

Draco groaned anyway, burrowing his face in Harry's neck. Harry laughed, rolling them over to pin Draco to the mattress playfully. "Come on, it's Christmas!" he wheedled. "The sooner we get up, the sooner there's presents!"

That perked Draco up a little bit. "Only once everyone else is up," he pointed out. "No one is allowed to touch their presents until Mother has had her coffee."

Considering Sirius' childhood festivities had been almost as depressing as Harry's, they were modelling their new family traditions on the Malfoy household's way of celebrating the winter season — namely, celebrating both Yule and Christmas. According to Sirius and Remus, the Potters had done something similar; the solstice held the burning of the Yule Log, the traditional dinner of roast boar, the midnight ritual to strengthen magic on the Longest Night and ask for blessings to help them through the deepest part of winter. Then, Christmas Day would hold gift-giving and another big dinner, in the traditions Harry was more familiar with.

As far as he was concerned, it meant double the celebrations, so Harry was more than happy to adopt this form of holiday cheer. The Yule ritual had been a real eye-opener; his magic still felt like it was buzzing a little, even now.

There was a loud knock on the door, startling both boys. "I hope you're decent!" was all the warning Sirius gave them before opening the door, and Harry laughed — if they weren't, the dog animagus would have never made it through Harry's wards and both of them knew it. "Merry Christmas, boys!"

"Merry Christmas, Sirius," Harry chirped brightly, rolling off Draco and dragging himself into a sitting position. Draco just buried his face in Harry's hip, making them both laugh.

"Come on, kiddo," Sirius teased, playfully yanking Draco's leg beneath the duvet. "Ceri's got breakfast going and coffee brewing."

"Fine, fine, I'm getting up," Draco relented, yawning.

"I expect you both down in ten minutes, alright?" Sirius instructed, grinning devilishly. "Don't get *distracted*."

Harry tossed a pillow at him, sending the laughing man from the room.

With the promise of delicious food and presents, they didn't linger in bed, putting dressing gowns on over their pyjamas. Apparently Lucius Malfoy had been insistent that everyone be fully dressed for Christmas breakfast, and that was one aspect of the tradition the remaining Malfoys were happy to throw out the window.

The kitchen was full when they reached it, the air full of incredible smells. Sure enough, Narcissa had a mug of strong coffee cradled in her hands, looking unfairly elegant in a silver velvet dressing gown over her blue silk pyjamas. It was something in the Black genes, Harry decided — even Sirius, hair loose and wearing a grey t-shirt and red plaid pyjama bottoms, looked the kind of attractively dishevelled that Harry would never be able to accomplish.