

Traditions

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Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: PG13

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Summary: Harry's made a mistake

Author's Notes: This is for tigerblak because I screwed up the birthday wishes (please forgive me). Thanks to Soph for the quick once over.

Word count: 815

Harry looked over at the bed and felt his heart hit the floor and his libido reach up to try and strangle him at the same time. Neither was a particularly nice sensation and meant that he totally failed to do up his tie. Draco was sitting cross legged in the centre of their bed with the dark green sheet pulled into his lap, but otherwise as naked as the day he was born. The Slytherin looked like a fallen angel with his pale skin, slightly ruffled hair and the memory of the dark mark showing on his arm where he was, for once, not hiding it.

In the bedroom was the only place Draco did not conceal the reminder of his fall from grace, and Harry knew he was the only one who was ever allowed to see it. Looking at it now made him feel even worse because the silence in the bedroom was his fault; he had made a mistake.

It was Draco's birthday and even though they had only been together a little over two years they had a very specific tradition; neither of them would work on either of their birthdays. The idea had originally been Draco's and had seemed important to the Slytherin so Harry had gone along with it, but this year he had cocked up. He had put his holiday request into his boss months ago and it had been signed off, but he had requested the wrong day.

The Ministry booking forms were old fashioned and required the full day name as well as the date and he had requested the right date, but the wrong day. Since the day came first on the form the bureaucrats had taken that and not the date to book him off the next day not Draco's birthday. By the time he had found out it had been too late and even The Destroyer of Voldemort could not get the Ministry holiday booking department to budge.

Hence, after an hour of early morning, mind blowing sex Harry was having to abandon his long term partner and go to work.

Last week when Harry had had to admit the mistake there had been shouting and hexing and accusations about glory hunting, but today it was different; there was just silence. When Draco was annoyed because he did not get his own way there was always pouting and whining; Harry knew first hand that his lover could be a spoiled brat, but not today. That was how he knew how upset Draco really was, because there were no recriminations, no sulking, just quiet acceptance.

Harry worked as an Auror because he was good at it and he felt like he was doing something deserving, but at that moment he felt worse than the darkest Death Eater. There was something about this tradition that meant more to Draco than

lying around in bed half the day and going out for a meal in the most expensive restaurant in Britain and Harry was beginning to realise this. As his hands fell away from his tie the light began to dawn that this was far more important than a couple of illegal potions dealers down Knockturn alley.

Draco was not even looking at him anymore; his lover was staring down at the bed playing with the corner of the sheet. Harry had never seen Draco quite so down, not even when he had been dragged in front of the Wizengamot in chains for being a Death Eater even though he had spent most of the war feeding Harry information. That had been when Harry had threatened to Stupefy every last bureaucrat in the Ministry if they did not drop the stupid charges and release Draco that minute. It had been an interesting day that one.

Before he could rationalise himself out of it Harry scrambled out of his clothes far faster than he had crawled into them. Draco usually had a fit if he left things on the floor, but he didn't think his lover would mind this time and he walked over to the bed without a stitch on. It was not until he was standing at the end of the piece of furniture that Draco noticed he was not leaving and for once he saw surprise on his lover's face.

"They can fire me," Harry said as Draco just blinked at him; "you're more important."

Harry had always been a little obsessive about his job, even he could admit that and it took a few moments for the message to get through to Draco. It was like watching the sun come up as a smile burst across Draco's face and in that moment Harry knew he was loved. He could feel it like he had never felt it before and he understood completely that he was right where he was supposed to be.

The End