

# The Polyjuice Effect

by HBAR

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N-I absolutely will not apologize for writing a RW/HG story. And since you've come this far, you might as well read it, right? You know you want to. A special thanks goes to Keppiehed for her wonderful beta skills.

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Ron and Hermione lay together, physically spent from their evening in bed. The obscenely short maid costume that she had purchased at a Muggle Halloween store was much worse for the wear, and Hermione was glad that she had forced Ron to reveal one of his fantasies. Even the healthiest sex life needed a little spark every now and then.

Ron shook her shoulder, startling her out of her daydream. "It's your turn, love. Tell me your deepest, darkest fantasy, and I'll do my best to make it happen."

She blushed and was grateful for the darkened room. "I enjoyed tonight. I don't need anything else," she said.

"But this was my fantasy. I want to know what gets *your* blood boiling." Ron flipped her over and began to massage her shoulders.

"Ah, that's perfect. Don't stop."

But he stopped, waiting.

"I don't have any fantasies," she insisted. "I'm happy with the things we always do."

"Everyone has at least one, Hermione. Are you afraid I'm going to laugh at you?"

"Well, yes, actually." She took a deep breath before giving her reply. "There is one thing, but it's really embarrassing, and you would be horrified if I told you."

"I won't," he said.

"Yes, you will. Just drop it."

"But I *have* to know," he whined. "Please."

Hermione groaned. "You're not going to let this go, are you?"

He shook his head, grinning like a kid in a candy store.

"All right. When I was in school, I always daydreamed about being given detention."

"You're turned on by something at school. Typical," Ron said.

"Would you let me finish? When I get to my detention, there's no cleaning or writing lines or anything, but rather we do ... other things."

"Other things?"

She scrunched up her face. "Don't make me say it."

"Oh, right. Was there a specific professor you had in mind?"

"No!" she said too quickly.

"Oh, please tell me it was Professor Vector."

"Ron!"

"What?"

"It was no one in particular." *It was definitely someone in particular.*

"Okay, that's easy enough. Consider it done. This week I'll work out a plan, and then you are going to have the time of your life. Wait and see." He opened his arms, and she moved to snuggle in beside him.

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A few days later, Hermione came home from work to find a note on the dining table addressed to her. She opened it and read the letter demanding her presence for detention that evening in her bedroom. She smiled and went upstairs to shower and get ready. It wouldn't do to keep Professor Weasley waiting.

The furniture had been rearranged so that Hermione's writing desk was in the middle of the room, facing the bed. Upon entry, Hermione was asked to undress and lie on the bed. He started by telling her what a naughty girl she had been. He directed her to touch herself while he watched, then continued to dictate her actions. Try as she might, Hermione was having difficulty getting in the appropriate mood. After about five minutes of futile effort, she called it quits.

"Ron, I'm so sorry, but this isn't working for me. Don't take this the wrong way, because I find you very attractive, and I'm flattered that you went to all of this effort for me, but you just don't fit the role."

Ron rose from the desk and flopped onto the bed next to her. "I sort of thought that might be the case." He reached out and brushed a strand of hair off her face. "Don't worry, I have a backup plan, but it will have to wait for tomorrow. For now ..." He climbed on top of her and began to kiss her neck and shoulders. Hermione moaned in appreciation, glad to have her husband back to his usual self.

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Hermione arrived at Hogwarts ten minutes before she had been instructed to come, and she was met at the front door by Professor McGonagall. "Oh, Hermione, dear, I am glad that I ran into you. How are you these days?"

"I'm wonderful, thank you. I've been very busy with work and chasing Rose around, but that's nothing new."

"When your husband told me what you were getting up to today, I was delighted," McGonagall said.

Hermione paled. "Really?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "You are fortunate that I am too old to fight you for him," she said with a wink.

"Yes, well, I am a lucky girl." Hermione was mortified that they were having this conversation and contemplated turning and running away from the castle.

McGonagall interrupted her plans of escape. "When he told me that all you wanted for your birthday was some uninterrupted time in a potions lab to work on your research, I was happy to oblige. What a thoughtful young man."

Hermione relaxed, grateful that her husband had the sense to come up with a decent cover story. "Ronald is wonderful. I couldn't have asked for better."

The older woman embraced her ex-student, then ushered her into the castle and told her that Ron was already there in the dungeons.

