

Bumped

by MuseAmusant

Moving on by moving in doesn't always work out well.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Moving on by moving in doesn't always work out well.

Author's Note I: I wrote this as a gift for my dear friend, Kyria. I really hope she likes it. Thanks to the lovely and talented **LuvSev** for the beta. Any remaining mistakes are my own.

Disclaimer: The Wonderful World of Potter is not mine. Obviously.

~oOo~

Viktor awoke to find himself sprawled inelegantly next to his wife of two years on their pristine, hardwood kitchen floor. He felt absolutely drained of energy, but managed to drag himself to a sitting position against the china hutch and gently pulled a stirring Hermione into his lap.

"Oh, Nin," Viktor murmured, dropping a kiss at the corner of her mouth. "Thank the gods. But how did we get back home, loff?"

"I don't know, Vik." Hermione stretched and stifled a yawn before snuggling closer into Viktor's chest. "The last thing I remember is the two of us flying back home after Ron's engagement party and then everything suddenly going black."

The pair lay nestled together on the floor for several minutes, contemplating the rather odd situation they found themselves in and gathering their strength.

Finally, Viktor was able to shakily get to his feet and helped Hermione to do the same.

Staggering over to the sink, Hermione glanced out of the kitchen window as she filled her favorite teapot and let out a startled gasp that brought a puzzled Viktor immediately to her side. The couple stared in disbelief at the perfect, total blackness. There was not even a shadow of their garden and trees. It was as if the outside world had ceased to exist.

Viktor strode to the kitchen door to investigate, but was unable to open it. *Alohomora* proved to be equally ineffective. All of the inside doors worked fine, but they quickly found there was no longer a way to exit their home as every outside door and window was firmly sealed shut.

Frowning, Hermione then attempted to *Apparate* into her front yard. That didn't work as intended either. Instead of arriving at her chosen destination in an instant, there was a vivid flash of light and then she found herself, once again, sprawled on her kitchen floor and weak as a kitten.

That's when Viktor noticed a copy of the *Daily Prophet* on the kitchen table with their wedding picture prominently displayed along with a headline that succinctly explained the nature of their predicament in bold, black letters.

International Quidditch Star and Beloved War Heroine Die Together in Freak Broom Accident Aurory to Investigate

The couple looked at each other, sighed, and expressed the exact same sentiment.

"Bugger."

~OoO~

~Several weeks later~

"Oh, Won-Won, it's **PERFECT!**"

The high-pitched squeal from right outside their bedroom door made Viktor and Hermione promptly spring apart and grab their respective wands to thoroughly hex the intruders who had so rudely interrupted their lovely morning snog.

"I dunno, Lav, I just don't feel right about this. I mean, this is... was... Vicky and 'Mione's place. I don't think I can live here. It feels like we're intruding, y'know?"

Lavender just rolled her eyes at him. "Oh, come on, Ron. They're gone. We're here. And this place is exactly what I... I mean we... need."

"Of course," she said, looking around disdainfully at the antique mahogany-and-brass bedroom furnishings and the deep blue velvet bed hangings, "we need to redecorate this stuffy old room and make it bright, sexy and modern, just like us! Yellow shag carpet and red satin bedding, definitely, just like in the Gryffindor dorms. And we can string fairy lights around the bedposts, just like I had in my old room back home. Maybe we can get Padma to *Transfigure* this old bed into something sleek... I'm thinking black lacquer or bright gold. Oooh, I've just got to owl Parvati so we can go shopping as soon as possible. This is going to be so much fun!"

Ron cringed. Hermione would've hated all that, he just knew it. She never did like the garish red-and-yellow everything that was Gryffindor tower. Poor Hermione, she was probably rolling over in her grave right now.

Little did he know just how right he was.

Hermione's eyes were wide with horror and Viktor looked visibly ill. The two of them had spent so many months browsing antique shops, carefully selecting every item by hand and now this... this Miss Piggy of a witch was going to make it over to suit her tacky little-girl fantasies?

Oh, no. Not if she had anything to say about it. One look at the martial glint in Viktor's eye and the mischievous twist to his lips, and she knew that the two of them would never let it happen.

This was war.

~oOo~

When Lavender returned later that evening with Parvati and a reluctant Padma in tow, the ghostly tenants of the house were ready for them.

Padma was happy to have an excuse to bail when her every attempt to *Transfigure* the furniture to Lavender's specifications resulted in the furniture reverting to its original form in mere seconds.

