

# Hogsmeade Halloween Moste-In-The-Spirit Competition

*by beaweasley2*

Little Bella gets to decorate her home, with some expert help, while Daddy's at Hogwarts, running things, and Mummy is at the Ministry. Guess letting George babysit the day of Halloween wasn't such a good idea!

## Choosing Faces

*Chapter 1 of 5*

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This one is for you, Southern. Inspired by your story 'Carvings' and dedicated to you. \*hugs\*

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What happens when you let George babysit on Halloween? If you only knew!



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### Choosing Faces

"Okay, now hold the knife steady in your hand and think very clearly what you want the pumpkin face to look like," George instructed. Belladonna's six pumpkins sat all

around the kitchen, cleaned, scraped out, and ready for carving. However, the seeds and stringy stuff was now strewn all over the table and floor.

Bella closed her eyes and tried really hard to think about what face she should use, then opened her eyes. "I can't! I don't want a dopey mouth, triangle nose and triangle eyes!"

"It won't be, if you don't want that," George encouraged her. "Okay, close your eyes, and think of scary face."

"Max the Malicious," James Potter suggested, leaning against the kitchen counter, sipping on a butterbeer, "or Glenda Chittock!"

"She's sexy, not scary," Tiberius Malfoy, the first in his family ever to be wearing Gryffindor colors, declared as he straddled one of the kitchen chairs backwards, his elbows resting on the back, drinking his butterbeer. "Lorcan d'Eath, now he's scary."

"Only 'cuz he's a vampire! Hey, didn't you just get him on a frog card yesterday?" Frank Longbottom asked, sitting in another chair next to Tiberius, one ankle crossed casually on his knee, dangling his butterbeer loosely in his fingers.

"Freddy Krueger from Elm Street, he was really scary," Bella's brother Talfryn suggested, leaning over the kitchen counter.

"He was scary?" Frank scoffed, looking over his shoulder

Talfryn looked at him and shrugged. "Well, he was scary to her!"

"He's not real. Daddy said so," Bella said defiantly, putting her hands on her hips, still grasping the magical knife in one hand. Her brother and his friends often snuck out of school on nights their mum had to work late to watch scary movies with Uncle George. If Bella didn't know better, she'd think Uncle George encouraged Talfryn and his friends to break the school rules. She knew he usually had loads of butterbeers the nights he babysat her. "I want someone scary!" she said belligerently.

"He had a hat and a glove with long steel claws – how she going do that on a pumpkin?" James stated, grinning. Bella smiled at James, remembering how he had jumped several times during the movie. "Who was the creep with the nails coming out of his head... or do Leatherface! Or do Michael Myers from Halloween. He's scary Bella."

"His face covered with white stuff. Bor-ring. It'd be like doing the face from Scream!" Frank Longbottom said, sipping on his butterbeer. "He only had long, droopy eyes, a triangle nose and a long, droopy mouth, that's not going look good as a pumpkin. Which one was the creep in the hookey mask?"

"Jason Voorhees, he's the guy in the hookey mask – what, he was!" Frank said, setting his empty bottle on the floor.

"You mean hockey," Talfryn corrected him.

"I wanna do someone REAL!" Bella shouted, to be heard over the boys.

"Well, don't get your knickers in a knot! How about Crispin Cronk? I got him on a chocolate frog card!" James suggested. "He's scary-looking."

"He's creepy, not scary," Frank Longbottom said, opening another bottle. "Ignatia Wildersmith, remember her from the third floor corridor? Now there is a scary looking witch! Or Artemisia Lufkin, now there is a face that could scare kids!"

"We can't do her, she was Minister of Magic!" George said, laughing. "How about Honoria Nutcombe? She's rather scary."

"Uncle George, she's just ugly, not scary," Bella said. "Besides, I don't wanna do a hag!"

"Chauncey Oldridge is scary looking?" James suggested.

George started laughing. "He's only scary 'cuz, he got dragon pox on his frog card!"

"How about Salazar Slytherin or better yet – Riddle! Harry described him last weekend, remember?" Bella said excitedly. "He said he was bald with a slit like flat nose, flat ears and red eyes!"

"If you do Tom Riddle, we can't be in the contest," Talfryn stated, and Bella pouted at him. "Okay, yes, Riddle would have been really scary."

"Bella, I can get my frog cards, and you can look at their pictures," Frank Longbottom offered.

"Yeah, Bella, he's got nearly all of them!" James said as he opened another butterbeer, offering it to Bella.

Bella took the drink, grinning. She really liked James, but was careful to not let it show. "No, I wanna do someone that everyone knows... someone who's... Oh, I know! Daddy! He's scary!"

"Dad's not scary, Bella," Talfryn stated.

"Yes, he is – you said so. Every first-year is afraid of Daddy! The second-years and third-years, too! You said so," Bella said, setting her butterbeer on the table.

"He's Headmaster of the school, Bella," Talfryn stated.

James suddenly stood up. "Wait! It's perfect! We can do up the sitting room to look like a potions lab from that movie... um... er – Frankenstein?" He walked over to stand next to Bella. "This dent in the side here could be where you put his mouth, you know, like when he snarls. His smirk would be even better."

