

The Laka Enhancement

by LivingTheDream

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five. Twenty-five witches whom we know personally have become pregnant in the last two months." Hermione waved a list of names in front of the two young Aurors.

"Blimey, Hermione, maybe it's something in the water." Ron's gaze rested on Hermione's belly, just barely starting to show. "Erm... you haven't drank any, have you?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Aside from the fact that I have sex with my husband on a regular basis, which is the usual way one gets pregnant, yes, I have drunk water in the past two months." She gestured to her notes and arithmantic charts. "But there's a post-war baby boom, and then there's this." She stood up from their table at Fortescue's. "I have to get home before Draco does, otherwise he'll worry."

"Yeah, like that obnoxious git ever worries about anything other than himself."

"Shut it, Ronald. Keep an eye on this. You two are supposed to be Aurors."

She pulled out a silver disc that served as a Portkey and disappeared.

Thinking to have a pint before continuing on to the Burrow for dinner, Ron and Harry ambled over to The Leaky Cauldron and immediately noticed a pall on the normally boisterous Saturday evening crowd. They shared a look and began listening to snippets of conversations.

"I heard a hundred witches done got pregnant."

"Some sort of curse He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named left, I reckon..."

"I heard even old McGonagall is up the duff, too..."

Pint forgotten, Harry motioned to Ron to head to the back door and into Diagon Alley. Once alone, Ron turned to Harry.

"What do you think it is?"

"Definitely not the Dark Lord. This is something else. A prank gone awry, maybe?" He raised an eyebrow at Ron.

"Let's slip around the back to my brother's shop and see what we can see."

They walked down a back alley and were surprised when the object of their interest came storming out the back door of Madam Malkin's.

"Yes, well, all well and good, but I'm not doing it again!"

"Come now, Mr. Weasley, surely if I double the amount?"

"No! It was fine for a bit of a laugh, and you got what you wanted, but it's gone too far." He stopped and stared at Harry and Ron, flushing red.

"Something you'd care to tell us, George?" There was an edge to Ron's voice.

"I..."

"*Muffliato*. Talk."

"It's a new fertility potion I've developed. The Laka Enhancement, using herbs from Hawaii. I found out about them when I took my holiday last year. You don't actually have to have sex to get pregnant, as long as your thoughts are mutually strong enough with your partner. Madam Malkin came to me and offered me a substantial sum to slip it into her tea for all the women who get fitted for robes to bolster her new line of maternity-wear. But it's gone too far."

"What happened? Other than the obvious?"

George swallowed. Hard.

"Mum's pregnant."

A/N: Prompt: An unseen presence unsettles the denizens of Diagon Alley.