

hadn't been much of a social calendar before now. But even so, Harry was sure anything in future would be hard pressed to top this.

He hadn't realised it was possible for something to be *tastefully* quidditch themed, but somehow Cassius and Oliver had managed it. Puddlemere's stadium was decked out to the nines, the pitch laid out for the whole wedding, sun shining down on them all.

There had to be at least two hundred people in attendance — friends from Hogwarts, Oliver's quidditch friends, some of Cassius' work colleagues. All the people whose social standing led them to expect an invitation to Lord Warrington's wedding. And of course, those friends made in the month spent turning Hogwarts into a stronghold.

But despite the huge crowd, and the multiple photographers, it still felt like an intimate, family affair. Harry and Draco were seated near the front, with the rest of their friends, so they had the perfect view of Oliver and Cassius meeting at the altar with awe in their eyes, joining hands and preparing to pledge their lives to one another.

Throughout the ceremony — which was definitely longer than Bill and Fleur's — Harry kept looking down at Draco's hand in his, his engagement ring sat on his finger. Every time Draco caught him, he would roll his eyes and smile and kiss Harry's cheek, directing his attention back towards the happy couple.

The pair were unfairly handsome in their wedding attire, Oliver in the full formal tartan of his family clan, Cassius in shimmering gold dress robes that fit him like a glove; Harry didn't doubt all the gossip magazines — and some of the quidditch magazines — would have them on the front page of their next issue.

When the magical binding around their hands turned into identical wedding rings, the cheer that went up around the stadium felt louder than any quidditch match.

Harry caught Oliver's eye as the newly wedded couple made their return journey down the aisle together — his ex-captain had never looked so happy, not even when Gryffindor had won the quidditch cup. Which, for Oliver Wood, was saying *a lot*.

With no war to get to and no reason not to celebrate fully, there was a sit-down dinner, complete with speeches. Harry and Draco were on a table with the rest of the original Gryffindor team and their plus-ones, Draco very glad for Blaise's presence in the crowd of lions.

Oliver's dad gave a hilarious speech, embarrassing the hell out of both his son and his new son-in-law, teasing Oliver about how he thought his son would never love anything more than he loved quidditch, and then he'd been introduced to Cassius. It was sweet, and heartfelt, and everything Harry had imagined weddings to be.

He wanted his own to be like that. Even if the idea of Sirius Black giving a Father-of-the-Groom speech did give him palpitations.

Hopefully Neville's Best Man speech would make up for it. If his friend agreed to the position, of course.