He was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs. "You look nice, Hermione." He took her hand and led her to the empty classroom and sat her in a chair. "When we tried this the other night, and I couldn't pull it off, I decided to ask for some help. I went yesterday to speak with Professor Snape."

Her jaw dropped to the floor. *I'll never be able to face that man again.* "Oh?" she asked nonchalantly. "Why did you see him?"

"Well, isn't it obvious? I needed some advice on how to give a proper detention," Ron said, waggling his eyebrows. "He was very helpful."

*Oh God, I'm leaving the country.*

Ron noticed that Hermione looked ill and decided to give her a break. He waved a vial under her nose. "Polyjuice, Hermione."

"Oh," she said, giggling with relief.

"Of course he thought it was odd when I told him that I needed *his* hair in order to fulfill our plan."

"Tell me you're still kidding."

"Of course I am. I didn't ask for it; I just snagged it."

Hermione glared at him. "You're sure he doesn't know?" Her cheeks were stained pink.

"You *did* have someone in mind," Ron said. "And you still have a crush on him."

"It's not him in particular," Hermione insisted. "It could be any professor, really. It's just his position of authority and his strict disciplinary standards." *And his alluring voice, his hair begging my fingers to run wild in it, his intense stare ... it's totally him.*

"It's fine, Hermione, I'm not judging you. This is your night to have whatever you want." He shuddered. "Even if it's really weird," he said under his breath. "Go out into the hall and give me five minutes to prepare. Then we begin."

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While standing outside the classroom, Hermione's mind drifted to some research notes she had read from a group of healers at St. Mungo's. They were studying the effects of Polyjuice potion on unborn babies. The study had just begun, so there was no data available, and the notes were vague as to what they were looking for. She hesitated a moment, wondering if she should have turned down Ron on his offer. Still, they'd been trying to get pregnant for six months with no luck, and she'd just tested negative four days prior. The chances that she'd conceived in that time were slim to none, and since Ron had gone to such effort to make this night special for her, she shoved all thoughts of research to the back of her mind.

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"Enter," he said, already rendering Hermione weak in the knees.

She pushed open the door to find Professor Snape sitting at his desk, and suddenly she was seventeen again, wishing she could have him and fearing what he would give her.

He bade her to sit, then approached her seat and ran his feather quill down the side of her face and neck. "I think you know why you are here. You have disobeyed school rules yet again, so let's just get to the part where I tell you how you are going to pay for your infraction."

*Oh God, he's using big words.* She was dually turned on by her husband and his current persona.

Hermione took his proffered hand, and he pulled her up to stand. Without warning, he flipped her around and positioned her face down, bent over his desk. He leaned in and breathed on her neck for a moment, watching the goosebumps appear and hearing her groan in the loveliest way. He whispered in her ear. "I could show you such pleasure."

"Yes," she agreed, her heart racing.

He ran his hand up the back of her thigh, noting that she wore nothing under her skirt. "But," he said as he leaned into her, revealing his current state of arousal, "you are here for detention. So, while I am going to begin taking my own pleasure now, yours will be withheld until you finish grading these essays."

She purred with delight.

As he entered her, she grabbed a quill, marking essays faster than she'd ever thought possible.

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*Nine months later ...*

"Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. It's a boy."

Hermione pulled Ron down to her and kissed him. "Thank you for not passing out this time."

"Well, I kept my eyes up on this end," he said, gesturing to the top of the bed. "I learned my lesson the hard way."

The nurse wrapped the baby in a blanket to keep him warm. "I'm going to take him to the nursery to clean him up, and then I will bring him back shortly so you can have some family time."

Both parents nodded their agreement, then began the arduous task of choosing a name. By the time the Healer had given Hermione a clean bill of health, they had agreed on Hugo.

While they waited for the return of their son, a commotion broke out down the hall. Ron poked his head out the door for a moment. "There is a man yelling, and a woman crying," he reported. He leaned back out and noted that the shouting continued, but there were no staff in sight. "Will you be okay for a moment? I want to go down there and make sure she's all right. I can't make out what the fight is about."

"Go on, Ron," Hermione said. "I need to get some rest, anyway." She let out a sigh of contentment. It was times like these that reminded her what a good man she had married.

Hermione had just closed her eyes when the nurse returned with Hugo in her arms.

