

Sirius was off investigating again, and Harry was quite happy to leave Charlie to chase him around. Aware of Bill keeping close, Harry did some exploring of his own. The twins really were geniuses, with some of their stuff.

“This section is cool,” Bill said, gesturing to a smaller section off to the side. “It’s all defensive stuff. Pre-charged shield spells, stunners, that sort of stuff. Noise decoys — and this Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder, it’s really incredible.” He pointed at the little jet black rocks. “Do I want to know what you did that the twins won’t take your money? Or are you really just the favourite brother?” Bill asked, looking amused. Harry laughed, and told him; there was hardly need to keep it a secret now, after all.

“Wow,” Bill said, grinning. “I’ll have to tell Fleur, she’ll get a real kick out of that.”

“How’s she doing, anyway? I hope I get to see her this summer.”

Bill’s smile turned a little goofy at the mention of his fiancée. “She’s great. Part of the Order officially, now. We’ll figure out our next weekend off, have lunch together or something.”

“When’s the wedding?” Harry asked, tossing a couple of the Decoy Detonators into his basket with the Darkness Powder.

“Haven’t pinned a date down yet. But we’re not in a rush; I need to find us a house, and Fleur wants to be done with her internship and onto the apprentice programme before we’re married. It’s, ah, a more secure job — better hours, less chance of gallivanting about with something weird and dangerous. We’re pretty keen to try for kids, as soon as we’re married, so we want to make sure that’ll all work out.” He blushed faintly at the admission, and Harry stared at him, wide eyed.

“That soon? Really?”

Bill nodded. “We both want a family. Just got to get the essentials squared away; marriage, house, apprenticeship. After that... well, we’ll figure out the rest when we get there, yeah?” He was grinning, clearly eager for that future. Harry could see him with a little red-haired baby in his arms — or even a little blonde baby, if the veela blood ran true.

“You’ll be brilliant parents.” He’d seen Bill with all his younger siblings, and the way Fleur doted on Gabrielle. Any kids of theirs would be incredibly lucky.

“Thanks, Harry,” Bill said, beaming. “You’ll have a lot of competition for favourite uncle, though. Better start brainstorming now,” he joked.

They found their way towards the till, and Harry set his basket down. Angelina stared at him flatly. “No can do, Potter,” she declared. “Fred’s told me you don’t pay here.”

“Oh come on, Angie,” Harry whined. “I can’t just take all this stuff!”

“Quit being such a bloody Gryffindor, Potter,” Blaise drawled. “You’re better than that.”

That just made Harry roll his eyes, and eventually he was forced to stand aside so the person behind him in the queue could pay. Blaise grabbed him gently by the elbow, directing him