

hips, and lips pressed to his neck. “Come on, we’re all locked up down here. Angie’s gone to get dinner from the little place down the street.”

Blaise leaned back against George, humming quietly. “Sounds good.” He let the redhead nudge him towards the back room, where the stairs up to the flat were hidden. He took one last look around the quiet shop, smiling to himself; it always looked a little strange, empty like this, the displays deactivated. The whole shop sleeping, ready to burst to life in the morning once more.

They passed Fred at the till, sorting the ledgers and counting up, and the twins had an entire conversation with just looks and eyebrows before George carried on upstairs, Blaise close behind.

The flat wasn’t as chaotic as one might expect from Fred and George Weasley; with the shop downstairs and the workshop in the attic, they had plenty of other avenues for their chaos. The flat was a prank-free zone, as much as it could be with those two red-headed devils. Blaise went over to pour water for both of them, while George flopped onto the sofa. “Mm, thanks, babe,” the redhead murmured, accepting the drink and shuffling over so Blaise could get comfortable beside him. George wrapped an arm around him, pulling him close. “Do you have to leave tomorrow?”

Blaise had been living with the twins for three whole weeks now, and it had been wonderful, but he had to spend at least a little time with his mother. “Sadly, I do,” he sighed, kissing George’s freckled cheek. “But I’ll come back for Harry’s birthday. And I’m taking you back to Italy when I do.” They had worked it all out; Fred and Angelina would handle the shop for four days while George came to Blaise’s house in Italy, met his mother and spent some time with him there. Blaise was very much looking forward to it, even if George’s fair skin would need a hundred Sunblock charms a day when they went to the beach.

And at Blaise’s house, there was enough privacy that they didn’t have to worry about forgetting their Silencing charms, or being walked in on at inopportune moments. Not like they did with all four of them squeezed into the two-bed flat above the shop.

The door opened, and Fred and Angelina walked in, Angelina holding a brown paper bag that smelled deliciously of curry. “Fortescue’s is closed up,” she reported, frowning slightly. “Windows have been boarded up and everything. Looks like he’s gone for the foreseeable.”

Blaise and George shared an uneasy look; it wasn’t the first shop in Diagon Alley to abandon ship, since the attack on the Ministry. “That’ll be a blow,” George murmured. “Plenty of people thought old Fortescue could weather anything.”

“The more shops that close, the more customers we’ll have to entertain ourselves,” Fred said with false bravado — Blaise could see the worry in his eyes.

He’d gotten better at reading his boyfriend’s twin, in the last three weeks. At school, it had been so hard to get time with George he had so very rarely spent time with the pair of them together, unless it was in a group situation, and then they were too busy being the Infamous Weasley Twins for Blaise to properly get to know Fred. Now, after living together, he’d seen how they were without an audience, and had plenty of conversations with just Fred while