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As it always does in Hogwarts, life moved on. Now, the only people willing to so much as *talk* to Harry were the original HA and his professors. Even those who showed up to the expanded HA sessions on Saturdays barely spoke to him, just staring wide-eyed and mutely obeying instructions.

He didn't mind, really. His existing friend group was more than enough social interaction for him — with the end of the year drawing closer, there were plans to be made for after school let out.

The last quidditch match of the season was a nice break from it all, though. A return to normalcy. Privately, Harry hoped it might be enough to put a smile back on McGonagall's face, if Gryffindor won. She hadn't been the same since having to expel those students.

Harry surveyed his team over breakfast, quietly confident. "One hundred and eighty points, guys. Just keep the goals in our favour, and I'll do the rest." As long as they stayed at least three goals ahead of Ravenclaw, Harry catching the snitch would win it for them.

"We've got this, captain," Katie declared determinedly.

The shoe was on the other foot this time, with Draco looking mildly disgruntled to be wearing Harry's crimson quidditch hoodie. "Red is *not* my colour," he said in disdain, and Harry leered.

"I dunno," he murmured into the blond's ear, "seems to suit you well enough when you're in my bed."

The blond swallowed tightly, ears flushing.

"Come on, Harry. Quit flirting, time to go," Ginny urged, smirking at the pair of them. He gave a sigh, looked to Draco.

"You heard the lady. Time to go."

Draco gripped him by the front of his jumper, kissing him hard, ignoring the wolf-whistles. "Impress me, Potter," he challenged, cocking one pale brow, expression very similar to the one he had when he was in bed and daring Harry to fuck him harder. Heat pooled in Harry's gut, and he had to will away the stirrings of an erection that would be all too obvious in the tight uniform trousers.

"Yes, sir," Harry purred, giving him one last kiss before standing.

"Good luck, Harry," Neville said, offering a thumbs up. He still had a bit of Ginny's Gryffindor-red lipstick on his mouth, but Harry wasn't going to be the one to tell him that.

The lead up to the match was a rush of nerves, even as he gave a pep talk to his team that would rival even Oliver. The crowd roared when they strode onto the pitch, standing opposite the blue-clad team.