

He manhandled Harry until the Gryffindor was lying against his chest, Draco's hand stroking through his hair. Harry let his eyes fall half-shut, wishing he didn't have such horrifying images in his head when he did. "Fucking Voldemort," he growled. "I had such a nice birthday, too." Why did he have to ruin everything?

Draco had no response, and the pair lay there for a while in silence, Draco just stroking Harry's hair as the shudders slowly faded from his body. Even the goblins didn't have an answer for why Harry felt an echo of Voldemort's Cruciatus curses in visions, but it often left him with muscle spasms the morning after a vision.

At seven, Harry gave up on even the vaguest hope of going back to sleep, sitting up and stretching out his arms. "I'm gonna take a shower," he declared, pressing a kiss to Draco's lips. "I'd ask you to join me, but..."

"Visions are a bit of a mood-killer," Draco finished knowingly. "It's fine."

They got out of bed, and while Harry grabbed his dressing gown and a new towel, Draco put on just enough of last night's clothes to have the important parts covered as he snuck back to his own room.

Showered and feeling a little better, Harry went down to the kitchen. Remus and Snape were the only ones up, and they both looked at him in mild surprise. "Harry," Remus greeted. "I thought you'd have a lie in this morning."

"So did I," Harry replied bitterly. "But Voldemort decided to give me a birthday present. Nothing we can do," he added as both men tensed. "But that poor muggle family... I don't even know who they were." Likely Voldemort had some reason for choosing them in particular, but it was a mystery to Harry.

"Oh, cub, I'm sorry." Remus hugged him, and Ceri floated over a cup of tea. "I... are you sure you don't want to do the ritual with the goblins? I hate that you're having to suffer through all of these visions."

"These visions save lives, Moony," Harry insisted. "I can't give that up just so I can sleep a bit better."

Remus levelled him with a searching look, but eventually sighed, shaking his head. "There's no convincing you, is there?"

"He's a Gryffindor, Remus. Are you surprised?" Snape muttered wryly.

Draco joined them, and neither of the adults seemed surprised that he already knew about Harry's vision. Harry was too tired to be embarrassed by that.

When Sirius came down, he was grinning widely, clearly ready to start throwing around innuendo — then he saw the looks on the rest of their faces, and his smile faded. "What's wrong?"