

She laughed, the sound ringing out over the music and the chatter like a chorus of bells. “I will keep that in mind.”

Later, when the sun was beginning to set and the twins were making noises about fireworks, Harry stood with Sirius, who had miraculously removed himself from Charlie for a while. They were watching Draco dance with his mother, two elegant blondes in a sea of fiery red hair.

“You made a plan on that, yet?” Sirius asked in a low voice, insinuation clear.

“Not yet.” Nothing concrete, anyway. He had the ring and a few vague ideas, but he also had other priorities. Then, louder, “I wonder who’s going to end up with the next one. Other than Cass and Ollie of course.” The pair were dancing, too, lost in their own little world. Oliver had already cornered Harry to talk about the England team, saying that he was almost definitely secured as the Scottish team keeper and Harry had better work his arse off in his tryouts so they could give Scotland a proper challenge.

“Certainly a lot of couples to choose from,” Fred remarked, appearing out of nowhere with Angelina on his arm. “Not us, though. Wild and free for a few more years, right, Angie?” he teased. She laughed.

“That’s right. Got to make absolutely sure I’m willing to throw my lot in with this lunatic for the rest of my life.” Fred feigned being wounded.

Harry lit up as Draco and Narcissa finished their dance and Draco glanced over to him, Narcissa claiming Remus for a turn about the floor.

“The rate things are going, you’d better be thinking about it, y’know,” Fred said, elbowing Sirius with a leer. “Make an honest man of our Charlie before you start adopting little’uns.”

Sirius blushed, though he was smiling. “Don’t go getting ahead of yourselves, now,” he insisted, as he always did when the subject of the Forrester kids was brought up.

Draco wound an arm around Harry’s hips, greeting him with a kiss to the cheek.

“I’d put a fair bet on these two,” Angelina piped up, staring pointedly at Harry and Draco. Harry felt his cheeks burn hot.

“Fair bet for what?” Draco asked, having missed the start of the conversation.

“Fair bet for the next wedding, not counting Ollie and Cass,” Fred elaborated. Harry tried not to tense in Draco’s arms as the Slytherin blinked in surprise.

“I’m certainly not getting married until after I’m graduated,” came Draco’s immediate response. Oblivious to the mild panic rising in Harry, he continued. “So I’d save your money, because that’s at least a year and knowing some of these lovestruck fools I highly doubt they’ll hold out any longer than that.”

The conversation paused when George came to fetch Fred for ‘twin reasons’, the two of them disappearing with identical mischievous grins.