

War's Aftermath

by kyriaofdelphi

Hermione's decisions and discoveries after the war's end.

Part 1

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione's decisions and discoveries after the war's end.

The Second Wizard War was over; the dead had been laid to rest. Lives were beginning to be normal again; except in one small part of London, people were picking up the pieces and moving on.

Hermione Granger was reflecting on the past year. She had thought she knew where her future lay before the Final Battle. She had hoped that Ron would finally get his act together and grow up. Such was not to be, however.

Within hours after the Final Battle, after they had retrieved the last of the dead from the grounds of Hogwarts and the Shrieking Shack, Ron had casually assumed they would fall into bed together.

That had opened her eyes to the fact that Ron was definitely not the wizard for her. Oh, she loved him, but as a friend, not husband material. The breakup had been spectacular; the defenders of Hogwarts had been subjected to Ron's outburst. He had ranted and raved about everything from her study habits to her fourth-year date with Viktor.

She had simply walked away from him, not even staying to watch Harry plant his fist in Ron's astonished face. Now, months later, she was glad of her decision. She had gone to the one place no one except Harry would look for her, the only place she felt cherished. The owl had gone from Hogwarts that morning, and by nightfall that day the answer had arrived.

You know you are always welcome here. Come; I have missed you.

Those words had lifted her spirits immensely. She had used the Floo to the Leaky Cauldron and checked in there; she had replenished her Muggle wardrobe, bought new dress robes, spent a day at a fancy spa in Covent Garden getting her nails done and a facial. Then she approached the Ministry about a job.

Kingsley Shacklebolt had hired her on the spot. Her title of Special Assistant to the Minister encompassed a variety of duties. Chief among them was writing the detailed history of the war. Shacklebolt had given her great leeway in the project. He had made it clear from the first that he wanted no whitewashing of the actions of the former Ministers. She was to tell the unvarnished truth about the inactions of Cornelius Fudge and Rufus Scrimgeour and name names of the Ministry employees who had collaborated.

The job was to begin the first week of September. She had all of July and August to recoup her equilibrium. She found a flat close to a tube station, deliberately choosing a Muggle area to lessen chances that anyone would find her. She had retrieved her parents and restored their memories after sending a message to her soon-to-be host, telling him when she would arrive.

With her parents re-established and her life on a reasonably even keel, it had been time to find sanctuary for her heart.

Now at the end of November, looking at the Christmas invitation from the Weasleys, she was remembering those weeks in August, that immediate reply from Viktor after the battle, and the weeks they had spent together. The trip to Bulgaria had been glorious; she and Viktor had reignited their friendship.

It had quickly turned into something much more. He had been talking marriage, and she had taken him seriously. They had been so happy. His parents had welcomed her as their potential daughter-in-law; even his teammates had celebrated the engagement. Before she returned to England, she and Viktor had made love for the first time. She knew the time and the man were right.

About three weeks after she got home, she got a strange letter from Viktor's family. They ordered her to quit writing to Viktor and never to contact him again, as he was marrying a girl of their choice. She had immediately written back, but never received a reply nor had she heard from Viktor at all since.

There had been nothing in the papers, either: no engagement notices, not even any Quidditch matches for Bulgaria. She had immersed herself in the writing of the detailed history. Only a few of the Death Eaters and the collaborators had escaped capture. When word came in October that the last of the Death Eaters had killed himself rather than be captured, the only remaining fugitive was Dolores Umbridge.

Hermione wrapped up the history at the end of October. When she appeared in Shacklebolt's office to hand him the final draft, he had taken her to task for not taking care of herself.

"Are you sleeping, Hermione? You certainly can't be eating much. Go see a Healer at St. Mungo's. This history has given you nightmares, hasn't it? Take care of yourself, girl. I need you healthy when this goes to print." He was talking to her as a friend, not an employer.

Instead of going to St. Mungo's, Hermione had returned to Hogwarts for Poppy Pomfrey to confirm her fears. She knew the Healer would not betray her confidences.

The Muggle contraceptives had not been effective. She was carrying Viktor's child. Poppy had prescribed various tonics and potions for the nausea and listlessness. Then she had told Hermione that the child was probably due mid- to late-May. Hermione had returned to her flat with a list of things to read and eat and an even bigger list of things to avoid.

I have wasted a month worrying; that cannot be doing my baby any good. I need to talk to someone she thought. Immediately she called her mother, asking her to come to London and have lunch. When she hung up her cell phone, her eyes fell on the Christmas invitation once again.

The Weasleys were almost her second family; she really wanted to see them, but the thought of Ron's horrific outburst still rankled. She made up her mind to tell her mother the next day at lunch and then contact Harry and Ginny to tell them.

She had to do something constructive before she went berserk. She went into the Ministry to talk to Shacklebolt. He welcomed her and ordered tea for them both.

"Kingsley, there may be some unpleasantness when the history gets published. I have to tell you something that cannot be repeated to anyone. I am pregnant. I am keeping the baby. My estimated due date is May. Please don't ask me any questions. I won't answer them. If you have a problem with any of this, I can quit and disappear back into the Muggle world." Her tone told him she was not kidding.

"I have no problems, Hermione. I will not divulge anything, I swear. Your job is not at risk. But, if you need to talk, remember I am here. The Ministry and our world owe you more than you know. I know that you took some heat when it was announced you were going to write the history. The *Daily Prophet* is still going for the jugular when it comes to you and Harry, both. For that, I am sorry, but rest assured nothing said here today will find its way into the press." He had made a promise to stand by her, no matter what.

Now she had to explain that decision to her family and the Weasleys without naming Viktor as the father. The next day, she met her mother at the train station, and they had lunch at the Leaky Cauldron.

Hermione cast Muffliato to insure no one heard what she told her mother. Dorcas Granger knew there was something momentous that Hermione wanted to talk about, but had not expected what she was being told.

"Mum, I plan on keeping the baby. My job with the Ministry is secure. I don't want to move home. I don't think Daddy is going to be quite as understanding. My mind is made up. I am sorry to have to break it to you like this but..." Hermione stopped when her mother hugged her tightly.

"Baby, don't worry about your father. He is so happy you and your friends survived this war that he wouldn't care if you grew three heads. We both love you and will honour your decisions. If you need anything...anything at all, you hear...come to us. We will love you and the little one without any reservations." She was wiping tears from her eyes as she smiled at her daughter. Hermione felt that just maybe things weren't as bad as she thought.

The hard part would be telling the Weasleys, all eight of them, and Harry. Harry would be the hardest to tell because he would instantly know who the father was. He had gotten along with Viktor because of their shared love of both flying and Quidditch. Harry would tell her that she owed Viktor the courtesy of telling him he had fathered a child.

