

# That woman

*by kyriaofdelphi*

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## That woman

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Four years after the fall of Voldemort, love brings two people back together.

She would forever be imprinted in my mind as 'That Woman.'

I haven't seen her in nearly five years, since that blasted wedding. Nevertheless, she creeps into my thoughts regularly. I wish I could forget her, but having once given my heart to her, she will forever haunt me.

There was an announcement more than three years ago, that she was marrying that boy with the red hair. But there was no follow up about the wedding. I keep telling myself that she is gone from my life and I should move on.

However, she will always be the only woman I will ever love.

My teammates have long since given up trying to fix me up with dates. My family despairs of ever seeing me with a family of my own.

Then one day, out of the blue, she walked back into my life.

It was at the finals game for the World Cup. We were playing in Scotland in the rain. The game wasn't even close. When I caught the Snitch, we were ahead by three hundred points.

It was while I was spiralling down to the field that I saw her. She was high up in the stands, all alone. She almost waved, but caught herself.

I returned the Snitch to the official and flew up to the stands where she had been. Nothing.

Had I imagined her? I gave up after a few minutes and went back to the locker room. I showered while the rest of the team was talking to fans and reporters. I was dressed and on my way out of the stadium when I heard her voice.

"Viktor? Oh, please talk to me." She sounded so sad.

I whirled and faced her.

"Where is Weasley? Did you not marry him? Why are you here?" I let my hurt and anger colour my words to her.

"I didn't marry him, Viktor. I couldn't, when I loved another man." She sounded almost angry as well.

"So, where is the lucky man you love? And why the fuck are you telling me this?" I spat the words at her.

“Because, I realised he didn't know that I loved him... you... Viktor, it was always you. I didn't really understand it, until Ron asked me to marry him. He wanted me so much that he sent the announcement of the engagement to the Daily Prophet before he asked me. I turned him down flat.” She was now unsure of my reaction, I could tell.

Hell, I was so astounded that I could not speak. I almost didn't want to believe her. Then she moved forward. She touched my face, my lips with her fingers, and I was lost.

I kissed her until we were both laughing and crying. She asked me to come back to London with her.

“Let me send a message to someone first, no, two someones. After that, we will go,” I said.

She let me send the message without a word. We arrived in the Ministry of Magic's main hall, having used the Floo at the stadium.

I saw immediately that my message had been successful. The Bulgarian Ambassador, Minister Shacklebolt, and Harry Potter were waiting for us. Hermione was sent me a puzzled look.

Minister Shacklebolt spoke up heartily. “Everything is ready. Luckily, they all had been at the game today and were available. Come this way, please.”

We walked to the lifts and went to his office where the Hogwarts teachers and my parents were waiting.

“Will you marry me, now, here, Hermione? I don't want you to ever doubt I love you. Please, say yes,” I asked her in front of everyone.

She was laughing again. “Yes, oh, yes, Viktor. Right now.”

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‘That woman’ is now my woman, my beloved wife. We are only apart when it is absolutely necessary and never for an extended period.

Amita's prompt was:

Crossover inspired - A Scandal in Bulgaria - opening sentence: "She would forever be imprinted in his mind as 'That Woman.'"