

Growing Up

Von Pris

Comes the Inquisitor

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter. I may be female, but I'm definitely not that old or English.

Many thanks to my Beta.

On with the story.

Comes the Inquisitor

On Sunday morning Molly Weasley was standing in her kitchen washing up after breakfast. She was surprised to suddenly see one of her twin sons standing in the doorway.

"George dear, you should have brought Fred and Harry with you! And a week sooner at that!" Molly shouted.

"Morning, Mum. We had much to do. I'll tell everything when the others are here." George said.

Being very curious Molly shouted that everyone should come down at once. Bill was there with Fleur, Charlie with Tonks, Percy with Penelope, Ron with Hermione, and Ginny with Dean. Surprisingly Dean looked relatively unharmed. Last to come down was Arthur.

"Well George, spill." Molly all but growled.

"Yes Mum. On Monday morning, Professor Snape came by to tell us about the progress he had with our potion. He had tested it in every possible way and could find no fault. He assumes that Harry had a freak allergic reaction to the potion itself, not one of the ingredients. Therefore the process can't be reversed and Harry has to grow up the normal way. He won't get his memories back either." George said.

"And what are you going to do now?" Arthur asked faintly.

"We left Harry with Snape on Monday and went to see Professor Dumbledore. He

helped arrange the adoption." George answered. In the following silence you could have heard a pin drop.

"Come again, George." Bill said.

"We adopted Harry. His name is Henry Arthur Weasley now. We even bought a house. We moved in on Friday." George listed.

"The Headmaster let you two adopt him?" Charlie asked.

"Obviously." George said.

"Where did you get the money for the house?" Molly asked.

"Well, the shop was going really well, so we had a bit more than fifty thousand Galleons cash. The rest was covered by a loan. We will have paid it back in two years." George answered.

"I need a drink." Arthur said.

"Not in the morning!" Molly replied sternly.

"Will Fred and Harry come by today?" Ginny asked.

"Yes, they are waiting outside." George answered.

As soon as Fred stepped inside with Harry, Molly picked Harry out of Fred's arms at once. Harry didn't like that one bit and started crying. George took him back and Harry quieted.

"There now, Harry, no need to cry. Look, this is your Grandma Molly and your Grandpa Arthur. That's your Auntie Ginny with her boyfriend Dean. Later we will tell Dean that we have a shovel and know how to use it. This is your Uncle Ron with his girlfriend Hermione. Next to him is your Uncle Percy with his fiancée Penelope. And that is your Uncle Charlie with his girlfriend Nymphadora. But she doesn't like that name, so you have to call her Tonks. And finally we come to your Uncle Bill and his fiancée Fleur. She's French. Say hello Harry." George said.

"Hello." Harry said.

"Now I'm gonna give you to Grandma. Will you stay with her a bit for me, Harry?" George asked. At Harry's nod he handed him over.

"Hello Harry. I'm sorry I frightened you. Did you have breakfast?" Molly asked. Harry nodded.

"What did you have?" She inquired.

"Ridge." Harry answered.

"That's his word for porridge, Mum." Fred supplied.

"What do you feed him normally?" Molly asked.

"Well, for breakfast he gets cereals, porridge, toast or sometimes eggs and bacon. At around

ten he eats some fruit. For lunch he eats what we eat, normal English food. In the afternoon he gets some more fruit and a sweet. And for dinner we eat bread, cheese, ham...you get the idea." George answered.

"Do you feed him vegetables?" Molly asked.

"Well, we eat a vegetarian lunch four times a week and there is always salad and a vegetable side dish when we have meat for lunch. Mum, he's been living with us for almost a month. Madam Pomfrey insists on checking him every week and she even put a monitoring spell on us for one week without us knowing to find out what we fed him and she approved. She most likely knows everything about proper nutrition. Satisfied, Mum?" Fred asked.

"With that, yes. When and where does he sleep?" Molly inquired further.

"Since we moved to the house he has his own room. Before his crib stood in either my or Fred's room. We put him to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and he sleeps until seven o'clock in the morning. After lunch he sleeps for an hour." George answered.

Molly blinked. "Good. What do you do with him all day and what do you do?" She asked.

"After breakfast one of us goes to the shop to let in the assistants, we hired two. Then the one at the shop starts working on new products. We eat lunch together at home and switch places, so the one who stayed with Harry is at the shop in the afternoon and comes home after closing the shop in time for dinner." Fred started.

"Usually we play with Harry or go to the park to meet other children. We read to him a lot as well. The new house came with a big garden where we will put a swing set and a sandbox. The house also came with a fairly big library that actually has a section of children's books, so we won't run out of things to read. It contains no dark arts books." George finished.

"Who does the housework?" Molly asked.

"We hired two house-elves. We even managed to get them to accept a pay of one Galleon a month. They refused more." Fred answered.

"You astound me, boys. Where did you learn all this?" Molly asked floored.

"Well, we know how to manage a shop and we remembered what you did. We expanded from there." George answered.