She sent off an acceptance for the Christmas holidays at the Burrow the first week in December. Suddenly, it seemed that time was speeding up. She had to tell Harry now, before they were at the Burrow.

The next morning when she opened her latest issue of the *Prophet*, she was horrified to see the headline.

'Bulgarian Seeker Still Missing'. The story mentioned that Viktor had disappeared in September and had not been found. His parents were frantic, and his teammates were searching everywhere. She immediately sent an owl to Harry, telling him to meet her in the ice skating area in front of the Natural History Museum in an hour. When he arrived, he was clutching the same page out of the paper. He had Ginny with him; they both looked at Hermione to see how she was taking the news.

One look at Hermione's face was all it took for Harry to send Ginny off to get three large cups of hot tea for them. When he hugged Hermione, his eyes got very wide.

"Hermione? Are you...?" He seemed almost scared to ask her.

"Yes, it is Viktor's and no, I don't know where he is. I got this crazy letter from his parents back in September to leave him alone, that he was getting married to a girl they chose. Harry, I am so miserable. I can't even tell him he is going to be a father." She was almost sobbing, her hard-won composure crumbling at the relief of talking to her two best friends.

Ginny had arrived back just in time to hear those fateful words.

"Oh, wow, this is so not good. He said he wanted to marry you, didn't he? Just to get you into bed? I will so hex his balls off!"

Harry tried to shush her to no avail. "Gin, don't. She says there is something wonky with this whole thing. And Viktor wouldn't do that; he just isn't that kind of guy."

"Harry, we need to get her somewhere we can talk about this with no interruptions. Can we go to your flat, Hermione? Is it quieter there?" Ginny asked quietly, realising that she had misread the situation.

"Yes, of course, let's take the tube," Hermione said.

The three of them walked through the underground tunnel back to the station and got on the tube for the ride to Hermione's flat. Harry and Ginny were not impressed by the area the flat was in. That started a discussion about Hermione being safe. Harry immediately offered her a room at Grimmauld Place. "There is plenty of room; it's quiet, and I am the next best thing to a brother you have. You really aren't safe here. It is a rough neighbourhood."

"Well, it is kind of noisy here late at night. There is a pub two doors down that caters to a rowdy crowd. My landlord is thinking of selling the building, and I would have to move then, anyway. If you are sure, Harry, I could move in just after Christmas. I'll only need one small bedroom, and I can help with the cooking and cleaning." She was considering Harry's offer.

"You will take the largest bedroom for yourself and the baby. It has an attached bath. I am sleeping in Sirius' room, and when Gin stays over, she sleeps in Regulus' room. I have converted the attic into a sort of game room. You could use the library for writing. You don't have to worry about Ron; he has moved in with George to help run the shop. He won't bother you; he and Lavender are a couple again," Harry told her.

"Luna and Neville are coming for Christmas, too, but just for the day. Have you got any idea where Viktor might have gone?" Ginny was back on the subject of Viktor.

"No clue, actually. I thought I would have heard before this; if he disappeared in September, why did they wait this long to put it in the papers?" Hermione could not understand the delay in announcing his disappearance.

"I am going to contact the team, Hermione. I think one of them is going to be here to teach a kids' class on Quidditch next week. Natasha Ivanova, you know her, right?" Harry volunteered.

"She is a Chaser, Harry. Yes, I know her. We had dinner with the whole team before I came back. If he confided in anyone, it would have been Vulchanov. He is older and treats Viktor like a brother. I'll write to him. Ask Natasha if she wants to have dinner with us. I'll cook here." Hermione cheered up a bit when she realised the team would also be looking for him.

Ginny asked if Hermione had told her parents. Harry made some good suggestions. "You need to tell the Weasleys. Christmas Eve might be best. Ron will be at Lavender's for the holidays, so you won't get jumped on. Molly made sure of that before she sent you the invitation. We'll be there to support you; you won't be alone." He squeezed her hand as he said it.

"Your mother is going to hate me, Ginny." Hermione shot a look of trepidation at Ginny.

"I don't think so, Hermione. You never did the math on how soon Bill was born after they got married, did you? The boys don't think I know, but Bill was either a four-month baby or there was more going on than they let on," Ginny blurted out.

Harry and Hermione both burst out laughing at that. Ginny was trying her best to look like an innocent little girl and failing miserably. All three of them laughed about it.

Ginny changed the subject abruptly when she asked, "What are you hoping for? Want me to run a diagnostic? I can. Pomfrey taught a lot of us the basics of diagnostic spells after the battle so we could help her out. You know, I think I need to run one on Lavender, anyway; it would serve Ron right if she was pregnant. Maybe I could figure out what she sees in Ron-the-prat. It would tell us when you are due and what it is. That way you can plan for blue or pink. Are you still sick in the mornings?"

Hermione thought it over for a few minutes and answered that she really did not want to know right then. But could Ginny tell if it was healthy without determining the sex?

"Sure, come on; let's go in the other room. Harry does not need to see this." Ginny was trying very hard to make up for her comments about hexing Viktor earlier.

The two girls went into Hermione's bedroom where Ginny ran the diagnostic spell, which told her that there was nothing to worry about. The baby was fine; in fact, both babies were fine: one each, a boy and a girl. She wisely did not tell Hermione the sex or that there were two. "There isn't a problem, Hermione. Healthy and growing," was all she said.

When the plans were set about contacting Natasha Ivanova and Hermione had written a letter to Kolya Vulchanov, Harry and Ginny Disapparated back to the Burrow. Harry promised to tell Hermione when he heard from Ivanova.

The minute they arrived in the yard of the Burrow, Ginny shook Harry. "This is serious, Harry. There are two babies, a boy and a girl. I could not tell her. She is not ready for that yet. We have to find Viktor for her, or she is going to be in danger of losing both of them. She is very depressed.

"I am going to talk to Dad to see if the Ministry knows anything. I won't tell them about Hermione, but just ask about Viktor. And you get back to Grimmauld Place and start cleaning. I want to move her in sooner than she planned. She is going to need our help if something drastic has happened to him."

"Gin, you know she is going to fight us on this. I may get in touch with Oliver Wood tonight to see if he has heard anything. I love you. Owl me after you talk to your dad." He kissed her, waved at Molly through the window, and Disapparated back to Grimmauld Place.

He immediately asked Oliver Wood to come over, that they needed to talk urgently. Wood arrived through the Floo about ten minutes later. When Harry went into the whole thing about Viktor, Oliver said there was something he had heard back in August.

