

Wendell and Monica have a Daughter

Chapter One

A/N: I don't own Harry Potter and wouldn't particularly care to. I would like a rental agreement with option to buy for Hermione Granger. A short term contract with Nymphadora Tonks wouldn't be turned down. A Long-term agreement with Luna Lovegood would probably be a whole lot of fun. Any time Padma Patil wants to open negotiations, call me and oh for a weekend with Fleur. Oddly Lavender and Padma's sister (despite being her twin) Parvati do nothing for me...

A/N2: This story was born of my horror at what Hermione did to her parents in DH, for those who frequent the Caer Azkaban news group my views on Hermione raping her parent's minds are already fairly well known. This was so out of character for my favorite bushy haired bookworm as to actually make me angry at her. After I calmed down, I read that section again. And got angry again, that sort of set the tone for my appreciation of DH.

Anyway, the 'Harry goes to Australia to retrieve Hermione's Parents' has become something of a standard fic-monger's story, so here's my version.

Wendell and Monica have a Daughter

"– are you sure you've thought this through?" Harry persisted.

*"Let's see," said Hermione, slamming **Travels with Trolls** onto the discarded pile with a rather fierce look. "I've been packing for days, so we're ready to leave at a moment's notice, which for your information has included doing some pretty difficult magic, not to mention smuggling Mad-Eye's whole stock of Polyjuice Potion right under Ron's mum's nose.*

"I've also modified my parents' memories so that they're convinced they're really called Wendell and Monica Wilkins, and that their life's ambition is to move to Australia, which they have now done. That's to make it more difficult for Voldemort to track them down and interrogate them about me – or you, because unfortunately, I've told them quite a bit about you.

"Assuming I survive our hunt for the Horcruxes, I'll find Mum and Dad and lift the enchantment. If I don't – well, I think I've cast a good enough charm to keep them safe and happy. Wendell and Monica Wilkins don't know that they've got a daughter, you see."

- Excerpted from **Harry Potter and the Deathly Hollows, chapter 6**

====oooOOOooo====

Now:

Harry Potter paid the cab driver and stepped onto the pavement pausing to look up at the signage on the office building.

Great White Teeth the sign proclaimed, A Wilkins Dental Corporation the sign continued in smaller letters with the stereotypical shark attacking a swimmer from below. The-Man-Who-Won smiled for a moment at the innate humor of the sign, reflecting that it mirrored the humor of the man who no doubt had a hand in designing it. Then Harry's smile faded when what he had to do came back to him. He sighed and climbed the stairs to the offices.

Harry pulled the door open and stepped into the waiting area. Several people were waiting to be seen. A young woman in surgical scrubs decorated in Disney characters looked up and smiled.

"Good afternoon, could I help you?"

"Good afternoon. I'd like to make an appointment with Dr. Wilkins."

The woman pretended to look at the schedule in front of her. "I'm sorry, but both the Dr. Wilkins' schedules are full for today."

Harry leaned over to look the receptionist in the eye. He hated doing this, but it was very necessary. Early in the war he had discovered that by concentrating he could usually get most women to do what he wanted them to do. It wasn't quite a compulsion, but using it was more than a little distasteful. "I can wait. The Wilkins' were my dentists back in England, you see. I would really like to see them about the filling I lost on the flight out here. They are old friends after all."

The woman's eyes glazed a bit as Harry's aura wormed its way into her consciousness. Harry recalled Tracey Davis and Su Li calling it his 'alpha male appeal'.

"Well, I can't promise anything... but you can wait if you like." She blinked, and then smiled shyly. "I get off at five thirty."

"That's good to know," Harry said with a smile. "I'll wait."

====oooOOOooo====

Four Years ago:

Harry stared at the ceiling of Ron's room. Why couldn't he sleep? Besides the obvious of course, being depressed about the death

of Moody and the maiming of George was only natural. The news of what Hermione had done to protect her parents was just the straw that was breaking the camel's back,

Ron was also awake. "Harry?"

"Yeah mate?"

"What are we going to do Harry? This is killing Hermione."

"I know. I never expected her to do that to her parents. Not for this."

"We need her Harry, without her we'll be dead, but if anything happens to her I don't know if I could go on."

"She's never going to forgive herself for this Ron, you know that," Harry said turning to face his friend in the darkness. "Can we let her do this to herself?"

Ron sighed. "You know Hermione; she'll never admit that she's questioning herself," The redhead sat up. "She's been crying all day."

"Damn it," Harry said. "Why did I ever let her get involved with me?"

"Let her?" Ron laughed. "Mate, we're both lucky she let us get involved with her."

"Yeah, I know." Harry stood from his cot and wrapped his dressing gown around himself. "I'm going down stairs for a bit Ron; maybe a little exercise will let me sleep."

