

Open Your Eyes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1832080) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1832080>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M , Multi
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationships:	Fred Weasley/George Weasley , Harry Potter/Fred Weasley/George Weasley , Harry/past relationships , Sirius Black/Remus Lupin
Characters:	Harry Potter , Fred Weasley , George Weasley , Ron Weasley , Zacharias Smith , Sirius Black , Remus Lupin , Neville Longbottom
Additional Tags:	Threesome - M/M/M , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Twincest , introvert!Harry
Language:	English
Collections:	HPFandom
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-23 Updated: 2020-05-15 Words: 25,303 Chapters: 10/15

Open Your Eyes

by [LittleYepa](#)

Summary

On October 31st, 1981 the sacrifice Lily Potter made help defeat one of the world's most feared wizards once and for all. 15 years later Harry Potter is struggling with a string of bad boyfriends; maybe he just needs two mischievous red heads to change his luck.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Hello I hope you enjoy my very first fanfiction. I know I'm not the best writer but I hope you enjoy anyways. A few things to note is that my story is very AU. Harry defeat Voldermort once and for all when he was a baby but he was still sent to live with his aunt and uncle because Dumbledore is slight crazy and thinks he still can come back. Harry's more of a introvert in my story so he never becomes bff with anyone. Lots of people live :D Please also note that this fic contains twincest and if you do not like this please do not read.

If you see any spelling mistake, error's, etc please let me know.

WARNING: This fic will contain twincest. If you do not like it please do not read.

Also none characters belong to me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What, you actually thought I'd want to be with a boring scrawny bloke like you? The only appealing thing about you is your fame and fortune.”

“But I thought...”

“You thought what? That I liked you? Loved you? Blimey you can't really be this thick! I've been shagging Kevin Entwhistle the whole time I was seeing you!”

Cruel laughter echoed down the hall.

A flash of raven black streaked around the corner and down the hall almost bumping into a pair of mischievous red heads.

“Wasn't that...” Fred turned and looked at this twin.

“...Harry Potter?” George finished, looking towards where Harry had disappeared around another corner.

“That would mean the rude loudmouth breaking up with him would be...Finch-Fletchley?” Fred asked, cocking his head.

George bumped Fred's shoulder as he began walking towards their destination, the common room, with Fred falling into step with him. “Nah, they broke up last year. I think he started dating that dodgy bloke Smith at the start of term.”

“Blimey, Potter has the worst tastes in blokes. Doesn't everyone know what a slag Smith is? Come on it's almost curfew we don't need another detention from Filch this week.” They both quickly check to make sure no one was around then they duck behind a tapestry to one of many secret passageways, this one leading to the 7th floor.

Once again, making sure the coast is clear, before exiting the secret passageway the twins made their way to the portrait of the Fat Lady. Whispering the password, 'Mimbulus Mimbletonia', they walked into the common room, which was lacking one messy haired raven, taking a second to say hi to their best friend Lee Jordan, then making their way up to their 7th year dorm which they shared.

“You know,” George said as he shut the door to their room behind him. “I can't think of Potter having any good relationships.”

Fred tossed his book bag to the end of their two beds, which they had pushed together. “I can't either, in his 4th year there was Roger Davies who asked him to the Yule Ball but ditched him once Fleur Delacour's dance partner got drunk.” He then slid off his robe and placed it on top of his closed trunk, his shirt joining it. Then he flopped onto the bed grabbing a potions book to browse.

“And then there was that Creevey kid who was so star struck that he couldn't separate rumours from reality” George snorted tossing his bag to join Fred's as he made his way towards the bathroom sliding off his robes as he went. When he entered the bathroom he left the door open as he used the toilet then washed his hands and walked back into the room.

“Yeah that really blew up in his face.” Fred started to chuckle but then frowned.

“Though what did he expect dating someone who only saw him as an idol and 'Saviour'.”

“Then last but not least Finch-Fletchley and Smith...wait aren't they friends or at least dorm mates?” George asked stopping in front of Fred on the bed.

Fred dropped the book onto the bed and slid so he was facing George, his feet planted on the floor.

“Quite possibly.” As Fred stood he slid his hands on George's chest and gave him a quick kiss, when his hands reached the collar he started to undo the buttons.

George started on the button on Fred's trousers. “You don't think they planned to have Smith use him like that?” He then finished the task pushing the trousers down to pool around Fred's feet, leaving him only in his pants.

“From what I've heard, I wouldn't put it past them.” Fred held George's chin and gave him another chaste kiss. “You've seemed to have paid a lot of attention to Potter.” With all the buttons undone, Fred slid the shirt off George's shoulder letting it drop to the floor.

“It's such a shame though.” George said dropping a kiss to Fred's shoulder.

“A shame?” Fred grabbed George and switched their positions throwing George off balance.

Falling onto the bed George scurried backwards towards the centre of the combined mattress. "Potter is quite beautiful when he doesn't have his head down or hair covering his face."

"Hmm..." Fred pondered. "You're right. I've never paid much attention to his looks but those eyes always stuck with me." Joining George on the bed he knelt over him, straddling his legs. Undoing George's trousers he began to slide them down, peppering kisses down his chest to his hips.

"Don't forget about those messy raven locks that's just begging for a hand or two to run though it." Lifting his hips to allow Fred to pull off his trousers and pants in one go.

Tossing the garments onto the floor near the others, Fred moved back up the bed joining his twin. "Potter's on the short thin side isn't he?" Crawling his way back to the top of the bed he gave George a deep kiss.

"Perfect for cuddling, he would fit perfectly in someone's arms." He said a little breathlessly as Fred moved from his lips to his jaw and then down his neck, hands buried deep in his twin's hair.

"It really is a shame that he can't find a tall strapping bloke or two that would treat him right and look dashing between." Fred said, lips never leaving George's neck. Hands trailed down George's body, caressing his sides, heading down their mutual erections. George moaned as he felt a brush of a hand against his sensitive skin.

"Like us?" He asked, already knowing that his twin was thinking the exact same thing as him. Fred leaned back, his eyes filled with desire for more than his gorgeous twin that lay before him, George's eyes matching his own.

"Exactly."

To be Continued

Chapter End Notes

So this turned out a little differently than I originally planned. The ending wasn't supposed to have twincest-ness but I couldn't see them just going to bed so early.

I'm really nervous posting this. Please be kind.
Read&Review?

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to my first commenter Nix(guest), I would re-read your comment every time I got stuck on this chapter. I hope you like this new chapter.

Again none characters belong to me. Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sun shone through the fake window in the Room of Requirement and into the face of red rimmed eyes and messy raven hair. Scrunching up his nose, he buried his face in the pillow and pulled the blankets up and over his head. Harry laid there for a few seconds enjoying the peace and quiet which was quite rare because his dorm mates usually wake him up with their last minute rushing to find textbooks, parchment, quills, to finish homework that was due that day.

His eyes fluttered open and he blinked at the unfamiliar blurry room. Harry shot up and grabbed his glasses off the bedside table then his wand and cast '*Tempus*'. Groaning he saw that breakfast just finished and didn't have long until he was late for his first class, Potions. Rolling out of bed he quickly cast cleaning and breath-freshening charms. Looking down on himself he wondered if he should try to get the wrinkles out but decided it was a hopeless case. Harry reached down to where he dropped his bookbag yesterday evening, threw it over his shoulder and made his way out the door, heading towards the dungeons.

He knew everyone had probably heard of the break up by now, nothing stayed a secret at Hogwarts for long especially if it was about him. 6 years have passed and he still wasn't used to all the attention his name got him. It was already hard for him to talk with people or make new friends without being famous. Thankfully, those constantly around him had realised that he wasn't so special or different from the rest of them that they often overlooked him unless something big happened.

Using his free hand, he ran it through his hair messing it up even worse. No matter how quickly he'd run he was going to be late. Harry had just barely got a high enough grade to continue with Potions this year, he would have just dropped the class if he didn't need N.E.W.T. level grades to become a Healer. He had been doing so well this year; arriving on time, receiving Exceeds Expectations or higher on his essays. He hadn't even messed up terribly on any potion this term thanks to the tutoring with Moony during the summer.

Thinking back to the summer Harry smiled. It was the first time he got to spend the whole summer with his godfather and his partner Remus. Even though Sirius was found innocent during his 3rd year, he wasn't allowed custody of Harry because they thought he was too unstable from prolonged exposure to the dementors in Azkaban. Remus wasn't allowed take

him either because of his werewolf status. It was a long wait, the sessions with the mind healer to prove he was capable of taking care of Harry took all summer between his 4th and 5th year, but it was worth it to get away from the Dursleys forever.

Growing up with the Dursleys had been a nightmare. For as long as he could remember his room was the tiny cupboard under the stairs. As soon as he was old enough he had to get up each morning and make his relatives breakfast, only being allowed a few pieces of bread or bruised fruit and whatever scrapes he could sneak without them noticing, then start on the ridiculously long list of chores. That part wasn't too bad. What really made living with them so horrendous was the routine beatings and verbal abuse. Rubbing his right wrist he could still remember the one time when he was 7, he burnt the bacon so his Uncle punched him in the face. Back then he didn't realise that when he fell he had broken his wrist. He just remembered the pain, feeling dizzy and woozy. A few days later his wrist was stiff and sore but seemed alright. Harry now knew, thanks to his healer lessons with Madam Pomfrey, that his magic had helped heal him.

At the Dursleys they never called him by his name. It wasn't until a kind lady asked him what his name was, when his Aunt Petunia took him to do the shopping, that he found out his name wasn't 'Boy' or 'Freak'. When he had told the lady his name was 'Freak' his aunt became flustered and quickly explained to her that he was 'Harry' and that he was very disrespectful and liked to make crude jokes.

Things got a little better once he received his Hogwarts, his aunt and uncle were so scared that someone was watching them because it was addressed to 'Mr H. Potter, The Cupboard under the Stairs...' that the beatings and chores stopped and he was moved to his cousins second bedroom. But once they realized no one was watching the abuse started just back up.

Rounding the last corner he saw the door to the Potions classroom closed and no one in sight. Nervously patting down his hair and making sure it covered the unwanted reminder of his parents murder. Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath, steeling himself for the ire of one Professor Severus Snape; he opened his eyes and turned the door knob.

“You’re late Potter! 30 points from Gryffindor.” Professor Snape snapped before the door was even fully open. Some of the Slytherins laughed at his misfortune.

“Sorry sir.” Harry hurried down the aisle of work benches, finally sliding into the only open seats which was beside one of his few friends, Neville Longbottom.

“Are you alright Harry?” Neville whispered hoping not to catch the Professor's attention for talking. He quickly slid some off the ingredients over to Harry to prep while he filled a beaker with water and some African sea salt. Neville wasn't terrible at Potions, Professor Snape just made him really nervous and he tended to make huge mistakes when he was nervous or startled.

Harry sighed and whispered back. “Alright as I can be... What are we making?” He leaned over Neville's shoulder to see what page his Advanced Potion-Making textbook was open to. Pulling his copy out, he flipped it open and looked at the instructions for the 'Draught of Living Death'. Picking up the silver knife he took one Sopophorous bean and went to cut into it, but his knife slipped off the bean and the blade ended up crushing it. Harry shrugged 'The

juices are out. Shouldn't matter how.' Then looked at the book to see what he could prepare next.

They worked in silence, Neville adding essence of wormwood to the cauldron while Harry chopped up three Valerian roots into square pieces and put it in the other beaker with water. Their potion looked to be a smooth blackcurrant-coloured liquid that the text describes. Harry smiled, their potion seemed to be the only thing going right lately. Double checking the instructions, Harry carefully poured the Sopophorous bean's juice in, then added seven drops of liquid from the beaker making sure no fragments of Valerian root got into the cauldron. Using the stirring rod, Neville stirred the ten times clockwise, making the potion turn lilac instead of the lighter shade, then counterclockwise waiting for the potion to turn clear.

Finally Harry broke the silence between them. "How was breakfast this morning?" He tried to keep his voice as steady as possible but it wavered slightly anyways.

Startled, Neville almost knocked over their potion, he had not thought Harry would want to talk while they worked on such a complicated potion. He took a quick glance and saw Professor Snape checking on the progress of some of the Slytherins across the room. "Professor Sprout asked me to check on the Mandrakes that the second years just replanted, so after popping into the Great Hall for some toast I headed out there. Why? Did something happen?" Turning so he slightly faced Harry but was able to slowly put in seven square pieces of Valerian root in the cauldron then stirred the potion ten times counterclockwise.

"...Zack...was cheating on me, I found out yesterday evening." Harry muttered not even looking up from the desk as he passed Neville the powdered root of asphodel.

Neville winced. What Smith did was terrible but he knew that new and old rumours about Harry were going to start up again. "Sorry mate." Not knowing what else he could say Neville took the powder from Harry and gave him a sympathetic look. Harry shrugged not trusting his voice. He shook the vial of moondew then helped set up a fire under the cauldron.

"We're almost done, do you want me to clean up so you can avoid the rest of the school?" Neville offered pouring the moondew into the potion followed by sloth brain and flower heads, as he stirred, they watched it turn to a teal colour instead of pure blue.

Shoving the text back into his bag, Harry said, "Yea. Thanks Nev." He gave his friend a sad smile then rushed out of the classroom while Snape ordered everyone to leave a sample on his desk, clean up and get out.

Harry spent the rest of the day avoiding everyone, he even went to the kitchens for lunch just so he didn't have to hear the whispers and staring. Using his cloak of invisibility he arrived last to class and was the first to leave. After their last class, DADA, Harry walked with Neville towards the entrance hall but excused himself, stating 'he wasn't hungry' and headed off to the hospital wing to wait for Madam Pomfrey. Just missing a sour looking Zacharias Smith with neon yellow hair and red and green striped skin walking into the Great Hall.

To be Continued

Chapter End Notes

Read and Review please! Subscriptions, Kudo's and reviews/comments motivate me to pump out a new chapter much faster~!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Noticed a small boo-boo with the ages today. >.> Fred and George and suppose to be 2 years older not 1. But I'm not going to change that, so I'm going to merge the Twins year and the one below them. Also I meant to have this done for Friday but I got stuck and then my brother came down for the weekend so I've only had a limited amount of time to work on it.

WARNING: None

Again none characters belong to me. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 03

“Did you see-”

“-his face?”

Fred leaned against his twin as the stumbled through the portrait hole, both of them barely able to stand from laughing so much. "Too bad Harry didn't get to see."

Once inside the common room, they took deep breaths so they could walk straight, then made their way to the sofa. Both of them making a gagging face as they passed their younger brother, *'Ickle Ronniekins'*, who was snogging his girlfriend *'Lav-Lav'* Brown.

“Don't they ever come up for air?” Fred asked as they chased away a few first years from in front of the fireplace and flopped down onto the sofa. George joined him, swung his feet up leaving no room for anyone else, and pressed up against his lovers side.

“Not if they can help it.” George chuckled. “Being such great brothers that we are, we could come up with a solution for them.” He turned his head, giving his twin a cheeky grin. Their faces were close enough that it wouldn't take much for George to press their lips together.

