

Harry snorted; that sounded like Sirius. "I hope you know what you're getting in for, once he's free," he mock-warned. "He'll be dragging you out all over the place, wanting to show off his pretty bit of arm candy."

Charlie laughed again, smirking deviously. "Fine by me," he drawled. "I can do arm candy. It's likely to be more seedy bars than fancy restaurants, anyway; he knows it takes persuasion to get me into formalwear."

"Ew," Harry mock-groaned, making Charlie snicker.

"Get used to it, little brother; I live here now," Charlie teased, swooping in close to ruffle Harry's hair. Harry ducked away, scowling.

"Can you really call me little brother when you're dating my godfather?" he joked, wiggling his eyebrows. "I think it's closer to step-son, if you look at it like that."

"Only when we're married," Charlie shot back automatically, then blushed at the intent look Harry gave him.

"*When*, is it?" he asked pointedly.

"Don't be a brat, *son*," Charlie retorted. Then he paused, making a face of disgust and shaking his head. "Nope, that's weird. I'm too young for that."

Harry snickered. "Get used to it, *Dad*, you live here now," he taunted, quickly dodging as Charlie started to chase him.

"You don't need another dad, you've got two of them in that house," the redhead pointed out dryly. "Three if you count Snape." He slowed down, and a shudder ran through him. "That's *still* the weirdest part of this whole situation."

"You get used to it eventually," Harry assured. "Give it enough time and you'll catch him having a genuine emotion. After that it's a bit hard to take all the scowling seriously. Not to mention the *flirting*, ugh, they're awful when they get going."

"Too weird," Charlie insisted. "You've just been living here too long. Can't believe they hid you right under Dumbledore's nose."

"He's not as omniscient as he thinks," Harry said, a little smug.

"I'm starting to realise that," Charlie agreed.

They were pulled out of their half-hearted chasing when the bell rang to summon them for lunch, and the pair landed quickly, shouldering their brooms. "Hey," Charlie called, reaching out one huge arm to wrap around Harry's shoulders. "I'm sure Draco's doing fine, yeah? Once Sirius is free, we'll figure out a way for you to write to him. Or bring him here." He grinned, cheeks dimpling. "I've got a lot of brotherly teasing to catch up on, after all."

"We've heard it all from the twins already," Harry told him, unbothered. "And Ginny."