

A burst of laughter wrenched from Oliver, and then he was wrapping Cassius in a bear hug, kissing his neck. “I think that’s enough wedding planning for one night,” he decided huskily. “Don’t have to get it all done right now.” They didn’t even know when it would be possible, just a vague ‘after the war is over’, but by Cassius’ reasoning if they got it all ready to go early, they could move quickly once it was safe. He was not waiting an age to make Oliver Wood his husband once Voldemort was finally in the ground.

“Mm, you got a better idea, then?” he asked archly — and yelped when he was suddenly lifted off the sofa, Oliver’s hands under his arse as the keeper carried him towards the bed.

“Aye, I might.” He tossed Cassius on the mattress, following immediately after.

“Think I like this idea of yours,” Cassius said, gasping as hands yanked down his pyjama bottoms, a heavy form pressing on top of him.

It was the last coherent sentence Cassius formed all night.

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Valentine’s Day wasn’t really one you would usually associate with a joke shop, but Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes wasn’t an ordinary joke shop, With the breadth of their product range, business was booming — as much as it could in these difficult times, at least.

But it was all quiet now on Diagon Alley, the shops closed for the night, locked up tight until morning. And number ninety-three was no different.

Angelina liked to cook. She liked to cook family recipes; her mother’s recipes and her grandmother’s recipes — nothing remotely close to the food Fred had grown up with from Molly Weasley, or even at Hogwarts. But after several months of living with his girlfriend in this flat, both of the twins had been introduced to *proper food* as Angelina called it. Nigerian food.

Fred liked eating it very much, but cooking it still looked like some sort of sorcery he was not yet versed in.

“Go sit down,” Angelina said laughingly, batting away his hands as he tried to cop a feel while she checked the jollof rice. “I’ll be done in a minute.”

She’d been cooking since not long after George had left for Hogwarts, filling the flat with delicious aromas, and Fred’s stomach was rumbling. But she danced as she cooked, humming to herself with a smile on her face, and he could watch that quite happily for the rest of his life.

“Okay,” she declared, five minutes later. “Help me bring this to the table and it’s all yours,” she lifted one large pan, while Fred grabbed the pot — with his hands, not his magic. Angelina insisted that all parts of the cooking were better when done by hand, even the serving.

All her food was delicious, so Fred wasn’t going to argue.