

C'est La Vie en Rose

by broomclosetravenclaw

After years with only his broomstick servicing kit, Viktor Krum finds a new Quidditch team and romance.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Igor Karkaroff's disappearance from the wizarding world had a rippling effect that left not only Durmstrang without a headmaster, but also left the Bulgarian National Quidditch Team without a Seeker. The Quidditch Seeker and favored ex-student left his teammates on a quest to find Karkaroff. Viktor Krum's departure was noted in the *Daily Prophet* but soon disappeared from the paper as the war against Voldemort escalated. The story was picked up by *The Quibbler* with errors that were a hindrance to Krum.

Because Viktor disappeared shortly after Karkaroff, suspicion fell on him as being a Death Eater also, and soon the whole Bulgarian Team was on the defensive against charges. The International Association of Quidditch banned them from playing until the whole mess was sorted out. During the height of the war, most Quidditch games were canceled for fear of Death Eater activity, but after Voldemort's defeat, most teams recovered quickly from the set-backs of war as the fans were all in a celebratory mood and ready to get their lives back to normal, including sports and recreation. The Bulgarian National Team, however, in the midst of the scandalous aftermath, dissolved and never played another game. Most of the team members took what jobs they could get with the suspicions hanging over their heads, but Viktor was determined to play Quidditch; he had played for a professional team while he was still in school at Durmstrang after all.

Viktor's chance finally came when a Quidditch game almost beat the six month record set by Bodmin Moor in 1884. The Quiberon Quafflepunchers had been playing the Braga Broomfleet for five months, fourteen days, 23 hours, and counting. Viktor had decided that any game lasting that long was worth seeing, so at five months and thirteen days, he arrived in Quiberon. The area surrounding the Quidditch pitch was a bustle of activity, he had never seen anything like it since the World Cup ten years before. There were vendors and hawkers everywhere; it took him over an hour to get through the crowd to where he could actually watch the game. The players were tired and the fouls were abundant. Viktor was not sure if all the Blatching was intentional, or if was due to the players' exhaustion. After a day of watching, he began to see a tired pattern to the plays. He was thinking of leaving when a change in strategy caught his attention. The Broomfleets assumed the Hawkshead Attacking Formation while their Beaters began beating the Bludgers, then everything seemed to reverse with the Beaters using the Bludger Backbeat and the Chasers using the Reverse Pass.

The Quafflepunchers became disoriented by this sudden change in the game. Their Seeker, in an effort to avoid a Bludger, attempted the Sloth Grip Roll, but as his fatigue overtook him, he slid off his broom and plummeted to the ground. The lack of a Seeker did not end the game for the Quafflepunchers, as the game would not end until *someone* caught the Snitch. As everyone was watching the fallen Seeker being attended to, no one seemed aware of the Snitch, seemingly interested in the activity on the ground, hovering ten feet above the mayhem. Viktor's eyes, attuned to quick flashes and glints of gold, caught sight of it. He watched, holding his breath, as no one else seemed to notice it. Another moving object caught his attention, the Quiberon Seeker's broom floating down to the ground. He couldn't resist, he ran out onto the pitch, grabbing the Seeker's discarded robe as he hopped onto the abandoned broom. The announcer was not sure how to call this new development, but the crowd had noticed and recognized him, and was now chanting: KRUM! KRUM! KRUM! Viktor shot forward on his borrowed Firebolt V and caught the Snitch.

As Viktor made his victory flyby around the pitch, he noticed something else glinting in the sun, silver this time instead of gold. He slowed and saw the long, flowing hair of what he thought was a Veela. He had not even thought about what had happened to his former team's mascot. He squinted his eyes for a moment and imagined that he was back in Bulgaria, his scarlet robes flowing out behind his broom. He held the Snitch up high. A voice brought him back to the present. He opened his eyes to find the

young woman with the silver-white hair staring at him; he was hovering in front of her.

Had she said something to him? he wondered.

He smiled at her.

"Eet takes a strong man to wear zee pink," she said in a husky voice.

He was confused for a moment, and then he looked down at the robe he had hastily donned. It was the most shocking pink he had ever seen. He shaded his eyes against the vivid color.

Pink, I am wearing pink, he thought, *and not just any pink, but, but... this.*

At that moment, the Quafflepunchers rallied around him, cheering. Within the hour, he was offered a job as the new Quiberon Quafflepunchers' Seeker. His dream to play Quidditch again was coming true, only to be thwarted by pink robes. Then he remembered what the mesmerizing witch in the stands had said.

I am a strong man, he thought.

"OK," he said, "I will be your Seeker."

The morale of the team and fans was ecstatic once it had been announced that Viktor Krum had joined the team.

Viktor was excited about playing again, even if he wasn't thrilled about the pink robes. He thought about a way to offset the pink in his mind, to think manly thoughts. He finally decided to forgo the Cushioning Charm on his broom; if that didn't remind him that he was a man, nothing would.

The Quafflepunchers won their next game easily. Viktor used the Wronski Feint he had become acclaimed for in Bulgaria. As he flew around the pitch after the game, he noticed the same attractive witch watching him. He flew over to her and presented her with the caught Snitch.

She grinned and said, "Merci."

He tried to ask her name, but the uproar of the crowd after he had given her the Snitch was too loud for him to hear her response.

He was pleased to find her waiting for him after the game.

"Hello," he said.

"I just wanted to zank you in person," she said as she stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

She turned to leave, but Viktor called after her, "I don't even know your name."

"Gabrielle Delacour."

Viktor was speechless.

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She was there at the next game, watching and waiting for him afterwards. They talked, and walked along the shore, and stole a few kisses on isolated beaches.

Maybe he could play for the Quiberon Quafflepunchers, wear pink robes, breathe the sea air, and have his own little Veela. *Yes, this could be better than playing for Bulgaria,* he thought as he pulled Gabrielle in for another kiss.

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A/N: This was written in response to the Quidditch challenge on the LJ community, Romancing the Wizard.