

Up a Crack....

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A new item has hit Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes. Beware!

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters, not making any money.

Although things were going well at Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, Fred and George were always trying to think of new things to offer to their customers. After all, Skivving Snack Boxes were all good, but their customers were always on the lookout for new and more mischievous things to do to their fellow students. And they were happy to oblige.

After weeks of deliberation, they came up with the perfect item. They knew that it would be a hit. Like the sweets that they marketed to students to get them out of their classes, this item would look like any others of its kind. The poor, unsuspecting dupes whom this particular item was unleashed upon would be very uncomfortable indeed. But there was no doubt that these items would be a huge hit.

The new items went on sale two weeks before school began. Fortunately, they had created plenty because they were sold quickly from the time the store opened until the time the store closed. All different colors and sizes were offered in order to fit just about anyone. And what was more was that they could be changed to resemble another one, to make them easier to hide.

When school began, it wasn't long before shouts and accusations filled the air. Students would turn to accuse the person behind them of giving them a wedgie. But the person always claimed their innocence. Peeves was blamed as well, since he'd given wedgies to many students. But he wasn't anywhere to be found.

Finally, Hermione, who was teaching at Hogwarts, realized what had happened. One weekend she made her way over to Diagon Alley and marched right into her brothers-in-law's store.

"Was wondering when we'd be seeing you, sis-in-law," Fred said with a grin.

"Thought you'd figure it out sooner," George continued.

She looked accusingly at them and picked up one of the packages of the offending products.

Wedgie-cursed underpants.

Give your enemy a wedgie on a regular basis

"Wedgie-cursed underpants? Really," she said, rolling her eyes in disgust at them. "You know, if you two came up with a brilliant item that did some good, you would really be famous." She threw the package down in disgust and walked out of the door, saying, "I suggest you recall those if you do not want to hear from the Minister himself."

When she was gone, George said to Fred, "You know, she's right. We should do something more worthwhile with our time. Something a little more serious."

Fred grinned and said, "Right. Noogie-cursed hats next!"

Prompt from Muse: A fic involving a wedgie curse.