

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Going to the party~

-x-X-x-

“A-Alright... sure. Let’s give it a try.”

Harry grins and offers Padma his arm, which she takes after a moment of hesitation. But in the end, she smiles right back at him, seeming to relax a lot more now that her secret is out in the open and he’s not judging her or running for the hills. Indeed, it’s like a massive weight as been taken off of her shoulders.

Together, they make their way over to the address Ginevra had given them, which turns out to be a pretty nice mansion. Not as nice as Harry’s admittedly, but still fairly decent. But then that makes sense, given it turns out to be Gwenog Jones’ place of residence. The Captain of the Holyhead Harpies was hosting this little afterparty where the two female teams could mingle, apparently.

When he and Padma reach the door, Harry is anticipating having to use Ginevra’s name to get in like she’d suggested... but the woman ‘standing guard’ takes one look at him and lights up like Yule has come early.

“Lord Hallows! Didn’t think you were stopping by... come right on in!”

Ah, yeah, he probably should have seen that coming. He might not be famous for killing Voldemort in this world, but he was still a celebrity wasn’t he? The only Wizard Lord in all of Magical Britain... even if most of them were likely expecting him to drop dead any day now, the sheer novelty of his continued existence was building notoriety and *fast*.

Keeping a firm grip on Padma’s arm and himself between her and the other witch so that the doorwoman can’t play some power move and try to separate them, Harry smiles and nods as he leads the Indian woman through the door.

A moment later, they're inside... and Harry has to admit, it's exactly as raucous of a crowd as he would expect from a Quidditch afterparty. There are women everywhere, having quite a lot of fun in a variety of different ways. There are games, there are contests, there are shouting matches going on that would have Harry concerned if the ones doing the shouting weren't doing so with great big smiles on their faces.

Put simply, it was a party. And though some notice him and start to stare as he and Padma go further in, plenty are too focused on whatever they're currently doing to notice his presence, at least for the time being.

Smiling, Harry leans in to Padma and whispers in her ear.

"Let me know if you see someone you like."

That brings a blush to the Indian Witch's face as she squirms but also clings to him a little bit, clearly uncertain.

"I..."

She looks around and Harry figures she's probably not just uncertain... but also more than a little overwhelmed. It's a real feast of athletic, fit women, after all. Sure, there are plenty of witches who are just here because they're friends of the two teams, but there's also the teams themselves, and every last Quidditch player is looking quite fine, given their profession.

The only real problem is finding the ones who are at a minimum bisexual if not outright lesbians so that Harry can wingman them over into Padma's direction. That might be easier said than done though... because he is rapidly starting to become the focus of everyone's attention. And it certainly doesn't help when...

"Lord Harry Hallows!"

Gwenog Jones swaggers over with a grin on her face and a rosy tint to her cheeks. The Captain of the Holyhead Harpies looks him up and down

appraisingly, clearly a bit uninhibited already as she eyes him like a piece of meat. Harry looks back at her with a raised brow.

“Captain Jones. You have a lovely home.”

Gwenog blinks and then lets out a bark of laughter.

“This ain’t no ball or gala, Lord Hallows! You don’t have to act all proper and fit. This is a real party, a fun party. Take a load off! Have a drink! Get loose with it!”

She pauses then and tilts her head to the side.

“Though, uh... who invited you again? I mean, I wish I’d thought of it, you’re perfectly fine to be here, but still... you definitely weren’t on the list.”

Heh, the woman at the door might be in trouble... but no, Harry won’t throw her under the bus.

“Ginevra was kind enough to extend an invite to me and my date for the evening. I hope that’s okay?”

There’s a moment where an ugly expression flashes across Gwenog’s face at that... but Harry recognizes it for what it is. The anger of a competitive woman at hearing the name of her greatest rival... one who just defeated her in a contest of skill. The skill they’re both very, very good at, no less.

Though to be fair to Gwenog, she was just a beater, so it wasn’t like Ginevra defeated her directly in a Seeker Duel. Still... they were both Captains. And that made the loss hit all the harder.

The ugliness is gone as soon as it arrives anyways, to be fair, disappearing as Gwenog lets out a bark of laughter.

“Hah! Of course she fucking did! Nearly takes your fucking head off just to win the damn game and then has the nerve to invite you over afterwards! That’s exactly like her!”

"I just thought his presence would liven things up a bit. These parties are always more boring when we hold them at your place, Jones."

Suddenly, Ginevra Weasley is there with them, having sauntered right up while Gwenog was speaking. Her words, caustic and incendiary in nature, are said in just enough of a jovial tone for them to probably have been a joke... albeit still a joke at Gwenog's expense of course.

The older woman scoffs at Ginevra, rolling her eyes in response.

"Yeah? Well maybe try losing a bit more so we can hold the parties at your place instead."

Ginevra just grins right back.

"Sorry, I don't think I'm capable of it. Losing, that is."

"Hah! Fuck off Weasley, we won against you just the other week!"

"That was three games ago, Jones."

Their banter allows for Harry to... collect himself a bit more. Because he has to admit, Ginevra cleans up *nice*ly. The ginger-haired witch has showered and changed into a fairly nice blouse and pants combo, the pants being the kind that might as well be painted on. Her Quidditch physique is on display, from those legs and thighs and ass all the way up her wiry frame.

She looks good to say the least... perhaps the best that Harry has ever seen any version of Ginny Weasley. He's reminded of a long time ago, back in his first life, when he and his original Ginny had danced around the idea of dating for a time. It hadn't worked out, mostly on account of Harry realizing he was now the Master of Death and everything that came with it. He couldn't be the stable partner Ginny deserved and she... she simply couldn't keep up with him after a certain point.

Ginevra though... well, she certainly has his interest now.

