

Several people snickered, and Draco pushed Harry forward until he was stumbling dazedly towards the group. “I— really?” he asked at Bill, still hesitant. Bill’s grin widened.

“Yes, now hurry up before the twins start hexing eyebrows.”

Ginny grabbed Harry, situating him properly in the midst of the family, and George elbowed him gently in the side. “Told you, little brother,” he said under his breath. “Stuck with us forever. Now smile and look pretty.”

Harry faced Colin’s camera, and beamed.

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After the photos, they were allowed back into the tent, which had transformed into an elegant ballroom. A magical record player was set up in the corner with a stack of records waiting beside it, and tables laden with drinks and food lined the sides, leaving plenty of room for a dance floor in the middle. Smaller round tables were dotted about as well, with chairs tucked under them in case not everyone wanted to dance.

They had all eaten lunch at the castle, so there was no formal wedding meal; just finger-foods, and of course the cake, which was a masterpiece of a dessert — three-tiered and decorated with delicate white chocolate feathers, no doubt as a nod to Fleur’s veela heritage.

Bill and Fleur moved to the centre of the dance floor, and after a thumbs up from his big brother, Charlie set the first record on the player.

Harry didn’t recognise the song, but he wasn’t paying much attention to it anyway; the happy couple swayed in each others’ arms, whispering to themselves and smiling soppyly. It made Harry’s chest ache in the best of ways, watching them like that.

Arms looped around his waist, pulling him back against a familiar chest, the spicy-sweet smell of Draco’s aftershave tickling his nose as the blond rested his head against Harry’s, body just barely swaying to the rhythm of the music. One by one, couples began to join Bill and Fleur on the dance floor; the Delacours, Mr and Mrs Weasley, Sirius and Charlie, Ginny and Neville. Draco kissed his cheek, then stepped away, offering his hand with a bow.

“Dance with me?” he asked, grey eyes shining.

Harry was more than happy to oblige, accompanying his love to the dance floor.

The music didn’t stay slow for long, moving effortlessly between wizarding and muggle music, throwing in a slower song every now and then to ease things off. Harry was more than happy to dance with Draco — and with plenty of others who offered.

When he danced with Fleur, she was practically glowing with joy. “Thank you,” she said earnestly. “Had I not met you, Harry, I would never have found my Bill. I owe all this happiness to you.”

“I’m just glad that you’re happy,” he told her, kissing her cheek. “And I know he’s my brother, but feel free to call me if he ever needs his arse kicked.”