NB: For those unfamiliar with the traditions of New Zealand rugby, please go here before reading about the boys' Quidditch match in Tasmania. The video gives a translation as well as some interesting historical background ... that is, if you bother to take your eyes off the men long enough to read the narration.

Let's Rejoice in the Beautiful Game

(and Together at the End of the Day)

London

Orphans had always had a special place in Harry's heart. Part of one orphan had literally lived there, and it was due to this that Harry had vowed no one should grow up as Tom Riddle had. Harry's not-insignificant family fortune became redundant when he quickly doubled it through several years as Seeker on the Magpies and England Quidditch teams. And an orphanage, one in particular, was at the top of Harry's charitable causes.

Tired of the endless public appeals and formal hundred-Galleon-a-plate dinners, Harry had told his publicist he wanted to do something special, something different. Sure, many of the stuffed robes who attended such functions -- more for the chance to be seen with the Great Harry Potter than for the actual philanthropic opportunity -- might feel slighted, but an event such as a Quidditch World Tour might attract more of the new money, and Harry was all for having as big a coffer as he could get.

Now he stood on the steps of Hedwig's Haven, as Riddle's former orphanage had been renamed, surrounded by the press (both Muggle and magical), local politicians and the general public. As the orphanage was still run by Muggles, the members of the wizarding community had had to resort to being as subtle and crafty as possible in mixing with the

natives. Most did all right; there was still the odd obviously botched attempt at Muggle fashion which could possibly be explained away as an appreciation of a bad retro trend. Even Rita Skeeter was forced to report on the actual event, finding little going on in the periphery on which to comment.

To Harry's right stood Diana Bishop, matron of the orphanage. She had trained as a nurse and midwife, and then chosen to work for Hedwig's Haven. She'd always felt a special connection to the place, her father having spent his formative years within its walls.

Harry looked a paragon of British sport, wearing his black-and-white Magpies' strip. With only the addition of a small glamour, it was easily confused with that of Newcastle United FC's. So what if the crowd couldn't reconcile Harry's allegiance with his accent how many Muggles in this London crowd owned the red shirts of their favourite Northern football teams?

And to the Muggles, football was what this was all about. The witches and wizards in the crowd knew this charity event had at its heart a tour of the great Quidditch capitals of the world, not a trip to the Muggle world's most famous football venues as was advertised in the their media. Of course, that would be the prize, if a Muggle's name were drawn from the enormous box which took pride of place on the steps, with the choice of either Old World or New World locations.

Harry, as a supposed famous British footballing fanatic, would offer the tour of the Old World fixtures, while the other sportsman on the podium, a very well-known home-grown player who now played abroad, would lead the New World tour; it was up to the winner to choose the prize. Any Muggle footie fan would probably be tempted by the higher star-quality of the professional player, but the New World venues were hardly as hallowed as the Old World ones, hence the appeal of the tour with the eccentric Newcastle fan.

The Football Association and Major League Soccer were happy to sanction the competition, seeing as it was being fully sponsored, albeit anonymously. (This "anonymous" sponsor was actually the hugely successful husband-and-wife racing-broom design team of Oliver and Ginny Weasley-Wood, but that was a detail neither the FA nor MLS needed to know.)

Diana cleared her throat. The speeches had been given, and thanks and praise had been

lavished upon the hundreds of people who had paid their £5.00 (G1.00) for the chance to have their name pulled from the box, to be whisked away with a sporting hero for a wonderful tour.

"Now is the moment you've all been waiting for," Diana began, the microphone attached to her dress directing her voice down the stairs of the building and into the street where the huge crowd stood, collective breath held in anticipation. She reached into the box and dug around, her arm nearly disappearing inside it, then withdrew her hand, a single piece of paper clutched between her fingers. Making a show out of putting on and adjusting her specs, she dragged out the moment, then smiling, read out the name neatly inscribed on the paper. "Anon, number eighteen."

No one jumped up and down and shouted with glee.

Over the puzzled murmur that rose from the crowd, Diana went on to clarify the situation. "Ladies and gentlemen, that means that this entrant, for whatever reason, wishes to remain anonymous. These cards have numbers which match entrants to the names of their sponsors. Should the anonymous entrant wish to remain anonymous and forfeit the prize, a new winner will be drawn. We will be able to tell you in just one moment ..." She looked over at Harry, standing next to Oliver and Ginny and watching as they consulted their list of names.

Once more, the crowd waited expectantly. Ginny nodded to Diana, then turned and aimed an enigmatic smile at Harry, embarrassed, pitying, and devious all at the same time. Harry wondered what name could have provoked such a look.

Diana raised her voice again. "Mr M, the anonymous entrant, will accept the prize." There was a collective groan from the assembled crowd and Harry quickly ran down the list of acquaintances who might use the letter M to denote his or her identity. There was only one person he could think of whose name that would inspire that kind of reaction from Ginny.

Harry let out a frustrated sigh. Luckily the hubbub of the crowd drowned him out and no one appeared to have heard him. If the winner was who he thought it was, this was going to prove an interesting and most likely irritating tour: five days of travelling to the world's most famous Quidditch pitches and flying with the world's best national teams ... five days of

sharing living space with ...

"Draco Malfoy, mate. Lucky you." Oliver clapped him on the shoulder as he confirmed Harry's worst fears.

The Muggle celebrity footballer, shuffled over to Harry. "So, does this winner want a trip to the States or would he rather have the UK tour?"

"You're off the hook," Harry said resignedly. "This one's keen on the old traditions er of football."

The crowd began to disperse, probably feeling let down, not only by not having a winner among it, but also because it appeared that they'd never know the identity of the person who had won.

But there was one among the crowd who was standing close enough to overhear Oliver's not-so-quiet aside to Harry. Malfoy, Rita Skeeter jotted down with her quill, and her usual feral smile became even more dangerous.

Wiltshire

A house-elf led Ginny, Oliver, and Harry into the ornate sitting room and left them to look at the scowling portraits, or out of the French windows through which two pale peacocks could be seen wandering the garden in a desultory fashion.

