

his head. "It's safe, you're right here for Order meetings, and you can come and go as you please. And, y'know, I'm here too." He felt a flutter in his belly at the idea of having Charlie warm and heavy in his bed every night.

He felt lips curve into a smile against his temple. "Six weeks ago you wouldn't even admit you liked me," the redhead pointed out.

"Six weeks ago I was an idiot," Sirius retorted. He turned, shuffling on Charlie's broad chest to look his boyfriend in the eye. "If you don't want to, forget I asked. Or if you want to move in to one of the guest rooms, that's totally fine. I'm not gonna tie you to my bed," he teased, watching blue eyes light up playfully.

"Shame," Charlie drawled.

"It just seems stupid for you to get a flat at the reserve when you're always either here or at Bill's when you're not at work," Sirius pointed out. "And I know you hate living alone."

He had different reasons than Sirius, but as one of seven children he had confided in Sirius that being in any empty house felt unnerving. He'd had two housemates back in Romania, the three of them living in a little two-bed cabin on the reserve.

Charlie let out a long breath. "Are you sure?" he asked worriedly. "I don't want to rush things. I don't want to overwhelm you."

"I'd love to have you around all the time." Sirius couldn't think of anything better, in all honesty, except perhaps having Harry home. Charlie was the perfect companion; he knew when to be quiet and read versus when Sirius needed conversation and laughter and music; he was happy to give Sirius his space when he wanted, but always seemed to know when the animagus was slipping into dark thoughts; and, Sirius thought with a blush, he was an incredible lover, which certainly didn't harm things.

He set his book properly aside and leaned up, cupping Charlie's face. "I know I took a while to come around to this," he said softly, "but it's not because I don't care about you." If anything it was because he cared too much, he wanted Charlie to have better than some fucked up ex-convict. "I don't think having you move in will overwhelm me. Except in the good ways," he said, winking. "Hell, it's a big enough house; if I need to avoid you, I can do so."

Charlie snickered, and then he was rolling them over, trapping Sirius tenderly against the mattress. "You're not wrong," he mused. Sirius hummed absently — it was always a little harder to think with Charlie's weight on top of him, his brain turning into a happy puddle of goo. Sometimes he thought Charlie did it just to get an honest answer out of him while he didn't have the brain cells to lie. "You really want me to move in here?"

"I really do," Sirius assured, eyes falling half-shut. "Want you here, all the time." He clenched his jaw shut before he said something foolish. Charlie kissed the corner of his mouth.