

What Blokes Do

by dresswithout sleeves

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Harry," Cedric said and then kissed him.

It was the slightest, briefest of kisses, so light that for a moment neither boy was entirely sure that it had happened. Cedric himself was most surprised, having intended to say, "Why don't you take a bath in the fifth-floor prefect bathroom?" and instead found his mouth pressed against two warm lips that tasted like pumpkin pasty.

Afterwards, the thought of suggesting to Harry that he ought to get undressed seemed entirely too forward.

Despite its briefness, the taste and feel of the kiss remained with both boys as they carried on throughout their week. Each time someone called, "Harry!" the Boy-Who-Lived was sent spinning through the corridors, back to seventeen-year-old Cedric Diggory and found himself grinning in an embarrassingly foolish manner. Cedric, Harry decided, tasted rather like flying.

Cedric began to take the long way round to classes, and Harry began to go out of his way to pass by Cedric's classroom. Consequently, the two seemed to consistently miss one another until both were absolutely convinced that the other was avoiding him.

"Harry," Hermione said, pausing to let him get the stupid grin off his face, "why don't you just talk to him?"

"That would be a brilliant idea, Hermione," Harry replied, "if I could ever find him."

She didn't have a response to this.

"Cedric," his father, who had been quite supportive throughout the entire thing, said, "why don't you just find Harry and do ... whatever it is that you blokes like to do?"

"Dad, that's gross," Cedric replied, although secretly he thought that perhaps his father wasn't too far off the mark. And the next time he found himself alone with Harry, he might do just that.

It wasn't until just before the final Task that they were finally alone together. They stared sort of stupidly at first, neither sure of what to say. Harry considered, "You taste like flying, which is my favorite thing in the world," but he thought that it sounded too desperate.

Cedric almost said, "I'd really like to drag you to the loo and do whatever it is that blokes like to do with one another," but realized that it was too dirty.

Finally, they settled on grinning. Cedric cupped Harry's face in his hands and Harry wrapped his arms around Cedric's neck, and when they stepped into the maze both were quite sure this time that the kiss had occurred – evidence of which (Harry's glasses mysteriously fogged, Cedric's shirt put on backwards) the crowd seemed to

overlook.

Well, except for Amos Diggory, who elbowed Arthur Weasley in the side and, wiggling his eyebrows, said, "That's my boy, Arthur, doing whatever it is those blokes do. That's my boy."

Hermione, who was sitting right behind the pair, simply smiled. "Isn't it sweet?" She asked.

Mr. Weasley remained quite befuddled.