

“Captains, shake hands!”

Harry stepped forward, grinning at Cho as she offered her hand to him. She had gone all out on the house pride; blue streaks in her hair, bronze war-paint on her cheeks. Even vivid blue nail polish with tiny black eagles painted on. “Don’t start celebrating too soon, Harry,” she told him, “Ravenclaw isn’t going down without a fight.”

“I’d expect nothing less,” he replied.

And then they were off.

Harry swooped around the pitch, keeping an eye on the main play even as he began his hunt for the snitch. It was a bright, sunny day — great for the rest of the team, terrible for the seekers. At least his goggles stopped the glare getting too bad.

All he could do now was wait, and hope to hell Cho didn’t spot the snitch early.

His girls were in fine form, scoring two goals right off the bat. Ravenclaw came back hard, though, and the quaffle careened past Vicky’s outstretched arms straight through the right-most goal hoop.

“And Ravenclaw are on the scoreboard!” Zacharias Smith declared. “Gryffindor had better pick up the pace if they want to secure the cup!”

Ravenclaw only needed a win of 150 or more to beat Slytherin to the cup, so Cho would be playing the waiting game almost as much as he was. They circled each other, flying laps in opposite directions.

Another goal for Gryffindor, and Harry beamed at Demelza for it. The chasers were blue and red blurs across the pitch, ducking bludgers and passing frantically.

The goals kept stacking up, Ravenclaw determined not to let Gryffindor keep a three-goal lead for very long. But slowly, goal by goal, Gryffindor hit their breakaway.

100-60. Harry was free to look for the snitch, now.

Cho seemed to realise that, hovering close by Harry. He surveyed the sky, looking for that little flash of gold. Then he smirked to himself, and dove.

Cho followed immediately, hot on his tail — her speed wasn’t a match for his Firebolt but she pushed on regardless, the pair of them heading closer and closer to the ground. He wondered how far he could get her to go, fearlessly plunging straight towards the grass.

She pulled up sharply five feet before the ground, and Harry sighed to himself, doing the same. “False alarm, folks! Potter was just feinting,” Smith announced, to groans from the crowd.

“Almost had me worried, there!” Cho called lightly. He laughed.