Not many knew that the Weasley twins were in a relationship. Their best mate and a few of the girls from the Gryffindor Quidditch team knew. Someone was bound to notice, no matter how careful they were, when you share a dorm or locker room. When they first found out they weren't very comfortable with it. It wasn't because they were gay, in the wizarding world being gay wasn't looked down upon...but incest was. After awhile they saw how perfect Fred and George were together and decided that since it wasn't their life, it wasn't really any of their business. The rest of the school well...they were so used to seeing them practically draped over each other that no one even batted an eyelash at them any more.

They were both just glad no one in their family had realised yet, they knew Charlie had his suspicions but he was all the way in Romania and didn't come home all that often, so the chances of him getting enough proof was unlikely. Once the twins were done with school they planned on getting a place of their own so they wouldn't have to sneak around anymore.

"So Forge, any ideas on how we should proceed with gaining our little raven?" Fred asked, his hand sliding behind George's back to rest on a small patch of skin near his hip, hidden from the rest of the common room. He felt the body next to his shiver when he began to trace small circles into the skin.

"Well Gred." George tapped a finger to his bottom lip. Fred's gaze fell to those lips, wishing he could be kissing them instead. "We don't want to scare him off, me think some research needs to be done."

"Me thinks you are correct." Fred said taking his wand out and twirled it with his fingers. "O Ronniekins~!" he said in a singsong voice while simultaneously sending a stinging hex to the occupied couple. The resulting high pitch squeaks made both of their faces break out in huge grins.

Ron quickly stood up, dropping Lavender off of his lap and onto the floor with a disgruntled look. "What the bloody hell was that for!" He shouted as he made his way across the common room to stand in front of his brothers. His face was blossoming with pink of anger and embarrassment while the twins just sat there unaffected by their brothers temper.

"Language little brother." George chastised him with an innocent look on his face.

"You won't want us to-"

"-tell your darling '*Lav Lav*'-"

"-how we caught you-"

"-snogging Hannah Abbott last week?"

Ron's face darkened even more but his lips went into a tight line. Closing his eyes, crossing his arm and took a deep breath. "What did you want me for?" He finally muttered, barely even opening his mouth.

"What can you tell-"

"-us about Potter?"

Ron started at them in blank surprise. "Potter?" Forgetting he was even angry at them, and uncrossed his arms. "Why do you want to know about him?" He asked a little perturbed.

"Just curious." The twins said at the same time, trying not to give anything away.

Ron gave them an odd look. "Don't really know the bloke, met him on the train first year when me and a few other couldn't find an empty compartment to sit in. Didn't talk much, he didn't seem to want to make any friends. Probably thought he was too good for us, being

famous and all.” Ron stared downwards as his foot scuffed the carpet, his mouth forming a frown. He didn't see Fred and George exchanged a look.

“Then who's he-”

“-friends with?”

“Err...I see him with Longbottom sometimes, as well as a few Ravenclaws. Granger and Loony Lovegood I think.” Ron face was scrunched as he thought. “Why do you really want to know all this? Are you planning on pranking him?” Ronald started to get all excited. “Can I help?”

“None of your business.” George said as Fred used his leg to kick Ron away. “Get lost.”

“Gits.” Ron said under his breath when he walked away towards his girlfriend. An annoying voice could be heard calling out '*Won-Won*'. To which the twins sniggered at the name.

Once Ron was out of hearing: “Come on we've got a few hours before curfew, let's go find Longbottom.” George hopped off the sofa pulling Fred up with him, and took off to their dorm room. Once inside they pulled an old blank parchment from a hidden compartment in their trunks, taping a wand against it and said. “I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.” They quickly scanned the map and found Harry first in the Hospital wing, to which they made a mental note to figure out why, they continued their search finally spotting Neville Longbottom in a not often used corner of the Library. Finished, they tapped a wand against the map and said. “Mischief managed.”

Heading back down the stairs to the common room they made their way towards the exit. As they passed the once again snogging couple, George took out his wand and did a well placed sticking charm on their lips before they hurried out of the common room. Even though they liked to see the results of their pranks they had more important things to do. Someone would fill them in later.

Taking every secret passage way they knew, it still took them awhile to arrive at the library. Pulling out the map they double checked that Longbottom was sitting where they last saw him. Nodding to each other they peeked around the corner checking for the librarian.

Sneaking into the library was easy, Madam Pince was telling off a group of 3rd year Hufflepuffs for bringing food in, so they quickly ducked into the rows of bookshelves. The twins had long since been banned for pulling one too many pranks, not that it stopped them.

Spotting their prey engrossed in an essay, they plopped down on either side of him a hand on each shoulder, and giant mischievous grins plastered on their faces. Neville was startled so badly he spilt ink all over his homework. “Shite.” He quickly used his sleeve to try and soak up the ink before it ruined all of his hard work.

“Sorry there mate didn't-”

“-mean to startle you.”

Neville whipped his head back and forth as they spoke. He was really confused why the

twins were talking to him but he could tell from the looks on their faces that they weren't truly sorry. "N-no it'ss f-fine." He stuttered, though he wasn't really looking forward to re-writing it.

"We were hoping you would be-"

"-able to help us."

"W-with what?" Neville shrunk in on himself. He knew what sort of pranks they liked to pull and hoped they didn't plan on targeting him.

"We just need some information-"

"-on Harry Potter."

"Harry?" For once not stuttering. "Why? You better not be planning on doing something horrible to him." Harry was his friend, he wouldn't let anyone hurt him even if it meant being brave and not giving into bullies. Harry had been through enough from his relatives and ex-boyfriends. If he had to become a target for these pranksters so they wouldn't bother his friend then so be it! "I won't let you, you'll..you'll have to go through me." Sitting up straight trying to make himself look braver than he felt.

Realising that they were going about this the wrong way they sobered up and looked seriously at Neville. The expressions looked odd on their normally playful faces. They had to get Neville to believe them or else he'll say something to Harry and they'll never get close to him. Dropping the twin speak they went to reassure him.

"We don't want to hurt him or prank him."

"We just want to date him."

Neville gave them a hard stare. "Both of you?"

"Yes"

To be Continued

Chapter End Notes

Read and Review please!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry! I wanted to have this done yesterday but I was travelling most of the day so I wasn't able to finish till 1am! Since my reading week is over update are going to have to slow down a bit. I aim to post a new chapter every week on Wednesday. I hope you enjoy Harry interacting with Fred and George.

WARNING: None

Again none characters belong to me. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Slipping into the Great Hall with 10 minutes to spare before breakfast ended, Harry sat at the end of the mostly empty Gryffindor table and rubbed his hands over his bone tired face. His lesson with Madam Pomfrey ended just after curfew. He got a note explaining what he was doing out so late but if seen by Filch it wouldn't make a difference, so he ended up running all the way to the Fat Lady's portrait. All he wanted to do was fall into his bed and sleep but he still had to finish History of Magic homework. It wasn't overly complicated just time consuming. Once he finished it was early in the morning so he tried to get some sleep while he could but he just ended up oversleeping.

Pulling a plate in front of him he began to pile it with toast, bacon, scrambled eggs and fruit. He missed dinner the night before so he was quite ravenous, and with no time to run down to the kitchens without being late to Charms he had to brave the Great Hall.

A soft voice startled Harry out of his thoughts.

“Harry?”

Looking up he saw his nervous looking friend. “Yeah, Nev?”

“I wanted to...” Neville's face looked conflicted then he shook his head and gave him a weary smile. “It's nothing. I'll see you in class, yea.”

Harry gave him a confused smile back. “Sure.” He watched his friend leave, too tired to try and figure out what Neville wanted to tell him. So he pushed it the back of his mind to think about later and went back to eating his food until he felt a presence next to him. Peeking out from under his fringe he saw one of the Weasley twins sitting next to him, leaning against the table looking at him.

“Hello Harry.”

“Err..hello?”

“I saw you sitting here alone and thought I'd come sit with you. I'm Fred Weasley.” Fred held out his hand to Harry.

“I know who you are.” Harry said a little wary and went to put his hand in Fred's to shake but Fred grasped it and pressed a gentle kiss to it instead.

Shocked, Harry just stared at him with his mouth wide open. Then he started to panic as his eyes darted around the now empty hall. Knowing that they were alone he calmed down and turned to look into Fred's playfully smiling face. Only then did he realize that Fred was still holding his hand.

Bush staining his face he pulled his hand out of Fred's and asked. “Why...why did you do that?”

“Because I wanted to.” Fred's smile turned cheeky.

“I ..” Harry was dumbfounded, though he was pretty sure Fred was just playing with him so he grabbed his book bag and stood. “I have to go, I'm..I'm going to be late for Charms.” Without another word he rushed out of the Great Hall hoping he wouldn't get into too much trouble with Professor Flitwick. Maybe he should have just gone to the kitchens to eat.

...●..♥..●...

Standing on his tiptoes Harry tried to grab a book that was just out of reach. At times like this he cursed his relatives for how they treated him. The lack of proper food and bedroom while he younger really stunted his growth, he was the shortest boy in their year. Coming to Hogwarts did help his body development but the majority of the damage was already done.

A warm body pressed up against his own as an arm reached up to grab the book he wanted. Twirling around he came face to face with a familiar freckled face and bright red hair.

“Hello there Harry, my name’s George Weasley. Do you need a hand?” George said not handing over the book but he backed out of Harry's personal space.

“Hi and err..thanks.” Harry shifted uncomfortably and held out a hand. “Can I have the book please?”

George grin turned into smirk. “Sure.” Taking large stride he walked away, making Harry rush after him. Thankfully he headed over to the table Harry had been working at, which unbeknownst to him was the same table the Weasley twins ambushed his friend the day before. Sitting down opposite to where Harry was working he perused through the book 'Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions'. “What class are you reading this for?” He asked as Harry snatched it out of his hands.

Moving around the table he cautiously sat in front of his half finished essay. Harry wasn't sure what was going on. First Fred talked to him that morning and now his twin, were they up to something? “It's not for a class per se. Madam Pomfrey is giving me lessons so I can

become a Healer.” Opening the book to the index he found the page number for the chapter on Scrofungulus. Flipping to the right page he began to read, making note on a separate parchment every so often. He heard movement across the table and he realised that George was still there watching him. “Um...do you mind?”

“Not at all.” George smiled as a faint blush spread on Harry's face. He had no intention of leaving though. Seeing him blush just reinforced his desire to watch and spend time with Harry. It was a wonder it took him as long as it did to realise how adorable he really was.

Harry quickly ducked his head and pretended to read his book, he wasn't really sure what he should do. Insist he go away? Talk with him? Or ignore him? Deciding on the latter he concentrated on his work, George was bound to get bored sitting here with him sooner or later and leave. It was only a few minutes later he heard a chair scraping against the floor only for George to return with a book of his own. Though, if he actually read it was questionable.

They sat in silence for quite some time that Harry began to relax in George's presence; it wasn't until his stomach rumbled that he realized just how late it was getting.

“I should get going, dinner has probably started.” Standing up Harry piled up parchment and books, tossing them into his bag. He planned on checking out 'Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions' before he left the library. “Um..Thanks, again, for getting the book down for me. I'll see you around.” With that he turned to walk away but a hand grabbed his wrist and he turned to face George.

“It was my pleasure, Harry.” George purred his name just causing Harry's face to turn a bright red. “I really enjoyed our time together, I hope we can do it again some time.”

He fled.

Rushing out of the library, only stopping to check the book out with Madam Pince, Harry headed to the dorm to drop off his bag. *'Was he flirting with me!?' He thought, completely flustered.* As the portrait hole came into sight he slowed his pace. To say Harry was confused by the events of today would be an understatement. The common room was empty when he stepped in so he proceeded right up the stairs to his dorm, tossing the bag onto his four poster bed. *'They're both probably just messing with me...I'm nothing but a big joke..'*

With that he headed down to dinner.

To be Continued

Chapter End Notes

I'll probably edit this chapter in the future.
Read and Review please!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long to get out, I don't know why but this chapter was so hard to start but I got it done :D So here's a extra long chapter as an apology. The good news is that I have up to chapter 10 planned out and both chapter 6 and 7 have been started. The bad news is that 2 plot bunnies have gotten into my head and want to be worked on. Don't worry I won't ditch this story, any other stories I write will only be posted after this one is finished.

I'm looking for a beta if anyone interested. I need someone to check grammar, spelling, to make suggestion and point out where I should expand.

I also want to say that it really means a lot to me when people subscribe, give kudo's, or leave reviews! I read every single review even if I don't reply!

WARNING: None

None characters belong to me. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ok, what are you two up to.”

Looking up from a parchment that was charmed for the Weasley twins eyes only, they gave their best and oldest friend a comically hurt look. Both sets of hands had shot up over their hearts as if they had been stabbed and the pouts on their faces were so fake that even if you didn't know them, you wouldn't trust anything they said.

“That's hurts Lee!” Fred said leaning into his brother, as if he couldn't believe what Lee was accusing them of.

“Yeah! We thought you knew-”

“-us better by now-”

“-to know we're-”

“-always up to something!” At this point they broke into smiles so wide their cheeks must have hurt.

Rolling his eyes, Lee then gave them an unimpressed look. “I've heard that the two of you have been tag teaming Potter all week but I can't for the life of me figure out what sort of prank you're trying to pull. So I figure you're up to something different.” Crossing his arms, he stared down at the twins where they sat in their mischief corner of the common room.

Grinning, they both knew Lee was going to figure out they were doing something sooner or later, so they didn't see a point in filling him in earlier. Over the past week, Fred and George used every opportunity they could to track Harry down and flirt with him one on one. They were ready to move onto the next stage of the plan. Fred cast a 'Muffliato' around the three of them while George transfigured a spare button into a slightly wobbly chair for Lee to sit on, since the other chairs were far away.

Getting comfortable he looked at the two of them expectantly. "So what is it this time?"

"We're going to date Potter." Fred stated with a cocky smirk, George chuckled at the simplicity of his brother's sentence.

Lee's face was blank as he just stared at them. "That's..." he blinked a few times looking for the right words. "...more harmless than I thought it was going to be."

George bursted out laughing, while Fred pouted at his best friends lack of reaction.

"So what's the plan?"

"We started simple, flirting with him separately as to not scare him off too much. Now we need to get him comfortable around the both of us."

Nodding, Lee glanced around the common room, thankfully no one seemed to be paying them any attention even though they wouldn't know what they were saying anyway. "And what about personal information?"

"Harry's pretty quiet and keeps to himself mostly, doesn't have many close friends. I've seen him with a book more often than a person." George started with a shrug. "He's also quite innocent."

"Harry only recently got to live with his godfather and they're really close." Picking right up where his twin left off. "He's also taking lessons to become a Healer."

"That'll be handy for you two." Lee said amused. "Ya know, when you mess up one of those potions you're always tinkering with. Don't want to end up with extra appendages again do you?"

"That only happened once!" Now it was George's turn to pout. "Still don't know what went wrong with that one." He muttered as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"That's him right?" Lee asked as he tipped his head towards the raven haired teen who just entered the common room from the stairs. The twins gave him a positive nod. "Cute."