"One question: Isn't Zonko's a huge competition for you?" Bill asked.

"Not really. We already own thirty percent of Zonko's shares and thus are second greatest shareholder. With the bonus of the shares we own we slowly buy the last nineteen percent. We prepare for a hostile takeover in the long run. At the moment we supply Zonko's with some of our products. All this combined with our mail-order catalogue puts some strain on Zonko's." Fred answered.

"It seems that you are more than capable to care for a child and provide everything it needs." Arthur said.

"I never expected to get the first grandchild from you two. I am very proud of you. I never thought you would be this responsible. I'm so sorry that I assumed that you wouldn't dream of doing anything remotely like this. I thought you would push him over to me if it came to the worst." Molly said with tears in her eyes.

"It's okay, Mum. We know what image we project. Why don't you hand Harry over to Dad and I will make you a cup of tea." Fred suggested. Molly gave Harry to Arthur and finally sat down. Fred busied himself at the stove.

"Hello Harry. Apparently those two named you after me. My full name is Arthur Henry Weasley. Who's this?" He asked and pointed at George.

"Papa George!" Harry said.

"And this?" He asked pointing at Bill.

"Uncle Bill." Harry answered.

"Do you know who I am?" Arthur asked.

"Grampa." Harry said.

"Good boy. Perhaps you will have a few cousins soon." Arthur said looking at Percy and Bill.

"Oy, Dad! Let us marry first!" Bill exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, Dad. Our first children won't be born 'premature'! Right, Bill?" Percy added and Bill nodded. Arthur had the decency to blush at that and Molly murmured that she better started preparing lunch.

While Molly prepared lunch the others sat around the table and talked. Harry was passed from lap to lap. At lunch everyone except Fred and George were amazed that Harry never once made a fuss about what he was supposed to eat. After lunch Fred and George sat under a tree in the Garden with Harry asleep in Fred's arms. Molly came out to them and just watched for a while.

"He looks like you two, you know?" She said softly.

"Yes. He's the cutest baby I have ever seen. But I guess all parents say that." George replied.

"I know you, boys. There is something more than a sense of duty behind all your actions. I think you might have adopted him anyway, but a full magical adoption is a far bigger step than a sense of duty would dictate. Why did you do this?" Molly asked.

"You see, we considered donating for a sperm bank, but they told us that our sperm was completely useless." Fred said.

"Harry gave us his winnings from the Tournament so we got money for our business anyway." George continued.

"Once we had the money we went to a specialist to see if anything could be done." Fred elaborated.

"We both have a random mutation on the Y-Chromosome that makes us completely sterile." George sighed.

"We managed to get blood samples from our brothers and had them tested. They don't share the mutation." Fred finished.

"So when this chance presented itself you grabbed it and ran." Molly stated.

"Yes, something like that." George said.

"I won't tell any of the others. Especially not your father. Do you blame him?" Molly asked.

"He obviously doesn't share the mutation, so why would we?" Fred replied.

"I'm glad you told me. This is too much of a burden to carry alone. If you ever need me, I will be there. And I expect to see Harry at least once a week!" Molly said.

"Sure, Mum. You can come over any time you like." Fred answered.

Harry looked around. His Papas were talking to Grama and Grampa and had left him with Uncle Ron, Auntie Ginny, Dean and Mione. He wasn't sure if he liked that. They were upstairs in a very orange room that belonged to Uncle Ron. Everywhere were pictures of people in orange robes carrying brooms. Perhaps they were Quidditch players? He decided to ask.

"Kiddif?" He asked pointing at a picture.

"Yes, those are Quidditch players, Harry. Do you like Quidditch?" Uncle Ron said.

"Papa says fun." Harry said.

"Perhaps you can come and watch one day when we play at school." Auntie Ginny said.

"School fun?" Harry asked.

"Most of the time," Mione said.

"Mione up!" Harry demanded.

"Do you want me to pick you up, Harry?" Mione asked. Harry nodded.

After he was settled on Mione's lap Harry leaned back and started sucking his thumb. The others thought that was cute. He watched them talking. Most of the words he didn't understand. But they often repeated the name Snape. They were talking about the man who had taken him to the zoo! He let go of his thumb.

"Sev'rus Snape!" He said.

"Do you know Professor Snape, Harry?" Auntie Ginny asked.

"Went zoo." Harry said.

"Professor Snape took you to the Zoo?" Dean asked surprised.

"Fun!" Harry said. The others just looked.

"Will wonders ever cease?" Mione asked.

After this exciting day Harry nearly fell asleep in his dinner, so Fred and George hurried to get him home and to bed. Bathing was a nerve wrecking affair, as they had to be extra careful with the sleepy child. Harry fell asleep on the way from the bathroom to his bedroom and didn't even wake when he was laid down in the crib. Fred and George watched him sleep for a long time.

A/N: The title is taken from an Babylon 5 episode. It seemed fitting...