

moonrise. He looked across the table at Sirius, who offered him a small grin. “You should take a nap, pup,” the dog animagus suggested. “Save your energy for tonight.”

Harry scoffed; as if he could sleep with all this anticipation running through his veins. But then Draco’s hand slipped into his, squeezing gently.

Maybe he could nap with company, Harry mused.

“You’ll come get me when it’s time?” he checked, and Sirius barked a laugh.

“Of course,” he promised. “Go on. We’ve a few hours yet.”

Harry still set an alarm, just in case. He didn’t want to miss a single second of this.

With Draco’s body twined with his, thin fingers carding gently through his hair, Harry managed to drift off for a while, dreams full of abstract flashes of grass and trees and the feeling of being on four paws. When he woke to the beeping of his alarm clock, he found himself with his face buried in the hollow of Draco’s throat. He sat up, and the blond blinked dazedly up at him.

“You’re off, then?” Draco asked, voice husky with sleep. Harry nodded. “Mm, be safe. Have fun. Don’t die.”

The Gryffindor snickered, leaning down to press a chaste kiss to his boyfriend’s lips. “Will you be here when I get back?”

Those lips curled into a smile. “I’m far too comfortable to move now,” Draco assured. Harry grinned wider, and a wave of his hand transfigured Draco’s shirt and trousers into much more comfortable pyjamas. “Thank you. Go play in the woods now,” Draco dismissed, eyes already falling shut again. Harry kissed him one last time, unable to help himself, then shuffled off the bed and let him to sleep.

Sirius was in the hallway, clearly on his way to retrieve Harry, and he beamed at his godson. “You ready, pup?”

Harry matched his expression. “More than.” He fell into step beside the older man. “You’ll have to give me a proper nickname eventually, y’know,” he said, and Sirius rolled his eyes.

“Prongs came up with all the nicknames,” he revealed, running a hand through his hair. “Moony and I were shit at it. Honestly, some of the attempts we made...” He snorted, smile turning a little sad, and Harry’s heart clenched.

“You never told me that.” They’d always made the nicknames sound like a group effort.

“Yeah. So we can give you a nickname if you really want it, but you might regret asking,” Sirius said teasingly. “Or we can take Severus’ suggestion, just call you and your boy Mischief and Mayhem. Since that’s all you seem to cause,” he added with a wink.

That startled a laugh out of Harry. “I think Draco might take offence to that.” The Slytherin regularly maintained that any *ridiculousness* was entirely Harry’s doing, and he just got