

“Thanks! You look great, too. All matchy-matchy, very cute,” she teased, patting Draco’s cheek.

Into the seat beside her dropped Kingsley, wearing moss-green robes with two wide bands of bold black and gold geometric pattern running vertically down the front, and a hat to match. His knee knocked against Tonks’, making Harry grin.

“We not hiding this anymore, then?” he asked, looking pointedly at the pair of them.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about, Harry,” Tonks said breezily. “Totally normal, two co-workers sitting next to each other at a friend’s wedding. Nothing suspicious at all. Those co-workers might even dance together at said wedding.”

“And when those co-workers get caught snogging round the back of the marquee?” Harry teased.

“Then the four-eyed little twerp who catches them had better keep his mouth shut,” Tonks continued in the same tone. Harry snickered.

“Noted.”

There was a bit of noise, and a burgundy-clad figure hurried into the tent — Cassius’ shoulders slumped in relief as Oliver hurried around the edge of the seats, sinking into the empty one at his partner’s side. “Sorry, sorry, I know I’m late, things ran over,” he whispered, kissing Cassius’ cheek apologetically.

“You’re lucky it’s not started yet,” Cassius said, though he wasn’t truly mad. Oliver squeezed his thigh and winked, then looked down the rest of the row.

“Alright, lads,” he greeted. “Aye up, Viktor, when did you get in?”

“Wednesday,” Viktor replied, thick brows furrowed. “I did not realise you knew Bill and Fleur.”

Oliver’s grin widened. “I know them well enough, but I’m mostly here for this one,” he explained, jerking a thumb towards Cassius — his left thumb, so he could uncurl his hand and show off his engagement ring. Viktor made a quiet noise of realisation.

“Ahh, your mysterious partner is Cassius? I did not know. Congratulations.”

“Hang on, how do you two know each other?” Harry cut in, confused — if Viktor hadn’t known about Cassius, then how? Oliver had graduated by the time the Tournament happened.

Oliver and Viktor exchanged a look. “Quidditch,” they said in unison.

“It’s a small world, even internationally,” Oliver elaborated. “And remind me, Potter, to catch you when the party starts. I need a word,” he added with a pointed look.

Harry wondered if, in this small world of quidditch, Oliver might have heard about the tryout Viktor had arranged for him.