

impossibly redder. But George sobered up again, tapping the book cover until it was plain once more and nudging it into Harry's hands. "It's all yours. If you've got any questions, you can come to me. Or write to Charlie, he'll listen. And if you're not ready — hell, if you're *never* ready — that's fine. The offer's good for whenever. I'm giving you the information, but I'm not pressuring you to make any sort of decision or announcement. Only you can know when it's time for that."

Harry stared at the book in his hands, flipping it open to the index page. *Homosexuality in wizarding culture... Marriage rights for same-sex couples... Helpful spells for intercourse...* That one made his eyes go wide, and he slammed it shut again. George chuckled.

"Yeah, it's a lot to take in. You don't have to read it all at once. It's just... information is a good thing to have. Even if it might not be relevant to you."

For a moment, Harry thought about giving the book back to him, saying 'thanks, but no thanks' and leaving, never speaking of it again. This was different than the twins teasing him about being a little star-struck over Bill. This was all the conversations his dorm-mates had about girls that Harry didn't feel part of; all the times he found himself glancing at boys in the halls, or in the quidditch locker rooms, or on the street; all the times his heart beat faster when Draco Malfoy smiled at him. This was listening to Uncle Vernon going off about 'queers' and wondering if the man was right, if he really was a freak after all.

This was real.

"Do many people know? About you?" he asked quietly. George shrugged.

"Fred, and Charlie, and Bill. I think Ginny knows. Lee, obviously. Angie and Katie and Alicia, and Oliver. Few others here and there; boys I've kissed, some of their friends, y'know. I don't hide it, but I don't exactly go around telling everyone I meet. Mum and Dad know, though I don't know if Mum's really come to terms with it yet. Merlin knows she still hasn't about Charlie or Bill. At least with Bill there's still hope for grandkids. He likes both," he explained. "As if there aren't other ways of having kids than just knocking a girl up."

"There are other ways?" Harry asked, perplexed. A tiny bubble of hope rose within him; did that mean that even if he was... he could still have kids?

"Well, there's always adoption," George pointed out. "But there's a spell that can take the stuff from two blokes and put it inside a woman and make a baby. It's all in the book. As long as you've got a woman willing to be pregnant for you, you can have a kid. Rumour has it there's some wizard in Spain working on a potion to make men get pregnant, but that all sounds a bit much if you ask me," he added with a grimace. Harry's eyebrows shot up — men being pregnant? Magic really could do anything!

"Wizards don't really care about it all," George continued. "At least, they never used to. With more and more muggleborns coming in, people are getting weird about it. But two blokes or two girls can get married and everything. Their kids are legal heirs — or they can name other heirs, if the family magic is compatible and they don't want kids of their own. You're always going to find people who are dicks about it, but that's life, unfortunately."