

Harry bit his lip — Draco had been fine when they'd met up last night. He glanced over at the Slytherin table, where the team sat in their green and silver uniform jumpers; sure enough, Draco wasn't there, but fifth year Harper was suited up and ready to play, looking a bit queasy himself.

"I'm sure he's okay, Harry," Ginny said, bumping his shoulder with hers. "You can check on him after the match."

Harry hummed, still worried. "He must be feeling really shitty to miss the game, though. Playing Gryffindor is the highlight of his year." The opportunities to fly seeker against Harry in a proper game were few and far between, these days.

"There's always next year," Katie said, shrugging. "I wouldn't have thought it would be that big a deal, now you two are friends and all."

Heat rose in Harry's cheeks, and he tried to will it away. "I'd still rather fly against him than Harper," he retorted evasively. "Some kind of challenge would be nice."

"Oh, just shut up and let us take this easy win, Captain," Ginny teased. "Draco will get over it. You never know, he might appreciate the save to his pride — at least this way when they lose to us no one can say it's his fault."

Despite his worry, Harry laughed. Then he noticed a familiar green and silver clad figure heading in his direction — some of the other Gryffindors booed and hissed, but it was light-hearted; Blaise was dating a Weasley, that made him practically a Gryffindor, even on quidditch days.

"He's doing fine, just in the dorms feeling sorry for himself," the Italian boy declared, leaning down to talk to Harry quietly. "But he says if you want to throw the match because of his illness, you're more than welcome to do so." He sounded amused, and Harry's shoulders relaxed — if Draco was up for making jokes, he clearly wasn't too ill.

"He wishes," he retorted, smiling. "What's wrong with him?"

Blaise frowned slightly, shaking his head just a fraction. "Nothing Pomfrey could pinpoint. But nothing she could declare foul play, either. He just woke up with a fever and a headache, potions didn't shift it so Pomfrey wouldn't clear him for the match."

Heart aching in sympathy, Harry ran a hand through his hair. "That sucks."

"Even magic can't cure everything," Neville remarked. "Some colds are just extra potion resistant."

Harry hoped it was just that, and not anything more sinister.

Either way, he didn't have any time to worry about it further — he and the rest of the team had to get down to the changing rooms and get ready for the match. The Gryffindor table cheered again when they left, several people wolf-whistling at the kiss Neville and Ginny shared before they parted ways.