"Do you mean, Frankenstein?" Talfryn asked and then started grinning. "Oh yeah! And we can use Uncle George's Fog Pellets and Smoke Bombs!"

"Your mum wanted us to use the grave stones again this year, guys," George stated.

Bella was beginning to like the ideas. "We can have the graveyard in the front garden, and we can use your ghosts, and have scary cat sounds, and that hand that wiggles!"

"Weasleys' Groaning Apparitions and Zombie Hands. What else?" George asked, nodding in agreement.

Bella was thrilled. She was going to have the best house in Hogsmeade with her brother, his friends and Uncle George helping her! And her brother and his friends would set it up for her! All she had to do was carve the pumpkins!

James pulled a quill and parchment from his pocket and began a list. "Weasleys' All-Night-Erie-Flicker candles – way better than regular candles for the Jack-O-Lanterns! Weasley Fog Pellets, Steam Pellets, Smoke Bombs and Sparklers!"

"Mum won't let sparklers anywhere near the books, and we will want to use them as a background!" Talfryn stated. "How many cauldrons should we use?"

"Six, at least," Frank stated. "Oh, and my cousin has a Muggle chemistry set! I'll see if I can snag it!"

"So, this means you're going to raid my shop again?" George asked, grinning.

"Please, Uncle George, it'll be the bestest house in town!" Bella pleaded, using her best and most effective 'do it for me' look. "And if Daddy will pass out the candy – it'll be awesome!"

"It'll be the best house in Hogsmeade. I'll even enter you in the Halloween Moste-In-The-Spirit competition," Talfryn said, tossing his empty butterbeer in the bin.

"Oh, will you!" Bella said, excited. "Oh, please!"

"Sure, sis," Talfryn said. "Well, guys, we've a lot to get done and little time to do it in!"

"You Marauders are the best!" Bella said, hugging James first, then Tiberius, Frank and finally her brother. "Just wait till Mum sees!"

"Oh, yes," George stated. "She'll be thrilled."

*Oh, we're not done yet!*

~ Trick-or-Treat! ~

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*Author's Notes:*

*Next up: Wait Until Your Mummy Get's Home!*

*Two guesses who Mummy is?*

*Were you able to remember who these famous witches, hag, and wizards are? Are you up on your Chocolate Frog cards?*

## Wait Until Your Mummy Gets Home!

*Chapter 2 of 5*

Hermione comes home to face a huge surprise from her little girl. Guess letting George babysit the day of Halloween wasn't such a good idea!

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Wait Until Your Mummy Gets Home!

Hermione stopped dead in her tracks the moment she put her foot on her garden path. The gravestones with all their friends' names stood sentry throughout her front garden as expected, but the Weasleys' Groaning Apparitions floating in the air above the markers, the Zombie Hands, wiggling feet, and groaning heads protruding from the ground were not. Sounds of clanking chains, moans, groans, a cat being tortured or attacked, and screams of terror wafted from several points behind the graves, only adding to the scene before her. Even Hermione's croaking plastic frog was adding to the noise. *We won't have a kid brave enough to approach the door!* she thought, amused. *Did Talfryn and his friends skive off classes today? Surely, George and Bella didn't do all of this on their own...*

Hermione walked slowly, amused by the effects of the Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes products that George must have consented for her son and his friends to use in their yard. *This is going to cost us a fortune!*

As she approached the front steep of her porch, Hermione gasped and then broke out in giggles. Thirteen pumpkins faced her, all different sizes, all with the same face smiling, sneering, glowering, snarling, smirking, scowling, and glaring at her. Each one had an All-Night-Erie-Flicker candle from George and Ron's shop in Hogsmeade, and several sported black wigs. "Oh, my...! Oh, no, they didn't!" Still the sight was truly amusing. *Oh, you just wait until your father sees this, young lady!*

"Cool, aren't they?" George asked, coming out the front door to meet her. "Bella used my newest invention, the Carve-What-You-Wish knife! It really works great! I've sold thousands! She really had a good time carving these."

"George! That charmed knife you showed me? You let Bella... No!" Hermione gasped, concerned. "I don't let my daughter handle sharp knives! She's too young!" George simply shrugged at Hermione, which nearly made her want to hex him. "Belladonna, get out here now!"

Hermione's little girl came out of the house tepidly. "Yes, Mummy?" Her long, dark, curly hair was braided to control the mass, and her big, black eyes looked up at her

imploringly.

Hermione scowled at her regardless of how cute she looked, trying so hard to appear innocent. "Bella, how many times have I told you, you are not to play with knives!"

"It was a trick knife," Bella insisted as George stated, "You don't actually use it, you point it at the pumpkin and it carves for you."

"She still had to hold it!" Hermione said, turning on George.

"Hermione, she was closely supervised by a responsible adult!" George said defensively.

"Responsible?" Hermione asked, her arm sweeping the thirteen pumpkins. "She could have lost a finger! And I thought we only bought her five to carve with her father! Where did all these come from?"

