

Not What it Seems

by Rose of the West

It was a prophecy to give a mother nightmares. It was a honeymoon they would never forget.

The Prophecy

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.

The owl came into their bedroom, startling them at an awkward moment. "*Rose will be destroyed on the street...*" it said before disappearing in a poof of smoke.

Hermione got out of the bed and ran to the nursery. "It can't be real, can it? It sounded just like a prophecy."

Viktor followed her. "Whoever heard of prophecy like that? Is ridiculous."

Hermione snatched her child up and held her. "But it came to us magically, right? What else can it be?"

"We will not worry until there is some other source of information. If necessary, we will take her to Durmstrang and visit Seer."

After more comforting comments, Viktor got Hermione to put Rose down in her crib. After a while they returned to their own bedroom and resumed their previous activity, although some of the unfettered abandon was now tinged with need and comfort.

The following week, the Krums read the *Daily Prophet* and laughed themselves silly.

"Oh, that explains it," said Hermione. "I should have recognized the voice." She shook her head. "And you wanted to take our daughter to a Seer. Stuff and nonsense."

"It was just to calm your mother-heart, My-own. Is all right for you to haf von."

He put his hand over hers and she blushed to think that he knew parts of her that she wasn't entirely comfortable with, herself.

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On the night of the "prophecy," Percy Weasley was walking through a back street from Knockturn Alley. He was looking for a particular shop, where he was told he could purchase a certain gift. His brothers had convinced him that he needed something definitive to give his bride at their wedding the next day.

He had heard of a specially-cut crystal rose pendant. It was charmed to enhance the wedded bliss of a couple on their wedding day. Not having the confidence of his brothers, Percy thought such a gift might be of use.

He found the address he sought, but when he came out of the shop it had gone from dusk to full dark. He walked carefully, but the cobblestones were rough on that street

and he tripped, dropping his package. He bent down on hands and knees with his wand lit, looking for it.

Suddenly he bumped into a man walking down the street. "Eh, now? Wot 'er yeh doin'? I didn't pay for none o' that."

Suddenly half a dozen wands were lit and pointed at Percy, who had just spied his package for Audrey. "Are you providing a service for this man?"

Flashbulbs went off in Percy's face, and people circled close as he suddenly grabbed at the bag containing the necklace for his beloved. He wished with all his heart that someone like Hermione could come help him out of his mess as he said, "Be careful! The rose will be destroyed on this street if you all stomp around like that!"

When he was questioned later, the Aurors asked him why he sent his Patronus and to whom. He honestly couldn't remember sending it to anyone. Magical Law Enforcement was not heartless, however. His wedding ended up being at the Ministry, but a proper wedding night was out of the question.

Audrey took the whole thing good-naturedly. She knew that as soon as all of the mess was straightened out, the notoriety would end up being a good thing. It would only help Percy's career in politics to be so well known.

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Unfortunately for the newly-wed Weasleys, the trouble didn't end quite there. Percy and Audrey finally had a chance to consummate their vows and had just reached some level of comfort in their bedroom when a silvery otter came through the window and said, "All right, Perce? You don't need any help, do you?" It dissipated with the sound of female laughter.

He sat up on the side of his bed and put his head in his hands. "Oh, damn."

She leaned up and put her arms around him. "What's the matter?"

"I should have realized. I must have sent a Patronus to her inadvertently when I was being arrested. Hermione is the smartest person I know, and I wished she was there to get me out of that mess."

"That's a riddle solved," said Audrey comfortingly. "Let's just enjoy ourselves, shall we?"

"I'm not sure I *can*, now. It's as if she's here in the room with us."

A/N: This was written in response to several Saturday Night Drabble Prompts:

-A series of unfortunate events leads to a Weasley being publicly busted for prostitution.

-Viktor and Hermione are alarmed when a prophecy involving one of their children is revealed.

-A newly-wedded couple suffers through the honeymoon from Hell... only to discover that their plague of inconveniences is hardly accidental.

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