

Seeing Reason

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A Friday night at the Burrow:

"Mum, really. Hermione and I just don't rub together that way. We are better as friends. She isn't going to marry me."

"But, Ronnie, you said that kiss during the final battle..."

"Was all due to adrenaline. We tried it again when we weren't about to die, and well, nothing. It was like kissing Ginny, if I ever kissed Ginny. I think we spent too much time together. Anyway, I think I could find a better-looking witch. She has that impossible hair and she's a little mousy, don't you think?"

"Whatever you say, dear. But you are still sitting with her at dinner on Sunday."

Sunday dinner at the Burrow:

"We just wanted to tell you. Guillaume and I are being deevorced."

"WHAT?!?"

"Yes, Mum. It was final yesterday. But Fleur wanted to tell you all herself."

"Well, that was kind of her, wasn't it, dear?" Arthur spoke over his shoulder as he walked Molly into the kitchen. A silencing spell must have been cast rather quickly because there was no wailing to be heard.

The rest of the Weasleys, Harry and Hermione all looked at each other uneasily. Fleur looked around, saw nothing to keep her, kissed Bill good-bye and walked out.

"And after you were willing to overlook her behavior during the war. What is going to be done about Victoire?" asked Hermione.

"I am keeping her. Fleur wants to start over; she says I am boring now. She said a lot of things, but really, it was just time."

Hermione reached over to Bill and placed her small hand over his. "I'm sorry. I know you hoped for forever. Maybe you will find it with someone else."

A few minutes later, after everyone had returned to their meals, Bill looked at the little witch sitting next to Ron thoughtfully. Molly returned from the kitchen, took a deep

breath and said, "Hermione dear, do you think you might want to have lunch with Percy next week?"

Percy's ears turned red.

"No, Molly. Thank you. And I'm sorry, Percy, nothing personal, but I am a little busy working on a new potion."

Friday after that:

Ron was happy. He was in Nice checking out rival businesses for WWW, and he figured he was going to have fun. Due to the fact that he was basically being an industrial spy he was using a new product that changed appearance. He currently had dark blond hair and brown eyes.

He walked into a dance club that was rumored to attract young Veela women because he figured he should find out what the big deal was other than the allure.

Fleur saw the young man walk into the bar. He looked like a likely prospect. She was so tired of older men. Bill had become so boring. And with Victoire tiring them out, well, the sex had become boring also. She wanted a young man and nothing to tie her down.

Ron couldn't believe it. His fantasy from way back at the Tri-Wizard tournament was coming true. Fleur was all over him. He took her back to his hotel room. Unfortunately for both of them, and unbeknownst to anyone, the new appearance changing product interfered with the contraceptive potion that Fleur had taken. Neither of them thought of a charm, and well, Ron was still a Weasley.

Bill got an owl from Hermione telling him to come to her lab as soon as he could. He rushed over there only to find her, hair frizzed out all over her head from the steam coming from the cauldron, clothing stained and the most beautiful smile he had ever seen on her face.

He walked out an hour later with the scars on his face closed up and almost gone; they would never be entirely gone, but one would have to be looking to see them. He had seen the joy on Hermione's face at his reaction and realized he wanted to see that again.

Nine months later:

"Fleur, I thought you had not been with your husband for three months in order for the divorce to go through."

"Yes, Maman, that is true. Why do you ask?" Fleur was tired from the birth. Triplets!

"These babies all have red hair."

"But, but, the man I was with was not a redhead."

"You may want to check if one of Guillaume's brothers were in Nice that weekend."

**translated from the original French*

"Mummy!" Victoire had woken up from a nightmare screaming.

"Honey, your mummy is in France."

"Not the Fleur lady. Mummy!"

It took Bill about ten seconds to realize his daughter meant Hermione. Ten seconds after that she was stepping through the Floo to comfort Victoire. Ten seconds after Victoire went back to sleep, Hermione was in Bill's bed. Ten seconds after that he realized he never wanted her to leave.

Two years later:

"Ronald! Why do you keep using that potion?"

"Fleur! Why do you keep picking up strange men in bars?"

Ron had managed to have at least four different flings with Fleur. He only forgot the contraceptive charm once after the first time. That one resulted in twins.

"When is the baby getting here?"

"Soon, sweetie."

The nurse came to the door and beckoned to Victoire. She ran in to see her mummy and her daddy holding a little girl with red curls and blue eyes.

"Isn't my little sister beautiful?"

Three years after that fateful dinner:

Fleur had managed the impossible. After giving birth to a second set of triplets, she was unable to access her Veela allure. Luckily for her, Ronald was ready to settle down, and he always did have bad taste in women.

Bill was amused. Without her allure, Fleur was just a blowsy blonde with a bad attitude. His wife on the other hand had grown into her beauty. No one would look at Hermione Granger-Weasley and think she was mousy. She had cut her hair into short layers, and it framed her face beautifully. Her body was curvaceous and made more than one wizard turn his head. She was brilliant and confident, and she only had eyes for the handsome, intelligent wizard who took the time to see that beauty from within was far more lasting than beauty from without.

One would think Molly would have learned her lesson after Victoire turned her hair green the second time she asked Hermione if she would have lunch with Percy, but she didn't. It took Victoire making everything Molly cooked taste like brussel sprouts every time she attempted to match-make to finally make her stop.

Many thanks to voxangelus for the beta!

Prompts from HermioneDiggory:

3. Molly Weasley can't seem to resist the urge to meddle. Someone has had enough of her interference and decides it's high time someone took action.

5. A fickle Fleur has grown bored with Bill. She decides to seek a younger, more exciting lover and gets much more than she bargained for. Meanwhile, Bill learns that true beauty really is more than skin deep.