

All Of Me

by MomoDesu

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He was beautiful as he slept. The rough and rugged man had an almost child-like quality as he slept, an innocence. It was the only time his normally hard features ever seemed to relax. Even though he wasn't considered the most attractive man by most, she thought he was perfection. His heavy brow and slightly crooked nose weren't the most desired features for a wizard to have to be considered attractive; then again her frizzy hair, still somewhat large front teeth, and even larger mind weren't considered the most desirable features for a witch either. They seemed to be perfectly matched in their flaws.

It was no mystery that the women that flocked to Viktor Krum were all after his fame, status and, most importantly, his wealth. None of them knew of his brilliance off of the Quidditch pitch, that the performance he put on while playing was just that. Underneath the superstar persona was an ordinary man with flaws, imperfections and sensitivities, all of which Hermione adored. No one would ever suspect that Viktor enjoyed laying about with the cat on a Saturday afternoon, or that he cried with his younger cousin Nick when the child took a tumble off of his first broom and broke his arm, or even that he enjoyed a good Muggle book every now and then. No, Viktor Krum would never do any of those things. He was all about Quidditch twenty four hours a day.

"Her-my-nee," he slurred, slowly coming back from dreamland. "What is time?"

Hermione leaned up from her pillow and glanced over his chest to the clock on the bedside table. "About six thirty." She ghosted her fingers over his face, memorizing every feature, just in case he came to his senses and left her for good.

"Turn light off," he mumbled, rolling over onto his stomach and burying his face into the pillow, exposing his muscular back to her memorizing fingers.

"Viktor," she laughed, "that's the sun!"

He burrowed deeper into the pillow. "Find vay." His broken English when he was either tired, waking up, or very aroused was yet another thing that she loved about him. She didn't dare use the word cute, for there was nothing even remotely cute about the man in the bed next to her, but she would happily admit that it aroused her like nothing else.

She smiled at the sleepy wizard. Times like these made her wish he could stay. Soon they would be in the kitchen making breakfast together. Maybe they would go shopping afterward with a possible side trek to the library, followed by a pleasant afternoon reading before dinner. After dinner they would retire and make love until they were too exhausted to stay awake, only to arise the next day and do it all again. All in her little dream world.

In all reality he would be returning to his perfect wife while she would go about her day. He would be having dinner with the beautiful blonde that evening while she would be taking her dinner in the TV room with Crookshanks. He would resume his life as Team Bulgaria's star Seeker, and she would continue her work at the Ministry feeling very unfulfilled and lonely, just as it had been since they had met at the fifth annual 'Victory Ball' that was held at the Ministry.

That night they had danced and enjoyed each other's company just like they had at the Yule Ball back at Hogwarts. Of course this time around there was elderflower wine flowing in rivers. One dance led to spending the entire night on the dance floor, neither knowing if the flushes on their faces came from the dancing or the wine they had consumed. Together they stumbled back to her flat, where he had returned every Saturday night since, wife be damned.

Hermione frowned. When she was fifteen, this was not how she envisioned her life at twenty five to be. Married? Yes. Kids? Possibly. Great career? Definitely. Sleeping with a married man? Never. Being arse over elbow in love with said married man? Something she would have never dreamed of in a million years.

"What are you thinking, Her-my-nee?" he asked, finally surfacing from the little burrow of bedding that he had created around himself to block the early morning sunlight.

She sat up and leaned against the headboard. "When did life become so complicated?"

"How so?" He followed suit and leaned next to her, grabbing her hand and squeezing it.

She sighed and lifted the hand that held hers, letting the sunlight catch his wedding band, causing the gold and ruby combination to glitter and shine. "I can remember when I was your best girl," she whispered.

Viktor lifted their linked hands and kissed her fingers, one by one. "You still are," he said.

Gently she pulled her hand away. "I can't do this anymore." She pulled the sheets away and got out of bed, snatching her dressing gown off of the floor as she walked. "I can't go on like this!" she yelled, pulling the gown on. "It's been, what? Two years now?"

"Two years, three months, five days," he said. "And you have problem now?"

Tears began to form in her eyes and Hermione hastily wiped them away. She didn't want to be the other woman any more. She wanted him all to herself, not someone she had to share. Sharing him with the world was one thing, as his career made him quite the celebrity, but she didn't want to share him with another woman.

She didn't know he had gotten out of bed until he was behind her with his arms wrapped around her. "What do you want, Her-my-nee? I will give it to you." He nuzzled his nose into her hair. "Tell me. Anything you want."

Her tears began to slowly fall. "Viktor, I honestly don't know if you can give me what I want." She leaned back into his chest. "Not without ruining the life you have now."

"Money? A home in the country? Jewelry? Rare books?" He tightened his grip on her. "Heads on plates?" he asked jokingly.

"I don't want any of those things," Hermione said, rolling her eyes. "They are all meaningless possessions. Heads on plates?"

Viktor's hearty laugh warmed her. "You know of my, erm... what is word... friends?"

"Affiliations?" Hermione offered.

"Yes, is word I look for." He pulled away from her and pulled her to the bed with him, sitting her next to him. "None of that, then what?"

Hermione looked at him, at the expression on his face that told her that he would bend over backwards to make her happy. "You," she said. "I want you."

His features softened. "You have me," he said as he leaned in to kiss her, but she pulled away.

