

Harry relaxed; that was something he could fully get behind. He rolled over, pulling Draco on top of him, thrusting his hips against his boyfriend's body. Merlin, he could hardly wait.

Draco started to wriggle down Harry's body, pulling the dark-haired boy's boxers down as he went, licking his lips intently. Harry keened, gasping as Draco's mouth went around his length, grey eyes fixed on Harry's face the entire time. Harry scrambled for his glasses; he wanted to be able to see this properly.

Draco swallowed him deep, moaning low in his throat, and Harry tried not to choke him as one hand threaded through silky blond hair. Fingers started to play with his balls, occasionally slipping teasingly further back, expertly seeking out all of Harry's most sensitive spots. Harry threw his head back against the pillow, pleasure building in his veins—

And then there was a loud knock on the door. "Happy birthday, pup!" Sirius called loudly, banging another couple times for good measure. Draco choked, scrambling back off Harry's cock, spit trailing from his mouth. "Ceri's making pancakes, come down when you're ready!"

Then it went silent outside, and Harry looked down at Draco, still kneeling between his legs, though Harry's erection had deflated at the sound of his godfather's voice.

"He knew you were in here," Harry realised, utterly mortified. "He would've come in otherwise." Draco went bright red, wiping at his mouth.

"He can't," he denied, shaking his head. "I— surely he didn't—" But he trailed off at Harry's knowing look; Sirius absolutely *would* have noticed Draco sneaking over, and decided a loud interruption was in order.

Fucking Marauders.

"I can never look him in the eye again," Draco groaned, and Harry laughed. He reached down, hauling his boyfriend up to eye-level, feeling a little silly with his boxers still hooked around one ankle.

"Hey, he didn't see anything. He's just guessing," he pointed out, kissing Draco's nose. "He wants a reaction, which is exactly what we're not going to give him." He winked, green eyes full of challenge. "Put that Slytherin mask to good use, yeah?"

It took a little more encouragement, but eventually Harry sent Draco back off to his own room to get dressed, and when he came down for breakfast Harry just smiled at his godfather, hugging him around the shoulders. "Morning, Pads. Thanks for knocking for me; I overslept a bit," he said brightly, internally laughing at the taken-aback expression on Sirius' face. "Ooh, blueberry pancakes! Thanks, Ceri."

The house elf grinned brightly, and Harry took his usual seat, smiling as the rest of the household wished him happy birthday, kissing Draco as if it was his first time seeing him that day.

All through breakfast, Sirius looked between Harry and Draco as if expecting one of them to break, but they had not studied under Severus Snape for nothing.