

Trust and a Little Bit of Fairy Dust

by kalina_blue

All Hermione wants to do is work, but Fred has different plans.

Trust and a little bit of fairy dust

Chapter 1 of 1

All Hermione wants to do is work, but Fred has different plans.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, and I don't make any profit with this fic.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE and Fred's not dead (just pretend he only got injured by that wall)

A/N: Written for luvcharlie, who prompted me with "Fred takes Hermione to her first wizard costume party." My idea for the drabble somehow turned into 2,000 words of fluff. Er, sorry about that. If the Halloween candy doesn't give you a toothache, this fic probably will.

Thanks go to rules_of_jinx for beta'ing the piece.

Hermione looked up from her paperwork when she heard a bang outside her office door. Seconds later the door opened, and a sheepish looking Fred Weasley entered, his arms full of several folders worth of paperwork.

"Hiya, Hermione. I'm bringing you this month's billing for the shop," he greeted her.

"Hello, Fred. You didn't let the papers fall down again, like last month, getting them all in disorder?" Hermione asked suspiciously.

Fred tried his best to look innocent, but failed dreadfully. Hermione sighed.

"Just put them over there." Hermione sighed, gesturing towards a second table, which was already laden with paperwork. "I'll sort through everything once I'm done here." Hermione returned her attention to the papers on her desk, fully expecting Fred to load off the folders and return to his shop.

She had been doing the accounting for the Weasley twins' joke shop and several other businesses for close to five years now. Although she had received many prestigious job offers after the war, Hermione had elected the comparatively boring and little profitable work as an accountant because she had felt that she needed some order and peace in her life. Accounting was nothing if not quiet and orderly. Besides, she had always enjoyed Ancient Runes.

"Hermione, you're not intending to work tonight, are you?" Fred asked incredulously.

Hermione looked up, surprised to find Fred still standing in her office.

"Of course, I am," Hermione replied. "I've got a lot of things that need to get done."

"But it's Halloween," Fred exclaimed. "You can't possibly want to work on Halloween."

"Don't be ridiculous, Fred. What else would I want to do?"

"Well, there is the costume party in Diagon Alley. Everyone is going," Fred suggested.

"Sorry, I'm not that much into parties, as you should know. Especially not costume parties," Hermione replied, shaking her head for emphasis.

"What's wrong with costume parties?"

"For starters, they are childish."

"Come on, Hermione," Fred goaded, "there's nothing childish about letting your hair down once in a while."

"Sorry, Fred, I've got work to do."

"Oh, please, your work will still be there if you go out for one night."

"Fred..."

"Let's go together," Fred suddenly suggested.

"I told you, I have to work," Hermione protested.

"You aren't by any chance avoiding going to the party because you know Ron will be there...with Hannah?" Fred asked, looking at Hermione shrewdly.

"Now, don't be ridiculous, Fred. Ron and I broke up almost two years ago. I'm happy that he's happy. Besides," Hermione added, "who do you think told Hannah that Ron fancies her?"

"You didn't." Fred's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Of course, I did," Hermione replied, grinning at Fred a little. "If it had been up to Ron to ask Hannah out, the poor girl would still be waiting."

"Yeah, the boy is a bit of a lost cause when it comes to women. I'm afraid, after five sons, Mom and Dad's gene pool must have been running a bit shallow. It's like he's handicapped in the dating department." Fred shook his head, seemingly ashamed to have such a brother.

Despite herself, Hermione giggled. "Be nice, Fred," she admonished.

"Sure, sure," Fred agreed. "So, if Ron isn't the reason why you refuse to accompany me to the most spectacular party of the year, what else is it? Everybody will be there."

"I've told you, Fred, I've got work to do." Hermione rolled her eyes.

"And I've told you that work can wait until tomorrow."

"You're not going to give up, are you?" Hermione asked exasperated.

"Not unless you can give me a very good reason why you won't go."

"I don't even have a costume, Fred," Hermione said.

"Easy, I'll find one for you," Fred deflected.

"Yeah, right. Do you honestly think I'd wear a costume you picked out?" Hermione laughed at him.

"You wound me," Fred stated dramatically, gripping his chest for effect. "Of course, I'd choose a costume for you that you'd like."