"We saw him first." They stated at the same time, giving their friend a warning glare. "'Sides you already got someone!" George said still giving their friend a glare.

"I know. I know. Doesn't mean I can't look." He couldn't help chuckling at how possessive they were towards the teen. "You know now would be a good time to talk with him. The common room's quite empty right now, less prying eyes."

“Good idea!” George popped up out of his seat and made his way over to where Harry had sat down; he had his potions textbook in front of him as well as a half finished essay. “Hi ya Harry. What are you doing down here so late?”

“Hmm?” Harry was so into what he was writing he replied automatically, not even bothering to look up. “Roommates decided to have a party, it was too noisy and I couldn’t concentrate...”

“You want to come sit with us then?” George smiled softly at how cute Harry was while so engrossed with his homework.

Harry finally looked up from his parchment to see who he was talking to. When he realized it was one of the twins, he couldn’t tell them apart just yet, the tips of his ears turned bright red. His eyes then darted over to where Fred and Lee sat and they gave him a little wave which made the blush spread to his cheeks.

“Err- no thanks, I’m quite fine here.” He quickly ducked his head and scratched words onto his parchment.

George sulked as he returned to his brother and friend. They were laughing but he wouldn’t hear them till he stepped back inside the muffliato bubble. “Go ahead, I’d like to see you try.”

“Watch me.” Fred gave his twin a wink then strolled over to Harry and got the same answer but then Fred grinned and grabbed the textbook, running back over to their corner. Harry followed quickly with a scowl on his face. When he reached them he grabbed his book back without a word and went back to his seat. George got the idea and a few seconds later he had gone over and taken Harry’s essay only for him to retrieve it. This continued for awhile, even Lee got in on the action. Harry finally gave in and sat with them when all three had come over and moved all his belongings bookbag, chair and table over to where they sat.

Harry huffed as he flopped into the chair, though his cheeks were still slightly flushed. He knew better than to try and work anymore on his essay. If they didn’t leave him alone earlier why would they now?

“So nice of you to join us, Harry.” Fred smiled at him, trying very hard not to laugh.

“Have you had the honour of meeting our dearest and oldest friend, Lee Jordan?” George said a little dramatically.

Harry huffed again and said slightly annoyed. “I believe I have, he looks exactly like one of the people who were pilfering my belongings.”

The guilty party chuckled. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. The terrible twosome here have told me so much about you, cutie.” Lee leaned towards Harry with a flirtatious grin and gave his thigh a little squeeze.

Harry’s face changed from annoyed to uncomfortable now there was third guy touching and teasing him. “It’s late. I should...” Harry’s tongue wetted his dry lips. “...I should see if my roommates are finished.” With that he stood and with a forced smile he briskly made his way up the stairs before they got the chance to say good night.

The twins glared at their friend, though they did enjoy the view as Harry left, they didn't want him to leave so soon. Lee just gave them a sheepish smile. "What? I didn't think he'd react like that."

Fred smack his friend lightly on the head. "Well next time think!"

Rolling his eyes George stood up and stretched his arms over his head, arching his back slightly. "We should get going to bed as well, if we're gonna get up early." He made sure that only Fred could see the peek of skin above his trousers where a dark hickey made its home. "O, Lee you might want to avoid the pumpkin juice tomorrow."

"Thanks, I'll spread the word." Lee was glad that even though they were probably irritated with him for scaring Harry off, they weren't going to make him or their friends suffer through whatever they'd planned for the rest of the school. "What if Harry drinks it though?"

"He doesn't touch the stuff." Fred stood up and pretended his leg was asleep and fell into George, only so he could put his hands on his twin without the few fingers staring. "Prefers milk or orange juice if it's available."

Smiling, Lee stood to join them but tripped over an open book bag, spilling out the contents. "Shite!" He said a little too loud and someone shushed him. With a sigh he bent down to put the items back inside but realised that it was Harry's forgotten bag.

Fred and George glanced over to the friend. "Alright mate?"

"Yeah, but Potter left his homework behind." Lee held up the bag unsure of what to do. George grabbed the bag with a mischievous smile, "Don't worry mate-"

"-we'll make sure he gets it back right away!"

Lee frowned. "But it's only Friday, he wouldn't need it...Oh!" Realisation dawned in his eyes.

They rolled their eyes and George shifted the bag over his shoulder. After saying goodnight they rushed up the stairs to their dorm room while Lee followed at a normal pace to his own room, smiling as he shook his head slightly.



The next morning the Weasley twins waited for their raven to enter the Great Hall. They had already made a stop at the kitchen to spike the pumpkin juice with various potions not too long ago, and knew Harry hadn't been there yet so they hoped he'd show up here. As if Harry knew they were thinking about him, he stepped into the noisy hall and tried to make himself invisible as he walked over to the Gryffindor table and sat across from Longbottom. Breakfast was in full swing with the majority of the school there excited to go out on the grounds and play in the freshly fallen snow.

Fred and George didn't move to sit next to Harry right away, instead decided to watch him for a moment. When they saw him looking around for something to drink and only pumpkin

juice was close by was when they made their move. George made his way over to the duo quickly. Harry didn't look thrilled as he reached for the pumpkin juice and poured himself a glass. By the time George reached them Harry was about to take a sip.

"I wouldn't drink that if I was you." George whispered into Harry's ear as he slid into the free seat next to his and took the glass out of his hand, setting it back on the table far away from them. Longbottom looked on from across the table looking confused.

Meanwhile Fred searched down the table looking for something, spotting it right in front of his younger brother who was stuffing his face while sitting between his best friends Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnigan. Grabbing Harry's bookbag he approached him; Ron gave his brother a murderous glare. He still hadn't forgiven them for sticking his girlfriend and him together, though he didn't have any proof it was them, and Lavender still wasn't talking to him.

"O cheer up '*Won Won*'," Fred said enjoying his brother displeasure. "She was bound to get angry at you sooner or later, we just helped you on your way." Grinning he swiped the jug of orange juice and walked away before he'd have to listen to '*Ronniekin's*' loudmouth screeching. It was much too early for that.

Leaving behind a fuming Ronald Weasley, he joined his twin but on the other side of Harry and let the bag drop to the ground. "I got you some orange juice." He poured a glass and slid it in front of the teen. Harry's suspicious glare, aimed at George, turned into surprise as he looked at the glass.

"Why?" Harry asked, trying not to think of how sweet it was of Fred.

"Let's just say the pumpkin juice-"

"-might be a little off this morning." George gave Harry a wink.

A squeak drew the three's attention to the other side of the table where a slightly green looking Longbottom sat with a half empty glass of the tainted juice. Nodding, Fred pulled out a phial and slid it towards Longbottom who gave it a worrying look. "Think of this as a thank you." Which convinced the brunet to quickly down the potion.

"He helped us with a research project of ours." George said answering Harry's questioning look.

"Speaking of..." Fred reached under the table to pull out Harry's bookbag. "You seem to have left this in our possession last night." Handling the bag over when the teen reached for it.

"Err...thanks, though you could have just left it in the common room. I would have found it later." He opened the bag, checking if everything was still in there and froze. "You didn't... do anything to it, did you?"

"Well." Fred drawled, tapping a finger to his lips like he had to think about it. "I might have gone through your potions essay and made some corrections. But other than that, no." He

smiled warmly at Harry, George leaned against the table enjoying watching the view of the two of them together.

“Cheers!” Harry gave him a beautiful smile which made him feel like all the air had been taken from his lungs. “Even though I made it into the N.E.W.T.s prep class I’m still struggling to understand why you are able to substitute an ingredient in one potion – like goblin oil and gnome oil in Amortenia – but you can’t for another, and how are we supposed to remember 13 different processes for preparing ingredients while most potions are time sensitive and will become ruined while your double checking the textbook? Remy tutored me during the summer, it’s still hard to remember how all the different ingredients interact, especially when I’m brewing.” He rambled as he pulled out the incomplete essay to see what Fred changed, though he was going to have to double check the information just to make sure.

‘He’s so cute, I’m so glad George suggested this. I would have never noticed otherwise,’ went through Fred’s head while George had very similar thoughts.

By now breakfast was almost over and they would see the results of their hard work but before that they wanted to secure a way to spend more time with Harry and maybe get a date. “I could tutor you ya know.” Fred said leaning towards Harry’s ear.

“What would you...” Harry leaned away from the older boy but ended up bumping into the other one. “...want in return?” His eyes darted from George’s face to Fred’s.

“Not much, just-” George brushed his knuckles against Harry’s waist.

“-go on a date with us.” Fred smirked, trailing a hand down Harry’s arm.

Harry tensed. Shoving his essay back into his bag and squirmed out from the twin sandwich. His face was unreadable but his eye shown with anger. “I don’t appreciate being butt of a joke or prank. Thanks for your help and offer but I’m fine.” Pulling his bag over his shoulder Harry marched out of the Great Hall, for once not caring if anyone was watching.

“I-I hope yo-you know how t-to fix this.” Longbottom stuttered then scrambled out after his friend.

At that moment those who were still in the Great Hall reacted to the pumpkin juice. Some started babbling nonsense, a few people’s hair started growing rapidly and other’s started shrinking to their younger selves but by then Weasley twins weren’t in the mood to enjoy their prank.

To be Continued

Chapter End Notes

I was wondering what you guys would think a good Christmas gift from the twins to Harry(maybe even a return gift) to show they're serious. I have an idea but I maybe you

guys would have a better idea. If I choose your idea, I'll dedicate the next chapter to you.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

It was/is my birthday today, here's a chapter!

WARNING: None

Harry sat alone in the train compartment feeling really annoyed, but he couldn't figure out if he felt annoyance towards the Weasley twins or himself. Since that day in the Great Hall Harry took to avoiding the two redheads as much as possible. After he had stormed out of the hall and cooled down he thought he *might* have overreacted, maybe the twins were being serious about wanting to go on a date with him but as he had time to sit and think some more, doubt began to worm its way back into his head. Fred and George were gorgeous and Harry always had a sneaking suspicion that there was something going on between them. The fact that they've never dated anyone, except for that one time during the Yule Ball, was very suspicious...Harry shook his head and tried not to think of that disastrous night.

Harry had no problem with Fred and George dating, really he couldn't judge what with his own messed up family and exes. Besides, the thought of the two of them together was pretty hot. His face flushed brightly but there was no one around to see him hot and bothered. Hermione was off performing her prefect duties and would join him when she could and Neville decided to stay at the castle, which Harry didn't blame him. Neville's gran was horrible! Not as bad as the Dursleys but still unpleasant to be around alone.

Though Harry hadn't seen his blonde little friend in a while, not since right after he broke up with Smith anyways, Luna was a free spirit and would often wander the castle and forest all by herself looking for creatures only she could see. She often missed meals and class and if Harry hadn't shown her where the kitchens were and how to get in, he would worry that she'd starve. Luna always did have a way of showing up when he really needed her though so he couldn't get mad at her for doing her own thing.

The compartment door opened with a bang rousing Harry from his thoughts but it was the voice that followed afterwards that brought a smile to his face.

"Hello Harry, do you mind if I join you?" Luna asked in her dreamy voice.

"Of course, let me help you with that." Harry said with a grin, standing up. Luna closed the sliding door behind her and took a seat while he put her trunk overhead, then returned to his own seat.

Her eyes peered at him from behind her spectrespecs. "It's the Wrackspurts, they like to float through people's ears, I saw one zoom in here. It's why your brain is all fuzzy"

He just stared back at her blankly unsure of what to say.

She continued as if he had replied. "Yes they really do like uncertainty and confusion. Positive thoughts is the best way to keep them away, you should consider the foggedere's sincere. It would help." With that she pulled the latest Quibbler out of her bag and proceeded to read it while it was upside down.

"Thanks?" Harry said uncertain and stared out the window, trying to figure out what Luna meant as the train left Hogsmeade station.

They sat in comfortable silence till 'Mione finished her duties and joined them. Chatting about random things like assignments and what they hoped to get for Christmas till they reached platform 9 ¾, they retrieved their belongings and separated to their respected guardians, promising to write one another.

Remus stood off to the side of the platform with a big black dog. When the dog spotted Harry walking over to them it bounded over and jumped up on him, almost knocking him over. "Padfoot!" Harry laughed as he tried to hug the over excited animagus. Sirius slobbered all over his face, which he only got away with it because he was in his dog form. "Gross! You're getting drool all over me you big lug." Pushing the dog off him, Harry straightened up and tried to wipe his face clean.

"It's good to see you cub." Remus said with a tight smile, the full moon was in less than a week but they could already tell it was going to be a bad one. They'll probably have to wait a few days for Remus to recover before they could open gifts, not that Harry minded.

"Same here." Harry replied with a warm grin, stepping away from the animagus and into the open arms of his honorary godfather, returning the gentle hug. "Siri still having trouble with crowds?" He asked in a whisper, looking down at said man who was circling the pair with concern, he received a nod back. Though Sirius had recovered a lot from his stay in Azkaban, being around a large group of people was hard for him and found comfort in being Padfoot.

"Come on, let's get you home. Then you can tell us all about what's been happening at Hogwarts." Keeping one arm around Harry, Remus reached for the scruff of Padfoot's neck and apparated the three of them away from the platform.

...●.♥.●...

He felt like he was in a haze, two set of hands were caressing him. Kisses were placed with no pattern as his lovers sent all thought out of his mind. Flashes of red hair and freckled skin crossed his vision as he was surrounded by the two bigger bodies. Pleasure hummed through him. More he wanted- no he needed more. He opened his mouth to plead for what he needed but all that escaped was a low throaty moan. His lovers seemed to have gotten the message anyways as the touches became more purposeful, one hand slid down his body, grasping his member and jerked in a steady rhythm. The sensations caused his eyelids to flutter closed and he leaned into the body behind him. Lips descended on his in a bruising kiss. He barely even realised it when a slick finger entered him. It was slowly becoming too much, soon white exploded in front of his eyes then settled into darkness.



Shooting up in bed, he could feel a light layer of sweat clinging to his body and cooling liquid in his groin region. Rubbing a hand over his face then through his bird's nest that calls itself hair, Harry groaned and rolled off the double bed, chucking his damp t-shirt onto the floor. He made his way to the bathroom that was connected to his bedroom, wanting to get rid of the unpleasant mess and wake up. The en suite was very big and bright, with the whole thing done in creams and light wood accents. There was a large tub that could hold three or four people comfortably, a glass shower nestled in the corner on the same wall, the simple toilet sat close to the tub and the pedestal sink completed the room. It was a far cry from the dark and dreary place it used to be. While Sirius and Remus waited for custody of Harry they renovated all of Grimmauld Place so they could give him a proper home, a place where they could be a family.

Stripping off the last of his clothes, Harry turned on the shower and grabbed one of the towels from the mini closet and hung it next to the shower. He stepped into the warm spray of water, closed his eyes and let it run down his face. This wasn't the first time he had one of these types of dreams, especially ones starring the twins. Who hasn't dreamed of being sandwiched between those two sexy creatures? But ever since they started this joke flirtation with him, those dreams had become painful to have. Rinsing the shampoo out of his hair, he moved to soap up his body, paying special attention to his nether region. Once finished he turned off the shower and wrapped himself in the long fluffy towel as he stepped out onto the mat.