Harry made his way down stairs as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb the sleeping Weasleys. He made his way to the sitting room, finding it dimly lit by the banked fire. Harry settled himself onto the scruffy sofa only to find that he was sitting on something that moved and squawked.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, trying to see who or what he has sat on.

"Harry?"

"What are you doing down here Hermione?" Harry asked sitting next to his best friend.

"I couldn't sleep." The girl said simply in a way that Harry took to mean she was not willing to discuss the reason.

"Hermione, I've been thinking."

"Really? We should inform the Daily Prophet."

"Ho ho. Funny girl," he said sarcastically. "I was thinking about your parents. We should really do something about them."

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked dangerously.

"What we're going to be doing is horribly dodgy Hermione, you know that. If anything was to happen to you they would never be able to mourn properly."

Hermione stiffened. "That would be best. They don't need to remember me."

"Hermione, they're your parents. They deserve to remember their only child if anything were to happen to you."

"Harry..."

"Hermione, I want you to teach me how to counter the charm and return their memories. If anything happens to you, I'll give them their memories back."

"Harry," Hermione protested. "We're going to be together, if anything happens to me, it will probably happen to you as well."

"That's why we're going to each teach someone else, and get them to teach someone else, and I'll make sure funds are available so that they can make the trip."

Hermione hesitated. "In order to know how to counter the charm, I'd have to teach you the charm itself."

"So teach me."

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Things got messy for a while, with Bill and Fleur's wedding and the aftermath of the fall of the Ministry. The trio made their escape to Grimmauld Place through Harry's reflexes, Hermione's planning, and Ron's bravery.

The trio threw themselves into researching the locations and methods of destroying Voldemort's Horocruces. When ever they could steal a moment together Hermione taught Harry how the memory charm she used on her parents worked. As soon as Harry mastered that bit of complex magic, Hermione moved the lessons on to teaching him how to counter that charm.

Following the first lesson on breaking the charm Hermione sat back on the chair facing Harry. "Who are you going to approach about covering for us if anything happens?"

"Neville," Harry said without hesitation. "You?"

"Padma Patil, if I can contact her. Parvati was saying that their parents were planning on taking the family to India if Voldemort took the Ministry. If not her, Morag MacDougal."

Harry nodded, he has suspected as much.

Ron entered the library with a tray of sandwiches. "You two done for the day?"

"Yes we are Ron, thank you." She took a sandwich off the pile.

"Cheers mate." Harry agreed taking one himself. "Are you sure you don't want to learn this?"

"No way Harry, not me. I don't have the precision you need to do mind magic, besides I'd have to travel like a Muggle to meet them, I don't think I could pull that off."

Harry grinned at his friend, "When you're right Ron, you're right."

====oooOOOooo====

Now:

It was always satisfying to finish with your last patient of the day; Wendell Wilkins thought to himself as he finished drying his hands. The dentist made his way to the scheduling desk to look over his next day's appointments. He looked out into the waiting area and spotted the man sitting in a chair reading a horribly out of date magazine.

"Harry?" The dark haired man in the waiting area looked up. "Harry!"

Harry stood from the chair. "Hello sir. I hope you and your family has been well." The glasses were new, but the Dentist had hardly changed since Harry had seen him last.

Wendell wrapped the younger man in a tight hug, and whispered, "It's over?"

"Yes sir. It's over. We finished it more than a month ago, but I could only get away two days ago."

"You came directly here after that flight? You're likely to kill yourself." Wilkins turned to his receptionist. "Thank you Julie, we're done for the day, I'll lock up."

A brief look of disappointment crossed the young woman's face, before she opened a desk drawer and removed her purse. "Good night Doctor Wilkins," She said as she exited the offices.

"Mon!" Wilkins called, "Mon, your case notes can wait, get out here."

"That's the attitude that has you panicking to finish at the end of the month Wendell." Monica Wilkins said as she came out of the office space in the back of the clinic. "What could possibly be so important?" She spotted their visitor. "Harry!"

"Hello Mrs. Dr. Wilkins." Harry said repeating the silly joke he had made the first time he had met the woman. Monica Wilkins had picked up a bit of grey in her hair over the last few years, but she was still as pretty as ever.

Monica rushed to embrace the young man. "You're here, so... it's over?" she asked.

"It's over," Harry agreed. "If you'd like you can return to England..."

"We'll need to talk about that Harry, it's been four years." Wendell said.

"How's Wendy?" Harry asked, suddenly very interested in his shoes.

"Happy. Happy and insanely busy. She's finishing up her Bachelors of Biomedical Science last month, six month early." Wendell said proudly. "She's been accepted at three different medical schools, she wants to be a surgeon... of course that will probably change."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

The Wilkins exchanged a look.

"Magic changes everything Harry. At least it always has in the past." Wendell said.

Let's go home Harry." Monica said, wrapping her arm around Harry's waist.

