

“You better believe this means war when we play you,” Cho called from the Ravenclaw table, making a face at the sight of him in all that green.

“You’re on, Chang,” Harry replied, smirking. “Sorry, but boyfriend trumps friend in the loyalty department.”

“Understandable.” She winked devilishly at him. “I’ll let you off this time, only because we both know your boyfriend would dump you if he saw you in my team colours. I think green suits you better, anyway.”

“He does look good with my name on him, doesn’t he?” a familiar voice drawled smugly. Harry turned, eyes trailing over his boyfriend in his tight quidditch uniform, throat going dry. “We’re headed to the pitch. Kiss for luck?” Draco asked, grey eyes playful. Harry grabbed him by the front of his jumper, pulling him down into a kiss that had more than a few people wolf-whistling.

“Go get that snitch,” Harry said, smirking at the lust in Draco’s gaze.

“What do I get if I do?” The blond’s voice dropped to a husky baritone, too low for anyone but Harry to hear, sending delicious shivers across Harry’s skin.

“Oi, Malfoy! Get off Potter and let’s go!” Urquhart yelled impatiently, and Draco sighed. With one last kiss, he hurried to join his team.

“Where’s my lucky kiss, then?” Cho taunted, getting to her feet with the rest of her team. Harry shot her a sickly-sweet smile.

“Come over here and I’ll give it to you.”

A loud cackle came from the Ravenclaw girl. “You wish, Potter. Sorry in advance for kicking your boyfriend’s arse.”

Harry laughed, standing when he saw Blaise, Daphne and Theo headed over — they had promised he wouldn’t get murdered if he sat with them in the Slytherin stands.

“If you say so.” He waved her off, still grinning — this was how house rivalries should be. Good-natured competitive teasing.

Sadly, Cho’s prediction did not come true; Draco caught the snitch forty-five minutes into the game, making the final score 300-190 to Slytherin. Ravenclaw put up a fair fight, but after their loss against Gryffindor the Slytherin team had something to prove.

Filing out of the stands in a crowd of rambunctious, celebrating Slytherins, Harry felt a tug on his sleeve. “Fancy braving the victory party?” Daphne asked, wiggling her brows playfully. Her little sister Astoria was at her side, green and silver ribbons woven through her hair.

“I think that might be pushing it a bit,” Harry replied; just because most of the Slytherins tolerated him by now, didn’t mean there weren’t at least a handful that would happily see him