

Eleventh Hour Letter

by kyriaofdelphi

A long overdue letter brings two lovers back together.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The day started with his teammates steering clear of him. They knew what was supposed to happen the next day, far away in England, and they did not want to set Viktor off again.

He was hung over again and in a foul mood. His playing was above average, however, and they won their match against the Spaniards in just under two hours.

Viktor went home to his empty house and tried not to think that his Hermione was marrying that idiot Weasley in London tomorrow. He tried one last time to write to her, telling her that he loved her, that she was his life, that he would never hurt her as Weasley had done. He finally sent the owl off just before he started drinking for the night.

One by one, each of his teammates showed up to try to talk sense into him. He sent them all away. He was going to forget she wasn't his any longer. The Vodka would help.

When someone knocked on his door after midnight, he thought it was a teammate. He yelled for them to go away in Bulgarian.

When the knocking came again, he flung open the door and found himself face to face with a crying, distraught Hermione.

He grabbed her and hauled her into the house. He set her down on the sofa as he tried to clear away the empty Vodka bottles.

She was watching him wordlessly. When he finally sat down next to her, he asked, "Why are you at my door the night before your wedding? Why are you in tears? I thought you had made your choice abundantly clear. Has he hurt you again? I will kill him, this time." He was barely able to breathe with her so close.

She raised red, swollen eyes to his face and answered him quietly, "No, Vitya, this time I hurt him. I couldn't go through with it. I don't love him like that. I never have. I should never have agreed to marry him. This came tonight and I knew..." She held up the letter he had written hours earlier. "I knew that the only man I could ever love was hurting as bad as I was. I wrote to Ron and sent it by owl. I wrote to Harry and the Weasleys, too. I could not stay there. There isn't anything back there for me. I realised that when I read your letter."

"Are you sure, love, that you want me instead of him? This is your last chance. Because, if you want me, then we are going off to the team party at the Ministry. I have a favour to ask of our dear Minister Oblansk. Will you marry me tonight? Never, ever leave me again? Forever, Hermione?" He was completely sober now.

He went to his desk and pulled out the ring box that had sat there for five years. When she nodded yes to his questions, he placed the ring on her finger and grabbed his jacket.

He threw Floo powder into the fireplace and announced, "Bulgarian Ministry, Quidditch Victory party," as he grabbed her by the waist.

They appeared in the ballroom of the Bulgarian Ministry offices. The party was still going strong. Viktor spied Oblansk across the room. He held tightly to Hermione's hand

as he made a beeline for the Minister.

His teammates had noticed his arrival and the fact that he wasn't alone. They were edging closer to hear what was going on. When he made his request of the Minister, his teammates heard and rejoiced.

The victory party soon turned into a wedding reception.

The Wizarding papers across the globe screamed the headlines the next day.

"Krum and Granger married at team victory party!"

Amita's prompts:

1. *Any lament about a lost love or missed opportunity.*
2. *Someone knocks on the door after midnight.*