

Bad Candy

by Draven

Hermione has to juggle so many things and now gets a huge surprise

Congratulations! It's a boy!

Chapter 1 of 3

Hermione has to juggle so many things and now gets a huge surprise

Hermione Granger was multi-tasking. She was ringing up customers in Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes while she was mentally making notes of books she needed to go through to aid in the hunt and destruction of Horcruxes. This had been her typical day since agreeing to help the twins. She was considered the brightest witch of her age. She still had yet to complete her N.E.W.T.s, but her knowledge of Potions and Charms was very advanced. This, combined with the twins' imagination, had yielded a variety of much needed weapons. It had been the routine since Hermione came to Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes. They would come up with a brilliant idea, and she would make it work.

She was still reeling from Professor Dumbledore's death. She had lost a mentor and a friend. Of course her loss was nothing to how Harry felt. By the time the train had pulled in to King's Cross, Harry had introverted. Yet again he was blaming himself for something he didn't do. It was the same way after Sirius died.

Hermione sat behind the counter ringing up the latest customer. After two weeks, she was still surprised at the amount of customers that were still coming in.

"Guess everyone needs to laugh," Hermione mused.

"Talking to yourself is the first sign of insanity," Hermione looked to the source of the voice and saw one of her two best friends. Harry was standing in the doorway with his trademark tousled hair and emerald green eyes. The difference was clothing in his actual size. He also looked better fed.

"Freedom agrees with you Harry," Hermione smiled to her friend. She popped a sweet in her mouth.

"Clearly the insane part was right. Hermione, I thought you of all people would not eat anything the two miscreants of mayhem created." Harry gave his friend a look of surprise.

"Hey!"

"Yeah, you can't insult us with such a cool nickname."

The twins made their appearance in their typical fashion. All boldness and speaking in their alternating way.

"I'm not worried. I've been eating Breath-Effects for two weeks now." As Hermione said this, purple bubbles came out of her mouth. "Besides, I'm the one to verify their work. I know what's in everything."

"Hermione's been..."

"Invaluable."

"Have you managed to get used to them finishing each other's sentences?" Harry questioned Hermione.

She nodded and she chewed another sweet. This time her hair looked like it caught fire. "I also have learned to tell them apart. George is the one closest the office, and Fred is the one next to you."

Both twins looked miffed, confirming her analysis.

"Looks like the sample jar is empty." This observation came from the twins' first employee, Verity. This garnered chuckles from the twins.

"At this rate, Hermione, we won't have any left for our customers." George walked behind the counter and slung an arm around Hermione.

Fred picked up the empty jar. "Hey, Brent, bring us another bag of Breath-Effects, will you?" he shouted toward the storage room. Then to the group in a lower voice, "He can't screw that up."

"Brent is our newest employee. He tries really hard," George supplied to Harry.

"After that, we all have to follow that Muggle saying about not having anything nice to say," Verity said.

Brent came out with bag of the requested sweets. He had mousy brown hair and dull eyes. He had a shyness about him. He quickly filled the jar as the others chatted about their time apart. Then he left to go back to the storage area.

"Thanks, Brent." Hermione smiled at her fellow employee. He smiled back, but quickly dropped it and left.

"Brent's just a little shy," Hermione offered to Harry.

"That's an understatement," George said.

"Well, you and Fred are always yelling at him."

"Because he's always messing things up," Fred countered Verity.

"Why do you still employ him?" Harry asked.

"Because of the sensitive items, it was thought best to have only members of the Order or associates. Brent is Tonks's brother," Hermione explained the logic.

"Yeah he got the clumsiness and that's all," George said.

"Perhaps you pressure him too much," Hermione said, but before he could continue the argument, she turned to Harry. "Try one." She held up the jar of Breath-Effects.

Harry looked at the little sweets dubiously. "I don't know, Hermione."

"Now, Harry, is that anyway to treat your business partners?" Fred said

"Don't you trust us?" George added with an exaggerated look of innocence.

