

Sirius summoned one from the next room over, and as each of them in turn ticked the 'attending' boxes on their RSVP slips, the papers glowed and the green ink turned a bright gold colour, confirming it.

"We'll have to look for a wedding present," Draco said, catching Harry's hand. "And get some new dress robes."

Harry groaned quietly. "I suppose I can't just stick with the ones I've got?"

"Absolutely not. You wore those to Bill and Fleur's wedding."

"There were like thirty people and Bill and Fleur's wedding!" Harry protested, but Draco didn't budge.

"Yes, and every single one of them will be at this one, too. Not to mention, there were *pictures*. I refuse to be seen with you in the same dress robes at two weddings in the same social circle." There was that haughty aristocratic snobbery that Harry would never truly understand, but nor would Draco ever shed entirely.

"I think all of us could do with some new dress robes," Narcissa cut in, smiling with steel-grey eyes that just dared any of them to argue with her. "We'll make a family outing of it. I'll make an appointment with our tailor."

Harry looked across the table at Remus, the only person likely to give him any sympathy on the matter. But Remus was too busy looking down at Snape's confirmed attendance on the RSVP, no doubt lost in fantasies of attending such a public event together. Gross.

Harry looked down at his own invite contemplatively, smiling at the tiny golden quidditch hoops in the bottom corners. That reminded him — he had a plan to put into motion.

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With a little help from Ginny and Neville, a recommendation from Narcissa and an autographed copy of the *Prophet* article of his defeat of Voldemort, Harry managed to organise a somewhat last-minute date.

"What are you up to, Potter?" Draco asked suspiciously, the morning when Harry told him they were going out for dinner, so to be wearing nice robes and ready to leave by quarter past six. Harry just grinned impishly, kissing his boyfriend and patting him on the backside, before heading to apparate over to the Ministry.

Harry made sure he was home in plenty of time to shower and change and wrestle his hair into submission, and it was clearly worth it — Draco inhaled sharply when he opened his bedroom door at Harry's knock, his eyes darkening with arousal as he studied his Gryffindor boyfriend. Harry wore forest green robes open over a crisp white shirt, green tie knotted neatly at his throat. "What do you think?" he asked, holding his arms wide for inspection, grinning. "Can you stand to be seen with me in public?"