

Chapter 82

Chapter Notes

It's birthday time! Ending the week on a good note :)

Also, some of you thought Harry's OWL results were a little overblown, but the way I see it; removing the compulsions, giving him a support network (that he's desperate to make proud) and reinforcing the belief that he has to be the best/strongest he can possibly be in order to defeat Voldemort and save everyone he loves, all that combined seems reasonable to bump everything up a letter grade. And Divination would bump up several because Lavender and Parvati wouldn't let him take the piss like Ron did. So there's my reasoning~ Harry did get mostly Es in canon, after all.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

On the morning of his sixteenth birthday, Harry woke to the sensation of gentle fingers stroking his cheeks and jaw. “Morning, beautiful,” Draco greeted quietly, fuzzy around the edges due to Harry’s lack of glasses. The blond leaned in, kissing him slowly. “Happy birthday.”

“Mm, it certainly is,” Harry agreed, lifting up the duvet so Draco could join him in bed. The Slytherin was a little cold, and eagerly crawled into Harry’s cocoon of blankets, cuddling in close. “What are you doing here?” Despite temptation, and the knowledge that their guardians didn’t really care at this point, Harry had gone to bed alone.

“Wanted to be the first to wish you happy birthday,” Draco murmured, tangling their legs together. “And thought maybe I could give you part of your present early.” His lips brushed the edge of Harry’s mouth.

Harry felt heat rush to his cheeks, even as a different part of him also got a quick rush of blood. His present... they had decided, together, that they were ready to have sex, and decided Harry’s birthday was the day to do it. As much as it seemed a little cliché, doing it as soon as the younger partner turned sixteen... but they wanted it to be special, so prior planning seemed like the way to go.

“Oh,” he breathed, inhaling the scent of Draco’s shampoo as the blond kissed his way down Harry’s neck, sucking right on the spot that felt like a direct line to Harry’s cock. Harry’s breath hitched, his body arching automatically, desperately seeking friction. “I— now? You think?” How early was it? If they missed breakfast, someone would come looking for them.

“I said part of your present,” Draco murmured, though his hand slipped below the waistband of Harry’s boxers. “Not the main present. Consider this a... preview.”