

people he passed noticed. They were all too focused on getting to their rooms before curfew.

Eventually, Harry turned into an empty Transfiguration classroom, and took the cloak off, stuffing it in his bag. He waited.

The door creaked open just wide enough for a blond head to duck through, shutting just as quick as it opened. “I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Draco muttered. “Going to curse me before the match?”

Harry laughed quietly, his heart light — Draco had come. Harry wasn’t sure he was going to. “I don’t need to curse you to win,” he teased, sinking into a chair. Draco chose the chair opposite, digging the deck of cards from his pocket.

“Just because you’ve got that fancy Firebolt doesn’t mean you’ll win,” Draco retorted, shuffling the deck and dealing hands.

“I could beat you on a Cleansweep, Malfoy.” Harry stuck his tongue out playfully, and Draco shot him a look of mock-disgust.

“Are all Gryffindors this childish?”

Harry just laughed, playing his first card.

For all Draco had promised to give Harry pureblood lessons, they usually never got around to that. They would just sit, and play cards, and talk; about quidditch, about school, about the future. Harry had told Draco things he hadn’t even told Ron and Hermione. Draco didn’t judge when Harry said something selfish, or a little bit cruel. It was... nice, not having to guard his language like that. “So what do healers do, anyway?” he asked, remembering what Draco had said last time they’d met. Everyone expected him to become a Potions Master, but he wanted to be a healer when he grew up.

“They heal people, Potter,” Draco replied with a roll of his eyes. Harry shot him a chastising look.

“I figured *that*. I just meant — muggles have loads of different types of doctors that specialise in different things. So, like, one doctor would just be for kids. Or just a brain doctor, or a stomach doctor, or whatever. They have GPs — all-round doctors, who help diagnose when people need to see a specialist doctor — but then mostly it’s all split up. Surely a healer can’t heal *everything*?”

“For the most part, yes. They have their strengths; St Mungo’s is split into different wards — spell damage, illness, physical injury, all that stuff. But a good healer should be able to deal with just about anything they come across.”

“What kind of healer would you want to be?” Harry was curious. Draco swore as he saw the card Harry played, glancing down at his own hand. He bit his lip as he thought about his next move, and Harry couldn’t tear his eyes away from the reddening flesh. Draco played his card, snapping Harry out of his daze.