

Draco snorted, shaking his head. “Such a romantic,” he teased. “Go on, sod off. If you keep kissing me wearing those, I’m going to find it *very* difficult to concentrate next time Slytherin play Gryffindor.” His grey eyes were dark and his pupils blown, and Harry smirked. So his quidditch robes did it for Draco, hmm? That was a good thing to know.

Feeling daring, still riding high on victory, Harry leaned in until he was pressed against Draco from knee to shoulder — until he could feel Draco’s hardness pressing against his thigh, and there was no way Draco couldn’t feel Harry’s. He let his lips trail over the blond’s jaw, feeling him tense and arch up into the touch ever so slightly. It was tempting to get carried away. They’d never gone past kissing before, except for a few adventuring hands underneath shirts. Certainly nothing like this. Harry was so turned on he could barely *think*, but he had enough blood left in his brain to know that getting too hot and heavy out behind the greenhouses was just asking for trouble.

“Think of this next time we play against each other,” he breathed, sucking a kiss on Draco’s neck that the Slytherin would have to cover with a glamour. Then he pulled away, green eyes glinting playfully. “I’ll see you later, Draco. I’ve got to go take a shower.” A cold, cold shower.

Stepping away as if nothing had happened, he grinned to himself at the frustrated groan Draco let out. “I hate you, Potter!” he called as Harry walked away. The Gryffindor laughed, dropping the privacy ward.

He was having an *excellent* day.

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Luckily, when he got back to Gryffindor Tower, his mussed state could be explained away as quidditch — to everyone except the Weasley twins who were eyeing him knowingly. “Go on, loverboy,” George whispered in his ear, herding him towards the dormitory stairs with a wiggle of his eyebrows. “Go clean yourself up. We’ll stall down here.”

The common room was packed with people; not just Gryffindors, but people of all houses, wanting to celebrate Harry’s victory over the Bulgarian seeker. Even Cassius was there with a couple of his Slytherin friends, only looking a little bit disturbed at being surrounded by so much red and gold.

As tempting as it was to spend more time in the shower thinking about what might have happened if he and Draco had been a little bolder, Harry refused to let his thoughts wander far — the twins could only keep people occupied for so long. He changed into his Holyhead Harpies t-shirt and comfortable jeans, heading back down to the party. Now that he was actually paying attention, he was impressed at how quickly the twins had prepared for the gathering; there was a long table of snacks, no doubt stolen from the kitchens, and a huge stack of butterbeer crates. Music played beneath the chatter of the crowd, and they’d even managed to string some more Christmas decorations up — all in Gryffindor colours, of course.

Harry found the pair sat with an assortment of other sixth years, as well as Neville, Ginny, Ron and Hermione. There was a gap on the sofa between the twins, and Harry squeezed