

hoping he wasn't pushing too far. Sirius didn't always want sex on Cold days, but sometimes...

Sirius' eyes lit up, and he arched up against Charlie's side. "Perfect," he agreed, hand coming up to cradle Charlie's jaw, bringing him down into a kiss. "So *fucking* perfect."

It was, Charlie thought. It really, really was.

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Draco's shoulders ached, but his jaw was clenched indignantly as he dragged himself up off the floor.

Severus had beaten him, again.

"Better," his godfather said curtly, and Draco glared at him.

"I barely lasted two minutes."

"When Harry started, he lasted half that time," Severus returned instantly. That didn't make Draco feel better.

"When Harry started, he was thirteen," he grumbled. He should be better than this — he should be able to hold his own in a fight against a Death Eater! If even fucking *Longbottom* could do it—

No, that wasn't fair. Neville had improved enormously since getting a new wand. And likely the Death Eaters they faced at the Ministry weren't as exacting and punishing as Severus Snape in training mode.

But Draco should still be doing better.

"Take a break," Severus instructed. "I need to put Harry through his paces."

Across the room, Harry groaned, but Draco could see the light dancing in his boyfriend's eyes. He enjoyed this, the weirdo. He loved getting to duel, even if Severus still handed him his arse nine times out of ten.

He could last a lot longer than Draco did.

It was hard, training with someone like Harry. Years ago, Draco might have gotten unbearably jealous — the Gryffindor had power *pouring* off him, seeping from his every pore, eager to jump to life in a fight. He was light on his feet and quick to learn and surprisingly innovative when panicking.

But Draco couldn't be jealous, not really, not when he knew where those instincts had been born.

But it was frustrating. He had insisted on joining Harry's training so he could protect his boyfriend — now he just felt like he was holding him back.