

Please Rescue Me!

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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After the war, Hermione was asked by Kingsley Shacklebolt and Harry Potter to "rehabilitate" Draco Malfoy. It was felt by many on the Wizengamot that this was a suitable crusade for the redoubtable Miss Granger. The rest just figured it would keep her out of their hair. What none of them had planned on was just how well Hermione and Draco would get along. He had, through his parents, dirt on a whole lot of important people. She had the tenaciousness of a bulldog, and when set to an assignment, would dig her teeth in and not let go. It gave them the tools to become the foremost investigative team in all the Wizarding World.

"Granger and Malfoy Investigations, how may we help you this morning?"

"Her-mi-o-ninny?"

"Viktor, are you all right? You haven't said my name like that in years."

"I do not believe I am all right, as you say, Hermione. I think I was drugged. And somehow I have ended up married to Lavender Brown."

Hermione and Draco looked at each other in shock.

"Do you want to come through?"

"There is something fishy going on, Granger."

"No kidding, Draco. Viktor wouldn't marry Lavender. But that looks like a real marriage certificate."

"Looks like is right, Hermione my love."

"Oooh, Draco. You've got that dangerous look in your eyes again. If you weren't in love with my best friend, I would throw you down on my desk and have my way with you!"

Draco got a deer-in-the-headlights look until he realized the gleam in Hermione's eyes was humor and not passion. "Harry is standing right behind me, isn't he?"

"Of course I am, love. Hermione never threatens to shag you unless I'm around."

Viktor had been watching the interplay between Hermione and Draco with an amused look on his face. He knew very well that the owner of the Kestrels was quite happy

with his partner.

"I am glad to see that you are such good friends. Now, what was that about it only looking like a marriage certificate?"

"You were right, Hermione. He is far more than just tall, dark and athletic. See, Viktor, the potion you were drugged with makes you think you had sex, and it even causes you to spend, but you would not have been able to penetrate a witch. Also, the certificate is a rather good copy, but I asked the Goblins, and there were no changes to the access of your accounts. So, what I figure is that your little blonde-bimbo wifey-poo was going to convince you that since you were married, she would get you into bed, photograph it, then blackmail you."

"Also, we figure she's done it more than once. But we really would love to get evidence of this, if you are amenable." Hermione then turned to her partner. "What do you mean, *you* figure?"

"Oh, well, Hermione, you know I really meant *we*, but the exposition just sounded better with an 'I' in it."

Before this turned into an entertaining game of hex-the-ferret, Viktor responded, "I am more than willing to help."

Viktor returned home to a scene out of a romance novel. There were large pieces of silk artistically draped everywhere. The lamps were lit with a nice golden-red glow. The table was set beautifully, with two tapered candles providing lighting.

"Oh, Viktor! There you are! I've prepared this beautiful dinner for the two of us. I just know how much you love asparagus salad and oysters. I also have a nice filet mignon with crab for the main course. There will be a lovely creme brulee for pudding."

Viktor just nodded at the blowsy blonde he was married to and sat down to eat.

"I'm so glad to see you enjoy your meal, Viktor. Do you think you might want something *else* for afters?"

Viktor smiled seductively at Lavender. "Of course. Let us go to bed."

Lavender smiled up at her supposed spouse. *Oh, I have him right where I want him. Perfect!*

Viktor looked around the bedroom and saw the evidence of the cameras that his wards had disabled, as well as the shimmer that told him that *someone* was there under a Concealment Charm. He just hoped it was the *correct* someone.

Part way through a rather energetic bout of sex, Viktor shuddered and began to change into Ronald Weasley.

"Ron? What are you doing here? It is supposed to be Viktor!"

"Oh, really? Viktor? When you've been married to me for four years?"

"I could go to the papers, you know! You didn't even know that I was doing anything wrong since you were always chasing after your friends. I have news for you; Hermione is never going to take you back!"

"I knew there was something wrong when you redecorated, Lav. We didn't have the money for that. But every merchant I went to said everything was paid for. So I had asked Hermione and Draco to find out what was going on. It was just chance that you gave us such a good set up. You will have the divorce papers in the morning."

Lavender looked around wildly. There were Hermione, Draco, and Harry, the first two holding up cameras and the last a Direct Quote Quill and a pad of parchment. She let her head fall back to the pillow.

"I just wanted to thank you. I know I've been a prat, but thank you for helping me."

"No problem, Ronald. As long as you aren't chasing after my Hermione, I am happy to help."

Prompt from HermioneDiggory: 1. A groggy Viktor wakes up to find himself married to the gold-digging Bimbo-from-Hell. At his wit's end, Viktor turns to the private investigation firm of Granger & Malfoy to help him sort things out.

Many thanks to Kyria of Delphi for the beta! We seem to live in each other's head, though, because we wrote very similar stories for this prompt.