====oooOOOooo====

Harry opened his eyes and was dazzled by gold and green; he had no idea what had happened, he only knew that he was lying on what seemed to be leaves and twigs. Struggling to draw breath into lungs that felt flattened, he blinked and realized that the gaudy glare was sunlight streaming through a canopy of leaves far above him. Then an object twitched close to his face. He pushed himself onto his hands and knees, ready to face some small, fierce creature, but saw that the object was Ron's foot. Looking around, Harry saw that they and Hermione were lying on a forest floor, apparently alone.

Harry's first thought was of the Forbidden Forest, and for a moment, even though he knew how foolish and dangerous it would be for them to appear in the grounds of Hogwarts, his heart leapt at the thought of sneaking through the trees to Hagrid's hut. However, in the few moments it took for Ron to give a low groan and Harry to start crawling toward him, he realized that this was not the Forbidden Forest; The trees looked younger, they were more widely spaced, the ground clearer.

He met Hermione, also on her hands and knees, at Ron's head. The moment his eyes fell upon Ron, all other concerns fled Harry's mind, for blood drenched the whole of Ron's left side and his face stood out, grayish-white, against the leaf-strewn earth. The Polyjuice Potion was wearing off now. Ron was halfway between Cattermole and himself in appearance, his hair turning redder and redder as his face drained of the little color it had left.

"What's happened to him?"

"Splinched," said Hermione, her fingers already busy at Ron's sleeve, where the blood was wettest and darkest.

- Excerpted from Harry Potter and the Deathly Hollows, chapter 14

====oooOOOooo====

Four Years ago:

Hermione was finally asleep. Ron made his way from the tent to where Harry was standing watch with the damned locket around his neck.

"Hey Ron. Feeling better?" Harry asked from his guard position.

"Yeah, some." The redhead grunted as he cast a privacy charm around the two of them. "Harry, we need to talk."

"Yeah." Harry agreed. "I'm sorry Ron."

"Not about my arm Harry. It's better now and will be right as rain in a few days."

"What then?" Harry asked.

"Hermione. You saw what they were doing to the Muggle born at the Ministry. You saw the bodies, the people being forced to do things under the Imperius. If the bastards catch you or me, we get killed. But if they catch Hermione... They're doing horrible things to the Muggle born, but they'd make a special example of her."

"She won't leave Ron, you know that."

"Harry, I love her."

"I know that Ron." Harry said, puzzling his own feelings for the witch.

"Merlin's Balls!" Ron shouted, testing the limits of his privacy charm. "I am such an idiot splinching myself like that! Why do you put up with me?"

"You're my best friend," Harry said quietly.

"Only because you had such exceptionally low expectations of a friend when you were eleven." The redhead calmed himself with visible effort. "We've got to protect Hermione, we've got to get her somewhere safe."

"And how do you propose we do that Ron? I mean seriously, I'd love to protect you both, but if either of us even suggested it, she'd hex us into small greasy puddles."

Ron's eyes narrowed. Harry recognized that look, it usually preceded his being metaphorically beaten about the head and shoulders in a chess game. "Use the memory charm she taught you on her."

"What?" Harry asked.

"She's shown us how to protect her. Do to her memory what she did to her parents. Then you'd have to take her to Australia and reunite her with her Mum and Dad."

“She’ll kill us.”

Ron laughed. “Mate, she’ll have to be alive to do that, and we’d have to survive.”

Harry had to acknowledge that Ron had a point there.

====oooOOOooo====

Hermione woke to the smell of bacon frying.

Bacon? Where had they gotten bacon?”

The bushy haired girl exited the sleeping area of the magical tent to find Harry cooking while Ron was setting the small table.

“Ah, Sleeping Beauty awakes!” the big goof said.

“Sleeping Beauty?” She huffed.

“Well, I’m no prize, and Harry wakes up seriously ugly, so you’re stuck with the job.” Ron said with a grin.

“Where did the food come from?” Hermione asked.

“I made a pit stop at a Muggle Market.” Harry said as he delivered a pair of eggs sunny side up along with several slices of bacon to her plate. “And I’ll have you know, I’m quite fetching in the morning.”

“Ok.” Hermione said wondering what the hell the two idiots were up to. Still, it had been a while since she had enjoyed her favorite breakfast along with pleasant conversation. After an enjoyable twenty minutes Hermione pushed her clean plate away. “That was lovely, thank you. I just wish we had some tea.”

“Tea!” Harry said slapping his forehead. “I forgot about the tea, it’s in the pot brewing.”

When Harry rose to get the tea, Ron took Hermione’s hand and raised it to his mouth, kissing her palm.

“Ron?”

“I love you ‘Mione.” The redhead said, leaning into kiss her properly.

Hermione was thrilled. Did he finally want to commit? Was he...

“Get a room you two.” Harry laughed sliding a mug in front of her. “I’m the youngest one here, and you two are scaring me for life with your inappropriate behavior!”

