

Wands were raised, shooting gold and silver sparks over the pair as they walked. Harry couldn't stop the smile taking over his face — Bill and Fleur both looked so *happy*.

He glanced to Draco, catching a suspicious glimmer in the blond's eye. "Are you crying?" he murmured, leaning in close to be heard over all the cheering. Draco glared at him, wiping at his eyes.

"It's not a crime to cry at weddings," he muttered petulantly. Harry chuckled and kissed his cheek.

"No, but it is very cute," he informed him. Draco blushed. "So what happens now?"

"Now we go outside, probably pose for some pictures, while the house elves move things around for the party in here," Draco said, following Viktor out of the aisle. At the front of the tent, Mrs Weasley had finally made her way to Percy, and Harry could hear snippets of her talking — he couldn't tell if she was scolding her son or apologising to him, not through all the crying.

He wisely decided it was none of his business, and let his boyfriend lead him out onto the lawn.

Harry was surprised to see Colin Creevey out there with his camera, wearing a muggle tux that was very likely transfigured. He grinned at Harry, holding the camera up in a gesture, then turned back to Bill and Fleur — the pair were stood arm in arm, looking like a true fairytale couple, smiling like they had never been happier in their lives.

Harry found himself stood with Draco, Remus and Narcissa, while the group spread out a bit. Sirius had gone off to go and paw at Charlie in his dress robes.

"So that's a magical wedding then, is it?" Harry remarked, looking at the gathered crowd. Perhaps thirty of them in all; still a decent turnout for such a last minute decision.

"Pretty much," Remus said. "Obviously they vary from case to case. Bill and Fleur kept it fairly simple; often there's a bit more pomp and circumstance, and sometimes even a ritual in the really old-fashioned pureblood ones."

"Just some runes on the hands and drinking from the same cup," Narcissa added, seeing the slightly perturbed look on Harry's face. "Nothing unseemly."

"Wonder how different Cass and Ollie's will be," Harry mused, looking over at the couple who were chatting away with Viktor.

"Oi, Harry!" He turned around at the call, seeing Bill looking at him expectantly. He was already surrounded by his siblings and parents, a beacon of red hair and gold cloth, Fleur's white dress standing out in the very centre. "Family picture," Bill urged. Harry stared at him blankly — yes, that was indeed a picture of them all, what was his point?

George huffed, rolling his eyes. "Get over here, you clot!" he called, gesturing to a space in beside him and Ginny. "Every sibling counts, even the not-ginger ones!"