Walking into the bedroom he used the towel to remove any excess water from his skin then rubbed it on his hair making it stand up every which way, then dropped it onto the floor where his shirt had once been. He pulled on a pair of grey pants, thick black slacks, a white v-neck shirt and his favourite emerald jumper. He didn't wear green very often even though people say that it compliments his eyes; he favoured this one because it was the first thing his godfather bought for him when he moved in permanently. His whole wardrobe was replaced soon after because Sirius said that they 'couldn't be used for rags let alone clothing for his godson'.

Now ready, Harry headed out the door but not without a quick glance to Hedwig's cage which was empty at the moment, probably still out hunting, and descended down the stairs towards the kitchen where he could smell breakfast. Hopefully Remus was cooking; last time Sirius tried he burnt all the food and started a small fire and if it was Kreacher it probably wouldn't be edible...

"Morning pup!" Sirius said from his spot at the table, already a cup of coffee was in his hand.

"Morning Siri." Harry said walking further into the room. "Morning Remy. Need a hand?"

"I'm all done, just take a seat." Remus said as he started to plate the food.

"How did you sleep?" Sirius asked as Harry took the seat across from him.

"Umm...alright?" Harry's cheeks turned a soft shade of pink, he kept his eyes glued to the table. If his godfather found out about his little dream that morning he'd never hear the end of

it. Thankfully Sirius was distracted by Remus who had just placed a plate in front of him and leaned down for a kiss.

Once Harry received his own plate, he quickly dug into the delicious food. He was content to listen to Sirius and Remus talk about all the things that needed to be done before the full moon in 5 days, but his mind soon strayed to the twin conundrum. He couldn't figure out what he was going to do once second term started, if the twins continued with their prank how could he get them to stop? Telling McGonagall was an option but he didn't want to get his fellow Gryffindors in trouble, he thought with a frown. Maybe he could sit them down and explain that their joke was getting old but with pranksters that plan could backfire.

"...rry? Harry?" Remus voice brought him out of his thoughts.

"Yea?" He asked confused why they were both staring at him.

"I've been calling your name for the last couple minutes. What's wrong cub?" He asked.

"Dumbledore hasn't been bothering you about that so called prophecy again, has he?" Sirius asked, clearly remembering past arguments between the pair as creases appeared on his forehead.

"No I...they..." Harry started frustrated, he ran a hand through his hair making it an even bigger mess.

"My cousin and his little cronies hasn't been spouting homophobic slurs again? I swear if I have to have another talk with Narcissa about his behaviour I-"

"Padfoot! Let the poor boy finish before jumping to conclusions." Remus scolded his partner. Sirius gave him a sheepish smile.

"Sorry pup."

"Well..." Harry looked back down at the table. "There are these boys at school who've been teasing me because they knew I was just dumped- "

"I'll kill them!" Sirius roared, standing up so suddenly his chair clattered to the floor.

"Sirius! Sit down!" Grumpily he picked up his chair and sat back down. "Please continue Harry, and you shut up." Remus sent his lover a glare.

"A month ago I was dumped by Smith and the very next day the Weasley twins started flirting with me." His cheeks started to heat up, Remus and Sirius shared a knowing look. "I could hardly walk through the halls without running into one of them and I have no clue how to get them to stop..." Harry twiddled his thumbs nervously.

"Well cub, do you really want them to stop? Or do you want them to mean it?" Remus raised his cooling cup of tea to his lips and took a sip.

"They wouldn't want me..." Harry said darkly. "Thanks for breakfast and listening to me I'm...I'm going to get some fresh air." He quickly got up and out of the room.

“I don’t like that he has such a low opinion of himself,” Sirius said with a frown. “and I really don’t like these boys who are obviously trying to get with our cub.”

“You don’t like anyone that’s shown an interest in Harry, something about how they’re not good enough for him.” Remus said, grunting as he stood to clean up.

“Oh no you don’t,” Sirius said standing up and forcing Remus to sit back down and relax. “And that’s besides the point” He stuck his nose in the air like the stuffy pureblood that he was.

“Yes dear.” Remus said sweetly. He gave Sirius a peek on the cheek and a slap on the butt to get cleaning.



The rest of the week passed very quickly and so did the full moon. Remus spent Christmas morning and the following days stuck in bed resting from his injuries, Harry and Sirius took turns bringing him potions, food and books. All their gifts sat underneath the tree unopened till the 29th. When Sirius declared Remus well enough to leave their bed they herded him to the couch and Siri took it upon himself to sort out whose gift was whose.

Harry wasn’t surprised by the gifts he received from his friends. Hermione gave him a book on myths and legends and their origins, Neville’s gift was a thick book on useful plants and their healing properties. Luna’s was a platinum band with a stag, hyena and coyote engraved in a playful manner. He didn’t understand what the animals had to do with one another it was very pretty though.

Remus' and Sirius' gifts came next; he got a bunch of clothing and sweets but the last gift, a book, caught his attention right away. It was old looking and fairly beaten but he could clearly read the title, ‘*A Guide to Animagus Transformation*’. He quickly opened the cover and his breath hitched- inside names and dates were scribbled in different handwriting. With a shaking hand he traced the second name lightly. ‘*James Potter - January 16th 1976*’. “Is this...”

“It is, it’s the same book me and your father used to complete our own transformations. I was thinking that maybe this summer we could start training to find yours.” Sirius gave him a shy smile. “You don’t have to, I just thought-” He said hastily.

“I want to.” Harry gave his godfather a reassuring smile. “I would love nothing more than to write my name in here.” He looked back down at the book, happy to have something else of his father’s besides the photo album Hagrid gave him in first year and the Invisibility Cloak.

“You’ve got one more gift, pup.” Sirius said holding up a red box with a gold ribbon tied around it in a bow.

Taking the box, Harry checked the tag to see who it was from and the blood drained from his face.

“Who’s it from?” Remus asked from his spot, covered in a thick blanket and a cup of tea in his hands.

“Fred and George...”

“The twins who’ve been flirting with you?”

Not trusting his voice Harry just nodded.

“If they sent you a present, maybe they're being truthful in their desire to date you.” Remus said while Sirius shot him a glare.

“Unless it’s just part of their prank.” Harry said as he fiddled with the ribbon.

“Where they couldn’t see the results? No, I don’t think this is a prank.” Remus shook his head. “You know, I once thought someone was joking when they flirted with me.”

“What did you do about it?”

Remus gave him a gentle smile. “I gave him the benefit of the doubt and went on a date with him,” He turned his head to look at Sirius and his smile grew. “and I never regretted it.” Sirius gave Harry a cocky grin which had him laughing. “So go on, open the present.”

Slowly Harry undid the ribbon and slid the lid off the box. Inside was a beautiful Gladiolus, it looked to be made out of glass but it sparkled in a way glass never did. Carefully he pulled it out of the protective packaging. “Wow.”

Sirius whistled. “‘*Magicae Vitris*’, that’s one complicated piece of magic. James gave one to your mom when he started their courtship.”

“Courtship? Like marriage? They’re not trying to marry me are they?” He started to hyperventilate. “I’m only 16 and I hardly know them. I can’t get married now!”

“Calm down!” Sirius said moving to sit next to Harry and held him. “They’re not trying to court you, if they were they would have sent a letter of intent to us before this.” He rubbed Harry’s back trying to get him to relax while Remus watched concerned.

“Really?” Harry asked, calming down.

“Really, they probably just wanted to show you that they are serious about dating you. Gladiolus often signifies sincerity, remembrance and infatuation. Telling the receiver that he or she pierces the heart. They were also your mother’s favourite flower, how they knew that...” Remus mused.

“Probably from Molly, those two spent a lot of time together at the Order meetings.”

“It really is beautiful.” Harry said, admiring it some more now that he knew that he wasn’t going to be tricked into marriage or something.

“So cub, are you going to respond?”

“I’m not sure...”

To be Continued

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Your eyes are not deceiving you, this is an update! I can't believe it's been about 7 months since I've last updated, I really didn't mean to do that. I got stuck on a scene in this chapter and just lost all drive to finish it. Finally I decided to cut out the part that was giving me problem and add a whole new scene. All mistake are my own, feel free to point them out.

O! And I'm sorry to the reviewer who wanted Harry to be a Virgin, Zach and Justin are both jerks so blame them!
Next chapter won't take me as long.

WARNING: Twincest

None characters belong to me. Enjoy.

To say the Weasley twins were slightly disappointed would be an understatement. They had just returned to Hogwarts all the while hoping to have at least heard back from the raven hair teen. Yes they were disappointed but they had not given up. This was just a small set back kinda like the Canary Creams. They'll figure out what they did wrong and fix it so it doesn't happen again.

They had tried to search the train, but had no luck. The prefects and the few Professors on board thought they were going to pull something like they do every year, so they couldn't make it very far without someone getting in their way or keeping an eye on them.

Now they were standing outside the Great Hall hoping to catch sight of him before the feast. Some students hurried past the twins but many of them slowed down to see what they were up to, not that they would want to get caught up in one of their pranks. They had no trouble spotting Longbottom who gave them a look as he passed. His companion was girl with long dirty blonde hair and she was going on about Nargles in the tapestries down the hall. Slowly the rest of the school trickled into the Great Hall leaving them the only ones in the entrance hall, the front door had long since closed for the evening and still there was no sign of Harry.

"Do you think he snuck past us?" George asked as he peeked into the hall.

"He could have, he's gotten really good at that." Fred leaned over his brother's shoulder to see if he could spot the elusive Harry Potter. They were both so intent in their search that they didn't hear the footsteps of the invisible figure headed their way.

There was a rustle of fabric behind them then they heard the voice they've been searching for. "What are you guys looking at?" Harry asked amused.

Whipping their heads around they both stared at their raven. "Where did you-"

"-come from?" They asked bewildered.

"Um...from the carriages outside." He said, the look on his face was one of false innocence.

"But we checked." Fred said with a frown.

"You must have not seen me then." Harry said as he fidgeted, clearly hiding something. "I er...I want to thank you...for the gift. It's really pretty." Harry said changing the subject though his cheeks heated up as he spoke, avoiding eye contact.

The twins decided to let the previous subject drop for they really wanted to know what else Harry thought of their gift. "You're welcome Harry." Fred said as he got comfortable leaning against the wall.

"We weren't sure if you'd like it." George said nervously.

"Um..." Harry's feet shifting timidly. "Were you guys being serious? You know, with the gift and wanting a date?" He bravely looked them in the eyes and bit his bottom lip.

"Of course!" They said in unison, trying to convey how much they meant it.

Fliich could be heard mumbling to himself from a stairway. "Alright then." Harry said with a shy smile but his eyes kept looking towards where the voice was coming from. "We should head in, the feast is going to start soon. I'll talk to you later." With one last smile Harry headed into the Great Hall.

Fred made to follow him but George grabbed his arm and tipped his head toward a joining hall that they just so happen to know held a few hidden alcoves, in response to a questioning look.

"What brought this on?" Fred asked amused, George had pushed him up against the alcoves wall, not that he was complaining. Lips pressed harshly on his own, he was content to let his brother control the kiss...for now. Fred used this time to run his hands over George's clothed body, making sure to brush over his nipples then head downwards. He avoided the hardening lengthening in favour of giving the firm Quidditch toned arse a good squeeze causing the other to moan into the kiss.

Pulling away they both panted, trying to catch their breaths.

"I just thought that we could have our own feast to celebrate." George said with a sly grin, slowly sliding down onto his knees. His hand rubbed the other's erection then, and with practiced fingers, opened the front of Fred's trousers. "Besides I've been thinking of doing this since we got on the train this morning."

Quickly muttering a privacy and silencing spell, Fred let his wand drop to the ground as he let the wall take his weight. He ran his hands through his twins fiery locks, groaning at the image before him. "Have you now?" He hummed. "I'd be a terrible brother if I denied you then, wouldn't I?"

Who needed to eat in the Great Hall when the kitchens were always open.

...●.✱.●...

Fred cancelled the spells around their hidden alcove and peeked out into the hall to see if anyone was around, having left the Marauders' map in his trunk. Seeing no one milling around they both stepped out into the hall and gave each other a once over, making sure they didn't miss anything or button up their shirts incorrectly.

All set they headed down to the kitchens, knowing the house elves would be more than willing to supply them with as much food as they could carry.

The kitchens were a bustle of activity when they arrived, some elves were placing all sorts of desserts on the four long tables that were parallel to the ones just above it, others were busy washing used pot and pans. Even though they all were busy they stopped whatever they were doing and rushed over to the twins, wishing to serve them in some way.

Fred and George grew up knowing what house elves were but they never met one until they were 12, having just figured out how the map worked, and they always felt uncomfortable by the little creatures. Unlike their little brother, Ron, who thought they were brilliant and said they should get one for each room of the Burrow and that way he'd never have to clean up his things again. The house elves clamoured over each other trying to be the ones to serve them. Finally an older looking elf made his way over to the group and with one glare sent all the rest back to their tasks.

"Sorry Masters Weezys." The elf said. "Many Young Masters not stay for Yule, we's excited they back. What can Snippy do for Masters Weezys?"

"We missed the feast, could we get something to eat, Snippy?" Fred asked, getting straight to the point so they wouldn't have to stay there longer than they had to.

"Of course, Masters Weezys!" Snippy said quickly. Some of the elves that were washing the dishes stopped and began to prepare new food for the twins. "Will Masters Weezys be dining here?"

"To go, please. O and Snippy?" The Elf looked at George expectantly. "Er...we might have left a small mess in one of the hidden alcoves by the Great Hall." He felt uncomfortable having to tell the elf this even though they knew the elves wouldn't say anything.

"Don't worry Master Weezys, we take care of it." The old elf nodded while three elves rushed over with a basket filled to the brim with foodstuffs.

"We'll be going then." Fred said taking the basket from the over excited elves and backed away to the portrait, George right beside him. Back out in the hall they made their way to

Gryffindor Tower. Normally they would have been informed of the newest password at the feast but Fred and George had long learned that it was easier to knick the letter, informing the prefects of said password, on the train ride back. Percy has been a particularly easy target too.

They paused in the threshold of the common room and started at the only figure in the otherwise empty room. Harry sat in the puffy burnt orange chair by the dim fire, completely immersed in a book.

“Fancy seeing you here.” Fred said as he passed off the basket to George and strolled over to Harry. George rolled his eyes as he followed his twin over and sat down on the sofa they liked to claim as theirs when they snuggle.

“Wasn’t that hungry, Harry?” George asked as he placed the basket on the small coffee table that was more often used as a makeshift study desk.

“Not really, my godfather packed me a large lunch to take on the train.” Harry said as his fingers played with the book spine, he had shut his book when they spoke and shoved it in the side of the chair, clearly trying to hide what he was reading which only made the twins curious as to what it could be.

“What you got there?” Fred leaned over the side of the sofa and tried to grab the book but Harry’s hands were too quick and pulled it out of reach which caused Fred to pout.