"I doubt that," Hermione disagreed, returning her attention to the paperwork on her desk.

"Let's make it a bet," Fred suggested, a playful gleam in his eyes.

"A bet?" Hermione asked warily, reluctantly looking up from her papers once more.

"If I can find you a costume you like for tonight, you have to come to the party with me. If you don't like the costume, I'll go alone."

"And you'll leave me in peace until tonight, so I can actually get some work done?" Hermione asked.

"Certainly, I'll have to go costume shopping anyways," Fred assured her.

"Alright then," Hermione agreed, confident that any costume Fred Weasley would pick out would be too scandalous, shrill and possibly too sexy for her taste.

"Great, I'll see you tonight then." Fred beamed at Hermione and Apparated out of her office.

Shaking her head, Hermione went back to work.

At 7.30pm Hermione was still sitting at her desk, going over the billing for Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes when Fred Apparated into her office with a loud pop.

"I can't believe it. You're really still working!" Fred exclaimed by way of greeting.

Hermione took the time to finish her current line of runes before looking up. "Okay, show me. What kind of outrageous costume did you pick?" Hermione asked, mentally trying to estimate the minutes until Fred would leave again and she could return to work. She was surprised, though, to see Fred himself wasn't in costume; in fact he was still wearing the same faded jeans and t-shirt from earlier.

"Hermione, Hermione," Fred said in a sing-song voice. "You really need to learn to have a little trust in your fellow witches and wizards. Now come over here." He motioned to himself.

"Excuse me?" Hermione asked irritably, ignoring Fred's offered hand.

Deciding that she wasn't cooperating fast enough, Fred impatiently grabbed Hermione's arm and pulled her from her desk towards the middle of the small office.

"Now close your eyes," he commanded.

"What? Nooo!" Hermione protested, and Fred rolled his eyes in exasperation.

"Would it kill you to play along for two minutes?"

"Okay," Hermione grudgingly agreed, closing her eyes. "But I'm warning you, if you do anything in..."

She fell silent when she felt Fred lightly tap her shoulder with his wand and a slight tingle spread over her body. The sensation was over within seconds, but Hermione immediately felt that her clothes had been changed. She most definitely wasn't wearing her business suit anymore, and her hair wasn't confined to its strict up-do which she frequented at work. Also, she thought she could hear bells ringing, which only served to confuse her more.

"Can I open my eyes now?" she asked wearily.

"Just a second, I need to do my costume, too," Fred replied excitedly. "We match."

Hermione impatiently kept her eyes closed, dreading to see what Fred had chosen for her, but also a tiny bit curious.

"Okay, ready," Fred finally announced. "Open your eyes."

Hermione did as she was told, and the first thing she saw was Fred, standing in front of her. He was wearing a tunic made entirely out of green leaves and matching green pants. The leaves looked so real, Hermione was unconsciously stretching her hand out to touch them.

"They look amazing," she said. "But what are you?"

"Look at yourself; maybe than you can guess," Fred advised with a twinkle in his eyes.

Hermione looked carefully down at herself to find that she was wearing a lime-green, knee-length dress with a rigged trim and matching green slippers. Sensing movement behind her, Hermione glanced over her shoulder and saw fluttering fairy wings attached to the back of her costume.

"Peter Pan and Tinkerbell," she whispered in surprise.

"Yup," Fred agreed. "Let me show you." He used his wand to transfigure Hermione's wooden office door into a mirror. Hermione stared at her reflection. The wings looked incredibly real, glittering under the fluorescent light of her office and fluttering like the wings of a hummingbird. Once she moved, Hermione realised that she was even trailed by a small amount of fairy dust.

"How do you know Peter Pan?" Hermione asked perplexed. "J.M. Barrie is a Muggle author."

"Can't give away all my secrets, now, can I?" Fred replied mischievously, winking at her. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"So, admit it," Fred demanded. "You like your costume."

"Well..." Hermione mumbled, still looking into the mirror. She couldn't honestly say that she hated the costume. Peter Pan had been one of her favourite stories as a child. She still thought that it was a bit childish to walk around with wings and have glitter trailing behind, but the green dress was actually pretty, and all in all the ensemble was quite tasteful.

