

Oliver and the twins were busy doing some kind of jig-slash-war-dance situation in the middle of the dance floor, while Cassius, Blaise and Angelina looked on in a mix of despair and amusement. Harry just hoped that someone, somewhere in the room had a camera, because moments like these deserved to be captured.

He rocked up on his toes, hands on Draco's shoulders for balance, looking around to see if any of his friends had a camera out. He was sure he'd seen Sullivan with one earlier... Harry peered around the pitch, rolling his eyes at the number of couples out snogging in the shadows, trying to spot his Ravenclaw friend.

Then he did a double-take, zeroing in on one of the snogging couples. One of the pair was definitely Sully — the other, if Harry wasn't mistaken, was Justin Finch-Fletchley.

Very interesting.

Hoping he remembered seeing the pair come morning, Harry gave up his camera search and decided to just enjoy the moment, allowing Pansy and Millie to drag him and Draco out onto the dance floor now they weren't in danger of being hit by a flailing Weasley. Millie's fiancé, Otto — who had bravely decided this wedding should be his first proper introduction to Millie's entire friend group — was sat at a table with Theo and Susan, looking quite overwhelmed, but happy about it nonetheless.

They were all going to be horrendously hungover in the morning, and Harry doubted Snape would be quite so generous with the Hangover potion this time.

But it was more than worth it, to be this happy.

Chapter End Notes

Just one more left to wrap things up, friends~ see you Friday!