Wingardium Leviosa, (Because It Makes Things Float)

by ReverseHipster (jaguaria)

Summary
Hermione Granger, twenty-five and graduated from Hogwarts, is now a freelance investigator for MACUSA. A request from the FBI sends Hermione to Derry, Maine to investigate a series of child murders that took place over the last eight months. She gets roped into a situation that calls for her unique skill set, because we all know It is no ordinary serial killer. She befriends the Loser's Club and forms an atypical relationship to the clown itself as well as its secret alter-ego, Bill Gray.

Follows the plot of the 2017 movie as well as all of its lovely canonical monthly separations.

Notes

On the outside, this pairing sounds completely insane, and it is. But let me remind you lovely people on this site that this is definitely not the weirdest Harry Potter pairing in the fandom. I just think Hermione could lessen It's thuggish tendencies and mellow him out if anything else, so to speak. Hermione is no slouch either, she's lived through a Wizarding War for crying out loud! She's not delicate. Also please note that (almost) none of the details are book-canon, except for Bob Gray (now Bill Gray due to Bill Skarsgard's performance) and Maturin. I'll try to tackle reading that monster possibly sometime this summer and possibly add in some things then. Until then, however, just stick with movie logic. There, I've said my piece. If you don't like it, don't read it.
Victim #1: Claire Elizabeth LeBeau

October 1988

The bushes rustled and the trees groaned with the oncoming wind. Detached multicolored leaves twirled across the sidewalk like ballet dancers on a knife. The small schoolchildren escaped their prisons in favor of frolicking in piles of said leaves: crunching and munching, undertaken by their small shoes.

The sounds and smells of the late-summer circus fill the air as the poor underpaid circus-hands begin to reorganize the animal-filled wagons, carousels, and music-makers. Popcorn and cotton candy paper litter the ground where the circus will stand for one day more. The horses bray and the lions roar as they too sense the changing winds. They know something is afoot, something that can be disguised by the red leaves and the costumes upheld by small children and circus performers alike. When the screams of delight mask the true screams of terror is the opportune time for It to strike.

However, It cannot wait. It has just awoken, and It is hungry, very hungry.

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Claire LeBeau walked down the sunny sidewalk, feeling the autumn breeze blow through her hair as though it wanted to lift the blond locks out of their two small pigtails. She giggled and adjusted her pink backpack as it slightly slid off of her shoulders. The jostle caused the indigo poodle patch that had been poorly ironed on by an overworked mother to finally give way, falling to the ground before getting caught in the undertow of the leaves. Claire continued walking obliviously as the wind carried the light patch further and further away from its owner.

Dodging trees and mailboxes, the patch within the leaves blew down the street. It twisted in the air, high above the sidewalk before the wind suddenly stopped. The airborne foliage fluttered to the ground from its great height. The patch fell too, aiming for the asphalt street beside a storm drain. When it was not three inches from the ground, an unkempt costumed arm shot out of the opening and snatched the patch from the air with a rapid ‘thwack’. With the patch clutched the clenched fist, the arm slithered back into the drain, grinding along the asphalt with a hiss.

Unbeknownst to Claire, she would not be making it home from school. Not even as she walked along, stuck in her own little world, did she ever think of the danger that resided underneath the seemingly average little town whose highlights were made up of three square blocks, a school for each appropriate level, a church, and a drugstore. Children were rather naive that way, and this naivete made them easier targets.

Claire began to hum a little tune to herself as she neared the wooded area near her house. Unlike the deciduous trees that spotted the cemented sidewalk, these trees were coniferous as the day was long, therefore they didn’t have leaves to lose. Sure, they had pine-cones and needles to throw down upon the dirt ground that lie underneath it, but the most important thing was the fact that the lack of barenness provided an excellent cover for many things. Hiking, camping, and love trysts were among the most popular of these things, but the most relevant thing in this moment was murder. The humming stopped.
Claire could see her house. It was about four more houses away. She was so close.

All of a sudden, she heard a loud snap that for any adult could fall into one of two categories: a snapping branch, or a snapping bone. However, everyone, no matter what age, has the sense to attempt to place where the sound likely occurred. Claire did exactly this. Swiveling her own head and shoulders in the forest, she tried to place where she heard the snap.

It was then that she noticed that there was no noise coming from the forest itself. The buzzing from the cicadas, bees, and flies was absent. The cheerful tweets of the birds was also silent. Neither did the wind rustle the trees as it had before. It was too quiet.

However, it wasn’t before long that the tune Claire had been humming to herself earlier was echoed back to her from beyond the visible treeline. This time however, it was whistled, and it wasn’t whistled very well. The rendition was enough that she could tell what it was, but each of the bastardized notes reflected it for what it truly was: a lure. Unfortunately for Claire, it was a good one.

Her lovely little white Mary Janes stumbled from the path, one after another as she stepped foot into the darkness that the high-reaching branches provided. The inside was just as eerie as the outside. There was barely any light, but there was just enough to create a suspiciously straightforward path that led Claire deeper and deeper. She didn’t find anything wrong with her situation until the sun went behind the clouds and she heard the whistling stop, leaving her in the opaque silence.

This was the part where she realized that she was hopelessly lost. Panic began to set in. Blood began to pound her heartbeat faster and faster. A snap identical to the one before echoed in the silence right behind her, catching her attention. Her head whipped around to once again attempt to identify the source, but she couldn’t see anything that would have caused such a sound. Turning her head back around, she was met with yellow-red catlike eyes that glimmered in the darkness of the bushes. Fear chose this moment to grow within Claire, choking her hopeful “Hello?” into nothing more than a whimper.

A playful growl like that of an overgrown puppy answered back. The girl’s fear halted, overridden by curiosity. The schema in her memory of the thoughts and ideas that made up a dog were exhibited here in those eyes and the growl. That wasn’t good for It.

The supposed dog stepped forth from the bushes that concealed it from sight, revealing itself to be something else altogether.

It had indigo fur in patches along its body, looking more like a shaving accident than anything normal on an animal. Its mouth was too big, its smile stretching all the way to its ears. Its body was the most disturbing with limbs too long and what looked like a hunchback. The “dog” was clearly not a dog. It was closer to a hyena, and it sure acted like one when it began to laugh that same anxiety-caused laugh that makes hyenas so famous in the first place. The laugh warbled from a high-pitched squeak to a low rumble that sent a chill down Claire’s spine.

The dog began to advance on the young schoolgirl as she stood there uncomprehending what she was seeing. However, when it got close enough, her body took over her mind’s control and she ran.
The chase was on as Claire flew through the dense forest the same way she came. Low-hanging tree branches swatted at her arms and face while exposed roots threatened to trip her. The footfalls of the snarling beast trailed her in the same way a shark follows the scent of blood. In this case, It was following the scent of her fear.

Claire could see the light of the neighborhood through the trees, the metaphorical light at the end of the tunnel. However, just as she was about to breach the visible treeline, a root actually tripped her. Her face hit the ground causing her vision to become blurred as she flipped herself over to get up. A scream escaped her lips as she met the face of the dog, or, well, two of them because of her doubled vision. It had stopped to watch her fall, but It was quickly bored of this chase. As Claire attempted to rise, the dog got down on its haunches, winding itself up to pounce.

Not a split second passed before the large animal landed on the frail child, claws scratching into her chest and half-hazardly pulling out her heart and lungs. The sick squelch of the gooey flesh echoed in Claire’s ears as she died.

Unperturbed by a lack of life in the child, It continued to feast. The next parts to be consumed were the lower organs. At some point during this process, It had morphed into his clown form. The transformation caused little distraction because there was no pause in his consumption. The muscles
and fat came next; so ripe with bloody adrenaline and fear that the creature actually moaned with satisfaction. It had been twenty-seven years since his last meal.

Soon enough, there was only skin and bone left. Blood soaked the front of the clown costume as It made quick work of tearing, grinding, and consuming the remains. The same demented giggle echoed through the vicinity as the creature slunk back toward It lair. Soon, It promised. It would need to feast again very soon because the long sleep always made It weak. The first feedings were always close together for that reason.

Crooked steps wandered through the water of the Barrens, always vigilant but this time not ready to be seen by any stray man, woman, or child until at least a few feasts.

However, as was usually the case, the only sign that anything occurred at all in the forest was the large bloodstain on the ground, hidden later by bushes and foliage until the police begin to investigate later that night. Pennywise took immense joy in the misery and grief of the family upon finding out that their youngest child was never coming home again.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Claire Elizabeth LeBeau

Age: 6

Hair: Blonde

Eye: Blue

Missing Since: October 3rd, 1988

Last seen walking home from school in Derry, Maine.
October 17th, 1988

It was two weeks after Claire LeBeau’s disappearance. The police were hesitant to say that it was a murder, but there was simply too large of a bloodstain to be anything else. The funeral arrangements were made as well as they could be without a body to bury. A fog had swarmed around Derry that day, dulling the senses of the citizens, telling them to pay no mind to the grieving family. Accidents happen.

Missing posters bearing grim tidings hung on most of the posts in the small town, but none gave them more than a passing glance. Hope slowly died inside of the remaining three family members. It was visible on their gaunt expressions.

The eldest daughter with straw-like hair, once overly clean and gleaming with the summer sun like spun silk, loses herself in her own thoughts. Only a few of these thoughts made it on paper, and those that did were surprisingly well written—a mark of high intelligence plagued by grief. After-high-school plans change to staying with equally grieving parents. There was a chance to escape, to start a new life in college or the rest of the world. However, the eldest daughter is too close to cause such an enormous feeling of empty-nest syndrome in them for her own selfish pursuits.

The mother is too blinded by grief to notice anything of her living daughter’s dilemma. It is simply too much to process the death of her angel as well as the future absence of the eldest daughter. So, she cloisters herself away, putting up barricades of clean dishes and laundry baskets to hide behind. The home cooked meals taste dull, but no one has the sense to complain. She prays to God less now. There was no reason for Claire to die. If that was God’s plan for her, then God is the Devil in disguise.

The father cashiering at the local diner stares blankly ahead with eyes too dull to be considered alive. His monotone voice on a broken record. “Can I take your order?” A pause, followed by a mindlessly written order slip that provoked the man to robotically place it on the spinning wheel that distributed it to the cook on the other side of the window. Those dead eyes don’t even look down as the food is handed to the customer. He wasn’t cheerful enough, and likely never would be again. The manager thought for a long while that firing the man was best for everyone except the man in question. However, he was filled with pity for the man, so the debate was left stone cold for another day’s contemplation.

Even as Mr. LeBeau made change, and as the diner-goers gave him their own tips of pity, there was still an overhanging and foreboding cloud over everyone in Derry. Whoever the kidnapping murderer was, he was still out there.

