

grinning. “Kenneth always keeps his bed warded when he’s not in here. Says he doesn’t trust us.” He had a look of wide-eyed innocence, as if he couldn’t possibly understand why. Harry snorted. It must be hard, being in the same dorm as the Weasley twins. “Anyway, Harry, take a seat.”

George gestured to the bed next to his own, which Harry assumed was Fred’s, and Harry perched hesitantly on the mattress. “What’s this all about?” he asked. “Where’s Fred?”

“He’s off with Angelina,” George replied with a fond grin. “I won’t ask what they’re doing.”

Harry snickered; he hadn’t realised Fred and Angelina were a thing. “What do you need me for, then?” Surely George wasn’t pulling a prank without his brother’s assistance?

George sat on his own bed, facing Harry, a surprisingly serious look in his eyes. Harry’s pulse ticked up. What was wrong? “When I was about your age,” George started, looking like he was choosing his words very carefully. “I started realising some... things. Things I didn’t even tell Fred about, at first. It’s a weird thing, growing up — so much stuff happening, you’re not sure what’s normal and what’s not. I bet it’s even worse for you, what with the people out to kill you and whatnot.”

Harry stared at him, utterly baffled, but George ploughed on. “It was getting to the point where even Fred noticed I was acting funny, but I still didn’t say anything. We’d always been the same, you see, and I didn’t want to start admitting that there might be something different in there. Then Charlie came home for a visit, and he could tell right off the bat. He sat me down, much like we are now, and he talked to me, and he gave me this book. And... now I think it’s time I pass that on, because I might be wrong, but I think you need it more than I do, now.”

The redhead reached under his blanket, pulling out a slim hardback book with a plain blue cover. He held it out to Harry. “The cover is charmed, so people don’t know what it is just by looking at it.” He tapped it with his wand, and suddenly it changed, the title written across the front in black lettering. *‘A Wizard’s Guide To Wizards: A How-To for Male Homosexual Relationships’*.

Harry’s cheeks burned.

“Like I said, I could be wrong, in which case, feel free to tell me to fuck off,” George said hastily. “And even if you’re not sure yet, or you’re not ready, or whatever, that’s totally fine. You can read the book, decide it’s not for you, and give it back. But... I can’t imagine how torn up about it I would have been if I hadn’t had that little gesture of support from Charlie. It might’ve taken me years to tell Fred, or anyone else. And talking to Lee about it, he said muggles can be a bit funny about that sort of thing. I didn’t know what kind of tripe they might’ve filled your head with.”

George shuffled forward so his knee bumped Harry’s, his brown eyes earnest. “I just don’t want you going through this alone, Harry. You’re our little brother, regardless of what Ron thinks, and it’s my brotherly duty to make sure you know we love you regardless.” He smirked wickedly, and there was that Weasley twin mischief. “And, of course, to make sure you’re properly informed about everything.” He winked salaciously, and Harry blushed