Buried Secret

by phoenix

This was written for the Potter Place Fall Prompt #17. Hermione finds herself
pregnant... and has no idea who the father is. She's been in a monogamous
relationship with Ron, but he's been off playing Quidditch for longer than she's been
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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks again to nota for being my loyal beta reader and finding some of those niggling errors and making some awfully fine suggestions. I hope you all enjoy this. I
won't give the pairing as it would give away the ending.

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Hermione looked at the stick lying on the counter. It said the same thing the other two had. But how could she be pregnant? Ron had been gone for nearly three months on
his team's Quidditch World Cup Exhibition Tour, and she had had her period twice since he had been gone.

She resumed pacing frantically. This couldn't be happening to her. She would never cheat on Ron*hadn't* cheated on Ron. How could she have gotten pregnant after he
left?

What she really needed was someone to talk to. Unfortunately, her list of close friends was very short. There was Harry, but he was also Ron's best friend, and she didn't
think she could discuss this with a male friend anyway. While Luna was her best friend, she wasn't sure that the former Ravenclaw's ethereal presence was going to be of
any use in this particular situation. Once again, Hermione found herself wishing that Ginny were still around to talk to.

"What to do? What to do?" she asked as she paced. She had to do something. Finally, she decided that it would have to be Harry that she talked to. She would just have to
make sure to keep him calm as she explained the situation to him. After all, he was bright enough to help her solve this mystery. And if that failed, he had improved greatly
in his Legilimency skills. As much as she hated the thought of someone rooting around in her mind, she might need it this time.

After sending an owl to Harry, she nervously waited for his reply. She knew that he was quite busy going through training for his recent promotion and that it could be a
while before she heard back from him.

Even though she knew it would likely take at least several hours for his reply to reach her, she couldn't sit still. It was a good thing that today was her day off. But even if it
wasn't, she couldn't have gone into work anyway.

It was early the next morning before she received her reply.

Hermione,

Sorry it took so long for me to reply. Training has been very time consuming. I should be home around six this evening if you want to stop by.

Harry

She held the letter to her chest, relieved that she would finally be able to talk to someone about the mystery.

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The day seemed to take an eternity to pass. Even though she had spent most of the day trying to determine how she would break the news to Harry, she still hadn't come up with a decent way to bring up the subject of her being pregnant, and not by Ron.

Nervously, she stood before Harry's door. She was just about to knock when the door opened.

"Oh! Hermione! You startled me. Come in. I was just wondering where you were."

She followed him, nervously wringing her hands, and took a seat on the chair across from him at the kitchen table.

"Tea?" he offered.

"Thanks." She took the cup, but did not drink from it.

He reached a hand across the table and placed it on hers. "What's bothering you?" he asked gently.

She fought back her tears. "I don't know where to start..."

"Why don't you start at the beginning?"

"That's the problem. I don't exactly know where the beginning is."

"What do you mean?"

She sighed. The best place to start was the beginning of this week. "Earlier this week, I started feeling... odd. I really can't explain it, but something wasn't right. On a whim, actually, I don't know why, maybe my subconscious knew something I didn't, I decided to try a pregnancy test." She looked into Harry's eyes, ready to gauge his reaction. "It was positive. I tried two others later during the week, and they both gave me the same result."

A broad grin spread across Harry's face. "That's great news. I was wondering when you and Ron would finally start a family."

"Harry," she said seriously, "I don't think it's Ron's."

He furrowed his brows. "What do you mean?"

"I had my period after he left. Something... happened since he's been gone."

"What?"

"That's the problem, I don't know!" She hadn't meant to shout, but all her frustration made the words come rushing out. After taking a few calming breaths, she continued. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you. I really don't know what happened. I would *never* be unfaithful to Ron. I was hoping that maybe you could use your Legilimency training to help me remember."

"Hermione, we aren't supposed to use our training for that..."

"I know you really don't want to invade my privacy, but I have to know how this happened. I mean, Ron's going to know it's not his child. I just *have* to have an explanation for him."

"Well, if you're sure..."

"Please, Harry. I have to know."

"All right. Look into my eyes and relax. I'll only look for your missing memory. I won't go exploring through your mind. Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'm going to get."

"Okay. Relax, and don't be afraid. Try to think about things that have happened in the last few months, it'll help me find the right memory."

She could feel Harry slip into her mind, and she tried to relax and not hinder him. As near as she could tell, he did not seem to be looking into her mind too deeply. But then again, recent memories were likely to be closer to the surface.

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This was one thing Harry didn't like about being an Auror, but it was sometimes necessary. He had never thought he would use this skill on a friend, though.

Breezing through her mind, he tried not to invade her privacy and dig too deeply into her memories. But he knew that the memory he was looking for was going to be a very intimate one. That made him more nervous than anything else.

