

“That’s good.” Poor Madam Pomfrey looked rushed off her feet. “I... have you seen Hannah?” He couldn’t see the Hufflepuff heir anywhere in the ward. Perhaps she was behind one of the curtained-off beds?

“Dobby moved her to a private room, once she was done at the Wardstone,” Narcissa assured. “Madam Pomfrey checked on her a little while ago; she’s sleeping. Which is exactly what you two should be doing,” she added sternly.

“I had to see you were alright,” Draco protested. Narcissa patted his hand.

“And now you have, so you can go to bed.”

“If you insist, Mother.” Draco leaned down, kissing her cheek. “We’ll see you later.”

Harry was starting to lose his already tentative hold on his awareness, dazedly saying goodbye to Narcissa and letting Draco lead him away. He was mentally cognisant enough to pull up a shortcut to Gryffindor — though how much of that was him and how much was the castle, he couldn’t be sure. The Fat Lady tutted sympathetically, swinging open to let them in, and Harry stumbled through the portrait hole on clumsy legs. Draco chuckled, arm sliding around his waist.

“Come on, love. Let’s go try not to drown you in the shower, yeah?”

Getting up the stairs was a battle in itself, and Harry very much wanted to just collapse in bed, but Draco cajoled him through to the bathroom, vanishing Harry’s tattered robes with a spell. Harry blinked, suddenly naked, and began to shiver violently. “Oh, and there’s the shock; I’ve been waiting for that,” Draco murmured, more to himself than Harry. He turned on the shower and stripped himself with another spell, nudging Harry under the spray.

He couldn’t feel the heat of the water. Could barely feel Draco gently scrubbing the blood off his skin, trailing worried fingers over his bruises and brand new scars. Knew enough to tip his head back to rinse the suds from his hair when Draco lathered it up. Latched onto the blond like an octopus while Draco washed his own hair and body efficiently.

Once the shower was off, Harry was wrapped in a fluffy red towel, and a spell dried his hair and body. “’S gonna look ridiculous tomorrow,” he complained, brain stuttering over putting one foot in front of the other but somehow remembering how frizzy his hair went when dried magically.

Draco snorted. “Of course that’s your priority. Daft lion.” He led Harry back out, still completely naked himself, long past the point of caring about modesty.

A near-feral sounding groan ripped from Harry’s lungs at the sight of his bed, and Draco barely managed to jerk the duvet back with a twitch of his fingers before Harry was face-planting straight into it. The towel was removed, which made him whine, but then Draco slipped in beside him, tugging the duvet up to their shoulders. Harry burrowed into his side, clinging tightly. Over Draco’s shoulder, he caught sight of the alarm clock on his night stand.

It was ten past nine in the morning.