

“Stay with your beau, sweetheart. I already have a charming gentleman to escort me.” She looped her arm through Remus’, and set off out the door.

Harry wondered how much of that friendship was based around embarrassing childhood stories of one Severus Snape — a man who had been invited to the wedding, but may not actually show his face. He was still dancing the thin line between both sides, and didn’t want to cause a fuss with his presence.

Also Harry was pretty sure he just didn’t like weddings.

The marquee awaited them, with a twin at each side of the entrance in identical dark gold dress robes. Angelina and Blaise had absolutely no trouble telling them apart, greeting their respective partners happily.

“Well, well, what a fine looking bunch we have here,” Fred drawled, winking. “Go on in, sit wherever, just leave the front row clear. And save me a seat, gorgeous,” he added to Angelina. As Harry made to enter the tent, George caught his elbow. “Hey, go sit with Cass, would you? Ollie’s running late and I think he’s feeling a bit awkward.”

The Slytherin was sat by himself in the third row, looking handsome but mildly uncomfortable. Harry nodded, and he and Draco went to join the dark-haired boy, Viktor following along — with Fleur otherwise occupied and Cho not yet arrived, Harry was the only person he really knew all that well, unless he decided to send Ron’s blood pressure through the roof by sitting with Hermione.

“No last regrets about not stealing her away at the Yule Ball?” Harry said by way of greeting, startling Cassius. He chuckled, tension in his shoulders easing as Draco sat beside him.

“No, none of that. Just wondering if they might have the right idea — small affair, family only. Well, family and me, apparently,” he added.

“Oh, hush, Fleur loves you,” Harry said with a roll of his eyes; the pair had kept in touch after the Yule Ball and now Cassius was easily one of Fleur’s favourite people. “You deserve to be here just as much as we do.”

“Alright, mates,” Tonks cut in quietly, shuffling into the row behind them. “Don’t you look nice.”

Tonks’ light green dress robes were fairly masculine in style, though the body beneath them was more feminine-shaped. Harry propped his arm on the back of his chair to turn around properly.

“Hi, Tonks. What we going with today?”

“Oh! She’s fine, thanks,” Tonks assured, grinning. Harry grinned back.

“Cool. I like your robes. And the hair.” Tonks had decided to go back to her family roots with a jet black pixie cut, though her eyes were a similar shade of green to her robes.