"Hiya, Mum! Uncle George brought Bella one, and we used some apples and transfigured them. Aren't they grand?" her son asked, coming out into the front garden with his three friends. "Isn't the garden cool? We'll scare every kid in Hogsmeade this year. I entered us in the 'Scariest House' category. Do you think you could get Dad to pass out the Whizz Wheezes? He will terrorize..."

"Talfryn! Stop it this instant! I'll deal with you later!" Hermione cut him off. "And you, young lady, explain this?"

"You said to carve them with a scary face! I chose the scariest face I know!" Bella said, turning into the house, crying.

"Bella, wait!" Hermione said, rushing into the house after her daughter. However, as soon as she entered the sitting room, she stopped dead in her tracks again. The entire sitting room looked like a mad experiment of magical potion making and Muggle chemistry. The furniture was gone, and in its place were long tables with every cauldron and all of the potion equipment from the house, and possibly George's shop, on display. The walls were magically darkened in shadow, and the already full shelves were stuffed with potion supplies and ingredients and many jars of dead critters, suspended slimy bits of some animal or plant or organ, floating in different colored liquids. The cauldrons, each with a self-stirring rod, all emitted various types of sputters, bubbles, steam, smoke, or fog, and fog floated endlessly over the floor. The Muggle chemistry set bubbled and frothed in several glass containers with colored liquids dripping from tubing into glass containers.

"Cool, isn't it, Mum?" Talfryn asked, obviously very impressed with his handiwork. James Potter and Frank Longbottom stood behind him, both trying to look unabashed at being caught by the Headmaster's wife off school grounds while Tiberius Malfoy simply stood to the side, watching her with a feigned cool detachment, although she knew he was anything but.

"I sure hope you didn't skive off your classes, young man," she warned, turning to her son. "Your father will do your nut if you have. All of you!"

"No, Mum," Talfryn said as James, Tiberius, and Frank mumbled the same. "We waited until after lunch to come down, so we could help Bella out to decorate the house... Mum, the prize money is a hundred Galleons for the best house! If Dad will pass out the Whizz Wheezes when the judges come by we'll win for sure!"

Hermione had to give him credit. The sitting room certainly rivaled any of her horror movies, and the graveyard out front was spectacular. With her husband handing out the candy with his infamous scowl and sneer, every kid who came to the door would be terrified. "The only problem is that it's Friday, and your father is expected at the castle for the feast. I know he promised to take Belladonna Trick-or-Treating, but only he only has an hour to do so. Then George, you promised to take her through the rest of the town."

"I know, Hermione," George said, smiling down at Bella. "I'll see she gets to every house in Hogsmeade."

"About the house," Talfryn said, looking at Hermione, expectantly. "So we were thinking..."

Hermione looked at her son, feeling a bit apprehensive. "Oh, no, I hate that look! What are you getting me into?"

Talfryn smiled as Tiberius grinned. "Mum, we've got a batch of Polyjuice we nicked, and if you'd possibly consider being dad for, say, just tonight..."

"Where did you get Polyjuice Potion? No wait, I don't really want to know, do I?" Hermione sighed. "Is the stuff...? Who brewed it?"

"Professor Polamonte, who else," Tiberius stated proudly. "She was going to flush it down the drain, so I simply procured some."

"And you know Dad better than anyone. You can do his faces and everything! Please, Mum," Bella pleaded. "Talfryn said I could have a share of the prize money! Please, Mum, please!"

"Fine, I'll play your father. Bella go get your father's spare robes, and Talfryn, you know what to do. Set your father's favorite music on the player, and I'll have a glass of Ogden's ready. You and your friends had best be upstairs when your dad comes home," Hermione relented. Actually, the idea had a lot of appeal. She'd have fun scaring the kids and passing out candy. "I'll make sure he's I'll handle your dad."

*Oh, we're not done yet!*

*~ TrickorTreat! ~*

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*Author's Notes:*

*Next up: Wait Until Your Father Gets Home!*

*Two guesses who Daddy is?*

## Wait Until Your Father Gets Home!

*Chapter 3 of 5*

Severus comes home to face a huge surprise from their little girl. Guess letting George babysit the day of Halloween wasn't such a good idea!

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Wait Until Your Father Gets Home!

Severus was walking home, his black robes billowing out behind him, glad to have the weekend off with his family. Being Headmaster had three perks: first, he could take evenings off whenever he chose to; secondly, he could come home to his wife when he needed to see her or his children, and third, except for the feast, he had no other duties tonight. That and it was Friday. He was just a few houses away from home when he saw his wife standing at the gate to the front garden, holding two glasses in her hand and wearing a long black robe. *Oh, this cannot be good!* "Okay, what did which one do this time?" he asked suspiciously as soon as he reached the edge of his property.

"A bit suspicious, aren't we?" Hermione asked, handing him his glass of Ogden laced pumpkin juice.

"I find you waiting by the garden gate, wearing my robes, frock coat, boots, and trousers..." he said, his gaze traveling down her body taking in her attire, eyes still narrowed in puzzlement, "obviously waiting my arrival with a drink, and smiling as if you've discovered the thirteenth use of dragon blood. I seriously doubt this is a role-playing suggestion. So, why would I be suspicious? Unless you're simply here to tell me Belladonna's changed her mind about my taking her out so she can trick the neighbors..."

