

The Ferret and the Flower

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The extremely unlikely foursome had been on a major pub-crawl that Saturday night, ending up at the Leaky Cauldron at a few minutes past three in the morning. The oldest of the four, Alastor Moody, was chuckling at something one of the younger men had said.

"Draco, you'd better tell them what you said, or one of these two is going to hex you." Alastor chuckled as he ordered a round of drinks from Tom, the bartender.

The four men settled into a back booth with a good view of the front door. The two youngest kept an eye on the door, knowing their girlfriends would be walking in any minute after the bridal shower party had ended.

Draco Malfoy was drunk as a lord. He was giggling at whatever he had told Moody minutes before. Harry Potter was eying his newest crony with only a slightly more sober attitude. The fourth member of the group stayed quiet, as he usually did, knowing his accent always resurfaced when he had been drinking.

Draco finally stopped giggling and pointed a finger at each of his drinking companions. "I'll tell you. Moody put Veritaserum in my drink at that last pub. Then he asked me if I had passed my Animagus exam. I had to tell him, I couldn't help myself. Yes, I said. I did pass it. I am now a registered Animagus.

"Then he asks me what my Animagus form takes. That is what sent me into whoops. How the effing hell was I supposed to know my form would be an effing ferret. It's all your fault, Harry. If I hadn't been so keen on one-upping you back in fourth year, I'd never have been turned into a ferret in the first place."

The other three just stared at Draco.

"Vas not Harry's fault. Vas your adolescent arrogance, Malfoy. Ferret is appropriate Animagus form for you. My vife vill think so, I bet," Viktor spoke up at last.

Just at that moment, the door opened to admit four laughing women. Minerva McGonagall-Moody, Hermione Krum, Ginny Weasley (soon to be Potter), and Luna Lovegood. They were brushing the snowflakes out of their hair as they made their way to the booth.

Viktor stood up and produced his wand, saying a spell in Bulgarian that enlarged the booth to twice its size. Then he had Ginny slide in next to Harry and seated a very pregnant Hermione next to her. He slid back into the booth and put an arm around his wife. Draco had fallen on the floor when the booth was enlarged, but scrambled to his feet and let Minerva slide in next to Alastor.

Luna and Draco were still standing, staring at each other when Draco finally found the courage to speak.

"Luna, oh Merlin, you're beautiful tonight. I was so lost without you tonight. I don't want to go on like this. Will you marry me? I bought a ring; it isn't part of the Malfoy estate.

"I paid my own money for it. It doesn't have any connection with Dark magic, I swear. I need you, Luna. You have to help me become a decent man, a redeemed person.

Please, Luna the lovely." He was just drunk enough to say everything he was thinking and not so drunk he kept on rambling.

She looked at him for a long minute and then said, "Yes, Draco, I'll marry you." She leaned forward and kissed him as he fumbled to find the engagement ring in his jeans pocket. The lovely cabochon Moonstone ring fit her delicate hand perfectly.

Hermione sighed at the touching scene and Viktor suddenly realised that his wife was fidgeting uncomfortably. He stood up, threw a few galleons on the table, told everyone good night, and hurried his wife out of the bar.

As they were walking to the hotel, he was talking to Hermione. "The flower vill marry the ferret. He passed his Animagus test and he REALLY is a ferret now, loff. I take you back to hotel. Baby is making you uncomfortable. Obicham te, my Gryffindor princess. Now that engagement party for Harry and Ginny is past, ve can go home, where I can take better care of you. At least veddings vill not be until it is varmer and you haff had baby."

To which she replied, "I will never tell them what your Animagus form is, my Quidditch-god husband. Who would have thought that Viktor Krum could turn himself into a Phoenix? I adore you, even when your accent comes back. Let's get to the hotel; I am freezing."

Hermione Diggory's prompt was:

The character of your choice, an engagement ring, a pub-crawl, an unusual Animagus form