

But after an excellent dinner full of laughter and happy conversation — and not a single Weasley twins prank, on threat of Blaise and Angelina running off to Italy without them for a week — the space was transformed into a dance floor, with the six-tiered quidditch-themed cake in pride of place at the table nearby.

Draco's arm wound around Harry's waist as they watched Oliver and Cassius dance, both men with their foreheads pressed together. "One more year," the blond whispered in his ear, his smile audible. Harry stroked over his engagement ring, leaning back against him — one more year, and they could begin planning their own.

Or, rather, they could give Sirius, Narcissa and Andromeda permission to start planning it. There was no holding those three back.

When the floor opened to the rest of the guests, Harry and Draco were some of the first out there, swaying together as the band played a slow song. Harry was pleased and surprised to see Remus and Snape, in a shadowed corner of the dance floor but dancing together nonetheless, in public and everything.

It didn't stay that serene, of course. Once the cake had been cut and all the ceremonial stuff was over, the journalists got politely escorted out and the *real* party began. Alcohol flowed freely, and as it was the first time the whole crowd had gotten together since the battle, they were all more than ready to celebrate both Oliver and Cassius' marriage, and also the absolute joy of the freedom they had fought so hard to win.

Oliver was one of the fastest to get drunk, despite his insistence that a proper Scotsman could handle his alcohol. He danced with reckless abandon, grabbing his quidditch teammates both past and present up to join him, even at one point cajoling McGonagall into a dance. Harry had to stop him from spilling the beans about Harry's position on the England team on multiple occasions, though he was sure at least a few people had to be suspicious from the way Oliver 'just happened' to introduce him to certain quidditch players, all of whom happened to be on the England team, and all of whom greeted Harry with incredible enthusiasm and secretive smiles.

There were fireworks, as there always were at an event containing Fred and George Weasley. There were multiple Ceilidh dances, one of which Oliver dragged Harry into despite being three sheets to the wind and barely able to stand up, while Harry was equally as uncoordinated but not nearly as drunk. Oliver had stripped half of his formalwear off by that point — jacket and shoulder plaid abandoned in the heat, sporran lost because it disrupted his dancing, and sgian-dubh confiscated by an exasperated Cassius before someone could get hurt.

Not that Cassius was much better than his husband. He kept sneaking up behind Oliver, trying to slip a hand under his kilt, grinning wolfishly every time he was caught.

To Harry, it felt like the first time they had all had the chance to just be themselves; young, carefree, in love. Normal young adults celebrating the first of their group to get married — surely the first in a slew of many, once the bulk of them graduated.