

“Any time you want to get the team back together, I’m there,” Harry vowed, pressing his forehead to hers in the middle of their team huddle. “Couldn’t have done this without you, Kit-Kat.” He used the nickname Oliver had given her, the one only the team ever used, and she sobbed even harder.

As was tradition, she and Cho flew their victory lap together to riotous applause, the two soon-to-be graduates saying one last goodbye to their school pitch.

While they were up there, Harry slung one arm around Ginny and the other around Vicky, beaming at Demelza, Ritchie and Jimmy. “So,” he said, “same time next year, then?”

The two boys shared a look, then gave identical salutes. “Aye, Captain!”

Harry laughed, releasing the girls to go ruffle their hair. They were no Fred and George, but he was damn proud of them all the same, and they had a promising career with the team now they’d played a year together.

On his way off the pitch, the crowd still screaming, Harry looked up at the staff box, right at Professor McGonagall. There it was — that curl at the corner of lips, the glimmer of pride in her eyes. The thing that made all their hard hours of training worth it.

They didn’t linger in the changing rooms, taking lightning-fast showers and having one last group hug while Katie cried her way through packing up her locker, all of them headed out with red and gold duffle bags full of quidditch gear over their shoulders.

There was an honour guard there to escort them up to their victory party, and in the sea of Gryffindor colours Harry didn’t notice Draco until the blond sidled up beside him. “Pretty good catch,” he said, knocking Harry’s shoulder with his own. “Didn’t think I could delay you in the changing rooms this time.”

Harry wound his arm around Draco’s waist, kissing the side of his head. “Not for this one,” he agreed. “But you can come up to the victory party if you like.” He had done as Rosmerta suggested and ordered drinks in advance, so he didn’t even have to make a detour.

Draco looked at him, startled. “It won’t cause problems?”

“Sweetheart, my house put up with me snogging you all over the place, pretty sure they’ll be fine with you coming up to the common room,” Harry teased. “Besides — I just won us the quidditch cup, they won’t argue with me!”

Draco hummed, fingers playing over the bright gold C stitched on the shoulder of the hoodie he wore. Harry’s hoodie. “Well, I suppose I’ve got nothing better to do,” he drawled, as if it were such a hardship. Harry beamed, squeezing him.

“Such enthusiasm, I can hardly stand it,” he said dryly. Draco shot him a look beneath hooded lashes.

“I’ll show *enthusiasm* once the party dies down,” he promised huskily.