

that's been lately."

Thinking over the possibilities, Harry mock-gagged.

"I'll try not to take offence at that, Potter." It was Blaise, approaching from the direction of the till. Harry stared at him.

"I thought you were in Italy!"

"Decided to stay and help the twins with the initial summer rush," the Slytherin explained. "Angie's here, too." He gestured back at the till, where Angelina was ringing up a cluster of kids for an incredible stack of prank goods. "Bit cosy in the flat with the four of us, but it could be worse. It's good to see you, though; I was starting to feel outnumbered by lions."

Harry blinked at him. "Blaise, I'm also a lion," he pointed out, amused. Blaise waved a dismissive hand.

*"Barely."*

That drew a laugh from Bill, and Blaise eyed him over. "You must be the eldest brother. Well met, Lord Prewett."

"Well met, Heir Zabini," Bill replied in turn, then offered a hand to shake. "Welcome to the madhouse, I suppose. Seems a bit late to warn you away from it."

Blaise chuckled, casting fond eyes towards George, who was eagerly demonstrating something to Sirius. "Quite," he agreed. "I hope we'll soon have a chance to get to know each other somewhere... quieter." As if on cue, an explosion of bright green smoke went up from somewhere in the back of the room. Blaise sighed. "Excuse me a moment." He started to squeeze through the crowd, headed in the direction of the mess.

"Looks like he fits right in," Bill joked. "Come on, let's see what they're selling Sirius on."

Harry and Bill shuffled their way over to where the twins were regaling Sirius and Charlie with the story of the Fireworks Extravaganza at Hogwarts. "I'll show you the memory when we get home," Harry promised the pair, grinning. "We just picked up a pensieve from my family vault," he added to the twins in explanation.

"Wicked," they replied, beaming.

"You'll have to show us all the stuff that went on after we left," Fred begged. "See if we can get some inspiration."

"And those origami eggs you did," George added, eyes bright. "Blaise told me about it. You've been holding out on us, Potter."

"We'll sort dinner at Grimmauld one night," Harry assured. "Memories and brainstorming. You can give me some ideas to keep the legacy alive now you're gone, too."

The twins nodded eagerly.