

The Prodigal Daughter

Perdita

The day had, Harry reflected later, been going fairly well too.

It was a Wednesday, and as school days go, Wednesdays tended to be the least troublesome. It started with his waking at the time that had become his normal time to rise. A shower, nice and hot, followed by breakfast without having to wait too long for Ron to drag his lazy carcass out of bed.

Then classes spoiled the day, but not too much. Transfiguration and Charms before lunch. His favorite Shepherd's pie at lunch. Four different classmates predicted his prolonged and painful death in Divination. No one beyond Harry and Ron seemed to notice that all four versions of his death appeared to be in major conflict with each other, given that each had a different time, place, and method of his shuffling from the mortal coil. The school day ended with a double potions, during which, of course, Neville's potion started doing things that it wasn't supposed to do, and doing them in a spectacular manner, and Harry receiving a points deduction for them and ended up needing to change his clothing.

A basic, normal Hogwarts Wednesday.

Harry was beginning to relax, settling down to the roast chicken and potatoes for his supper, when *something* started to happen between the staff table and the four house tables.

At first, it was a pinpoint of blinding white light. The point of light hovered in mid-air, approximately five feet off the floor. Students and Staff alike drew their wands and shaded their eyes with their non-dominate hands.

That was when the sound started, an echoing warble that seemed to sit in your chest and vibrate your lungs.

Harry looked to the enchanted ceiling and sighed. "Son of a BITCH!"

"Harry!" Hermione hissed from his side. "Language!"

"What's wrong Harry?" Ron asked.

"This has something to do with me," He responded, really starting to dread what he knew was coming.

"What do you mean something to do with you?" Hermione demanded.

"It's always something to do with me. Every damned time. The weird arsed thing that happens is never for Malfoy, it is never about Bones, it's never about any of the professors. It's always about me."

"We get involved sometimes too Harry," Neville pointed out.

"Because you get sucked into my life," Harry said dismissively. "Trust me, this thing is going to latch onto me somehow."

The light winked out, at first it seemed everyone had spots before their eyes, but it soon became apparent that the pinpoint of light had been replaced by a pinpoint of utter blackness.

The tiny disk of black did not remain a pinpoint for long, as it began expanding, until after several minutes it was a disk seven foot across.

The Staff rose from their seats and approached the disk, their wands out. The assembled students watched as the staff, from Dumbledore to Trelawney each cast upon the disk of darkness and it was obvious from their reactions that they were not getting responses that they expected.

"Ah, screw it," Harry said. "It's about me, it probably needs me to be close before it can let the rabid dragon through whatever kind of portal that is. If I leave, it will probably follow me. I'm going to see what this is all about."

Harry shoved himself to his feet and was utterly unsurprised when Ron and Hermione rose to follow him.

"Get back to your seat Potter," McGonagall said when she spotted them.

"Ten points from Gryffindor for being so arrogant that you think you can determine what this is," Snape sneered, until his eyes narrowed. "Unless you caused it."

"Harry, do you know what this is?" Dumbledore asked.

Before Harry could start to answer, the disk billowed outwards and a person stepped out of it with a wet sucking sound. Once she was out of the disk, it disappeared like a soap bubble popping.

"Whoa, watch that first step," the young woman said. "It's a doozy."

Harry's eyes narrowed. This woman looked almost like an... an older, much chestier, red-haired Hermione. This woman made Sue Bones look like a first year.

"Bloody Hell," Ron whispered. He had seen it too.

"Welcome to Hogwarts, Miss..." Dumbledore said, his eyes widening in recognition.

"Fuck you Albus," the woman said dismissively. "You didn't really think you could get rid of me did you? I'm back, baby. And this time, I'm staying. I've got a loving family to reconnect to, and..." she looked around the room, locking eyes with Harry.

Here it comes, Harry thought. And he was right.

"Harry!" the woman hissed as a wand appeared in her hand. Instantly, everyone in the room found themselves bound in thick heavy chains. "Not this time Uncle Harry, I love you, but you aren't saving her this time!"