With a pop, a second house-elf appeared bearing a tray of tea things. It set the tray on a low table and disappeared just as Narcissa Malfoy entered the room.

"Mr Potter," she said with a nod in Harry's direction. "It's very nice to see you again, under, shall we say, more ... social circumstances."

Harry shifted from foot to foot and nodded back uncomfortably. Although this scene was no less formal, it was indeed more social than the crowded Ministerial court in which he'd last seen Narcissa. He had given testimony in her and her family's defence and had saved the Malfoys from any penalty worse than financial reparations, which had hardly dented the family fortune.

"To what do we owe your visit?" Narcissa glanced politely but curtly in the direction of the Woods.

Harry looked over at Oliver, who nodded back at him, shifting their side of the conversation firmly back onto Harry.

"It's Harry, and well, er-- you see, Mrs--" He stopped short when he saw her look. "Er-- Narcissa, it's like this ..." The name still felt uncomfortable on his lips, no matter how many times she had insisted he call her that. Harry had found it strange, especially as her husband and son had remained so aloof during the trial.

"Malfoy I mean, Draco, has won a competition that we," he indicated Ginny and Oliver with a gesture, "organised. And we've come to tell him."

"How lovely," she said, her smile easing the tension in the room somewhat. For a moment, Harry envied Malfoy his upbringing; it would have been nice to have had a family help him celebrate the good things that happened in his life. "He knows you're here. I'm sure he'll be down shortly."

The words had no sooner left her mouth than her son entered the room, barefoot, and dressed in a pair of denims, an unbuttoned shirt, and an aristocratic sneer. Harry's pupils dilated. Trust Malfoy to have sexy feet.

"Potter," Malfoy said condescendingly. "How nice to see you." He turned and barely acknowledged Oliver and Ginny. The latter gave him a sunny smile, and Harry saw Malfoy do a brief double-take before turning to face him once more.

"Draco, Harry has some good news for you," Narcissa jumped in to forestall any further sarcasm.

"Er, yes. You see, Malfoy, you've won ... shirt."

"I've what?" Malfoy's sneer turned into a smirk and he looked down at his unbuttoned shirt. He began fastening the buttons and glanced up at Harry.

Harry stood there dumbly and briefly wondered what Malfoy been doing barefoot and shirtless in the first place.

"Contest. You've won the contest, Malfoy," Ginny explained, her eyes drifting to Harry and her smile widening. "The Quidditch competition."

Malfoy's brows knitted together; it was clear he was trying to recall what she was referring to.

Oliver stepped in. "Remember, you donated some money to Harry's charity and entered the draw for a fabulous prize?"

Malfoy looked them quizzically. "I vaguely recall donating money to a school or an orphanage or something ..." he said, almost to himself.

"Aye, that's the one!" Oliver said. "And you've won! You get to go round the world playing Quidditch in some very famous venues with the national teams."

"I do?" For a moment, Malfoy looked like a seven-year old boy on Christmas Day. Then he frowned. "But why are you all here?"

Narcissa handed him a cup of tea after making sure her guests were seen to first. "Draco ..." she cautioned in a maternal fashion no one in the room, regardless of parentage, could mistake.

"Mother, I didn't mean I'm disgusted at their being in our sitting room." His expression, though, conveyed just that sentiment. "I just mean why are they the ones to come and tell me this?"

"We're here," Ginny replied, interjecting the trio back into conversation, "because Oliver and I are the sponsors, and Harry is your guide and travelling companion."

Malfoy raised a disbelieving eyebrow. "So you're paying for Potter and me to go gallivanting across the globe and play Quidditch? I suppose it could be worse."

Harry gave him a dark look. Then he brightened. "And they're supplying us with their newest brooms." That didn't seem to impress Malfoy much. Of course, he'd had the newest and best of anything before it was available to the masses, so the latest Woodsley creation probably didn't sound as exciting as it did to Harry, who had never tried to cash in on his fame or fortune in such a manner.

"I think it sounds like a lovely prize, Draco," Narcissa said. "And it's a wonderful opportunity."

"You mean it gets me out of the house for a while," Malfoy said matter-of-factly.

Narcissa's cheeks went a delicate shade of pink. "You could use a holiday," she said.

"Yes, I'm sure you and Father will be waiting with bated breath for postcards."

Harry cleared his throat. Whatever was going on in the Malfoy household was none of his business, of course, although it was no secret that Lucius Malfoy was about to return home after an extended stay in France, where he was serving as interim ambassador following the death of the ancient witch who'd held the post for years.

"I'm sure we will," Narcissa replied. "Well, dear, I'll leave you to discuss the details with your friends. It was lovely to see you again, Harry." She smiled at them all in turn and then drifted out of the room.

"Fine, Potter. When do we leave, where are we going, where are we staying, and who will make sure all of my equipment isn't left in the care of the ... natives?"

"Malfoy!" Harry cried, scandalised at the other man's derisive comment.

"I'm just kidding, Potty. It sounds fine; fill me in on the details. And, who wants something stronger than tea?"

There was a collective sigh, and three hands shot up.

Luxembourg

The Bigonville Bombers were the perfect hosts. In fact, they were more than perfect. The posh hotel rooms billeted to Harry and Malfoy had hot-and-cold running everything -- the team were thrilled to have two famous names visiting. It didn't matter to them that one of their visitors was more infamous than famous back in Blighty; the Malfoy purse was still well-known on the Continent. To top it off, the team from Beauxbatons, who were the visiting opponents, were good sports as well as excellent athletes. Harry had expected nothing less.

Harry had been chosen to play Seeker for the hosts (which was fine by him; he'd had his eye on the blond Keeper since they'd been introduced several hours ago), while Malfoy had made the entire Beauxbatons squad veritably sigh in girlish glee every time he opened his mouth. Which was a lot.

Malfoy did complain, however, about their new brooms, with which Harry had to concur; they had given the two Seekers a lot of trouble at first. They required a great amount of focus on the part of the rider, without which they tended to drift toward each other. This wasn't too much of a hardship if both Harry and Malfoy happened to be going in the same direction, as when they had both spotted the Snitch. But when one or the other of them wished to employ any type of strategy which involved veering off in a seemingly random direction or attempting to sneak away, the other was compelled to follow.