"Harry, the rumour was that Krum had asked Hermione to marry him, and there was an announcement in the Quidditch Journal to that effect. Then he disappeared a couple of weeks afterwards. I heard that there was a really obsessed fan out there that had been stalking him for years. How is Hermione?" Oliver was mildly curious about why Harry was asking.

"Distraught, Oliver; she did not know anything about him going missing. She has not heard from him since September, and she got a strange letter from his parents telling her to leave him alone. Sounds dodgy to me," Harry said.

Oliver answered him quickly. "Krum wouldn't do a runner on Hermione. He really loves her. It was at the last game he played in that he was showing the ring he had bought for her. He really is a nice bloke, Harry."

"Yeah, Oliver, he is a good bloke. He is one of the few really honourable students to come out of Durmstrang. I really liked him, and Hermione is just completely freaked that he is missing. Are you going to be playing anywhere near Bulgaria in the near future?" Harry was going to enlist Oliver in the search.

"Sure, we play in Greece next week. Why?" Oliver was quite willing to help his old teammate.

"Can you get over there and see if you can talk to his parents? Tell them I was asking about him. If I can't use being the Boy-Who-Triumphed for a reason like this, what good is it?" Harry felt he had to be a bit secretive about his reasons.

"And the fact that she is as good as your sister has nothing to do with it. I am getting a sense that there is a wee bit of urgency to this. Shall I make it a major priority?" Oliver was getting ready to ask if there was a reason for such a hurry.

"You know Hermione; she has to have answers as soon as possible. And he has been gone almost three months. She would like to know if he's alive, at least." Harry fobbed Wood off with this.

"Aye, that she would. Nice lass, he is a lucky man. I guess your mate Ron never got his head out of his arse where she was concerned?" Oliver had watched the three friends go from first years to third years.

"She and Viktor connected at the Triwizard Tournament and Ron never had a chance after that. He tried though. But she had her heart set on Krum. You know how single-minded she is." Harry could be honest about that fact.

"Okay, Harry, I'll make it a point to see his parents. I think his father is in the Ministry. I'll check. Let you know if I find anything. Tell Hermione and Ginny hello for me." Oliver waved before stepping into the Floo to leave.

Harry thought he had made a bit of progress, at least. He could tell Hermione that Viktor had bought her a ring.

Hermione had written the letter to Kolya Vulchanov and sent it off by owl that night. What she did not expect was a reply barely one day after she had sent the letter. His reply was short and to the point.

Have no idea where Viktor is but have something that he meant for you. He disappeared after one of our games and left this with me when he went out of the locker room. I need to see you now. Can you meet me? I am staying at Leaky Cauldron. I have been trying to find out what happened, Vulchanov wrote.

Hermione immediately sent an owl to Harry before searching for the letter from Viktor's parents. She wanted Vulchanov to look at it. Harry appeared in the Floo some ten minutes later. They went through the same Floo to the Leaky Cauldron immediately.

Kolya Vulchanov was waiting for them in the bar. He had asked Tom, the bartender, for a private room so they would not be disturbed.

Vulchanov was a huge bear of a man, probably in his late thirties. He shook Harry's hand and looked sadly at Hermione.

"You are not happy, little one. You did not know he was missing?" He seemed surprised.

"No, Kolya, I didn't. I got this letter from his parents back in September, but it made no sense. I am so worried." She handed him the letter. He looked at it closely.

"This is not from his parents. They were ecstatic that he had asked you to marry him. They have been writing to you. Have you not gotten any letters? Something is not right." Vulchanov was getting upset.

"I haven't heard from anyone since the middle of September. You mean, there is no other girl?" Hermione was trying to absorb what Vulchanov had said.

"No, little one. He was showing us this when he was called out of the locker room at the game in September. He never came back. And no one could find him. I know he bought this for you." He handed her a small velvet box.

She opened the box to reveal a ring with a diamond in the centre of a book-like setting. Her hands shook so much that she dropped the box as she started to cry. Harry tried to comfort her, but Vulchanov simply picked her up and cradled her against his massive chest. Harry picked up the box with the ring, and his eyes met those of Vulchanov.

Apparently, the Beater had also felt the distinctive baby bump when he hugged her. When Hermione had calmed enough to sit again, Harry handed her back the ring box.

Vulchanov cleared his throat and asked, "Did he know about baby? Had you even realised by then? He would never have gone away if he had known. You need to talk to my Zaria. She gets this way every time we have another baby. We will find him, then we dance at your wedding.

"No crying now. Let me tell you about crazy fan who has been stalking him. She thinks he is in love with her. She may have taken him somewhere or hurt him. I have letters she wrote to him at home in Vratsa. I will get Zaria to send to you. Potter, you are in Auror training now, no?"

"Yeah, Kolya, but I am a trainee. Oh, I see where you are going. Use the Auror angle to get the papers to say how worried I am about my good friend, Viktor Krum, right? My former Quidditch captain, Oliver Wood, suggested something similar." Harry was glad Vulchanov was thinking along the same lines as he was.

"And you have unlimited resources at your disposal for finding him. This Wood, I know him. Puddlemere United, yes? He is good player and nice person. Viktor's parents are frantic. I think they got letter saying it is from you, little one. They would want to see you.

"I send Zaria to tell them to come here. Not to worry, little one. We find Viktor in time for wedding. We all dance at wedding, right, Potter?" Vulchanov wanted to keep Hermione from crying anymore.

"That would be excellent, Kolya. Thanks for your help. Anytime you need my help, just ask, okay?" Harry was delighted.

"Kolya, please don't tell anyone about the baby. I don't need the press making a big thing out of it. Not even his parents. Please, you have to promise." Hermione was adamant about that.

"For Viktor's bride, I will hold my tongue. You must do what you do best. Put all information together and point us to rescue him, da?" He knew if he could get her the information, she would process it.

"Thank you, Kolya. I plan on meeting with Natasha next week. Maybe the other team members know something they don't realise they know." Hermione was calm again.

"Tasha will be here tomorrow. She is coming early to see about sending youngest sister to Hogwarts. Send her owl. I will get others here, too. Dasvedanya, Hermione, Potter." Vulchanov now had some direction he could act upon.

Harry got Hermione out of the bar and back to her flat, where she told him she would be okay when he left. They agreed to meet the next day when Hermione had heard from Natasha. Hermione took her shower and got ready for bed before taking the velvet box out again. The ring was so lovely, so infinitely precious, she had to put it on. It was one of the last things Viktor had touched before he went missing. It fit her hand perfectly. She fell asleep still wearing the ring.

She dreamed that night that she was in a strange room, a very pink room filled with pictures of cats. There was a sound coming from somewhere close by: a man's voice, yelling things in Bulgarian, Viktor's voice. And then she heard it, the woman's voice: that hated little-girl voice of Dolores Umbridge. She looked out the window and saw a landmark she recognised: Castle Cornet, on Guernsey. The view was the same one she had seen as a child when her parents had taken her to the island.

