

With both couples living in the same space, the twins had developed rules about where and when innuendo was acceptable. Of course, the rules went largely ignored on both sides, but that didn't stop them sniping at each other about it.

"It's tempting, but I'm afraid I'll have to pass," Blaise mock-sighed. "You'll just have to wait until I'm graduated."

"That sounds terrible," George sighed. "Merlin only knows how Ollie and Cass handled it."

"I'm sure you and Oliver can commiserate over it all you like," Angelina placated. "Though be prepared for him to get pissy about how at least your relationship is public."

Blaise winced; from what he understood, it was a bit of a sore subject for the ex-Gryffindor keeper. Not that he blamed Cassius for it — it was just a difficult situation all around. Knowing Cassius' family, Blaise couldn't blame them for keeping things under wraps.

"I'll see you every Hogsmeade weekend," Blaise reminded, running a hand through George's fiery hair. "And we'll work out holidays." They hadn't exactly figured out things such as Yule, because George's mother currently refused to acknowledge *any* of the relationships her children were in, thanks to her grudge against Sirius Black. But it was a while away, so perhaps things would change.

"Maybe, but you've spoiled me after having you here for three whole weeks."

Blaise had to admit that he too wasn't looking forward to it — going back to Italy without George, or going back to Hogwarts. But they were necessary. Their relationship would survive the separation.

There was a sudden thud from upstairs, and the twins shared a slightly alarmed look. "We're... gonna go check on that," Fred declared, jumping up from the sofa and running to the stairs. George kissed Blaise quickly and followed after his twin, the pair of them disappearing into the workshop. After a beat of silence, Angelina giggled.

"Those two," she sighed in fond exasperation. Then she sobered. "I'm worried about them, Blaise. Keeping the shop open, some of the things they're making... they're the biggest target in this bloody alley."

"I know," he murmured, running a hand over his hair. "But would we love them if they were any less?" That bold, unbearably attractive *Gryffindor* quality of doing exactly what they wanted and not giving a fuck what might come of it. That belief that they could do anything with enough nerve and determination, and no one could stand in their way. Not even the Dark Lord themselves. "Bill's done the wards, they're as safe as can be," he reminded; having a Gringotts curse-breaker for a brother certainly had its perks.

"I know, but I still worry." She twirled one of her braids around her fingers.

"I'd worry more about what they're getting up to in that workshop than what's going on in the rest of the alley," Blaise said dryly, as another quiet explosion noise sounded. Angelina snorted.