

think either of us are up to performing our best right now,” he added, eyes trailing over Harry and pausing on the slight bulge in his underwear. Harry chuckled, grabbing the collar of Draco’s shirt and pulling him into a sloppy kiss.

“I love you, too,” he murmured. “And all I really want right now, is for both of us to get naked... and to go the fuck to sleep, because it has been a *really* long day.” He cracked a lopsided smile. “Rain-check on the birthday present?”

“Deal,” Draco agreed. To Harry’s amusement, the blond didn’t even bother getting back up to finish undressing; he unbuttoned the rest of his shirt while star-fished in the middle of the bed, wriggling out of his underwear in a very graceless move that the Malfoy boy would never admit to anyone but Harry. Harry tugged his t-shirt over his head, dropping his own pants and doing a wandless Tooth-Cleaning charm, then draining his glass of water just in case he did end up with a headache in the morning.

Finally, he shoved Draco over enough to get both of them under the duvet, and pulled the blond into his arms. It felt amazing, having all that naked skin against him, but it still didn’t give him more than just a low hum of arousal beneath his exhaustion. He tangled his hand in Draco’s soft hair, kissing him deeply, and it was perfect. No need for anything else, not right then.

“Happy birthday, Scarhead,” Draco whispered, kissing him once more before slumping against him, tucking his face into the curve of Harry’s neck.

They fell asleep within minutes, smiles on their faces, and Harry’s last hazy thought was that it was going to take a hell of a lot to top that birthday next year.

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He woke with a gasp, screams still ringing in his ears and the scent of blood lingering in the back of his throat. Draco was right there, stroking his forehead. He put Harry’s glasses on his face, and the world came into focus, including those worry-filled grey eyes. “What was it?” Draco whispered with dread. Harry grimaced, dragging himself into a sitting position.

“My birthday present,” he spat, squeezing his eyes shut. “Family of muggles. He...” He couldn’t even say out loud what Voldemort and his Death Eaters had done to the poor family. His stomach rolled, but Harry clamped the nausea down.

“Fuck.” Draco held him close. “Do you need me to get someone?”

“No, s’too late anyway.” They would be long gone by now. Also, he belatedly realised they were both naked, and that would be a whole lot to explain to any of the adults in the house. “What time is it?”

“Little after five,” Draco replied, and Harry sighed.

“Sorry.” It would be difficult to go back to sleep for any length of time to be worth it.

“Don’t be daft,” Draco dismissed instantly. “You didn’t ask for this.”