

# The Krum Crud

by JunoMagic

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This one's for Kyria. Get well soon, dearest!

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### The Krum Crud

"She's staying there?!" Ron's voice rose, toppled, and broke as if he were all of fourteen and not a more or less respectable wizard of twenty-four. "She's ... she's *sick* and she's *choosing* to stay with Krum???" He positively sputtered.

Harry kept quiet. Suspiciously quiet. Until even Ron caught on.

"What? Do you know anything about this? This ... *Krum crud* she's got?"

With an extraordinarily straight face, Harry replied, "The Bulgarian cold is a serious wizarding disease. She's forbidden to use any kind of magical transportation. Would you like her to get on an airplane to come back here while she's so ... sick?"

Ron gulped. "An air- airpane?"

Harry just shook his head.

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Three months later, Ron threw another letter from Bulgaria to the ground, ready to trample on it like a raging Hippogriff.

"Ron, Ron – whatever happened?" Ginny cried, worried.

"She says she's a con- conval-, A CONVALESCENT now, and she needs more time to rec- rec- recuperate, and VIKTOR's family just happens to own this villa at the Black Sea," Ron fumed. "That Krum crud must have affected her brain!"

Ginny squirmed as if she were as uncomfortable at that prospect as her furious brother. In the process she managed to disappear the shopping list for her upcoming vacation in Bulgaria.

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"She's not coming back, is she?" Ron asked plaintively, one year and three months later, staring at a wedding invitation adorned with the dragon seal of the Krum family.

Harry sighed. "Look at it this way, mate: stag night at the Black Sea, Gabrielle and Fleur have invited their best friends from school, and Viktor's paying."

He did not say what everyone else was saying – that everyone but Ron Weasley had seen this coming since the Yule ball way back when.

Ron sniffed. "It's just that Krum crud," he insisted. "That's gone and done her brain a funny turn or two."

"Whatever you say, mate," said Harry Potter and wondered how he'd manage to tell his best friend that he fully intended to attend the upcoming magical wedding of the year as best man of none other than Viktor Krum.

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And in Bulgaria?

Hermione lay on the silken sheets of the big bed in the master bedroom of a villa at the Black Sea that did indeed belong to Viktor's family – and which would soon belong to Viktor and herself, as a wedding gift from his whole family to the young couple.

At night the breeze sighing along the coast was cool, and she shivered deliciously.

"Let me warm you, *doushenka*," Viktor whispered and kissed her gently. "We don't want you to catch a cold, do we?"

### **Finite Incantatem**

And of course all of them lived (mostly) happily ever after, even if they managed to catch a cold now and again.