Hermione woke up when someone banged on her front door. She grabbed a robe and answered the door to find a whole group of people in the hallway: Vulchanov, Ivanova, a small pregnant blond woman she assumed to be Zaria, and Viktor's parents, Nadya and Vassily Krum, as well as the rest of the Bulgarian team. She invited them inside before excusing herself to get dressed. The whole group filled her living room.

When she came back out, Ivanova and Nadya had fixed tea for all of them. Nadya came out of the kitchen and took Hermione's face in her hands and kissed her forehead.

"I knew you would not have walked away from him. I did not trust that letter. Vassily is furious that we have been fooled. You are still going to be our daughter, Hermione. He has been taken by someone who has sent these awful letters." Nadya's words were heartfelt. Hermione finally felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. The others all agreed. They were talking to each other in Bulgarian as Hermione felt a small flame of hope ignite in her heart.

The Floo sprouted green flames, and Harry's voice called, "Are you dressed? We are coming through."

Hermione barely had time to answer, "Yes, if you are coming, come on. I have company here."

Harry and Arthur Weasley emerged from the Floo seconds later. Hermione made the introductions and Transfigured two more glasses into teacups. She showed Nadya and Vassily the ring, which was still on her hand, and told them of her dream.

"It was like I was there. I could hear him yelling from another room. The whole place was decorated with cats and was this awful shade of pink. It made me extremely nauseous. And I heard her. It is Umbridge, Harry. She has him on Guernsey. I saw Castle Cornet out her window. I thought she was locked up in Azkaban?" Hermione was certain that the dream was real.

"She was never captured, Hermione. When Thicknesse died and Kingsley took over, the higher-up Ministry officials who had gone over to the Dark side all did a bunk. Most

of them were caught, but she has eluded the Aurors until now." Arthur Weasley was patting her hand as he spoke.

"I think he had spelled the ring to connect us if one of us is in danger. I put it on last night, and I dreamed about him. I heard him. Can we go check it out, please, Harry?" She was begging.

"Let me tell Kingsley about this. He'll get the rest of the Aurors to meet us there. I really don't want you going along, but you are the one who knows about where the house is." Harry was not pleased.

Kolya looked at Natasha and spoke up. "We go along; can fly him and Hermione out of there, fast." He shot a look at Harry to remind him that she should not Apparate in her condition.

Nadya and Vassily both put their arms around Hermione as Harry put in a Floo call to the Ministry. In just a few seconds, they heard Kingsley Shacklebolt's deep voice promising the Aurors, all of them, would meet them in St. Peter Port, dressed as Muggles. He was coming with them as a sort of tour guide for such a large group.

A few minutes later, Harry, Arthur, Kolya and Vassily all were talking in whispers in the kitchen. Harry looked at Hermione and saw she was making up her mind about something.

"When we go, I want to fly. I need to do this, Harry. I have to face my fear of brooms. Now is as good a time as any. Besides, if we get him out, the story of me flying to help rescue him might make him feel better." She was nervous, but not about to show it.

Kolya had come out of the kitchen and spoke up then. "She flies with team. We protect her. She will use his broom. Make him proud." He winked at Hermione as he said that.

Part 2

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione must overcome her fears to save the man she loves.

She stood taller at that, finding more confidence in the knowledge that they would help her. She could do this; she knew she could, for Viktor as well as herself.

Harry quickly instructed Arthur to take Zaria and Nadya to Grimmauld Place to wait. Zaria said something in Bulgarian to her husband and handed him a packet of letters. Then she hugged Hermione and stepped into the Floo after Nadya and Arthur.

"Letters from crazy woman, you read. How long until Shacklebolt and Aurors start out, Potter?" Kolya handed the letters to Hermione, who sat down to begin reading. She jumped up momentarily, waving one of the letters.

"Harry, these go back to the year she came to Hogwarts. I am going to give them to Kingsley. They can be used in her trial. She really has gone round the twist." Hermione gathered up the letters and bound them together again before putting them in her backpack. She added some potions and Skele-Gro and other things they might need. She looked at Harry suddenly.

"If he is hurt, I don't want him going to St. Mungo's. The press will drive him crazy. Can we put him at Grimmauld Place, just until I can heal him? That attic room would work. We wouldn't put you out too much. Please?" Her eyes were pleading with him.

"You can use the whole house, Hermione. I can go to the Burrow. If we get him back today, I can get Molly over there to do a quick clean, and there are several bedrooms, plus the attic room. The team and his parents can stay. I know you will be staying. You aren't ever going to let him out of your sight again, are you?" Harry teased.

"Not for one minute. You may have to keep me from murdering her, Harry. Merlin, I wish we hadn't lost Moody last year. He would have enjoyed this fight. Thanks about the house. I have a couple of Viktor's shirts here. I guess I should take at least one. I can Transfigure another into some pants for him." She was in organizational mode now, so Harry knew she was fine.

"You know, we never found Moody's body... just the eye that she had stuck to her door. I wonder..." He was speculating.

"Oh, dear sweet Merlin and Nimuë, you think she could have Moody, too? Harry, that's just too awful to think about. If she has hurt Viktor, I will not be responsible for my actions." She was still ranting when the Floo lit up again.

Oliver Wood's voice came through loud and clear. "Oi, Harry, Percy said that you may have found where Krum is. He said it was all hush-hush, but if you need Puddlemere's help, you've got it."

Harry quickly turned Oliver over to Kolya, who told him where they were going. Oliver was talking to someone in the background, then came back on and said, "One of my blokes is from Guernsey. He says he can assist, if you want him. We'll Floo over there in a few minutes."

Hermione had had an epiphany while that conversation was going on. Her eyes were blazing with excitement. "Kolya, where is Viktor's wand? Did he have it with him?" She had obviously thought of something important.

"Was given back to his father. Check with Vassily. Maybe he brought it." Kolya went in search of Vassily Krum. Vassily took something out of his pocket and murmured the Enlargement Spell to return the wand to its original size before he handed it to Hermione. He knew she had something specific in mind.

She immediately kissed him on the cheek and packed the wand in her backpack.

"Okay, I know it takes a couple of hours on the ferry, but how long will it take on a broom?" She was back to bossy again, too. Harry looked at Kolya and grinned. The beater grinned back, knowing bossy meant better.

One of the two people stepping out of her Floo answered her. "Take us less than an hour to fly it, Miss. If you have got us and the Bulgarian team all around you might take even less time."