“Harry, you’re a prat!” Hermione laughed raising the mug to her lips. She never noticed that both the boys were paying very close attention to her taking that first sip.

====oooOOOooo====

The trip had been hell. Twenty five hours in an aircraft with a seriously blissed out, very randy Hermione had been just about more than Harry could handle.

The first thing Harry realized when he and Ron had agreed upon the plan to protect Hermione was that he didn’t know enough to just charm her memory and send her to her parents. The former Grangers not being aware that they were parents being only one of the problems.

A quick trip to Knockturn Alley under Polyjuice had provided an alternative. There Harry purchased a highly illegal potion known as the ‘Weekend of Bliss’. This was a magical version of Muggle Date Rape drugs; it rendered its victim to a state of suggestibility, absolute honesty, and extreme sexual arousal for seventy two hours or until the antidote was administered. The victim would find anything suggested to them to be an utterly good idea.

Harry’s trip under Polyjuice included a trip to his vault, which he emptied, converting the proceeds to pounds sterling. The goblins never lifting an eyebrow after he proved his identity via a blood offering.

It had taken most of a week to arrange, then Harry had to rearrange the trip when Hermione let it slip that rather than Australia , she had sent her parents to New Zealand . When asked why, she told Harry that she had spread the ‘Australia’ idea as part of a false trail incase anyone thought to go looking for the elder Grangers by asking the neighbors. Harry quickly exchanged his tickets explaining it off as ‘his bride changing her mind.’ Oddly enough, no one at the travel agency he used batted an eye.

The story Harry told everyone from the Ticket agent to the stewardess who seated them in the first class seats of the British Airways flight was that they were newlyweds on their honeymoon, a story much aided by Hermione’s giggly amorous behavior. More than once, Hermione had crawled onto his lap, taken his face in her hands and kissed him soundly, then whispered what she wanted to

do to him. All of this amidst the other passengers and the flight crew immensely, while it had Harry cursing his morality.

Harry fended off his friend's advances with judicious uses of magic in minor bursts to put her to sleep. He found himself mildly annoyed by the knowing smiles of the flight crew.

====oooOOOooo====

Now:

"You've moved," Harry said looking about the Wilkins' home while feeling a bit stupid for stating the obvious.

"We were fortunate to have a mysterious benefactor whose generosity allowed us to establish our own practice." Monica said as she led him to her spacious kitchen. "We can never thank you enough for that Harry."

"It was only because of your relationship with me that you lost everything. It was the least I could do."

"Well, Partner." Wendell said with a smile, "I think you'll find that your investment will be returning a tidy income."

"That money was a gift, not an investment."

"Sorry Harry. I don't like gifts; they make me feel indebted to the giver. A partner on the other hand I can deal with," Wendell smiled. "When I make money my partner makes money, when I don't neither does my partner. Confidentially, we're doing quite well, Partner."

Harry didn't look any happier at this news.

"So, what are your plans? Returning to Britain?" Monica asked.

"No," Harry shook his head. "I can't go back there, people... I just can't deal with how everyone is reacting to me."

"I can understand that," Wendell said, "That's pretty much how we feel. I like it here, our practice is in excellent shape, and I don't really remember what it's like to be Daniel Granger."

"And Emma Granger seems like an old friend," Monica agreed. "So, how bad was it Harry? Is Ron ok? What about Molly and Arthur?"

"Yes, and no," Harry could see that the Wilkins' weren't going to accept that for an answer. "Molly and Arthur are, well not ok, but healing. We lost Ginny two year ago, but the rest of the family are whole and not too badly hurt. They've also lost their ancestral home. They won't be able to reclaim it for a while, the ground itself is cursed so that nothing will grow and no structure will remain standing. Ron lost his right forearm in the battle that ended the war, so he has had to learn to cast with his left hand." Harry hesitated.

"What is it Harry?" Monica urged.

"Ron married a little more than two years ago, to a classmate of ours. I don't think you ever met her, Sue Bones. They just had their second baby, another little girl. Falling in love with Sue while we were on the run ate Ron up inside. He kept trying to tell me that he didn't want to betray Hermione. I told him that I never thought he was. I don't know how Hermione will take it."

"I don't know how she's going to deal with everything she's going to learn today. Where you and Ginny still together when she died?" Monica asked.

Harry grimaced a bit. "We didn't work out. After Hogwarts fell, she ended up on the run with her parents. We linked up with them after a few weeks, but she kept accusing me of being too focused on others. She felt that Ron and I had wasted the time we used to relocate Hermione. She finally hooked up with Dean Thomas."

Monica reached out across the table to take his hand. "So you've been alone all this time?"

"Not so much alone as too busy fighting to have a relationship." Harry blushed. "There have been a few girls, but... I don't really have all that much experience with people outside of Ron and Hermione."

"So what are your plans then Harry?" Wendell asked.

