"What now?" he grumbled, getting to his feet. Remus stayed carefully out of sight, ready to duck into the bedroom should it be someone who wasn't supposed to know he was there. To his surprise, it was Draco Malfoy. "Uncle Severus," the boy breathed desperately.

Severus ushered his godson into the room, shutting the door. "What's the matter?" he asked, concern in his dark eyes. "Is something wrong?"

"Someone's trying to kill Harry, aren't they?" Draco said, his already pale face near-transparent with fear. "Getting him involved in this *bloody* tournament. Is it my father's fault? Is this what he's been planning all summer? I should've tried harder to listen in— I could have stopped this!"

Severus brought Draco into a firm hug; probably the only person other than Remus he'd willingly show such affection to. "Draco," he murmured, one hand on the boy's hair. "This is not your fault. I doubt it's your father, either — Lucius is far too much of a braggart to have planned something like this without getting me involved." Remus stifled a snort. "Whoever put Harry's name in the Goblet is likely out to harm him, yes. But it's nothing you could have prevented." He released Draco to look him in the eye. "Draco, you must be careful. If there are Death Eaters in the castle that we don't know about, they could be watching you. It wouldn't do for someone to go to your father with word of your… change in loyalties."

If possible, Draco got even paler, but he clenched his jaw and nodded tightly. "I'll be discreet," he promised. "I— you'll tell me if you learn anything, won't you? About Harry?"

"Potter's circumstances are not yours to worry about," Severus pointed out, his voice surprisingly gentle. "All you need to do is support him, and keep yourself safe. No one can know how you feel about him."

That finally brought some colour to the young Malfoy's face, his cheeks turning pink. "Uncle Severus, I—" Draco sighed. "I suppose." He looked up, his eyes finally landing on Remus, and his shoulders tensed as he realised the Gryffindor had witnessed everything. "Professor Lupin, I…"

"I'm not your professor anymore, Draco," Remus said warmly. "I told you in the summer, you're welcome to call me Remus. Don't mind me here, I didn't want to interrupt. But I am glad Harry has you to look out for him." He gave the boy a knowing look, and Draco's blush rose higher.

"Well, the idiot Gryffindor isn't very good at looking out for himself, is he?" he muttered. He took a step back, reaching half-heartedly towards the door. "I should go to bed. I'm sorry for disturbing your evening."

"Nonsense," Remus waved him off. "Severus is your godfather, you have every right to come to him. If you need some privacy…"

Draco shook his head. "It's almost curfew, I really should go." What little vulnerability the boy had dared show his godfather was locked up tight at the presence of a near-stranger. It made Remus' chest ache, but he didn't blame the boy.