“It’s not something naughty, is it?” George teased.

“N-Naughty?!” Harry sputtered. He leapt out of the chair to get away from Fred’s grabby hands. “It’s not! I swear. It’s just a...secret.”

“And you won’t share?” George asked as he grabbed a bun from the basket, it was getting late and he was starting to get hungry.

“Not yet no,” Harry looked at the large clock that hung on the wall. “Look everyone’s probably finished eating by now and I want to get a shower before the others hog it.”

“You could always use ours.” Fred flirted.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Harry said, his cheeks slightly pink. The fact that he didn’t down right say no had them grinning like mad men.

“I possibly won’t be back down so, night.” He turned to go towards the stairs, his arms around the book in such a way that it was impossible to make out the title.

“Wait!” Fred leapt over the back of the sofa. “My offer to tutor you still stands, if you want it too.”

“I’d like that.”

“Great!” Fred gave him a blinding smile. “How about Thursday? We don’t have Quidditch practice then, we can meet in our room so we won’t be bothered.”

“I’ll be there.” With that Harry ran up the stairs and out of sight.

Fred walked back over to the sofa and sat down next to George just as their fellow students spilled into the common room chatting away. There was no way that they were going to be able to enjoy their food with all the commotion as teenagers began to pull out unfinished work or play Exploding Snap. George picked up the basket, his bun half eaten shoved in his mouth.

“Oi! Where’d did you get all that food!” Ron demanded as he spotted the pair, his eyes roamed over the food hungrily.

“You just ate supper, Won Won!” Lavender, seeing the look in Ron’s eyes, chastised him.

“Yeah ‘*Won Won*’!” Fred taunted and they pushed past the couple to go up the stairs and eat peacefully in their room.

They had plans to make.



A few days later had both Fred and George sitting on the floor around a cauldron in their dorm room. They were so close to succeeding with their newest creation, only a few more ingredients then they could let it simmer for 10 minutes then bottle it. If they rushed it by adding the agrippa too early the potion would react violently and destroy all their hard work. But if they didn't finish it soon then they wouldn't have time to clean up before Harry was to arrive for his Potions tutoring.

Just as George was about to add the agrippa a knock came from the door, both of them cursed as they realised that it was much later than they originally thought. George stayed in his spot on the floor, counting as he stirred the potion while Fred made his way over to the locked door. Hastily he unlocked the door, opened it, yanked in the startled teen and quickly closed and locked the door once more.

“Sorry about that Harry.” Fred said as he rushed back on to the cauldron and added a pinch of crushed runespoor egg as George continued to stir.

“I could come back later if you're busy.” Harry said from his spot by the door. He shifted nervously but his eyes couldn't help darting around the room, spying the two single beds that had been pushed together to make one large one.

“Don't be silly-” George said as he finished stirring the potion and threw in a daisy leaf when the potion started to bubble unexpectedly.

“-we're almost finished.” Fred finished, slipping into their twin speak by accident. He was jotting down the changes they had made and the reactions. “As long as you don't mind waiting a few minutes.” Fred looked up from the well used journal that held all their secrets and gave Harry a smile before his attention was stolen by the cauldron once more.

“Um...ok.” Harry mumbled and made his way across the room and hesitantly sat on the edge of the bed facing the twins, the only available surface as both desks and chairs were covered in parchment, books and jars of ingredients. He ran a hand over the sheets and his cheeks turned pink.

George gave his twin a cocky grin. “I wonder what he's imagining.” He whispered as he leaned forwards, closer to Fred's ear, and added 3 drops of bulbadox juice to the now calm caldron. They both had a very good idea of what it might be, they just weren't sure if it included the raven haired teen.

“What are you guys making? If you don't mind me asking.” Harry asked, clearly trying not to think of what sort of thing that had happened on those beds and failing miserably.

“A tongue tied potion.” Fred said as he took over the stirring duties.

“We're adding it to hard toffee and nuts to make a gag sweet.” George said as he started to clean up the mess surrounding them. “As long as the sugar doesn't alter the potion's properties again.”

“I told you that's why we added the saltpetre this time. It neutralized the sugar without lessening the potency or taste.” Fred gave his twin a glare only to receive a exasperated sigh in reply, they had been over this before. He set the stirring rod down and lowered the heat so the cauldron wouldn't bubble over. Then joined George with the cleanup of the evidence.

“How are you going to test it?” Harry asked curiously as he watched the bustle around the room. The chairs were now cleared off but he was quite comfortable where he was. “You didn't invite me to try it, did you?” Harry frowned.

“Nah,” Fred chuckled, “our unsuspecting siblings make much better test subjects.” They didn't bother to mention that he and George always tested their creations first just in case. He then checked on the cauldron, the potion was almost the correct shade.

“Siblings...” Harry muttered. “You guys have two of them, younger right?” Knowing for sure that Ron, who was in his year and dorm, was.

George laughed. “We wish! Altogether there's seven of us.” They stood close to the potion, so they could keep an eye on it, and faced Harry who looked quite perfect on their bed if you were to ask them.

“Seven!” Harry exclaimed shock, not expecting such a large family. “You must not get a lot of privacy at home. Who's who?”

“Well there's oldests, Bill the curse breaker and Charlie the dragon tamer-”

“They're the cool adventuresome one's.” George said, giving a running commentary.

“-then Percy, he was still here when you started.”

“Bit of a prat that one.”

“Ourselves.” Fred gave a little bow like they'd just done an amazing display.

“The sexy ones.” George gave Harry a wink to which his blush returned.

“And last but not least *Ronniekins* and Ginny.”

“The annoying and the scary ones.” Fred and George shivered thinking how similar Ginny's temper was to their mother's.

“So which one will it be?” Harry asked curiously.

“Ronniekins of course! The others are too far away-”

“-and even we're not stupid enough to poke a sleeping dragon, Gryffindor or not!”

The potion was finally the right shade of caramel brown and they began to ladle it into three pre prepared vials that were labeled with numbers and signs instead of words. One to test, another for future reference and the last in case they need to make an antidote. If the candy was to fail the chance of it being poisonous was very slim, but they had learned to carry around a bezoar just in case.

Harry lowered his eyes and watched his hand play with a loose thread from the bed spread.

“So...um...how long have you guys, you know, been together?” The pink on his cheeks seemed to have made a permanent home on his face.

“How long...hm...” Fred had a thoughtful look on his face. “Since we were conceived in the womb, maybe even before then.”

Harry huffed and crossed his arm. “You know that's not what I meant.”

“But it is true.” George said cheekily as he opened a smaller trunk that was hidden away in a corner and placed the newly sealed vials in there for later use and joined Harry on the bed.

“We've always shared a special bond but when we were 13 we realised that what we felt for one another was more than brotherly.”

“Though we weren't able to share more than simple kisses until we learnt how to properly ward and silence a room. We have never had the desire to be with anyone else, till you.” Fred said from the other side of Harry, having joined them on the bed. They were both sat close enough to Harry but weren't touching him...yet

“Why me though? I'm not good looking like the two of and I only get decent grades in Defence...” Harry trailed off, his eyes cast down to his lap.

George grasped his chin and gently lifted it up so he could look into Harry's gorgeous green eyes. “Harry, we think you're beautiful.”

Fred moved forward a bit so he was up against Harry's back and rested his chin on his shoulder, “and grades don't mean a lot, look at us, were practically failing every class.”

Harry let out a weak laugh. "Don't let my friend 'Mione hear you say that, she'll think you'll set a bad example for me." His eyes looking everywhere but into George's.

"Harry." George said seriously which caused Harry's eyes to shoot back up to his face. "Are you ok with dating both of us? Because if you're not then you don't have to force yourself. We'd understand." His hand had let go of Harry's chin and took hold of his fidgeting hands.

"Of course I'm sure! I've always thought you two were handsome and brilliant with all those pranks you pull, I've even had dreams where..." Harry's face burned brightly at his omission.

"Dreams huh? What sort of dreams Harry?" Fred purred into the teen's ear, a knowing smirk graced his face that only George could see."

"None!" Harry squeaked, his hands coming up to hide his face.

The twins chuckled at his adorable reaction. "It's fine Harry, we all have those kinds of dreams."

"We're flattered actually."

"Really?" Harry asked lowering his hands, though his face was still beet red."

"Of course." George took one of Harry's hands again and gave them a comforting squeeze. "Now we were wondering." He shared a look with his twin before his attention went back onto Harry. "How do you want this to go? We want you to feel comfortable with us."

"Well I'm no longer a...a virgin, but I really wasn't ready and was pressured into it." Harry spoke very softly as if Fred and George were going to judge him. "I can't do that again, I want to take things slow." He gave them a look as if he wasn't sure this would be ok.

"We understand Harry." Fred said as he placed a reassuring hand on their Raven's knee."

George pouted. "Does this mean we'll have to wait to kiss you?"

"Not that slow." Harry gave him a shy smile.

George returned the smile and slowly leaned forward to capture those perfect pink lips with his own, making sure Harry had plenty of time to change his mind. Harry's eyes fluttered shut as their lips touched and kissed back, allowing George to set the pace.

Fred watched them kiss for a few seconds before turning his attention to the pale skin. He pressed kisses up the delicious neck, sucking a few places to leave small hickies, nothing big enough to be noticed unless you really looked. This caused Harry to gasp and George took advantage of the open mouth to deepen the kiss.

All too soon George ended the kiss, not wanting to push the teen too far when they just got him. There be time for plenty of kissing in the future, he reassured himself as he pulled away and stared at a flushed panting raven. Harry's eyes were half lidded and his lips glistened with the combination of their saliva. Fred was still busy kissing and sucking on Harry's neck and the whole scene made one arousing picture.

Noticing that Harry's lip were no longer occupied by George's, Fred moved in for a taste of his own. A startled squeak escaped from the smaller teen quickly turned into a moan as Fred kissed with more force that his counterpart.

In that moment George knew that this was the best decision they had ever made.

To be Continued

Read and Review please!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for just disappearing like I did. Since my last update I have moved, got a new job, attend a convention and lost all motivation to write. I still can't believe it's been a year since I started writing this story. Hopefully it won't take another for it to be complete. Good News the next chapter is almost complete. Bad News it's only interlude/filler :P We are at the half way point.

Previous chapters have been beta but not this one. I also made little changes/fixes but nothing to dramatic.

I delicate this chapter FCTSyndrome, sorry it took so long.

“You seem happier, Harry.”

Harry looked up from the library book to stare into the warm brown eyes of one of his best friends. “Do I?” He asked, Harry didn't think he had been acting any differently but he must have if Hermione, while surrounded by her beloved books, noticed. Normally when she was researching for an essay she would go into a sort of tunnel vision . The castle could fall down around her and she wouldn't notice. He loved that about his friends, how passionate they were. Neville with herbology, Luna and her elusive creatures and Hermione with any subject she could get her hands on, but he knew that if he needed them they would be there for him and him for them.

“Ever since we've come back from break you just seemed...I don't know, less stressed? Did something happen when you were at Sirius'?” She asked as she fiddled with her quill carefully so not a drop of ink landed on the parchment or books.

Luna nodded from her spot beside Hermione but unlike her two companions she was reading an older copy of the quibbler instead of working on her homework. “The Wrackspurts have been absent around you lately, the Foggedere's have been good for you.”

Hermione gave the blonde and annoyed look. They weren't really friends even though they were in the same house, they only spent time together when Harry was around. Hermione thought Luna was strange but grudgingly agreed that she was a lot smarter than everyone thought. Luna was at the top of almost all of her classes.

“Well...something has happened but more so since we've come back.” Harry tried to play it cool but all he could think about was the excellent kisses he had shared with the twins the night before. His cheeks seemed to be various shades of red and pink these days.

Hermione scrutinized him, then understanding dawned in her eyes. “You've met someone.”

“Yeah.” A soft smile graced his face. He thought it might be too soon to tell anyone about dating the Weasley twins- what if it didn't work out? -but his friends had always been able to read him so there was no point in denying it. Going by the smile already on Luna's face she already knew who he was seeing.

“I'm glad,” Hermione smiled as she pushed a stray strand of frizzy hair behind her ear, “and you're happy? Being treated alright?”

“We haven't been dating long, really only a couple days really...but I am.”

“Good! After what Smith did-” She stopped and pursed her lips together not wanting to get into that topic. “So who is it? Is he in our year?”

With a quick glance around the library only to see that it was quite deserted, which was normal for the first Friday back after the break and leaned towards the girls. “They're older and well...it's Fred and George Weasley.”

Luna said a soft congratulations then continued to read her magazine.

Hermione's eyebrows shot up towards her hairline. “Fred *AND* George?” She stressed the 'and' as if she thought she misheard.

“Yeah...” Harry said and bit his lower lip, he was starting to worry about how Hermione was taking it. Realising that while she accepted his sexuality quite easily, that she might not accept the fact that he was dating two people who happened to be related.

Would she be disgusted with him and their relationship? Would she demand it end before it even began? He really wanted to see where things went with Fred and George but if Hermione refused to be his friend if he didn't break up with them...Harry hoped it wouldn't come down to that, it wouldn't matter what he chose it would hurt either way.

“But they're...” Hermione made a face.

“Related? Twins?” Harry answered softly.

“Yes! It's wrong and immoral for twins to-”

“Magical twins are quite fascinating.” Luna's dreamy voice interrupted what would have been a very lengthy rant by Hermione. “Two bodies one soul. They're able to switch bodies at will you know?”

“What?” Harry said confused and looked from Luna to Hermione in hopes that she knew. Hermione had that look on her face as processed new or search for older information.

Something must have clicked because she rushed out of her chair with barely a 'I need a book' and Harry knew he had lost his friend to the book stacks once more.

“You do know Fred and George aren't magical twins right?” He said and gave his blonde friend a curious look.

"I never said they were," Luna gave him a dreamy smile. "Only that they were fascinating."

Harry realised that Luna only brought it up to mislead Hermione and save him from a headache. After some researching she was bound to realise that Fred and George weren't magical twins but by then she'd be used to their relationship and wouldn't bother them. "Thanks." He gave a grateful smile which she returned and started to hum a nonsensical tune and she went back to her magazine once more.

Deciding that he had had enough studying for one day he wrote a quick note to Hermione and gathered up his books and parchment and placed it into his bag. "I'll see ya later, Luna."

"It's chilly out today Harry and green goes so well with your eyes."

"Right, well I'm off." He always came away from a conversation with Luna confused but she always seemed to be right. So as Harry walked through the halls towards the Gryffindor tower he tried to remember if his green jumper was clean or not.

...●.✱.●...

Everyone seems to be celebrating the start of the weekend early, it only being Friday. Harry thought as he made his way through the portrait hole. He could see a bottle of Firewhisky being passed around, it even made his way into the hands of a first year only for someone to notice and take it away before they could take a sip. Both prefects were missing so the students were taking advantage of that before the party got shut down.

He made his way through the crowd of bodies, trying to avoid getting stepped on or spilled on, and started up the stairs to his dorm room. Making their way down were Fred and George who had their arms filled with what looked like fireworks.