"I've not made any plans, not really. I'm here to give Hermione her life back, take my punishment for what I've done to her, and then I'll go and try to find my place in the world..."

"Harry," Monica said squeezing his hand.

The kitchen door opened, "Mum! I'm home."

====oooOOOooo====

Four Years ago:

It had been a long day for both the Wilkins'. The positions they had found didn't reflect their experience, or their previous incomes. The lack of money was reflected in the fleabag apartment that they now called home.

Still they had each other, but even so Wendell often wondered just why he had ever dreamed of moving to New Zealand . Wendell opened the door for Monica who almost immediately let out a startled gasp.

Wendell pushed past her to find a pair of strangers, still in their teens sitting on their threadbare jumble sale sofa.

“Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?”

Hermione looked up from Harry’s face. “Daddy?” A huge smile spread across her face. “Daddy what are you doing here? You’re not supposed to know me.”

Wendell Wilkins placed himself between the strangers and his wife. Why was this girl calling him ‘Daddy’? What was she on anyway?

The dark haired boy frowned, then lifted a stick and pointed it at Wendell. “Memor vestry” he intoned.

A shaft of orange light arced from the stick to Wendell’s forehead, and the dentist’s face creased into a grimace as he fell to his knees as a lifetime of memories returned all at once. When he opened his eyes, Daniel Granger was back.

“Hermione?” the man gasped. “What happened?”

Granger’s eyes widened as he watched the boy he knew as Harry Potter raised his wand and pointed it at his wife, “Memor vestry” the boy said again as Emma fell to her knees beside her husband.

“What the bloody hell is going on Hermione?”

“Language Daddy!” his daughter giggled. Granger watched in amazement as Hermione rose from the sofa and wrapped herself around the Potter boy.

“Sleep.” Harry said with the palm of his left hand against Hermione’s forehead. The girl slumped nervelessly, Potter catching her before she could fall to the ground.

Potter laid the sleeping girl on the sofa then turned back to the elder Grangers. “Could we go to the kitchen and talk? I’ve got a whole lot to explain, and she’ll be waking up in about an hour.”

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The explanation took most of the hour. It took longer for the Grangers to believe what Harry was telling them. After Hermione woke from her magically induced nap, she explained what she had done, while attempting to grope Harry under the table until he put her to sleep again.

“Is all of this just because of how close she is to you?” Daniel Granger asked.

“Partially,” Harry said his guilt rising to the surface yet again. “The blood bigots that are now ruling Magical Britain would still be after Hermione, but being associated with me would have only made it worse for her, and by extension, you.”

“So what happens now?” Emma asked. “It’s obvious that you can’t keep Hermione in this condition forever. It’s also very clear that you intend to return the Britain to make your stand. What is to prevent Hermione from following you?”

“With your permission, I’m planning on doing to her what she did to you. I would ask that you remain here where it’s safe and keep Hermione safe by doing so.”

“With our permission?” Daniel asked. “You want our permission to modify Hermione’s memories?”

“Yes.” Harry said simply. “If the bastards get hold of me... They’ll kill me, the same for Ron or Neville or any of the other pure or half bloods in opposition to their bigotry. But it would be several times worse for Hermione or any other Muggle born. They are doing horrible things to them.”

“Worse than death?” Emma asked, horrified at the concept.

“Yes. There are many things worse than just dying. Hermione’s moral code would force her to follow me back to Britain and back to the fight... Please help me protect her.”

“And what of our memories?” Daniel asked angrily “Will you be putting us back the way you found us, only with a daughter this time?”

“No.” The boy looked more than a little bit lost. “I need you to protect her, and you couldn’t do that if you weren’t... you.”

“You magicals are awfully cavalier with other people’s minds.” Daniel spat.

“Yes we are, and it’s wrong.” Harry said hanging his head in shame. “Hermione did what she did to protect you. It has been killing her a little bit at a time. I’m asking that you allow me to do the same thing to her to protect her and I hate myself for it.”

“And what if you’re killed Harry?” Emma asked gently. “Then she’s the person you create forever.”

“I’ve put some thought into that.” Harry reached into the small satchel he carried and brought out a sheaf of parchment. “This is an explanation of the memory charm I’m using and an explanation for why I’ve done this to Hermione, as well as directions for how you would go about contacting the New Zealand version of the Ministry. If you don’t hear from me in say, five or six years, go to the New Zealand ministry and they’ll fix her memories.” Harry smiled wryly. “And probably put out an international arrest warrant for me.”

“Harry...”

“I know that the move here has to have been disastrous to your finances.” Harry continued, not meeting their eyes. “I’d like to offer you this to help you get started.”

From his satchel Harry slid a cashier’s cheque from Barclay’s bank to Daniel Granger.

“Harry, we can’t take this.”

“You can and you will. This,” he gestured around the room, “is all because of me. Your daughter tried to protect you by wiping your memories because of me. You moved from your home and practice to... this, because of me. I’m going back to Britain , going back to a war, you may never see me again, and this money will do me no good at all. Please, take it, use it to protect yourselves and protect Hermione.”