"Ten fingers and ten toes: a perfect baby. He's got a full head of hair, that one. I guess he gets that from you."

*Please don't be red. Please don't be red.*

She pulled back the blanket and revealed her wish come true: his hair wasn't red. It was jet black.

"Oh, God!" she gasped.

"There, there, dear," the nurse said. "Not all babies come out adorable. He'll grow into that nose, you'll see. Add a little bit of sunlight and he'll be right as rain." She patted her patient on the shoulder. "Call me if you need anything at all."

"Okay," was all Hermione could manage. She waited to panic until the door was shut. She gave Hugo another look, but no matter how much she squinted her eyes, she couldn't see one ounce of Ron in his features. "He's going to kill me," she muttered.

"Who's going to kill you?" Ron asked.

"Never mind," she said.

"Our little man is back," he said, noticing the bundle in his wife's arms. "Could I hold him?"

"Well, he's sleeping and I don't want to wake him, so I'll just hold him for awhile."

Hugo's legs jerked in the blanket, and he let out a shrill cry.

"Now he's awake," Ron said, holding out his arms.

Hermione grimaced, but she handed him over.

Ron pulled back the blanket and gasped.

"He looks like S..."

"I know."

"Did you h..."

"No!"

"So we d..."

"Yes."

"Can Polyjuice c..."

"Apparently," she said, distressed.

Ron handed the baby back to Hermione, then ran a hand through his hair. "What have we done?"

She settled Hugo in her lap and dropped her head into her hands. "What are we going to tell people?"

He paced back and forth, deep in thought. "I reckon we'll have to tell them the truth," he said, grinning. "You were lusting after Snape, and this was the result."

"It's *Professor* Snape, and it's not funny."

"The man has taken over my child. That doesn't exactly earn my respect."

She sighed and blinked back tears. "Fair enough," she said.

Ron climbed into bed with his family and took them in his arms. "I don't know what we'll tell people, love, but we'll think of something. It really isn't anyone's business, anyway."

"People make everything we do their business." She swiped at her eyes with the corner of her blanket.

The door opened and in walked the nurse, fidgeting with the items in her pocket. "How's the happy family?" She noticed Hermione's tears. "Not so happy, I see."

"It's just the out-of-control hormones," she lied. "This happened last time, as well."

"I'm glad to hear that's all." She pulled up a chair and sat next to the bed. "I have some bad news for you, and I don't know how to tell you about it. As you know, St. Mungo's prides itself on the quality of care. I just ... it's no one's fault, really. These things are bound to happen every once in a while. It's an honest mistake, and no real harm done."

Ron leaned in to Hermione. "Has she given us the bad news yet?"

"Okay, I'm just going to say it." The nurse took a deep breath. "Someone made a mistake, and you got the wrong baby."

"Really?" Ron said.

"That's wonderful!" Hermione said.

"Wait ... you're not upset?" she asked.

"Well, as you said, these things happen," Hermione said.

"The Robinsons will be so relieved when I tell them the news. I was beginning to think that things were heading for divorce down the hall in 412."

Hermione rubbed the baby's cheek. "Goodbye, little one. Time to go and meet your mum and dad."

The nurse lifted him from Hermione's arms and cradled him close. "Again, I'm sorry for the mix-up. I'll bring your son right in."

Ron and Hermione snuggled down under the covers, exhausted from the day.

"You have to admit, it's a little bit funny," Ron said.

"Now that it's all over ... yes, it is a bit amusing."

The nurse returned with a new little bundle and handed him over to the couple. They sat there, frozen, neither wanting to open the blanket.

"On the count of three?" he asked, and she nodded her agreement.

"One, two, three." He flipped back the blanket to reveal thick, red curls.

"Thank God," they said in unison. They both fussed over the new Hugo, picking out which features belonged to which parent until he began to cry.

"I think he's wet," Hermione said as she patted his bottom.

"I've got this one," Ron said, climbing out of bed. He laid the baby in the cot and unfastened his nappie. "Oi, Hermione. I guess I can't call him 'little man'. Not with the size of *this*."

Hermione snorted and crawled out of bed to investigate. "Wow, he is well off in that department."

"This is definitely our son," Ron said, beaming.

"Sure, Ron," Hermione agreed offhand. *Note to self: inform research team that there appears to be at least some Polyjuice effect.*