

Draco jostled his leg pointedly until Harry dragged himself upright, his glasses crooked on his face. The blond's expression turned fond, his hand reaching out to straighten them, fingers brushing affectionately across Harry's cheek.

It was such an innocent gesture, something he'd done a hundred times before, but for some reason this time it made Harry's breath catch in his throat. Stunned, it took a moment to gather himself — luckily, Draco thought he was just tired.

"You go up," Harry murmured, kissing him softly. "I'll help Pads tidy up in here, meet you in a bit."

The Slytherin cocked his head with a curious expression — they both knew Ceri would clean up once they'd all gone to bed. Then he just shook his head. "Okay. Don't blame me if I'm asleep when you get there." As if to make his point, he yawned, and Harry chuckled.

Remus and Snape bid them goodnight, making their own sleepy way out of the room, and Harry took the record off the player, setting it carefully back in its sleeve.

"What's up, kiddo?" Sirius appeared at his shoulder, voice low, eyes concerned. Harry glanced around — Charlie was nowhere to be seen, either. Evidently Harry was not as subtle as he thought he was.

No matter. They all probably just thought he wanted a quiet moment with his godfather on Christmas. Which wasn't untrue, but...

Harry leaned back against Sirius, looking up at him. "I was wondering... would it be safe for us to take a trip to Gringotts, sometime before I go back to school?" he asked, watching the confusion flicker across his godfather's face. "Just me and you," he clarified.

"I... I don't see why not, yeah. We'd have to time it right, but— it's certainly doable." Sirius frowned, one hand coming to rest in Harry's hair, ruffling it lightly. "Anything in particular you wanted to look at? I—" His expression faltered. "I know things have been a bit of a jumble of everyone's family stuff while we're figuring out how to do the holidays now. If you wanted more Potter stuff involved — there's a Hindu celebration they used to do, but it's in mid-January, so you'll be back at school by then."

"No, no, it's not that," Harry assured. Though he made a mental note to come back to that Hindu celebration thing. "I did want to go to the Potter vault. But it's not about the holidays — this has all been brilliant, honestly." He bundled up the nerves coiling in his belly, along with the words he hadn't even known he'd been bottling up for so long until just now. "I— it's not that I don't want Remus there. Because I really do, he means as much to me as you do, but I don't want to make him keep secrets from Severus, not about this, it's not fair on him—" Harry saw the glint of amusement enter Sirius' eyes, the one that said he was rambling and the older man found it adorable. "I wanted to look at the jewellery. In the Potter vault," he blurted.

The amusement faded, replaced by shock. "Oh. *Oh*." Grey eyes widened. "Are you sure, pup? There's no rush for it." He snorted quietly. "I don't think he's gonna change his mind any time soon."