"Oh, you're not off the hook on that one. She's been going on all week that you said you'd take her." Hermione chuckled, wrapping her arm around him as she handed him his drink. "This is just my costume for the evening."

"It's not your size," he stated, smirking. He peered around her shoulder taking in the mock graveyard and floating Weasleys' groaning apparitions. "You've decorated, I see."

"Yes, a bit," she replied, kissing his cheek. "The kids turned the front sitting room into a potions lab. It's adorable. With the drapes open, the Weasleys' All-Night-Erie-Flicker candles and your favorite music the place looks great. Talfryn entered our house in the Hogsmeade Halloween Moste-In-The-Spirit competition."

"Spare me," he said, opening the gate. "So, Talfryn and his friends snuck out of the castle again? We really need to reconsider allowing Mr. Weasley to continue as our sitter the nights you're working late. He's obviously a bad influence." Severus smirked as he heard his favorite music wafting from the open door, mixing with the groans, screams, clanking, and a croaking frog as soon as he stepped on the walk. However, it was what he saw on the porch that made him halt in his boots. Thirteen jack-o'-lanterns were looking at him all with one face. His. "Please explain this!"

"Do you remember George's Carve-What-You-Wish knife? Apparently it works!" Hermione stated, hoping to defuse his anger. "Belladonna used it to carve her pumpkins, and Talfryn's as well. The other eight, well, one came from George and the other seven... the boys Transfigured them from apples, apparently," she said cheerfully.

"Belladonna!" he called out.

His daughter came bounding out of the house dressed up like a Swedish short snout, and ran up to him, arms raised. "You're home!" He caught her easily, lifting his daughter into his arms, careful not to crush her tail. "Do you like them daddy? Do you? I did them all by myself!"

Seeing her delight completely defused his ire at the thirteen replicas of his face smirking, sneering, scowling, grimacing, glaring, snarling and frowning at him. "They are..."

"I know, *scary!*" she interrupted him, hugging him a bit too tightly. "I picked the scariest face I know!"

"She didn't want to do any normal jack-o'-lantern faces, and when I suggested the guys from Mum's horror movies like Leatherface, Freddy Krueger or Jason Voorhees, she simply shook her head. So..." Talfryn said, coming out on the porch, indicating the thirteen glowing renditions of Severus's face. "She said she wanted to do someone real, and you told her those guys weren't real."

"I hardly think that these are scary," Severus growled, pointing to the jack-o'-lanterns as he carried Bella inside to get away from the thirteen glowing faces.

"Talfryn says that every first-year and second-year thinks so!" Bella explained, toying with a strand of his hair. "He said they will scare every kid that comes here. He entered me in the contest, Daddy! Said I'll get a trophy, and my picture in the paper, and a hundred gold Galleons, and everything!"

"Did he?" Secretly, Severus loved it when his daughter fingered his hair. "And why do they have wigs?" he asked, slowly losing his annoyance. "Is this why my sitting room looks like a mockery of a potions lab?"

Bella nodded enthusiastically. "Talfryn and his friends did it for me. Isn't it great? It looks just like yours does!"

Severus's eyes swept the room slowly, taking it all in. It was the most ridiculous lab set up he'd ever seen. Weasleys' Fog Pellets, Steam Pellets, and Smoke Bombs were strategically placed in every cauldron, beaker, vial bottle and even on the floor. Each cauldron had a self-stirring rod twirling away. "It has Muggle chemistry devices," he stated. "You've outdone yourselves."

The griffin knocker on the door announced the first intruder to his bliss. Severus set his daughter down and opened the door scowling, seeing a trembling fairy in pale blue hold up her Muggle-looking plastic pumpkin-shaped carrier. *Another Weasley product, I suppose* "T-trick or... tr treat," she stammered.

"Indeed," he said, still scowling as he dropped a brightly wrapped Weasleys' Fizzing Whizz Wheezes into the carrier the child was holding. The girl screamed and ran as soon as the annoying candy fell into her carrier. No sooner had he closed the door than the griffin announced the next intruder. "This is going to go on all night, isn't it?" he said, yanking the door open again.

"Tri ah, er, treat, sir," a little girl in a ladybug costume said, as a mini Dumbledore stared up at him as if ready to wet his robes.

"Indeed," he said smoothly with his well-practiced sneer, dropping a Whizz Wheezes in each of the childrens' carriers.

Both kids immediately turned and ran. However, the little girl did stop to yell, "Thank you," from the garden gate.

The third kid was wearing a costume in a ridiculous attempt at impersonating a hippogriff, and fourth was a boy was dressed as a goblin. On the other hand, it could have been a goblin, the way the kid walked away, grinning, regardless of Severus' sneering at him. However, the next set, one girl in a fluffy dress that looked like Snow White and a boy carrying a scathe and wearing black robes, both look properly terrified when Severus opened the door, both running away as soon as they got their candy.

"At this rate, Dad, either we'll be swamped with kids hoping to be scared witless, or the word will get out and no one will come to the door," Talfryn said, ignoring his dad's glare, "and I'll have Whizz Wheezes for months!"