====oooOOOooo====

Now:

The kitchen door opened, “Mum! I’m home.” Harry rose to his feet as Wendy Wilkins entered the house. The young woman was Hermione, yet she wasn’t. Her bushy hair had softened to curls, wearing a blue and orange polo shirt that proclaimed her employment at the CityStop chain of convenience shops; she dropped a book bag next to the door in a manner that Harry had seen thousands of times before only in rooms half a world away.

“I’ve invited Candace to dinner!” she called before looking up and taking in the people in the room. “HARRY!”

Harry barely had time to blink the young woman had crossed the room and wrapped him in a hug.

“Something you want to tell me about Wendy?”

Harry looked up from the girl attempting to crush him to see a smiling woman approximately the same age as Wendy Wilkins, tall with long blond hair, and an evil grin that spoke of the teasing she would soon be delivering to her friend.

“Oh, sorry.” Hermione said stepping back from Harry. “Candace, this is Harry Potter, an old family friend from Britain, I haven’t seen him in four years. Harry this is Candace Macalister, we attended Uni together, and now we slave away in a horrible little shop together.”

“Oh wonderful.” Candice said with a smile taking Harry’s hand in a firm grip, “Another bloody pom to teach how to loosen up and have fun.”

“Why don’t you two go get ready for dinner?” Monica asked sensibly.

“That’ll be beaut, Mon.” the Candace said leading Wendy Wilkins toward her room. “Come on Wendy, we need to hit the loo.” The blond pulled Wendy from the room.

“Hello Wendy.” Harry said quietly as she disappeared behind the door.

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Safely ensconced in Wendy’s room Candace Macalister gave her friend an appraising look.

“That Harry bloke’s a tasty bit isn’t he? Were you bonkin’ that back in old Blighty?”

“Candace!” Wendy said in a scandalized tone. “Harry’s an old friend, who I haven’t seen since he accompanied me here from England four years ago. And no, I wasn’t ‘bonking’ him.”

“Oh lighten up Wendy. He’s tasty is all.” The blond gave her friend a mischievous look. “If you don’t want him, mind if I take a run at the bloke?”

“I don’t even know how long he’s going to be here.” Wendy protested with a smile. “Besides, I haven’t decided if I’d like more from him or not yet and you’re supposedly dating Stephen.”

“Did you pay attention to his eyes?” The blond grinned. “The poor sod couldn’t say a word, but he never looked at anything or one in the room from the time you came in. I doubt he even saw me.”

“Hmm.” Wendy said looking for something in her closet to wear. She pulled out a blouse.

“Wendy!” Candace said. “You aren’t wearing that shapeless thing. I’ve been dragging you down to the beach for a reason girl.” The blond looked through the clothing in the closet and pulled out a different blouse. “Here we go.”

"Candace, that's at least a size too small for me."

"More like a size and a half dux." Candice grinned. "Let's see how your 'old family friend' likes a face full of your norks"

"You're terrible." Wendy said pulling the blouse on, then turning to examine her appearance in the mirror. "What do you think? Second button?"

"Third." Her friend laughed. "Let him see what he's going to be dreaming about."

====oooOOOooo====

"Harry?" Monica touched his shoulder. "Are you alright?"

"No, I'm not. She's going to hate me."

"Harry," Wendell laughed. "She's going to be angry, but it isn't in her to hate you. I remember how angry I was when you gave me back my memories, but I couldn't hate my little girl. You were her first and best friend Harry, she won't hate you."

"You'll just have to explain your motivations," Monica continued. "She'll respect them; she has to because she used them herself."

"Yeah," Harry said, not sounding all that convinced.

"It's not like she loses who she is now" Wendell said. "She will just gain who she was as well."

The two young women returned to the kitchen area laughing among themselves. Monica found Harry's reaction to Wendy's choice of outfit to be highly amusing.

====oooOOOooo====

Four Years ago:

The preparation had taken most of the day, with Hermione waking several times and still being under the influence of 'The Weekend of Bliss' had to be gently distracted. Together with the Grangers he carefully built the personae that Hermione was to take on. She would be... Hermione, only without the magic.

Much discussion went into Hermione's new name. After rejecting Susan, Melissa, Devon , and they settled on 'Wendy Olive'. Daniel enjoyed the fact that her initials spell out 'WOW'.

Harry returned to his satchel and removed a wooden case and carefully placed it on the table. "You should put this somewhere safe."

Emma picked up the box and carefully opened it. "Hermione's wand." She breathed.

"She'll need it when I return her memories."

"What for?" Daniel asked.

"To kill me."

The three people at the table broke into laughter that carried on for several seconds, and then Daniel sobered.

"If this is going to work, we have to be Wendell and Monica. Harry, you need to call me Wendell."