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It had been raining a lot lately, so it was no surprise that the weather forecast sent word of a heavy
The fog cover that would drape across the entirety of Derry. Lo and behold, there was indeed a large fog cover that was among the worst the town had seen in a long while. No cars dared to navigate the mist as adults called in to say that they weren’t coming into work that day, especially not when they couldn’t see the houses across the street from their own.

This sense of loneliness was present in the minds of all who looked out their windows, only seeing the foggy abyss. It was the sort of thing that the adults and older teens contemplated about. It was a distraction from their current mundane lives, and, most importantly, it was a distraction from a certain clown that lurked underground.

The LeBeau child had been a necessary meal so the creature could regain a large part of its former strength, but now It was ready for something larger, meatier. The fog was crafted by the clown to draw out this type of prey. It was the older children who were still naive to the danger of the unknown yet brave enough to dare facing it. These were the same children who would tell their mothers things like, “that story is for babies” or “I’m not a little kid anymore.”

The fog would keep the younger children inside where they would be closer to their parents, so there would be no distractions such as that. It was not strong enough yet to take more than one small child anyway, and It could not settle for only one. So, the logical solution, although in the creature’s mind, was to simply choose a larger target, and soon enough, there was one.

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Young David White donned his red converse, intending to go to his friend’s house for the afternoon. School was canceled as well, so there was nothing better to do. The fog didn’t scare him. In fact, it looked like it would be fun to walk through it and see where it led him. A flashlight, a Game Boy, and some snacks from the kitchen were packed in a bag, nearly crushing some G.I. Joe action figures. His parents were watching some news broadcast on the television, uncaring of their sons whims. Lastly, he shoved his favorite baseball cap over his ash brown hair.

Stepping out of his blue-painted house, the boy ignored the driveway and dashed across the immaculate front lawn that glistened with morning dew. He confidently walked along the sidewalk toward his friend’s house. The fog cover made seeing far away hard for David, but he was determined. There were very few things that scared him. His worst fear was heights, but there was no way, at least in his mind, that he should be scared of the fog.

It didn’t take long for David to realize that he wasn’t quite sure where he was. He had kept following the sidewalk, but he should have been at his friend’s house by now. Perhaps he had got turned around on one of the streets, where he was supposed to turn right instead of going straight. It was so hard to tell when he could only see a few meters in front of him at a time. Panicked, the boy began to mentally retrace his steps. When he had some sort of idea where he was, he began to walk back the way he came. Unbeknownst to David, he was already caught in the spider’s web.

David soon saw a familiar house. He knew where he was now. Relieved, the boy began to walk faster, but was startled as the fog suddenly thickened, obscuring his vision even further. He began to run, forgetting about getting to his friend’s house and instead trying to get to the familiar house that must be closer now. Instead, the boy felt the ground shake unlike any way he’d felt before. This must be what an earthquake feels like. He forced himself to stop and change direction once more, running away from the tremors.
The boy skidded to a stop once more upon seeing an enormous chasm that divided the entire street in two. A fifty foot drop awaited anyone that fell in. Petrified, the boy ran away from the chasm before discovering that he was surrounded. The chasm encircled him, trapping him on his own concrete island. It was too far to jump, and there was nothing he could do. The confidence that he once held at the beginning of his trek left him instantly. Crouching down, David curled in on himself, not daring to look down. His bag lay abandoned next to him on the ground. He didn’t feel the presence of someone else behind him until it was too late.

A sharp yank on David’s shirt collar brought him out of his compressed position. The boy yelled as he was dragged closer to the edge, the backs of his legs gaining bloody scratches from the asphalt. He couldn’t see the other presence until he was picked up like he weighed nothing more than a sack of flour and dangled in front of the person’s face.

A clown’s face glared back at him with a ferocity that had no business being on a clown. After a brief moment of eye-contact, the clown gave the scared and confused boy a shake.

“I want fear… not despair!” It hissed as David felt the slimy tendrils of fear begin to appear again inside him.

The clown smirked at this before stepping closer to the edge of the chasm and dangling him over the edge. The boy shrieked as he looked down, tears beginning to fall from his eyes and into the abyss below. Pennywise even had its own demented fun with harassing the boy by pretending to drop him over the edge a few times, the screaming pleas for help music to It’s ears. Each round of this restarted the endless crying fit from David, causing a giggling laugh to erupt from the clown’s painted mouth.

When the boy’s fear was at its maximum, the clown pretended to drop him one more time before yanking him into a bone-crushing hug and ripping David’s throat out with a toothy shred. The creature’s jaw extended before biting down again, effectively decapitating the child. A snap echoed in the fog as the head fell onto the pavement, David’s last expression of fear frozen on his face.

Sniffing around the body, Pennywise quickly located the adrenal glands that lie on top of the corpse’s kidneys. They were still secreting the mouth-watering cortisol, the fear hormone that It craves so desperately. Another shred of claws ripped open the torso for access to these organs. With squelches and splatters too disgusting to describe, the squishy heart, lungs, and lower intestines were devoured with gusto, saving the tastier parts for last.

Unlike Claire LeBeau, the creature did not consume the whole body right away, It was not as hungry as before, but he still had to take the rest of the body to eat until another morsel passed by. So, with as much care as It could manage, Pennywise gathered up the remaining parts of the corpse and walked through the fog. The chasm illusion disappeared as though it had never been there at all. However, It stopped before glancing back at the large bloodstain that now decorated the pavement. Not too far from it was the bag that David had left on the ground. Smirking with teeth too large for their mouth, the clown snatched it from the ground, intending to place it with It’s other trophies in It’s lair. With everything in order, at least in the creature’s mind, Pennywise disappeared into the fog, heading back into the depths of Derry.

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Once the fog cleared, everyone could see the large bloodstain that stained the pavement in the middle of the neighborhood's road. The smell of death was rancid around the area and remained long after
the crime scene was swiftly cleaned. Derry's police were confounded. Another murder in the middle of a street in broad daylight was unheard of, even with the fog cover. Someone should have seen something, but no one did. The whole case seemed off, and no one wanted to admit that there might be an unhinged serial killer in their midst. Instead, the townspeople of Derry focused on their own lives, selfishly leaving every man for themselves.

As was similar with Claire, the rest of Derry, apart from David’s parents, didn’t care very much about the grieving couple that lost their only son. They averted their eyes in respect to Mrs. White’s tears and Mr. White’s lost expressions in his own workplace. After all, there wasn’t much that one could say for such a situation. They’d let their son go outside in such horrible conditions while they sat in their cozy house twiddling their thumbs and waiting for the fog to pass. Of course the parents blamed themselves.

The clown could sense in the minds of the couple that they were planning on leaving the small town soon enough. It didn’t care, It didn’t need anything else from them. They were too old to taste good, and they didn’t have any more children to eat. They were unnecessary now, so they had It’s permission to leave.

However, a similar death of a child in such a small town in such a short time span reared such an ugly head to all of the other parents in Derry that an acute sense of fear echoed through the minds of the families. It was enough for the creature responsible to crave another fearful meal. The sense of paranoia was also just as much of a hindrance for Pennywise as much as it was a boon. This way, parents kept closer watches on their children. They would offer to drive their children to school and pick them up afterward. It would be harder for It to feast, but the meals would taste all the better for it.

Risks would have to be taken just this once. Another child would be needed soon, then the initial “wake-up” cravings would be gone and the creature could adapt a sparser feeding pattern.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: David Michael White

Age: 10

Hair: Brown

Eye: Brown

Missing Since: October 17th, 1988

Last seen leaving his house in Derry, Maine.

Chapter End Notes

Hello Readers!
I hope you are enjoying this story so far. There are a few more chapters before the story really gets rolling, but I have good news. The next chapter is the Storm Drain/Georgie’s Death scene, so those IT fans that are here should enjoy that. I apologize to the HP fans
because you'll have to wait a bit until Hermione's debut. We gotta have murders for her to investigate. I'll try and get the next chapter up as soon as I can.
As always, comment, leave kudos, whatever you like. I love hearing from you lovely people.
Victim #3: George Elmer Denbrough

Chapter Notes

Woo! Two chapters in one day? I'm on fire. This will likely not happen again soon, so don't expect it. Anyway, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

October 22nd, 1988

The rip of paper was heard throughout the dim room as Bill Denbrough folded the ripped-out page into a boat for his younger brother Georgie. It was raining again, but this time, Georgie would have to go out alone because his older brother got himself sick from the last time they went out on a rainy day. He didn’t take care of his wet clothes, preferring to let them stick to him like a second skin. It was no wonder that he caught a cold.

The sound of their mother playing a song on the downstairs piano brought a smile to Georgie’s face despite the fact that the song sounded rather sad. Nonetheless, it fit the weather.

The rain pouring hard from outside muffled most of the song’s middle register, making the low notes stand out even more.

As Georgie drew a smiley face on the window, he asked his brother the question that had been bothering him for a few minutes.

“You sure you won’t get in trouble Bill?”

He loved his brother, and the last thing he wanted to do was get him in trouble. Their mother had told Bill to stay in bed, and there he was; out of bed and making a simple paper boat for Georgie.

Bill walked back to his bed and sat cross-legged, “Don’t be a w-w-wuss. I’d come with you if I weren’t…” A cough interrupted the boy’s sentence before he finished with the word “dying.”

Georgie got up from his spot at the window, sighing in irritation.

“You’re not dying.” Bill looked back at his brother sarcastically.

“You didn’t see the v-v-vomit coming outta my nose this morning?” he stuttered back, equally sarcastic.

“That’s disgusting.” Georgie, with a face full of repulsion, walked over to Bill. The older boy looked down, not making eye-contact with Georgie.

“Okay, go get the wax.”

Georgie looked worriedly toward the door before looking back at Bill.

“In the cellar…?”
“You want it to f-f-float, don’t you?” Bill asked quietly, not wanting to order him downstairs.

Georgie sighed again, “Fine…” and moped out of the room, carrying a sputtering walkie-talkie. With a black sharpie in hand, Bill wrote “S.S. Georgie” on the side of the sand-colored paper boat. The smiley face that Georgie drew slowly faded from the window, a foreshadowing sign of things to come.

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Meanwhile, Georgie went downstairs, only glancing at his mother, who was playing the same song on the piano that stood near the front windows. The light resting on top of the instrument casted her face in its golden glow. Bypassing his mother, Georgie stepped through the house’s dining room. Slowly, he sidestepped the table, locked in a staring contest with the cellar door. Hesitantly, Georgie sighed and stepped forth towards the door that was cracked slightly open with only the light from the outside barely illuminating the creepy stairwell.

