

“Oh, those are completely made up by Skeeter,” Harry promised. “She’s all yours, don’t worry.” That made Viktor grin, and something in Harry’s chest twisted. He hadn’t realised the Durmstrang boy liked Hermione quite so much. Should he say something? Tell Viktor that his sort-of-girlfriend was maybe spying on Harry for Dumbledore and who knew what she really wanted with Viktor? No, he couldn’t do that. The worst Hermione could likely be accused of where Viktor was concerned was using him to make Ron jealous.

It was none of his business, Harry decided. Viktor would leave at the end of the year anyway.

“So who *were* you with at the Yule Ball, then?” Cedric asked curiously. “If it wasn’t any of the girls. It certainly wasn’t George; him and Boris made it pretty clear where they were going when they left.”

Harry ducked his head, cheeks turning red. “No one important,” he lied.

“Was it Cassius? Wait, no, he was still in the hall while you were gone.”

“Why does everyone think I’m with Cassius?” Harry despaired, remembering Neville’s assumption too. Did he really spend that much time around the older Slytherin? No wonder Dumbledore was getting worried. “Leave it alone or I’ll tell Skeeter it was you I was snogging,” he told Cedric, who snickered.

“I could do worse,” he said with a shrug, winking. “Not sure Cho would be pleased about it, mind. She’d want to watch if I was snogging you.”

Harry made a face. “That’s more information than I ever wanted about you or your girlfriend.” Maybe Cedric wasn’t as incredibly straight as George had assumed.

Cedric burst into laughter, and even Fleur and Viktor joined him at the disturbed expression Harry wore.

“On zat note, I think eet is time to go to bed,” Fleur suggested, still giggling. “Since ‘Arry will not share ‘is rendezvous wiz us.”

“If we all survive this bloody tournament, I’ll tell you,” Harry grumbled, getting to his feet.

It was later than they probably should have stayed out considering their early start, but Cedric and Harry weren’t remotely tired as they snuck back up to the castle, bidding Viktor goodnight on the lawn. They parted ways at the stairs, and Harry quickly made his way up to Gryffindor Tower, creeping up to his dorm. All the other beds had the curtains drawn, so Harry tried to be quiet as he got ready for bed, squeezing his eyes shut and trying to force himself to sleep. He’d need all the rest he could get.