

The metamorphmagus blushed brightly, but the grin that stole across his face spoke volumes. “He’s great,” he admitted. “Hardly even blinked, the first time. And— well,” he cut himself off abruptly, hair turning red with the force of his blush. “Never mind. But you don’t need to get all protective big cousin, not on that front.”

“Good.” Sirius liked Kingsley, he truly did, but he would absolutely hex the man into a puddle of goo if he messed around Sirius’ little cousin.

Which, admittedly, might be the reason Tonks hadn’t said anything about the relationship until Sirius had caught them kissing in the library a week ago.

He felt the wards twitch, and heard the sound of the front door open. “That’ll be the Weasley boys,” he said unnecessarily. He shot his cousin a sideways glance. “If you get paint on that t-shirt, I’ll never let you borrow any of my clothes ever again.”

The relieved smile on Tonks’ face made Sirius’ heart ache. “I’ll try my best. I do have my own boy clothes. Just not with me. And I was never any good at transfiguring clothing.”

“Ah, my dear cousin, that is my specialty,” Sirius boasted, winking. “Old Minnie will tell you herself. Once, I transfigured her an absolutely *stunning* dress, really brought out the murder in her eyes.”

Tonks burst out laughing, following Sirius down the stairs. He wondered how long his little cousin had kept his feelings bottled up — how much longer he would’ve continued to hide the truth if he hadn’t been addled by the concussion.

Sirius looked down at the drab robe he wore, his wardrobe limited by the things he had at Grimmauld to make it seem like he’d been on the run before moving in there. No wonder Tonks had not recognised him for the beacon of queer solidarity that he was! His eighteen year-old self would be *appalled* at his sartorial choices.

Making a mental note to do some owl-order shopping, Sirius looked down with a grin at the pair of redheads in the main hall. They smiled back, then their eyes slid past him, and two sets of eyebrows went up.

“Now *there’s* a face we haven’t seen in a while,” Charlie greeted, cheeks dimpling with the force of his smile. “I was getting worried about you, y’know.”

His blue eyes moved to Sirius, question clear, and Sirius put his hands on his hips. “You thought I would have a problem with it? Me?” he said, offended. “Clearly I’m losing my touch.” He shook his head, turning back to Tonks. “You and Kingsley were the ones who raided my old flat when I broke out of Azkaban; did you not find my skirts?” They had been in the wardrobe with the rest of his clothes, a good third of which had come from the ‘women’s’ section of the shops.

“Skirts?” The strangled yelp came from Charlie, and Sirius looked back just in time to see the dragon tamer’s eyes lift up from where they had very clearly been checking out Sirius’ legs. The animagus ignored the thrill down his spine, merely grinning.