

It was by far the most Harry had ever been given on his birthday, and he wasn't even done yet!

Full of excitement, he bounded down the stairs and beamed when he saw Sirius at the breakfast table. "I figured if there's ever a time I can get away with sulking in my room the whole day, it's your birthday," the animagus teased, opening his arms for a hug. "Happy birthday, kiddo!"

Instead of waiting his turn for a hug, Remus merely wrapped his arms around both of them, kissing Harry's hair. "Happy birthday." He let go, nudging Harry to sit down in front of his plate of pancakes, overloaded with cream and fruit. "What do you want to do today, Harry?"

Harry bit his lip; he'd been hoping one of them might tell him about a surprise, like last year. "What are my options?"

"Same as usual," Remus replied, shrugging. "Flying, swimming, playing with Buckbeak. Maybe a trip to the cinema, if we're careful." Harry tried not to let his face fall.

"Or you could stay here and wait for your visitors to arrive," Snape drawled from behind his copy of the *Prophet*, eyes glittering.

Harry lit up, practically bouncing in his seat. There were only two people who would visit Seren Du. Sirius laughed. "I think that's decided it," he teased, making Harry blush. "It's fine, it's fine — you'd rather spend your birthday with your *boyfriend*, we get it."

Suddenly, Harry wondered if it was a good idea to have Draco over, with Sirius and Remus around. The teasing was bad enough when it was just Harry talking to them about the Slytherin.

Pretending his cheeks weren't as red as the strawberries on his plate, he wolfed down his breakfast. "They should be here in half an hour or so," Sirius declared, a wave of his wand summoning a stack of wrapped presents as soon as Ceri cleared the table. "Just enough time to give you these."

Opening presents in front of the three men was slightly less awkward than last year, now he was a little more used to them spoiling him. Defence books, some prank items, and a set of duelling robes that had to have cost a pretty penny. "This is brilliant, thank you guys," Harry gushed, beaming when Sirius ruffled his hair.

"Only the best for our pup turning fifteen! Love you, kiddo. Let Ceri put those away, let's go wait outside for your *boyfriend*." The dog animagus laughed, dodging the elbow Harry aimed at his ribs. Nonetheless, Harry followed him outside to the front drive, wandlessly summoning a bright red rubber bone from a few feet away. He'd bought it as a joke present for Sirius' last birthday, only for the man to become surprisingly attached to the thing. Harry flung it across the grass, watching his godfather transform mid-stride and go bounding after it.

Padfoot's inky fur gleamed in the summer sunlight; even as a dog, his improvement in the last year was obvious. Sirius hardly even looked like a man who had seen Azkaban anymore