Harry laughed. "Well, I do know you two. What exactly to they do? I mean bubbles and fire-hair?"

"It's a randomization potion added. The effects are set to give you various breaths or hair charms. Like color changes or, in my case, a faux fire for example. They only last as long as the sweet. Once dissolved, the effect goes away. While leaving you minty fresh."

"And Hermione shows once again she knows everything," Fred said. He joined her and George behind the counter. Both twins gave Hermione a huge hug.

"I like to breathe," Hermione croaked.

The twins instantly released her. Brent came from the back. He hesitated near the group until Hermione noticed him.

"Oh, Brent, what do you need?"

"There's a Floo-Call for either Fred or George. It's Kingsley Shacklebolt," Brent barely said. He quickly left.

"Best not keep the new Director of Aurors waiting," Fred said.

"Yeah. He gets really tetchy," George said. They both departed. Verity went off to assist a customer with some Pygmy Puffs. Harry was still eyeing the latest creation.

"Could it be that the Chosen One is scared of a candy?"

"You don't see Voldemort readily submitting to use the twins' products," Harry shot back. He picked out a blue colored one. "Though this little thing could be my secret power. He obviously doesn't know about it." Harry grinned.

"I guess you're staying with the Weasleys. Ron will be excited. I've been going through the Black library as you suggested. There are few books that have what we need in them." Hermione lowered her voice with her last sentences. "Sirius kept them in his private cabinet."

Harry was still toying with the blue sweet. "Has Remus been too much of a problem? I hate asking you to lie, but I still feel that this is something best kept between Ron, you, and me."

"I understand, Harry. Actually, I haven't had to lie to Remus. He went on assignment once I got you settled. He only came back a few days ago. He's mostly been sullen and withdrawn. He won't even talk to Tonks."

"Maybe I should talk to him. Are you staying at the Burrow?"

"No. I'm at Tonks'. Once we made sure my parents were safe, she asked me to stay with her. She needs help. She is no housekeeper. Plus she lives only a few blocks away from here in Muggle London. The convenience couldn't be overlooked."

Harry nodded at her logic. "I'm going to stay at Grimauld Place. Maybe Ron and you could stay with me. I was going to ask Mrs. Weasley tonight. Guess I need to include Tonks too."

"No, Harry. Both Ron and I are of age, so we can decide. Though I will let Tonks know."

"Excellent. Can we go get Ron?" He popped the sweet in his mouth.

"Let me get my purse." Hermione left and went to the office. The twins were at facing desks playing with another new item: The Everlasting Bouncing Ball of Light.

"I'm leaving. I probably won't be back for a few days at least."

"You can't just demand time-off."

"How true. We'll have to dock your pay."

"Zero from zero is zero. You don't pay me, remember?"

"Oh yeah!" they said in unison.

Hermione headed back into the store, but Harry seemed to have left without her. She headed for the front, looked down aisles, and even outside.

"Verity, did Harry say I was to meet him somewhere?"

"No, Hermione. He didn't say anything," she called from the ladder she was on, stocking some upper shelves.

When she went back to the counter, she found a little boy. He was scared, but trying to be brave. Hermione was seething inside at the fact that this poor boy's parents could be so negligent. She knelt down to his eye level.

"Hello, there. My name is Hermione. Would you like me to help you find your parents?"

The boy looked at her and smiled, his initial fear forgotten.

"Money? You name Money?"

Hermione just smiled at the boy attempting her name. She really couldn't blame him, he looked about two. "That'll work. What's your name?"

"Harry." It was then that Hermione took in his clothes. They were the exact same as her friend's--only now sized for a toddler.

"Fred! George! We have a huge problem!"

AN: Thanks RR for the wonderful job you did as Beta!

Baby Juice

Chapter 2 of 3

Hermione has to juggle so many things and now gets a huge surprise. AU due to Deathly Hallows.

The twins ran out of the office at Hermione's scream. The sight they found was disturbing. Verity was standing by Hermione, who was beyond angry. Actually, the twins couldn't ever remember her at this level of anger. This scared them, but they were distracted by the small boy in Hermione's arms. Dark, messy hair and emerald green eyes.

