

“Pot, meet Kettle,” Draco said succinctly, making Astoria giggle. He turned to Daphne, gaze softening. “How are you feeling?”

“I think I’m going to go vegetarian,” Daphne answered, making all of them but Luna stare at her in confusion. “After seeing my insides on the outside, the idea of eating meat has become quite unappealing.”

A beat, then Draco snorted. “I told you not to look at it.”

“Yeah, but I wasn’t going to just close my eyes and let you rummage around my intestines.”

“Quite frankly, Miss Greengrass; Mr Malfoy’s *rummaging* is the only reason you’re still able to eat at all,” Madam Pomfrey remarked. There was pride in her eyes as she looked at Draco.

“Wait, Draco reversed the curse?” Harry asked, wide-eyed. “You didn’t mention that part!”

Draco blushed under his scrutiny. “It was before help arrived. There was no one else there to do it.”

“You saved your friend’s life, Mr Malfoy,” Pomfrey told him. “Did a very fine job of it, too. You’ve the instincts of a battlefield healer to you.” Then she glanced askance at Harry. “I suppose you’d have to, willingly tying yourself to this fool.”

“Hey!” Harry protested. Pomfrey clucked her tongue.

“You’ve been walking around all day on a fractured hip, Mr Potter,” she told him bluntly.

“...Oh. Thought it was a bit sore.”

The matron rolled her eyes heavenward for a brief moment. “Hold still.” She tapped his hip with her wand, murmuring a spell — there was a strange cold sensation, then the pain began to fade. “You’ll take it easy for a week, Potter,” she instructed. “No quidditch. No duelling practice. No *other* strenuous activity.” Her pointed gaze moved to Draco, and Astoria giggled again. “A week, and then you’ll come see me again. Clear?”

Harry swallowed. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got other patients to see to. Miss Greengrass, your guests can only stay another twenty minutes; you need your potions and then rest.” Pomfrey bustled off down the other end of the ward, leaving the teens alone.

“A whole week? Not sure you’ll cope,” Daphne teased feebly.

“It’s going to be even longer for *you*, so don’t be smug,” Draco scolded. He perched on the bed with Harry, leaning to take Daphne’s hand. “Are you sure you’re alright? I didn’t — I didn’t mess anything up in there?” Nerves strained his voice, and Harry squeezed his knee.

“You heard Pomfrey,” Daphne insisted, “you did a very fine job.” Her smile was tired, but genuine. “Thank you, Draco. I owe you my life.”