

“Muggleborn. They’re in hiding,” Harry explained. “His big brother isn’t thrilled — Colin, over there, year below me — but I don’t think he’d trust anyone else guarding his back. You should see them duel together, you’d swear they were twins.” Colin and Dennis working as a team was truly a force to be reckoned with.

Kingsley just shook his head in astonishment, folding his arms over his broad chest.

Harry walked back to his platform, stopping the duels with a firework from his wand. “Not as rusty as I thought,” he joked. “Good to see it.”

“Are you gonna give us a challenge, or what?” Lee Jordan taunted playfully.

“Well, if you insist,” Harry mock-sighed. “Groups of four, rotate through some three-on-ones.”

There was a reshuffle of positions, and the duelling began again. Harry didn’t want to push them too hard too soon, but he needed them to be ready.

Harry let them go on with that for another twenty minutes or so, then called break time — immediately, house elves filled the staff table with drinks and snacks.

“Well, well, this does look like fun,” drawled a voice from the doorway. Bill had arrived, with Fleur at his side, both of them looking impressed. Harry was right beside the cluster of redheads sprinting to greet the pair excitedly.

“What are you two doing here?” Harry asked, raising his eyebrows. “Last I heard, you were in France until at least next week.”

“Cut it short,” Bill said with a shrug, Fleur leaned into his side, beaming.

“We are getting married,” she announced in delight.

“Yes, dear, that’s usually what that big shiny rock on your finger means,” Harry teased. She huffed, shooting him a glare.

“She means here,” Bill supplied. “Now. This weekend.” He looked at his gathered family. “If... if you’re up for it.”

“I— this weekend? As in four days away?” Mrs Weasley asked, flabbergasted. Bill’s returning smile was sheepish.

“Yeah? McGonagall says it’s fine, and... we never really wanted anything big or fussy. But, hell, if I’m gonna die, I want to do so as Fleur’s husband.”

Fleur smacked his arm, rolling her eyes. “No one is going to die,” she insisted, “stop being dramatic.” She looked back to Mrs Weasley. “We know it is short notice. But we do not want to wait any longer. I... I hope you are willing to join us.”

“You’re sure you want me there?” Mrs Weasley asked, voice sad. “After everything?”