

dead. “You guys have fun, though.” He smirked to himself — he had a different sort of victory party planned, and he had to move fast.

Once they were out of the stands, Harry ducked through the crowd, heading to the Gryffindor changing rooms. He had to be quick; he didn’t want to risk Draco leaving before he could get there.

He changed into his own quidditch gear, then put a Dissillusionment charm on himself and hurried around to the Slytherin changing rooms. This was the hardest part; sneaking into enemy territory.

Luckily, Harry was pretty good at sneaking, these days.

The door opened, Crabbe and Goyle barrelling through, and Harry slipped in before it could swing shut behind them. His heart raced at the sound of voices echoing from inside — Draco hadn’t left yet. Good.

It seemed only he and Vaisey were left in there, Vaisey taunting Draco about how long he spent worrying about his skin and his hair.

“It takes work to look this good,” Draco sniffed, and Vaisey laughed.

“Making yourself pretty for *Potter*, are you?” he drawled, leering. “Should I tell the lads not to expect you at the party, then?”

“No, I’ll be there,” Draco assured, buttoning up his shirt. Vaisey hummed.

“See you in a bit, then.” The fourth year left the changing room. When he was gone, Harry locked and silenced the door.

“Wouldn’t bother with those buttons, if I were you,” he called quietly, dropping the charm keeping him invisible. Draco jumped, whirling around, going wide-eyed at the sight of Harry in his Gryffindor gear. “I thought, since you were indisposed for our actual match, we could just pretend we played each other instead,” he said, stalking closer. Draco’s hands dropped from his buttons, leaving the shirt open to the base of his sternum. “I did say I’d come to the Slytherin changing rooms if you won, after all,” he added, winking. He was right in front of Draco now, and one gentle push had the blond sat on the bench. Harry straddled his lap, fingers tangling in still-damp hair. “Shame you’ve already showered. I was hoping to catch you all sweaty.”

Draco lunged up, pressing his lips to Harry’s, forcing his tongue into the Gryffindor’s eager mouth. “I beat you, then, in this fantasy of yours?” he breathed, hands sliding up beneath Harry’s jumper, skating up his abs. “Slytherin beat Gryffindor.”

“You did,” Harry purred, sucking in a sharp breath as fingers tweaked his nipple. “Means you deserve a reward.” He ground down against Draco, both of them moaning. Harry’s skin-tight quidditch trousers did absolutely nothing to hide the prominent bulge straining at them, and when Draco dropped a hand to squeeze his arse, he frowned, finding something hard in