

“Hello, Hermione.” He had finally got the hang of pronouncing her name. “You are looking well.”

Ron looked like he might explode, grabbing Hermione’s hand possessively. Harry winced, climbing over the back of the sofa to squeeze himself in between George and Ginny. “That’s a disaster waiting to happen,” he muttered under his breath, watching warily as Viktor was led to a seat beside Fleur. Ginny snorted.

“I hope there’s popcorn,” was all she said, eyes lighting up with glee.

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Between the combined power of Mrs Weasley and Mrs Delacour, everything was set for the wedding on the afternoon of Saturday the 9th of July. Harry, Draco and Neville got ready together in their dorm; Ginny, as a bridesmaid, was getting ready with Gabrielle and Fleur elsewhere.

Harry was wearing the purple dress robes he wore to Slughorn’s Christmas party, and it didn’t take much convincing for Draco to wear his grey ones. Neville, too, seemed to have decided to wear the same robes from the party, shrugging and pointing out that they were hardly two events within the same social calendar.

Despite the rising number of people now living within the castle, they had made it very clear that the wedding was a family affair. McGonagall had organised a private marquee out by the lake, and also agreed to officiate. Harry hadn’t realised that was within her skill set — the headmistress was full of surprises.

Just as it had for Slughorn’s party, walking through the castle in full formalwear felt incredibly strange to Harry. At least he was part of a group; Viktor left the common room with them, but they were joined by Blaise and Angelina at the top of the staircase, and by Sirius, Remus and Narcissa on the second floor.

“Oh, those robes suit you so nicely, Harry, darling,” Narcissa cooed happily, and he grinned.

“They’re really great, thank you. Way better than anything I probably would have picked out,” he added with a rueful smile that made both Draco and Sirius snort.

“Don’t you all clean up nicely,” Sirius told them, eyes trailing over the group.

“Not so bad yourself there, old man,” Harry teased; indeed, Sirius looked incredibly handsome in his cobalt blue dress robes, embroidered with very subtle constellations.

“Less of the old, thank you,” Sirius growled playfully, “or I’ll ruin that hair you worked so hard on.”

“Touch it and I’ll cut your hands off,” Draco warned. “I spent half an hour making that mop look presentable.” He offered his mother an arm when they reached the Entrance Hall, but she waved him off.