

Harry was smiling before he'd even turned around; Draco was leaning in the doorway, his grey eyes fixed on Harry. "Draco!" Harry sprinted towards him, barrelling into the blond with a soft 'oof'. "How long were you watching?"

"Only a few minutes." Draco's hands came to his shoulders, his smile softening as he leaned in for a kiss. "That's a bit more than you taught me and the HA."

Harry flushed. "I, uh, I've been at this a while."

Draco looked past him, at Snape. "I want to learn." Harry jolted in surprise, but when he looked at Snape the man was merely nodding, lips thin.

"Considering you're likely to spend any future battles at this fool's side, it would do well for you to be adequately prepared," he agreed. "I will speak to your mother." Then he smiled, infinitesimally small. "It is good to see you well, Draco."

"You too, Uncle Sev."

"Potter." Harry straightened up expectantly. "You're dismissed, for now." An amused smirk. "I know better than to expect you not to be distracted should I send Draco away."

Harry couldn't even deny it, and laughed softly. "Thank you, sir."

"Is Narcissa with you, Draco?" Snape asked, putting his wand away.

"Down in the conservatory with Sirius," came Draco's immediate response. Snape nodded, and Harry felt that was their cue to leave, so he grabbed Draco by the hand and tugged him towards the stairs.

They ended up in Harry's bedroom, and Harry shut the door by pressing Draco back against it, crowding him in a slow kiss. God, he'd missed this boy. "I'm so glad you're safe," he murmured, hands resting on Draco's hips. "When Snape told us about the Manor wards, I was worried."

"Mother had it handled," Draco assured. "I... I've never seen you duel like that before." There was awe in his eyes, and it made Harry blush. Of course, Draco hadn't been at the Department of Mysteries. He'd never seen Harry in a real fight.

"I'm not as good as Snape," he insisted. "I think he goes easy on me sometimes, even when he says he's not."

Draco snorted. "Uncle Severus doesn't lie to spare egos, Potter." He shook his head slightly, still looking amazed. "All my life, I've watched men who are obsessed with power. Men who are addicted to it, who will do anything they can to get more of it. Who will flaunt their power over others. And you... you have *so much power* and you don't even care about it."

"Power is only good if you can use it to protect those who don't have it," Harry retorted, watching Draco's smile widen a fraction.