

haphazard. The Slytherin's eyes widened at the sight of his unexpected visitor. "Harry! How'd you get in here?"

"Slytherin's heir, remember?" Harry teased, striding over. He sat on the edge of the bed, reaching out to stroke Draco's cheek gently. His skin was a little warm. "How are you feeling, love?"

Draco groaned quietly. "Like I've been hit with about eight bludgers," he admitted honestly. "How was the match? I heard you won." His glare was about as powerful as a kitten's, and Harry's heart melted.

"We did. Sorry." He toed off his shoes, and leaned in to kiss Draco's forehead. "Brought you a present, though." Removing the shrunken blanket from his pocket, he returned it to its usual size as he shook it out, draping it over Draco's bed. "Thought you could borrow it 'til you feel better."

Draco's breath hitched as he looked down at the blanket. Harry didn't doubt that by Christmas Draco would have one of his own, but still; it was the thought that counted. "Oh," he murmured. "I— thank you. You didn't have to." He frowned slightly. "Shouldn't you be partying up in your tower, right about now? How late is it?"

Harry chuckled, running a fond hand through his boyfriend's mussed hair. "I partied for a little while. But I was worried about you. I know Blaise said you were fine, but... it's not like you to miss quidditch." It wasn't like Draco to get sick.

"These things happen, sometimes," Draco grouched. "Pomfrey says it's just a virus, should work its way through my system in a day or so. I just wish taking potions would help any."

"It's no fun, being sick," Harry sympathised, and the kitten-glare returned.

"You wouldn't know, you've never been sick a day in your life."

That was true — even at the Dursleys, Harry had never got ill, even when everyone in the house had come down with something. He'd had infections due to injuries, and had the usual side effects from starvation and dehydration, but colds and viruses and stomach bugs had always passed him by.

"Still." Harry frowned slightly. "Hey, budge over."

It took a little nudging, getting Draco to shift over enough for Harry to burrow under the blankets beside him, pulling the blond's head gently down to his chest. Draco gave a weak protest. "Don't wanna give you my germs," he insisted, but Harry just kissed his hair and held him closer.

"We just established I don't get sick," he pointed out. "And if I do, I'll deal with it." Missing a day or two of classes wouldn't be the end of the world.

Draco sighed, the argument apparently over, and curled into Harry's side. He was warm — too warm, really — but Harry could feel his faint shivers. He stroked the blond's hair