When contacted by Floo after the warm-up, Ginny assured Harry that she and Oliver had spelled the new Woodlsey Whirlwinds to respond especially to their new owners and that the brooms just needed "breaking in". But Harry had his doubts. He became more and more convinced that the brooms were perhaps responding to their makers in constantly bringing their riders together. In the end, he'd cast Imperius on it, and prayed the Ministry wouldn't be able to track an Unforgivable used upon an inanimate object. He admitted as much to Malfoy, who'd done the same. At least he'd not go to Azkaban alone if found out.

Luxembourg

Now using brooms that responded to their riders' demands, albeit through illegal means, the game was in full swing. The venue was packed, the National team were playing an all-girl (indeed, part Veela) team with Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy as guest players. There weren't many in the small country who were prepared to miss such a spectacle.

Although Malfoy was wearing a Beauxbatons uniform, he was easy to spot, and Harry kept a wary eye on the other Seeker in between looking around for the wily Snitch and casting surreptitious glances toward the Bomber's Keeper. He quickly ceased doing the latter after one of the team's Chasers gave the man a big kiss following a particularly good save. Harry watched as he squeezed her bum before she flew off again. "Today's their first anniversary," a Beater informed him, catching the direction of Harry's gaze. "Your being here has just added

to their special day."

Terrific, Harry thought.

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Later, the Snitch caught, the Beauxbatons team and supporters celebrating their good fortune, and Malfoy looking just a little weary of all the teenaged attention, Harry approached him as he was heading to the locker rooms to get changed. "Malfoy, Rita Skeeter wants to take our picture for the cover of the Prophet. Try to contain your glee."

"What are you talking about, Potter?" Malfoy asked. "I'm always happy to play nice for the press. Blood-sucking parasites ..." he finished under his breath.

"So glad you feel that way, Mr Malfoy," said Rita, stealing out from behind Harry and man-handling both men back in the direction of the pitch.

"Wait, where are you going?" Malfoy cried, being dragged along by Rita with what had to be preternatural strength.

"Out here," she said as she deposited them back onto the side-lines. "On your brooms," she ordered. Behind her, her photographer walked around them, aiming to get the best angle.

"I've put my broom away," Harry informed her. Indeed, he'd already cast Finite Incantatum and stowed it with his bag in preparation for their return to the hotel.

"Then get it," Rita ordered icily.

"Accio broom" Harry said.

Nothing happened.

"Well, Potter," Malfoy drawled. "Looks like you don't have much control over your own equipment. No wonder you lost ..."

"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry grumbled. "Accio broom!"

Still nothing happened.

"Just get on the same one," Skeeter said and gestured at the broom Malfoy was clutching.

"What?!" both men shouted at once.

"Get on the same broom, let me take my picture, and become even more famous than you already are. That's not too difficult to understand, even for the two of you, I should think."

"What are you implying?" Malfoy said, eyes shooting daggers at the reporter.

"I know neither of you finished school, but you both must have some command of the English language, mmm? However, I'm happy to report that the two of you are back to being school-yard rivals, if you insist." She motioned to her photographer, and turned her back.

"Wait!" Harry cried. "We'll do it!"

Rita turned around, grabbing the arm of her photographer as she did.

"Potter, are you crazy?" Malfoy hissed at Harry. "I'm not getting on a broom with you!"

Harry glared at him. Malfoy lowered his gaze. The intervening years and the presence of Rita Skeeter might be what kept Harry from saying what was on the tip of his tongue, but whatever the reason, it was clear from Malfoy's expression that he was grateful to Harry for not expressing it.

"It's good publicity for the orphanage, Malfoy," Harry said by way of response. "And Oliver and Ginny are counting on our endorsement."

"Fine," said Malfoy grudgingly and held his broom out to Harry. "Where do you want us?"

Rita walked around the pair. "I think with the Bombers banner in the background, don't you?" Her photographer moved to comply with her suggestion. "Harry, you get on the front, Mr Malfoy behind, you're taller, it will look more aesthetically pleasing."

"Whatever," Harry said, barely hearing her. He mounted the broom and felt Malfoy climb on behind him.

"This is more uncomfortable than the last time," Malfoy whispered into Harry's ear, warm breath causing Harry's hair to flutter. Harry shivered at the sensation ... and the memory.

Pop went the flashbulb, and the moment was over.

Tanzania

Pop and the pair appeared at the Apparation point where Luna waited to meet them. She seemed very excited and pleased that they had included her adopted country on their tour, but they could hardly not, seeing that the success of the latest Quidditch World Cup had been staged on the African continent.

She surprised them both by showing them to a magically-enhanced Land Rover. They stored their bags in the boot and the car growled to life and rumbled them out of the local town and into the countryside. Harry thought fondly of the Weasleys' enchanted Ford Anglia before his attention was stolen by the striking landscape. Before long, Luna deposited them at the training camp of the Tanzanian national squad.

As they climbed out of the car, they caught sight of the team.

"Ginny said the Whirlwinds are agile enough for any kind of acrobatics, but I don't know how good I am at that." Harry's look of doubt didn't go half-way to conveying the trepidation he felt at attempting the kinds of manoeuvres he saw taking place above him. At least he wasn't sure he could do them on purpose.

"What, there's something you've not inherited as a natural talent? I'm not sure I believe it," Malfoy said, yawning.

"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry grumbled back. The sun was already roasting at nine AM and both men had to squint, as the Sumbaawanga Sunrays practiced feats of formation looping that would have had a Red Arrows pilot needing a quiet lie-down and a nice cup of tea.

Tanzania was hot, beautiful, and remote; Harry felt a million miles outside his comfort zone. Thank god for Luna's presence -- perhaps not as reassuring as someone who lived in the real world, but familiar nonetheless. They would be having a practice with the Sunrays later, and then each would be playing Seeker during the friendly match between the Tanzanians and the Gimbi Giant Slayers from Ethiopia.