As he skimmed through her recent memories, he found a hole. He had heard about that sort of mental hole. It was usually formed when a memory was blocked. Today's lesson had been instruction on how to bypass a block, but they had not yet had a chance to practice what they'd been taught. He could only hope that he remembered the details well enough to unlock the memory, but even then, he had no idea if it was the one he was looking for or not.

Carefully, he probed the edges. His instructor had assured them that all blocks had weak points; one only had to be patient in finding them. Finally, he felt the tiniest of cracks and pressed gently against it, trying to ooze through to see if it was the memory he was looking for before breaking through the block. After all, he had no idea why there was a block on it.

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Hermione walked into the Leaky Cauldron and a broad grin spread across her face as she saw her old friend. "Viktor, it's been so long. I'm so glad that we could meet."

"Hermione, it is very good to see you again," he replied as he returned her embrace.

She was shocked that he had properly pronounced her name. "Your English is much improved."

"I have been practicing. Our travel takes us many places, and it is better if I can speak the language." He gestured for her to take a seat and offered her a glass of wine. "I am very glad that you were able to find time to join me for dinner."

"Well, it wasn't all that hard. Work is slow right now, and with Ron gone on the Quidditch tour, well, it gets kind of boring at home. What about you?"

"This trip has been very busy. But knowing you were here, I made sure to schedule time for dinner."

"Thank you. Have you found anyone?"

"A girlfriend? No. There has been no time. We practice and travel a lot."

"Tell me about it. Ron is gone an awful lot. More than I had expected."

He smiled sadly. "I'm sorry to hear that you are not happy."

"Oh, no, it's not that I'm not happy." She tried to decide how to continue. Her relationship was not what she had expected, but her job kept her away from the house a lot working long hours, so it balanced out. "It just isn't what I expected."

Deciding she didn't want to talk about Ron or their relationship, she changed the subject and asked Viktor about the countries he had been to. During the rest of dinner, his world travels dominated their discussion.

She laughed at some of his stories and was reminded why she had been attracted to him in the first place. He was much brighter than one would expect from his appearance. And beneath the serious exterior lurked a truly wicked sense of humor. And he was thoughtful, and, well, sweet.

"It is getting loud in here, would you like to come to my room so we can talk some more?"

More than anything, Hermione had missed being able to have human conversation. Crookshanks just wasn't much of a conversationalist. "Sure."

Once in his room, they talked again for another hour, mostly reminiscing about their time together at Hogwarts, before Hermione looked at her watch. "It's getting late, and I have to be at work in the morning."

"Of course. Thank you for joining me for dinner." He got up to walk her to the door.

She smiled warmly at him. "Thank you for inviting me. It was wonderful seeing you again."

"Yes, it was." He leaned closer to her to kiss her goodbye.

Hermione was a little taken aback by his actions, but allowed him to kiss her. She felt his tongue pressing against her lips, and she opened them to let his tongue pass. Soon, she became lost in the moment, closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around him. He was so big and strong, but he was being wonderfully gentle with her.

They deepened the kiss and were soon tearing into each other's clothes, lost in the heat of passion. She was lying naked on the bed, wanting nothing more than to be with Viktor. Reaching down, she stroked him, delighting in the feel of his growing erection. How many times had she dreamt of being with Viktor like this?

She moved her hand lower, gently massaging his balls, eliciting a moan. She could feel the wetness and throbbing between her legs.

It didn't take long before he was returning the favor, first rubbing her with the palm of his hand, causing her to spread her legs wide, inviting him to continue. He teased her nub with his finger, causing her to moan and wriggle beneath him. "Oh, yes."

She closed her eyes as he slipped first one finger and then a second inside her. He alternated deep thrusts with gently teasing. She was on the verge or orgasm, but wanted him inside her. "Viktor, take me," she panted. "I'm ready." When he removed his hand, she looked into his lust-filled eyes and knew that he wanted this as much as she did. "Take me fast."

He did as she asked and plunged into her. She cried out in pleasure as he suddenly filled her. Wrapping her legs around him, she encouraged him to take her hard and fast. As he thrust into her, she shifted her hips, reveling in the friction. Her fingernails dug into his back as she urged, "Harder! Faster!" A few more thrusts and she was nearly there. "Oh, God, Viktor. Come with me!" Her inner muscles started clenching as the orgasm rushed over her. Using her heels, she pulled him as deep as she could.

His motion stopped as he had his own orgasm, and she could feel his juices spurting within her.

They were both panting and sweaty, and he collapsed to his elbows, not wanting to crush her. As they shared a passionate kiss, she lowered her legs, relaxing in post-orgasmic euphoria. Looking into his eyes, she whispered, "That was amazing."

"Yes, it was." He smiled at her before rolling to the side. She snuggled against him and threw her leg over him, wanting to savor every bit of the experience.

A few hours later she woke and realized what had happened. "Oh my God! Viktor! Wake Up!" She shook him hard, wanting him awake that instant.

"What? What is it?" He fumbled for his wand.

"What have we done?"

