

Despite Harry's fantasies, there was hardly anything sexy about scrambling to get quidditch boots undone and awkwardly peeling off the skin-tight trousers with a prominent erection, but it didn't matter that both of them looked ridiculous; not when they were both finally, gloriously, naked. Draco grabbed him by the hand and led him into the closest shower cubicle, turning on the shower head. Without his glasses, Harry's vision was blurred, but he hardly cared when he could get his hands on Draco's arse, water running down both of them, making their skin slick and their hair flatten into their eyes.

Next thing Harry knew he was pinned to the wall in a bruising kiss, Draco's body flush against him, and *holy hell* that was the best feeling in the world, all that bare skin on bare skin. Harry didn't even care that the lights in the showers were so bright Draco could probably see every one of his scars, not when the blond was kissing his way down Harry's neck, one hand between them gripping both their lengths.

Draco was rarely so... dominant, and Harry was a little amazed at how much of a turn-on it was, having his boyfriend so desperate for him. Neither of them lasted long, Harry barely having the sense to drag Draco's mouth back up to his, tongues twining together as pleasure shot through his every nerve. He felt Draco gasp and shudder against him, then relax into Harry's frame, both of them propped up by the wall and on shaky legs.

Harry breathed harshly, water running into his eyes as he tried to gain his equilibrium. "We should make that a regular thing," he gasped, running a hand down Draco's bare back, over his backside. "Every Gryffindor/Slytherin match."

"Deal," Draco agreed, chest heaving. "Next time we use the Slytherin changing rooms."

"Only if you win," Harry teased in response. Even without his glasses, he could see Draco pout.

"See, you're going to have to go professional after school," Draco decided. "International, even. It's the only way my ego will cope with being beaten by you every bloody time."

Harry laughed, pushing off the wall when he thought his knees could keep him standing, pushing his wet hair off his forehead. "Yes, dear."

He looked down at Draco's belly, at his cock now limp between his legs. The mess had already washed off them, and Harry cursed his poor vision. "Not fair," he groused. "I'm half-blind even before there's water in my eyes. You can see me properly."

"I can, and I'm very much enjoying it," Draco confirmed, patting Harry's bum playfully. "Now budge over, you're blocking the soap."

For some reason, Harry's mind had not processed the part of *showering with Draco* where they would actually get clean. All his fantasies had fizzled out after the orgasms happened. Before he would have thought it to be awkward, scrubbing himself down beside the blond after what they'd just done, but it felt surprisingly nice. Easy. Harry washed Draco's hair, amusing himself by making it stick out at ridiculous angles when it was all lathered up, and Draco tenderly scrubbed the rapidly growing bruise on Harry's side, muttering under his breath about all the awful things he was going to do to Crabbe.