuckle from the professor, and when the music ended Harry released her with an over-the-top bow. She shook her head exasperatedly.

“Just like your father,” she muttered, fondness creeping into her tone. “Stay out of trouble, Potter.”

Harry saluted with a laugh, then turned away to head to the table, his legs starting to ache from all the dancing. He reached for his glass of water and drained it thirstily. Within a few moments, Luna appeared beside him, stealing Susan’s seat. “Hello, Harry,” she said airily, smiling. Her dress robes were a pretty lavender colour, with strange creatures embroidered on them. Her earrings looked to be made of tiny purple feathers. “Lovely night, isn’t it?”

“Brilliant,” he agreed, surprised at how much fun he was having. “Where’s Ron?”