"Where ya been Harry?" Fred asked clearly in a party mood.

"You've missed most of the party!"

Harry shifted his bag so it hung off his shoulder more comfortably. "I was in the library, studying with Hermione and Luna." He couldn't help the smile that grew on his face, the twins' cheerful mood was contagious. Besides one couldn't help smile at these gorgeous creatures.

"You coming down to the party then? We made these special for today." George shifted the bundle up so he had a better grip on them.

"Um... it's not really my sort of thing, only you would want me there anyways." Harry wrinkled his nose at the idea. "I'd rather go read one of the books I got for Christmas." He had made a good dent into '*A Guide to Animagus Transformation*' but the theory was tricky and he often had to reread passages to make sure he really understood. The last thing he needed was to botch a transformation because he rushed the reading, besides he was still missing an ingredient which was vital for the next step. Hermione could have explained it easily to him but he wanted to master it like his father and godfather did, in secret. A family legacy of sorts.

The twins shared a look. "Give us a sec?" Fred asked, with a nod from Harry the two of the walked back up a couple of steps and started a whisper conversation. Harry used this time to admire his boyfriends- he still couldn't believe it! That's when he realised that it's been a week since he agreed to give them a chance and he still hadn't told Sirius and Remus, something he'd have to fix this weekend.

Harry's eyes took in the forms standing only a few steps away. Their everyday wear was well worn and unflattering for their bodies. He could see the signs that they had been mended and transfigured to look acceptable, they had probably once belong to someone else first- something Harry could relate to -like one of their older brothers or maybe a cousin. Which was a shame because it made ogling George's arse that much harder. Maybe once they knew each other better he could offer to buy them new clothes, or he could use the excuse of a late christmas present. Hmm...when is their birthday? He wondered. I'll have to find that out. Both were good excuses to buy things someone needs without drawing attention to the fact.

Harry had inherited a lot of money from his parents and Sirius had made him his heir, now he had more money than he knew what to do with. Sirius took care off all the things he needed so he didn't need to spend anything on himself. So on occasion where he could spoil his friends without drawing attention to it, he did. Seeing Neville working in the greenhouse wear an expensive acromantula silk jumper, or Hermione chewing on the high quality quill set Harry gave them for Christmas made him happy. They had no clue the cost of the items and just enjoyed them, just the way he wanted it.

Fred and George came back down the few steps, mischief in their eyes.

"Since you don't want to go to the party."

"How would you like to do something with us instead?"

"Like what?" Harry asked cautiously, not sure anything that puts that look in their eyes would be a good idea.

"How would you like to sneak out of Hogwarts?" They said in unison, grinning from ear to ear.

Harry knew this was a terrible idea but he just couldn't say no to them.

The trio split up, Fred and George heading down to the party to deliver the fireworks and let their friends know they weren't staying and Harry up to his dorm to drop his book bag off and change out of his uniform.

When Harry entered his room he found a freshly showered Neville Longbottom with only a towel wrapped around his hips. He tried not to stare at his friends body, but long gone was the chubby little boy from first year. Neville's back was to the door as he rummaged around in his trunk. It was only when the door clicked closed did the other boy realise that he wasn't alone. He spun around and relaxed when he saw who it was.

"Hiya Harry, you startled me." Neville's skin was still tinted pink from the heat of his shower.

“What happened to you? Didn’t you have a shower this morning?”

“Yeah, but the mandraks were acting out when I visited them right after class and I got covered in dirt.” Neville said as he resumed searching for some clean clothes completely oblivious to Harry’s staring. “I came back for a shower but forgot to take some clothes in with me.”

Harry made a noise of understanding as he ripped his eyes away from his best friend’s body and headed over to his own bed; his back to Neville as he set about changing out of his uniform and into something more comfortable.

“I was thinking of asking Luna to walk around the lake with me in a little bit. Do you...do you want to come along?” He asked though Harry could tell he was nervous and unsure.

“I’m going out with Fred and George, besides it wouldn’t be much of a date if I tagged along.” Harry said in a light teasing tone as he pulled off and button up shirt and replaced it with a soft grey v-neck. He knew that Neville had a crush on Luna for the last 2 years but every time he gathered enough courage to ask her out; he ended up inviting other people along.

“Harry!” Neville cried dropping his newly found shirt.

“Just ask her out on a proper date Nev. She’s not going to say no.” Harry said as he put on a pair of nice tight jeans, having to hop a little to get them all the way up.

“She might...” Neville said as he picked up his fallen shirt and put it on.

“She won’t, trust me.” Harry sat on the edge of his bed and slipped on his pair of winter boots, wanting to be prepared for whatever the twins had in mind. The room lapsed into silence as the two boys got dressed. Both of their minds wandering to their own dilemmas.

“So you and the Weasley twins, huh?” Neville asked after a while and gave Harry a concerned and slightly hurt look. “I thought, after what happened last term, that you wouldn’t go near them.”

“Err...” Harry realised that he should have told his best friend what had happened before now. “Yeah, they sent me a gift for Christmas to show me that they were serious. When we came back from break I decided to give them a chance.” He gave his friend a sheepish smile. “I haven’t even told Sirius and Remus yet.” Maybe the knowledge that he wasn’t the last to know would lessen the hurt.

Neville gave him a small smile, showing all was forgiven. “You should get on that then,” Neville suggested then his smile turned teasing, “before your godfathers decided to prank you for keeping secrets.”

Harry shivered. “Once was more than enough. Thanks.” He walked on over to the floor length mirror hanging off the back of the door and checked out his outfit. He wasn’t normally vain but this outfit did make him look good. The light grey made his creamy skin look like he

had a bit of a tan and the tight jeans made his arse look nice and perky. He just hoped that once he put on the jumper he didn't look too Slytherin.

He turned back to his bed and picked up the emerald fabric and thick double-breasted wool coat; all ready to head out and meet the twins. With a quick 'see ya' Harry headed out the door only to stop in the threshold.

"Hey Nev?" Harry turned back to look at his fully clothed friend who was sitting on his bed with a herbology textbook in his lap.

"Yeah?"

"Well...you know that secret project I'm working on?" When he received a nod he continued on. "I was hoping you could get a little something for me."

...●.✱.●...

Harry rejoined the twins at the bottom of the boys staircase, each of them wearing a maroon jumper with a large 'F' or 'G' on it and winter jackets that looked like they'd seen better days, looped over an arm. Then made their way through crowded common room, which was progressively getting drunker.

"So how do you plan to get us out?" Harry asked as they stepped into the stairway.

"You'll see." George answered with a wink then headed down the stairs.

Unsure of where they were going Harry stuck close to George while Fred walked a few steps behind. They walked in silence, it wasn't close to curfew yet but they didn't want anyone asking them questions. Every so often Harry could hear the rustle of parchment but when he would look back all he would see was Fred stuffing something back into his pocket. By the time they'd reached the third floor Harry had had enough.

"What is with you and that parchment!" Harry questioned as he stopped in the middle of the hall to confront Fred. He was feeling left out by how they were acting; as if he was intruding on them instead of being their boyfriend. Maybe he was overthinking it...

The twins shared a look which only frustrated Harry more.

"Alright, we'll show you."

"But not here."

Harry nodded. He was relieved that they were going to let him in and understood that the middle of a hallway was no place for a private conversation. The trio moved down the hall and when he saw the one-eyed witch statue he knew how they were sneaking out, but how did Fred and George know about it? Sirius had made sure that Harry knew where all the secret passageways and what the passwords were just in case he wanted to sneak out or pull a prank.

Not that he ever did.

When the hidden entrance opened the three slipped in without a word or explanation. The status moved back into place and passage became pitch black once more until Fred -he was pretty sure it was Fred- cast lumos flooding the area in soft light.

“Alright Harry. We're going to show you the secret to our success.”

“But you can't share this knowledge with anyone else, ok?”

“I promise.” It wasn't like Harry had a lot of people he would share secrets with. Luna wouldn't care, Neville wouldn't tell, Sirius and Remus would probably get a kick out of whatever it is and Hermione...well she would probably tell a professor. Fred pulled the well worn parchment out of his pocket once more, tapped his wand to it and whispered something that Harry couldn't make out.

“Harry, I'd like to present to you the-”

“The Marauders Map!” Harry exclaimed. Well that explained a lot. Sirius and Remus told him all about the map they created together during their time at Hogwarts. It had been confiscated during their 7th year and had been lost since; Harry was surprised that Filch hadn't destroyed the thing.

The twins both looked flabbergasted.

“How did you know what it was?” George asked, having found his voice first.

“I've heard all about it, though not what happened to it. Where did you guys find it?” Harry was curious. He would love to be able to inform his godfathers about the maps second life.

“Nicked it from Filch's office our first year.”

“Took us forever to figure out how it worked.” Fred explained. “Who else knows about the map?”

“Only you, me and the creators.”

“You know who created the map?” Fred asked getting really excited. He bounced on the balls of his feet. Not too high or else he'd smash his head off the top of the ceiling.

“Of course. You're looking at the son of one Mr. Prongs.” Harry grinned, he enjoyed watching their jaws drop in shock.

“No way!”

“Who are the others?”

“Well Padfoot is my dogfa- sorry,” Harry chuckled at the inside joke, “my godfather, Sirius Black. Moony just happens to be our previous professor and my honorary godfather, Remus Lupin.”

“Professor Lupin, really?”

“What about Wormtail?” George asked, a slight frown on his face.

Harry didn't want to think about that little rat and said, “he's a traitor and doesn't deserve any acknowledgment.” He scowled at the map. “If I could remove his name from the map without completely unraveling the magic I would.” They didn't press him about the name and really if they thought about it for a second it wasn't that hard to riddle out.

“You know, since your father was one of the ones to make the map I think it's only right that you have it. Right Fred?”

“Right.” Fred echoed. Though Harry thought Fred didn't sound as convinced.

“It's alright, you guys were the ones who found it.” Harry tried to protest but the map was pushed into his hands.

“It's yours, besides it's not like we don't already have everything on the map memorized.”

“And we won't be able to get much use out of next year.”

“I couldn't-” Harry made one last attempt to refuse but his words were clearly falling on deaf ears.

“How about a trade then!” George suggested.

“A trade?” Harry echoed dumbly. He couldn't think of anything he owned that the twins would be interested in. At least nothing he'd be willing to give up, even for his family's map. Did they mean money?

“Yeah! You keep the map and in return you introduce us to Padfoot and Moony when we come to visit this summer.”

“And you've got to put in a good word for us! Wouldn't want our idols to think poorly of us just because we're seducing their godson.” Fred added on.

“I guess that's fair.” Harry relented but secretly he was pleased. Not only did he get another connection to his father, but the twins were thinking about being with him months from now. It made him feel all warm inside. “Um...aren't we supposed to be on a date? Why are we hiding down here in this dark tunnel?”

Fred and George paled -though it was hard to see in the dim light- only then realising that they had been standing in the same spot for the last 20 minutes and they still had to walk all the way into Hogsmeade.



Harry awoke late the next morning -having snuck back into Hogwarts with the twins in the early morning. He decided to skip lunch in favour of writing an overdue letter to his guardian's. Opening the drawer in his bedside table Harry pulled out a relatively clean piece of parchment, ink and a chewed up quill then sat back against the headboard.

He tapped the tip of the clean quill against his lips as he thought of how he should word the missive. So much and so little had happened since he had returned from break that he didn't know what to write. He just couldn't start the letter stating that he was now dating two very handsome prankster twins. That seemed a little to blunt.

Instead he wrote about how his classes were going, the progress he made with the '*Animagus*' transformation, Peeves latest prank and Hermione's newest obsession -before Luna peaked her interest with magical twins. Finally it was the moment of truth.

His quill paused over the parchment. Droplets fell and he used the side of his hand in an attempt to clear it away; smudging it instead.

Closing his eyes; Harry took a deep breath in, counted to three, then let it out. He had never been this nervous to tell his godfathers that he was dating someone. Was it because it was twins? Or maybe it was because Harry was very quickly falling in love with them...

Opening his eyes; Harry scratched out a few lines about his new boyfriends and their discovery then signed his name. He rolled up the parchment and tied a yellow ribbon around it. If given the time he'd probably change his mind and not send the letter. Hastily he threw the re-capped ink bottle and quill into the open drawer, slide on a lightweight robe over his clothes from the night before and exited his dorm room.

He took off towards the owlery; letter and owl treats in hand. The halls were uncommonly busy for a saturday at noon. As Harry walked through the corridors he waved to the people he knew but never really hung out with and skirted around a group of first years that hadn't been disillusioned by him yet; hopefully they would be soon so he wouldn't be bothered by them until the new batch of firsties arrived next year.

The first year at Hogwarts was especially hard for Harry. At first he had no clue why he was famous and yet everyone wanted to talk with him and be his friend just so they could brag about it. He had no clue how to act or what to say. It was *exhausting*. Thankfully everyone soon realised he was just an awkward little kid and the hype over him being there soon died down after a few years. Sadly every year the firsties get so excited to meet him that it takes months and months for them to figure out what everyone else already knows. He wasn't anything special.

Stepping out into the cold frigid air; Harry pulled the robe together and shivered. Why hadn't he thrown on a thicker robe? He carefully ran up the snowy staircase and pushed open the wooden door. The owlery did have heating charms placed on it but all the windows made them redundant.

"Hedwig." Harry called out softly; trying not to disturb the other owls who were sleeping. Students normally only sent mail during the morning or later in the evening so the owls got to take a nice long nap during the day.

The snowy owl flew down from her perch in the rafters and landed on the window still closest to her master. Harry approached his oldest friend and went to pet her head but the bird had other ideas. She nipped at his robe pocket trying to get to the prize inside.

“Hold your feathers,” Harry said with a chuckle, “of course I brought you something.” reaching into his pocket he pulled out the owl treat and tossed it to the impatient bird. “Is this your way of telling me I don't visit or spoil you enough?” He teased; Hedwig hooted at him as if to agree.

“I'll try to visit more often.” Harry promised with a soft smile and caressed her silken feathers. “I've got a letter for Siri and Remy, would you mind delivering it for me?” With a playful nip of acceptance he attached the letter to her leg and off she flew into the chilly air.

Harry just hoped that his family's reaction was a positive one.

To be Continued

Read and Review please!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone one who's bookmarked, subscribed, left kudos and commented on this story it really means a lot to me!

Remus stirred his morning tea; taking a moment to enjoy the peace and calm before attempting to read the Daily Prophet and be bombarded by all the stupidity and horror in the world. He tapped the spoon on the edge of the cup making sure that all the tea was off it before placing it on the table. He held the cup up and inhaled the rich fruity aroma of Twinings blackcurrant tea with just a dash of milk before taking the first sip.

The house was so quiet first thing in the morning. Sirius was probably still fast asleep and their pup had returned back to Hogwarts. The silence used to bother Remus. It made him think of all that he lost. His best friends had been murdered, his lover had been thrown in Azkaban and his pup was demanded unsafe with him.

Now the silence was like the calm before the storm and Remus loved every moment of it.

