

in my room for a bit?”

“Read, or *read*?” Charlie asked, wiggling his eyebrows. Sirius snorted.

“Actually read,” he clarified. “I’m... I could use some company, today.”

“I’m all yours,” Charlie promised, kissing his cheek, entirely unaware of the way that made Sirius’ heart skip with joy.

They cleaned up the kitchen, then wandered up to Sirius’ room, shedding their jeans and shirts before climbing into bed in just their underwear. There were two books on the nightstand, and Charlie’s long arm reached for them, passing one to Sirius.

Sirius wasn’t sure he’d ever get used to being freely allowed so much skin-on-skin contact. Charlie was happy to be naked, or close to it, even if they weren’t going to be doing anything sexual. He would lie there and read with Sirius in his arms, one hand stroking the animagus’ chest and belly gently, like he was petting Padfoot rather than the very human Sirius. It was the best feeling in the world.

“Hey, can I tell you a secret?” Charlie said, once they’d been reading in silence for a little while. Sirius hummed, setting his book down.

“What’s up?”

Charlie nosed his temple, hand on Sirius’ stomach pausing in its motions. “Bill wants to ask Fleur to marry him.”

“Really?” Sirius grinned. “That’s brilliant!” He had never met the French witch, but from everything he’d heard about her from both the Weasleys and Harry, she was a spitfire, and perfect for Bill. “That is brilliant, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, no, she’s great, I’d love to have her in the family,” Charlie assured quickly. “But they want a longer engagement, since they’ve only been together a year or so. So he’s thinking he’s gonna ask her to marry him, and then if she says yes, she’ll move in to his flat with him. Gringotts don’t care about cohabiting before marriage or whatever.”

Sirius now understood Charlie’s dilemma. “And you don’t want to third wheel your big brother and his future spouse?” he finished knowingly. Charlie nodded.

“He’s said I can stay as long as I like, and it’s not like Fleur would really mind. But... they should have their privacy, y’know. To figure out how to live together as a couple before they get married, without me being there.” Charlie sighed. “I’m fine with moving into reserve housing, I suppose. It’ll just be a pain in the arse to travel to and from because of the wards.”

Sirius knew the wards on the dragon reserve were incredibly tight, with limited and designated access points, to make sure none of the dragons got out — and no one got in to the dragons who wasn’t authorised.

“Why don’t you move in here?” he suggested without really thinking. He felt Charlie tense. “I’m serious,” Sirius continued, the idea sounding better and better the more it rattled around