

Is He or Isn't He...

by kyriaofdelphi

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The weeks leading up to Hermione's engagement party were filled with the typical *Daily Prophet* spurious rumours and innuendos. The latest was that Hermione's soon-to-be husband was a werewolf.

To prove the rumours untrue, a cage was set up in Diagon Alley. The people who wanted to believe the story had assembled to wait for moonrise and the transformation. Only a few people showed up.

Ron Weasley was the instigator of the rumours; he desperately wanted them to be true as it would give him another chance at getting Hermione back.

Inside the cage, Viktor Krum sat reading a book. Occasionally he looked up, smiling at the crowd and waving.

Rita Skeeter was watching Hermione talk to Harry Potter, completely unruffled by the possibility that Viktor might be a werewolf.

Rita knew the story was bogus. She'd written it as her swan song at the *Daily Prophet*. She had turned her back on sensational journalism when she reconnected with an old beau whose daughter had been part of the valiant defenders at the Battle of Hogwarts. Harry Potter had been instrumental in getting her to write the absurd story.

"Rita, once we get this rubbish that Ron has been spewing out of the way, Vik and Hermione can have a peaceful wedding and life together. I know you're trying to put this kind of crap behind you. You have a man who wants you in his life now. Believe me; we'll all dance at your wedding. Thanks."

Xeno Lovegood had been a year ahead of her at Hogwarts; she had always had a crush on him. They had spoken at the memorial service at Hogwarts and gone to dinner several times since.

Rita had sworn that she would never again write the kind of drivel popularised by the paper she was leaving. Xeno had offered her a job helping with *the Quibbler*, and she had jumped at it.

The lights dimmed in Diagon Alley as Ron Weasley's voice called out. "It is only a few minutes to moonrise, 'Mione. You'll see now. He'll change any second; I know he will."

Hermione just looked at Ron and shook her head. "He's not going to change, Ronald. He's not a werewolf, no matter what you think."

Moonrise came and went. Viktor still sat reading. One by one, the watchers left. It was finally only Hermione, Ron, Harry, Rita, and her photographer left.

Ron still babbled, "He's taken the Wolfsbane Potion, I know he has."

The sun was rising as Viktor finally put down his book. Hermione unlocked the cage and let him out.

Harry had had enough of Ron's histrionics. "Ron, why don't you cast the spell to reveal if he took Wolfsbane? You know he didn't, don't you? Give it a rest."

Ron just kept staring at Viktor, unsure how to convince Hermione that he was a better man than Viktor.

Viktor handed his book and wand to Hermione and murmured a spell in Bulgarian. He began to change form immediately. His Animagus form, which Rita had the photographer catch on film, was a Siberian Tiger.

The tiger looked around and pounced on Ron, knocking him to the ground.

Ron screamed repeatedly as the great cat trapped him with its paws.

"Okay, okay, I promise I won't try to break the two of you up ever again. 'Mione, get him off me!"

The tiger let Ron up reluctantly. Ron ran to the farthest corner of Diagon Alley and Disapparated.

Viktor regained his human form to thank Harry, Rita, and the photographer before he and Hermione made their way back to her parents' house.

Muse's prompt was: The fur flies when a story accusing Viktor Krum of being a werewolf makes the front page of the Daily Prophet.