

Brown Eyed Handsome Man

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Hermione Granger was visiting Aunt Livvy, on the south coast of England, needing a break from her routine at the Ministry and time to consider how she was going to handle the problem she now faced.

The second night Hermione was there, Livvy brought out a tray of digestive biscuits and Coca Cola.

"Have you told him yet? Moreover, exactly which *him* is it? The father of that bairn you're hoping no one will notice you're breeding."

"Aunt Livvy? How did you know?"

"I'd have to be blind not to see you're not eating and the smell of things makes you run for the loo. I sincerely hope it isn't the redhead. He's no more sense than a stone. In addition, the one with the green eyes has his eye on your friend Ginny. It isn't the tall, shy one, is it? What was his name? Neville something? No, it wouldn't be any of them. They are boys for all they are in their twenties. He's older, isn't he?"

Hermione took a long drink from her glass of Coca Cola. Sighing, she knew she had to tell Livvy.

"Yes, he's older. We've dated on and off for several years. Mum and Daddy knew him."

"Yes, Edward wrote me about him. A brown eyed handsome man from Europe, isn't he? Do you love him? More importantly, does he love you?"

"Yes, he loves me. He's been sending messages for weeks trying to figure out why I haven't wanted to see him."

"You don't know how to tell him, is that it? Well, he needs to know. It is his child as well. I'm going to bed. You should call him."

"Night, Aunt Livvy. I'll call him. I promise." Hermione was glad she had insisted they each get a cell phone to keep in touch without magic. Calculating the time difference, she decided not to call, but to send a Patronus instead. Then he could call her, if he wanted.

She whispered her words to the otter before sending it on its way to find him. "Please, call me. I need to talk to you desperately. I miss you so."

She didn't expect an answer immediately, but her phone rang within five minutes.

"I wasn't asleep. What is problem? Tell me where you are and I will be there. Talk to me, beloved."

Her voice broke as she tried to speak. "I am at Aunt Livvy's, in Dungeness, on the coast. I'll be on the beach down from the house. We really need to talk. Hurry, please."

The wind off the Channel was cold two days before Valentine's, but she walked out of the house without a coat. She wore a jumper over her shirt and corduroy jeans. She stood just at the edge of the light from the house. Her hand automatically went to the locket around her neck. His gift this past Christmas, it was diamond encrusted, much too expensive for a casual gift.

Far down the beach, she saw him walking towards her. He wore no coat either. His hair was rumpled as if he had been running his hands through it. He saw her and began to run.

"Nin? Why are you crying? What haff I done?" His arms went around her, and she lifted a tear-stained face to his kiss.

I can't tell him. He'll hate me. What do I do? she thought.

Just then, her old cat, Crookshanks, banged the door open and dragged something out on the steps.

Viktor stooped to pick up the baby doll. He looked at the cat and then at Hermione, understanding suddenly.

"Nin? Talk to me, please. Sit here, I think the cat vants in your lap." He sat on a lower step and handed her a handkerchief.

"Viktor, you know I have been taking those contraceptive potions. I haven't stopped them. But..."

"Loff, are you trying to tell me I will be a father? That makes me happy, but I am thinking you are not happy." He held tightly to her hands.

"Oh, Vitya, I swear I didn't do this on purpose. It must have been Christmas, when we were at Grimmauld Place. Bill and Fleur were fighting because she was jealous that he'd been flirting with George's girlfriend. Fred and Ron were acting idiotic and tossing Fleur's French Grimoire around until she hexed them both.

"She turned Ron into a cupid, which infuriated him. Molly had brought out a bowl of chocolate frogs and I bit into one, but it tasted funny. You stuck it back in the box and put the box in my bag. I didn't think any more of it after we went up to bed. But when I started feeling bad, I wondered if there was something wrong with that frog. I took it to Poppy Pomfrey, and she said it had been spiked with a fertility potion that overcame my contraceptive potion."

"Beloved, is not the end of the world. Ve vant babies, don't ve? I know I vant babies vith you. Do you not vant to marry me now?"

"Oh, yes, I want our baby, Vitya. But what are we going to do?"

"Ve go back to London tonight, and I vill go to Bulgarian Embassy and apply for marriage licence. Ve vill marry day after tomorrow. I haff bought house ve looked at near Dover, it vill be perfect for family. I loff you, Nin, for alvays.

"Obicham te, Vitya. We both do."

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1. Jealous Weasleys, French grimoire, a brassed-off cupid.

3. Hermione struggles to find the words to tell her lover that she's pregnant. Crookshanks attempts to clue the wizard in before his mistress does something rash.

4. Spiking chocolate frogs with a fertility potion is a really, really bad idea