

Fred laughed. “He’s fine, he knows I’m going for favourite uncle.” All five of the kids had settled in now, and they were all great, but the Weasleys all had a soft spot for those twins and their big sister. Inheritance test be damned — if Sirius and Charlie didn’t adopt the whole trio after the war was over, Fred would eat his broomstick. “So what do you think?”

“I did promise Nashira I’d come braid her hair soon,” Angelina mused. “You sure we can take Thursday off?”

“Lissy’s still around, she’ll cover,” Fred assured. Alicia had the whole week off work, she’d told him. And if not, Lee and George would handle it. There were so many of them willing to pitch in, so many friends working to help the twins’ dream happen. They were the best.

“Then it’s a date,” she confirmed brightly.

“A date to go hang out with some kids — you sure you’re not getting broody on me?” he asked, raising a teasing eyebrow.

“Merlin, no!” Angelina laughed. “That plan hasn’t changed.” No kids until they were thirty at least, was the plan. So they could enjoy life as adults for a while. Angie didn’t want to go straight from being a student to being a mum, and Fred agreed wholeheartedly.

Thank Merlin for extra-strength contraception potion, to counteract that famed Weasley fertility.

“Also, you call them kids, Nash and Frankie are third years,” she continued. “It’s not that long since we were there ourselves!”

“Feels like it.” Fred could barely remember third year at this point. “Blimey, those were the days. The year Harry showed up and everything got all *dramatic*.” It felt so long ago, now. So much had happened — that scrawny little scrap of a first year was out and fighting the two most powerful wizards in the country.

“Honestly, still better than the year before, where we were all new on the team and had the shittiest seeker in the world and couldn’t win a match to save our lives,” Angelina said, shrugging. Fred laughed.

“Merlin, I’d forgotten about that.”

With plates cleared and wine almost empty, Fred turned his eyes to his girlfriend. “Now, then, birthday girl,” he drawled, “important question. Do you want bed,” he wiggled his eyebrows salaciously, “or do you want cake?”

Her eyes sharpened. “There’s cake?”

“Of course there’s cake! What kind of man do you take me for!” He made an offended face, directing their dishes to the sink to wash themselves. “So what are you after?”

Angelina leaned back in her chair, giving him a once-over that had his jeans growing uncomfortably tight. “Cake,” she declared, and he tried not to show his disappointment. “In