Oliver Wood introduced Denis Le Biseau, who had responded to her question. Denis was not much taller than Hermione, but had dark curly hair and a wicked grin. He had a bit of a French accent. He nodded to the Bulgarian players, who nodded back at him.

"Hermione, are you sure you want to fly?" Harry asked. "I can take you on my broom." He was determined to protect her, even from herself.

"Harry, the dynamics of two people on a broom diminishes the speed. I am going to fly this. I have to. If you want to come with us, fine, but I am taking Viktor's broom and flying over there. Do not try to talk me out of this." She had made up her mind and was not going to back down.

Just then, the Floo lit up again, and Kingsley said that the Aurors were setting off in ten minutes. Harry replied that he was flying with the Bulgarians and would meet them there.

Hermione did a Disillusionment Spell on everyone who was going, except herself, and they all trooped up to the roof of her building. She asked Kolya to do the Disillusionment Spell on her after she mounted Viktor's broom. She had banished the memory of the last time she had flown; that Thestral had been scary. This time, she knew she was not going to let her fear get the best of her.

Harry spoke up from her right side and asked everyone to tell Hermione where they were in the pattern. After some shuffling around, they took off towards the south. Hermione repeated her own particular mantra to herself. "We are going to save Viktor. He is going to be alive. We are going to save Viktor."

Hermione was finding it less nerve-racking than she had feared. She was keeping up with the others quite well. They all kept up a cadence chant to mark where they were in relationship to the others. Denis and Oliver were at the front. Kolya and Hermione were next in the group with Harry and Vassily on either side of them. Two of the Bulgarian team were directly behind Hermione, if she got into trouble. Ivanova and Zograf as the fastest were positioned there. Dimitrov, Levski, and Volkov brought up the rear.

They were making excellent time. The wind was at their backs, which gave them added speed. It took just over twenty minutes before they were landing in Guernsey on a deserted section of beach.

After the Disillusionment Spells were removed, Denis asked Hermione to lead them to the area that corresponded to the view of Castle Cornet she had seen.

On their way, they caught up with Shacklebolt and the Aurors. At Vassily's suggestion, they separated into three groups; one Disillusioned person at the centre of each group would use their wand to detect any Dark Magic traces. They were approaching the area from the southeast, examining one street at a time.

Hermione had led them to the general area when Vassily spoke up, "That house over there. The one that looks abandoned. Dark Magic radiates from it. There are wards set up, but not efficiently."

All three groups converged on the house, with the Aurors dismantling the weak wards that had been set up. After a quick conference, Denis and Oliver knocked on the door while calling out, "Oi, anybody home? We're looking for a runaway child. Oi!" They continued the knocking until they heard a sound.

Dolores Umbridge answered the door with her sweetest expression on her face and was hit with a vicious Petrificus Totalus spell from Hermione. The woman toppled over immediately. The Aurors all surrounded Umbridge and Disapparated with her back to the Ministry, along with Shacklebolt, who sent Hermione a speaking glance. Vassily and Hermione searched the house methodically until Hermione remembered she had brought Viktor's wand.

She set his wand flat on her hand and said, "Point Me to Viktor." The wand spun once and pointed to the second doorway in the hall, which led to the attic staircase. Her heart was in her throat as she raced up the narrow stairs. Hermione beat Vassily up to the top of the stairs where she found Viktor tied to the wall.

Her cry of "Oh, Viktor, no," tore at the hearts of everyone coming up the stairs. She was almost too scared to touch him. He was unconscious, half naked, and covered with the same sort of scars that had marked Harry's hand during their fifth year.

Everyone stopped at the top of the stairs. Hermione moved forward to place her fingers at his throat. Feeling a pulse, she looked back to the others and snapped, "Hurry, get him down."

Umbridge's wand lay on a table at the side of the room. Vassily picked it up and handed it to Harry. Then he cast a wandless spell at the bindings holding his son to the wall.

The magical bindings on Viktor disappeared. Kolya and Levski caught him as he fell. Hermione Transfigured the table into a bed where she could examine him. She ran a diagnostic spell while Vassily examined the scars on his son.

Harry was standing next to Hermione as she sat on the edge of the bed. She was murmuring to herself as she examined him, healing spells interspersed with a litany of "I love you. You can't die. I won't let you. I love you."

Vassily, who was smiling at Hermione's whispered litany, quietly spoke a spell. "*Vigoratus Pestifer Ingero!*"

Harry jumped, and so did Viktor's inert form. The scars and injuries faded from Viktor's body. Harry looked at his hand and saw that his old scars had vanished, also.

"Thank Merlin we got here when we did. He is very weak. Please, love, don't leave me." Hermione had forced several potions down Viktor's throat and was wrapping him in a blanket. She burst into tears suddenly and laid her head on Viktor's chest.

The rest of them were amazed when, slowly, Viktor's hand rose up off the bed to pat Hermione's hair. She sighed as she kissed him. His eyes fluttered open, and he smiled at his father and Hermione before falling back asleep.

The team all hugged each other and Hermione. After a brief conference with Harry, Vassily and Kolya supported Viktor between them and Disapparated to Grimmauld Place. Oliver and Denis cancelled the spells on the Floo and reconnected it to the regular Floo network. They left through it after shaking hands with everyone and kissing Hermione on the cheek.

Oliver had one request, however. "Invite us to the wedding, will you, lass? I'd hate to think the joint efforts of Puddlemere and Bulgaria didn't have a happy ending."

The Bulgarian team members all followed Harry and Hermione through the Floo to Grimmauld Place. Harry had to keep a firm hand on Hermione because she was still crying. Once through the Floo, Harry pointed out various bedrooms to the group, noting that Molly had arrived while they had been off on their task. He went back to the Ministry to meet with Shacklebolt, but promised to come back later. Ivanova took charge of Hermione, helping her get Viktor settled into the biggest bedroom.

Molly had been waiting with Zaria and Nadya while the rescue was taking place. The three of them had decided that cooking was a perfectly acceptable way of not thinking about what was happening. There was enough food for a small army and food for an invalid, also.

Hermione Floo-called to Hogwarts to ask Poppy Pomfrey to come look at Viktor. Poppy ran diagnostics and verified that Hermione had done precisely the right things. She advised bed rest and light meals for at least a week. Then she took a long look at Hermione, wisely not voicing her opinion that the young woman looked exhausted.

Handing Hermione a couple of potions for Viktor before going back to the school, she added that she would let Ginny know about the developments.

After Poppy left, Vassily and Nadya offered to sit with Viktor while Hermione went home to get her things. Molly Weasley went with Hermione and cleaned up the tea things from that morning.

Then she sat Hermione down on the sofa and asked her point-blank if there was anything Hermione needed to talk about. She had seen the state the girl was in and correctly surmised the reason.