The door creaked loudly as it opened, shedding some light down the equally creaking stairs. Georgie’s heartbeat sped up as he began to breathe more heavily at the sight of the intimidating steps. The sudden screeching vibrating spectrum of his walkie-talkie startled the boy out of his fear as he heard the distorted voice of his brother telling him to “hurry up.” Upstairs, Bill placed the walkie-talkie on the table before shedding his robe and walking back to the chair at his desk.

Georgie slowly descended the creaking stairs, one hand gripping onto the railing as if it were a lifeline. The red light of the radio was his only comfort. Looking around the darkened basement, Georgie heard the various groans and rattlings of unstable structures and heavy things stacked on top of each other. There was a ladder in the corner, visible only because the basement’s windows leaked grey light. Georgie sighed once more.

Moving over to the furthest wall, he began his search on the shelves next to the washing machine and dryer, muttering “where’s the wax?” under his breath.

All of a sudden, the phrase echoed itself back to him in an even quieter whisper. Georgie paid no mind to the whisper as he found the wax right in front of him and grabbed it before coming face to face with the statue of an old woman. Something, he doesn’t know what, implored him to glance under the stairs, and glowing slivers that looked like eyes, lurking in wait, met his own. Georgie took a step back before he quickly grabbed a flashlight.

The “eyes” revealed themselves to be lightbulbs reflecting back at the boy from their places on another set of shelves alongside some paint-cans. Georgie let out a sigh of relief before a loud crack of thunder startled him anew, causing the boy to scurry back up the stairs.

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Georgie leaned over Bill, watching as the older boy painted the wax onto the boat. Gentle brushstrokes glided across the paper until the brush was dipped back into the bowl.

“Alright, there you go. Sh-sh-she’s all ready captain.”
Georgie peered down at the boat in his hand before looking confusedly back at Bill.

“She?”

Bill answered Georgie by saying, “You always call b-boats ‘she’.” Georgie smiled and repeated the term, getting a taste for it on his tongue.

“Thanks, Billy.” Georgie said, swinging his arms around Bill and looping him into a big hug, his hand never letting go of the boat. The two boys giggled as Bill wrestled himself out of the hug by tickling Georgie’s side. Georgie suddenly grabbed his walkie-talkie from Bill’s desk and skipped out of the room.

“See you later, bye.”

Bill got up from his desk, careful to avoid the model solar system dangling above his head, and watched from his window as Georgie, donned in a yellow raincoat and galoshes, ran from the house and past the flower bushes along the driveway, only stopping to enthusiastically wave back up at Bill before placing the S.S. Georgie into the water. Bill quickly raised his own walkie-talkie to his lips.

“Be careful.”

As the boat moved downstream, Georgie ran after it, skipping between the side of the road and the grass above the curb. He was blind to what followed.

The boat flew down Witcham Street, taking the giggling boy further and further from his home. The cars in their driveways watched the boy helplessly, the only witnesses to his fun. They saw the supernatural things that occurred, especially the older ones that were so old that there was more rust than metal on their exterior. The houses saw too, but they had shudders to hide their windows behind, to prevent them from witnessing the tragedies. Georgie continued to run, delighting himself in his splashes along the strip of cement that divided the curb from the asphalt.

There was a roadblock with the words “Derry Public Works” painted on its side, and it was right in his path. He dodged it by simply ducking his head underneath it. The boy wasn’t so lucky the second time.

He didn’t see the second one until it was too late. Too focused on the paper boat, Georgie smacked into it face-first, causing his feet to slide out from under him and land him on his back.

Georgie sat up, disoriented and watching helplessly as his boat got further away from him. Wait...
The boy rocketed to his feet, breaking into a run. The boat glided to the other side of the street, luring him even further from his house. Alas, he was too slow for the S.S. Georgie as he almost caught up.

The boat snagged on a piece of litter for a moment, invoking hope within him that he might just catch it before it got to the storm drain. However, the paper boat broke free, causing Georgie to yell, “Noooo!” as he watched it slip silently into the storm drain.

“Noooo....”

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Of course, Pennywise had been waiting for the Denbrough boy to show up. What he hadn’t been
waiting for was for the child’s stupid paper boat to poke him right in the eye as it fell into the storm drain.

It backed up with a quiet his, nursing its eye before preparing for the child to come closer. It still had a part to play, a performance to put on. The clown stuck closer to the sewer wall, waiting to reveal itself at the proper moment. Georgie got down on his hands and knees before he peered into the storm drain.

“Bill’s gonna kill me,” the boy lamented.

He stuck his head closer, hoping to catch a glimpse of his elusive boat. Instead, a pair of glowing yellow eyes appeared out of the darkness. The eyes began to move closer to him.

“Hiya Georgie,” a varied voice ranging from a child to an older man greeted him.

Georgie could see a pale lower face that was painted white along with buck teeth and crimson-colored lips that were pulled back into a smile. The ruffly top half of a grimy grey costume was visible below the face. A closer look told the boy that the man’s nose was painted red along with the painted extensions of his mouth that led to its blue eyes. Georgie was sure they had been yellow a moment ago. The smile morphed into a sly grin as Pennywise held up the S.S. Georgie in a ivory-gloved hand for the child to see.

“What a nice boat, do you want it back?” the clown inquired, glinting the waxy surface in the visible light.

“Umm, yes please,” Georgie quietly answered, unsettled by both the clown’s sudden appearance as well as its demeanor. Pennywise ignored his answer.

“You look like a nice boy. I bet you have a lot of friends,” the grin morphed back into a toothy smile. Georgie felt inclined to answer.

“Three, but my brother’s my best-best,” the child determined. Keyed in to the possibility of more food, the monster began to drool. Luckily, it was easily mistaken for rain water.

“Where’s he?”

“In bed, sick,” Georgie replied in an almost scathing tone. He wasn’t going to let this strange man harass his brother. Unperturbed, the clown voiced his response.

“I bet I could cheer him up. I’ll give him a balloon,” It grinned before continuing. “Do you want a balloon too, Georgie?”

Georgie hesitantly answered in the negative, already knowing that he surpassed his parents’ expectations for speaking to strangers.

“I’m not supposed to take stuff from strangers.”

“Oh, well I’m Pennywise The Dancing Clown,” It’s head shook on the word “dancing”, causing a jingle of tiny bells to be heard from below the drain.

“Pennywise, yes,” It confirmed its own identity by shaking its head again, “meet Georgie.”

The creature stuck its hand out, indicating to Georgie. “Georgie, meet Pennywise.” The hand was brought back to indicate to Pennywise. A giggle from the boy spurred It to continue the charade.
“Now we aren’t strangers, are we?”

Unlike the other kills this time around, there was one witness. It was around this time that an older woman came out of her house, clutching her coat by its collar before moving to raise the semi-translucent curtain on her porch. The yellow-clad boy was clearly visible, albeit crouched down by the storm drain. Even the cat watched from its perch behind the porch’s border. With her deed done, the lady went back inside.

“What are you doing in the sewer?” Georgie wondered aloud.

“The storm blew me away, blew the whole circus away,” Pennywise’s voice lowered to an almost gravely timbre. It giggled, ready to move in for the kill. The smile became a blank expression.

“Can you smell the circus Georgie?” A clear drop of unmistakable drool escaped the slackened lips. The boy in question looked unsure, staying silent. A child’s singing voice was audible and growing in volume as the clown kept talking.

“There’s peanuts, cotton candy, hot dogs, aaaaand…” indicating for Georgie to add something of his own choosing. The boy looked confused for a second before answering.

“Popcorn?”

“Popcorn! Huh huh! Is that your favorite?”

The boy answered in an affirmative. The clown giggled his next response. The singing chorus stopped.

“Mine too! Because they pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, hahahaha…” Pennywise lost himself in his laughing, as though he was thinking of a joke. Georgie echoed the word “pop”, giggling as well. It took him a second to realize that the clown wasn’t laughing anymore, stopping his own laughter in its tracks.

Blank-faced once more, the creature growled quietly at the boy before staring silently at him through his creepy blue eyes. Georgie was becoming frightened.

“Umm, I should get going now,” the boy muttered, startling the clown out of its silence.

“Oh, without your boat?” the boat in question reappeared in Its hold. “You don’t want to lose it. Bill’s gonna kill you.” All humor was gone from the clown’s voice. Georgie still looked unsure.

“Here, take it,” the creature hissed at the child before its voice changed into something more guttural. “Take it, Georgie.”

The boy reached his hand into the drain, unwary of the possible situations that could occur from getting closer to the thing in the sewer. Unfortunately, the boat was held out of his reach as Georgie rested his hand on the opening. An inhuman hiss was heard. He never saw the eyes change from blue to yellow.

The boy hesitantly reached for his boat again, but he was too slow to pull back when the monster suddenly grabbed it and yanked him forward, jaw lengthening and teeth sharpening to ultimately rip the young boy’s arm clean off. A growl vibrated through the sewer as the teeth chomped down. Its eyes rolling sideways.

The cat looked up sharply upon hearing the terrified screams. Georgie, separated from his arm, was thrown back by the momentum. He rolled onto his front, intending to at least army-crawl away. The
boy yelled for help as loud as he could with blood gushing from the place where his right arm used to be. He didn’t see the abnormally long arm of the creature extend out of the drain and grab onto his right leg. Upon feeling the pressure, the boy yelled even louder before being dragged into the depths.

“Billy!”

The older woman was back outside, or had she never left? Even so, the sight that greeted her upon walking over to the side of the porch facing the drain was a large pool of blood, the red liquid being quickly swept away by the rain.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: George Elmer Denbrough

Age: 7

Hair: Brown

Eye: Brown

Missing Since: October 22nd, 1988

Last seen leaving his house in Derry, Maine.

Chapter End Notes

There is my interpretation of the film scenes. These will happen quite a bit for the days that match up with the film. As I said, this story will follow the movie chronologically, but luckily for me, there is plenty of elbowroom for me to do what I want with the story. One more transitional chapter and then it is time to introduce the leading lady herself.
November 1988-May 1989

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I hope you are liking this story so far. Sorry if there are any mistakes. I rarely double-check my grammar and would much rather focus on just getting out more material. Anyway, enjoy Chapter 4.

See the end of the chapter for more notes


After the death of George Denbrough, there weren’t any more murders for the next few weeks. There was much speculation as to what caused the murders as well as what happened during them. The police were too embarrassed to say that they had no idea, so they said nothing except for the generic.

“We are sorry for your loss.”

“We are working as hard as we can to bring this monster to justice.”

“If we find anything out, you’ll be one of the first to know.”

“Keep your children indoors, it is your best defense against situations like these.”

