

“You’d do that even if I had robes on,” Oliver challenged. Cassius smirked, conceding the point.

“True. But all jokes aside for the moment, I don’t mind what you wear. Or if you want to add any other muggle traditions to our wedding, if they’re important to you.” Oliver’s dad was a muggleborn, and even though his grandparents had passed a few years ago, Cassius wasn’t so stupid to think that meant the family’s muggle connection was gone.

“I— but I’m already asking so much of you. With the pitch, and the cake, and all that.”

“Do you think I’d agree to it all if I really didn’t want it?” Cassius retorted. “Hell, love, do you think I’d be marrying *you* if I wasn’t at least halfway as quidditch obsessed as you are?” He pulled Oliver closer, their legs slotting together somewhat awkwardly, and pressed their foreheads together. “A Slytherin always gets their way,” Cassius murmured. “Everything I have strong opinions about, we’ve already sorted. I like the quidditch theme. I like the Puddlemere colours. And if you’re looking for an opinion, I very much like the idea of you in a kilt.” He smirked, kissing Oliver lightning-fast. “Not just because I know the whole thing will have my father rolling in his fucking grave.”

Oliver caught him before he could pull away, lips sugar-sweet and tongue languid and hot against Cassius’ own. Large hands held Cassius’ shoulders, grip achingly gentle despite the strength in those fingers.

“You’re a *lord* now, Cass,” Oliver breathed, voice cracking. “I don’t want to let you down with my nonsense on our wedding day.”

“You’ve never let me down, Ollie, and you won’t start now. I don’t want all that pureblood bullshit. The Warrington traditions I like, we’ve kept. The rest can go hang.” His brows drew together playfully. “Plenty of room for your *nonsense*.”

Oliver’s breath came out long and shaky, his eyes bright, full of love for Cassius. As always, Cassius’ heart clenched painfully tight.

“I’ll tell Da to book me a fitting at the kiltmaker’s, then. He didnae want to be the only one in a kilt, but he’ll get his out if I’m in mine.”

Cassius could see it now, the two men stood side by side in their family tartan, Ollie’s dad beaming with pride — beaming at Cassius, welcoming him into the family, like he’d always wanted but never truly felt he deserved.

Oliver’s parents had known about them since the beginning. Called Cassius another son of theirs before they even got engaged. Oliver’s sister was the same, calling him brother, teasing him just like she teased Ollie.

He didn’t deserve any of it, but he’d be so fucking grateful regardless.

“That’s settled, then,” Cassius agreed. “Kilt for you, dress robes for me, and no bloody brooms.”