

to go see them tomorrow, you're more than welcome to. But if it helps any, think of this as the beginning of our family, rather than missing out on yours."

He wasn't sure if that was even *remotely* helpful, but he couldn't think of anything else to say. He personally was overjoyed at how the Yule period had been going so far, but he knew it wasn't that simple for Charlie. He hadn't felt as much heartache through their Yule dinner and rituals on the solstice — the Weasleys hadn't celebrated Yule in generations, now — but with the newness past, and Christmas coming in the morning... the redhead was clearly starting to feel the separation.

Slowly, a smile crept over that gorgeous face. The dimples didn't show, but it was much better than the sadness that had been in his eyes a moment ago. "The beginning of our family," he repeated. The words made Sirius' heart stutter in a way it hadn't when they'd been in his own mouth. *Our family*. "I like the sound of that."

When Charlie leaned in to kiss him, Sirius melted into it, their tongues twining lazily. "I love you so much," Charlie breathed, sending warmth all the way to the tips of Sirius' toes.

"Let's go to bed," Sirius suggested, smiling slightly. "Before Ceri comes down to scold us for sitting on tables."

Charlie snickered, hopping down and tugging Sirius with him, setting his cold mug of tea aside. The house elf was giving them privacy, bless her, but Sirius didn't want to push their luck. She had a lot of food to prep for tomorrow, after all.

He tangled his fingers in Charlie's, leading the way to the stairs, his thoughts now no steamier than just cuddling the hell out of his love until they fell asleep.

He couldn't do anything about Molly, but he could make sure Charlie had the best Christmas possible regardless.

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Waking up on Christmas morning at Seren Du wasn't the same as at Hogwarts, or even the Weasleys' — there was no pile of presents at the end of his bed. Those were all under the tree, in the living room.

But there *was* a warm Draco curled tight around him, which in Harry's opinion was far better than any present.

He ran a hand through blond hair, gently nudging Draco awake. "Hey, sleepy," he teased. "Get up, it's Christmas."

Grey eyes blinked hazily, and Harry couldn't resist the urge to kiss those softly pouting lips. "Good morning."

"What time is it?" Draco asked suspiciously, and Harry chuckled.

"Half seven. Not too obscene, I promise." Harry was definitely more of an early riser than Draco; the Slytherin would sleep til noon most days of the holidays if they let him.