November 1988

The last assertion; however, was not true. Upon hearing this lie, the clown itself purposely lured his fourth meal from her house as to instill more fear within the hearts of the townspeople. It was simply too easy to wake Jillian Elise Hayes from her bed by throwing a snowball at her window. Upon waking, the small girl’s droopy green eyes immediately awoke to the sight of the most majestic looking unicorn she had ever seen in her life. It stood strikingly in the puffy snow that draped across the lawn. The creature’s glossy mane compelled the child to sneak downstairs and out the door with her parents none the wiser.

Upon crossing the freezing lawn, the girl’s yellow striped socks quickly became soaked because she had forgotten her shoes in her haste to be closer to the unicorn. Jillian was still pajama-clad and her red curls stuck up on all sides of her head. In awe, a tiny pale hand placed itself on the creature’s side before running across its mass. She couldn’t believe that there was an actual unicorn in her yard.

It wasn’t until the fabulous beast allowed the child to climb on that Jillian felt the cold slowly seep into her bones. However, it was too late for her to get off because it took off as soon as she was mounted on its back. The thundering hooves cleared ground fast, shooting down the street like its tail caught fire. The small girl hung on for dear life by the strands of hair that she had been able to grip in her fist. What had once thought like a fun idea now made the girl scream in terror as they entered the
forest, the street disappearing in the dark of the trees’ branches.

Suddenly, the creature skidded to a stop, consequently tossing Jillian off of its back and into the side of a tree in front of them. The child could feel the stinging sensation of newly broken bones as she tried to get up. It was too late for her because she only had enough time to see the unicorn charging, its mouth pulled back into an unnatural jagged-toothed grin. Its horn stabbed her in the heart. There was an impact, and for her, nothing else.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Jillian Elise Hayes

Age: 5

Hair: Red

Eye: Green

Missing Since: November 19th, 1988

-Last seen by her parents putting her to bed in her house in Derry, Maine

**December 1988:**

Jonathan Matthew Jones was playing outside in the winter weather on a fine December day. Delicate white flakes flitted down from the heavens to bestow themselves upon the ground. They tickled the young boy’s nose and red cheeks as he put the finishing touches on the snowman: a carrot nose, twig arms, and coal eyes.

He had been outside for hours, a testament to his sheer willpower to finish his icy companion. His parents didn’t believe all of the “hullabaloo” about a serial killer in their midst, so they let him roam free in their yard. Yet, Jonathan did believe what the older kids were saying about the disappearances, and it was enough to make the eleven-year-old stick closer to home.

The left side on the middle snowball looked a bit lopsided, but it was nothing that a handful of snow in the boy’s wet blue glove couldn’t fix. Otherwise, the snowman was perfect to his maker. It stood just as tall as the boy if not taller, and both of its arms slanted downwards as if trying to keep balance. Satisfied, the boy went inside for some well-deserved hot-chocolate.

Later, Jonathan was cocooned in a soft downy blanket on the armchair near the roaring and popping fireplace. *How the Grinch Stole Christmas!* played quietly on the television, lulling the boy into a warm and sleepy trance. The Grinch’s smile curled, and a similar expression reflected off of the window, causing the boy to fully reawaken. The reflection hadn’t come from the television, its face was too pale.

Jonathan looked out the window, startled to see that there was not one snowman, but two. The new one; however, held its right arm up as if waving at the window he stood in front of. A smirking frozen mouth split the statue’s face in the same fashion as the green cartoon. Curious, the boy redressed in his damp snow-gear to investigate.
His boots clomped through the thick layer of snow covering the ground, weary yet eager to reach the two snowmen. Upon reaching them, the boy noticed that the second one wasn’t even made of snow. It was something else, smooth and balloon-like, white but not cold. Hazel eyes widened as it began to growl. Startled, the boy quickly made to run back inside.

However, it was too late for Jonathan. The “snowman” grabbed onto his arm, mouth widening before biting the struggling boy clean in two. Then, the creature began to drag the torso-less body back into the sewer, a morsel for later. A second wave of snow began to fall, masking the frozen bloody scene until the spring.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Jonathan Matthew Jones  
Age: 11  
Hair: Blond  
Eye: Hazel  
Missing Since: December 23rd, 1988  
-Last seen by his mother watching a movie in his home in Derry, Maine

**January 1989**

Steven Robert Johnson was ready to leave Derry. He couldn’t wait until he could put the key into the ignition of his father’s old Volkswagen Beetle and drive off into the sunset. He also couldn’t wait to hold that diploma in his hand and wave as he walked out of Derry’s high school forever. This was all fine and good, but he was only in the ninth grade.

The fourteen-year-old could already see that there was nothing there for him now. He’d had as average of a childhood that a person could have. There was no tragic story as to why he wanted to get out so badly, he was just done. So, the boy usually took to moping in his room, alone and trapped. He hated it, and during the times he couldn’t stand it anymore, he would walk all the way to the city limits’ sight that read “Derry Welcomes You” and sit by the side of the road as he watched cars come in and out of the town.

Other times, the forlorn teen would walk down by the river to watch the water rush by. In the summer, he would stick his feet in and kick about, causing large splashes all around him. This time; however, a thick sheet of ice withheld the water from the surface.

Still, Stevie, as people prefer to call him, didn’t care. He just sat down on a snow covered rock and watched as the little bit of snow that stayed on the ice blew around in little spirals, dancing across the frozen surface. The same wind blew through him, sending shivers down his spine and reddening his ears, nose, and cheeks. His own breath was visible in front of him as he rubbed his fingers together in their thick mittens. The simple gray stocking cap was lowered over the crimson-tinted ears as he curled in on himself, starting to regret going out in the cold. On days like this, Stevie would remind himself that the cold was better than being cooped up in his room, but today was going to be
persistent to convince him otherwise. It could stand to be said that he suffered from claustrophobia, but he didn’t exactly broadcast it.

An eerie sight brought the teen out of his misery. A single red balloon was floating in the middle of the river, its string merely brushing the ice. Curious, Stevie stood up, silently getting closer to the sight before stopping at the shoreline. In response to his pause, the balloon got a little closer before stopping again, refusing to come closer.

Deciding to throw caution to the frigid wind, the young man took brave and daring steps out onto the ice. It had to be pretty thick ice because there were only minimal cracking sounds. Emboldened, he got up right next to the balloon to see what held it in its spot. He understood that someone could have just set it out while he wasn’t looking. The ice was thick enough for that, but how it stayed eluded him.

Unfortunately, he didn’t get time to ponder it further because the balloon suddenly turned itself around, revealing the words, “I Love Derry” before suddenly popping. The popping seemed to trigger loud cracking noises under the ice as the boy realized that the ice was breaking and he was stuck in the middle of the river. Fear rose in him like a floodgate was opened inside of him.

He looked down. There was a monster under the water, and Stevie couldn’t identify what it was until it pressed its ugly face up against the icy surface. It was a clown. Silent as the setting sun, the boy pleaded with every god and deity he could think of to let him make it out alive. To his terror; however, the clown flashed a sharp-toothed grin before tapping a single finger on the ice, causing Stevie to fall through and suffocate as Pennywise ripped him apart, tainting the water with crimson blood.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Steven “Stevie” Robert Johnson  
Age: 14  
Hair: Black  
Eye: Blue  
Missing Since: January 19th, 1989  
-Last seen leaving his house in Derry, Maine

**February 1989**

Amber Lorraine Burke, unlike Stevie Johnson, loved staying in her room. In fact, she hated the outdoors. Perhaps this was because of a mishap during a family camping trip that caused a much younger Amber to be separated from her family for at least six hours. This turn of events certainly instilled a deep fear for bugs in her, so she simply avoided nature as much as possible. It was enough that every time a small insect invaded her domain, it was immediately eradicated mercilessly. There were at least three cans of insect-repellent spray ready to use at a moment’s notice.
The teen was studying in her room one night when she heard a loud skittering across the hardwood floor of her room. Thinking it was a mouse, Amber raised her feet, clutching them to her chest as she sat on her desk chair, waiting. Paranoid muddy brown eyes searched the floor, their owner not making a sound. *I swear to God. If there is a goddamn animal in here, I am going to fucking lose it.*

After a few more minutes, Amber deduced that the noise must have been a hallucination brought about by her overworked mind. She had advanced classes to study for. She couldn’t lose her nerve now. It was nearly an hour later before things got really interesting.

Her desktop lamp flickered before going out entirely, leaving the sixteen-year-old in complete darkness. Panicked, Amber started to move in the direction of the far wall, a hand probing for the light-switch. However, she was distracted by loud and numerous crunches coming from under her slippers. It sounded like she was stepping on a floor covered in candy wrappers, but she didn’t know what else it could be.

Luckily, she found the light-switch, but unluckily, she found out what the crunching was. There had to be hundreds or even thousands of them on her bedroom floor: tiny red cockroaches with crunchy exoskeletons and an affinity for near-immortality. Amber screamed, overwhelmed by so many bugs in her vision at once.

Her scream triggered something in the little menaces, because they all began to band closer together, climbing on top of each other and melding to unleash one single red cockroach. This one, much to Amber’s horror, was tall enough that its head brushed the ceiling as it stood up, fully bipedal. It glared down at the shaking teen, hissing low and sinisterly.

She couldn’t move, not even as it jumped upon her, crushing her body with its weight. The loud crunch echoed through the room as the creature broke bones, rendering the skull concave and the limbs snapped. Happy, the creature licked up the spilled blood before collecting the body in its now-humanoid arms and teleporting away, leaving no evidence that anything occurred at all.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Amber Lorraine Burke

Age: 16

Hair: Brown

Eye: Brown

Missing Since: February 12th, 1989

-Last seen in her room by her parents (living in Derry, Maine)

March 1989

Ian Franklin Anderson was an overall brave kid, but he was not without one single fear that triumphed over all others. There was a room that stood at the end of the long upstairs hallway. It was past the peeling wallpaper that had likely been put in decades ago and been through who knows how
many families with small children. Parts held faded stains, others were faded by the sun coming through the window after many years. No one in Ian’s family could even tell what color it had originally been.

Nonetheless, the ebony door was the only one of its kind, answered by a poor excuse about running out of the same wood as the other doors. Behind the door was what really scared the seven-year-old. Even now, a porcelain face with glazed eyes stared at him from the far wall. There were at least fifteen more of them scattered throughout the rest of the room, each one creepier than the last.

They had come to stay with Ian’s family when his grandmother had died, and he could swear that they were haunted. Their mere presence was suffocating to him. His parents laughed it off, telling him that there was nothing to be afraid of and that he would grow out of it when he got older. Even so, he forced his parents to confine them to the “ebony room.” His younger sister found great joy in harassing him with them, delighting in his squeamishness as she dangled one in front of his face.

Today however, the boy didn’t know what brought him in front of the room, but he felt something was off, even for his feelings of the dolls themselves. It felt like there was another presence there, watching, and waiting. His father was right downstairs, giving Ian a false sense of security. He figured that if anything happened, he could yell down for help. Resolved, the seven-year-old walked slowly into the room.

