

# Chasing Spring

*by broomclosetravenclaw*

Two Chasers from rival teams have a secret romance.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Two Chasers from rival teams have a secret romance.

The Quidditch game between Hufflepuff and Slytherin was on May 1, and as the weather was uncommonly sun-drenched, the stands at the pitch were overflowing. Angelina Johnson had arrived one hour before the game to get a good seat. Her fellow Gryffindors thought nothing of their Quidditch captain wanting an unobstructed view of the opposing teams, not when the Quidditch Cup was on the line and only one more game succeeded this one.

Angelina was there as a Quidditch captain and also to watch a particular player, Adrian Pucey. A Chaser for Slytherin, Adrian was as rough as his teammates on the pitch, but Angelina had discovered a softer side to him during classes. She took notice of him after Montague had knocked her off her broom during their fifth year. Adrian had taken notes for her in their shared classes, feeling bad about his teammate's foul. At first, Angelina didn't trust his motives, comparing his notes with those of Alicia Spinnet. Soon, they were sharing lecture notes and writing secret messages to each other among the pages, unable to share their affection publicly.

Slytherin was winning against Hufflepuff, yet they still were playing dirty, just short of cheating. After Adrian seemed to be blatching one of the Hufflepuff Chasers, he flew past where Angelina was sitting; they locked eyes for a moment, exchanging reproving glances before he flew back into the throng of the game. She'd decided the year before that she didn't have to approve of his Quidditch strategies; they would always disagree when it came to the sport.

The game ended at dusk with Hufflepuff catching the Snitch, but still losing by 220 points. The warm day was turning into a cool night, perfect for the Beltane bonfire. After dinner in the Great Hall, the students returned outside for the revelry. Angelina slipped from the crowd, skirting the shadows of Hagrid's hut, leaving the smell of juniper behind. As she rounded the trees, the pitch came into view. She cast a Disillusionment Charm before she crossed the open field to the Slytherin changing room. The room was dark except for the moonlight coming in from one high window. The door squeaked closed, and Adrian spoke before she had ended the Disillusionment Charm.

"Anyone see you leave?"

Seeing him as the spell was removed made the warming sensation seem to penetrate her deeper.

"Well, if they did, no one followed."

"No Weasleys lurking around, waiting to take you to the bonfire?" he asked, half-joking as he pulled her into his arms.

Angelina's response was a firm kiss; her hands found the clasp to his robe. Adrian turned her, pressing Angelina into the wall. His hands were quicker, and her robe was the first to be discarded, followed by his—both relishing their stolen time together.

When the moon was high in the sky, they slipped back to the bonfire, joining their respective friends, their glow hidden, attributed to the firelight and the heat radiating from within the circle.

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**A/N:** Exactly 500 words written for Romancing the Wizard's March Madness Challenge.