Harry sagged under the weight of the chains, while wondering what the hell was going on, why this woman was calling him 'Uncle' and who it was he wasn't going to save.

"Who are you?" Hermione demanded.

"What's wrong *Mother*, don't you recognize me?" the woman asked as she stepped away from Harry. I know you know my name, you decided my name when you were you were fifteen years old."

"Perdita?" the brunette gasped.

"Yes mother," the woman spat. "Perdita Luna Weasley."

"You named your daughter for me?" Luna asked from where she was chained at the Ravenclaw table. "How sweet."

"Yes, Aunt Luna," Perdita Weasley responded. "You will be the only person I can trust beyond Harry, but this time you can't have him. He is mine!"

Harry blinked. There it was. This encounter had started off oddly, but it was quite obviously about him in some strange way. Balance was returning to the universe.

"What will be, will be," Luna shrugged. "If you're nice about it, I may share him, provided he has the stamina."

Harry's mouth opened and closed several times as that bit of information filtered through his mind. This particular adventure was starting to be a bit more about him than he was really comfortable with. Did Luna really think of him that way?"

"What do you want?" Hermione demanded in her confusion. "Why have you traveled through time?"

Perdita backhanded Hermione, knocking the woman she claimed to be her mother to the floor. "I want you dead, *Mother*," she spat.

"Young lady!" Ron broke in desperately trying to imagine what his father would do in such a situation before it came to him. "You are grounded!"

"Nice try Daddy," the woman laughed. "You don't get to tell me what to do now, not after ignoring me my whole life, between your Quidditch, sex with her, and your lording your prestige over poor Draco, you haven't said ten words to me in twenty years."

"Wait a minute," Draco Malfoy shouted from the Slytherin table. "How could the Weasel possibly 'lord his prestige' over me?"

"Your family lost everything in the Voldemort wars," the woman responded, clearly angered by the interruption. "You've been our family's servant my entire life."

"Servant?" Draco echoed, his face losing all color as that thought sank in. "For the *Weasleys* ?"

"No one else would hire you, other than Daddy. You supervise the staff, most of the rest of your housemates in your year work at Weasley Manor, though you do tend to the peacocks yourself."

"Perdita Luna Weasley," Hermione growled as she stood up, her rage causing the conjured chains to vanish, her own wand in her hand. "What is this about?"

"Do you really think you can fight me Mother?" the Perdita asked.

"I didn't start the fight, but I'll end it," Hermione hissed.

"This is just like you," the older, younger woman insisted. "You ignored me my entire life, too wrapped up in your career, your studies, in trying to keep Daddy from killing the staff. You never had time for me."

"None of that has happened yet," Hermione insisted. "Now that I know, I will do better."

"No, *Mother* , now that you know, you will die. And Uncle Harry will be mine."

Perdita's wand flashed as spell after spell toward her mother, while Hermione responded with her own barrage of colored lights. The younger, older witch put up a magnificent fight, but her own time displaced daughter was just too powerful.

"I've studied so much to prepare for this day," Perdita laughed. "I apprenticed under dark wizards, Light lords, Muggle military men, and even Mimes."

"Mimes?" Hermione asked in a horrified tone. "How could you?"

"I know what frightens you Mother," Perdita explained.

"You've left me no choice," Hermione panted.

Suddenly Perdita paled. "What are you going to do?"

"Ron," Hermione said. "We're through."

"Uh, we haven't been dating, Hermione," Ron pointed out helpfully.

"And now we never will," the brunette said with a smirk.

"No!" her daughter screamed as she began to fade from sight. "No, no no!"

As soon as the witch from the future ceased to be, the chains she had cast faded as well.

"I can't believe that worked," Harry noted, still staring where the woman had been.

"It's not that surprising Harry," Hermione said, shaking her head sadly. "Kids can be pretty stupid."

"Word," Snape nodded in agreement as he moved to take command of the Slytherin table.

"Well, Harry?" Hermione asked, one brow raised in question.

"What?" He asked in return, hoping she was not asking what he thought she was asking.

"I think you know," she said.

"All right," he sighed in surrender. "I guess it's not *always* about me."