

There was an empty seat waiting for him at the Gryffindor table, and he stepped gracefully over the bench, bum barely touching wood before he was being kissed firmly. “Happy birthday, love,” Harry murmured. “I’ll give you your present after classes, yeah?”

A tiny, childish part of Draco wanted to pout and demand it *now*, but he pushed down the urge. He was an adult now, he could wait.

His present might not be something fit for public consumption, after all.

Several others sat at the Gryffindor table wished him birthday greetings, Ginny even conjuring a ridiculous spray of green and silver confetti that he would no doubt spend the next several days finding on his person.

It amazed him, sometimes, how comfortable he had come to be sat at the table of red and gold, a place he had long regarded as the seat of his enemies. How things had changed.

The morning post came, though there was nothing for Draco. He hadn’t expected it. His mother’s present — along with presents from anyone else in the family who thought to send something — was waiting in his godfather’s quarters, where he would go to safely await his maturation.

Again, once upon a time he might have kicked up a fuss about not getting such things in public where everyone around him could be jealous. But he wasn’t the spoiled brat he had once been, and over the years he’d learned the joys of keeping things private.

“Here, something you can have now, though,” Harry whispered conspiratorially, pressing something into Draco’s hand beneath the table. Draco glanced down — it was the two-way mirror. “Your mum’s expecting a call sometime this morning.”

Draco’s breath hitched — he would get to speak to his mother on his birthday, see her face. “And this isn’t my present?” he checked, amazed. Harry laughed softly.

“Course not, silly. This is just me wanting your mum to like me,” he joked.

“My mother adores you and we both know it.” Far more than they expected, far more than Draco had ever dared hope back when he’d first started feeling that fluttery sensation when he looked at Harry Potter.

“Yeah, but this certainly helps.” Then, Harry checked his watch, and groaned. “Ugh, gotta go to Charms.” He squeezed Draco’s thigh, pecking him on the cheek. “Good luck with your magic. I’ll see you at dinner.” A lopsided grin, a wink that still made Draco’s heart flutter even now. “Enjoy your day off.”

“I’m sure I will,” he replied, waving as his boyfriend left, as his friends left with him. The only people who remained were those who had a free period first thing, none of whom Draco was particularly close to. He glanced up at the head table, seeing his godfather striding away from it. He had to teach, too — he couldn’t sit with Draco while he waited for his magic to grow.