

“All’s fair in love and quidditch!” And then he was off, zooming across the pitch, making a nuisance of himself for the Ravenclaw chasers on the way.

The beaters didn’t seem to know what to focus on most, and their split attention between Harry and the chasers gave Gryffindor a chance to score another goal. Unfortunately, Ravenclaw picked one up right after.

The snitch was being a tricky little thing, today. Dragging the game out far longer than Harry would have liked.

140-120. Harry caught a flash of gold out of the corner of his eye, and cursed. He couldn’t catch it yet. His only saving grace was, neither could Cho. A Slytherin win would almost be worse than a Gryffindor one in her eyes.

Still, just to be safe, Harry led her on a merry chase of death-defying loops and dodges, getting dangerously close to the stands in the Hufflepuff section. It was a good distraction for Ravenclaw’s keeper, too, allowing Katie to put a goal through the centre hoop.

150-120. Showtime.

All through his madcap adventures around the pitch, Harry had kept an eye on that little glint of gold, and now he was off. He wasn’t sure when Cho noticed the difference between him playing distraction and him going for the win, but she soon appeared at his side, leaning low on her broom, trying to catch up.

It was no use. Harry plucked the little golden ball out of the air, and the whole stadium *exploded*.

Apparently, while he’d been after the snitch, Katie had found the time to score one last goal in the chaos, making their lead an even more comfortable 310-120.

“And Potter does it again, folks! Gryffindor takes the game, and takes the cup! Honestly, one more of year of him and then maybe someone else can get a look in,” Smith groused into his megaphone. Harry threw his head back and laughed, surprised when Cho barrelled into him for a mid-air hug.

“Damn good game, Harry. Thanks for sending me out with a fun one, even if I couldn’t win,” she said, beaming with tears streaking her eyes. He hugged her tight, then held out the snitch.

“A keepsake,” he offered. “Your last match as a Hogwarts student.”

“A snitch caught by Harry Potter. Wow.” Then she grinned impishly. “Maybe it’ll be worth something some day, I can sell it.” She swiped it before he could rescind his offer, pressed a smacking kiss to his cheek, and flew off to join her team in commiserating, laughing as she went.

That was all the signal the Gryffindor team needed to pile on their captain, lowering to the ground in one huge red huddle. “I knew we could do it!” Katie sobbed. “One last cup! Fuck, I’m gonna miss this.”