Disgusted with what they decided was the result of Padma's obvious discomfort on the late, great Granger's behalf, the two decided to tackle the job themselves.

Big mistake.

Lavender swished her wand and the walls of the bedroom were covered in twinkling red-and-yellow stars. An invisible Hermione swished hers and the stars exploded and faded away to reveal the tasteful blue-and-ivory wallpaper that she and Viktor had chosen.

Parvati altered the carpet to resemble the bright yellow shag that Lavender wanted only to see it change right back to the soft taupe pile that had been there before.

Some time later, Ron came strolling down the walk just in time to hear screams of pure rage coming from the house. Immediately dropping the large sack of takeaway fish and chips in his arms, Ron raced inside to find a shrieking Lavender and Parvati running about, both red as boiled lobsters and sporting loads of bushy curls à la Hermione Granger Krum in a vibrant shade of yellow.

Ron simply couldn't help it. He dropped his wand on the spot and roared with laughter. "Good one, 'Mione," he finally managed to gasp out. "And you too, Vicky. Well done!"

He could swear he felt a kiss on his cheek and a manly pat on his shoulder at that and had to smile.

"And just what is so damn funny?" Lavender marched over to her fiancé with her hands on her hips, positively fuming at a grinning Ron, who promptly dissolved into helpless sniggers once more.

"Forget it, Lav. Let's just go back to the Burrow, yeah? You're never going to win. We'll start looking for a new place tomorrow, okay?"

"No, it's **not** okay," Lavender wailed. "Hermione's not even here anymore and you're still on her side! You still love her; admit it!"

"Oh, I think it's safe to say that Hermione's most definitely still here!" Ron laughed as Hermione's favorite teapot started growling at Parvati, who immediately snatched her hand away as if burnt.

"And yes, of course, I love 'Mione and I always will. No matter whether I can see her or not, she's still one of my two best friends. And Vicky was a pretty good friend too. At least, we were finally getting there. I had to grow up first."

Viktor turned to Hermione with a smile. "Veasley *has* finally grown up. Took him long enough, yes?"

Hermione chuckled. "It sure did. But he finally got there and that's what counts. Unfortunately, I don't think Lav-Lav has."

"I think you are right, loff." Viktor sighed. "Ve shall see."

"It's over, Won-Won!" Lavender tore the big ruby engagement ring off her finger and threw it at her erstwhile husband-to-be.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Ron sighed. "Well, to be honest... no, I'm not."

Lavender let out an inarticulate scream of fury and stormed out of the door with a clearly exhausted and war-weary Parvati trailing slowly in her wake.

Ron watched them go with something akin to relief. Then he smiled with quiet satisfaction. "I'm glad Vicky and you could still be together, 'Mione, even if the rest of us can't see you anymore. I should be so lucky. Help a bloke out sometime?"

Just then, there was a tentative tap at the kitchen door. Then it slowly swung open to admit a proudly strutting Crookshanks in all his ginger-furred glory. Hermione reached down to give him a nice scratch, smiling at the sight of Luna Lovegood standing at the door with Ron's discarded bag of takeaway and a large basket of warm chocolate-walnut scones.

"I thought I'd bring you and Lavender a little something, but I noticed she left in a bit of a hurry," Luna commented. Turning to look directly in Hermione's direction with her large grey eyes twinkling, she added, "I imagine you and Viktor had something to do with that, Hermione. Lovely to see you, by the way."

Hermione grinned, walked over and wrapped her arms around the young witch in a gentle hug. Then she leaned close to whisper something in her ear.

Luna's smile deepened. "I'll be happy to take care of that for you." Then she turned to Ron. "What do you say we leave these two alone and have dinner at my flat?"

Smiling, Ron accepted the bag of takeaway and took the petite blonde's hand in his. "Sounds like a plan." Glancing back on his way out the door, Ron whispered, "Thanks, you two. The place is all yours, I'll make sure of that."

Viktor turned to smile into Hermione's eyes. "I think Veasley will be much happier with Luna."

"I think so too, my love," Hermione sighed, snuggling into his chest. "Now where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?"

"Right here," Viktor murmured, his lips finding hers as he lifted her into his arms and made his way back to their bedroom.

~Finis~

Prompt: One of my own this time. *Someone moves into a home haunted by an old flame.*

Author's Note II: Yes, I shamelessly stole part of the plot from Beetlejuice. Minus, well... Betelguese. Props to Geffen Film Company, Warner Brothers, Tim Burton, et al.