Placing the tea cup down on the table he exchanged it for the Daily Prophet that was delivered earlier that morning by owl post. He scoffed at the latest creature regulations Minister Fudge was endorsing along with supporting comments by Dolores Umbridge; Rita Skeeter really had to work her magic to make one seem positive. Betty Braithwaite had also written a glowing article about Lucius Malfoy and his most recent donation to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries for those who were still suffering from the war with you-know-who.

"You better not be planning on spraying the neighbor's cat with that." Remus said, not once taking his eyes off the paper in his hand.

"Moooney!" Sirius whined, not even trying to deny that was exactly what he was going to do. He slinked into the kitchen and threw himself into his chair; a water gun with a logo declaring it a *Super Soaker CPS 2000** in hand.

"No means no. That poor cat gets terrorized enough by padfoot, he doesn't need the human version doing it too." Remus said as he flipped to the next page.

"But he has it coming!" Sirius grumbled placing the water gun on the table - within easy reach - and reached for the teapot and an empty cup.

"What did he do this time, hm?" Remus asked in an amused tone.

“He was staring at me evilly through the bedroom window...” Sirius pouted as he filled his teacup with the auburn liquid then processed to spoon as much sugar into it till it was more sugar than tea.

“And you thought you’d exact revenge in your pj’s?” He folded down one corner of the newspaper and raised one eyebrow at his attire. The aristocrat had apparently just rolled out of bed in just a pair of silk pajama trousers. It was Remus’ favorite look on his lover.

“Revenge waits for no clothes, even if it freezing out.” Sirius stated solemnly.

“Yeah, Yeah.” Remus replied dismissively flipping through a few more pages of dribble, not really taking any of it in. It wasn’t like any of the information was credible. Sirius often question his decision to keep their subscription after they had run their reputation through the mud during Harry’s adoption. Remus calmly informed his lover that it was important to be knowledgeable about what everyone believed and they just left it at that.

“So where’s breakfast?” Sirius asked, his mood rising with the promise of food.

“Is that all you can think about revenge and food?” Remus let out a big sigh as he folded up the newspaper and placed it off to the side with plans to resume reading it later on - not that he would but it was always nice to think so. Sliding out of his chair he approached the stove.

He reached into the cupboard and pulled out two pans and placed them on the stove top with a dollop of butter into the largest pan. Sirius was up much earlier than he thought he would so it will have to be something quick and easy.

Grabbing bacon, eggs, milk and butter from the cool cupboard Remus threw 6 strips of bacon into the second pan and turned on the burners. Next he pulled out a medium sized bowl, measured out a cup and a half milk and 3 tablespoons of butter and mixed it together with 1 egg. Then he gathered the dry ingredients for his pancakes and added them to the yellowley goop.

A quick check let him know that the large pan was hot and covered in melted butter so he began to scoop the semi-thick liquid into not quite perfect circles. While he did this Sirius began to whine that it was taking too long; which he promptly ignored.

Flipping the half cooked bacon and pancakes Remus got an idea. If his lover was going to act like a child then he was going to treat him like one! With a playful smirk on his face Remus snagged a ripe banana from the fruit bowl and the bottle of chocolate syrup - which he bought with another use in mind - and a small handful of chocolate chips from the panty and began to plate the food.

He placed a slice of banana in the middle of each of Sirius' pancakes and drew on them with the chocolate sauce making a little nose and mouth, then he placed two chocolatechip on either side for eyes and finished off the face with two half banana slices as ears.

Remus' mother used to make this for him when he was a child and he dreamed of the day he could make them for his own children; which was no longer a possibility. Not that he didn't

think of Harry as their own, he did, but by the time they got custody of Harry he was already too old for teddy bear pancakes.

Just as Remus set the food down in front of his lover a beautiful snowy owl flew through the open kitchen window and landed on the back of one of the chairs.

“Hello beautiful.” Sirius cooed. “Did Harry send us a letter?”

Hedwig shot the man an unimpressed look and hooted, as if to say *‘Who else would I deliver mail for?’*

Remus chuckled at the pair; Sirius loved to annoy Harry's owl and Hedwig wasn't one to just take it. While Hedwig was busy snapping at the bacon in Sirius' fingers Remus quickly released the owl of its burden. The letter was from Harry but that wasn't a surprise. With Hedwig's temperament and loyalty very few would be brave enough to approach the beautiful creature let alone attempt to attach a letter to her leg. She barely tolerated Sirius and himself when sending Harry a reply.

“Ouch!” Sirius cried and Remus looked up from the letter to see Sirius shove a bloody thumb into his mouth; Hedwig happily landing on the counter with one strip of bacon in her beak and the rest of Sirius' bacon in her claw. “Bloody bird,” he mumbled and shoot Hedwig a dark look.

“If you didn't tease her then you wouldn't get bit.” Remus replied with disinterest as he turned his attention back to the unopened letter in his hand. Taking a seat at the table he untied the ribbon and unrolled the parchment. Remus hummed as he gave the letter a once over.

“What does it say?” Sirius asked as he tried to read the letter over Remus' shoulder.

“Classes seem to be going well; Harry got a tutor for Potions. Hmm, Harry is ready to take the next step with his Animagus training.”

“Already?” Sirius asked; disbelief in his eyes. “You don't think he's rushing it, do you?” Worry could be seen in those old grey eyes.

“Yes well, it's not like he's attempting the transformation with two others,” Remus lifted his eyes from the messy scrawl and gave Sirius a meaningful look. “I'm sure you would have mastered it much faster if you hadn't been helping James and Peter-”

Sirius growled at the mention of their ex-best friend who was finally away in Azkaban where he belonged.

Remus sighed and looked back down at the parchment; not want to rehash the past. “Harry knows the dangers of rushing the process and I'm sure he going at the best pace for him. Besides it says here he's missing something so he has to take a break until he gets it and...Oh! Well.” Remus said surprised.

“What? Has something happened?” Sirius asked concerned.

Remus chuckled. "It seems Harry has decided to give his admirers a chance."

"Good for him! The Weasley's twins, right? Which one did he choose?" Sirius sat back and took a swig of tea.

"Both of them."

Sirius spewed his mouthful of tea all over the table. "What do-" he paused to cough up some of the hot liquid. "-do you mean both?"

Remus grimaced down at his shirt where some of the tea had landed and grabbed a nearby napkin to mop up as much as he could. "I mean he is dating both-" he looked down at the now tea stained parchment "-Fred and George Weasley."

"Wow," Sirius said in awe, "my godson bagged twins! Every man's dream."

"He's going to have his hands full." Remus said offhandedly as he checked over the letter one last time to make sure he didn't miss anything.

"What do you know about being with twins?" Sirius gave his lover a suspicious look.

"Well you remember Gideon and Fabian Prewett?" A light blush appeared across Remus' face.

"The sexy twins 2 years ahead of us? Yeah why-" Sirius mouth dropped open in shock. "No! No way! When?"

"5th year." Remus gave him a lopsided grin. Gideon and Fabian had been tall muscular very experienced lovers.

"Dam!" Sirius was feeling torn between pride in his best friend and jealous of the idea of anyone else touching his lover. "Is it true? What they say about men with large noses?"

Remus' only reply was a smug smile as he dug into his breakfast.

"Fine, don't share." Sirius pouted and then turned his own attention to his remaining food. "Hey! What's with my pancakes?!"

**Super Soaker CPS 2000 was released by Larami in 1996*

To be Continued

Read and Review please!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I never meant to leave this fic for so long and for that I am sorry. Life got hectic and this chapter was being extremely difficult. Since my last update, I lost both of my grandpa's as well as my beloved dog. All three deaths hit me hard but the death of my dog was the worst. I've done some drabbles to help me get back into the swing of writing but finding my muse for this fic has been hard to find.

No matter what happens I will never abandon this story. It's my first and only fic I had planned out to the end.

I'm still not entirely happy with this chapter, which is why it's been sitting half finished for years.

This chapter is unbetaed and all mistakes are my own.

Warning: Twincest

Please skip to the first ...●.♥.●... if you do not wish to read.

George awoke in a cocoon of warmth; just outside the old weather-worn window small flecks of pure white snow could be seen drifting down to join the undisturbed blanket of white that covered the ancient grounds of Hogwarts. Lazily he stretched like a cat against the cooler sheets and his body brushed up against a warm and very naked body. He opened his eyes and a face very much like his own slept next to him. His eyes wandered over the face that was so much like his own but different enough if one knew where to look. The small scar under the left eye, fuller lips and the curl of Fred's bed head. His eyes travel down from his lover's face to the love marked chest and his sleepy smile turns into a naughty grin.

Moving as quickly as he could without waking his bed partner, he maneuvered his tall lanky frame under the heavy blankets and travelled down the length of their combined beds. It was going to get hot under here but George knew this wouldn't take long.

Both of them were still naked from their activities the night before which made this so much easier. He took the flaccid cock into his hands and gave the underside a few long licks to harden it before he popped the head into his mouth. With practiced ease his head bobbed up and down; each time taking more into his mouth.

Once down to the root George's eyes fluttered shut. It wasn't like there was a lot of light under here anyway. Here he could wonder what it'd be like to do this for Harry. Had the idiots before them even bothered to do this to him? To give him pleasure instead of taking?

Would his legs quiver? Would his hips thrust up uncontrollably so they'd have to pin them down? Would he scream their names as he came down George's throat?

They'd have to find out- and soon.

At that thought, a hand pressed down on his head; forcing him to go faster till finally liquid flooded his mouth accompanied by a low moan.

Popping out from under the sheet the two sweaty and tangled bodies lay panting against one another. George was the first to recover as he pushed his damp hair off his forehead and began to softly press kisses his brother's chest.

"Mmm..." Fred moaned happily at his brother's ministrations. One arm stretched out under his pillow, while the other busily searched for his wand. Making contact with the cool smooth wood he snatched it and cast a quick '*Tempus*' while asking. "What time are we meeting Harry?" Only after casting the spell did he realize that it was not his wand but George's. Not that it mattered, their wands worked for each other as well as they worked for their owner.

"We're supposed to meet in the entrance hall at eleven." George rested his chin on Fred's stomach.

"Shit!" Fred's eyes widened as the foggy numbers formed to show that it was a quarter to. "We're going to be late!" He disentangled their bodies and rolled out of bed.

"What about me?" George sat up on the and pouted; a healthy erection stood between his thighs weeping.

"If you get moving, maybe I could assist you while we shower." Fred gave his twin a cheeky wink as he rooted around their room for towels and decent clean clothes for them both. Finding what he needed Fred took off to their private bathroom without a single glance back to see if George would follow.

It was never a question that he would.

...●.✱.●...

The shower did not last long but when both boys stepped out of their private bathroom, they were fully dressed and had matching satisfied grins on their faces. They tossed their supplies onto their bed and grabbed their hammy down jackets before heading towards the door.

"All set Forge?" Fred asked as he held the door open.

"Let me see," George patted his pants pocket checking to make sure everything was there. "-wait!" He raced back into their room and snatched up the small package from their bedside table and returned to his lover's side. "Almost forgot this!"

"Good catch!" Fred gave his twin a smack on the butt as he walked past only to receive an unamused look for his efforts.

“Come on Tiger, we shouldn't leave our gorgeous boyfriend waiting.” George rolled his eyes as he started down the long trek from the top of Gryffindor tower; skipping a step every so often. He slipped the small package into a pocket for safekeeping.

“You think we'll have enough time to stop by the kitchen before meeting Harry?” Fred asked as he followed behind. “I'm getting hungry.”

“If you remembered to set the alarm last night, we would. We'll just have to get something when we reach Hogsmeade.”

“I don't think I'll last that long!” Fred whined as they reached the bottom of the stairs and entered the common room.

“Where do you two think you're going?” Ron said sourly from one of the red plump couches. The common room was devoid of students but considering the day, it was understandable. “Not like either of you got a date.”

“That's what you think,” Fred replied smugly as he straightened his button-up shirt collar. The wrinkles were being stubborn and wouldn't stay flat no matter how many times he tried to fix it.

“Since when!” Ron sat up from his reclined position, the shock was written all over his face.

“Hm? A couple of weeks ago.” Fred replied offhandedly as he pretended to brush nonexistent lint from his pants.

“I don't believe you. Who would be desperate enough to date either of you two gits!” His eyes narrowed at Fred.

“Unlike you, we've never been lacking in offers.” George snorted as he crossed his arms.

“Yeah? Who are you going with then!”

“I'm going stag and if anyone catches my eye...” He shrugged. Ron didn't need to know the truth of the situation.

“That's what I thought.” Ron looked so pompous that it took all of their willpower to not hex him silly. “And let me guess you got a 'date' but don't want to say who.” He leaned back and put his hands behind his head.

“Nah, I've got no problem saying who. I'm taking the very dashing Harry Potter.” At that moment, George was feeling jealous that Fred could declare that he was in a relationship when he's had to hide theirs for years. Sure he'd get to switch and openly be with Harry later but the three of them could never be public knowledge.

“Potter!” Ron spluttered, his arms fell to his side. “You're dating that loser? Seriously? Wait, you're gay?”

“Both of us are, where-”

“-have you been?” George raised his eyebrow. He knew his brother wasn't the sharpest but surely he could have figured it out from the various conversations at the burrow. It's not like they were keeping that part of themselves a secret. Did that mean he didn't know Charlie was bi? “The rest of the family has known for years.”

“Whatever.” Ron crossed his arms disgruntled; he looked both putout and repelled. “Still can't believe you've got a date...”

“What’s crawled in your knickers?” Fred mocked. He was getting really annoyed by Ron's attitude and we’re wasting precious time that they could be doing *anything* else.

“Don’t pay him any attention.” Their little sister said in a sing-song voice as she skipped down the remaining step of the girls’ dormitory with her muggle-born roommate Agatha Bode right behind; a gently used purple jacket clutched in their little sister’s hands. “He’s upset because Lavender dumped him after finding out he was fooling around with both Abbott and Turpin behind her back, and now she’s going to Hogsmeade with Anthony Goldstein.”

“Shut it, Ginny!” Ron snapped; his face turned a horrible shade of red.

“Aw, did poor Lil *Ronniekins* get caught?” Fred snickered as he pulled on his coat but left it unbuttoned. It was getting chilly in the castle.

“Piss off!” Ron snarled before he surged from the couch and stomped out of the common room; slamming the portrait door as he went, much to the irritation of the Fat Lady.

Fred rolled his eyes at his youngest brother's dramatics. What did he expect would happen? He was dating more than one girl and he wasn’t very subtle.

“And where are you off to Ginny?” George asked to bring Fred’s attention to their little sister. She was wearing some of the new clothes she had begged their mom to buy her before the school year had started.

“Ginny’s got a date with Dean Thomas.” Agatha Bode tattled with a giggle.

“Why did you tell them?” Ginny groaned. “Now I won’t hear the end of it!”

“Normally we would, dear sister,” George said with false regret as he slung his arm around her shoulder and squeezed her close until she started to squirm.

“But I’ve got my own date to get too.” Fred allowed a dopey grin to spread across his face.