Suddenly, the door slammed shut behind him, causing him to cry out in shock and fear. He tried the door handle, but it wouldn’t budge. A haggard breathing like that of a rabid dog sounded behind him, causing Ian to whip around.

The sight that greeted him didn’t match the sound that he heard. There was a large doll in front of him. It stood at least seven feet tall and it was wearing a raspberry period dress with white ribbon accents and embellished beads sewn in. A matching white lace umbrella was held on its shoulder by an ivory gloved hand. The face was the creepiest. It was most definitely porcelain, but its eyes glowed yellow in the curtain covering dimness of the room. A rosy-lipped smile was frozen on the doll, which matched the rose colored hair that hung in thick ringlets. Ian thought his heart was going to burst out of his chest.

The “doll” suddenly came to life, moving parts cracking as the shell of the persona fell off like a baby bird emerging from its egg. What remained of the creature was just as scary. It was a clown, not so different at all from the other dolls in the room. It rushed him, barreling him over before lifting him up to hold him at eye level. Scared beyond belief, the boy cried as he realized that the thing wasn’t going to let him live for much longer.

As much fun as this situation was to Pennywise, he was already growing bored and didn’t urgently need to eat as he had before. Amber had been large, and there was a lot of her left for him to eat. *Oh well, best to have more for later and he was already making the effort.*

A quick neck snap ended Ian’s life and a quick teleportation took them away.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Ian Franklin Anderson

Age: 7

Hair: Red
April 1989

Veronica Louise Grogan was a rather boring kill for the demon clown. It was finally time for him to admit that he had plenty of food and was simply killing and eating because he was bored. It was unlike anything it had felt before and it was beginning to bug him. There was something ominous in the air and it could feel that something big was going to happen, but it wasn’t sure when or how. It was too quiet in Derry, and this time it wasn’t just the humans who were sitting on pins and needles and waiting for something to happen.

It had been easy to scare the girl. Her fear had been aroused by the thoughts of ghosts, and seeing “ghosts” made her fear taste palatable enough for him to kill her. The clown had almost laughed at how she had whimpered every single time he had used his telepathy to throw things around the house. The parents couldn’t hear a thing. He had even gone through the trouble to make himself more ghost-like to scare the eight-year-old. It worked of course. When he got her to her most scared, he simply showed her the deadlights in his throat and she was floating comatose.

He had already eaten her arms, leaving the adrenaline glands to continue pumping cortisol through her bloodstream, and it was enough to keep him sated for now. It left him in more of a mindset to focus on the odd feeling that got worse with each passing day. The clown couldn’t tell if it was a warning, or a blessing. Not that it believed in such things. That senile old turtle is dead.

Missing Persons File:

Name: Veronica Louise Grogan

Age: 8

Hair: Blond

Eye: Blue

Missing Since: April 18th, 1989

-Last seen in her home in Derry, Maine

May 1989

Pennywise had taken a different route for Betty. He wanted to change things up, make the chase more interesting. Instead of going directly for the child, he would instill fear in the parents, who would then instill fear within Betty. It tormented the parents for two weeks, whispering in young
Veronica’s sweet little voice. Mrs. Ripsom would be cleaning dishes and he would talk to her. At one point, to It’s delight, she plucked up the courage to respond to the voice. He could smell her fear and paranoia that she was becoming insane. Just to mess with them, Pennywise identified himself as “Legion,” knowing that the Ripsoms were Christian and that they would know the Devil’s quote.

Later, he spoke to Betty through the household drains that he knew she feared. The upstairs bathroom sink drain was abnormally large as it was, and she had lost numerous pieces of hair, clipped nail pieces, and small hair accessories to that drain, and the possibility that it was all down there, crumpled and rotting in the pipes, made her sick to her stomach. Hearing the voice only solidified the fear that she held for the appliance, but after time, the fear stayed, but there was also a growing sense of intrigue. She was so much like her mother in that sense.

When she stuck her face close to the drain to peer into its depths, Pennywise’s glove hand suddenly emerged from the pipe to choke her. Despite only using one hand, he still won. She was undeniably dead, but her form could be useful in the future, especially since he was still somewhat on edge over that ominous feeling that had begun the previous month. Shrugging, the clown grabbed the cooling corpse and headed back to his sewer lair.

**Missing Persons File:**

Name: Beatrice “Betty” Jean Ripsom

Age: 13

Hair: Brown

Eye: Green

Missing Since: May 16th, 1989

Last seen in her home in Derry, Maine

★★★

**FBI Headquarters, Washington D.C.**

Director Jamison E. Hughes of the FBI’s Behavioral Science Division planted his head onto his desk, closing his eyes in hope that something would come to him. The overworked man had spent hours staring at the ten case files that littered his desk. All missing, nothing but blood identified that anything sinister occurred. Some of the scenes had no traces whatsoever. It was like they had just disappeared. There was no precise pattern. There were three close together in October, but then one would disappear each month.

Each of the children was different than the last as far as physical appearance. They were all under eighteen. *Still children… my God.* The only thing that was constant throughout was the geographical location.

Derry, Maine was a sleepy little town that was snuggled up high in the northeast. Theoretically, there shouldn’t be any reason for such a small town to have such a high body count. People disappear six
times the national average, yet it seems that no one is even remotely close to figuring out anything. Local law enforcement, *likely a bunch of drunken fools*, have provided no clear evidence that pointed one way or another.

The sheer number of disappearances alone was enough to send in some of the FBI’s finest to investigate. However, the team Director Hughes sent up came back the next day blank-faced and acting like they never got an order to investigate anything. They appeared to be fine and not suffering from amnesia, but he gave them the next few days off, not knowing what else to do. Another team was sent down on his orders, but the same thing happened. It was like they got to Derry, forgot what they were supposed to be doing there, and returned to Washington D.C. like overgrown homing pigeons.

Clearly something else was at work here, and it was nothing that his group could handle. There was a protocol that was used for situations like this, but he had been reluctant to use it until now. He had no other leads. Perhaps another few sets of eyes could be of help.

Director Hughes raised his head from his chrome desk, using the images of the missing children, as well as the framed ones of his own, to strengthen his resolve. He pulled the dark handset from its receiver, dialed the number on the freshly printed card, and waited. It was only a moment later when a young woman, clearly a secretary, answered.

“Hello, MACUSA No-Maj Intelligence Cooperation Department, how may I help you?”

“Hi, this is Director Jamison Hughes of the FBI Behavioral Science Division. We have a situation.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the cliffhanger, but the details of the call will be explained more in the next chapter where it will mostly focus on Hermione and her involvement with MACUSA as well as her assignment to the case. It was actually kind of funny because the only thing I know about the FBI is what I’ve gotten from Thomas Harris' *Hannibal Lecter* books and movies. So, Director Hughes is in charge of the same division that hunts down moody serial killers. That sounds about right. Pennywise would fit right in if he was human.
Hermione's Assignment

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

June 5th, 1989

Hermione Granger, to say the least, was confused. It was such a rare occurrence for her that she had to stop and think for a second. She’d just finished up with a nasty ghoul infestation in South Carolina when she had gotten the call that she had to come into the main MACUSA building in New York City right away.

She had done a number of odd jobs for the organization because there just weren't enough hands to cover the entire United States and they paid her handsomely. There even was the benefit of a few weeks paid vacation in between each job. Getting this call, not a day after finishing her last job, threw up a couple of red flags in her mind.

“Hello? Miss Granger, we need you to come in to HQ immediately. You will be briefed upon your arrival.”

“What? What’s this about? I just finished a job and not due back until the nineteenth.”

“As I said, you will be informed upon your arrival. I cannot tell you any more than that right now. Goodbye,” the secretary politely hung up while Hermione just stood in her vanilla hotel room and sighed. Whatever it was, they really needed her help.

It was right after graduating from Hogwarts that the brains of the golden trio realized that she didn’t know what she wanted to do with her life. All she knew was that she wanted to help people in whatever way she could. So, Hermione traveled around Europe and South America and helped those in need. They were mostly muggles, but they were grateful nonetheless. Her good deeds had caught the attention of the president of MACUSA, and she had personally hired Hermione as an unofficial freelance investigator for cases that required a bit more advanced skill-set. Hermione was a war hero, and a clever one at that, so they preferred not to bother her on the small cases.

She’d kept in touch with her friends back in Britain, but their contact started to wane over the years. However, Hermione didn’t let that slow her down and instead threw herself into her work, rising through the ranks and becoming rather notorious for her intelligence, bravery, and fierce love of coffee. The aurors found her know-it-all attitude to be rather annoying, even though it had toned down considerably since her years at Hogwarts, but even they had to admit that she was insanely helpful.

Hermione didn’t like the MACUSA aurors at first either because they thought she was a hindrance to their team at first and didn’t take her seriously due to her age, gender, and the fact that she wasn’t American and “didn’t know the region” like they did. Luckily, they came around, finding her to be both charming and funny when they got to know her better.

One of these aurors, a half-blood wizard named Enoch Hawkins, became fast friends with the young witch and helped her learn the ins and outs of the American ministry. Soon enough, the only way anyone could tell she was British was to listen to her speak. When he told her this, she giggled.

Enoch was only a few years older than her and he had the strangest hair. When it shone in the light,
it looked almost like the shade of a pine tree. No one in his family knew where he got it from, but they thought it gave the young man character. It even matched his eyes. Due to this, Hermione always teased him about being descended from a forest nymph or something of that nature.

There was nothing remotely romantic about their interactions, especially when she would catch him looking at the other heavily muscled aurors when they walked by. When Enoch caught her watching him, he said nothing and sighed. She tried to talk to him about it a few times, but he simply told her that “what I feel isn’t really accepted here” and dropped the conversation, reminding her about how backwards America is in terms of basic rights. She felt bad for him, not being able to express oneself fully was a constricting feeling. It brought her back to her days at Hogwarts where she was called “mudblood” on a regular basis. However, it felt nice for the both of them to find a companion in each other.

The two often got paired on assignments together because Enoch nearly rivaled her in dueling and assisting in cases with magical creatures. They also respected and trusted each other enough to protect the other in the field because some cases got a bit violent.

On their first case together, he stopped a building from collapsing on her and she paid him back on the same day by knocking him out of the way of a charging chimera. It was sardonically funny for them because their assignment briefings were often understated and sounded a lot easier than they turned out to be. This last thought brought Hermione to her current mindset.

There is too much secrecy for this to be a normal assignment, the young woman mused as she waved her wand, instantly packing her modest assignment suitcase. She never packed much because she kept most of her personal possessions in the same beaded bag that she has held onto since her sarcastically named “gap-year” when she, Harry, and Ron had been on the run from the death eaters.

