

He was in fine hosting form, carefully seating everyone around the table so that reunions could be had without anyone getting overwhelmed. Harry found himself placed between Draco and Fleur, with Tonks and Kingsley sat opposite. Ceri flitted about, levitating plates of food in front of everyone, expertly managing the many drinks needing poured — she was a Black family elf, after all, even if it had been many years since their last dinner party.

With his knee pressed reassuringly to Draco's under the table, Harry started up a conversation with Tonks about a band that she'd got him listening to on the Wireless; a band that Draco had enjoyed too, giving them common ground to have a conversation of their own. He needn't have worried so much; by the time the second course came around, Draco was happily chatting away about school as if he'd known Tonks all his life.

"You are so protective," Fleur murmured in his ear, leaning in close. "It is very cute."

Harry flushed, turning to talk to her now that Draco was fine on his own, though he still kept his knee against his boyfriend's. "He hasn't had much in the way of good family," he replied in an undertone. "I just want this to go well."

"He is the boy you were with during the Tournament, non?" Fleur checked, and Harry nodded. "So sweet, that you have stayed together through it all. I did wonder if you were in love, when you wrote that article."

"I— I didn't know it at the time," he confessed sheepishly — though even then he'd had some idea of how much Draco Malfoy would come to mean to him. "But yeah. He's the one."

Fleur cooed delightedly. Beside her, Bill chuckled.

"Charlie mentioned you were smitten," he remarked. "I'd like to say I'm surprised, but honestly at this point I don't think anything you do could surprise me, Potter." His tone was teasing, and Harry shrugged ruefully.

"I try."

"You will have to bring him to the wedding," Fleur insisted. "Whenever it may be."

Harry glanced at Draco, imagining seeing the blond in dress robes again — and actually being able to dance with him in public, this time. "Sounds great, Fleur."

By the time they got married, Harry knew he would be ready to go public with Draco. Hell, he doubted they would be able to wait that long. With Narcissa openly setting the Malfoy family apart from the Dark, there was little reason to keep it secret these days.

As everyone grew more comfortable with each other, the conversations slowly expanded to involve the whole table; Narcissa offered recommendations for a florist for Bill and Fleur's wedding, while Ted got to talking with Charlie about the niffler nest in Ted's garden. Around the time Ceri served dessert, Harry looked over at Sirius — the Lord Black was in his element, face shining as he chatted with his cousins, Charlie's arm slung over the back of his chair. It was clear he was enjoying the company, after so long being mostly alone.