

“You’re not wrong there,” she agreed. “That sort of mess, I can handle. I’ve been dealing with *that* since we were first years.”

Part of Blaise was a little jealous, that she’d known the twins for so long, shared so many experiences with them through their Hogwarts years while Blaise had really only just discovered how wonderful George Weasley was in the last few months of his time at school. But mostly he was glad, knowing the twins wouldn’t be entirely at their own devices while he was gone; they had a tendency to get caught up in their inventions and forget things like sleep, and food.

“You’ll just have to look after both our troublemakers while I’m gone,” he mused.

“And on that note, I’m breaking out the wine,” she said with a laugh, summoning a bottle of red and two glasses. “But I suppose it’s nothing I haven’t done before. Even if George will be unbearable when he starts pining for you,” she teased. “The two of us have to stick together, after all.” She poured, and Blaise clinked his glass against hers.

“Cheers to that.” He and Angelina had developed a sort of kinship over the last few weeks, bonding over their shared love of those redheaded menaces. “At least I should be able to write this year. And like I said, there will be Hogsmeade weekends.” He knew the twins had ways of sneaking in and out of the school from Hogsmeade; they would work it out.

“You’ll be gone twenty minutes and he’ll start pining,” Angelina told him with a smirk. “Hell, when you went to see Daphne the other week he acted like he was going to waste away without you.”

Blaise shook his head in despair, even as the smile threatened to take over; he’d only gone to have lunch with Daphne and Luna, for two hours at the most. “Then I’m sorry in advance, and I’ll make it up to you.”

Angelina’s face lit up deviously. “Tell you what,” she declared. “When things are quieter, we’ll get Lee and Alicia to watch the shop for a week, you can take us all to Italy.” She grinned at him. “Or we can leave the twins to the shop and go anyway.”

Blaise laughed. “It’s a deal.”

“What are you two plotting down here?” It was George, returning from the workshop with Fred at his heel, both of them surprisingly unscathed.

“We’re running away to Italy together without you, tesoro,” Blaise told him mock-apologetically. George gave a theatrical gasp, falling over the back of the sofa and into Blaise’s lap.

“You heartbreakers,” he declared mutinously, kissing Blaise. He hummed, then pulled back, and stole the glass of wine from the Slytherin’s hand. “Good wine, that.”

Blaise rolled his eyes, reclaiming his wine but letting George stay sprawled over his legs and chest, stroking his hair with his free hand as they settled in for the evening.