

“You can keep him,” Harry replied lightly. “I just had some information.”

“About your boy?” George’s brows furrowed in concern. “Heard the Manor’s gone dark.”

“He’s fine,” Harry assured. “His mum came to Sirius’ trial. We’ll tell you about it later; it was *amazing*, you should’ve seen Dumbledore’s face! But she passed on a letter, and Draco’s safe. Hoping to visit soon.”

That made George crack a smile. “Glad to hear it.” There was a shout from the other side of the curtain, and George nudged Blaise forward. “Come on, you two. Come join the party.”

‘The party’ turned out to be watching Sirius pay for a truly obscene amount of Weasley products, a look of childlike glee on his face. Harry sighed. “Remus is going to hate us,” he said to Charlie, who just laughed, looking back at his partner indulgently.

“Probably,” he agreed. “But it’s worth it. Look how happy he is.” Then his eyes turned mischievous. “Besides, we’ll just blame Bill. He’s the one supposed to be telling us no.”

They both looked over to Bill, who was chatting away with Angelina about something or another, not even blinking at the amount Sirius was buying.

“Works for me.”

Eventually, Sirius was finished, all his purchases shrunk down into a bag. “We’ll owl you about dinner plans,” Harry promised, ducking Fred’s attempt to ruffle his hair — only for Angelina to get him instead.

“See that you do,” George insisted, kissing his cheek. “Don’t be a stranger, kid.”

After a long round of goodbyes, they were finally stepping back out into the alley. “Is that all you wanted, Padfoot?”

Sirius turned to him, grinning in a way that had dread gathering in the pit of Harry’s stomach. “Oh, pup,” he said brightly, “I’m just getting started.”

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It turned out that shopping with Sirius Black was an endurance event. By the time they made their way back to Seren Du, Sirius had dragged them into what felt like every shop in the alley — it was even more of a shopping spree than Harry had gone on in the summer before his third year, when he’d been there alone! Bill bailed at around one in the afternoon, while Charlie and Harry were stuck with him until they finally returned home a little after five, laden down with bags. They found Remus in the living room, looking amused at the sight of them.

“You knew,” Harry accused, collapsing down on the sofa. “You knew how bad it would be.”

“Of course I knew,” Remus confirmed. “I grew up with the bugger. I can imagine he’s only gotten worse after fifteen years without access to shops in person. Why do you think I left