

“As my daughter is otherwise occupied,” she said amusedly, only a trace of an accent to her words, “I shall introduce myself. I am Apolline Delacour; you must be the young man who saved my Gabrielle.”

“Harry Potter,” he offered, bowing in greeting. “Your daughter is a fierce opponent, and an even more fierce friend.”

“You flatter me, Mr Potter,” Mrs Delacour replied, eyeing her daughter proudly. Mrs Weasley, on the other hand, didn’t seem to know what to make of the blatant flirting going on in front of her. Fleur wasn’t even using her veela charm; none of the other men in the room were looking twice at her. Bill seemed entirely smitten without it.

Harry eventually managed to drag Bill away from Fleur to introduce the pair to Viktor and his parents, though their English was far less fluent. And there was no need to introduce the final family; Amos Diggory gave Harry an assessing look as he approached. “There you are! Bet you’re not feeling so full of yourself now Cedric’s caught you up on points, are you?”

Cedric turned red. “Dad!” he snapped, shooting his father a scolding look. “Ignore him, Harry. He’s been angry ever since Skeeter’s first article about the tournament. Y’know, the one where she made out like you were the only Hogwarts champion?” That article felt like a lifetime ago. Amos scowled.

“Didn’t bother to correct her, though, did you?” he pointed out sharply. Harry met his gaze without flinching.

“No, I just got her arrested,” he retorted, voice cool. “Did you also happen to notice I was wearing a badge with your son’s name on it in the pictures? Rita Skeeter’s garbage is nothing to do with me.”

Amos puffed up, getting ready to respond, but his wife put a hand on his arm and tugged him away with a furious whisper. Cedric gave an apologetic grimace. “Sorry, Harry. He’s... difficult.”

Neither of Harry’s interactions with Amos had been particularly great, but Harry waved it off, smiling. It wasn’t Cedric’s fault his dad was a bit of a dick. “It’s alright. We’re gonna go for a wander; see you at lunch?”

Saying goodbye to the others, Harry led the two Weasleys out into the now-empty Great Hall, listening as Bill began to reminisce about his Hogwarts days while they strolled the grounds. He asked after Percy, wondering how he was handling Crouch’s disappearance. Apparently, not well.

The rest of the Weasley family were surprised to see their mother and brother when the trio returned for lunch, and Ginny threw herself at her big brother for a tight hug, shoving Harry out of the way so she could sit beside Bill. Harry merely scooted up closer to George.

He was surprised at how frosty Mrs Weasley turned when Hermione joined them, barely greeting the girl before turning back to her children. “Mum reads *Witch Weekly*,” George murmured in Harry’s ear. “But she doesn’t read the *Quibbler*.”