

AWWWW

by TeaOli

Someone's been sending mystery parcels to George Weasley.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The only clue was a small yellow card attached to the parcel with *awwww* written in swirly scarlet letters across the front. Just like the other four.

Curious, and more than a bit eager to see what his unknown prankster had in store for him this time, George cut the strings holding the brown paper parcel together.

A bright flash was followed by a loud *BANG*, then a soft *plop*.

"What the—" He leant forward and squinted, not quite sure of what he was seeing. A delicate sniff provided further verification. "That's definitely not one of mine!"

And it wasn't. But, bugger it all, it was a beauty!

The scent filling his office – a mixture of eau du rotten eggs and parfum de bog – was exquisitely blended. The colours spattered across his desk and floor – baby-poo brown with streaks of pond-slime green and hints of dragon-vomit orange – combined to make a work of art worthy of that American Muggle artist his dad was always going on about.

George frowned. Whoever had created that Dungbomb was a genius.

"Can't have that," he said to no one at all. A sudden and somewhat dangerous smile lit his face. "Unless, of course, Mr Genius wants to come work for me."

And that *had* to be what this was all about. Someone wanted to work for Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes. By now, George knew he wanted the wizard working under him.

Gorgeous as it was, the Dungbomb wasn't really up to the sort of product he was producing lately. But it ~~was~~ was just the kind of thing he and Fred had made as kids when they couldn't afford Zonko's. Only better. And could only mean someone who'd known – and liked – them both was behind this and all the other mysterious parcels he'd received over the past five days.

He had been perplexed when a box of imitation Puking Pastilles in a particularly putrid shade of pink had arrived via regular post owl at the start of the week. But after checking the sweets for Dark ingredients or spells and testing one on a (mostly willing) assistant, he'd learnt whoever had sent the tasty treats was a dab hand at creating pranks with panache.

"Merlin's bloody baggy bollocks in a fucking French—"

He'd got as far as cursing his anonymous competitor's great-great-grandfather's goats before a red envelope flew in and burst open, already screaming at him.

He'd forgotten his mum was working for him three days a week, these days. ("Just to get out of the house for a bit," Molly'd said. George suspected she really just wanted

to be closer to the place Fred had loved so much.)

Why she couldn't march up the three floors from the shop to ream him out in person was beyond him, but her point was taken. The next day (when a perfectly-produced – vastly improved, to be honest – Portable Swamp swamped the office) he'd taken care not to be overheard. The day after that, when he'd sampled a Ten-Tonne-Tongue Toffee, there'd been no need.

Yesterday, he'd emerged from trying an Erotic Day Dream that was exceptionally... stirring wishing he'd thought to cast an Imperturbable Charm beforehand. Like all the others, it worked wonderfully.

Now, however, he watched in admiration as the remnants of the sample dungbomb disappeared before he could shout *Evanesco!* His planned *Scourgify!* was forestalled by the soap bubbles that briefly frothed his carpet before also vanishing.

"Wait till you see what comes next week."

George's head snapped up at the sound of a feminine voice, low, soft and... very familiar.

"You!" He jumped up and ran out from behind his desk to confront the intruder. *You're* the one who's been sending me pranks?"

Angelina Johnson folded her arms across her chest. "Yes,*me*," she said. Her voice was like ice and fire at the same time. "Who the hell did you think was behind it?"

George knew he'd offended her – he even knew how! – and him blurting out, "I was expecting it to be a bloke," wouldn't help matters.

"I, er, I figured it was someone who... erm, someone who wanted to put me out of business. Not a witch who's..."

Her eyebrows rose, but she smiled at him. "A witch who's...?" she prompted.

Frowning, George sought something to say other than, "A witch who's just starred in the best fucking day dream I've had in my life and then decided to do an encore last night with results even more incredible than the first!" Not if he wanted to keep her friendship, anyway.

Then it hit him. Not *awww*; A-W-W-W. *Angelina* Weas—Nimue's nose, if she was the one sending him—!

"A witch who's been starring in all my dreams, day and night, for the past four years," he said.

Angelina's smile widened to a grin.

"Good answer," she said. And then she kissed him.

Based on Doomspark's prompt: An exploding Dungbomb results in romance.