"Yes sir." Harry frowned. "I think I'm ready. The sooner I do this, the sooner I can get out of your lives and get back to Britain ."

"Are you sure?" Monica asked.

"Yes. Hermione should be waking again any time now, I'll give her the antidote for the potion and then..."

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Hermione sat at the kitchen table swaying slightly and giggling. "Harry... why don't we go to the backroom and talk for a while?"

"Maybe later Hermione," Harry said uncomfortable with how the potion was affecting his friend. He dug in his pocket for a tiny crystal vial and handed it to her. "I need you to take this for me. Could you do that Hermione?"

"Harry!" she giggled. "You don't need a love potion for me."

"It's not a love potion Hermione. It's just a little something to calm you down."

"k," Hermione thumbed off the vial's stopper and tipped the contents into her mouth. Almost immediately she shuddered, then her eyes dilated and she shook her head as if to clear her mind.

“Harry?” the bushy haired witch said, suddenly aware of her surroundings. “Mum? Daddy?” Hermione Granger turned back toward Harry. “What have you done? What have you done?”

“I’m sorry Hermione, I’m so sorry,” Harry said blinking back tears as he waved his wand in the complex pattern she had taught him. “Novus monumentum!”

A yellow pulse of magic leaped from Harry’s wand to Hermione’s face, shocked her eyes closed in reaction to the bright light. Then her expression calmed and a smile spread across her face.

Wendy Wilkins opened her eyes. “Hi Harry,” she said before turning to her parents. “Mum! Daddy! It’s so good to see you, was your flight as bad as ours was? Harry and I thought we were going to die from boredom!”

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Now:

Harry faced Wendy across the small kitchen table. The raven haired Wizard reached into his ever present satchel and withdrew the wooden box that he had retrieved from Monica earlier in the evening. With trembling fingers he worked the latch and removed the precious Vine wood and dragon heartstring core wand from the box before placing it in front of a very puzzled Wendy Wilkins. Candace had left for the evening an hour before and Wendy had been looking forward to maybe spending a little alone time with Harry, but she had been surprised when he had asked her parents to join them in the kitchen. Mum and Daddy had been acting oddly all evening, and this, whatever this was, seemed to be the cause. “A polished stick?” Wendy asked, picking it up. “That seems like an odd gift Harry.”

“I’ve got one too,” Harry said pulling his from his left sleeve.

“What’s it for?” she asked, looking from her friend to her parents and back again.

“Oh, it’s very handy,” Harry returned to his satchel and withdrew a roll of parchment. “These are letters from Ron, and a few newspaper clippings from Luna. You remember Ron and Luna, right?”

Wendy’s brow furrowed. “I.. think so. Ron’s tall and a redhead, right?”

“Yeah. Tall and a redhead.” Harry agreed. He then pulled a black velvet box from his bag. “This is an award you won for some of the things you did before you moved here.”

“An award?” Wendy looked at the velvet box, her brow furrowing as she tried to recall what she might have done to win an award.

“This scroll and cash award go with it” Harry said sliding an ornate scroll and a large leather bag across the table to her.

“Wendy eagerly unrolled the scroll, but her brow furrowed. “This must be a mistake Harry, this is made out to someone named Hermione Granger, and it’s marked as a posthumous award.”

“Yeah, I know” Harry said as he moved the stick in his right hand in a complex pattern that seemed somehow familiar. “Memor vestry.”

Orange light suddenly burst in her face and Wendy Wilkins squeezed her eyes shut to protect them from the glare.

Suddenly, memories she didn’t know she had rushed back into the girl’s consciousness. The shock took her breath away as she recalled her childhood home, school, success and being bullied for daring to be smart, of her parents, Granger not Wilkins, learning of magic, meeting Harry and Ron, and a troll, a dragon, flying on a hippogriff, fighting for her life in a dark somewhere against adults who hated her for who her parents were, of pain when the curse cut her open, of Ron, Ron, Ron. And Harry.

Hermione Granger opened her eyes for the first time in four years. She was not a happy young woman.

Harry had been prepared for Hermione to react, for her to storm from the room, for her to scream at him, for her to pick up her wand and hex him or curse him, or even transfigure him into something small and unpleasant. He was completely unprepared for what she did do.

The punch was perfectly timed and perfectly placed. Harry actually heard the cartilage in his nose snap as the force of the blow knocked him backwards out of the chair. He hit the back of his head hard against the wall behind him before he slid to the ground and blood started gushing from his nostrils. Some part of his mind reflected that being on the receiving end wasn’t quite as funny as when he had seen her do the same thing to Draco Malfoy...

Hermione launched herself over the table, landing on top of the bleeding young man. Straddling his body she continued to hit him, again and again. “How dare you?” she screamed. “You took everything from me. You bastard!” Hermione’s rage had her magic flaring into the visible spectrum, causing the young woman to appear to be an avenging angel, complete with a halo.

