

They all sat, the music fading out. Her speech continued, talking a lot about magic and the soul and things that sounded like very traditional wording but went right over Harry's head — the muggle stuff he'd seen was all about God and heaven and stuff, and there was none of that in a magical wedding. He had no idea if what was happening was a standard wedding or not.

He should probably research that, when the war was over. All things considered.

He let the headmistress' words wash over him, reaching for Draco's hand once more and leaning slightly against him, smiling when Draco brought their joined hands up to his lips, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Harry's.

At last, it came to a part that was more familiar to Harry. Bill reverently moved Fleur's veil off her face, properly revealing her shining blue eyes, a few tears already escaping.

"William, please offer your vows," McGonagall prompted. Bill swallowed thickly.

"Fleur Apolline Delacour," he began, voice husky with emotion. "I vow to you my magic and my life, my heart and my home — whatever is mine we shall share, whatever I am is yours to keep. I will share in your joy, and also your sadness. I will walk at your side, in this life and that which comes after. I will hold my duty to our family above all other loyalties — any challenge to you is a challenge to me also, because we are one in spirit and mind."

He paused, swallowing again, wiping quickly at his face in a way that made several people chuckle quietly. "I vow to protect you, to cherish you, and to love you until the last of my magic fades. This I vow by the magic in my blood, so mote it be."

Fleur was definitely crying by now, but her voice didn't waver as she offered her own vows in return.

Then, instead of asking for rings, the couple joined both hands together between them, and McGonagall raised her wand. "These vows have been made by magic, and by magic will they be kept," she declared — gold light shot from her wand, wrapping around Bill and Fleur's joined hands like a thick rope. "We who gather here today do offer our blessings upon this union, and all that follows from it. We offer our witness of their vows, and our magic to aid in their keeping. So mote it be."

"So mote it be," came the murmur of the crowd. As he recited the words, Harry felt a small spark within him, and the gold light around Fleur and Bill flashed even brighter, changing shape; it shrank down, becoming the wedding rings on their fingers, bright gold and glimmering in the light.

"Lord William Arthur Weasley, and Fleur Apolline Delacour, by the will of Magic I pronounce you wed," McGonagall said, finally breaking into a smile as Bill cupped Fleur's face and kissed her. The whole tent broke out into applause, the twins wolf-whistling in loud unison when the kiss just kept on going.

Finally they parted, and Bill offered his new wife his arm. Draco nudged Harry into standing and once all the guests were out of their seats, the pair began their journey down the aisle.