

“It’s fine,” he assured, meeting Fred’s gaze with his head held high. “He is. But I am not my father, and I’d rather die before I knelt to that twisted monster.”

Fred’s gaze assessed him carefully, then he eventually nodded. “Good. I reckon Harry won’t let either of those things happen to you, so you’re alright there.”

George jumped in at his twin’s side, grabbing Draco’s arm in a handshake. “You’re better at Potions than Harry is, aren’t you?”

“That’s not difficult,” Draco replied, smirking. Harry jabbed him lightly in the side. He was okay at it, now! “Why?”

“We’ve been working on this variation of the Swelling Solution for one of our products,” George explained, “and we’ve been having a bit of trouble getting it to only work on certain parts of the body.”

Harry was left blinking as his boyfriend was stolen away by the twins, dragged towards some empty chairs and brought into a debate about ingredient measures and brewing times. Still, he couldn’t be too mad about it; the twins were trying *so hard*. They hadn’t brought *any* Wheezes products, and other than Fred’s first remark, not a single mention of Draco’s family escaped their lips. Harry wasn’t sure what he’d been expecting when he’d agreed to the meeting, but something with more of a fight had certainly crossed his mind. Draco *had* been pretty awful to the Weasley family in the past, even if not to the twins specifically. Their families had a blood feud that had lasted for generations.

He couldn’t be much help discussing Potions, but Harry pulled up a chair next to Draco anyway, smiling when the blond tangled his fingers in Harry’s without even thinking about it, his other hand making a series of gestures to help explain whatever he was explaining to the twins. A lot of it went over Harry’s head, but it was apparent Draco knew what he was talking about, and the twins clearly appreciated the input.

“We might have more questions for you,” George warned, after Fred finished writing down Draco’s instructions. “We’re both decent enough at Potions, but it’s never been our favourite. Spells are so much easier to manipulate.”

“I suppose I can help where possible,” Draco acquiesced. “As long as I can trust you not to use my own work against me.”

The twins shared a smirk. “I think that’s fair,” they agreed. George glanced down at his watch.

“Right, we’d better leave you two alone, then,” he said, smirk widening as he gave Harry and Draco a lewd wink. “Don’t want to take up your whole night.”

Harry was immeasurably grateful for that. He was over the moon that the twins and Draco seemed to get along well, but he also just really wanted to be able to snog his boyfriend in peace.