A final survey of the room assured her that she wasn’t forgetting anything. It had been Hermione’s worst luck when she forgot one of her favorite books at a hotel in Chicago and had made it halfway back to her New York apartment before realizing her mistake. So, of course, she had gone back to get it.

The witch left the room and made her way down to the lobby where a younger woman with several piercings and fire-engine-red hair sat at the front desk, more concerned with filing her nails and chewing gum rather than assisting Hermione in signing out of the hotel. It was a good thing her job caused her to become an expert at this sort of thing and didn’t give her the awkward experience of asking for help.

Walking out of the hotel, Hermione moved to a more conspicuous alleyway before apparating to the nearest train station. She thought the American wizards were rather ingenious in routing an entire array of stations around the country for wizards to use as a mode of transportation. It was just like King’s Cross in London, but on a larger scale. A wizard could hop on one in New York City, and take it (while hopping on different trains) all the way to Honolulu, Hawaii. It was only natural to use the trains instead of using a string of unpredictable portkeys or flying by broom across the country. After all, Hermione was still afraid of heights despite everything she’d been through.

June 6th, 1989

Hermione slept soundly on the train, only vaguely comparing her experience to her last year at Hogwarts due to the uncomfortable absence of anyone else in the compartment. She arrived in New
York City the next morning all rested up and curious to see what MACUSA wanted her to deal with today.

The hustle and bustle of Grand Central Station didn’t bother her as much as it would have if she had not already had her first cup of coffee. Carefully, the young woman made her way through the thick barrier of people and onto another train which would take her to the Woolworth Building in nine short minutes.

Meanwhile, Hermione fidgeted with the lapels on her blazer and her french braid, praying to Merlin that she looked presentable enough and not like she fell asleep on a train and didn’t shower afterwards. Luckily, she was consoled by the fact that they’d seen worse-looking people come into the building after missions. There was one occasion where one auror had walked in completely covered in white feathers and dripping clear and sticky fluid all over the floor. The house-elf employees had glared at the poor unfortunate soul for the next month. The memory brought a smile to her face before it was taken away by what met her when she stepped into the building. The president herself stood with a handful of her advisors and best aurors.

“Miss Granger, finally, we are glad you could join us this morning. Come, let us take this conversation in the main conference hall. With stone-faced aurors leading the way, the atmosphere on the way to the large room was stifled and bitter.

Hermione let out a breath when she saw that the president was smiling at her reassuringly as if to say you’re not in trouble. The older woman’s blond secretary, who really reminded Hermione of Ginny Weasley, walked next to her boss, clipboard clutched to her chest. When they all got into the room and a brunette auror warded it with a flick of her wand, everyone sat down and waited patiently for President Vesta to start the meeting.

“Alright, I have called you in today because I have received an urgent message from the No-Maj FBI organization, and it is of the most importance,” she paused, making sure everyone knew what the FBI was before continuing.

“It seems that there is something up north that is causing some trouble for them and that they are unable to investigate it. Director Hughes sent the message to us when he found that the No-Maj agents that he sent in came back soon after getting there with no memory of their assignment. So, whatever the problem is, it’s not No-Maj.”

“What exactly is the ‘problem’?” a rather impatient older auror voiced.

“I was just getting to that. There seems to be a series of kidnappings and child-murders all happening in one No-Maj town.” President Vesta threw down copies of the case files, complete with pictures of smiling children and crime scene photos of bloodstains. Several members of her small audience began to show visual signs of stress, growing pale, stilling, shaking, avoiding eye-contact.

“I can understand if this case impacts any one of you personally, so I will allow anyone who feels uncomfortable investigating this case to leave before I get any further into debriefing.” All of the older and middle-aged aurors stood up and left without a word, surprising Hermione because she was now all alone with President Vesta and Alison, her secretary.

“Pfft, I told you no one wants to work on child-murder cases if they get the choice. Too scarring, ya know?” Alison announced derisively. President Vesta smiled.

“I know, Alison. I just wanted to act like Hermione wasn’t my first choice, and it worked didn’t it?” Hermione now understood. This was a top-secret mission and President Vesta didn’t want to be made out to be choosing favorites.
“Sorry for the secrecy, but this assignment is of the utmost importance and requires your level of expertise. I’m afraid the others would not be able to accomplish anything close to what you can. I need you to investigate both the town and its occupants as well as track down who or what is taking these poor children. Our other lower investigators ran into nearly the same problem as the No-Maj did. They came back the next day with no recollection of entering the town. It may take months to find anything, but can you please try, Hermione?”

Hermione thought it over for a moment. She could save Merlin knows how many other children if she takes on this case. Besides, MACUSA was desperate for Hermione and her brilliant mind to take on something they couldn’t even identify. It might be destiny, but she desperately wanted to take the case.

“I’ll do it. When do I start?”

“Hmm… Let’s see. Today is the 6th, and I’d like you to be equipped and settled in relatively soon. You’ll have to take a No-Maj car so you’ll fit in. So, how about tomorrow? I know it’s short notice, but American children are counting on us.” Hermione was equally determined.

“It’s fine, I’ll just need to stop at my apartment and grab my things.”

“Very well, you are excused to prepare. Come back tomorrow at noon. Your car and files containing everything we know thus far will be ready for you.”

“Thank you, Madam President.” Hermione began walking toward the door.

“No Hermione, thank you.”

As Hermione began walking out of the conference room, she only had one thought on her mind. *I hope Crookshanks doesn’t mind the move.*

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, I hope you liked this chapter. All mistakes and OCs are my own. I haven't been feeling well lately, so I'm not sure when the next chapter will be written and posted, but I won't quit this story.
Moving In and Stopping a Fight

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm back, and with the longest chapter I've written for this story. A whopping 5,000+ words. Have fun and let me know what you think. Since I'm the only one reading these, everything makes sense to me while it might not make sense to my readers. Therefore, let me know if there is something you're curious about or if I left anything out. I love hearing from you either way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 7th, 1989

It had taken Hermione nearly all of the previous day to pack everything from her rather small apartment into two magical suitcases. The few collective rooms looked naked now, showing bare gray walls and scuffed hardwood floors. The young witch sighed, she wasn’t sure when she was going to come back, but she knew it wouldn’t be for a while. At least she had the comfort of having MACUSA pay her rent while she was away.

Crookshanks wasn’t nearly as calm about the move. He hissed and howled from his carrier as Hermione packed the rest of her clothes into her beaded bag. Then, without further ado, she locked the door behind her and began the long trek down the cream-tinted hallway toward the elevator. Her luggage floated obediently behind her while she carried the meowing carrier. She passed the apartments of other absent aurors on the way. It was actually kind of rare to see anyone in them because most were either on assignments or on vacation.

She stopped at Enoch’s apartment and knocked on the door, not wanting to leave without saying goodbye to the green-haired auror. When no answer came from the stoic wooden door, she hastily wrote her goodbye and promise to write on a yellow post-it note, stuck it to the wood, and continued down the hallway.

The cab ride from the apartment complex to the Woolworth Building was relatively quiet despite there being the usual lunch-rush traffic. The mirrored surfaces of the skyscrapers slowly trudged by as the canary yellow cab moved along down the busy streets packed with all walks of life. A glamorous woman was walking her little white bichon frise. A homeless man was wandering around in rags. There was a couple walking hand and hand across the street from another who was in the middle of an argument. It was almost funny how odd some of the other sights were. No wonder MACUSA set up its headquarters in the middle of the city. Most of its oddities could be explained away as typical for New York. The No-Maj wouldn’t even question wizarding robes, especially in the winter.

Hermione stopped her people-watching when she arrived at her destination. She, clad in her “muggle” garb consisting of her dark blazer over a flowy knee-length pink dress and matching flats, met the excited gaze of Alison as she stepped out of the cab. The secretary grabbed one of Hermione’s bags, leaving the other witch to grab the other one and Crookshank’s carrier, leading the dozing cat to growl tiredly.
“Oh shut it.”

“Was that your stomach or your cat? I couldn’t tell,” Alison teased and Hermione smirked, both knowing that Crookshanks was not a morning cat.

“That’s a good one. It was so funny, I forgot to laugh,” the other witch spoke sarcastically, causing Alison to chuckle.

“I’m going to miss you Granger. Come on, let’s get you all suited up for this mission. You know, this is my favorite part of missions: getting the agents prepared. I was so sad when President Vesta moved me up to be her secretary. Now I almost never get to see this stuff. Luckily, she let me help you today.”

Hermione didn’t know what to say. She could see the clear excitement on the other witch and allowed her to pull her inside the building. They walked up the stairs and under the nicknamed “crisis gauge” whose hand was set on “low threat”. Clearly her mission was still considered secretive and not to be worried about until she could find out more. Hermione was broken from her thought when Alison pulled them both into the elevator and pressed the button that would lead them downstairs to the filing room.

★★★

It didn’t take long for the two women to obtain Hermione’s extended case file from the half-asleep scruffy man working at the front desk. It was rather thin compared to some she had seen, but she didn’t mind. Research was her favorite part of assignments.

Their next stop was to obtain Hermione’s vehicle that she would use to get to Derry as well as blend into the town as a foreigner moving into a small American town, which was partially true. There were plenty of cars in the enormous magically-extended garage for Hermione to choose from. Many of them were likely collected upon the invention of the first automobile in the early 1900s. Not one speck of dust was present on any of them though. A permanent stasis charm cast on the entire area made sure of that. No car would rust or die from neglect here.

However, her car couldn't be too new, and it certainly couldn't be too old. Either would draw more attention to herself, which wasn’t good if she was trying to be stealthy in her approach. She would already get enough attention for being new in such a small town.

Hermione and Alison walked along the modeled vehicles, both looking for one that would fit the curly-haired witch’s needs. Soon enough, one caught both of their eyes. It was a black 1979 MG MGB convertible, perfect for summer weather and not too big or small for her purposes. Both woman shared a grin and threw Hermione’s luggage in the trunk before climbing into the two seats. Hermione, who had gotten her muggle driver’s license a long time ago, started the car with a twist of its silver key and peeled out of the parking garage and up toward the busy streets of New York.

The boom gate was down, their only barrier until they were on the open road. Hermione belatedly realized that it was down because President Vesta was waiting for them, a rarity in itself because she was never seen outside of the main MACUSA building, let alone the parking ramp. Pulling up to the gate, the young witch put the car in park while Alison got out to flank her boss. When they were both standing next to the driver’s side window, the President gave Hermione a motherly smile.
“Alison forgot to grab this from the No-Maj Intelligence Cooperation Department. After all, you won’t only be working with us during your assignment,” she handed Hermione a shiny golden card bearing the MACUSA sign. There was a phone number and email address scribbled down in flowing cursive.

