

prophecies and just their schooling to get through. They could dream.

“Don’t be daft; I’d be a chaser,” Draco retorted without missing a beat. “I know better than to think I can beat you to the snitch; you beat Viktor Krum, for Salazar’s sake. The only reason I’m seeker for Slytherin is that there were no openings for chaser in our second year. Plus I was a little idiot who foolishly thought I could beat you with a faster broom.”

“Then why didn’t you switch in third year?” Harry asked, sure that one of the Slytherin chasers had graduated at the end of their second. Draco’s gaze turned sheepish.

“Riling you up was fun,” he admitted. “I didn’t want to let anyone else have that pleasure.”

Harry smirked. “Possessive little git,” he teased fondly. “Staking your claim before you even realised you fancied me.”

“You’ve always been mine, Potter,” Draco agreed. Harry’s throat tightened — how very true that was.

Pushing past the wave of unexpected emotion, Harry rolled on top of Draco, grinning smugly. “Maybe you’ll get lucky in this year’s match against me,” he teased.

“Maybe you’ll get distracted looking at my arse,” Draco retorted, even as his hands moved to cup Harry’s.

“Draco, darling, I have a Firebolt,” came Harry’s swift reply. “You’ll be the one looking at *my* arse. And remembering exactly what happened after I beat Viktor Krum to the snitch.” That brief moment behind the greenhouse was still one of Harry’s fondest memories — and the beginning of many a late-night fantasy.

“Then if you do win, you’ll know it was because I was too busy imagining getting you out of your quidditch robes.” They weren’t trying to rile each other up again, but Harry couldn’t help but grin against Draco’s jawbone.

“Excuses, excuses,” he whispered, kissing the soft spot beneath Draco’s earlobe.

“Maybe I won’t go professional,” Draco continued, fingers tracing the ridges of Harry’s spine. “Healer training is best done straight out of school, after all. I’ll let you go chasing the snitch, and I’ll be waiting to heal all the bruises when you get whacked by bludgers.”

Harry closed his eyes, the picture forming in his head; coming home after a long day of training, kissing Draco hello and letting the blond fuss over his minor injuries. Maybe they’d cook dinner together — or rather, Draco would watch Harry cook, because Merlin knew the spoiled little pureblood had never stood at a stove in his *life*. But Harry would teach him. They’d figure it out.

“That sounds really good,” he confessed, voice going somewhat hoarse with the power of the emotion welling in his chest. “We’ll get a house, somewhere in London, because you’ll be working longer days than I will and I can apparate or floo to wherever I’m training. We’ll ward it so your mum and our godfathers can’t come over unless we invite them, or Sirius will