

“I’ve got an idea,” Harry told him, grinning as if it was a spontaneous thing — as if he hadn’t spent the last few days agonising over every little detail. “Come here.” He slid his arms around Draco’s waist, catching his lips in a soft kiss, then apparated them away.

They appeared in the middle of the Hogwarts quidditch pitch, the stands bathed in a vibrant orange-gold light over the horizon. Draco gaped at him. “Walking through walls, apparating into Hogwarts — anything else you can do?” he asked mildly, and Harry laughed.

“Possibly. Haven’t figured it out yet.” He squeezed Draco once, then stepped away. “Dobby,” the house elf appeared in an instant, “would you go get mine and Draco’s brooms, please?”

The elf nodded energetically, disappearing and reappearing in only a few moments.

“Harry, we’re not dressed for quidditch,” Draco complained as he was handed his Nimbus 2001. Harry undid his tie and the top button of his shirt, stuffing the silk into his robe pocket.

“We’re not playing a full match, love,” he teased, nimble fingers making quick work of Draco’s own tie. Unable to help himself, he leaned in to suck a kiss against the pale of column of Draco’s throat once his shirt collar was loosened, the blond’s resulting gasp quickening his blood. “Come on. Fly with me.”

Draco let out a shaky breath. “If you insist.” He had a competitive glint in his eyes when he pulled away. “Catch me, then.” Then he swung a leg over his broom and kicked off.

Harry laughed loudly as he shot into the sky moments behind his boyfriend, the exhilaration of the wind in his hair mixing with the wine in his stomach and the anticipation in his blood as he did a quick lap, easily matching Draco’s pace. “Want to make this interesting?” he called, pulling a snitch from his pocket, holding it up tauntingly.

“Where did you get that?” Draco shook his head in bewilderment. “Never mind. You’re on, Potter. Usual wager?” He licked his lips pointedly.

Having an erection while on a broomstick was not the most comfortable thing in the world, but it was something Harry was an expert in dealing with by now, after years of flying with Draco Malfoy. He shifted to ease the pressure, grin widening. “Usual wager.” Winner got to decide on bedroom activities that night.

He released the snitch, counted to fifteen with his eyes locked on Draco’s, and then both of them sped off.

It was a little harder, looking for a snitch in the light of the setting sun — especially a sunset as beautiful as this one, a glorious riot of colour in the sky so incredible Harry couldn’t have planned it if he’d tried. But both of them were excellent seekers.

And the snitch was maybe a little bit enchanted.

Harry turned sharply as Draco went into a dive, haring after his boyfriend. He drew closer, the pair of them neck and neck — but he didn’t put on that little extra burst of speed that