

# My Mistake

*by blue artemis*

Fleur makes a mistake she regrets.

## My Mistake

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Fleur makes a mistake she regrets.

"I'm very sorry, Ms. Delacour. Your divorce was final over two years ago. Your ex-husband has remarried. There is no way to reverse it. As it is, I don't understand why you would want that anyway; you were very adamant the last time you were in the Ministry." Kingsley Shacklebolt's deep voice was kind, but firm.

"I was wrong! I was led to believe that Guillaume was having an affair, but he was not. He did not go to Hermione until I left him. But if you reversed the divorce, then we could be together again!"

"No, Fleur, you are wrong. I would never be with you again. I've found my love, someone who respects me, loves me and above all, trusts me. She asks me if she wonders about something, she would never abandon me. As it is, Victoire calls her Mum since you abandoned her as well. Now, the next time you decide to trespass on my property, you will be met with more than a flock of Howlers, believe me."

"But, Guillaume, I admit it, I was wrong!"

"My name is Bill, or William, or Mr. Weasley. Guillaume is your affectation. I know how good your English is. Now, stop being whiny, give in to your fate, marry your Veela and LEAVE ME AND MY FAMILY ALONE!"

---

Bill stormed off to Shell Cottage, his usually controlled temper causing the air around him to crackle. He was quite ready to head to his shed, where he and Hermione had set up a dueling ring, when he noticed that the lights in his normally bright house were low and flickering. He entered cautiously, wand in hand, when the sight in front of him caused all of his anger to dissipate. A wide grin split his handsome, scarred face.

"Oh, love. You don't know how much I needed this. The kids are with my Mum?"

"No, Harry and Ginny. Your Mum and Dad decided to celebrate all their years together, so they went out."

Bill was thrilled to see that Hermione had recreated their first date together, down to the beautiful purple silk wrap dress she had worn.

"I'm guessing you have the tandoori chicken somewhere around here?"

"In the kitchen, under a warming charm."

"I remember how nice it was to have Indian takeaway, just for a night. Fleur's taste in food was much more continental, which is fine, but sometimes..."

"Sometimes, you just have to remember who you are, not who someone else wants you to be."

"You said the same exact thing that night."

"Well, you know, if she was so convinced you were cheating with me, enough to demand an express divorce, abandon her child and begin her search for a 'true Veela mate', then I figured she didn't know you very well."

"You were right." Bill said that as he lifted Hermione up out of her seat, kissed her passionately, swept his arm across the table-top, sending the china and flatware flying, then laid her back on the table, ducking his head under the skirt of her dress.

"I remember this, as well." She gasped out as his tongue found her clit.

"I think the food hit the floor last time."

"That is why it is in the kitchen, this time."

Bill lifted his head just long enough to grin wolfishly at his wife, then went back to what he was doing. They had better things to do than reminisce.

---

Many thanks to kyriaofdelphi for the beta!

Prompts from HermioneDiggory:

5) 5 Prompt Words: Kingsley, Hermione, a flock of Howlers, tandoori chicken, purple silk

6) A jealous Fleur becomes utterly convinced that Bill is having an affair with (your choice). What does she decide to do about it?