

Harry grinned at him. “Sounds good.”

He couldn’t wait to see the twins react to their new brooms.

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With all his friendships out in the open, all his family freely able to show they cared for each other, Harry’s social calendar had never been more full.

They’d finally organised that party he and Neville talked about, right before the battle. It wasn’t at the Pottery — there were still far too many kids living there, waiting for foster families — but at Longbottom Manor, with presents and cake and fireworks and everything the two boys could have dreamed of. But even aside from that, Harry was constantly out of the house; working on Ministry and Wizengamot stuff with the usual crowd and Justin Finch-Fletchley; meeting up for lunch or dinner or drinks with HA members, past and present alike; family dinners and Weasley gatherings and pick-up quidditch matches and sibling outings. It would have been exhausting had it not been the best weeks of his entire life.

So it wasn’t unusual when an owl flew through the window of Seren Du, bearing mail. What *was* unusual was the number of envelopes — one for each of them, in heavy, high-quality parchment. The owl dropped the stack and flew away, no need for replies.

Harry frowned, reaching for the one with his name on. “This isn’t a Hogwarts thing, is it?” he asked, looking up at Snape.

“Not as far as I’m aware.”

Wondering if it was perhaps a Ministry thing — some Order of Merlin or other such rot — Harry was wary as he thumbed open the envelope, pulling out the thick, pale gold cardstock inside.

Lord Cassius Warrington and Oliver Wood

Cordially invite you to join them in celebrating their nuptials,

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 29th of August,

Ceremony to begin at 1pm.

“Oh,” Harry breathed, a slow smile creeping across his face. There was a second piece of cardstock behind the first, giving the details of the venue’s apparition and floo access, as well as requesting an RSVP at their earliest convenience — although on Harry’s the ‘not attending’ option had been scribbled out, a note in Oliver’s cramped handwriting declaring that *‘you’re coming whether you like it or not, Potter’*.

“How wonderful,” Narcissa exclaimed, face lighting up. “I had wondered if they would have time before you all go back to school.”

“Ollie will want to have his honeymoon before the season starts up,” Harry pointed out, grinning. “This is brilliant. Has anyone got a quill?”