"Hermione, I have known you long enough to realise there is something bothering you. If you can't tell me, I understand, but you don't burst into tears at little things, and I

saw your face when you walked into the kitchen. You nearly threw up. I am not going to judge you. I always knew Ron was not the man for you; it has always been Viktor, hasn't it?"

Hermione broke down into tears again as she told Molly the whole story. "When I went to Bulgaria in August, Viktor and I rekindled our romance. He asked me to marry him, and I said yes. We had not set a date yet. We were going to do that at Christmas. Oh, Molly, it was just so romantic; we sort of got carried away one night before I left, and we..."

Molly gathered her close into a motherly hug. "You need to tell him, love. Have you told your parents yet? Good. I have just the potion you need. I'll make it up when we get back. I am guessing you told Harry and that Ginny knows, too. That is understandable; they are your closest friends. You just dry those tears, and we will see what young Mr. Krum has to say for himself when he wakes up.

"But I know his parents love you. Nadya had nothing but good things to say about you. She was so happy that you and Viktor were going to be married. And there is nothing wrong with anticipating your vows, Hermione. I know you love him."

"Oh, Molly, I am just so glad we got him out of there. He was so weak. She had been torturing him the same way she tortured Harry our fifth year. I don't think she was feeding him regularly, either. He looked starved. His father cast a spell that healed his injuries and even the ones on Harry's hand. I have to get back. I am not leaving him again." She dried her tears and smiled.

Molly marvelled at how much Hermione had matured. The two women returned through the Floo to Grimmauld Place as soon as Hermione had finished her packing.

They found the team and Viktor's parents all in the room with Viktor, just watching him sleep. Natasha Ivanova took Hermione aside and relieved her of her bag. "I will take this to room we are sharing. The others are in attic. Zaria had to go home; her youngest has need of mother's firm hand. Viktor has been in and out of consciousness for past half hour. I will get team out, so you can sit with him."

"Thanks, Natasha, I appreciate it. I will have something to tell all of you later," Hermione promised.

Vassily and Nadya said they were going to go home and get clothes so they could stay until Viktor was back on his feet. They both kissed Hermione before going downstairs.

That effectively left Hermione the only one in Viktor's room. Unknown to her, Molly cast an Imperturbable Charm on the door to keep anyone from hearing what went on before she went off to brew the morning sickness potion she had promised to Hermione.

Inside the room, Hermione sat at Viktor's bedside, holding his hand in hers. She was talking to him quietly, "I love you, Viktor. I was so very worried. There hadn't been anything in the papers about you disappearing until a few days ago. I sent a message to Kolya and Ivanova. They brought the others today. Kolya gave me the ring you bought for me.

"When I put it on, I dreamed where you were. I love you so much, Viktor. The team and the Aurors and even some of the players from Puddlemere United helped find you. Please, please wake up. I love you. Your parents are here. Your mum and Molly and Kolya's wife Zaria spent the whole time we were rescuing you cooking.

"I knew you would not want to go to St. Mungo's, so we brought you to Harry's house. I am going to take care of you until you are better." She had just finished telling him that she loved him for the fourth time when he tightened his grip on her hand. She looked up to see his eyes were open.

"You were crying, love. Why were you crying?" His voice was hoarse and thready.

"I am not crying, Viktor, not now, anyway. I need to tell you something." She was puzzled.

"Before, love, you were crying before. You are wearing the ring." He held up her hand and nodded to the ring.

"Oh, yes, after we found you. I was just so happy you were alive. I did not think you would remember that." She leaned over to kiss him.

"I forget nothing when it comes to you, love. You want to tell me something?" His voice was getting stronger. He looked so much better.

"Viktor, do you still want to marry me?" She was fast losing her nerve.

"You are mine, Hermione. Of course I want to marry you. I love you." He was getting upset.

"Even if we need to get married much sooner?" she managed to ask.

"I take it there is a reason for the hurry. Our night together has had results?" He looked into her eyes as he asked.

She blushed and answered him, "Yes, Viktor, we are going to have a baby. Does that make a difference?" She held her breath, fearing he would reject her and the child.

"It only makes me a happy man twice over, Hermione. We had best find someone to marry us as soon as possible." He was chuckling as he pulled her down to him. His kiss dispelled all her fears.

A discreet knock on the door made him let her go a minute later. Molly Weasley stuck her head in and handed Hermione the glowing yellow potion. "Drink it down, dear. You won't have any more morning sickness. Do you want me to send dinner up here for you two? Hello, Viktor. Glad you are awake."

Viktor answered her, "We will both come down, if you could ask Kolya to help me. Thank you, Mrs. Weasley, it is very nice to be safe once more."

Hermione tried to argue with him about going downstairs and found he was adamant. Nadya had brought some of Viktor's clothes and pyjamas and a robe from Bulgaria. Hermione got him dressed in the pyjamas and put the robe on him before Kolya came to help.

Between the two of them, they got him downstairs and to the table. Once seated, Viktor took control of the dinner conversation, asking the most important question first.

"How long does it take to arrange a bonding... wedding... whatever?" He addressed the question to the room in general.

The newest arrivals, namely Harry and Kingsley Shacklebolt, answered him. "I think I could arrange one in about an hour or two. Why?" Kingsley asked.

"Because I want to make sure Hermione and I are never separated again. Can you really do it that fast?" Viktor had pulled Hermione into his lap.

"I think the fact that you are getting ready to marry the heroine of the recent war after being rescued by her and the Boy-Who-Triumphed and assorted others, just might pull some strings." Kingsley winked at Viktor.

Then he added, "And when the Aurors searched Umbridge's house in Croydon, we found a second prisoner. One we all thought was dead. He has been taken to St. Mungo's to be evaluated. Hermione, it was Alastor. Your vision saved more than just Viktor. You saved two very important men and captured the last of the fugitive Ministry officials. We will give you a wedding you won't believe. I will guarantee that. I am going to use the Floo to call in a few favours. You folks just sit down and have a nice dinner. I'll be back in a little while." He was chuckling to himself.

Nadya smiled a big smile and patted Hermione's hand. "I brought a dress for you. You will be beautiful bride. Now we will sit and eat."

Ginny arrived just then to stand next to Harry. They watched Viktor's parents hug their son and his soon-to-be wife. Molly had dinner on the table almost immediately so that

everyone could eat before the impromptu wedding. As soon as they were finished, the team went upstairs to help Viktor take a shower and get ready.

Natasha and Ginny, as well as Nadya, were going to help Hermione get ready. Arthur had gone to Hermione's parents' home to bring them. Levski and Volkov were busy in the large library, Transfiguring all the furniture into seating for the guests. Viktor had showered and dressed and was sitting down to conserve his energy.