“This is Director Hughes’ contact information. We told him you’d keep in touch and promise not to leave the FBI out of anything you find,” Hermione nodded in agreement, but asked a question in return.

“What division does Director Hughes belong to? It would be helpful when trying to contact him,” Alison looked to President Vesta, because she didn’t know either.

“Of course, he is in charge of the FBI’s Behavioral Science Division. If you forget, it’s also in your case file,” the young witch made a skeptical noise, as if Hermione Granger would forget such a detail, or any detail for that matter.

All three women laughed at the accidental joke, only stopping when President Vesta grabbed Hermione’s hand.

“Good luck Hermione, we will miss you.”

“Yeah Hermione, come back in one piece, won’t ya?” Alison voiced from behind the older witch. Soon enough, Hermione’s hand was let go and the two stepped back. The boom gate rose from its former position and Hermione smiled back at the other two witches before driving out of the ramp and into the cluttered streets of No-Maj New York. She put on her heart-shaped sunglasses and didn’t look back.

★★★

It took Hermione nearly eight hours to drive from New York City to Derry. The traffic getting out of the big city was a big mess, or at least typical traffic for the city’s inhabitants. After she had gotten far enough away, the amount of cars on the road trickled down to nearly nothing as she got closer to her destination. The waxing crescent moon provided little light, but luckily the MG made up the difference with its beaming headlights as the sun began to set. Hermione was making decent time, but she had to stop a few times along the way to relieve herself as well as get something to eat for dinner.

In order to make better use of the waning daylight, the witch decided to grab drive-thru and eat in her car. Luckily, she was a pretty decent multitasker, juggling eating with driving. Because of this, she was able to make it to Derry by nightfall. The woodsy countryside was peaceful to her, a big change from the hustle and bustle of the enormous city. Music played softly from the speaker, causing the entire atmosphere to feel dreamlike.

It took her a moment to realize that she didn’t know where she was staying in Derry when she got there. Panicked, Hermione pulled over before quickly looking through her case file. About twenty seconds later, she sighed in relief. Her house key was taped to the inside of the binder along with a map of Derry that branched out into the surrounding towns.

In that moment, she realized how small Derry was and how much it has been affected so far by the killings. Everybody knew everybody in a town like this. She’d seen it before. Unfortunately, the one
huge downside to the town’s size was the fact that people weren’t likely going to easily share
information in the event that the murderer might be watching or listening. Still, she had to try, people
were counting on her.

A closer look at the map told Hermione where she’d be staying. It seemed Alison had circled it in
black sharpie on the map. She smirked and rolled her eyes. Her friend was witty and sarcastic, but
she was rather forgetful. *It would have been nice to know where I was staying before I nearly had a
panic-attack*.  

Soon enough, she’d passed into the town’s limits and drove slowly through the darkened streets.
With the light of the streetlamps to guide her way, the black MG MGB crept down the road
searching for 1366 Hallow Road. Hermione almost snorted, *yet another hallow*.  

She was tired from driving all day and ready to unload her queen-sized bed from her luggage and
pass out. Alison had told her that the house was going to be nearly empty aside from the appliances,
so any added furniture was going to be her own. It’s a good thing she had magic to shrink her
belongings, otherwise there would have been some stress in making her new home livable.

Hermione had found the street relatively soon as well as the small two story house that she'd be
occupying for the foreseeable future. As soon as the car was in the driveway, Hermione took
Crookshank’s carrier and her bags up to the house.

The door unlocked smoothly and silently slid open to allow them in, almost beckoning in its ease to
open. She would explore more of the interior tomorrow, but for now, she needed sleep. Locking the
door behind her, Hermione let her cat out of his carrier so he could explore on his own. She also
unpacked his food and water dishes, filling them both so he wasn’t going to whine at her in the
middle of the night. His litter box was placed by the basement stairs, just so the elderly ginger cat
wouldn’t make a mess she would have to clean later.

After Crookshanks was taken care of, the tired woman found the largest bedroom upstairs, not caring
about any other part of it, unshrunk her bed, and climbed in, also not caring about sleeping in her
clothes. Hermione was out before her head hit the pillow.

*June 8th, 1989*

When Hermione woke up the next morning, she'd nearly forgotten where she was and immediately
questioned why she was sleeping in her bed, yet in a completely different-looking room. She rubbed
the sleep from her eyes and stretched. It made sense now, she was in her new house that would act as
Hermione’s “base of operations” for the foreseeable future. The young witch had simply been too
exhausted to settle in properly the night before. Today was the day.

Despite popular belief, Hermione honestly didn’t mind this part of her longer missions. The moving
around was a hybrid of spring-cleaning in her opinion. It made her get rid of things she didn't need or
want and keep the precious things she already had.

Unrolling the covers, belatedly realizing that Crookshanks, who had snuggled next to her for
warmth, was now squished underneath, the witch got out of bed. Her wand movements caused the
bed to make itself, freeing the sleeping feline from its plush prison and setting him back down onto
the bed. Apart from where he was situated on the bed, there were no other creases or folds on the
navy blue comforter.
Satisfied, Hermione went downstairs to pour a mug of coffee and eat some of the “emergency” food left over from her apartment. She had to bring it with her because it would have gone bad by the time she returned. Besides, she didn't have anything else to eat. Rummaging through her suitcases to look for her kitchen things was harder than she thought, but eventually, she found a bowl, a spoon, some cereal, and some milk. The curly-haired witch ate quickly, placing her dirty dishes in the kitchen sink afterwards. Now, it's time to explore.

Hermione wandered through the house, noting each room as well as their sizes and possible functions. In a matter of a few minutes, she had a plan. There were three bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs, and there was a living room area connected to a hardwood kitchen area and a small half bathroom only four feet wide. A rather large musty and dark basement lurked under the house.

She'd already claimed the largest bedroom as her own, so it was only a matter of choosing what to do with the other rooms. An office area was necessary for her mission. The other room could act as a guest room in the event of another agent or friend staying over. Hermione was skeptical about having it, but she couldn't think of another idea about what to use it for.

The kitchen and living room area was obvious, and a peep outside showed her a decent sized and fenced-in yard with pristine grass and the potential for gardening. A couple of large oak trees stood silently in the yard along with a draping willow tree that encompassed a good portion of the yard. Perhaps Hermione could make a reading perch somewhere in its enigmatic branches. The young witch smiled and shook her head, all in good time.

Hermione decided to begin unpacking in her new bedroom. She moved her bed against the middle of the farthest wall from the door. It was the largest bare wall in the room, and Hermione didn’t have much to fill it otherwise. Towering bookshelves overflowing with tomes were placed in the diagonal corner from the bed and opposite the door along with Hermione’s armchair and side table. A nightstand and lamp were placed next to her bed. And an ivory vanity/desk sat closest to the door. Other than that, there was nothing else in the room. That won’t do. It needed at least a few splashes of color.

Whipping out her wand, she colored the walls a beautiful shade of blue that complimented the navy blue in her bed. The wooden structures in the room remained white, but her armchair changed to a crimson hue. When in the United States… red, white, and blue is always in fashion. Hermione smirked before moving into the next room: her office.

★★★

She knew she wouldn’t start investigating today. After all, there was still so much to do. But, she had to follow her standard protocol. In every mission, usually in her hotel rooms, the young woman would set up a large board that she would use to connect clues. It kept her organized, so she couldn’t complain about the effort of setting it up.

The windowless room was small this time, looking more like a walk-in closet rather than another bedroom. Floorboards creaking with age and Hermione’s light weight, the curly-haired woman surveyed the area. No matter, all she really needed in there was her desk, chair, bulletin board, and rubbish bin. Hermione’s desk ended up centered on the far wall from the door, much like her bed in the other room. Its plush dark desk chair was shoved under it. Quickly checking the desk drawers, the young witch confirmed that all of her previous files had stayed within them during the move. She smiled contentedly. Ah magic.
The rubbish bin was placed on the desk’s left side and the bulletin board was stuck to the bare wall above the desk. A large ceiling light purged the room from nearly all of its shadows, so there was really no need for Hermione to invest in a desk lamp. Walls were painted the same relaxing shade of blue as her bedroom, and a smaller standing shelf housed the overflow of books that the young witch had packed. However, these volumes were strictly investigative and contained knowledge about muggle psychology, magical creatures, and everything in between. It wouldn’t do to be either unorganized or uninformed.

The other room was bigger than her office, but not quite as big as her bedroom. Hermione did have a guest room in her apartment, so she just put everything that had been in that room into this room. There wasn’t nearly the same preciseness of furniture placement in the guest room as with the others, Hermione unshrinking and moving objects offhandedly so the room looked natural, but not really homey. When she was done, it looked like a hotel room. There was a double bed, nightstand, and dresser along the far wall. Nothing decorated the walls. Light blue also painted the walls.

★★★

It was around two o’clock in the afternoon when Hermione finished decorating the second floor. The bathroom attached to her room had been the easiest to decorate. She only had to place her things in the cabinet under the sink and along the shelf attached to the wall along the enormous claw-foot bathtub. A shower curtain hung along the far side, seeming to say that the young witch had a few options when cleaning herself. Smirking, Hermione simply vanished the small cracks, crevices, and mold that were present in the bathroom before walking out. The walls stayed a pale pink. She would later appreciate a break from the light blue.

Hermione was starving when she walked down the stairs, lugging her remaining suitcase down the stairs like the baggage that it was. There was the furniture for Hermione’s rather small living room, kitchen, and basement, but there were also the few boxes of photo albums, Hogwarts memorabilia, and other trinkets from her friends that she would never get rid of. She sometimes went back to these things during her assignments, when the situations got rough and she needed a reminder of what she had already been through.

Leftover pasta salad was eaten with gusto as Hermione went over the rest of her “To-Do List” in her mind. She still had to set up the living room area as well as fix up the creepy basement. Oh, joy. The kitchen utensils and small table and four chairs were unshrunk and placed accordingly in the small space. A large potted plant now sat in the corner, and a few bar stools slid under the kitchen counter. Well, at least she could host if she needed to. The rest of Hermione’s food was also put in the cabinets and fridge. Something still wasn’t quite right. Hermione pondered before changing the wall from a loud yellow to a subdued cream color. There, perfect.

She even cleaned the second bathroom, or the closet with a toilet and sink in it. When she was done, the wallpaper looked newer, and it was noticeably cleaner than before. Lovely.

After placing her old plush couch and side tables across from her decent-sized TV and entertainment center, she considered what else the area needed. Lamps could be useful when the windows cease to let light into the room after dark. So, Hermione summoned a couple from her suitcase.