Now, after witnessing the Sunrays' formation flying, as much as Harry would love to play on their hosts' side, he rather hoped he'd be playing with the Giant Slayers. Victor Krum had tried to teach him some aerobatic moves once, years back, with disastrous and painful results. Harry rubbed his tailbone, feeling the phantom ache even still. He abruptly stopped when he noticed Malfoy glancing at him with a rather odd expression on his face.

Before Harry had a chance to read anything into it, Luna approached. "Hello boys," she said. They nodded to her. "Your room in the camp is ready if you'd like to follow me. Do watch out for the Quivering Saddlebugs, though, you wouldn't want a bite from one just before a match."

Harry's brain stumbled briefly over the word room, singular, before it went on a fruitless search to identify the word Saddlebug, as he and Malfoy followed her in the direction of the low building near the pitch which served as accommodation at the Sunrays' training camp.

It was cool inside, no charms were needed, as the building mirrored the Muggle ones he'd seen on their journey from the Long-Distance Floo port. Wizards in more extreme climes relied on indigenous knowledge rather than wasting precious energy on magic. And, Harry mused, it looked as though all of his focus would be needed for the game, anyway.

Luna handed them over to the Sunrays' Logistics Manager, a man named Erevu. She watched in amusement as Harry and Malfoy carefully repeated the name EH-reh- voo, which (they were informed) appropriately meant clever or capable. "I'll see you at the game. I'm so excited!" Luna said, waved, and skipped away.

Erevu was in charge of the team's organisational functions. He led them into the building to a small room about halfway down a long corridor. "Showers and toilet are at the end of the hall, the dining room is at the other end of the building. Training starts after lunch. The Giants will be Apparating in at six. The match starts at seven. I shall fetch you for lunch. Please relax until then."

The effects of the hangover potion and Pepperup Harry had drunk at the hotel that morning were quickly wearing off (he'd done no small amount of schmoozing with the Bombers the night before). Combined with the temperature and the effects of long-distance travel, he felt

like he could sleep for a week. His eyes adjusted to the gloominess of the building's interior and he scanned the spartan room. A narrow standing wardrobe was by the door, a tiny night table beside the bed. A single bed ... A single bed that Malfoy was now sitting on, leaning over to untie his shoes.

Harry looked back down the hall and coughed. "Excuse me," their host turned back. "The bed --"

Erevu took a couple of steps back. "Oh sorry, Luna said that since you're a couple, you'd appreciate the one bed. I forgot to Engorgio it before you arrived. Do forgive me and please feel free to do so now."

"She wha --?" Harry sputtered, but their host had jogged back toward the building's door as someone shouted for him from outside. When Harry turned back, he found Malfoy lying down fully-clothed with an arm thrown over his eyes.

"Don't you dare transfigure that wardrobe, Potter. My clothes are hanging in it," he said without moving.

Harry grimaced. He'd been about to do just that. There was nothing for it: a massive headache threatened and he shuffled over. He Engorgio'd the bed as much as he could in the tiny room, but it was still short of a double. "Shift over then, Malfoy, and keep the complaining to a minimum."

Evidently Malfoy was either too hung-over or too tired to care about the sleeping arrangements for the moment. They'd get it sorted after the game. He just hoped Malfoy would comply, because Harry wasn't about to sleep on the floor.

"Move," Harry ordered as he bent to remove his boots. It seemed Malfoy was already asleep. Harry sat down on the edge of the bed, as far away from the other man as he could, which was only inches. Malfoy shifted infinitesimally. "Malfoy," Harry said through gritted teeth. "If you don't move, I'm going to lie down on top of you, and no one wants that," despite your

beautiful eyes and soft-looking hair, Harry's brain supplied the rest of the sentence.

He squelched that train of thought by thinking about how much he'd enjoyed flirting with the Bombers' Keeper the previous night, before he found out how married the man was. Whose eyes and hair, of course, were similar to Malfoy's, and whom Harry only flirted with because he was too afraid Malfoy would laugh in his face if he knew Harry might possibly have a thing for him.

With that, Harry told his brain to fuck off.

As if Malfoy had heard the unspoken thought, he lowered his arm from his face and raised an eyebrow at Harry. Even the dark circles under Malfoy's grey eyes didn't detract from the potency of the half-glare, half-smirk he directed at Harry. Thankfully, he kept his mouth shut and then rolled over to face the wall.

Harry pretended not to notice how well Malfoy's trousers fit and lowered the rest of his body onto the bed, facing the door. As he felt their bums bump against each other, Harry thought, This can only end badly. I'm either going to wake up on the floor or ...

Two hours later --

... in Malfoy's arms. Harry, who'd been having a rather nice dream about blond Continental Quidditch players, slowly woke to find their limbs tangled together. Harry didn't think; he just rolled off the bed as fast as he could. Unfortunately, Malfoy wasn't awake, and, arms and legs still wrapped around Harry, followed him on the short journey to the hard floor.

"Merlin's balls, Potter!"

Looking angry (And why wouldn't he be? thought Harry), Malfoy got up and sat down on the bed. He yawned. "I guess it's time to get going." He ran a hand through his hair. As if obeying some unspoken command, every strand settled into place. Harry didn't know whether to be jealous or turned on. He tried for the first, but only succeeded in achieving the second.

Sitting up quickly, he pulled his knees to his chest.

If Malfoy had seen anything, he didn't mention it. He stood up and walked to the wardrobe, withdrew his kit, and left the room without a backwards glance.

I really, really need to get laid, Harry thought, the pain in his head now replaced by the throb in his groin.

~*~

Simba, they called him, which at first made Harry a little cross. How did he resemble a character from one of Dudley's favourite childhood animated films? When Luna explained that simba meant lion in Swahili, Harry felt better. In fact, he rather revelled in having been nicknamed by his adopted team. How they had thought to call him that was another matter, in which he suspected Luna had had a hand.

Similarly, Malfoy was coming to grips with his nickname of bofa, the Oromo word for snake, as he flew around with the newly arrived team from Ethiopia. Luna, the ultimate fan, sat in the middle of the wooden stands, vuvuzela in hand, alternately shouting encouragement in various languages and blowing on the plastic horn. The referee from Malawi blew her whistle and they were off, their illegally-enchanted brooms keeping the two Seekers well away from each other.