Kolya had asked Ginny to brew a strengthening potion for Viktor. Harry and Ginny were working in the kitchen on the potion when Minerva and Flitwick arrived with Dennis Creevey in tow. He had inherited Colin's camera and love of photography.

Luna and Neville were the next to arrive. Luna had a basket of wildflowers with her. She calmly proceeded to fashion a beautiful wreath for Hermione's hair. Neville had brought a bunch of roses from the greenhouses at Hogwarts. He and Luna created a bouquet for Hermione which they tied with ribbons in the Bulgarian team colours. Luna commented that it was so nice that it was almost exactly four years to the day after the Yule Ball.

Hermione's parents arrived with Arthur through the Floo. Kingsley had dragooned Percy Weasley into getting all the pertinent documents done before inviting him to the wedding. Bill and Fleur were coming and Charlie had arrived. Five of Viktor's friends from Durmstrang had come. The house was full to the rafters.

Nadya had brought a dress for Hermione that was perfect, an Empire-waisted gown of rose pink with long sleeves and a square neckline. It fit perfectly and thankfully concealed the baby bump. Nadya had gone to Viktor's room to Transfigure his robe and pyjamas into dress robes. By the time she got back to Hermione's room, Ginny had helped Hermione into the dress.

After a discussion with both sets of parents, Kingsley had decided that he and Minerva would read the bonding ritual together. Viktor had asked his father and Harry to stand up with him. Hermione had asked Ginny and Luna to stand up with her.

Molly Weasley had hurriedly done a bit of baking while everyone was getting dressed, so there was a wedding cake.

Arthur and Vassily went up to bring the groom down. Vassily and Harry were dressed in their dress robes. Luna had given each of them flowers for their lapels. Everyone was nervous, except Viktor.

Hermione's father knocked on the door to the bedroom, and Hermione opened it. Nadya kissed the bride before going downstairs to sit on the groom's side of the room. Ginny had on a dress of palest peach satin. Luna had Transfigured her robes into a dress of pale blue.

Flitwick conjured music for Hermione's entrance. She walked down the stairs on her father's arm and into the library to find Viktor waiting for her at the end of the room. She walked to him, seeing only him, not the thirty or forty people in the room. His eyes were for her only as well.

This was what Viktor had wanted for four long years. *She is so incredibly beautiful*, he thought.

They turned to face Minerva and Kingsley as Dennis Creevey took the first photographs. The bonding took only minutes. Percy had brought the documents for them to sign afterward. Everyone present offered wishes for the couple, which were woven into the binding.

When Viktor kissed her, she could feel his strength waning. She sent a pleading look to Harry, who brought a chair for Viktor. Hermione stood behind his chair as everyone came up to congratulate them. Luna kissed Viktor on the cheek before doing the same thing to Hermione. Ginny kissed him too and then hugged Hermione.

The crowd thinned out after the ceremony. Viktor's old friends from Durmstrang had offered invitations to come to visit as well as congratulations. The younger Weasleys offered their felicitations and remarked that it was nice to see Hermione looking so radiant.

Oliver Wood and Denis Le Biseau had stayed talking to Viktor while the other guests were leaving. Dennis Creevey had taken a number of pictures which were excellent. The best one was the moment the bride and groom kissed after the bonding was completed. It was decided that picture should go to the *Daily Prophet* along with the announcement. Dennis promised to have all the pictures for them in a few days.

Finally, the only ones left were: the Bulgarian team, Molly and Arthur, Ginny and Harry, Nadya and Vassily, and the newlyweds. The cake was covered with a Stasis Charm and the bride and groom were escorted up to their room. The rest of the group stayed downstairs to talk.

Arthur and Harry were talking about Moody, while Ginny and Molly were talking to Viktor's parents. The Bulgarian team was busy Transfiguring things back to their original shape. Everyone was laughing and having an excellent time. Vassily and Nadya looked at each other before asking Ginny a question.

"You are aware she is pregnant, no?" Nadya asked.

Ginny gulped and looked at Molly before saying in a very small voice, "Yes, I ran a diagnostic on her several days ago to see if the baby was okay. They are both fine."

Everyone in the room stopped short. They all looked at Ginny and asked together. "Both?"

"Uh... I promised not to tell. She did not want to know." Ginny blushed again and tried to sidestep the question.

Molly looked at her daughter and intoned, "Ginevra Molly Weasley, they are married now. It is okay. No one here will tell. They will take a Wand Oath not to tell, won't they?"

Everyone agreed and spoke the words of the Wand Oath, and then they all looked back at Ginny.

"Two babies, a boy and a girl, conceived about the last week of August, both healthy. She is going to kill me, I know it." Ginny threw her hands up in the air in surrender, but she laughed.

Harry shushed her and told her to look at Viktor's parents. They were holding on to each other and crying tears of joy. The members of the Bulgarian team were also hugging each other. Kolya Vulchanov had tears in his eyes, too.

Percy called in on the Floo just then to report he had gotten Hermione's parents home safe and sound. He had also been in charge of sending the notice to the *Daily Prophet*. He said that he, for one, could not wait to see how Rita Skeeter felt about being scooped on a story by a fifth-year Hogwarts student.

The credit for the carefully written story of the wedding was to be given to Dennis Creevey. The story of the rescue of both Viktor Krum and Alastor Moody had been written by Kingsley Shacklebolt with the comment that *Hermione Krum, nee Granger, had personally led the searchers to the person responsible for both kidnappings, Dolores Umbridge, who was now in custody and awaiting trial by the full Wizengamot.*

The rewards for: Umbridge's capture, Viktor's safe return and news of Alastor Moody were all to be paid to the new bride. Percy had had a great time assisting Shacklebolt with all the stories and filed the paperwork that very night. When everyone finally decided to go to bed, Harry decided to bunk in with the Bulgarian team.

Ginny took the empty bed in the room with Ivanova. Molly and Arthur took the last unfilled bedroom. And the elder Krums took the room just down from the newly-weds. Harry closed up the house and said good night to the spirit of Sirius Black.

"I think you would have approved, Sirius. They make a great couple. And they will be great parents, too. You were right; she really is the brightest witch of her age. And she has lots and lots of folks who love her now."

The only answer Harry got was the sound of the old house creaking, but he knew that his godfather would have been pleased.

Hermione had gotten Viktor upstairs and out of his clothes and into bed before she undressed. She had lingered in the bath, overcome with shyness. He was lying on his side when she came out of the bathroom. His grin warmed her heart. When she sat down on the bed, he placed a hand tentatively on her stomach.

