

They stopped outside the entrance to Gryffindor Tower. “This is the quieter of the two dorms we’ve got set up for adults. Not as many people, more married couples and the like. The other one, Ravenclaw Tower, that’s holding all the of-age students, younger single people, that sort of crowd.” It was much more packed in there, but no one seemed to mind.

“But not you?” Viktor presumed, and Harry’s smile turned wry.

“Not me,” he confirmed. “I’m in here. Bit more peace and quiet. We haven’t been bothering with passwords,” he added, knocking on the edge of the frame and smiling at the Fat Lady as she waved at them both. “Just knock, the dorms will open.” Hufflepuff was the only place with a password, being home to many younger children.

Harry was not anticipating the Weasley family gathering in the Gryffindor common room; it seemed they were planning wedding things, if the parchment in Mrs Delacour’s lap was anything to go by. All of them froze, and then Fleur squealed.

“Viktor! You made it!” She jumped up, throwing herself at the Bulgarian man.

“I would not miss it for the world,” he promised, kissing her on both cheeks. “I am sorry to interrupt; Harry was just finding me a room.”

“If there’s nowhere free, you can stay with us,” Bill offered, getting up to shake Viktor’s hand.

“When you are getting married in three days?” Viktor asked skeptically. Bill laughed.

“Maybe not on that night,” he corrected with a wink. “But the rest of the time, sure. I mean, if we wanted a honeymoon, we’d have waited.”

Viktor glanced to Harry, who shrugged. “Works for me.” With how many new people had shown up lately, Harry wasn’t sure there was enough space for Viktor to have his own room. At least this way he’d be staying with family.

“That’s settled, then,” Viktor agreed. “Should we leave you to your planning?”

“Nonsense! We are practically done,” Fleur insisted, taking him by the hand. “Come, join us. You too, Harry! We were just deciding on music. Bill insists on throwing muggle bands into the list and I do not know enough to know if I should let him!” She giggled, shooting her soon-to-be husband a fond look.

“Don’t worry, I have a *lot* of opinions about muggle bands,” Harry assured her.

He almost walked straight into Viktor’s back as the broad-shouldered seeker stopped in his tracks. Peering over his shoulders, Harry tried not to grimace. He hadn’t noticed her before, but Hermione was sat with the group, squeezed into a large armchair with Ron. She was looking up at the Bulgarian in shock, while Ron was steadily turning redder, jaw clenching with poorly-hidden jealousy.

“Hi, Viktor,” Hermione greeted, her voice thin and a little too high. Viktor inclined his head.