

“Goodnight, pup,” Sirius murmured, reaching up to squeeze his knee. “Night, Draco.”

“Goodnight.” Harry looked around the room one last time — not memorising faces, not that he’d admit to, but just getting his fill of this moment, his family.

Then he took Draco by the hand, and led him upstairs.

Neville and Ginny followed soon after — evidently Harry’s departure had been the catalyst for everyone else’s — but they didn’t say anything to each other, and by wordless agreement the partition was raised and warded as soon as all four were in the room.

With it, Harry could forget about anyone on the other side of the makeshift wall. His world narrowed down to just him and Draco, their gasps and sighs filling the still night as they made love, holding each other with an edge of desperation that neither had the strength to hide.

And when they were sated, curled together under a thin sheet in the summer heat, they still didn’t speak. What could they say that hadn’t been said? They kissed, and they closed their eyes, and they breathed.

A long night was coming. Best to rest while they could.

## Chapter End Notes

...Sorry :P Have a great and safe weekend, folks, and I hope 2022 starts well for you all  
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