

They were all sprawled out in various parts of the living room, now; full of food and good cheer and — in some cases — significant amounts of alcohol. Even when Charlie had disappeared for three hours and come back quite a bit drunker than he'd left, confessing to letting the cat out of the bag with his mum and passing on an apologetic message from Arthur Weasley, that wasn't enough to bring Harry's mood down. It was bound to come up eventually, and he didn't really care if Dumbledore figured out he knew the truth about that — he was so close to getting rid of Voldemort he didn't really need the old man to think Harry was oblivious to his inheritance, to the blocks on his magic.

Maybe he'd care a bit more in the morning, when he wasn't quite so tired and blissed out from Christmas, but that was a problem for the future. Right now the only thing he cared about was Draco's hand in his hair, his head in the blond's lap.

He might have laughed, had he seen that on the other sofa, Remus and Snape were in almost the exact same position as he and Draco, the werewolf dozing as Snape's fingers scratched gently at his scalp, a book in the Potions Master's free hand.

"I think I'm going to call it a night," Narcissa sighed, getting to her feet with a graceful stretch. "It's late, and I'm not as young as I used to be."

Several people in the room snorted. "You're young enough that that excuse is bullshit," Sirius told her playfully. "But go on, go to bed. You might have the right idea, to be honest; we leave it much longer and we'll be carrying the boys to their rooms."

"I'm awake," Harry insisted sleepily, eyes still closed. He felt more than heard Draco's chuckle.

"Only barely, by the look of you," Narcissa remarked. There was a shuffling of fabric, and Harry cracked an eye open long enough to see the blonde woman lean down to kiss her son's forehead, then pat Harry's cheek gently. "Goodnight, darlings."

"Goodnight, Mother."

"G'night, Cissa," Harry murmured, smiling slightly.

She left, and Sirius let out a big sigh. "Come on then, you lot. Everyone to bed. Too many damn good mattresses in this place for us all to be sleeping on sofas."

"Now who's not as young as they used to be," Draco teased, yelping at the very weak Tickling charm that earned him. "Rude."

"My godson's a terrible influence on you," Sirius declared. "You never used to be such a mouthy little git."

Harry snorted. "That's what you think. Ow!" Draco poked him in the ribs, jerking him out of his pleasantly sleepy state. "Please, you know I love you *because* you're a mouthy little git, not in spite of it."