

“Mm, love you,” Draco replied dazedly, already halfway asleep again.

Reluctantly, Harry tore himself away from the blond’s bedside, covering himself with the invisibility cloak and reactivating the map. With one last look at his drowsy beloved, he dismantled his wards on the door, and started the journey back up to Gryffindor Tower and his cold, empty bed.

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Thankfully, Draco’s illness only seemed to last the one day — he was at breakfast the next morning, still a little pale but insisting he was ready for classes. Harry winked at him from the Gryffindor table, and he rolled his eyes in response.

“What did you do, snog him back to full health?” Ginny teased under her breath, earning a glare.

Harry was saved having to respond by a commotion starting at the other end of the table — they looked over, seeing Ron stood in front of Romilda Vane, looking at her with awe-filled eyes. Harry couldn’t hear what he was saying, but it had to be good, judging by the incredulous faces surrounding them.

“But Romilda!” Ron continued, more audible now as the whole hall began to hush, watching events unfold. “We’re meant to be together, can’t you see? You’re the most beautiful girl in the whole school!”

Harry sucked in a sharp breath — as Ron had spoken, Hermione had walked through the door. She stopped in her tracks like she’d been slapped, her hand moving to her mouth as her boyfriend continued.

“Why are you acting like this?” Romilda asked, utterly bewildered. Ron reached for her hand, grasping it in his own.

“Because I love you, and I know you love me too!”

“You’ve never even spoken to me before!” Romilda protested.

“What the *hell* is going on here?” Hermione screeched, stalking up to Ron and grabbing him by the shoulder. Ron shrugged her off with a glare.

“Leave me alone, Hermione.” He turned back to Romilda, unperturbed. “Look, come on, if you just give me a chance I know we could be happy together. You’re the love of my life, Romilda Vane!”

All of a sudden, Romilda went pale, and let out a horrified squeak. She stood, and to Harry’s utter bewilderment, hurried towards him. “You gave him the chocolates I gave you!” she accused. Harry blinked at her.

“You what?”