Two hours later Luna was still blowing on her cursed vuvuzela and Harry had learned more about flying upside-down with six other people than he'd ever wanted to. The score remained tied with no end in sight ...

After another two hours, Harry would have happily shared his bunk with a real snake, he was so tired. He could fly around for hours, indeed he had from time to time with the Magpies, but he had never flown in formation for half of the time, and had never had to concentrate so hard above the cheers and musical droning. His teammates played very well, but African

tradition seemed to include the Seeker in almost every manoeuvre, and as a result, Harry had little time to actually look for the Snitch. He supposed with the dry weather through most of the year and the distances both fans and players had to travel, they were perfectly happy to have games go on for days.

Finally, finally, Harry saw the Snitch glinting in the moonlight. He had a sneaking suspicion that Malfoy had seen it too, but that he was so exhausted, he just couldn't be bothered to catch it. Harry reached out, grabbed the Snitch, and shouted hoarsely to his teammates. They came flying up to surround him gleefully, then took off with him in tow for an intricately-choreographed victory tour of the pitch and surrounding countryside.

By the time he and Malfoy made it back to their one room with its one bed, they didn't even remove their clothes before falling onto the mattress and immediately to sleep, and he and Malfoy once again woke up clasped together.

Harry, upon waking, was quick to remove the hand he'd tangled in Malfoy's soft hair before the other man opened his eyes. At least, thought Harry, they were separated by thick cloth and indeed their leather forearm and shin-guards.

Tasmania

"Potter, since when has there been a team in Tasmania? I've never heard of them," Malfoy grumbled as they arrived at the club house in Hobart.

"This may come as a shock to you, Malfoy, but there are many good teams in the world you may never have heard of." Harry wasn't in the mood to give his companion a lesson in cultural sensitivity. He'd slept well enough (albeit again in Malfoy's arms a scenario he tried repeatedly to forget), but he was still exhausted from the long game and strenuous Apparition to their current location.

"I realise that, Potter," Malfoy said darkly. "What I meant was that if this is supposed to be a

tour of the most famous venues, then we really should be elsewhere. I'm sure there are better-known places than here." He looked around his surroundings. "At least they might be a bit more ... up-market."

"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry said, as their smiling guide walked toward them.

~*~

The Thunderlarra Thunderers and Woollongong Warriors were Australia's two best (and most infamous) teams. They had a long and chequered history beginning with a fist-fight between the captains before their first-ever match, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

It was rumoured that the teams held so much animosity toward one another nowadays that members of their own families had to be called in to officiate, as none of the professional Quidditch referees would take on the job. Of course, this led to just as many arguments and knock-down drag-outs between the officials as there were between the players.

Because of this, and despite their top ranking, Harry's publicist had insisted that he give both teams a wide berth. Therefore, Harry and Malfoy were in Hobart, at the grounds of the (very decent) Tasmanian Convicts, who would be playing the Moutohora Macaws from New Zealand. Neither team had a history of anything more violent than near-fatal self-induced hangovers.

Nevertheless, the Fijian official cast revealing spells over the entire collection of equipment and the pitch in order to anticipate any cheating before or during the game. This had become Antipodean tradition as well as a necessary part of the game, after yet another incident between the Thunderers and Warriors had ended in a fracas which, on that occasion, included fans, the souvenir salesmen, and both of the mascots. No one was formally blamed, but there had been enough accusations of cheating from both sides that now, rather than examining only the balls and bats for irregularities, Pacific Rim referees scrutinised everything from the turnstiles in the stands to the players' athletic supporters.

The implications of this didn't become clear to Harry and Malfoy until just before the official strode into the club house and asked for all of the brooms. Both wizards muttered a surreptitious Finite Incantatum and then swore more loudly at the thought of having to control their wayward brooms as well as play Quidditch.

~*~

Watching Malfoy shouting and stamping around practicing his haka wasn't helping Harry's nerves in the slightest. He asked Malfoy more than once to return to the visitor's side of the clubhouse, but Malfoy said he needed someone to explain the bits he might be doing wrong. Harry tried unsuccessfully to point out that he wasn't actually on the New Zealand team, and having only seen them perform the haka a handful of times, he was hardly an expert. What Harry was, was uncomfortably hard. Finally he mumbled something about going to warm up and took his errant broom and equally errant penis outside.

The practicing paid off; Malfoy fit right in with the rest of the Macaws. He'd learned the entire haka perfectly, down to the facial expressions and inflection. If the quality of his haka reflected the way he intended to play, Harry reckoned it was going to be a very short game.

It was shorter than the game in Africa, but the teams still gave their fans a run for their money. In the end, Malfoy, perhaps just that bit more fired up, grabbed the Snitch. Harry's failure certainly wasn't for lack of trying to out-fly him, but from the moment the referee's whistle blew, their brooms began dancing a dangerous tango, and it was all they could do to keep an arm's distance from one another for the majority of the game.

Normally, Seekers flew near to one another for at least a good portion of the game; it was logical, particularly after one or both had spotted the Snitch. But during this game, it looked as though they were nearly bonded together with a sticking charm.

Their teammates were quick to pick up on their odd behaviour, and made no secret of it during the post-game festivities at the rowdy strip-club to which all of the male and two of the female players treated them.

"Even though the two of you fly like you're married, you'll love this place!" shouted the captain of the Convicts promised, as he pounded Harry on the back. "It's the seediest place in Hobart, but the ladies are accommodating and the lager is cheap."

So Harry put on his best I-really-don't-want-to-be-here-but-I'll-play-along-anyway smile, drank the beer readily enough, and pretended to enjoy the show. Malfoy was having a time of it: being the winning Seeker, he received more attention, including a lascivious lap-dance. Strangely, the only expression he displayed, aside from the patented Malfoy smirk, which Harry knew was plastered on for effect, was a very quick but panicked glance in Harry's direction. The look came again, intensified, when one of the dancers suggested he might like a more private performance. Many of his fellow Macaws cheered, but the captain turned and gestured to Harry, saying, "Boys, I'm not sure Malfoy's husband over there would appreciate that."

