

George was elsewhere. Angelina, too; he had hardly said two sentences to her before this summer.

Blaise hoped he passed muster, by now. George wouldn't keep him around for long if he didn't.

Angelina handed him a bowl of fragrant lamb curry and rice, and he grinned in thanks, sitting up a little so both he and George could have their bowls on their laps without making a mess. Fred and Angelina claimed the other sofa; the common positions the four of them found themselves in of an evening, after a long day of running the shop.

As they ate, the twins chatted about their products; what they needed to make more of, what they were considering introducing. Blaise mostly listened, quietly in awe of the things that came out of their brains. At one point, he glanced over to Angelina, raising an eyebrow pointedly. She made a face of agreement, and shook her head fondly.

"Oh, Merlin, they've got their own secret language, now, too!" Fred exclaimed, pointing at the pair of them and grinning. Angelina stuck her tongue out.

"It comes from putting up with you two," she teased.

"But you both do it so well," George said, winking at her and bumping his knee against Blaise's. "A little too well, honestly; not sure how I'm going to cope without you," he added to Blaise, pouting for extra effect.

"I'm sure you'll manage, tesoro," Blaise drawled, amused. "You will have to learn; I have two more years of school left."

"Ugh don't remind me," George groaned. "Sure I can't convince you to leave? It worked out pretty well for us."

"It is not me you have to convince, but my mother," Blaise replied, watching as a glimmer of fear flickered in those brown eyes. "Besides, not all of us can be genius inventors."

George preened at the compliment. "You can be a genius something else, though," he suggested. "Or just let me shower you with my joke shop riches so you'll never have to work a day."

Blaise laughed, shaking his head. "Caro, I have my own riches; I'll never have to work a day regardless."

"Exactly! All the more reason to ditch school." George grinned, and Blaise kissed him.

"I would be far too bored, and we both know it."

"I'd keep you plenty occupied," George drawled.

"Oi, boundaries," Fred protested with a glare. "Remember the rules."