"I have some Polyjuice Potion ready for when you have to go back to the castle for the feast," Hermione added, grinning. "I just hope I can give your snarl the proper justice!"

"I'm sure you'll do fine. Now, Bella, you be careful out there tonight," he said, giving his daughter a loving caress.

"Aren't you taking me?" she said, her pout nearly melting his heart.

Severus pulled a strand of hair from his head, handing it to his wife. "Until seven, then I must return to the castle," he said, picking up his daughter and kissing her on the cheek.

"You, I'll see tonight," he said to Hermione. "And I expect to see you dressed in something appropriate ~~and~~ looking like yourself. I do not want to come home to myself."

"I don't see why not," Hermione said, kissing him while handing Bella her Muggle candy carrier. "I love coming home to your face."

"Thirteen of them on the porch are enough! I'd rather come home and see yours," he said, giving her a hug as the knocker announced the next intruder.

"Severus, do you mind? I'm not in costume yet?" Hermione grinned, turning to walk back to the bedroom.

Severus set Bella down and answered the door, his expression as dark as he could make it, considering his daughter was grinning up at him by his side, hidden by the door.

"Trick a..." the little boy in a green Chimera costume started to say, then froze. His sister, dressed as a Pixie, and his younger brother, disguised as a bunny, simply stared up at Severus as if Stupefied.

Severus grinned. *No, I don't mind this at all. This is fun, although, I'd never tell Hermione that.* "Indeed," he snarled, watching the kids blanch and shiver under his intense stare. Beside him, Bella giggled, watching him scare the kids as she waited for him to take her Trick-or-Treating.

*The End*

~ *TrickorTreat!* ~

## Trick or Treat

*Chapter 4 of 5*

Severus comes home for a quiet evening at home with Hermione. Yeah, right. Guess letting George babysit the day of Halloween was a good idea after all!

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## Trick Or Treat

Severus returned home, walking stealthily up the path behind a pair of boys with Bella in his arms, her head on his shoulder, idly fingering his hair. Hermione opened the door, still wearing his clothes and looking like him. The two boys stared at her. "Ah, er, trick... er," one stammered as the other looked ready to bolt.

He was secretly pleased by their reaction. *Well, she scares the kids well enough, but I'll be damned if I'm going to kiss her my face in greeting. I'll wait until the potion wears off.* "Hello, wife," he growled at her smiling face. "Good night?"

The two kids looked from Severus to Hermione, and their mouths gaped open, their eyes impossibly wide.

"Indeed," Hermione said in a fair impression of him.

He smiled at the two still standing, albeit slightly shaking, kids. "Yes, indeed," he teased her in a deep imposing voice while staring at the boys.

"Tr...eat er, trick..." the older one stammered as the younger one grabbed his brother's sleeve and whimpered.

Hermione placed the Whizz Wheezes in their carriers, and they turned around and ran away. The youngest one, however, had dropped his carrier.

Severus handed Bella over to Hermione, walked over to pick up the carrier and carried it to the curb, handing the bucket to Professor Longbottom. "Your child dropped this."

Neville smiled, trying to console his youngest and indicating with a flick of his finger for his oldest to take the carrier as he said, "Thanks. Everyone is talking about your house this year. You still terrify every kid you meet."

"That was Hermione. She's dressed up as me," Severus stated, still smiling slightly.

Neville laughed. "She must be doing a good job with your signature sneer. It took my sons three tries to reach the door," he said, finally giving up and standing to face Severus.

"Would you like to come up for a drink?" Severus asked, indicating the door.

"Not tonight," Neville replied with a shake of his head. "I, er, already went up, the first two tries. The pumpkins look great. It was quite a shock the first time. I think my reaction is what scared Harry so."

"Well, I'll see you at the feast, then," Severus said with a nod. "We'll discuss the addition of another greenhouse on Monday."

"Thanks," Neville said, grinning. "Until the feast, Headmaster."

"Professor," Severus answered and then turned to walk back to his front door. He saw a small, metallic blue bundle curled up in a ball, sucking on her tail in front of the large gravestone that stood next to the porch. Severus shook the small shoulder, lifting a drowsy Swedish short snout into his arms. "You, young lady, should be in bed."

"I was waiting for you," Bella replied, her voice thick with sleep. "I want you to read to me, daddy." She yawned, then snuggled her face on his shoulder, her fingers absently playing with his hair again.

Severus smiled. "I can't now, Bell. I have to go back to the school, and I won't be able to come home until after curfew. Let's get you to bed." One of the most precious people in his life snuggled even closer in his arms, already fast asleep.

His doppelganger turned around when Severus entered the house. "What...why...did she sneak out again? I just put her to bed."

"Apparently she snuck out. She was sleeping in the graveyard," Severus said with a subtle jerk of his head. Hermione, still in his form, walked forward as if to kiss him, and he put out a hand to stop her. "There is just something wrong about kissing yourself."

"But, Sevie," his wife said in his silken voice, and he tilted his head slightly while he glared at her in warning. "Why not? I love kissing you."

"How much longer before this," he said with a wave of his hand, "wears off?"

"I was just about to take another dose," she said with an impish grin.

