

Grinning, he skimmed a hand over Draco's back, gently shaking the Slytherin's shoulder. A rush of fondness flooded him as that perfect pink mouth screwed up in a frown, eyes blinking open in disgruntlement that immediately softened at the sight of Harry. "You're smiling," he murmured, reaching a hand up to run his thumbs over Harry's lips. "That's... not what I expected."

Harry chuckled, kissing him quickly. "I feel okay, I think," he said. "I think—it's going to be a good day."

Draco rolled onto his back, arching up in a stretch that made his spine click horrendously but also made his t-shirt ride up and expose the V of his hipbone. "Well, if the *saviour* has decreed it, it shall be so," he declared magnanimously. "What are we doing, on this good day of ours?"

"Breakfast, first," Harry told him, "then quidditch. Then... we'll see how it goes." He leered, and Draco smirked up at him rakishly.

"I like the sound of all of those things. Guess we'd better get up."

Downstairs, Harry's good mood was almost dented by the *Prophet* headline declaring Dumbledore's death, promising a full account of the story within. But the second, smaller headline perked him up.

The Ministerial vote would be happening on the 30th of August.

He leaned in a bit to get a better look, and Snape eyed him over the top of the paper. "Amelia will win," he said confidently. "The only person running against her is that idiot Hawthorne from the Order."

Harry vaguely remembered the man; he was one of Dumbledore's lackeys, one who had gone with Alastor Moody after the attack on Hogsmeade.

He didn't stand a chance against Amelia Bones.

Bolstered by that knowledge, he sat down, immediately presented with a stack of pancakes and a cup of tea. "Master Harry is not getting pancakes on his birthday," Ceri said. "But it is better late than never!"

Her huge eyes were hopeful, waiting for Harry's response. He beamed at her. "Brilliant, thanks Ceri. I've missed your cooking."

It seemed that was the perfect thing to say, as the elf quietly wriggled with delight before hurrying back to the stove.

They chatted over breakfast, about inconsequential things. Harry was inordinately grateful that they weren't looking at him like he was about to crack.

He had devoted enough pain and grief to Albus Dumbledore in his life. The man didn't deserve any more now he was dead.