“Besides, it wasn’t like Lord Hallows here was ever in any real danger. He would have dove for cover if he had felt like he was... right, Lord Hallows?”

Pulled out of his moment of introspection and remembrance, Harry looks to see both Ginevra and Gwenog... along with half a dozen other female Quidditch Players who have shown up out of nowhere, all staring at him waiting for his response.

Smiling easily, he nods.

“That’s exactly right. I knew Ginevra wouldn’t hit me if I remained still, so I acted accordingly.”

Ginevra looks particularly smug at securing his agreement, while Gwenog looks momentarily annoyed before finally just scoffing and conceding the point. With a shake of her head, she focuses back on Harry carefully.

“Still, you’ve got nerves of goblin-wrought silver, Lord Hallows. Any experience with Quidditch?”

Harry hums, deciding for a moment what to say before finally shrugging and nodding.

“Some. Nothing professional, obviously, but I’ve dabbled here and there.”

Immediately he has the attention of everyone, even more so than he did before. Ginevra in particular leans in close.

“Position?”

Smiling, Harry just can’t bring himself to lie. Even if he’s played in every Quidditch Position imaginable and is comfortable in all of them, at the end of the day, he will always be a...

“Seeker.”

There are some groans of disappointment at that, Gwenog’s most prevalent among them. But to be fair, the position of Seeker and its out-sized impact on the game is perhaps one of the oldest debates among enjoyers of the sport. Plenty of non-Seeker Quidditch Players have strong opinions about the role of the Seeker in the game... as well as Seeker Players themselves.

“Of fucking course you are.”

Gwenog sounds personally affronted. Ginevra, meanwhile, looks even more interested if it can be helped. Leaning forward even further, she gives him a wolfish grin.

“You. Me. Seeker Duel. Right now.”

Harry blinks, a little surprised by the sudden challenge. But then again, maybe he shouldn’t be...

“Err, I don’t have a broom at the moment I’m afraid. I haven’t made the time to purchase a new one since arriving in the isles.”

But Ginevra just shakes her head.

“That won’t be a problem. Gwenog has half a dozen you can borrow... and a Quidditch Pitch we can use as well.”

Heh, of course she does. Though, Gwenog cuts in then, scowling a bit.

“Sure, just offer my shit to any handsome wizard that happens to stop by, Weasley. Honestly though, trying to monopolize our guest with a damn Seeker Duel... what makes you think he even wants to waste his time with such a thing?”

Funnily enough, Harry is interested in the idea. He’s just hesitating because... well, he promised Padma that he would help her find someone tonight. She’s

still hanging off of his arm in fact, though obviously she's been a bit lost since this conversation began, and therefore quiet as a result.

Here's the thing... Harry feels like he's already monopolizing everyone's time. At least all of the people who have gravitated into their orbit so far anyways, which is starting to become a sizable crowd.

The problem with that is, he doesn't exactly know how to turn all of their attention towards him... into attention towards Padma. How can he possibly be a wingman for her when everyone is too busy hanging off of his every word?

Simply put... he can't. But maybe he can be a wingman in a somewhat unconventional way... by removing himself from the situation. And what better way to do so then by accepting Ginevra's challenge?

"I'm game so long as I can borrow a broom and you don't mind us using your pitch, Captain Jones."

His words bring another wickedly triumphant smile to Ginevra's lips, while Gwenog huffs and rolls her eyes good naturedly.

"Of course you can. Like I would ever stop anyone from playing Quidditch under this roof. Even if it is something as asinine as a Seeker Duel."

Harry just smiles, even as Gwenog starts barking orders to get things ready and everyone starts moving about. As they're led to the pitch, Harry takes a moment to lean in close and whisper in Padma's ear.

"Sorry, but I think you'll have a better chance of catching someone's attention once I'm in the air. Otherwise, I'm just sucking up all of the focus in any room I'm in."

Padma wordlessly nods, leaving Harry uncertain whether she agrees or feels betrayed or... what. But in the end, there's no helping it. They're on the pitch mere moments later and a Firebolt of all things is shoved into his hands.

“Sorry its not a Supreme, but we want things to be as fair as possible and I don’t have two Firebolt Supremes on hand. Ginevra, you’re going to be using a standard Firebolt as well.”

The ginger shrugs her shoulders as she accepts the broomstick.

“Fine by me.”

Harry, meanwhile, finds himself oddly nostalgic as he holds the broom from his childhood. Not the exact broom of course, but the Firebolt... well, it beat out the Nimbus for a place in his heart, that was for sure. He’d only had the Nimbus 2000 for two years before the Whomping Willow destroyed it, after all. He’d had his original Firebolt for twice as long.

Realizing he’s been staring at the broom and everyone else is watching him and waiting for his reaction, Harry chuckles.

“Perfectly fine by me. My favorite broom was a Firebolt, actually.”

That gets some interested looks... but Ginevra stops any questions by smacking her hands together.

“Alright, good! Let’s get this underway then, shall we?”

Finally leaving Padma behind... and silently wishing her the best of luck in hopefully bagging an athletic hottie tonight, Harry wordlessly nods to Ginevra and mounts his broomstick. Both of them rise up into the air until they’re equidistant from each other, the ground, and the Quidditch Trunk that Gwenog is fiddling with down below.

They watch on together as the Holyhead Harpies’ Captain opens up the trunk and unlatches the lock holding back the Snitch in particular. After a moment, the golden ball comes to life and rises into the air, its wings starting to beat rapidly.

And then its off and the Seeker Duel is on. As it flits too and fro, moving almost too fast for some eyes to track... Harry has no problem keeping track of it.

The question is, does he want to win this Seeker Duel fast? Does he want to win it at all?

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!