

Fountain of ?

by Rose of the West

The Krum children give their parents a special trip for a fiftieth anniversary present. Despite many warnings, Hermione and Viktor test the local waters, with interesting results. Warning: embarrassed adult children

Drinking the Water

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters here and the world they inhabit are the creation and property of JK Rowling and her assigns.

Their eldest daughter handed them the Portkey with a look of apprehension in her eye. "Mum, whatever you do, don't drink the local water."

Hermione sniffed. "I'm seventy-three years old, dear. We're too old to believe a lot of superstitious foolishness, even if such a tale was possibly true for us at our ages."

Viktor kissed his wife's cheek. "Yu haf hardly changed from when I met yu."

"Oh, Viktor." Hermione blushed prettily.

The charm they held turned blue, and the two disappeared. The daughter sighed. It was a once-in-a-lifetime chance to go on this magical vacation, and it was their fiftieth anniversary. She didn't trust it, though, as she repeated to her older brother.

"You have said this many times," he growled. "They are fine."

"We all know what happened the last time they went anywhere." The eldest daughter looked at their youngest sister, who was barely older than her own Hermione Jean. "I'm warning you..." she said with a sigh.

When a month passed without their parents contacting her, the eldest daughter started blaming her older brother. She went to his house when he was teaching his own youngest son to track a Snitch. "You were the one who said we should book that trip. They're still not back. Now, what?"

"Maybe they just don't want us to trouble them. Maybe they're..." He winked with a sideways glance toward his son.

"Oh, don't you dare say it!" she said in a rush. "I'll just have to go over there and check on them."

"Suit yourself," was the unsatisfactory answer. He had already turned a critical eye toward his son's broomwork.

Her father met her at the door but then looked toward the stairs. "Yer mother—she is feeling under ze veather as zey say."

"Daddy, please tell me she didn't drink the water, after I specifically told you..."

"Ve both did."

"*DADDY!*" It was a shriek.

"I thought you'd be by, eventually." Hermione's face appeared over the hall railing upstairs. "I'm fine dear, just a little... well... pregnant, it seems. Occasionally, old wives' tales are true." Her face was entirely too serene to suit her daughter.

"But you're so old!"

"I'm still reasonably young. You know as well as I do that witches live well past one hundred years. In fact, there was a well established case... I have the book in the library..." She moved as though to come down the stairs.

The daughter wasn't sure if she could stand to see what came next. Mum's bathrobe was a sheer red peignoir. "Actually, I just came to check, but I see that you have things well in hand—no, that is—you are handling your affairs—*I mean to say...* Send me an owl when you need me for anything." She dashed for the fireplace and was gone quickly.

Hermione looked over the railing at her husband. "I guess we're alone again."

"Yur as smart as ever, Her-mine-own."

She smiled at his use of a long-ago nickname. Sheer red silk floated down the stairs, first obscuring Viktor's view and then revealing the object of his affection and desire. He raced up the stairs and took her into his arms.

"Not quite true," he said while patting her tummy. "Ve haf some small company."

A/N: This is a gift for our dear kyriaofdelphi, who has had a forced vacation of sorts. Kyria, I know it's not up to your standard, but I hope you find it enjoyable.

Based on a prompt given by the incomparable MuseAmusant.

Thank you to the staff of TPP for suggesting that we specifically concentrate on the Viktor/Hermione pairing during drabbles this week.