A momentary look of confusion crossed his face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm with Ron. We're engaged!" She could feel a panic attack coming on, and she took several deep breaths with her eyes closed, trying to determine what to do next.

"But... I thought..."

"No, no. It's not your fault. I did want to. I've been dreaming about that for years."

Now Viktor was very confused. "But if you wanted me, why did you choose Ron?"

She sighed. "I don't know. It was after the war. We had grown close. You weren't here. I don't know." Rising from the bed, she cast a quick cleansing charm before gathering her clothes and quickly dressing. "Oh, if he finds out... I can't let him find out. There has to be something we can do." She wasn't ready to give up on Ron, especially not for one night of passionate love, even if it had been so amazing.

"We can keep this secret." He was trying to follow her conversation, but she was speaking very quickly.

"No. No, that won't be enough. I'd feel so guilty about this." She sat on the bed next to him. "I know. You can perform a memory block."

Disappointment crossed his face. "You...you want to forget tonight?"

She looked at him sadly and reached out to take his hands in hers. "I don't want to forget tonight. I wish that I could forever cherish tonight. It was one of the best nights of my life. But don't you see? I must."

"Will... we ever be together again?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't know. I hope so." And she did. In just a matter of hours, she had connected again in a way with Viktor that she never had with Ron.

"If we do, it will not be while you are with him. I could not bear having to do this to you again."

"I know." She leaned forward and gave him a long passionate kiss. "I love you, Viktor. I always have; I always will." She sat back and stared at him. "I'm ready."

He looked at her sadly. "I love you, too." He then raised his wand and said, "Obliviate!"

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Harry pulled back from Hermione, a look of shock on his face. He had not wanted to witness the entire memory, but he had needed to determine if that was the memory that held her answer. Shifting in his seat, he tried to get comfortable. He felt very guilty about the erection he had.

"Did you find it?" she asked excitedly.

"Er, yeah. I did." This was really the last thing he wanted to tell her.

"Well? What was it? What happened? Why didn't you unblock it?" she asked hurriedly.

"Well, er. You had a very good reason for blocking that memory."

"That's true, but I now have a very good reason for unblocking it. I'm pregnant with someone else's child. I have to know whose it is, decide what I'm going to do next."

He took a deep breath. "It's Viktor's."

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"Viktor's? Are you sure?" she asked, unable to contain her shock. She couldn't even remember having seen Viktor in the last three years, let alone the last couple of months, other than at a Quidditch match where he was on his broom.

"I'm very sure."

She stared at her cooling teacup for a few minutes, searching her mind for any clues, before looking back up at Harry. "Unblock it."

"Hermione..." Harry protested.

"No. It's my memory. I want to have it back. I'm obviously not going to be able to keep what happened secret from Ron. It's best I know what happened."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I need the memory back first." She looked at him, pleading. "Harry, please. I need that memory."

"All right. Relax and pull your chair in close. You'll be dizzy when the memory comes back."

She did as he asked and tried to relax. Fear wouldn't do her any good. Harry entered her mind, and she could feel him moving straight toward the memory. It didn't take long for him to release it, and she nearly fell out of her chair.

Harry didn't say anything for several minutes, letting her come to terms with what had happened.

Expression after expression crossed her face. It was as if she was living the memory all over again. "Oh, my," she whispered weakly. "What came over me?"

"Your true feelings," Harry offered.

"What am I going to do?" she asked nervously, realizing that he was right. She had never really stopped loving Viktor.

"I can't tell you that. It has to be your decision."

Rising from the table, she moved toward Harry, who stood to meet her. She gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for your help. I know it wasn't pleasant and that you didn't want to do it. I think I'll go home and think on this."

He gave her a reassuring squeeze. "I'm here for you if you need someone to talk to."

"I know. Thanks, Harry." She let herself out and did not go straight home, but decided to go for a walk in a nearby park to be alone with her thoughts in a place that did not hold memories of Ron.

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Hermione paced nervously outside the locker room. She had no idea how he would react to the news. The practice had ended half an hour ago, and she had already seen a few of the other players leave.

Finally, he emerged from the locker room. "Viktor!" she called out.

He stopped and spun on her. "Hermione?"

Running across the open space, she threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Viktor. I'm so sorry I had you do that."

He was confused, but wrapped his arms around her anyway. "You have had the block removed?"

"I have." She pulled away from him and tried to wipe away the tears.

"What are you doing here?" he asked as he used his thumb to wipe her cheek.

"I realized that I belong with you. I told Ron a couple of weeks ago, and we broke up."

"For me?"

She shook her head. "No. For us." She took his hand and placed it on her belly. "For all of us."

Confusion, shock and happiness played across his face. "You are...? Mine?"

She giggled and smiled at him. Nodding her head, she replied. "Yes. We are having a baby. I'm three months along."

He pulled her into a tight embrace and kissed her passionately. "I am so happy."

"So am I. I love you."

"I love you," he replied and they both collapsed into tears of happiness.