The other players bellowed drunken appreciation for the joke. "Struth, Potter," cried the Keeper of the Convicts. "It looked as though you couldn't keep your broom or any other part of yourself away from him for most of that match. Do you always play like that?"

"Er ..." Harry took a very large gulp of beer.

"He's just kidding," one of the Beaters said, referring to their Keeper. "I'm sure it's just a Seeker tactic of some kind, right, mate?" He elbowed Harry in the ribs.

"Right," Harry agreed. Explaining that something might have been wrong with their brooms didn't seem like the best idea, even at this late stage. Especially since he'd lost the Snitch to Malfoy. Still, he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth, and as he'd rather not see any more of his contribution to the kitty stuck into anyone's g-string, he stood and bade everyone a polite farewell. Playing along, he held out his hand to Malfoy. "Are you coming, love?" he asked.

As expected, everyone laughed, but bizarrely, Malfoy, from whom Harry had expected a biting retort, stood and took Harry's proffered hand. "Yes, sweetie, I do think it's getting a bit late."

Harry managed to grin despite his amazement. The teams waved and shouted their goodbyes as Harry and Malfoy left the club. Once outside, Malfoy dropped Harry's hand. But he did turn and smile. "Thanks. I was looking to go; I'm really not into that."

"Too many rhinestones and not enough diamonds for you, eh, Malfoy?" Harry teased and Malfoy smirked again. Whatever Malfoy was into, Harry was pretty sure it involved more champagne and fewer wet t-shirts.

Peru

"Another bloody room together? What is going on here?"

"Why don't you ask?"

"You know I can't speak the language. You ask!" Their host just gestured politely for them to enter the room. They did, dropping their bags and gear with a clunk onto the floor. This time Harry sat down on the bed first, leaving Draco smiling helplessly back at their host. The man gestured at his wrist, presumably indicating the time, held up one finger, and then pointed to his mouth.

"I think he means dinner in an hour," Draco said.

"Yes, thanks, Malfoy," Harry said with a sarcastic tone. "That much I got. I'm having a nap." He stretched out on the bed, closed his eyes and tried not to think about the forthcoming night's sleep whilst again sharing the bed with Malfoy. This bed was bigger than the one they'd had in Tanzania, at least, and Harry was sure he'd have more space to stretch out and less chance of waking up wrapped around Malfoy.

Waiting for sleep to claim him, Harry thought about coming events. The Tarapoto Treeskimmers were due to meet the Argentinian national team the following day, but before that was a big meal with both teams in attendance.

So far things had not gone as planned on this leg of the tour. As Ginny had happily assured them that their host spoke Spanish fluently and could also understand French, they'd hoped to have Malfoy act as translator. That hadn't quite worked out.

After critically considering Ginny's actions since Malfoy had been named as the competition winner, Harry was beginning to suspect something shifty was going on. Oh, he was sure she'd had no hand in Malfoy's winning the competition, but it wasn't like her to accidentally provide them with malfunctioning brooms, or to not know that the Peruvian team spoke Quechua, some Spanish, and absolutely no French. As the liaison between London and the various venues' representatives, Ginny was too smart to let such things happen by chance.

So, here they were, left with no idea of how to communicate and again one bed.

When Harry awoke later that evening, forty-five minutes before the banquet was to start, he found Malfoy sitting beside him brushing imaginary lint from his flawless linen shirt. He stood as Harry stirred and walked out without a word.

Fifteen minutes later, Harry left the room, dressed smartly, feeling anything but.

~*~

The food was delicious, and as far as they could tell they'd not made too many cultural faux pas. Many of the Argentines spoke a bit of English, and one a Beater coincidentally named Jorge even spoke very good French, which was a relief to Harry and Malfoy, but probably no fun for the player, as he ended up having to translate everything the two men said for the others at the table. He didn't look too upset about it though, and seemed to enjoy the attention, so Harry didn't let it bother him for long.

One of the Peruvian players motioned to Harry and Malfoy and spoke in rapid Spanish to Jorge. Jorge, in turn, went a bit soft-eyed and translated to Malfoy. Harry waited to get the English version, or as much of it as Malfoy chose to share.

"Oh brother ..." Malfoy said under his breath.

"What?" Harry asked, slightly worried.

"He wants to know how long we've been together," Malfoy said, then listened to the next bit of the conversation coming from the Peruvian via the Argentine. "Ah, because he says he's been with his partner um some bloke on the Ecuadorian squad, if I've heard that right for ..." he waited for Jorge to finish "... ah, seven years, c'est très bon."

Harry waited for Jorge to translate Malfoy's sentiments back to the Peruvian and then asked, "What are you going to tell him?"

Malfoy raised a pale eyebrow. "Seven years? Potter, surely we can beat that!" He turned to the Argentine. "Dix ans. Ten years," he added for Harry's benefit, wrapping an arm around him and giving a little squeeze.

"Malfoy, ten years ago, I left you bleeding on a toilet floor," Harry said through clenched teeth, grinning at both Jorge and the Peruvian.

"Just keep smiling," Malfoy said with equally fake good humour and squeezed Harry more tightly.

~*~

"I'm gonna kill Ginny," Harry muttered into the darkness.

Beside him, Malfoy turned over, most of the covers moving with him. Harry yanked them back. "Is it she we have to thank for the cosy sleeping arrangements, then?" Malfoy asked around a yawn.

"I'm sure of it. And the brooms ..."

Malfoy snickered. Harry didn't know what to make of that. Nor, the next morning, did he dwell too long on the fact that he again woke with his fingers twined in Malfoy's soft hair.

What with carrying around so much pent-up sexual frustration and anger, Harry's energy level was boundless. He threw his focus into the game, so great was his desire to think about anything other than his match-making friends and the beautiful man he'd woken up next to.

Fourteen minutes from the start of the game, Harry caught the Snitch.

