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As was tradition at this point, Harry and Draco headed out to the quidditch pitch to go fly together. “I have to say,” Harry said, capturing Draco’s mouth as they hovered side by side, ten feet in the air, “it’s much better having you here all day on my birthday.”

“Good to hear you’re not sick of me yet,” Draco agreed dryly, kissing him again. He had already veto-ed both of them climbing onto Harry’s Firebolt to make out properly, so this was the closest alternative. Harry was offended at the insinuation that he’d lose control of his broom at the slightest distraction, and already had plans for the Room of Requirement when they got back to school.

He would show Draco *exactly* what he was capable of on a broom. Give him something else to fantasise over during the next Slytherin/Gryffindor match.

“It’s only fair that I get to be here the whole day, considering you’re making me share you with the rest of your friends this evening,” the Slytherin mock-pouted, and Harry laughed.

“They’re *our* friends, not mine — don’t front, you like them. Even Neville.” Harry knew better. Draco liked the heirs and he couldn’t hide it.

“They’re not as bad as I anticipated,” Draco said, which was practically a glowing endorsement.

Harry smiled at him, drifting higher, beckoning Draco to follow him. “I’ve never had a birthday party before,” he said, excitement bubbling up within him at the prospect of being surrounded by all his friends on his birthday. “Not a proper one. The closest I’ve ever come is having you and your mum over. Most of my birthdays I was just alone in my cupboard.”

Draco’s face morphed into a mixture of sadness and anger, and Harry swooped closer to kiss him again. “Hey, it’s okay,” he soothed. “I’m free of them, now.” He hadn’t told Draco much about his life at the Dursleys, but between the scars and some of Harry’s off-hand comments over the years, the Slytherin had pieced most of it together. “Better late than never, right? This is for the best, anyway — if I’d had a birthday party when I started Hogwarts, it would’ve just been Ron and Hermione.” Draco made a face in response.

“I suppose,” he relented, softening. “I promise you’ll never spend another birthday alone. Even if it’s just the two of us.” Grey eyes sparkled. “Wait until we’re old enough to legally apparate,” he declared, “I’ll spoil you rotten. As you deserve.”

Harry smiled just imagining it; Draco taking him out on some fancy date for his birthday, threatening to hex the nosy reporters that would inevitably follow Harry around in public as they always did; maybe going back to their house for a party with their family and friends.

It sounded incredible.

“And *you* wait until we’re graduated and your birthday doesn’t clash with the start of exams,” he drawled in return. He still felt guilty for not doing anything special for Draco’s sixteenth.