

Chapter 105

Harry slept for almost an entire day. And when he woke up, he *hurt*.

A low groan bubbled from his lips, and he heard a soft chuckle above him, fingers running through his hair. “Sleeping Beauty awakens,” Draco teased in a fond whisper.

The blond was propped up on the pillows, Harry’s head on his chest. Harry wasn’t wearing his glasses so everything was a little fuzzy, but he thought Draco was smiling when he craned his neck up.

“Time izzit?” Harry rasped, his voice hoarse. His head was pounding, his face and throat and even *ears* hurt — probably all the crying, he realised belatedly.

“Half six.” Harry frowned; that wasn’t *that* long. “In the morning.”

Oh.

Slowly, Harry sat up, rubbing at his eyes and rolling his stiff shoulders. His body definitely *felt* like he had been through a battle. “I’ve been out the whole day?” he realised, tensing suddenly. “What did I miss? How is everyone? Sirius—“ Draco cut him off with a kiss, thumb stroking the back of his neck soothingly.

“Is fine,” he promised. “I woke up last night around eight, called him on the mirror, had something to eat.”

At the mention of food, Harry’s stomach rumbled viciously. Draco snickered. “Should we call for breakfast in bed?”

It was tempting. Very, very tempting. But now Harry was awake, awareness slowly returning to him, he wanted to move. He’d never slept so long in his *life*, and even though his limbs were sore he knew they’d feel better once he got up and walked around a bit.

And he wanted to see what had happened, in the time he’d been asleep. A whole *day*, when there was still so much to be done — how could everyone let him sleep so long?!

“Let’s go downstairs,” he decided, reaching for his glasses, setting them on his face just in time to catch Draco’s frown.

“Are you sure? It’s early; people might not be up.”

“The elves will.” Harry wanted to thank them, for all their help during the battle. Many more people likely would have died without their intervention.

Draco sighed, but didn’t argue when Harry rolled out of bed, searching for some clothes.

Careful not to wake Neville and Ginny, who were fast asleep and hadn’t even bothered to raise the partition before passing out, the two boys dressed and crept from the room. With a