

second. “I hope she is, anyway; we’re screwed if we have to replace her. The next best flier was Ron, and he was only good when no one was looking at him too closely.”

Harry wrinkled his nose. Yes, he would rather not have Ron on the team; the redhead’s attitude about quidditch since he hadn’t made keeper had been appalling. He’d be absolutely *insufferable* if Angelina let him join now.

Vicky would be fine. He had faith in her.

If the points started looking rough, Harry would just make sure he caught the snitch quickly.

At last, it was time. Angelina gave a firm nod, and then they were striding out onto the pitch in single file. The Slytherins were already out there — which meant Harry got a perfect view of Draco’s face when he saw Harry in his quidditch robes. And when he remembered the *last* time he’d seen him in his quidditch robes.

The blond’s jaw tensed, his pale cheeks colouring as he tried valiantly not to react. Harry smirked at him, giving a fleeting wink. Draco’s only response was a glare.

“What did you do to him?” George whispered in Harry’s ear, amusement colouring his tone. The team captains shook hands, and Harry snickered.

“Tell you later.”

As soon as the whistle blew, Draco was on his broom and speeding away from Harry. Harry took to the air, heart swooping in joy the way it always did when he flew. He did a quick lap, making sure to fly in front of Draco, bent low over the handle of his broom.

His boyfriend was going to kill him when the match was over.

Angelina might have belittled Slytherin’s skill, but they had certainly brought their A game — both in ability, and in aggression. Crabbe and Goyle seemed to be focusing all their efforts on disrupting Harry with bludgers, while the chasers were *barely* following the acceptable contact rules in their determination to keep the quaffle.

Alicia scored early, but it was followed all too soon by a goal from Montague. Harry let his eyes move to Vicky, concerned, but if anything the third-year was just more determined not to repeat her mistake.

Harry left her to it, returning to his hunt for the snitch.

The quaffle flew from one end of the pitch to the other dozens of times, goals being scored and saved from both teams. The occasional glance at Draco showed the blond had not yet seen the snitch, and also was resolutely not looking at Harry. Harry smirked to himself.

And then he saw it.

As promised, he was ahead of Draco in the dive, though not by far enough that the Slytherin was looking at his backside. His hand was only inches behind Harry’s, but Harry was faster, his hand wrapping securely around the little gold ball. Pulling out of the dive and lifting his