

If he thought the visit from Cedric was weird, he was utterly bewildered by the person who crept into the hospital wing shortly after curfew. “*Malfoy?*”

“Shut up, Potter! I don’t want to get caught,” the Slytherin hissed, glaring. The moonlight bounced off his hair, making it practically glow in the darkness. He looked almost ethereal.

Harry raised an eyebrow. “If you didn’t want to get caught, why are you here?” There was a long, pregnant silence. “You were worried about me, weren’t you?”

“Shut *up*, Potter,” Malfoy bit out again. Harry grinned. He was! Malfoy was actually *concerned* about him. “Maybe I’m here for Pomfrey. My arm hurts.”

“We both know that’s not true. Your arm is fine.”

“Yes, well. After the way you fell, I’m surprised they weren’t scooping you into a cauldron to get you off the pitch. The girl Weasley is going around acting like you’ll never walk again.”

Harry grimaced, glancing at Ginny’s home-made get well card, wedged firmly shut under his fruit bowl. “I’m fine, really. It’s just the dementors...” Harry trailed off. “You heard what Snape said in class. They’re worse for people with bad memories.”

“Plenty of people have bad memories, Potter. They’re not fainting all over the place. Are you sure there’s not something else wrong with you?” Malfoy eyed Harry suspiciously, like he was about to announce that he actually *was* dying. Harry glared at him.

“Those people don’t hear their mum begging for mercy as she’s murdered, do they?” he snapped in retort, watching Malfoy’s already pale face drain of colour. Harry abruptly remembered who he was talking to. “Don’t you *dare* tell anyone I said that.”

“I hear my father torturing my mother,” Malfoy blurted suddenly, slapping a hand over his mouth and turning red as soon as he’d spoken. Harry gaped.

“Malfoy, I—“

“Don’t,” Malfoy bit out sharply, his eyes flashing. “Goodnight, Potter. Glad you’re not in as many pieces as your broom is.”

Before Harry could say anything more, the blond was gone, and Harry was alone once more, staring wide-eyed at the back of the door.

“Shit,” he breathed into the darkness.

How the hell was he supposed to deal with a revelation like that?

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He’d never been so glad to go back to classes as he was on Monday, after a whole night of sitting awake thinking about his mother, and the Grim, and Malfoy. He was yawning all through class, and Hermione gave him a concerned look. “Are you sure you’re well enough to be up and about, Harry?”