"I cannot believe we have made a new life, love. It means we are already a family." He pulled her down into his arms. "I do not think I can make love to you tonight. That must wait until I have recovered more of my strength. Forgive me?" he teased.

"Oh, Viktor, I thought I had lost you. I am so happy now that you are safe again. We will just sleep tonight. We have the rest of our lives to make love. Just hold me, please." She snuggled close and extinguished the lights.

The edition of the *Daily Prophet* that was issued the next day sold out before breakfast and had to be reprinted. Dennis Creevey's pictures of the wedding and the one Percy had taken for him of Dolores Umbridge's raving lunacy made the stories even more exciting.

Rita Skeeter was chewing nails by the end of the day. She tried repeatedly to get an interview with anyone who had gone to the wedding, but no one would talk to her.

The Bulgarian team went home after teasing Viktor and Hermione at breakfast. Molly and Arthur left for the Burrow just after the team had gone through the Floo. Ginny had promised to come home later, but she wanted to tell Hermione and Viktor what she had found on the scan she had run.

Viktor's parents were staying on for a few days. Molly had done a thorough cleaning on the house before she left, so Harry could move back into his bedroom. He was currently dealing with the plethora of owls bringing wedding presents.

Hermione and Viktor spent most of the day opening presents and writing thank you notes for the gifts. When Viktor fell asleep in the afternoon, Ginny took the initiative to tell Hermione that there were two babies. The look on Hermione's face was enough to make Ginny cringe. Then Hermione laughed and hugged Ginny.

"He was so happy about one that I don't think two will be a problem. I am willing to bet you know the sex, too. Am I right?"

Ginny could only nod.

Hermione continued, "Okay, this evening when he wakes up, we can tell him together. He is getting stronger, Gin. I am so happy. I don't think anything could make me unhappy."

What she did not know was that downstairs Harry had intercepted a Howler sent to Hermione by none other than Ron Weasley. Harry had destroyed the thing and gone off to have a word with his best friend.

Harry had taken a stand that no one, including Ron, was going to do anything to mar Hermione's happiness. When Ron had acted out, Harry hit him. They exchanged words until Harry got fed up and hit him again. Molly had come outside to ask why they were fighting and when Ron spouted off with his criticism of Hermione again Molly had hit him. She then told Harry she would deal with her son.

Harry had come back to the house in a much better mood. He and Ginny were talking in the kitchen when Hermione called for Ginny to come upstairs.

Harry followed along and stood in the doorway, watching and envying his friends their happiness.

Hermione sat at the edge of Viktor's bed, and Viktor was propped up against the headboard, reading. Ginny came into the room and sat in the chair.

"Viktor, I have something to tell you and Hermione about the diagnostic scan I did the other day on Hermione. There is nothing to worry about. It is just... there are two babies, a boy and a girl. They are healthy, and so is Hermione." She gabbled it out in a rush; then she blushed to the roots of her hair and ran back to Harry's arms.

Viktor looked stunned for a minute and then crowed before pulling Hermione close for a kiss.

"Thank you, Ginny. You have made my day. I think I must make a better effort to regain my strength if I now have to support a wife and two babies. What do you think, Harry?" Viktor laughed.

"I think we had better get out of here before you show your wife just exactly how delighted you are," Harry countered, laughing.

He and Ginny went back downstairs where Harry related the contretemps with Ron. Ginny immediately dragged Harry off to Diagon Alley to George's shop, where she proceeded to tell her brother exactly what Ron had said. George agreed with her that something needed to be done about Ron.

Harry hastened to tell them that Molly had taken Ron to task for his words, but that did not satisfy Ginny. She finally hit on the idea of telling Lavender that Ron had accused Hermione of marrying Viktor to make him jealous, which was exactly what Ron had said.

Ginny knew exactly what buttons to push for Lavender to make Ron's life a living hell for the foreseeable future. George and Harry exchanged a look that said they really did not want to get on Ginny's bad side.

The next morning, Viktor woke his new bride with sweet seduction. His lips traced a pattern from her neck to her breasts where he tasted each in turn, kissing, then suckling, until she moaned. His hand slipped lower to caress the mound of her stomach. He whispered sweet words to the sleeping babes before moving his hand to the juncture of her thighs. He gently separated the lips of her sex and began to rub his fingers over her. Her legs fell open, and she turned to him. He could feel that she was already wet with wanting him. He kissed her mouth as he moved his hand back to her breasts. Her eyes flew open, and she smiled at him.

"Good morning, my dove, are you ready to consummate our vows? I certainly am," he asked huskily.

Her hand found his erection and caressed the length of him, warm and silky in her hand.

"Yes, Viktor, make love to me," was all she could say before he kissed her again. She ran her fingertips over the head of his phallus and felt the wetness there.

He moved then to give her access to him and lay back on the bed. She began a slow exploration of his body. The light dusting of hair on his chest tickled her hands as she ran her fingers over his nipples.

His indrawn breath as she drew her hands across the sculpted muscles of his abdomen intrigued her. She used one finger to draw through the line of coarser hair that began at his navel and travelled down to his groin. When her hand was close enough, she grasped his erect phallus again and ran one finger around the swollen sensitive head.

When she lowered her head to touch her lips to it, he threw his head back. She blew a soft breath across it and he jumped; when she opened her mouth and took him inside, he swore.

She was all innocence, and she was driving him crazy. Her teeth grazed him, and then she began licking and sucking at him, taking him fully into her mouth and then sliding him out. He reached a hand to her breast and squeezed, running his thumb over the hardened peak. She drew in a sharp breath and then returned to sucking at him. He moved his hand to the curls at her mons. He slipped first one finger and then another into her. He found the sensitive sheathed button of flesh at the front of her slit and thumbed it repeatedly. Her hands clenched around his erection and she moaned.

"Hermione, ride me. Come here, love." He pulled her astride him, and she guided him into the warmth and wetness of her sheath. He pulled her a little closer, and she rose up and began the rhythm they both craved. Her hands were on his chest and his were holding her hips.

He was bucking when she descended and she was moaning again. "Oh, Viktor, you are so deep. Yes, there, oh, oh, oh...."

His hands were on her breasts now, kneading and thumbing the swollen nipples. He could feel her beginning to tighten around him. He moved one hand to her clit and began to massage it until she climaxed. Her convulsions brought him to climax right after her.

He rolled them onto their sides and kissed her. She rolled off and lay cuddled up to him, her head on his shoulder.

"I love you, Viktor. I fell in love with you in fourth year. You were a storm that swept my heart away," she murmured.

"I knew I would marry you before we ever went to the Yule Ball. You were the only girl I could talk to, the only one who liked me because I was as studious as you are. You think these two will be good students?" He patted her baby bump and kissed her.

Finis