

Leaning against the doorway of the conservatory, watching two figures on brooms zoom about the air over the pitch, Sirius smiled to himself, wrapping his chunky cardigan tighter around his body. There was snow on the ground — four or five inches at least, and more to come overnight — and the garden already held the signs of a snowball fight abandoned in favour of quidditch.

He didn't mind this kind of cold. The crisp, bright cold of winter, the kind that came with laughter and fun and curling up by the fire with hot chocolate once everyone was exhausted and soaked through with snow. This was a good kind of cold.

It was made even better by having his pup home. His boys, really; they came as a pair by now, and with Remus and Severus being what they were it was much easier for all of them to just claim both and be done with it.

He heard familiar footsteps, and then muscular arms wrapped around his hips, a warm chest pressing to his back. He sighed slightly, leaning into the embrace, melting into Charlie as he always did. "Glad to have them home?" the redhead asked knowingly, kissing his cheek. Sirius hummed in affirmation.

"Wish we could keep them here," he mused wistfully. The next two weeks would fly by.

"You'd get sick of them eventually," Charlie teased. "Trust me; a full house isn't as fun as it sounds after six weeks stuck together. I used to beg to go back to Hogwarts early, every summer."

Sirius laughed, trying to imagine what it must be like, being the second oldest of seven, having so many siblings around all the time. He'd only ever had Regulus, and the occasional visiting cousins.

"I dunno — full house sounds nice these days," he mused, hands covering Charlie's. "Before long, those two will be done with school and ready to move out into their own place. Don't know what I'll do then." He was happy enough to move back into Grimmauld once it was safer — now he'd reclaimed the house from his horrific childhood there, made better memories, made it a home — but he doubted he'd be able to convince many people to move back with him. Remus and Severus would want their own place once they could go public... Narcissa would move back to her manor... it would just be him and Charlie, rattling around that big old townhouse.

"I'm sure we'll think of something to keep you occupied," Charlie assured. "Once we've gotten bored of having the place entirely to ourselves."

A frisson of excitement ran down Sirius' spine; both at that prospect, and what might come after.

He knew what he was getting into, falling for a Weasley.

"It'll start getting dark, soon," he said instead. "Want to grab our brooms and join them for a bit?"