

Welcome Home

by karelia

George isn't quite the same anymore since he lost his twin, and Molly is very worried.

~

Chapter 1 of 1

George isn't quite the same anymore since he lost his twin, and Molly is very worried.

Molly Weasley was running as if Dementors were chasing after her until she finally reached the corner to Diagon Alley. George had never been the same since Fred had died, but she was relieved that at least he wasn't in Knockturn Alley. Lately, he'd seemed even stranger.

Breathing deeply in an effort to calm herself, she walked slowly down Diagon Alley, towards Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes. Maybe, just maybe, George would be there now. He hadn't been earlier, but she could hope.

Stepping on something that wasn't pavement, Molly looked down. It was a chewed cigar. She shuddered. Yuck. Who would chew this stuff...

When she saw faint light through the windows of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, her pace increased until she was almost running again. She reached the front door and banged with both fists against the door. "George! George, are you there?"

'Please let him be there,' she prayed silently to any deity who might listen. Steps became louder, and the door opened.

"Mum." George looked at her evenly and stepped aside to let her inside. An unfamiliar sight greeted her. A young, blonde woman was sitting at the counter, holding a small girl with bright-red hair, the spitting image of her son.

"Meet Pansy and her daughter, Leslie. Mum, I might as well tell you now. I want to be part in Leslie's upbringing." He looked at her with a strange expression and swallowed hard. "Mum," his voice was reduced to a whisper, "Leslie is Fred's daughter."

Molly opened her arms and fiercely embraced the three. "Welcome home, Pansy and Leslie." She suddenly felt more whole than she had since the day Fred had died.

A/N MMadFan issued the following words: Molly Weasley, Knockturn Alley, a chewed cigar

Thanks to SouthernWitch69 for telling me of any funkies.