

# A Different Day

*by SeverusLovesUs*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Fucking Potter!*

The Boy-Who-Lived-to-be-a-brave-hardy-fool dared to smirk at him from across the Great Hall during breakfast. Draco sneered. Rising from his seat and crossing behind where Potter sat with the other Gryffindorks, he paused and leaned over Potter's shoulder. "I'm going to wipe the pitch with your face today, Potter."

Potter turned his head and stared at Draco wide-eyed. "Ooh, I'm scared."

"Shove off, Malfoy." The Weasel clenched his fists as if expecting an attack.

Draco straightened, a smile playing at his lips. He'd managed to make the Gryffindor Keeper feel threatened. And he could see the nerves hiding behind the defiant, competitive look in the green eyes of their Captain and Seeker as he stared Draco down, failing miserably at playing Draco's game.

He smirked at Potter's pathetic attempt to disarm him. It was an art-form Potter would never master. He strode away with a lightness to his step, not needing to glance back in order to be assured that Potter's wary eyes were following his departure.

Today would be different. Potter would not win this time.

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Harry swallowed down the last of his pumpkin juice, wiping away the wetness dripping down his lower lip with the back of his hand. He was glad his mates were too busy discussing the day's match between Gryffindor and Slytherin to notice how tense he was that morning. If he failed today... Harry grabbed his sack, calling out a quick goodbye to Ron and Hermione as he made his way outdoors. There was much more at stake than the Quidditch Cup!

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Draco arrived in the Quidditch locker rooms early, as usual, to prepare for the match. He showered leisurely, enjoying having them all to himself. He would have to shower again afterwards, sure, but this was part of his pre-match ritual. Draco turned off the water and began to dry his body with a towel. He would always shower beforehand so that he could look and feel fresh. Next, he would dress himself in carefully chosen clothes, planned right on down to the soft, Slytherin-green pants he always wore for Quidditch matches. Then he would carefully inspect his Quidditch uniform and spell away any random wrinkles he might find.

Draco folded the edges of his towel in and hung it on the rack to dry. He had just stepped into the first leg-hole of his green pants when the thoughts about this particular

routine of his made him realize how ridiculous it was. It wasn't as if these pants were lucky, first of all. He didn't need fucking luck; he had skill. Still, he had never beaten Potter wearing them before. And today was going to be different.

He stepped back out of the pants and tossed them on top of his school uniform on the shelf of his locker. He still inspected his Quidditch robes for wrinkles, however. Some things just didn't need to change. Draco then went out to the broom-shed to complete his pre-match ritual by honoring his broomstick with a kiss on the very tip of the handle.

He was going to get the Snitch today. He could just feel it.

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Harry took in a deep breath of the fresh air as he hovered on his broomstick, waiting for Madame Hooch, the referee, to give the signal for the match to begin. He exhaled, feeling good, feeling relieved. When he had seen Malfoy heading to the broom-shed, looking more polished and smooth than his own Firebolt, he'd feared he might not win this one after all. The way Malfoy had been walking, confident and assured in an atypical calm, honest manner had derailed him. He hadn't been able focus his mind on the image of the Snitch in his hand, the way he always did before a match. He'd looked away and hurried into the locker rooms. Malfoy was too distracting. And it had been then that Harry had come up with the brilliant plan that had him grinning as he and the other players took off at the sound of Hooch's whistle. One way or the other, he would still win.

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The Snitch! Draco imagined he could feel the fluttering wings tickling his palm already. He sped off after it. It was directly in front of him, only yards away. Potter was flying at it at full speed from off to his right. Draco was going to get it first! The Snitch darted upwards, out of his line of vision, and Draco pulled back on his broom handle, rising higher to meet it. Something shiny caught his eye at that moment, but it wasn't the Snitch. Light was glinting off something green that Potter had tied to the end of his wand. He watched as Potter pulled the rest of it out from beneath his Quidditch robes and waved it around like a flag. Draco swore.

Oh, Potter was good, but not good enough. Draco looked away from the sight of Potter trophying Draco's pants. The crowd was going wild. Draco continued to rise higher on his broom, closing in on his prize. Let Potter wave a Slytherin flag of sorts as he reached for the Snitch and clasped it in his hand. It was only fitting. Draco spun around on his broom, grinning in triumph at his rival Seeker. Potter smirked at him again.

"AND SLYTHERIN WINS! 210-90!" Luna Lovegood announced. "Of course, one must wonder why no one stopped the game when Harry Potter was fighting off that Clabbert..."

Luna's voice was drowned out by the uproar of the crowd. The Slytherin team gathered around Draco, clapping him on the back and cheering. He could no longer see Potter or his infuriating look of satisfaction.

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"I want my pants back, Potter." Draco glared at him.

"Come and get them then." Potter leaned back against a tree and looked down pointedly. Draco had found him here on the far side of the lake. Raising his eyes back up to meet Draco's, he smiled winningly.

When Draco crept up to him and undid the button on his boyfriend's trousers, he was greeted with something familiar that he loved. But it wasn't green, and it wasn't soft. "Mmmm," Draco said as he kissed the head of Potter's cock. "Harry! Where are they?"

"I'm keeping them as my prize for letting you catch the Snitch."

"Shut it, Potter." Draco covered his mouth with his own, then kissed down his neck. "There was no way you were going to catch that first. You can't always win."

"Yes, I can." Potter rolled Draco over so that he was lying on top of him. He kissed Draco soundly, running his fingers through his blond hair and running his other hand down Draco's side and to the button on his trousers. "And I always do."

A/N: Written for TPP's Saturday Drabble Night. Thanks go to Teshara for the prompt: Draco loses his pants. Why?