

Bill had never paid for a meal so fast in his life.

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“Oliver, we are *not* flying in on broomsticks.”

“Come on, Cass — where’s your sense of fun?”

Cassius sighed at his partner’s dancing turquoise eyes. “My sense of fun is in the quaffle centrepieces, and the quidditch-themed cake, and in letting you literally marry me at a quidditch stadium, which is *your workplace*, might I add,” he said pointedly, leaning over to kiss the pout off Oliver’s lips. “I plan to look so fucking incredible in my wedding robes that you will stop and stare in amazement. If you’re on your broom, you could end up being so gobsmacked by my beauty that you crash into a post. Then where would the *fun* be.”

Oliver laughed, squeezing Cassius’ thigh. “Fair point, love.”

They hadn’t *intended* to spend Valentine’s Day wedding planning, but they couldn’t exactly go out anywhere, and Ollie had a game in the morning so he couldn’t even drink.

Secretly, Cassius sort-of liked it; the pair of them in their pyjamas, surrounded by lists and pictures of flowers and cakes and Merlin knew what else, drinking hot chocolate and thinking up increasingly outlandish suggestions for their future nuptials.

It was so fucking *domestic* it was going to make Cassius’ teeth rot, and he wouldn’t change a second of it for the world.

“Have you picked out your robes, then?” Oliver asked curiously, tucking one leg beneath him to face Cassius a little better, even as he reached over to double check the menu. The stadium staff were going to cater the event, which was amazing, but also gave them a million options to choose from.

“I’ve narrowed it down to three,” Cassius told him. “How about you?”

“I thought I had it sorted. Then Da asked if I was gonnae wear the family tartan.” Oliver shrugged, cheeks going pink. “Said I’d ask how you felt about it.”

Cassius’ eyes roamed over his fiancé, mentally exchanging the Puddlemere t-shirt and quaffle-patterned pyjama bottoms for a kilt and all the accompanying regalia. Lust stirred within him. “If you’re wearing a kilt, you’re *definitely* not flying in on a broom,” he said decisively. “No one’s seeing your arse but me.”

Oliver laughed, winking at him. “Yes, dear.” He kissed his cheek, raising an eyebrow. “So you wouldn’t mind it? Having me in muggle-wear and all?”

“Ollie, love, at this point quite frankly I’d be so glad to call you mine officially I’d take you in your Puddlemere kit,” Cassius told him bluntly, watching the pleased and surprised glow chase across his partner’s face. “It’s *our* wedding. Yours and mine. If you want to wear a kilt, I’m entirely happy with that. Just be prepared for me to be grabbing your arse most of the night.”