

“We did it!” Bill exclaimed, grabbing his brother in a rough hug.

The Wizengamot meeting had been long and boring, with very little to actually vote on, but that didn’t matter. They had taken their lordships, and that was the important thing.

Once his robe was open over the plain t-shirt and jeans Charlie wore underneath, he looked back down at his Weasley ring, quietly awed. He’d never really seen it before; Dad didn’t wear it because he thought it was a bit pompous, especially when he had turned his political power over to Dumbledore’s discretion. But it really was beautiful.

Bill was rummaging through his kitchen cabinets for a celebratory drink, and Charlie slumped down on the sofa — only to immediately jump up when someone pounded on the door.

“What the hell?” Bill murmured, eyeing his own front door warily. Charlie approached, wand in hand, and opened it. He did not expect the person he found.

“What do you two think you’re playing at!?” Percy thundered, bursting into the flat without waiting for an invitation. His face was pink, his blue eyes narrowed behind his glasses. “Taking up your lordships like that! Dumbledore put you up to this, didn’t he?”

“How do you even know where I live?” Bill questioned incredulously, bottle of firewhiskey in hand. Percy waved him off.

“Doesn’t matter. I can’t *believe* this; I never expected our father would ever turn his seats over while Dumbledore was still alive! Do you have *any idea* how that made me look in front of Minister Fudge, to not give him warning about something my own *brothers* were planning? He looked like a fool!”

“That’s not hard,” Charlie muttered with a snort. “We don’t really care that we made you look bad in front of your boss, quite frankly — not after everything you’ve put Mum and Dad through lately. The seats are our birthright, it’s none of your business when and how we choose to claim them.” His eyes were hard, though it made his stomach squirm to look at Percy in such a way. He might be a prick, but Charlie could still remember the little boy peppering him with endless questions the Christmas of Charlie’s first year, begging him to tell him all about the school and his classes and his friends, pleading to spend the night in Charlie’s room because he’d missed him so much. Percy was his responsibility, like he had been Bill’s, and the rift in the family *hurt*.

Percy’s face reddened further as he sucked in a breath, at a total loss for words, puffing up like a balloon — then, to the surprise of both his older brothers, a ragged sob burst from his lips. “*How the fuck am I supposed to protect you when you pull shit like this?*”

And then he threw himself into Charlie’s arms.

Charlie held him close automatically, throwing an alarmed glance in Bill’s direction. The curse-breaker looked back at him with the same expression. “What do you mean, protect us?” Charlie asked, rubbing Percy’s back, being his big brother as easy and instinctual as breathing. Percy’s hands gripped tight to the open lapels of Charlie’s robe.