

The redhead just grinned at the look on his face, tugging him over to the tall window. It was dark outside, the half-moon shining brightly.

Then, to Sirius' surprise, Charlie pulled out his wand and tapped it against the centre of the window. Suddenly, the glass flexed, stretching outward, melting down until Sirius was looking at a small balcony, barely big enough for two people to stand on. "Tonks showed me the trick," Charlie revealed. "Said her mum told her about it. They used to do it at parties, for all the people smoking cigars."

Sirius remembered, now; being a child, seeing a cluster of people all gathered around the open window, plumes of multi-coloured smoke drifting into the air.

He stepped forward, and the gentle breeze ruffling his hair made his eyes flutter shut in ecstasy. "That's not even the best part," Charlie whispered, suddenly very close to Sirius, his breath tickling the man's stubbled cheek. "Watch this."

Charlie stepped onto the balcony, turned to the side, and reached up. Then he was gone. Sirius hurried out after him, turning around to see the redhead climbing the stonework up to the roof. Once he was sat on the edge, he beamed down at Sirius. "Come on up! It's gorgeous out."

Sirius couldn't refuse a challenge like that, and soon he was gripping the decorative gargoyles and hauling himself up onto the roof beside Charlie. There wasn't much space for both of them to sit, so they ended up pressed close together, Charlie's arm braced around Sirius' back. He was warm, always so warm — constantly joking that working around dragons made him run too hot — and just having him so close was making Sirius' head swim. Combined with the air on his face, the feeling of finally being *outside*... it was a heady sensation, bubbling away in Sirius' belly.

"Sometimes I come up here when I want to think," Charlie admitted. "It's quiet, and the muggles can't see. I wish you could see the stars, though." This deep in London, the sky was far too thick with pollution to see much of anything. "You should see the sky at the reserve. It's incredible."

He spoke quietly, his wonder palpable. "Do you know many constellations?" Sirius asked abruptly, and Charlie shook his head.

"Nah, I was never good at Astronomy," he admitted. "I liked the ones that were shaped like animals but I was rubbish at finding them."

A chuckle rumbled through Sirius' chest. "One of these days, when I can, you should take me out to the reserve to see this incredible sky of yours. I can show you all the constellations. Bit of an Astronomy expert, me."

"Name like Sirius, I'd expect nothing less," Charlie teased. He shifted, and in a move that was entirely too smooth for Sirius' liking, the hand splayed on the tiles behind him slid across to cover Sirius', tangling their fingers together. It moved Charlie even closer, the pair of them practically cuddling. "Would you really come to the reserve with me?"