

“I’m starting to regret having you on my team,” Nashira told him plainly, and he ran a hand through his hair.

“Look, I don’t play many board games, alright?” he defended. “Been a bit busy with other things.” Nashira raised an eyebrow at him, as if to say ‘that’s not an excuse’.

“Harry, they’re *eight*. And they’re winning.”

“Maybe we’ll do better in the next round.”

Over on the sofa, Sirius let out a bark of laughter. He was curled up against Charlie’s side, watching the four play their game with shining eyes, like he’d never seen anything better in his life. The family dinner had gone as easy as breathing, the four kids slotting into the whole affair like they’d been part of it from day one. The adoption papers hadn’t been signed yet, but Harry expected it wouldn’t be long.

“We would do better if you would stop being so *nice* to them!” Nashira complained, moving her game piece along. “You’ve had so many opportunities to knock them back and you never do!”

“I don’t want to make them cry!” As if on cue, the twins looked at him with identical wobbling lower lips and wide, sad eyes. Nashira scoffed.

“God, you’re useless,” she huffed, then grinned. “You’re gonna have to learn to stand up to them if you really want to do this whole sibling thing. They’ll walk all over you otherwise.”

“She’s not wrong, kid,” Charlie agreed, smirking at the Potter lord. “The little ones are always cute and adorable and then they turn out to be terrifying once they realise you’re weak to them. Look at me and Ginny.”

Harry snorted — it was true, Charlie couldn’t ever say no to Ginny, and the youngest Weasley knew it.

“Draco, help!” he begged pathetically, turning hopeful eyes on his boyfriend.

“Sorry, love; only child, quite like it that way,” came the blond’s even response.

Nashira put a hand on Harry’s arm, a tentative smile on her face. “How about next round we do me and Tahan against you and Amy. It’s always easier if we split them up.” The smile turned a little guilty. “I might’ve been throwing you in at the deep end with this round.”

Harry shook his head, looking to the twins, who had innocence in their smiles but mischief in their eyes. “I’m not sure I want siblings anymore,” he declared archly. “Not if you’re going to gang up on me all the time.”

Amy giggled, throwing herself into his lap and hugging him around the neck. “We’re sorry,” she said, not sounding remotely apologetic. “Nash said you were a Slytherin even though you’re a Gryffindor so we thought you’d be all mean like Frankie is.”