

## Chapter 107

Harry's first thought in the morning was to wonder where the hell he was. The second was that he really had to stop falling asleep crying in Draco's arms — it was starting to become a habit.

Draco was still asleep when he woke, and he laid in bed for a while, glad to be back in his own room. He hadn't realised how suffocating the castle had begun to feel, his brain still in war-mode long after the battle had ended. Here he could relax. He could start returning to normality.

He snorted quietly. What the hell even was that, for Harry James Potter??

He watched Draco, the blond's face relaxed in slumber. Watched the steady rise and fall of his chest, the way his arm stretched out towards Harry even while unconscious. He was so fucking *pretty*, face all high cheekbones and strong jaw, what had been pointy as an eleven year-old now evened out into features photographers would weep over. Narrow, sculpted shoulders and the smooth slope of his back, hitting a quidditch player's arse and thighs, toned and pale. Certainly the prettiest person Harry had ever seen.

But he drooled in his sleep, and despite all his excessive skincare rituals — or perhaps because Harry kept making him forget about his excessive skincare rituals — there was a smattering of acne flaring on the right side of his chin. His nose was a little crooked, where it had broken by his father's hand as a child. He was eighty percent limbs, all of which seemed to find a way to jab into Harry while they slept. He kicked the covers to the bottom of the bed every damn night, except when it was cold and then he stole them all for himself. There were marks on his skin now, war wounds he hadn't had the time to heal properly, silvery scars only noticeable if you got up close.

He wasn't flawless. He wasn't perfect. But Harry loved every last bit of him.

Normality was this, perhaps. Watching Draco sleep beside him, relishing in the quiet calm. Getting up and going downstairs where Ceri would have breakfast ready. Going for a fly, perhaps. God, he hadn't been on his broom in what felt like forever.

He had tryouts for the England national team in a few weeks. Was that normality? Either way he should probably get some practice in. Oliver would kill him if he didn't show his best.

All of those things — quidditch and friends and family — those were all normality. Going back to school would be normality.

Now, going to Wizengamot meetings was normality.

He had a life. And with Dumbledore gone, he could finally stop worrying about the ghosts from his past and actually *live* it.