

Harry hadn't expect to feel so comfortable being naked in front of another person.

They were quick in the showers, and when they stepped out Harry hurried to grab his glasses, wanting to properly admire Draco's nude form before the boy put on clothes. The Slytherin gave a ridiculous pose, flexing his muscles, and really it was *obscene* how much Harry's heart swelled with affection for the preening blond.

"I feel like such a cliché right now," Draco remarked, buttoning his trousers.

"What, snake in the lion's den?" Harry teased, sitting down to put his socks on.

"That, and being two opposing seekers fucking in the changing rooms. It's like something out of a trashy romance novel."

His casual use of the word *fucking* made Harry's cheeks heat. "Lots of experience with those types of books, have you?" he drawled to hide his embarrassment. Draco snorted.

"Mother likes them. She leaves them lying around sometimes — I got curious." His tone was defensive, making Harry wonder if there wasn't a little more than *curiosity* involved.

Suddenly he knew what he was getting Draco for Christmas.

"At least no one will question you having gone off for a sulk by yourself," Harry pointed out, shoving his feet into his boots. "I'm gonna get *mobbed* when I finally get up to Gryffindor." It was at least half an hour since the rest of the team had left the changing rooms. They were going to think he'd slipped and died in the shower or something.

"Tell them you were having a celebration of your own."

Harry snickered, reaching out to reel Draco in by the front of his cloak, kissing him firmly. "Not great for keeping this secret, that," he pointed out.

"You don't have to say it was *me*. Let the rumour mill do some work; they've all forgotten about your love life since the Quibbler article last year."

"I thought that was a good thing, seeing how *unbearably jealous* you get at even the suggestion that I might be with someone else," Harry argued lightly, running a hand through his boyfriend's still-damp hair. A faint blush rose on Draco's cheeks.

"I can't help that I'm possessive," he muttered abashedly.

"Don't worry, it's hot," Harry assured, smirking. For the boy in the cupboard that nobody wanted, having Draco get possessive made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside. The blond gave a cocky smirk.

"They'll think what they want to think. But if you don't get up there soon, they'll think the Slytherin team have kidnapped you for revenge."

"Not far off the mark," Harry teased, going in for one last kiss. "Best revenge *ever*."