

He ate mechanically, half propped up by Draco, wondering how the hell a day that had started out so wonderful could end so tragically.

“I was going to go up to the Hospital Wing, to visit Daphne,” Draco told him quietly. “Did you want to come with me? Pomfrey can get you checked out properly.”

Harry groaned, but nodded — the mediwitch was bound to get him eventually. Might as well get it over with. And he *was* pretty sore.

Then the rest of the sentence filtered through his foggy brain, and he stiffened. “Daphne’s up there? Is she okay?”

“She will be in a few days. She got caught by an Entrail-Expelling curse, but whoever cast it botched it, so it was reversible.”

Harry’s stomach knotted tight in horrified sympathy. “Fuck.” That was incredibly lucky. Draco nodded, eyes hollow.

“Yeah. You coming?”

As always, eyes followed Harry on his way out of the hall. But this time, instead of being suspicious or accusing, they were all filled with respect.

The Hospital Wing was far more full than Harry would have liked to see, most of the beds curtained off as their occupants rested. Daphne was at the far end, in the same bed Harry usually ended up in. Luna was sat in a chair beside the bed, braiding glittering purple wool into Daphne’s hair. At the foot of the bed, Astoria Greengrass sat with her knees tucked up beneath her, worried gaze stuck on her sister.

“Oh, good. I was hoping Mr Malfoy might be able to bring you up here tonight,” Pomfrey said to Harry, patting the bed beside Daphne expectantly. “Come on, let’s get this over with.”

Daphne gave a weak smile at Harry’s grumbling. “It’ll go quicker if you quit bitching, you know,” she teased. Her face was pale, the sheets pulled up to her chin, but she looked in fairly good spirits for a girl who had almost died.

“Can I help with anything, Madam Pomfrey?” Draco asked politely, and Pomfrey shook her head.

“Be glad you’re not sat right here next to Mr Potter — don’t think I didn’t notice you healing your own curse wounds down in the village.”

Harry turned accusing eyes on his boyfriend. “What curse wounds?” He hadn’t seen more than a few bruises on the blond when they’d snuck off to the prefect’s bathroom to clean themselves up, once they got back to the castle.

“Minor things,” Draco assured evasively. “As Madam Pomfrey said, I healed them all.”

That wasn’t nearly as reassuring as he probably thought it was. “You should have said something.”