

Once he was sure he was the only one left in the changing rooms, he started to put his quidditch robes back on. He had a hunch.

And he was right — a few minutes later, he heard the door creak open. “That you, George?” Harry called loudly, a grin already on his face. The door shut, and a familiar voice muttered a Locking charm.

Draco rounded the corner, no longer wearing his own robe but still in the rest of his uniform, and he stalked across the room towards Harry. “You’ve got some nerve, Potter,” he muttered, grabbing him by the front of the robes. He paused. “Crabbe didn’t hurt you, did he?”

“Just a bruise,” Harry assured; a bruise he couldn’t even *feel* right now, considering the way all his blood was rushing to a very different part of his body. “Did you have a nice time watching my arse?” he asked cheekily.

Draco growled, pushing him back until Harry was up against the lockers, and the next thing he knew his mouth was being devoured.

Harry’s fingers tangled in the soft wool of Draco’s team jumper, pulling him close with a low moan. One of the blond’s legs was firm between Harry’s thighs, pressing up against his cock. He still smelled of sweat and leather, the intoxicating combination making Harry dizzy with lust.

“You look even fitter in these robes than you did last Christmas,” Draco groaned. “God, you little shit, you knew exactly what you were doing when you walked out on that pitch. Exactly what I was remembering.”

“This is better than outside the greenhouses,” Harry shot back. “Less likely to get caught.”

Draco’s eyes darkened when he pulled away, fingers running down the laces of Harry’s robe. “You’ll be late to your own victory party,” he said mock-sadly. Harry scoffed.

“This is a better victory party.”

“Still,” Draco said, undoing the laces slowly. “I should at least try and get you presentable. You’re all sweaty, it’s disgusting.”

Harry blinked — as if Draco wasn’t equally sweaty!

Then he saw where his boyfriend’s gaze was directed; not at Harry, but at the shower cubicles just past his shoulder. “Oh.” He swallowed, fire flooding his veins. “Yeah?”

They had never been naked together before. Trousers round their knees and shirts off, yes, but not actually, fully naked.

Draco pulled back, tugging his jumper over his head, leaving him in just his thin undershirt. “It’ll save time,” he drawled. “May as well get messy where it’s easier to clean up.”

Harry didn’t need more encouragement than that; he fumbled with his robes, pulling them off and hurrying to shed the rest of his layers.