Her mother pulled Hermione off of Harry’s body. The girl, still screaming with rage snatched her wand from the table, pointing it directly into Harry’s bloodied face.

“Get out! Get out now! I never want to see you again! You and I are through!”

Holding his broken nose with his left hand tears running down his face, Harry rose to his feet slowly, painfully, retrieving his wand as he stood. “I’b sowy”

"I don't care. Get out of my house!" Hermione screamed. "If I ever see you again, I'll kill you for what you've done to me!"

"As you wish," Harry said disappearing with a soft crack.

"HERMIONE JANE GRANGER!" Monica Wilkins shouted, finally past the shock of how violently Hermione had reacted to her friend. "What have you done?"

"Do you know what he did to me?" Hermione shouted.

"Oh, I've got an idea, considering you did the same thing to your father and me."

The halo around the girl faded instantly. "That wasn't the same thing at all!" She said in a small voice. "I was trying to protect you."

"And Harry was trying to protect you Hermione."

"But that was different..." Hermione hesitated. "I'm... I'm... I'm a witch."

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The Wilkins' exchanged looks, then Wendell rose from his chair. "Very well done Hermione. Very well done indeed. That young man risked everything for you, and you treated him like that." He shook his head. "You know, Harry told us that you would kill him for protecting you like you protected your mother and me. Monica and I laughed at that idea... I mean we couldn't imagine our Hermione becoming so enraged as to lose rational thought when someone did to her what she did to her own parents for exactly the same reasons. I guess he knows you better than we do. I'm going to bed. You need to decide if you're going to be Wendy Wilkins, the Doctor who can do magic or Hermione Granger, the Witch who knows medicine. Your mother and I have already decided to remain the Wilkins. Good night Hermione."

"Daddy?" The young Witch gasped watching her father leave the kitchen.

"Sit down Hermione." Monica said sliding a cup of tea in front of the young woman. "We need to talk a bit, I think."

"Mum, why are you both..."

Monica Wilkins raised her hand in a clear indication that Hermione should stop speaking. "I should have been clearer. I'm going to talk. What the hell were you thinking, Hermione? Since when is physical violence your first best reaction to anything?"

"But he..."

"He and Ron did what they felt they had to do to protect you, just as you did what you felt you had to do to protect your father and me. Is it your position that your father should have broken your nose?"

"Of course not. But he..."

"He bankrupted himself to protect you and to return to your father and me the financial independence we were used to. And you hit him. Harry left a place where he is a hero, where he was celebrated and no doubt could have his choice of young women to come here and... How did he put it? Give you your life back. And you hit him." Monica shook her head. "I'm so proud to know that young man, as proud as I used to be of you, my darling daughter. I'm curious though, Hermione, what is it about your being a witch that makes your memories more important than mine?"

"That's not what I meant, Mum."

"Perhaps not, but it is what you said. It was different for you, because you are a witch."

"I don't think like that." The girl said quietly.

"But you do, Hermione. You knew better than your father and me; you protected us without even asking us what we wanted. After all, we're just Muggles, right?" Monica took a sip of her tea. "Every year you went to that school you came back a little more distant, a little more full of yourself. For the longest time I thought that was just the reactions of an intelligent young woman growing up, then you stripped our memories from us. You were eighteen I was forty two. What precisely made your judgment superior to mine? Superior to your father's?"

"Mum, I..." Hermione began.

"I don't want to hear it Hermione, I really don't." The woman pointed to the parchment on the table. "Those are letters from Ronald Weasley. If you feel the need to assault him, you'll have to go to Britain to do it as he didn't come."

"Ron?" Hermione asked wistfully.

"Don't get your hopes up my darling daughter. It's been four years for him, and Harry told us that he had married, and now had two daughters. Ronald evidently lost his right forearm in the final fight, and is learning to cast left handed. According to Harry, Ron somehow managed to write you almost every day."

"Ron is married?"

"Yes, to a former classmate of yours. Susan someone. The silk box holds your posthumous Order of Merlin."

"Posthumous?"

"As Harry explained it, you are presumed dead due to having disappeared. Neither Harry nor Ronald disabused anyone from this belief, not knowing if you would ever be returning, and wanting to allow you the choice."

"I... see."

Monica rose from the table. "I'm going to bed Hermione. I think perhaps you should consider what you have done tonight. There is something you should think about. You told that young man to leave and never come back. You said that you would kill him if you ever saw him again. And he said 'as you wish'. You may have gotten just what you asked for. Your anger may well have cost you your first, best friend. Oh, one more thing. You told Harry to get out of your house. Until such time as you actually have a house, never do that again. This is your fathers and my house, and Harry will always be welcome here. Good night Hermione."

Hermione watched as her mother left the room. Was she right? Had she chased Harry away forever? What had she been thinking?

With a trembling hand, she reached for Ron's letters.

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