"If you have to, but I prefer kissing you...the real you," he replied with a shrug. "I'll put Bella back in her bed."

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It had been a very long night, but then Halloween typically was. *One thousand kids, high on a sugar buzz with magic wands and overactive imaginations* Severus thought dolefully.

A few students had managed to get some of Hagrid's pumpkins out of the Great Hall and had floated them outside of the first years' windows to the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw towers. However, that had been Filius' and Minerva's problem to resolve.

Some other brilliant intellectual had turned the water in the prefect pool into some mess called Jello. When he'd left the room, the house-elves were having the time of their lives playing with the stuff. At least it would be gone by morning.

But the several dozen bats that had been let loose in the dungeons had been the biggest problem because Peeves had been chasing them out into the main stairways and the pests had swarmed all over the castle, making the girls scream. That, and there had been Peruvian Darkness Powder outside the library and Decoy Detonators on every floor. Weasley's fireworks had been let loose on the grounds in the shape of bats, clowns, ghouls, and dragons. There had been two new swamps on the third and seventh floor corridors, innumerable headless students, thanks to Weasleys' Headless hats, and someone had hung a mannequin from the ceiling in the Entrance Hall. Severus suspected Talfryn and his friends of the fireworks, detonators, darkness powder, and the mannequin, and, if Severus could ever prove it, the boy and his friends would have detention for a month.

Minerva and Filius had cleaned up the swamps, and Severus had dispelled the Darkness Powder and disposed with the mannequin in the Room of Requirement where it had come from. He'd even had the privilege of deducting house points from ardent adolescents engaged in lewd acts in the nooks, crannies, and alcoves on his final check of the corridors. However, he'd told his staff to just let the fireworks burn themselves out and put any student who tried to Stun or Vanish them in detention with him. Thankfully, word had spread quickly.

He sighed as he locked the huge oak doors for the night. Severus flew down to the gates and Apparated home, glad that the night was over. As Severus walked up the front path to his house, he scowled. A familiar lump of blue with a thick padded tail was curled up on his front step. Severus scooped up his daughter and carried her inside.

"Daddy?" his daughter asked, wrapping her arms about his neck.

"Yes, Bella," he said softly, rubbing her back.

"I saw fireworks," she said with a yawn. "Two dragons flew over the town and became many."

"What were you doing outside?" he asked as she nestled her face into his neck.

"I was waiting for you." One of her tiny hands began to stroke his hair. "I wanted to show you the fireworks," she said with another yawn.

Hermione appeared at the foot of the stairs, and he held up his finger to quiet her questions. He carried Belladonna to her room and laid her on her princess canopy bed. When he started to undo her buttons, she grasped his hands. "No, Daddy. I wanna be a short snout."

Severus smiled. *It wouldn't hurt any to let her sleep in her costume. Apparently, Hermione had relented earlier, otherwise she'd be in her pajamas instead.* All right, Bella." He leaned down and kissed her cheek, watching her as she fell back asleep.

Severus quietly backed out of his daughter's room and walked into his own. Hermione was wearing a long, lacy wrap over another lacy under thing, neither of which concealed much. "So, is my reputation irrevocably damaged, witch?"

"Not in the slightest," she replied, handing him a drink with a salacious smile. "It was so much fun pretending to be you, snarling and scowling at the kids all night."

His gaze roamed down his wife's body. "Well, I have to admit I definitely like this costume much better than your previous one."

Hermione walked up and wrapped her arms about his neck. "This one is only for you."

"I should hope so," he replied lustily as he caressed her though the flimsy fabric. "I'd have to kill the b..."

He was silenced by the gentle caress of her lips on his, and his arms engulfed her as he returned her kiss.

~ *TrickorTreat!* ~

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*Author's Notes:*

*Thank you to everyone who read this and everyone who left reviews.*

*Oh, yes, the answers to the who's who Chocolate Frog guessing game from the first chapter:*

Max the Malicious: *I made him up. Sorry.*

Glenda Chittock: *canon. She is a popular presenter of the W.W.N. (Wizards Wireless Network) Witching Hour program. Think Elvira with fangs.*

Lorcan d'Eath: *canon. He's a popular singer of the hit song, 'Necks to You,' which was at number one for a full nineteen weeks and running. Okay, he's a vampire who's also a heartthrob singer.*

Crispin Cronk: *canon. He was sent to Azkaban for ignoring repeated warnings from the Ministry of Magic that he couldn't keep sphinxes in his back garden. I guess that means that it's against the law to have one as a pet.*

Ignatia Wildersmith: *canon. She's a dour-faced witch who apparently invented Floo Powder.*

Artemisia Lufkin: *canon. She is another scary-faced witch, who incidentally, was the first witch to become Minister of Magic. She apparently served between 1798 1811.*

Honoraria Nutcombe: *canon. She's a really compassionate lady who founded the Society for the Reformation of Hags. By the way, she was a hag.*

Chauncey Oldridge: *canon. He was the first known victim of the Dragon Pox. I have no idea if he survived or not but, since he lived only thirty-seven years, it's highly probable he died from the disease.*

## Moste-In-The-Spirit Competition Award Goes To...

*Chapter 5 of 5*

The competition is over. Guess letting George babysit the day of Halloween was a good idea after all!

