

“I think that’s about enough staring for one day, for me,” Remus decided. “Pass me the pensieve, Padfoot. I’ll take it home safely.” He ruffled Harry’s hair. “Be safe, cub.” Then he looked at Bill, and smirked. “Keep these three out of trouble, will you? I don’t trust either of them to be able to say no to Sirius today.”

Bill laughed, while Charlie blushed. “I’ll do my best,” he promised. “See you, Remus.”

The werewolf went to find a quiet spot to apparate from, and when Harry turned back, he was unsurprised to see Sirius’ gaze set on the twins’ shop.

“Looks like we’re off to visit Fred and George,” Charlie mused, sighing. Sirius just grabbed him by the hand and set off.

Harry and Bill kept up easily; Harry was keen to see the shop, too. There was a huge crowd outside it, though it parted with a sort of terrified awe at the sight of Sirius Black.

“At last!” the call came from nowhere, and suddenly Harry felt hands on his shoulders; he would’ve jumped, had it not been so familiar.

“We were starting to think you didn’t love us anymore,” Fred sniffed, tweaking Harry’s ear.

“And *you!*” George said, rounding on Charlie. “Here I thought *I* was going to be the disgrace to the family with my pureblood Slytherin boyfriend. But you just had to go and one-up me with bloody Sirius Black!” He looked quite put-out, and Charlie laughed.

“Have to take the opportunities when they come, little brother,” he replied, slamming a hand over George’s mouth before the younger Weasley could make some inappropriate joke out of it. Charlie made a disgusted face, pulling his hand away and wiping slobber on George’s robe. “Don’t lick me, you don’t know where that hand has been.”

“I can make a few solid guesses,” George retorted dryly.

“This place is *amazing*,” Sirius declared in awe, looking round-eyed at everything the joke shop had to offer. Indeed, it was a riot of colour; Harry could see several things he recognised from the past year at school — including a whole display full of Skiving Snackboxes — but there were even more brand new items; the twins had been incredibly busy in the last few months.

“I can show you around if you like,” Fred offered, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“Marauder discount on whatever strikes your fancy.”

“Except Charlie, you’re paying full price for him,” George joked, and Sirius snorted.

“Happy to,” he replied with a wink.

“And you can just grab what you like, Harrikins,” Fred added. “Your money’s no good in here.”

“Don’t argue with us,” George insisted, placing a finger over Harry’s lips. Harry took a leaf out of his book, and licked it. George just laughed. “Now you *definitely* don’t know where