

Bill waved a hand dismissively, still grinning. “Pfft, minor detail.” They hadn’t organised much for the wedding, in all honesty, but they knew it would be something in England; something fairly small, pretty informal. Bill might be a Wizengamot lord now and all, but he didn’t want all those airs and graces intruding on his wedding day.

“Tell that to Maman,” Fleur muttered, giving her steak a dark look for the moment. Bill grimaced — Fleur’s mother was not impressed by their wedding plans, or lack thereof.

“She knows we’ve been a bit busy, right? War on and all that?”

Fleur rolled her eyes. “She knows, she just does not care.”

The quarter-veela raised a hand, and immediately a waiter was at their side. A quick exchange in French had the waiter headed to get more water for the table. As he left, Bill looked around, catching several peoples’ eyes and smirking when they looked away hurriedly. It was something he was increasingly used to these days, whenever he was out with Fleur — people looking at him, blatantly trying to figure out what it was about him that made such a gorgeous woman spend time with him.

If they ever figured it out Bill would love to know, because he sure as hell had no idea even after a year and a half. All he knew was, he was here with the most beautiful person in the room, and that made him one incredibly lucky bastard.

“I love you, you know,” he told her, making her blink, her smile turning soft.

“I love you as well,” she said, reaching across the table to touch the back of his hand, just for a brief moment. “What brought that on?”

“Nothing, just — I really can’t wait to be your husband.” Despite his huge family, Bill had always thought it would take a bit longer for him to settle down. Thought that maybe he wouldn’t ever really do so, not in the way his mum wanted him to — wife, kids, the whole thing. He’d thought he’d keep travelling as a curse-breaker for another few decades, at least. The pay was great, and Gringotts were a fair employer. He liked his team, and the goblins. But he’d figured with all the people in the world, everyone he hadn’t met yet, it would take a while to find the one that he thought he could spend forever with.

Then he’d met Fleur.

When they were kids, his dad had joked that Weasleys were destined to find their soulmate early and stick with them through anything. Bill and his siblings had rolled their eyes and made gagging noises, especially as it had usually ended with their parents being mushy and gross in front of them.

Looking at his siblings, how their lives were playing out, Bill wondered if there might be a bit of truth to that whole destiny thing.

Fleur’s smile lit up the whole room. “I really can’t wait to be your wife,” she replied, whispering like it was some special secret, just between them. The waiter returned, pouring water, and Bill didn’t miss the way the man’s eyes dropped to the engagement ring on Fleur’s