This one is for everyone who asked me to write a continuance of the story and to answer a few questions. Hugs!

I want to give a great big thank you hug to DuchessOfArcadia for combing through this to point out my numerous errors to help me make this presentable for reading, and to Arabella Bloodgood for helping me create my banner.

Thank you both so very much!

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#### ~~~~~ Moste-In-The-Spirit Competition Award Goes To...

Severus woke up spooning against his wife, his shaft already between her thighs, straining to enter her. He nuzzled her neck as his hands caressed her, waking her slowly to his needs. Her soft moans became satisfied sighs as her body reacted to him and his gentle lovemaking. Hermione rolled over, and he repositioned himself over her, watching the expression on her face with a deep satisfaction. As their passion increased, he muffled her cries with a kiss, following her to blissful release only moments after. As he lay in the afterglow, amazed at the way his life had turned out, the door opened with a bang.

"MORNING!" Belladonna shouted as she ran into the room and jumped up onto the foot of the bed. "You have to get up!" she insisted, scrambling to lie down between Hermione and Severus. The hood of her costume was pushed off her head, and her tail swung back and forth as she moved.

"And you wanted another," he groaned as Bella snuggled against him, her tail accidentally hitting Hermione's face.

"We have to go to the Three Broomsticks today, Daddy," Bella insisted, still squirming. "The whole town will be in there!"

"Then it will be too crowded to find a table," Severus stated, tickling her.

"Uncle George said there will be pumpkin scones, dragon eggs, and crumpets with mermenlade!" she said between giggles.

"Marmalade," Severus corrected her.

"Bella, sweetie, did you let the crup out?" Hermione asked, tucking a lock of Bella's hair behind her ear. Bella shook her head as she turned to hug her mom. "Why don't you let Merlin out, and Daddy and I will get dressed so we can all go to The Three Broomsticks together."

"Okay!" Bella squealed, scrambling to get up and started jumping in the bed.

"Belladonna," Severus warned softly, and Bella landed on her bum, pouting with her eyes downcast. "No jumping on the bed. Go take care of Merlin. And stay out of the sitting room."

"Yes, Daddy," she replied and scrambled from the bed. Bella stopped at the doorway and turned around. "Daddy, when will Talfryn get here?"

"He's at school, Bella," Severus said, sitting up in bed while carefully keeping Hermione covered.

"He said he'd come with me to get my prizes, him and James and Tiberius and Frank," she rattled, and then suddenly looked at him worriedly. "Mr. Filch didn't chain them up in his office, did he?"

Hermione sat up clutching the sheet to her chest. "Bella, where did you hear that? Did you have a nightmare?"

"No, Mummy. James said that he'd threatened him to," Bella said, playing with her braid.

"No, he's not chained up in Mr. Filch's office. I don't let Mr. Filch chain the students to his wall, you know that," Severus said as he summoned his dressing robe, put it on, and eased out of bed while he secured the belt. "James was teasing you."

"So they can come, can't they, Daddy? Talfryn, James, Tiberius, and Frank can come see me get my trophy?" she pleaded, looking up at him with huge hopeful eyes. "Please, Daddy, please. They can if you say they can."

He crossed the room and stroked his daughter's head lovingly. "I will let them come watch you get your prize."

Bella hugged him, her face buried against him. "Thank you, Daddy," she mumbled.

"Bella, Merlin," he said firmly.

Bella stepped back and ran from the room.

"Should we use the owl or send Minerva a Patronus?" Hermione asked, sauntering for the bathroom.

"Owl," Severus said as he followed her, wrapping his arms around her as she turned on the taps to the shower. "A Patronus is too fast. I want a quiet breakfast."

"Hmmm," Hermione breathed as he nuzzled her neck for the second time that morning. "Bella is never quiet this early in the morning. But it will take her a half hour, at least, to feed the crup and change his water."

"Perfect," he purred, reaching for the soap.

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The mayor of Hogsmeade stood on a dais in front of the Hogsmeade war memorial, congratulating this year's committee members of the Hogsmeade Halloween Moste-In-The-Spirit Competition, and introducing the judges. Belladonna sat on her father's lap quietly, although occasionally squirming impatiently, as the wizard donned on. She and her daddy were getting quite a few curious looks from some of the townsfolk, but Bella was too caught up with the anticipation to notice, although she did see her daddy scowl occasionally. He didn't like to be stared at. Bella turned on his lap so she could see Talfryn and his friends. All four sat next to her, occasionally glancing at her, too. James even gave her a thumbs up and stuck out his tongue, which made her giggle.

Her mum sat on her other side, glancing up at Bella with a smile. "Soon sweetie," she said in a hushed tone.

There were so many contests, most only getting ribbons or trophies. Bella knew that only three contests would also get Galleons, the Best Storefront Display, Most Humorous Haunting, and Scariest House, because people came to Hogsmeade especially to see them.

"Now what you've all been waiting for," Mr. Routh, Hogsmeade's Mayor, finally said while talking a scroll from his pocket.

Bella sat up straight in eager anticipation, and Talfryn leaned over to whisper to James and Frank.

