

“See you at dinner?” The two Durmstrang boys nodded. Viktor paused, holding out a hand for Harry to shake.

“I am serious,” he said, dark eyes fixed on Harry. “You haff talent. If playing professionally is something that interests you, I know people. You should not vaste that talent, if it is something you love.” He softened slightly. “I know you may haff other priorities. But ve vill keep in touch, and if you ever need help, I vill be happy to assist.” There was something significant about his words and the look on his face — like he wasn’t just offering Harry help with quidditch. Harry shook his hand, equally serious.

“Thanks, Viktor. I’ll keep that in mind.”

The two boys parted, and Viktor let Boris sling an arm over his shoulder as the two of them made their way back to their ship. Harry shouldered his broom, heading up to the castle alone. At least, he thought he was alone. “Oi, Potter!” The quiet hiss made a grin tug at his lips. Draco was leaning up against the back wall of one of the greenhouses, his cheeks rosy from the cold and his hair slightly windswept. Harry’s heart skipped a beat. *Merlin*, he was gorgeous. “You just had to show off, didn’t you?”

Harry changed course, throwing up a privacy ward as he hurried towards Draco. Giddy from his win and unable to help himself, he grabbed the blond by the hips and spun him around, kissing him firmly. Draco’s arms automatically came up around his neck, chest pressing against Harry’s as he leaned into the kiss. When he pulled back, he made a face. “You’re disgusting right now,” he said, poking at Harry’s sweaty robes. Leaning back against the glass of the greenhouse, he smirked at Harry. “I can’t believe you just beat Viktor Krum.”

“He said I should go professional,” Harry breathed, gobsmacked.

“You certainly could,” Draco agreed. He clearly didn’t care that much about Harry’s sweaty state, as he tugged him closer, sliding a hand down to grab his arse cheekily. “I could do worse than a professional quidditch player for a boyfriend,” he teased. “At least it’ll keep you fit.”

Harry wasn’t sure what hit him harder; the thought of being a pro quidditch player, or the thought of still being Draco’s boyfriend by that time. That Draco didn’t even hesitate to assume they would still be together by then. Unable to find the words, he placed a hand either side of Draco’s head and leaned in for another kiss, moaning softly. “We’re gonna get caught,” Draco muttered between kisses, not slowing down in the slightest. Harry smirked against the blond’s lips.

“Worth it.” Even so, he eventually pulled himself away, still boxing Draco in against the greenhouse glass.

“I suppose you’ve got to go up and celebrate with all your Gryffindor friends,” Draco drawled.

“I’d much rather celebrate with you,” Harry returned. “But also I really want to put on clothes that aren’t sweaty.”