"Hermione, why are you holding a baby that looks like Harry?"

"Yes. That was my question, Fred. Please tell us the answer is you have been having an affair with him, and the little tyke is the proof?" George looked like he would give anything for this to be true.

"No, you idiots. This is Harry. Really Harry. The Boy-Who-Lived. The Chosen One. Look at him." Though this command was irrelevant as neither George nor Fred had taken their eyes off of him since coming into the store area. "I want this fixed now!"

The twins looked at each other. It was obvious they had to get Hermione calmed down quickly.

"Hermione, we don't know what happened."

"Maybe you should fill us in."

"I went to tell you I was leaving and found him like this when I returned," Hermione said. Harry began fidgeting in her arms.

"So how is this our fault?"

"Something must have gone wrong with one of your items." Hermione then realized what item. "Oh, no, the Breath Effects! I was goading him into eating one. He had a blue one." Hermione let the struggling Harry down and went to the jar of sweets.

"So this is your fault then," George said. Hermione gave him a dirty look.

She looked at the sweets. She began running her wand over a few pieces while Harry watched.

"Candy. Want Candy." Harry tugged on Hermione's shirt. "Aunt Money, I want candy."

"Aunt Money?" Fred questioned. And both he and George sniggered.

"He couldn't say Hermione. A lot of people struggle with my name. Viktor never got it," she muttered, her focus on her spell work.

"Aunt Money, I want candy."

"No, Harry, this is bad candy," Hermione said. "As for you two, this is not the formula. I told you no experimenting until it was verified."

"Hey. We have not done any experimenting since the Quick Grow Beard."

"Yeah. I'm still recovering from Ginny's Hexes. We fixed it."

"So it was three days, but we fixed it."

"No, look." Hermione waved her wand over the candy. Little glowing lights created an intricate pattern. "This is not the Latenbra for the original formula."

"The what?" George stood looking at the light show in confusion.

"Hermione, is that suppose to make sense?"

"Yes! Latenbra shows the mystical properties of a magical substance or item. In this case the properties of the potion used in Breath-Effects. The normal one looks like this." Once again a little light show shined above the counter. The pattern was vastly different.

"Okay. There's a difference."

"But we didn't do it."

"Well explain what happened to Harry?"

"Well." Fred ran his hand through his hair and looked to his mirror image.

"He drank baby juice?" George offered, which he regretted in two seconds. Harry took quite the offense to baby and bit him on the leg.

"Me not a baby!"

George reacted and looked to hit Harry. Hermione quickly grabbed the miniature Harry. "How dare you!"

"He bit me!"

"Well, you insulted him. He's a child, yes, but I wouldn't classify him as a baby. He can talk."

"Okay. Why don't we get back to what happened to the Breath-Effects. You ate the last one, and we had Brent bring out another bag..."

"Well, there you go, Fred. Brent happened."

"Exactly how did Brent do this? I will admit he's clumsy, but this?"

Verity, who had left the three, came back with a forlorn Brent. "I think I can explain, Hermione." She turned to the twins. "Remember yesterday you asked Brent to put the new disposal canisters away in the store room?"

"Of course."

"We were there."

"Well, he didn't move just the newly delivered ones. He put a full one in there too, right above a box of Breath-Effects."

"I'm really sorry," Brent said.

Hermione looked at the twins. "Disposal canister? What is she talking about?"

"Well, see, when we go experimenting and things don't work out, we have to follow Ministry policy and put the goop in special canisters. Then a member from the Department of Experimental Magic comes and collects the full ones. It looks like this git let one contaminate our supply," Fred explained.

"Shouldn't it have been sealed?" Hermione asked.

"Only when full," George answered.

"Was any sold?" Hermione worried.

"No. When I discovered the mishap, I checked the box. Only one bag was missing," Verity said.

"Well, I guess we found the silver lining."

"Aunt Money, me hungry."

