

What to do with his morning, then?

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Having a whole day off classes wasn't nearly as fun as he'd anticipated, Draco decided; largely because everyone else was still going through a normal school day.

He called his mother from Uncle Severus' private quarters, surrounded by wrapping paper and presents — presents from Sev, from his mother, but also from Sirius and Remus and more Weasleys than he'd ever anticipated, from Andromeda and Tonks and Kingsley.

His mother had laughed fondly, teasing him for making a mess, and cooed with appropriate enthusiasm over each and every present. The brand new watch on his wrist, a gorgeous black and silver creation with the Draco constellation studded in tiny diamonds on the face, felt strange and heavy with the weight of its symbolism, catching the light every time he moved his arm, reminding him that he was seventeen now. An adult in the eyes of the world. Old enough to be Lord Malfoy, as soon as the Wizengamot was safe to enter.

Old enough to start leaving his mark.

They talked for a while, and Sirius popped in to wish Draco well too, but then the morning drew on and the time drew nearer, so Draco ended the call and placed the mirror somewhere safe, somewhere away.

He wasn't sure how his magic might react to his maturation, how the magic around him might respond. Severus had accounted for this, setting up the spare bedroom of his quarters without anything magical inside it. Draco sprawled out on the bed, his wrist already feeling naked without his new watch. He stared at the muggle clock on the wall, and waited.

When it hit, it was less... dramatic than he anticipated.

Of course, he knew it wasn't going to be some flashy light show or miraculous influx of strength. While the maturation hit at the moment of birth, his body had been preparing for it for years now.

It was weirdly like an orgasm, without the pleasure. The white hot rush of *something* from the tips of his toes to the roots of his hair, pulsing through him as magic burned new pathways and filled his body. The bed beneath him rattled, but didn't break. The clock on the wall shattered. With nothing else in the room, he didn't get to see if his boost would be enough to cause damage worth bragging about.

It didn't feel as foreign as he thought it might. The magic within him, while stronger than he'd ever felt before, was like a long awaited growth spurt; now it had happened, he felt more like *himself* than ever.

He smiled, sparks tickling over the backs of his hands. This was the kind of power he needed to keep Harry safe.