

soothingly, wishing there was more he could do. “I’m sorry you missed the match today,” he said quietly. Draco hummed.

“I’m more sorry I missed our plans for after the match,” he retorted, making Harry grin despite himself.

“Those plans will keep,” he assured, cuddling Draco close. “If Harper’s going to be your replacement when you graduate, though, he’ll need a fair bit of work.”

“Harper’s an idiot,” Draco groaned, fingers curling in the hem of Harry’s t-shirt. “It was a last-minute thing.”

“I’ve always wondered why we don’t have reserve teams, y’know. Back up players who train with the main team.” It seemed unfair to Harry, that the only people who got to play quidditch were those on the main house teams. What about the kids who weren’t very good, but enjoyed the game anyway? Or the kids who had never played before and didn’t know whether they had any skill or passion for it. At muggle schools, everyone played sports, regardless of whether or not you were on the teams.

“It is a bit stupid,” Draco agreed. “Maybe we can make reserve teams next year. McGonagall won’t mind, she likes quidditch.”

Harry hummed thoughtfully; it was certainly an idea. Though after how the tryouts this year had gone, he dreaded the idea of trying to find an entire reserve team.

“Something to think about.” He shuffled further back against the pillows, adjusting his hold on Draco in the narrow bed until the blond was sprawled almost entirely on his chest, and Harry could run a gentle hand up and down his back in the way he knew turned Draco to a puddle of goo. “I’ve missed this, y’know.” They’d taken it for granted, over the summer, how easy it was to get time to just lie in bed and cuddle. Sure, they had the conjured sofa in the Chamber, and sometimes the Room of Requirement, but they rarely had the time to lie down together like this, without giving in to the urge to rip each others’ clothes off. It was just a shame Draco’s illness was the reason for it.

“Me, too.” He could hear the drowsiness in his boyfriend’s voice, and kept stroking his back until he felt the blond go fully limp, his breathing only a little laboured.

He couldn’t stay the whole night, in the Slytherin dorm. Eventually the other boys would want to get back into their room, and there would be hell to pay if Crabbe or Goyle found Harry in there. But he stayed as long as he dared, and when it got late he reluctantly wriggled his way out of Draco’s grasp, trying not to wake the other boy. It didn’t work — Draco’s grey eyes blinked groggily up at him, a cute frown tugging at his lips. Harry leaned down, kissing him chastely. “I have to go to bed,” he whispered. “Go back to sleep.”

Draco sighed, settling back down, and Harry tucked the blankets up around him properly. He didn’t miss the way Draco’s hand fisted in the patchwork quilt, pulling it up to his face and inhaling Harry’s scent lingering on the fabric. Harry’s heart stuttered, a smile tugging at his lips. He couldn’t resist leaning in for one more kiss before he left. “Feel better soon. I love you.”