"Look. You two begin to figure out the ingredients in the canister while I beg your mum to watch Harry."

"Right," George said. "Though after my leg, you wouldn't think he'd be hungry. Oh, and Brent..."

"You're fired!" Fred finished his brother's thought.

AN: Thanks RR for the wonderful job you did as Beta!

Where's Aunt Money

Chapter 3 of 3

Hermione has to juggle so many things and now gets a huge surprise. AU due to Deathly Hallows.

The Burrow looked peaceful and serene. Hermione felt a comfort here. Not quite home, but a close second. She passed through the wards, then went into the kitchen. Harry was still excited from the Apparation.

"Do again. Do again."

"Later. Harry."

"Hermione, dear. What a wonderful surprise. I hope my sons are treating you well." Mrs. Weasley came in with assortment of laundry and missed Harry.

"Oh, yes, great. I need a..."

"You lie!" Ron Weasley entered. "You are their slave. You have become their house-elf. I've been thinking of starting S.O.K. Save our Know-It-All." He grabbed her in a huge hug. "I missed you," he whispered just for her.

"Oh, thank Merlin, a fellow girl. I'm going out of my mind. And, Ron, it's my turn." Ginny poked her brother in the ribs and grabbed Hermione in a hug that rivaled any of the male Weasleys.

"I missed you both too. Though I did just see you the day before yesterday, Ron. Now, Mrs...." At that point, Harry made his presence known by screaming at the top of his lungs and hiding behind Hermione's legs.

"Um, Hermione. Do you have something you want to tell me? Like why is there a baby that looks like Harry with you?" Ron said.

"It is Harry." Hermione was too frazzled to be gentle.

"What!" This was from Mrs. Weasley. "What happened?"

"Long story short, Brent contaminated a supply of Breath-Effects, and this was the result." Hermione waved her hand in Harry's direction.

"Nice summary, 'Mione," Ron said.

"Ron, you know I hate that nickname."

"You prefer Hermy?"

Hermione gave him one mean look. "Mrs. Weasley, I was hoping you would watch him while I help figure out this mess. The twins didn't even know Latenbra."

"I would be happy to, Hermione. As for the latter problem, that is something only advanced wizards generally use. I don't even know it. Bill does because of his work."

"Oh. I didn't realize it was rare. I mean I read about it and ..." She stopped herself. She couldn't tell Mrs. Weasley the reason she had learned the spell.

Ron covered. Though it may not have been intentional. "Proving you know everything in the world." He placed an arm around her waist in a side-ways hug.

Harry ran from behind Hermione and began screaming and crying. Hermione knelt to the scared boy. "Harry, you are being rude. What is wrong with you?" Harry, of course, continued. Mrs. Weasley smiled at Hermione. "I must say I never thought to try reasoning. I usually resorted to bribes or threats of punishments."

Hermione reached into her pockets for one of the twins' faux wands. She waved to make it emit sparkles. Harry was distracted, and Hermione gathered him up. She began to pass him to Mrs. Weasley.

"No. I want to stay with you. No, Aunt Money. No!"

"Well, that is impossible. I have to fix you."

Harry laughed. "Me not broken."

"Maybe you should keep him with you. I'm sure the twins can figure things out. Plus I'll get the Order on it."

"Um, let's keep it to the top members. I don't think Voldemort..." wincing went around the room, "getting wind of this is a good idea."

Mrs. Weasley realized for this first time the dilemma they were in. "Yes. You should go back to Grimmauld Place and stay there. I'll alert Minerva."

"Maybe I can come with you?" Ron offered and came closer to Hermione.

Harry did not care for this. "No. Aunt Money, I want Aunt Money."

Hermione looked to Ron. "Sorry, but I'm in no mood for a cranky kid. You can go help the twins."

"Hermione, you are the reason I managed Potions. But I will do what I can."

"Hermione..." Ginny began.

"Don't worry. I understand this is awkward for you."

