

“Fair point,” Sirius relented, before darting across the shop to look at junior quidditch ball sets.

Harry didn’t argue that one. He quite liked the idea of helping teach the kids to play. They’d certainly have lots of instructors in the family, for any position they chose.

After Quality Quidditch Supplies, they went to Flourish and Blotts, though Harry wasn’t sure why when they had both an owl-order catalogue and also a bigger library than Hogwarts itself. With Harry’s own personal book collection, which he was happy to share, the kids weren’t likely to want for reading material.

Then, because it was truly inevitable with a Marauder and the son of a Marauder, they ended up at Weasley’s Wizarding Wheezes.

Harry hadn’t seen the twins or their usual entourage lately, as they’d all been so busy with the shop. Sure enough, the place was packed to the rafters, adults and kids alike all oohing and ahing over the twins’ creations.

“There he is!” Fred exclaimed, popping up on Harry’s left.

“Our favouritest little brother!” George appeared on Sirius’ right.

“And our newest favouritest big brother!” Fred teased with a wink at the dog animagus. “We heard you were about. Worried for a minute you might not come visit.”

“As if I’d do that.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Have you got time to chat?”

“Lee and Lissy are on it, and Blaise is around here somewhere,” George assured dismissively. “All the time in the world for you, Harrikins.”

“And we’ve got some presents for you to take home with you,” Fred added. “For the new recruits.”

Harry snorted at the description — indeed, sometimes it did feel a bit like the family was something you got recruited into, rather than the traditional method of acquiring new members. A bunch of waifs and strays, picking up more of the same.

They browsed the shop as they walked, and for the first time Harry hardly even got noticed — the shoppers were far too engrossed in the products to notice Harry Potter among them. They chatted with the twins, promising to sort out a big family dinner once things were quieter, catching up on the extended Weasley family gossip. Bill and Fleur had bought a cottage off the coast of Norfolk, and apparently Mr Weasley was looking at a promotion to the head of the whole Misuse of Muggle Artefacts department.

“That’s brilliant!” Harry enthused, beaming. Arthur Weasley more than deserved it.

“It’s not confirmed yet, they’re still shifting things about over at the Ministry — as I’m sure you know, *Lord Potter*,” George teased, ruffling Harry’s hair. “But Percy says it’s a sure bet, and he would know.”