"Told you so," Fred grinned, seeing the way Hermione watched herself in the mirror. "Let's go."

He grabbed Hermione's arm, Disapparating with her before Hermione could think of another reason why she couldn't go to the Halloween party.

Regaining her equilibrium quickly, Hermione found Fred had Apparated them to WWW. The shop was already closed for the night, and the lights were switched off. However, there was plenty of light streaming inside through the storefront windows; Diagon Alley was brightly lit. Taking a closer look through one of the windows, Hermione saw that the street was illuminated by hundreds of carved pumpkins, floating high in the air.

Although it was relatively early, the street was already packed.

"Oh my, there are a lot of people," Hermione remarked uncertainly. She already wished she had remained at her office.

"Just think of happy things," Fred said, winking at her and casually flinging one arm over Hermione's shoulders, pulling her outside with him into the crowd. Everywhere Hermione looked were witches and wizards in the most fantastic costumes.

Hermione saw a zombie who had what looked like real maggots crawling in the empty socket of his left eye and a snowman who was actually melting, judging by the trail of water he left in his wake. One witch dressed up as Big Ben walked past them. Her huge clock hands were even displaying the correct time. Hermione turned her head to stare after the witch, astounded at the enormity of the costume. While Hermione still maintained that dressing up was a bit childish, they were all adults after all, she could appreciate the extraordinary magic that was required for some of the costumes.

However, Hermione was the most amused by Luna's costume. They met the quirky ex-Ravenclaw at a refreshment stand. Luna was wearing dark jeans, high heels and a tank top. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and for once she wasn't wearing any kind of outrageous jewellery. When Hermione asked her what she was supposed to be, Luna told her that she was 'normal.' Fred congratulated Luna on her original idea, but Luna did not seem to be happy about this compliment at all. As she told Fred and Hermione, she had wanted to be as unoriginal as possible.

When Fred had said that everybody would be going to the Halloween party at Diagon Alley, he hadn't been exaggerating. Throughout the evening, Hermione met virtually every one of her former classmates and friends. Early on they had seen Hannah and Ron, though the latter wasn't paying them much attention. He obviously was a big fan of Hannah's bunny costume though, as he was unable to tear his eyes from her. Hannah had mouthed a 'thank you' at Hermione and then dragged her boyfriend off to a more private Halloween party.

Harry and Ginny had come as well, although Hermione almost didn't recognize Harry in his bear suit. As Harry explained, Halloween was the one time in the year where he could avoid the spotlight without hiding under his Invisibility Cloak. Ginny, dressed up as an historic bar wench, had one arm flung around Harry's waist and didn't let go all evening. Fred remarked that she looked liked she was hugging an oversized teddy bear.

"Well, at least I didn't dress up as myself," Ginny had replied, sticking out her tongue at her brother.

"I'm not myself, I'm Peter Pan," Fred had shot back.

"Cocky, boastful, refuses to grow up," Ginny enumerated. "Does that sound familiar to you?"

At that point a laughing Harry and Hermione had moved to separate the quarrelling siblings, although Fred had made sure to whisper a thank you in Harry's direction before he and Ginny had vanished in the crowd. Harry had only grinned. He had been the one who had mentioned to Fred that Peter Pan was one of Hermione's favourite stories.

George, Bill and Fleur, Angelina, Charlie and Tonks, Lavender, Parvati, Neville, Seamus and Dean... everyone was at Diagon Alley that night. Hermione even saw Percy

Weasley, dressed up as a pirate of all things, and trailing after a pretty, blonde witch, who according to Fred was his new girlfriend, Audrey.

And the whole time, Fred stayed by Hermione's side, one arm casually around her shoulders, making sure she enjoyed herself.

The highlight of the evening was a Weird Sisters concert at midnight. The band had set up on the steps of Gringott's, and everyone, including Hermione and Fred, was dancing in the street while they played.

The last song of the evening was a slow number, and Fred pulled Hermione close to his chest while they swayed to the music.

"Why did you ask me to come with you to the party, Fred?" Hermione asked softly.

Fred pulled her even closer, threading one hand in Hermione's hair and tilting her head up.

"Because I wanted to," he replied simply, then lowered his head and gently kissed her.

The End

A/N: Reviews are love.