

# The Secret Meeting

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

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**none**

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It was cold, and a light snow was falling as Viktor made his way along the London streets to the address on the note he had shoved in his overcoat pocket. He was a striking figure even in Muggle clothing, his Durmstrang breeding and posture making him seem taller than most of the other men along the way. It was no surprise that many a young lady's eyes followed him as he walked with purpose to his destination.

His mind was a jumble of thoughts. He loved Hermione so much and their marriage was happy. Their son and daughter were growing and it was a happy home. However, some things were just not possible to bear and that is why this Christmas Eve afternoon found the young professional Quidditch player on his way to this meeting rather than home with his family. As he came closer to the agreed upon location, Viktor was careful to make sure no one followed him nor recognized him, though odds of that in the Muggle sector were less thankfully.

Two short sharp knocks were all he gave and waited for her voice to grant him entrance. Opening the door, he stepped into the parlour and smiled at the sight of the woman who waited for him. "I am so grateful that you are here," he told her gently.

"I promised you," was all she replied with a smile.

"She must never know," he reminded the woman, sadness in his voice yet not enough to prevent what he was here for from happening. "She tries. She really does, but it is not the same. You do it so much better," Viktor told her, emotion in his strong voice.

The woman gently laid her hand on Viktor's arm. "I understand."

Viktor smiled, and as he picked up the white box by the string that tied it, he admitted, "Her Christmas Pudding never turns out as good as yours, Mother Granger. I'll switch this for it when she's tucking the children in. You will be there tomorrow?"