

Chapter 104

Chapter Notes

Here we go, folks~

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In the midst of it all, in the fear and uncertainty and quiet but frantic preparation, most people forgot it was Neville Longbottom's birthday.

In their little private oasis in the Gryffindor dorm, they didn't. In the morning, Harry took down the partition — after knocking first, of course — and revealed a little cupcake with a single candle sticking out of it, a quiet grin on his face.

Neville was bleary-eyed and shirtless, his hair sticking up all over the place and the most enormous hickey on his collarbone that Harry tried not to stare at too much. “Wha?” he murmured when Harry held out the cupcake. Beside him, also shirtless, wearing a pair of Gryffindor boxers that were probably Neville's, Ginny giggled.

“Happy birthday, Nev,” Harry chirped. Neville blinked owlishly.

“Oh, yeah. Thanks, guys.”

“Make a wish,” Ginny pestered, plastering herself over his back as he stared at the cheerfully dancing candle flame.

Neville's gaze finally sharpened, and when he blew out the candle, Harry could make a pretty good guess what he'd wished for.

“What time do you come of age?” Draco asked, stretching out his arms and cracking his neck. Ginny giggled again, louder this time.

“D’you need a Nail Clipping charm, Harry?” she asked, apropos of nothing. Harry stared at her, bewildered.

“What?”

She nodded towards Draco, and Harry watched his boyfriend dig around the dresser for his clothes, admiring his arse in those bright green boxers — and then trailing his gaze up over the red scratch-marks still visible over his shoulders. Harry blushed, glaring at the redheaded girl.

“Shut up,” he muttered petulantly. “Like you can talk; Nev looks like he’s been mauled.”