Bulgaria

"You will be playing with Durmstrang, Harry Potter," Viktor said as he opened another bottle from his apparently never-ending supply of wine. "So, I am trusting you with my national team, Draco."

Malfoy looked over the table with a completely manufactured look of affront. "Viktor, I won't let down the side. You know I can play."

"Oh, I know you can play, Draco," Viktor said, taking a sip of wine and wiping his hand across

his mouth. Both men burst into inebriated laughter.

"Am I missing something?" Harry asked innocently.

"He plays too?" Viktor asked, addressing Malfoy.

"Of course I do, Viktor!" Harry insisted.

Both Malfoy and Viktor erupted in giggles and the Bulgarian slapped the wooden table with a large hand. "Oh Draco, you never told me that!"

Malfoy looked as though he was fighting off tears, he was laughing so hard.

"Right, who's going to let me in on the joke?" Harry asked, a little angrily.

Still guffawing, Malfoy set down his glass. "You've just informed Viktor that you ... ahem ... ride on the other side of the broom, Potter."

"What? I what? How does he mean-- Oh." Harry took a gulp of wine, hoping to hide his embarrassed expression. "I suppose he knows about you, then," he said unkindly, when Malfoy refused to stop smiling.

"I should think so!" Malfoy exclaimed, and that led to a fresh outbreak of chuckling and back-slapping.

Viktor finally let Harry in on the secret. "Draco and I had a little ... what do you say in English, Draco?"

"Romantic liaison?" Malfoy hedged and then watched Harry, supposedly for a reaction.

"Really?" Harry couldn't be more surprised. "When did that happen?"

Viktor refilled their glasses as Malfoy explained. "Fourth year."

"Fourth year! Malfoy, what are you on about?!" Harry was incredulous. And impressed.

"He grabbed me and kissed me," Viktor explained, and now it was Malfoy's turn to blush.

"And you hated it," Malfoy said after regaining some of his composure.

Harry couldn't help feeling both curious and cross. How was it that he had had to fight dragons and Merpeople, and Malfoy got to stick his tongue into Viktor Krum's mouth? "And was that ... all ... ?"

"Yes, Harry Potter, that was all; I was a gentleman. Although I was very flattered."

"So much for not kissing and telling," Malfoy feigned annoyance at the handsome Bulgarian. Then he turned to Harry. "And don't believe that drivel about being oh-so-honourable. Kissing might have pretty much been all that happened, but it did go on for awhile -- we're not talking about a quick snog here."

"Wow," Harry said. "I sure missed a lot --"

"And you did have your hands all over my zadnik," Viktor elaborated.

"Well, you had your fingers twisted into my hair, if I remember correctly," Malfoy reminded him. He patted his blond locks for good measure.

"I could not help it; you have beautiful hair. Like a girl," Viktor teased.

"I do not! But I am aware of its remarkable attractiveness to some people." Malfoy looked sidelong at Harry.

Harry's eyes widened. Did Malfoy actually know about Harry's fondness for nay, obsession with his hair? As much as Harry hoped to keep that hidden, he suddenly suspected Malfoy had been very much awake both times Harry had woken up with his hands wound around the silky strands. He only hoped Malfoy couldn't read his mind and discover the other things Harry had been dreaming of doing at the time.

To cover his thoughts, Harry smiled sweetly back at Malfoy, which surprisingly made the other man's smirk fade from his face. Maybe Malfoy was finally realising that Harry did have a thing for him and that it wasn't just a passing fancy. Harry wondered what Malfoy would think if he knew that Harry had wanted to run his fingers through his hair ever since that very same fourth year.

"So, you two ... ?" Viktor left the unfinished sentence hang over the table.

"What?" Harry exclaimed.

"I don't kiss and tell, even if you do, Viktor," Malfoy said coquettishly. Harry wasn't sure whether he should feel insulted that Malfoy was lying about him, or pleased that Malfoy was willing to let Krum think they were a couple. After all, Luna thought they were. So did the Peruvians. And the Antipodeans may have. Certainly their brooms thought they had something going ...

Harry was getting more frustrated by the minute.

"Well, I will not come between the happy couple," Viktor went on. "I am just glad you could be here to play with us and with Durmstrang. They will be so proud to play with Harry Potter."

Relieved at the change of topic, Harry steered it more firmly toward Quidditch until the two men rose to leave Viktor's home.

"Ah, I know Andreas gave you separate rooms, but please, feel free to share." He winked at Harry and Malfoy as they left.

~*~

"So, Potter, are we going to do this thing?" Malfoy said as they stood by the club house's dressing room door.

Harry stopped dead. "What?" he nearly shouted.

Malfoy stopped a few paces ahead of him. "You know. It's time, don't you think?"

Was Malfoy smiling at him? Harry was instantly hard. "Malfoy, are you're talking about what I think you're talking about? The game's about to start."

They pressed themselves against opposite sides of the door-frame as most of the Bulgarian team shuffled past. When they had moved away, Harry saw Malfoy's eyes focused on the bulge in his trousers. He stalked over, stopping so close his breath ruffled Harry's fringe.

"Want me to cast a spell on your broom?" Malfoy whispered. "Is that what you're thinking about?"

Harry lost it. "Malfoy, are we going to shag or not?! Because if not " he gestured toward the cubicles situated in the back of the changing room, " I'm marching back into there for a good hard wa--mmmmrrphh!" Harry's bum, shoulders, and the back of his head connected with the mirror which hung on the wall by the changing room door, as Malfoy shoved him unceremoniously up against it. A knee pushed Harry's thighs apart and a blond head leant in to the juncture between his head and shoulder, where a gap in his tunic left his skin bare.

Harry's glasses were unceremoniously pulled from his face and clattered on the floor where they were dropped. Malfoy's tongue slid against him, frantically working its slippery way up to Harry's mouth. His own tongue met Malfoy's before their lips even came together.

There would be time for gentle kissing later. Harry intended to spend hours learning the contours and subtle taste of Malfoy's mouth. But not right now. His teeth nearly tore into Malfoy's lip as the other man thrust his hips against Harry's leg, a hard length pressed almost painfully against Harry's sore muscles. But he embraced the pain, just as his arms embraced Malfoy's shoulders and his thighs squeezed the one now trapped between his own.