Hermione left and Apparated to outside the Black house. It was as gloomy as ever from the outside. Once inside, Hermione was very happy about the changes. She was happy Remus had figured out how to silence Mrs. Black. The charm worked for regular noise levels. She was still a pest for louder volumes. It was beginning to look passable. Harry wanted to get down.

"Well, I guess I should feed you. What would you like?"

"Cheese," Harry stated with a grin.

"Okay. That's simple enough." Hermione went to the magically cooled cupboard and removed a block of cheddar cheese. She decided it best to cut into cubes. After plating it, she put the cubes in front of Harry. She added a cup of pumpkin juice.

"This not cheese. I want cheese, Aunt Money." Harry looked at the cubes sadly.

Hermione was clearly confused. "Harry, that is cheese."

"No. I want cheese. Where is Mummy? She can make cheese."

Hermione didn't know how to answer that. She sat down next to Harry and pulled him to her lap. "Harry, your mum is gone. I'm sorry."

The house was soon filled with Mrs. Black's screams, and the front door had banged opened and something heavy had been dropped in the entry way.

"Damn!" Hermione heard Remus exclaim. Mrs. Black went quiet mid-sentence, and footsteps came toward the kitchen. When Remus was barely through the door, Harry jumped from the chair and ran to him. "Moony," was his excited cry.

Remus, for his part, was nonplussed. He looked to Hermione for answers.

"There was an accident at Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes. Harry's about two now. The twins are working on the reversal. At least I hope they are. Harry, for some reason, doesn't like Ron, so I couldn't leave him at the Burrow."

"Ron's tall," Remus said softly and sat with Harry in his lap.

"You are observant. Ron is over six feet. I would say that makes him tall." Hermione's statement was laced with sarcasm.

Remus smiled slightly. "I'm sorry. I was explaining why Harry was uncomfortable with him. He didn't like overly tall people when he first met them. They had to grow on him a bit." He noticed the plate of cheese on the table.

Hermione followed his line of sight. "He said he wanted cheese, but then didn't."

"He meant Macaroni and Cheese." Remus stood and put Harry in the chair. He took the cheese to the counter and, using a few spells, had made the requested dish in no time. He placed it before the hungry Harry, who happily ate.

Hermione gave Remus a grateful smile. "Thanks. I've never been very good with children."

"It looks like you are doing fine."

"You should see me with my cousin Rosalyn. She usually just screams. She also eats paste and crayons."

"I'm guessing she's young. Maybe hoping."

"Three. I have problems with my peers. I'm lost when it comes to those younger than me."

"Well, Harry seems to be similar to his younger self, so he should be pretty easy. We may have a problem with him wanting to eat only this one dish."

"Why don't you stay with him, and I'll check the twins' progress."

"Sure. I hope it goes well."

Hermione stood to leave.

"Bye, Aunt Money."

"Bye, Harry." She ruffled his hair and earned a smile. She left the house and Apparated to Diagon Alley. The short walk from the Apparation point to Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes took no time because the alley was deserted with dusk approaching. The times were dangerous after all.

She entered the shop with her password since the twins had closed early. She found them in the lab area with three cauldrons brewing to break down the ingredients that had contaminated the Breath-Effects.

"Any luck?" Hermione's voice held little hope.

"Sorry, Hermione, but it looks like it's hopeless." Fred gave her a sad and tired look.

"There could be a chance it wears off." George shared his brother's look.

"I don't think that will happen. I've never been that lucky. Let me see what you have so far."

For the next few hours, Hermione looked over the twins' notes and added some herself, but her efforts ended in frustration with twins sleeping. She dropped her book on the table and got some minor joy when they both jerked awake.

"I say we call it a night. I'm going to Grimmauld Place. I'll check in with you both tomorrow."

She headed to the Apparation point. As she walked, she kept her hand in her pocket on her wand the whole time. Once or twice she started at a few sounds. Each time proved to be a rat or nothing at all. She Apparated to the spot in front of the house. She hadn't taken a step when a hand was clasped over her mouth and she was Disapparated.

A/N: As always thanks to RR for her Beta reading. Trust me, she deserves the praise.