

“So glad to hear it,” Harry replied dryly. “You look beautiful, by the way.” If he was remotely interested in girls, he’d probably be having some very confusing feelings right about now. “Shall we?” He offered an arm, and she looped hers through it, falling into step beside him to go find McGonagall and the rest of the champions.

They found them outside the main doors to the Great Hall, gathered in a small cluster, and Cho let out a playful wolf-whistle when Harry approached. “Don’t you two clean up nicely!”

She had Cedric’s hand in hers, and was wearing gorgeous blue and silver dress robes that were definitely East Asian in style, her hair pinned up with a pair of silver hair sticks. Cedric’s dark blue dress robes were simple but impeccably tailored, and looking at him made Harry’s pulse tick up a little.

Beside them were Fleur and Cassius — Fleur looked every inch of her veela heritage in silver satin dress robes with a bodice that hugged her curves and flared out at the waist, her hair hanging loose and needle-straight like a curtain of silk. Cassius’ slate grey robes had a slight sheen to the material that complimented Fleur’s robes nicely, and beneath that he had a dark green shirt that was open a little at the collar. His dark hair was combed perfectly, and Harry’s heart fluttered when the Slytherin smiled at him. How had he ended up surrounded by so many damned attractive people??

“You all look amazing!” he enthused. “Where’s Viktor?”

“Over zere, waiting for ‘is date,” Fleur supplied, pointing across the hall. Viktor stood at the base of the stairs, wearing red dress robes with fur trim. He looked a little uncomfortable in such formal attire, but he was still distractingly handsome. He caught sight of something — or rather *someone* — that made him stand a little straighter, offering his arm out with a smile. Harry gaped at the girl who took it.

Hermione didn’t look like herself *at all*. She wore dress robes of a floaty periwinkle blue material that shimmered with every movement, standing out against her dark brown skin, and her hair was sleek and straight, done in a very complex-looking up-do that made her look far older than fifteen. She was beaming, showing off her newly-corrected teeth, her lips painted a rosy pink and her pale blue eyeshadow glittering in the low light of the hall. Viktor bowed over her hand and kissed it, then tucked her arm through his own and walked her towards the group, looking *very* pleased with himself. Harry had to admit, Hermione looked stunning.

“Hi Harry, Susan,” she greeted, smiling widely. “You look great!”

All Susan seemed to be able to do was stare. Harry grinned back at his friend. “You look beautiful, Hermione. Viktor, you behave yourself, alright?” he added mock-threateningly, making the Bulgarian laugh.

“I haff no doubt Hermy-own will hex me if I put a foot wrong,” he pointed out. He still struggled to say Hermione’s name, but she certainly didn’t seem to mind.

McGonagall arrived in robes of red tartan, surveying them all with a look of mild pride. “Excellent, you’re all here. Are you ready?”