Dimly, Harry was aware of the clink of metal as his belt buckle came apart, and he briefly felt cool air across his groin before deliciously warm fingers encircled his straining cock. Malfoy's mouth moved back to Harry's neck as their haste made the intricacies of mouth to mouth kissing impossible. He didn't care, lost as he was in the feel of Malfoy's palm now smoothing fluid over the head of Harry's cock with one hand, his other hand undoing his own clothing.

Harry looked down between their bodies and saw Malfoy reach for his own cock, now free of its confines. It looked fine and long, and thoroughly devourable, but like those lazy kisses, tasting Malfoy's cock would have to wait. Right now, their time was limited and their need was great.

"Potter," Malfoy puffed against his own fringe, damp with perspiration where Harry could feel it against his skin. "Wrap your legs around me."

"No way, you'll drop me," Harry objected, not wanting to stop but not wanting the activity to come to an even more abrupt and painful end either.

"DO IT!" Malfoy growled, and Harry leapt up, one leg catching above Malfoy's now bare buttocks. He felt a long slick finger entering him at the same time. Harry let out an undignified squeak which turned into an even more undignified moan as Malfoy rubbed against that spot inside him which had been aching to be touched. Another finger was quickly added and Harry tossed his head back, banging it once again against the mirror. Bring on the seven years of bad luck, he thought, Just don't let anything stop us now ...

"Up, Potter," Malfoy commanded and Harry hefted himself up to wrap both legs around the other man's back. He lowered himself onto Malfoy's cock and felt the burn of intrusion melding with the burn of desire. Malfoy tried to push himself upwards and forwards, to start some kind of rhythm, but he was obviously finding it difficult. Harry might not have had Malfoy's stature, but he was all muscle, something Malfoy had evidently not appreciated until now. "Heavy--" Malfoy gasped, struggling to maintain their position.

After several seconds of strenuous effort, shuffling first sideways and then backwards, Malfoy lost his balance and fell, dumping them both in a heap onto the locker room floor, trousers around their ankles, arms tangled around each other's necks.

"Not stopping," Harry informed him and man-handled Malfoy around until he was lying underneath him. Harry once again hooked his legs behind the blond's back. Malfoy wasted no time in pushing into Harry and quickly set a bruising rhythm that had them both moaning into each other's mouths and squeezing handfuls of each other's flesh.

"Finally ... got ...you," Harry said in time to Malfoy's thrusts.

"No, I've finally got you, Potter," Malfoy gasped back. "And I'm not letting you go."

"You will let me go, Malfoy," Harry puffed. "Just long enough for me to climb on top of you,

next time."

"We'll see, Potty. I may ...never move again ...you're so ...ti-ngghhhh ..." Malfoy broke off as Harry clenched his muscles around him.

"I want to watch you come. Ahhhhh ..." Harry said. He closed his eyes again as Malfoy dragged his prick across Harry's sweet spot.

"You won't see ...anything ...with your eyes closed ...you prat," Malfoy informed him, panting into his face and speeding up the rocking of his hips between Harry's legs.

Harry opened his eyes wide as Malfoy's thrusts lost their rhythm. Raising himself up, Malfoy's eyes appeared to lose their focus as he peered into Harry's face. Sweat dripped from his forehead onto Harry's cheek.

Harry's glove-covered hands made fists in Malfoy's tunic, grabbing at the material and pulling, revealing the now glistening pale flesh underneath. He had just resolved to intimately acquaint himself with every inch of Malfoy's skin in the next twenty-four hours, when Malfoy's panting gave way to groaning and Harry felt his body spasm. Grey eyes met green ones, before blond lashes lowered and Malfoy's intense expression changed to one of blissful release.

Malfoy's lips curled into a smile, displaying lovely even white teeth. His eyes opened slowly, almost sensually, and he wrapped a hand around Harry's cock again. The combined effect -- the stroking and being smiled at with a look of pure joy -- melted Harry into a puddle. A puddle almost like the one which now collected on his belly, without his even realising it was happening.

As Malfoy lowered his head to the hollow between Harry's neck and shoulder again and breathed against his skin, Harry was pretty sure he never ever wanted to leave this place. Even the blast from the referee's whistle, telling the teams that play would start shortly couldn't rouse him from this glorious afterglow.

What did get the two men moving was the polite but embarrassed cough from one of the six Durmstrang students who were trying to leave the visitor's side of the locker rooms through the door which Harry and Malfoy had blocked by falling onto the floor in front of it.

"Sorry, sorry," Harry said, red-faced from exertion and embarrassment, quickly getting to his feet and yanking up his uniform trousers. He soon found that doing up the buttons and belt with leather Quidditch gloves wasn't easy, but he was too flustered to consider actually removing them before attempting to re-dress. Malfoy had no such trouble, having not yet donned the gloves, and he gracefully did up his trousers and shrugged his bare shoulder back into his jersey where Harry had pulled it off him.

As the Durmstrang team beat a hasty retreat, Malfoy muttered, "I can't believe that just happened."

Harry froze. "What? What part of it?" he asked, worried about the response and then worried about why he was worried. He'd gotten what he wanted, hadn't he?

"I can't believe we just did that in front of a bunch of students!" Malfoy grumbled, now looking into the mirror against which he'd previously pressed Harry. He ran his fingers through his hair and it settled back into place. Perfectly, of course.

Harry almost laughed. "So, did you mean it? You're not letting me go?" Harry scowled at himself. Did that sound desperate? He'd been trying for casual. After all, they'd barely spoken ten civil words to each other, and here Harry was already entertaining thoughts of a re-match.

He finally managed to get his belt buckled. He looked up and saw Malfoy looking at him in the mirror.

"Hell, Potter, I've just gone to the ends of the Earth with you; you're not getting away from me now."

Now Harry did smile at Malfoy's reflection.

The smirk Malfoy direct at him increased in intensity. "And if you think you can take it, Potter, I'm about to have your arse again on the pitch. C'mon."

The End

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