"Not in the way I want." She stood up again and began to gather her clothes. At least they were all confined to the bedroom this time.

"Then how?" he yelled. "Tell me!" He looked at her, the desperation clearly showing on his face. "Tell me what will make you happy, Her-my-nee."

The tears came right back as soon as Viktor raised his voice. "I want to be the one you wake up next to every morning! I want to be the one you share your meals with, the one you talk about your day to!" Her lip began to quiver. "I want to be the one that celebrates with you when you win games, or try to cheer you up when you lose!" She threw her dressing gown off and pulled on her panties and t-shirt. "I want to be the one you make love to every night! I want to be the one to carry your children!" She tried to put on her shorts but Viktor stopped her and turned her to face him. "I want you!" she finished. "All of you!"

"You want all of that?" he asked, his dark eyes boring down into her own.

She nodded.

"Every last bit?"

She nodded again. "Every bit."

Viktor let go of her and walked to the chair where his clothes were. Hermione watched him dress, while wondering why it was all of his clothes always ended up in one location while hers ended up scattered.

Once fully dressed, he left the bedroom. As soon as his footsteps faded down the hall and the front door slammed, the dam broke. Hermione fell to her knees, letting the tears that she had tried to hold back flow in full force. She knew it was stupid of her to ask that of him, to ask him to give up the great life that he had with his perfect wife just because she was lonely. There was no use crying. "Enough," she whispered.

With shaking hands she wiped the tears from her face and stood up. She was a grown woman, and he was never hers to begin with. There was no reason to cry over something that never belonged to her from the start.

By the time Hermione went to bed, she wasn't feeling any better than she did when Viktor left. Her stomach ached and her eyes hurt from all of the crying she had done that day. Trying to forbid herself from crying did no good; not twenty minutes after she had made her 'enough' declaration, the tears came back in full force and harder than ever. She managed to stop her tears long enough to have a small supper and cuddle Crookshanks, who hadn't left her side since Viktor left.

Ron had come by after supper and tried to console her, thanks to the Weasley family clock that showed Hermione was distressed, and his temper got the best of him like it always did. The first thing he threatened to do was find Viktor and kick his ass 'the Muggle way' and then hex him into oblivion, with everything ranging from boils and burping slugs to some rather nasty hexes that would make any warm blooded man cover his genitals and cringe at the mere thought. The second thing he did was Floo Harry. The 'Boy Who Lived' showed up with Ginny and then the three of them began to plan Viktor's demise. It stopped when Hermione threatened to hex them all if they didn't stop it. Finally she just threw them all out, tired of hearing their jabbering. She wanted to be alone now. Of course she appreciated their concern and mother henning, but it just was not the time for it.

Hermione had just fallen asleep when she heard the sound of something being moved in her living room, followed by some muffled curses... in Bulgarian?

Grabbing her robe and her wand, Hermione crept from her bedroom and down the hall, using all of the stealth training that she had gone through during the war. At the end

of the hallway, she peeked around the corner into the living room. Nothing seemed to be out of place, though the addition of three medium sized boxes confused her. Flooing Harry would be one of her first normal moves when something was out of the ordinary, but with the new addition of boxes to her living room decor effectively blocking the fireplace, her plan was thwarted.

When the fireplace glowed an eerie green, Hermione raised her wand, ready to hex whoever or whatever was about to come through. The figure of a large man came through and all thoughts of stealth were thrown to the wind.

"Stupefy!" she screamed, effectively taking down the figure.

The threat now neutralized, Hermione crept from her hiding place and flicked the light switch on her way into the living room. "Merlin! Viktor!" She pointed her wand at him. "Rennervate."

Viktor came to slowly, closing his eyes at the harsh living room light. "Her-my-knee... vhat happened?"

Hermione giggled with embarrassment, her cheeks a shade of red that rivaled Ron's hair. "I thought you were an attacker and, uh, I kinda stunned you," she said quickly, hoping that he was too confused to catch what she said.

"You stunned me?" he asked, sitting up. "Thinking I come to attack you?"

She nodded. "I'm a single woman who just happens to live alone, with the threat of rogue Death Eaters abound..." she trailed off. "I feel so stupid."

Viktor laughed. "No need," he said, brushing the soot off of his clothes.

Hermione offered him a hand and he accepted it, allowing her to help him up. "What exactly are you doing here?" She moved closer to his face. "And what happened to your face?"

He pulled two tiny boxes from the pocket of his robes and put them next to the other three, murmuring a light 'Engorgio'. The boxes were soon the same size as the other three. "Vhat does it look like?" he asked, gesturing to the boxes. "I hope you do not mind. Georgina threw me out when I asked for divorce. After she, as you say, decked me."

"You asked for a divorce?" she asked quietly. "Why?"

Viktor gave her that dashing smile that made her fall for him when she had first met him at Hogwarts. "I can't give you all of me if I am still married, silly Her-my-nee!"

"You mean..."

His smile grew. "All of those things you wanted, I shall give you!" He pulled his Durmstrang ring off of his finger and put it on her thumb, the only finger that the ring would even remotely fit. "Little big but it vill do for now." He pulled up the hand with the ring up to his lips and kissed it, then began pulling her toward the bedroom.

Hermione hesitated. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Ve are going to start on those children!"