"... and in first place for the Halloween Baking Contest...best holiday pie...Miss Martha White," the Mayor announced, grinning as he rocked on his heels. A plump witch Bella didn't know walked up to accept her trophy to polite applause. When she sat down, Mr. Routh looked at the scroll and said, "For third place for best costume, Bertie Higgs as a Billywig. Second place goes to Leland Leach who amused us all with his version of a red cap, and first place goes to Roderick Pips and that amazing quintaped costume."

As the three wizards walked up to get their ribbons, Talfryn leaned around Bella and her dad. "You should have won that one, Mum. I think you would've even fooled ol' Professor McGonagall."

"Hush," Mum hissed at him as Daddy scowled.

"James said you can't use Polyjuice Potion in the costume contest, right James?" Bella asked, tuning to look up at him.

"That's right Bella; you can use Charms or Transfiguration spells on your costume, but not Polyjuice," James said softly as the Best Storefront Display award was announced.

"No surprise here," the mayor said with a huge grin. "George and Ronald Weasley for Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes. Not that we didn't get most of our own decorations from you, Mr. Weasley."

James and Frank both whistled, Talfryn whooped as he clapped. Tiberius, ever one to observe what he called 'decorum,' clapped politely as Bella clapped wildly for her uncle. "HE won Daddy! Talfryn, James...he won. He won! Mummy, he won!"

George walked up to the dais, wearing his customary magenta robes from the shop and accepted his prizes. He waved at Bella while clasping his trophy in the other hand before he walked back to his seat.

The Most Humorous Haunting award was next, and Bella sighed, leaning against her daddy's chest and toying with his sleeve. This was for houses that were not scary. Fun houses, Talfryn had called them. Elladora Guffy won as did Madam Rosmerta. Mrs. Guffy's house had been funny with the singing statues in her front garden and bats and cats in her trees playing bells. Bella clapped when all the other adults did, too.

"We're next, Bell," Talfryn said, grinning at her.

Bella sat up straight in anticipation as Mr. Routh looked at his scroll again. "And now for the Scariest House in Hogsmeade..."

"Don't worry, Bella, you had the best house in town," James assure her.

Bella wasn't sure. Uncle Neville's front garden had a huge Flutterbloom plant the size of a giant Devil's snare and tentacle vines with boils on them that reached for your ankles when you passed them with bodies and bones and spiders in them. It was very scary. Ambrosius Fume, the nice man who owned the candy shop, had a swamp in his front garden with all kinds of scary ghost apparitions, an alligator that looked like it would eat you, and hinkypunks with lanterns! Mr. Fume had even hired a wizard who pretended to be the grim reaper to punt you across the swamp to get to his door so you could get your treats. That was a really scary one, too. Bella crossed her fingers.

James laughed softly, and she turned to look at him. "Careful, Bells, don't cross them too tight or your fingers will get stuck," he teased her.

Daddy scowled at him, as Uncle Neville's name was announced as third place. "I assure you, Bella, they will not," he said, hugging her.

Bella nodded, biting her lip as Mr. Routh said, "And taking second place for creating his spectacular swamp again this year, Mr. Fume, owner of Honeydukes."

Mr. Fume waved at Talfryn and James as he walked by to get his prize, then winked at Bella as he returned to his seat.

Bella nearly held her breath as she waited for Mr. Routh to announce the first place winner.

"And in first place, her first time entering this contest, is Miss Belladonna Snape."

Bella gasped, clasping her hands together, as James and Frank both whistled shrilly for her, and Talfryn whooped as he clapped and stood up. Tiberius even stood up and clapped loudly for her. Daddy picked Bella up and placed her on the ground at his feet. "Go on, Bella," he said with a proud smile.

"Come with me?" she asked as she grasped his fingers, and he stood up to go with her. He followed her as she ran all the way up to the dais.

"Way to go, sis," Talfryn shouted between whistles.

Belladonna stepped up on the dais and turned to reach for her daddy's hand as he stepped up onto the dais beside her. Mr. Routh bent down and patted her head, something Bella hated, before handing her the white and gold trophy. She cringed from being patted like a crup, but didn't say anything incase Mr. Routh changed his mind and gave the prize money to Mr. Fume. Bella looked at the pumpkin sitting on top of the trophy with serious contemplation, wishing that it had daddy's face like her other pumpkins did.

"Go show the boys the trophy, Bella," Daddy said.

Bella smiled up at him and then carefully stepped down, holding her trophy in both hands. She hurried through the rows of chairs to find Talfryn, James, Frank, and Tiberius.

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Severus watched proudly as Bella ran over and hugged Talfryn, then eagerly showed her trophy to the other boys. James Potter swooped Bella up in a hug and set her down, making his daughter laugh and smile with glee.

Mr. Routh touched Severus' elbow and he turned. "She forgot her Galleons," the Mayor said with an amused smile.

"I'll see she gets it," Severus said and thanked the wizard, walking over to congratulate his son and daughter and Talfryn's friends.

*That's it.*

*No more.*

*The End.*

Author's notes:

*Dragon eggs are actually Scottish eggs:soft-boiled eggs wrapped in sausage and fried.*