“Let us know how Ron reacts to you dating his best friend.” George let go and allowed her to stagger away as he grasped ahold of Fred and swiftly exited out through the portrait hole. No way were they sticking around to receive one of Ginny’s infamous ‘*Bat-Bogey Hex*’.



Through the halls they raced; dodging the little first and second years that littered the hallways as they weren’t allowed to visit Hogsmeade just yet and had to celebrate Valentine's

Day at the castle. Luckily most of the Teachers and Prefects were already down at the village supervising all the sappy couples so their descent to the entrance hall wasn't impeded.

Harry had duties to perform in the hospital wing that morning but had promised to meet his boyfriends before lunch and now they were going to be late!

As they neared the entrance hall they paused in an attempt to regulate their breathing and fix what they could of their appearances before greeting their beautiful boyfriend. It was one thing to be late but to be late and *dishevelled* would be embarrassing. The trio had been dating- mostly study dates or Harry hanging around as they created new products -for almost a full month now and they were still shocked that Harry was giving them a chance. Fred and George had been all prepared to pursue their little Raven once they got back from winter hols. Whatever had changed Harry's mind- and they were pretty sure it wasn't their gift -they were grateful for it and didn't want to risk what they could have with Harry.

Fred recovered fist and strolled around the corner; the grin on his face widened as he saw that Harry; beautiful, smart, gorgeous Harry had waited for them. The younger teen hadn't noticed them so Fred allowed his hungry eyes to have their fill. Harry wore a pair of the most fitted dark jeans, a navy jumper with bits of white dress shirt poking out. A heavy dove grey winter robe slung over his arm, but it was the two strange medium-sized bags in his hands that drew his curiosity.

"Hey Gorgeous," Fred said as he sauntered over to their Raven; George followed a few steps back, trying his best to look casual.

The three of them had discussed this and decided that it would look better if only one of the Weasley Twins were dating Harry while the other became the third wheel. Though it wouldn't always be the same twin in the 'dating' role. This was made easier by the similar outfits they wore.

Harry turned his head at the sound of his voice. "Hey guys." The smile that greeted them was stunning. It was amazing what one little letter from his godfather- congratulating him on nabbing twins -did for his self-esteem; though Fred and George could have done without the threatening letter they received the next day.

"Sorry we're late, this one didn't want to get out of bed." Fred joked as he nudged George with his elbow.

"It's fine," Harry smiled shyly at them. "I haven't been waiting long. Oh, um...I didn't see you guys at breakfast so I grabbed something." He reached into one of the bags and pulled out two wrapped muffins.

"You brought us muffins?" Fred leaped forward in an over dramatic gesture, clutched Harry to his chest and peppered the messy mop with kisses. "Our hero!" He rubbed his cheek against the course locks in a cat-like manner, causing it to stick up in unnatural ways.

"A real knight in shining armour!" George joked as he stood awkwardly close by. This was going to be harder than he thought.

“It isn’t much but-” Harry shifted in Fred’s embrace, his cheeks becoming a delectable shade of pink, but made no move to get away.

“Harry, it’s more than any of our siblings would have done,” Fred told him seriously. “We really appreciate it.”

“Well if you really want to show your appreciation...” A small grin appeared on Harry’s face.

“Yeah?” Fred prompted. He had a feeling he’d like where this was going.

“How about a kiss?” Harry asked shyly. George enjoyed watching the tips of Harry’s ears turn a bright red at his own suggestion. How he hoped that Harry never stopped blushing.

“Don’t mind if I do!” Fred licked his lips before slamming their mouths together in a passionate kiss. The muffins slipped out of Harry’s hands as they wrapped around the older twins’ neck; only to be saved by George’s quick hands.

George glared at the gaggle of girls, who had decided to slow down and watch his lovers. It just wasn’t fair!

“Come on you two, child are watching.” George admonished the pair as a group of giggling first years scurried through the entrance hall. The two lovers separated looking guilty but not sorry for their public display. “We should get going if we want to get a table at The Three Broomsticks.”

“But...” Harry frowned. He looked so perfect with Fred’s arms wrapped around his shoulders like a blanket. “Where’s my kiss from you?”

George’s eyes widened. “Harry we’re in the entrance hall someone could-”

“No one’s around George, it’ll be fine.” Fred flashed his twin a cheeky grin and gave their raven a little push towards him.

Not to be outdone by his brother, George wrapped his free arm around the thin waist and pulled Harry flush against him. All the jealousy and uncertainty this plan of theirs had caused came rushing back and he needed to claim Harry in a way his brother hadn’t just now. To prove there really were three people in this relationship. He swiped his tongue against rough lips, begging to be allowed in to play. A throaty moan was all the acceptance he needed. It was amazing how similar yet different it was kissing Harry. Being with Fred was like a quidditch match; freeing, adrenaline pumping and a challenge but Harry was like a warm Sunday morning. Sweet, playful and absolutely perfect.

George’s brows furrowed as his tongue came in contact with something that was *unusual*.

“Ahem.” A flushed Fred knew he had to break this up or else they wouldn’t be going to Hogsmeade. This wouldn’t have been a problem except they were still in the ‘getting to know you’ stage of their relationship.

George broke the kiss and rested his forehead against Harry’s. “Harry, why is there a leaf in your mouth?”

Harry groaned in embarrassment and covered his face with his hands. "It's a mandrake leaf. It's a Marauder thing."

"You have to have a mandrake leaf in your mouth—"

"—to be a Marauder?"

"It's a little more complicated than that." Harry looked away uncertain, like he was conflicted between telling them or lying.

"Well, maybe Padfoot and Moony could explain it to us this summer when we meet them?" George suggested. He didn't want to push Harry into spilling all his secrets. They had plenty of time for that.

Harry flashed them a brilliant smile. "I'm sure they'd be happy too!"

As the trio left for Hogsmeade they were blissfully unaware of the furious blue eyes watching them.



Hogsmeade was bustling with happy couples holding hands, even the heavy snow couldn't squash the lovey-dovey atmosphere. Harry, Fred, and George took their time visiting the various stores before heading to The Three Broomsticks for an early dinner. Many of the younger couples had headed back to Hogwarts but Rosmerta's pub was filled to the brim with those who couldn't get a reservation or wouldn't be caught in Madam Puddifoot's pink Valentines vomit.

"I'm famished!" Fred moaned as he eyed a plate of fish n' chips as they passed. They had eaten the muffins on their way down but that was hours ago.

"We could have come here first instead of wandering the village." Harry seemed to shrink in on himself.

"It would have been impossible to get a table earlier!" George nudged Harry with his foot. "Besides, we would have missed out on you tricking us with those sing-a-ling chocolates." Both Fred and George knew exactly what that chocolate did but it was worth it to see Harry laugh.

A giggle escaped from Harry before he slapped a hand over his mouth. "When I saw them I just couldn't help myself!"

"It was a good one." Fred agreed but he only had eyes for the food around them.

"Typical Weasley Male," George muttered to Harry causing another giggle to escape.

"Alright, boys! What can I get you?" A frazzled looking Madam Rosmerta came bustling over to their table. The curvy woman was pleasant enough to the trio but clearly was looking forwards to when all the students headed back to the castle and out of her hair.

“I’ll have the fish n’ chips.” Harry closed the menu and placed it on the table. “Oh, and a Butterbeer please.”

“I’ll have the Shepherd's Pie and a Butterbeer. ” George said as he placed his menu on top of Harry’s.

“I’d like the fish n’ chips too and a Dragon Barrel Brandy.” Fred put on his most charming smile and fluttered his eyelashes at the barmaid.

Madam Rosmerta snorted. “If Sirius Black couldn’t charm Brandy out of me then neither can you, Mr. Weasley.” She said with an amused smile. “But thanks I needed a laugh.” Fred pouted at the retreating barmaid.

“No matter how many times you try, Fred, she won’t give you any,” George smirked at his brother's putout look.

“I’ll get her to crack one day!” Fred said with conviction which drew a giggle out of their date. Both redheads smile at the happiness radiating from Harry. If they had it their way, that smile would never leave his face.

“So Harry,” George leaned against the hard round table. It was his turn to be the ‘boyfriend’ so he got to sit closest to Harry while Fred sat across from them, but if he had to hazard a guess Fred's foot was rubbing up and down Harry's leg causing the slight blush staining his cheeks. A move he had often done with George in the great hall. “Have any plans for after Hogwarts?”

George watched as Harry tore his eyes away from his brazen twin and blinked in surprise at him.

“What- after?” Harry’s hand came up and fiddled with a necklace he had hidden under his jumper. “Oh, um...I'm hoping to get into the St Mungo's healing program and specialize in pediatrics. It's why I've been volunteering in the hospital wing all year, and Madam Pomfrey has been giving me private lessons.” The bush spread and deepened.

Fred whistled. “No wonder you've been working so hard. That's not an easy course to get into.”

Just then Madam Rosmerta came bustling to their table, two butterbeers in hand and three plates of food floating behind her. “Two butterbeers, fish n’ chips, and one Shepherd's Pie.” The frazzled woman placed their drinks and plates in front of them, before rushing off to take another table’s order.

“What about you two?” Harry asked them as he dug into his food.

“No more schooling for us!”

“Wouldn’t still be in school if mum wouldn’t explode if we dropped out.”

Fred leaned in close to the ‘happy couple’. “We’re going to open our own joke shop! One to rival Zonko’s!”

“Is that what you guys have been working on? Products?” Harry asked then in between bites of crispy cod. “That’s incredible! Madam Pomfrey has been giving me a brief history of the potions we keep in storage and some of those took decades to perfect! I’ve seen some of the things you guys have made and there’s no way you adapted them from existing potions!” There was a sparkle in those emerald green that spoke of...admiration? Pride? Desire?

George flushed, no one but Lee had shown any sort of belief in them before. It made his insides feel all fluttery inside.

How I wish the three of us were back at the castle.

Alone

“Well if it isn’t my favourite brothers,” Ginny appeared behind the couple with a grin and ruffled George’s hair before turning her head to their raven. “and their date. Hello, I’m the gorgeous Ginny Weasley, star seeker, and the best Weasley sibling.” She held out her hand for Harry to shake.

“Er, I’m Harry, Harry Potter.” The twins watched their interaction with amusement. They hadn’t forgotten about the little crush Ginny had on the Boy-who-lived when she was little. She too had forgotten about the younger teen once he proved to be completely ordinary and forgettable.

Ginny froze mid shake and blinked slowly. “Harry...Potter? My brothers are dating Harry Potter?”

“Yeah, er I’m Fred’s-” Harry’s eyes flicked towards George, who was pretending to be Fred. “-boyfriend.”

“Please,” Ginny reached and stole a bunch of chips off Harry’s plate. “Like I can’t see where George’s leg is resting.” She gave Fred a pointed look. Ginny was able to tell them apart most of the time, this is one of those times they were glad she couldn’t.

“Don’t worry,” Ginny smirked as she took a bite of her stolen chips. “I won’t tell anyone about your *scandalous* relationship.”

George glared at their little sister. “Don’t you have your own date to annoy?”

“Dean has a Potions essay to complete so he headed back up to the castle, I’m going to go find Agatha and see if Honeydukes has any of their chocolates marked down.” She stole a sip of his drink before ruffling George’s hair once more, much to his annoyance. “Bye boys.”

George watched her walk away and embrace her fellow Gryffindor who was sitting with other young females in the corner of the pub.

“What did we do to deserve a sister-” George paused when he saw the expression on Fred’s face, but Fred wasn’t looking at his twin. His eyes snapped to their date only to see him hunched forward, pale and shaky.

“Harry?” George touched his shoulder causing Harry to jerk away. “It’s ok...she won’t tell anyone.”

“I need to use the restroom.” Harry abruptly before pushing away from the table and hurried out of sight.

“Harry!” George went to follow but the firm hand on his wrist stopped him.

“I don’t think it was Ginny finding out that caused that reaction.” Fred’s eyes flickered to the half-eaten food remaining on Harry’s plate.

“His food?” George slumped back into his chair.

“You didn’t see how he reacted when Ginny took the food off his plate.”

A frown marred George’s forehead. “What could have caused it?”

Fred leaned in and lowered his voice. “Haven’t you ever noticed he likes to take more food than he can eat? That he uses his body as a sort of shield, like it could be taken away at any second?”

George was shocked how had he not picked up on that? “You think he’s been...”

“Starved.”

George glanced towards the restroom to make sure their date wasn’t on his way back. “You don’t think his godfather...”

“The way he talks about them,” Fred shook his head. “I doubt they would do anything like that.”

“Just one more thing to ask them about when we meet this summer.” George straightened up and put on a smile as their date returned. He was glad to see that most of the colour had returned to his face.

“I’m going to head back to the castle,” Harry said as he stopped close to them but didn’t take his seat.

“You don’t want to finish your food?”

“I lost my appetite.” Harry said as he shook his head, his fluffy hair swaying back and forth “Sorry I ruined our date.”

George stood and put his arms around the younger teen and pressed a chaste kiss on his cheek. “It’s only ruined if we didn’t enjoy ourselves, which we did. Let’s settle our tab and then we can head back to the castle together.” He longed to do more but knew how the shy teen felt about public displays of affection and large crowds.

“Are you sure?” Harry bit his lip in that way that drove both boys crazy.

“I can think of a much better use of our time.” George whispered against the shell of Harry’s ear causing him to shiver.

“I’ll go pay our bill!” Harry extracted himself from George’s embrace, his face flush. Before he could take one step towards the bar, Harry tripped over something besides their table.

“What? Oh! I almost forgot your gifts!” They watched him snatch up the forgotten bags and shove one towards each of them. “I wasn’t sure of your sizes but they should fit!” Before rushing towards the busy bar.

The twins watched him leave before giving their attention to the bags in front of them. Each of them dug into their gifts; having grown up receiving very few gifts each due to tight family finances, Fred and George never learned restraint when presented with a present.

“Wow!” They each pulled out a muted crimson winter outer robes with blue details, which had been done in a muggle style. George ran the thick fabric between his fingers, he could feel the magical tingle of charms woven into the fabric. Probably a warming charm and light protection from hexes and jinx. He knew Madam Malkin’s had started making muggle inspired wear due to the boom in muggle-born students entering the Wizarding world, but these seemed...special. One glance at Fred’s robe and he knew that to be true.

Sure they were the same cut and colour but each had details specific to theirs. An extra stripe here, an extra zipper there, clearly custom made. It was like Harry was telling them that even though they were twins, they were individual people. Something people often forget, even their best friend.

The small package resting in the pocket of his old hammy down jacket seemed so insignificant and impersonal now.

George swallowed and looked at his twin who was already wearing their gift and had a dazed look on his face.

“Ready to go?” Harry had rejoined them, his face still pink but he looked pleased as he looked between them. “It looks good on you Fred.”

“Harry this is-” George started to say, his mind was reeling.

"It's nothing," Harry's eyes pleased with him not to make a big deal out of it.

George swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue. He would do anything for those eyes. If Harry didn’t want them to say how much they appreciated their gifts, they’ll have to figure out how to show it.

To be Continued

Read and Review please!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!