

Harry and Viktor both joined in with the applause, and the other two champions were smiling as they shouldered their brooms and walked to join their friends in the crowd. With just the two of them left, a hush fell over the audience. Boris flashed a smirk. “And then there were two,” he remarked, playing with the string of his whistle. “The rules are much the same. Eyes closed, fifteen seconds, start on the whistle. This will be the round that decides it — one snitch, two seekers, winner takes it all. Are you ready?”

The two seekers shared a glance, then nodded. They got into position, either side of Boris. Harry shut his eyes, taking several steadying breaths to focus himself while Boris counted down, and then on the whistle he was off.

It was different, playing with two instead of four. Easier, honestly; fewer people to keep an eye on in case they saw the snitch. It felt more like a real quidditch match, except he wasn't having to dodge bludgers — and he'd never played a real match against such a good seeker before.

The pair of them were circling up high, Harry's eyes darting back and forth as he tried to find the snitch. Minutes passed. Of course the last round wasn't going to go quickly; it was like the snitch *knew*.

All of a sudden, Viktor dropped into a sharp dive. Harry didn't hesitate to follow — even though he'd seen Viktor use that tactic before, if there was even the *chance* he was going for the snitch, Harry had to tail him.

He couldn't see anything as they sped towards the ground, but that didn't mean Viktor didn't have it. The grass grew closer and closer, and Harry grinned to himself *He's going for the Wronski Feint*. He remembered seeing Lynch smash into the ground at the World Cup — Harry wouldn't do that. He could handle this.

Knowing Krum was just faking him out, Harry used the dive to keep looking for the snitch, unruffled by the ever-nearing ground. He was barely fifteen feet from the grass when he saw it; a glimmer of gold. He'd have to do almost a total 180 when he pulled out of the dive, but he didn't think Viktor had seen it.

Viktor was holding out until the last second to pull from his dive. Harry didn't scare that easily. He was neck and neck with the Bulgarian now, Viktor flat on his broom as if he was chasing the snitch, even though Harry knew he couldn't be. He had to wait — the snitch was closer to Viktor than him. If he pulled out too early, Viktor would see why, and he'd be able to get there first. Harry had to leave it until the very last second.

The grass was even closer. Viktor spared a split second to glance Harry's way incredulously, then pulled up, shooting back up towards his previous position, convinced Harry was going to hit the dirt. *There*. Harry wrenched his broom level and twisted at the same time, his toes brushing the ground as he narrowly escaped ploughing head-first into it, the G-force dragging against him as he spun around, doing a little roll to take out some of the momentum and then speeding forwards until the snitch was in his hand.

He had done it.