

Leaving the curse-breaker to it, Charlie reached nonchalantly past Sirius for the water jug. He could've summoned it, but that wouldn't let him lean in close to Sirius' shoulder, getting a faint whiff of the man's spicy aftershave. "Scuse me," he murmured, only a little smug. Sirius shot him an unimpressed look.

"Like you don't know what you're doing," he muttered, making Charlie laugh quietly.

"Guilty," he confessed freely. "Go ahead and tell me to stop."

Sirius was silent, and triumph bubbled in Charlie's belly.

The older man didn't think Charlie was serious. Charlie could tell that from day one. But he'd been drawn to the dog animagus since the first time they'd met — once he'd got over the ingrained fear of seeing *actual Sirius Black*, the man he'd been told was a crazed mass-murderer.

He was hot, and had been fun to have a bit of a flirt with, since all of Charlie's usual flirting targets were back in Romania and he hadn't warmed up to the Welsh crew enough to know who would be welcome to it.

Charlie hadn't expected to develop *feelings*.

But he had, and Bill had noticed, and Tonks had noticed, and the pair of them were *insufferable* about it, and Charlie was trying his best but Sirius seemed determined to see him off. Not because he wasn't interested — Charlie knew what that look in a man's eye meant, and Sirius was no good at hiding it — but because his own self-worth was so low he didn't think he was worth Charlie's time.

"I like those jeans, by the way," he said quietly, giving as long a look as he dared at the man's lap with the rest of his family in the room. "They new?"

"Yeah," Sirius replied, ears still flushed, "Did a bit of owl-ordering. And had Remus pick up a few things for me."

"Good to hear." Charlie glanced around to check if anyone was watching, and leaned in a bit closer. "Any miniskirts in the mix? You did say you look fabulous in them. I'd like to see that."

Sirius choked on his mashed potato. Charlie clapped him on the back, smirking when the last hit was more of a caress. "Steady on."

"You're a cruel man, Charlie Weasley," he coughed, and Charlie gave his best charming grin, dimples at full force.

"Now that's just not true at all."

He would change Sirius' mind. He would get him to see that they could be great together, if given the chance.