

Harry was well aware of how he usually looked in the summers, and chuckled. "Thanks, Hermione."

"Ron, why don't you help Harry take his things up to your room," Mrs Weasley suggested. Fred reached out to grab Harry's trunk.

"We'll get it, Mum!" As he turned, something brightly wrapped fell out of his pocket; it looked like a sweet. He went wide-eyed and scrambled for it, but Mrs Weasley summoned it quickly.

"What's this?" she asked with eyebrows raised pointedly, a knowing look on her face.

"Oh, it's nothing," Fred said quickly.

"Just a sweet," George backed him up quickly, plucking it from his mother's fingers. "Come on, Harry, let's go." He grabbed Harry and practically dragged him from the kitchen, Hedwig's cage in hand. When they were halfway up the stairs, Harry gave them a curious look.

"What was that all about?"

The twins shook their heads, staying silent until they were in Ron's room with the door shut. Only then did George hold up the sweet with a smirk. "Shame your muggle cousin wasn't home, Harry. I'm sure he would've loved this," he said conspiratorially.

"Ton-Tongue Toffee," Fred explained. "We invented them. Makes your tongue keep growing; we tested one on Ron the other day, his got about four foot long before Mum came in and shrank it."

Harry snorted, imagining Dudley with an enormous tongue flopping out of his mouth. Oh, he would've loved to see that. "That's genius," he enthused, and both twins beamed.

"We've been inventing loads of stuff over the summer," George told him.

"We wanted to sell them at Hogwarts, but Mum found the order forms. She's been fuming ever since." Fred grimaced, then brightened. "Anyway, how've you been, young Harrikins? Everything alright with the muggles?" He looked Harry over in concern. Harry wished he could tell the boys the truth; maybe he'd ask Sirius about it. They could keep secrets with the best of them, and they'd already proven they could be trusted.

"I had a pretty good summer, actually. Been talking to some of my new friends," he added with a pointed glance. The twins caught on quickly.

"Excellent! Always great having more friends," Fred said with a wink. "Glad to hear you're doing alright. Now, we'd better get downstairs and help Mum with dinner, before I go blind from all this orange." He looked around the room disparagingly, and Harry laughed; Ron's room was a bit bright, with all its Chudley Cannons regalia. Harry much preferred the Harpies' colours of green and gold.