

Happy Fortieth Birthday, Viktor

by kyriaofdelphi

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The morning of May sixteenth found Viktor Krum glumly looking in the mirror in the bath.

"Bah, grey hair. I am old. Is good thing I haff retired from Quidditch; younger players are not so kind to old men."

He walked back into the bedroom where his wife sat grinning at him.

"Why are you so grumpy? It's your birthday. You should be happy. The kids will be here later, and our friends are coming for the party."

"Nin, look at grey in my hair. I do not vant party. Too old for birthdays." He threw himself back on the bed.

She simply traced the dark hair circling his nipples and winding its way down under the waistband of his pyjama bottoms. Her nails scraped across his nipples and brought a moan from him. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her down for his kiss.

"Vhy are you teasing me? Am too old for sex in the morning."

"You weren't too old at dawn, love. Besides, I have a few surprises for you. Your parents are coming for the party and your former teammates, too. Harry and Gin should be arriving in about an hour. We have just enough time for some of your favourite Bulgarian warm-up exercises." Hermione giggled as Viktor rolled his eyes.

However, he did take her up on her suggestion.

They were just getting dressed when Harry's voice called through the door, "Hey, you two love birds, get out of bed. You have guests."

Viktor was the first one out the door, having just put jeans on. The shirt Hermione had thrown at him was hanging open, and the hickey on his neck mute testimony to what had been going on only moments before.

"Vhat are you yammering about, Potter? Can't you respect a man who has turned vorty?" Viktor groaned.

Harry was trying very hard not to laugh. Ginny, however, had dissolved into giggles as Viktor was buttoning up his shirt wrong.

Hermione appeared, having pulled on a t-shirt and jeans, and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. She hugged Harry and Ginny and then re-buttoned Viktor's shirt.

The house-elves had set out enough breakfast for a huge crowd. Hermione quickly fixed Viktor's tea the way he preferred it and handed it to him.

Ginny and Harry fixed their own. Hermione picked up the pitcher of black currant juice and poured herself a glass.

"Vhy are you not haffing tea, Nin? You haff not been eating vell lately. Is there something you are not telling me?" Viktor asked.

"Well, I had been planning to save this for after the party, but yes, there is something. We are having another baby, Vitya. Happy fortieth birthday. You are just as sexy and just as virile as your were when we got married eighteen years ago. And the teensy bit of grey hair just makes you look distinguished."

Harry and Ginny were greatly amused when Viktor picked Hermione up and carried her back into the bedroom, calling out, "Vinish breakvast, Potter. Ve vill be back... ewentially."

Muse's prompt was :

Viktor has mixed feelings about growing older. Someone else, however, is more than appreciative of the changes life has wrought on the handsome Bulgarian.