

“You really think I could be happy hiding in some safe-house while you get all the glory by facing the Dark Lord?” Draco retorted lightly, his silver eyes fixed intently on Harry, saying everything that wasn’t coming out of his mouth. “I’m going to have to be open about my loyalties eventually. I’m not cut out to be a spy like Uncle Severus.” He took Harry’s hand in both of his, bringing it up to kiss the knuckles. “When the time comes, I will be by your side. Stopping your idiot Gryffindor arse from getting hexed to death before you can off the bastard.”

Despite his derisive tone, his words took Harry’s breath away. He almost responded by blurting out three little words it was *definitely* too soon for, but he held his tongue and just kissed him instead, trying to push everything he felt into the kiss. Draco groaned, pulling Harry closer and tangling his fingers in dark hair. Harry was pretty sure he got his point across.