

Harry didn't miss how Bill's gaze flicked his way for just a moment.

"There's still a lot I'm mad at you for, Mum," Bill admitted. "But we're working through it. And I don't want to look back on my wedding day and regret that you weren't there."

Mrs Weasley clasped her son's hand between hers, nodding tearfully. "Then I'd love to."

"Brilliant. Dad? You in?"

"...Is Fleur pregnant?" Mr Weasley asked suspiciously. "Because if she is, that's still no reason to rush."

Fleur laughed. "Non, Arthur, I am not pregnant. Just ready to be married."

"Well, then. We've got a lot of work to do in a short space of time!" Mr Weasley clapped his hands together, beaming. "What's the plan, then?"

Harry grinned — some may think the timing wildly inappropriate, but he rather thought a wedding was exactly what they needed to boost morale.

.-.

Because of their wedding plans, Fleur had already brought her parents and sister with her on the trip back from France. Mr Delacour turned out to be an ex-duelling champion, and he was more than happy to stay and fight, while Mrs Delacour was a healer who gladly agreed to assist Madam Pomfrey. Gabrielle, now almost twelve, was delighted to see Harry — if a bit put out by meeting his boyfriend, proving her crush had not yet faded entirely.

The day after, another surprise arrival came in the form of Viktor Krum. Harry met the Bulgarian seeker in the Entrance Hall, having felt his arrival through the wards.

"Viktor," he greeted warmly, shaking his hand and pulling him in for a quick hug. "You heard about the wedding, then?"

"I did, but I am here for more than that," Viktor replied, his English coming easier than it had when Harry last spoke to him, though his accent was still present. "I told you I would fight with you."

Harry's face turned serious. "Then thank you; we're glad to have you with us." Viktor had been chosen as Triwizard champion for a reason, and his skill with a wand would be a boost for their side. "Come on in, we'll get you set up with a bed somewhere. I'm afraid it's likely to be dorms, but I can probably get you a single. Or at the very least, sharing with someone who isn't likely to fawn all over you."

Viktor's smile didn't falter. "Dorms are fine; I'm sure I haff done worse for quidditch!" He chuckled. "It is good to see you again, Harry. Good to see you are finally tall enough for that Firebolt of yours," he added teasingly.

"I am a respectable five foot eight, thank you very much," Harry told him archly. He was hardly two inches shorter than Viktor, now; seekers weren't usually very tall.