

Scavenger Hunt

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The 2006 World Cup Quidditch game posted the highest attendance ever for a World Cup game.

The fact that Viktor Krum had announced he was retiring had driven the fans to a frenzy of ticket buying. Every fangirl, young and old, attended the game. The Weasley clan had tickets that were a gift from Viktor himself.

Hermione had gone to the game with them, sitting with Harry and Ginny. Ron and Lavender had not gone since Lavender was due to deliver any day.

Harry had found it strange that Ron had owled him to make certain that Hermione was going to the game.

You have to make sure she goes, Harry. It is vitally important. Promise me you'll make sure she goes. Ron had been frantic enough to send three owls with the exact same message.

Harry had just put it down to the fact that Ron was fidgety about becoming a father for the first time.

They watched as the Bulgarian team flew into the stadium as the crowd went wild. Harry knew Hermione still cared for Viktor a great deal.

Several hours later, after the Bulgarians had scored goal upon goal, Viktor captured the Snitch without the Irish Seeker ever catching a glimpse of it. The game was over, and a note was delivered to the VIP box where Harry, Ginny, and Hermione sat. Harry scanned the note and handed it to Hermione, grinning hugely.

Why don't the three of you have dinner with me tonight? Please. I am staying at the Savoy on the Strand.

Viktor.

An affirmative answer was sent back at once. The four met at a small, trendy restaurant close to Covent Garden. The evening was fun and light hearted, ending with Viktor kissing Hermione again and saying he would see her very soon.

The next day, the *Daily Prophet* headline screamed that Viktor Krum had disappeared from his hotel sometime in the night and was officially listed as missing.

As the lead team of Aurors, Harry and Hermione were assigned the case. The fact that they were some of the last people to see him was not lost on the MLE.

Harry thought possibly Viktor had simply wanted to get away from the publicity and the fanfare, but the condition of his suite quickly changed that view. There were clothes strewn about, and the bed had not been slept in.

"Herms, is this something Vik would do? He isn't a slob, is he?" Harry asked.

"No, Harry. Viktor is extremely neat. Obsessively so, in fact. This looks more like Ron's room than Viktor's. The strange thing is that the Quidditch equipment is gone. I know he always brings the picture of his parents, and it isn't here. This just feels wrong," Hermione replied.

"Do a scan, Herms. See if there are any traces of magic?"

"Right, Harry. You do the sitting room. I'll do the bedroom. Oh! Harry, come here," Hermione called from the bedroom.

When Harry came through the doorway, he saw a sealed note in her hands. When he reached for it, it fluttered away beyond his reach.

"Is that his writing, Herms?" Harry asked, suspecting a plot.

"The envelope has no writing on it, Harry. I was just about to open it."

"Any other signs of magic?"

"Not a one. Oh, it is written in runes. I'll need to check references, but I think it says *First clue. Await more clues.*"

"One thing we do know from it, though, Herms. The clues are directed at you."

Back at the Auror offices, Hermione checked her translation of the runes and told Harry that she had summarised the message incorrectly.

"It actually means *This is your first clue. Others will follow until you find what you seek. Whoever took him knows we were close. Harry, I'm going back to the hotel to see if their surveillance cameras show anything. I'll be back soon. You could check with his team and see if they know anything.*"

"Right, Herms. I'll let you know if I come up with a clue."

Two hours later, Hermione had not found a thing. However, she did find another sealed note on her desk when she returned.

This note was in Cyrillic. It read *You showed loyalty and concern in a tent that day in November.*

She gasped. "The first Task of the Triwizard Tournament! I'll bet the next clue is where the tent was set up."

The second clue joined the first in her expandable bag, and she rushed to use the Floo to Hogwarts.

The field where the tent had stood still bore the traces of the fights with the Dragons. She found a third sealed note waiting for her exactly where Viktor had fought the Chinese Fireball.

Runes again. *An idyllic Christmas, the last before the war.*

"My parents' house! Someone knows too many things about my relationship with Viktor."

She dropped that note into her bag and Disapparated to her parents' house.

Her mother and father were sitting in the back garden, surveying their organically grown vegetables.

"Hello, Princess. Come sit with your mum, and I'll get you some juice. An owl came for you a bit ago. The note is on the table there." Roger Granger kissed his daughter on the cheek and wandered into the house.

Liz Granger patted the seat next to her on the garden bench and asked, "What are you doing here, Hermione? Is there something wrong?"

"It's a case, Mum. Viktor Krum has gone missing, and we were assigned to find him. There have been clues left, but all the clues are addressed to me. It is very strange. I'm quite sure that message is the next clue. It is turning out to be rather like a scavenger hunt with Viktor as the prize..." Her eyes flashed and she suddenly understood everything.

Pulling the first three clues out of her bag, she arranged them on the table.

When she opened the fourth clue, the notation was simple. *Let these memories lead you where you are needed.*

The first clue became a puzzle piece, interlocking with the other pieces to form a series of pictures.

Viktor's face as he put his name into the Goblet of Fire, and saw her sitting close by.

His shy, stammering face as he asked her to the Yule Ball.

The look in his eyes as he kissed her in the rose garden at the end of the Yule Ball.

Snippets from the letters they had written back and forth over the next few years.

The look on Viktor's face when she had asked him to be her date to Ron and Lavender's wedding.

The crestfallen look he had worn when she had turned down his marriage proposal the previous year.

Finally, a picture of a mountain overlooking a valley of roses. A man stood with his hands in the back pockets of his jeans, looking toward the morning sun.

She knew it was Viktor, she felt it in her heart.

"Mum, tell Daddy I'll be okay now. When Harry comes looking for me, tell him I've solved my last case as an Auror. We'll owl you, I promise."

She hugged her mother, touched her wand to the collage of notes, and activated the Portkey.

It whirled her to the mountaintop where Viktor waited.

He turned and opened his arms to enfold her.

"Now vill you marry me, Doushenka?"

She didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so she kissed him.

He tilted her face up to his and asked again, "Vill you marry me now, Nin?"

"Yes, Vitya. I was so worried until I figured out that someone knew entirely too much about us."

Viktor laughed and shook his head. "Veasley said you would figure it out. It was his plan. He wanted us to find the happiness he has found. Harry did not know. Veasley said Harry could not keep the secret."

"I found the prize at the end of the scavenger hunt. Obicham te, Vitya."

*** Muse's prompt was : A retiring Viktor disappears just before his final World Cup appearance. Aurors Potter and Granger are sent to investigate.***

I took liberties with it and changed it slightly.

- Obicham te translates as I love you.*-*