Thinking back to the large plant in the kitchen, she remembered that she had a few more. Soon enough, a succulent sat in her room on the vanity, a young bonsai tree sat on the small shelf in her office, and a philodendron sat in the corner of the living room.
A smaller-than-average fireplace decorated the far wall of the living room area, great for winter, but useless now. However, Hermione decided to set a few framed photos on the mantelpiece. One photo was of the golden trio in their first year at Hogwarts. Another was the same, but taken at their graduation. There was a photo of everyone at Harry’s and Ginny’s wedding. That had been when Ron and I were dating, the young woman mused as she noted Ron’s hand around her waist in the picture.

The final photo on the mantel was of Hermione and her parents. It had been taken the summer she had erased their memories of her in order to keep them safe. Unlike the other pictures, this one didn’t move despite the fact that she desperately wanted it to. Sometimes, it was hard for her to look at the joyous family and compare it to her family, or lack thereof, now. Not wanting to let the cold of loneliness seep into her bones, she grabbed the admittedly lighter suitcase and lugged it downstairs.

★★★

It was around four in the afternoon. The evening light shone dimly through the dusty basement windows and a dank musty smell permeated throughout the entire level. There wasn’t much down there aside from a broken down dryer next to a perfectly working washer. Oh well, she’d just have to dry her clothes outside until she could have someone over to fix it. She had no illusions that she could fix anything of the sort herself.

The rest of the basement was riddled with cobwebs, dust, and mold from a leaking pipe that had a considerably large hole in the top. Hermione could see the dirty sewer water flowing rapidly. It was also very likely that any usage of any of the upstairs faucets would cause the water to rise out of the pipe. Sighing, the young witch urged the pipe to mend itself with help from her magic. Turning around, she vanished all of the dirt, dust, and mold before surveying the newly cleaned area in a new light.

Cement flooring was now visible as well as a half-hazard orange dream-sickle paint job on the walls. The color itself was fine, but it looked like it was painted in a hurry. Shaking her head, Hermione decided to change the walls to a pastel pink, the same as her upstairs bathroom. Then, satisfied with her work for the day, she unpacked her four storage boxes from her suitcase, including the first suitcase, before walking up the stairs to make dinner for herself.

As the young witch lay in bed that night, she pondered how her first meetings with Derry residents were going to go.

June 9th, 1989

Well, stopping a fight between a boy and a girl on her walk into town was not how she imagined her day was going to start.

She had just chugged down a steaming cup of black coffee, grimacing at the intensity of the flavor and temperature. Two measly pieces of toast followed to curb Hermione’s hunger. She made a note to herself to bring her MACUSA-issued credit-card to get cash from an ATM and consequently food from the small grocery store she’d seen driving into the small town. The witch had showered and
slung an emerald green dress over her head before putting on her black converse and walking out of her house like a woman on a mission. In this case, she was on a mission for food.

She’d only walked a couple of blocks when she noticed a rather unfortunate familiar sight. A taller wavy-haired boy was harassing a younger girl, and Hermione could tell she was trying to find a way to escape. Memories of her own harassment from slytherins and death eaters made her see red as she marched forward and summoned all of the adult authority she could as she exclaimed.

“What the hell is going on here?” The two immediately stopped bickering and adopted different expressions. The girl had a look of relief and confusion, and the boy held an irritated yet cocky look on his features. The ginger-haired girl decided to speak first.

“It was just a small disagreement, nothing to worry a---” she was cut off by the taller boy.

“Yeah, nothing to worry about, like she said,” he looked away from the younger girl and focused solely on Hermione, looking her up and down and seemingly undressing her with his eyes. *Eww, I’m like ten years older than you.*

“Are you new around here? I could show you around, if you want me to,” the dark-haired boy’s voice became gravely at the last phrase, complete with a smirk and wink. Hermione tried not to cringe, she’d gotten enough of this when she’d started at MACUSA.

“No, thank you…” she tried to at least weasel a name out of the taller boy, just so she could avoid him in the future.

“Patrick Hockstetter,” he winked again before turning around to presumably continue his walk to school, “See you around, princess.” Hermione just about decked him. Teenage boys were the worst, and it was people like that who she needed to protect. *Ugh.* The freckled girl spoke up, breaking the frazzled witch from her thoughts.

“Thank you for helping me, he wasn’t planning on leaving me alone. I’m Beverly Marsh by the way. You do seem new around here, but you seem familiar at the same time. Sorry, I don’t usually ramble to people I just met,” Hermione laughed. She felt the same way, but she already knew why. The witch saw much of herself in Beverly.

“No problem, I’m glad I could help. Between you and me, I had a similar problem in my schooling.” Hermione smiled reassuringly at the girl before reaching into her purse for a post-it note and pen. “Here, my number, in case you want to meet up sometime. I could use a tour guide, and a friend. Hockstetter was right, I am new,” she handed the paper over.

Beverly laughed, “I don’t think you could be anymore obvious. Your accent alone screams “I’m new!” to everyone you talk to.”

“Well thanks, that makes me feel loads better. I was trying to blend in,” Hermione only half-joked, but Bev didn’t quite catch that.

Beverly began walking away, but glanced down at the note and stopped. “Her-my-o-nee?”

The older woman beamed, “Yes! You are one of the only people I know who pronounced it right on their first try.” Bev returned her smile and continued walking in the same direction Patrick went. *Pity those two have to go to the same school.*
Hermione went down another street, searching for the now-elusive grocery store. When she came across it an hour later, she bought enough food to fill her kitchen, and with MACUSA paying for it, she could. The cashier’s eyes nearly bugged out of their wrinkled sockets as the young woman’s overflowing cart came into view. He was polite, but not overly so. Neither were any of the other residents in the store. They stared, so Hermione couldn’t blame not noticing. It was odd, like there was a large confundus charm placed on the entire vicinity and she was immune. This must have been what drove the FBI agents and MACUSA aurors to forget their assignments. Why she was immune boggled her mind. What did she have that they didn’t?

Shrugging, Hermione walked out of the store and into the alley behind the store. It would certainly be faster to apparate home, and her frozen and refrigerated foods wouldn’t spoil in the rising summer heat. A ‘pop’ signaled her departure, unbeknownst to everyone except a certain monster in the sewers who had just felt the weirdest sensation it had felt in a long time.

June 10th, 1989

Hermione entered her office at eight o’clock in the morning, a home-made cappuccino in one hand, and the case binder in the other. She didn’t leave until noon, and she was barely any further than she was when she’d started. Seeing nearly nothing on the bulletin board had her seething with irritation and frustration.

The children had nothing in common aside from the usual things in being from a town this size. Some of the files didn’t even have photos. They were a wide range of ages, and a wide range of descriptions. They were all white, but Derry, Maine didn’t really strike her as ethnically diverse. That or the killer was also white, since serial killers usually hunted within their own ethnic groups.

As Hermione glanced at each photo side-by-side, ten pairs of eyes bore into her soul.

“What kind of sick person would do this?” There were pieces missing, she was sure of it.

Hermione needed a large map so she could pin-point where exactly these murders were happening. The descriptions were also incredibly sparse in all aspects of each child’s file, so she’d also need to speak with Derry’s police and attempt not to wring a few necks. Honestly, did they write these in their sleep. What the bloody hell does ‘modest blood-pool’ even mean.

The woman was frustrated, and when Hermione was frustrated due to a lack of information, there was only one kind of place that she knew would help her: a library.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, by the way, the Harry Potter canon diverges after the Battle at Hogwarts, but nearly everything from before then is the same. It may change in the future, but for now, the 1989 in this story is equivalent to HP’s 2004.
Sorry about the long descriptions of the house, but it was either now or later, and I want to get to the good stuff later and not have you guys confused about where stuff is.
I also know that Patrick is much "gayer" in the novel, Wikipedia told me that much, but in the context of the story, Patrick is more appropriate to have a crush on Hermione rather than Henry. Pennywise kills him in both versions anyway, so why not add another motive to his death this time around.
Ben Hanscom

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, here's the next chapter. I had originally planned on splitting this into two chapters, but I had more time, so I combined them into one. Enjoy. Leave comments, I love hearing from you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 11th, 1989

The Derry Public Library’s parakeet green sign glinted in the midday summer sun as Hermione climbed the stone steps to the dark painted door. A loud ‘bang’ reverberated from the black and white clock tower on top of the old building, signaling the eleventh hour. Dim maroon bricks and large glass windows stared out at the little town, unyielding and ever watchful.

Stepping into the library, the young woman strode right for the reference section, ignoring the chipping paint and scuffed creaking wood flooring. If she was going to start somewhere, it was likely best to start with finding patterns. *There has to be some accounts of Derry’s history here somewhere…*

Hermione started on one end of the library and walked slowly down the aisles, searching for the right books. There weren’t many shelves, but there were plenty of old books, almost as many as the library’s more recent additions. Many of them were too dusty to read at first, almost like no one had read about the town’s history since the books were written. It was a miracle that Hermione didn’t sneeze.

She did find a spot where some books had been, but they had been taken out recently, leaving a dust-free shadow behind on the wood. The dust hadn’t even begun to settle back in that spot yet, so they could have been taken as early as that morning. *Maybe they’ve been moved and are still here somewhere.*

After looking in the admittedly small library for about fifteen minutes, she surrendered, getting up out of her crouched position after looking on one of the lower shelves. The witch adjusted her cerulean dress so that it wasn’t riding up, dusty, and wrinkled anymore. Oh how desperately she wished to be able to use a simple accio charm to bring the books to her. However, she couldn’t cause a scene of flying books despite the few possible witnesses.

Approaching the seated librarian, a pale older woman draped in an even paler floral dress, Hermione coughed weakly, signaling her presence. The blonde librarian looked up from the paperwork that littered her desk. Stern brown eyes pierced her soul, making the witch unintentionally stutter her question.

“C-can you p-point me in the direction of any books on Derry’s history?” Looking surprised and skeptical, the librarian responded in a voice that reminded her a bit of Professor McGonagall’s.

“Yes, that young man over there is currently looking at them,” she paused a moment, considering
Hermione nodded, causing the older woman to nod once in return before looking back down at her desk. An awkward silence grew around them like a fungus, and only dissipated when she stepped away, turning toward the “young man” who wasn’t really a young man but rather a thirteen-year-old boy.

He was a bit on the large side and had light brown hair that swept across his head. As she approached him from behind, she noticed that there was a postcard on the desk in front of him. It was too far away to read, but he was too focused on writing to notice her. His pen wrote the jagged letters slowly, in a true juxtapositional fashion. The witch tried to make her steps louder as not to startle him from his concentration. Sure enough, he turned his head around to see who was coming closer.

Speaking in a whispered tone, Hermione inquired, “Hi, I was just wondering if I could look at those with you. I would ask to borrow a few, but I wouldn’t want to take any ones that you might need.”

The boy was shy, but he acquiesced. Smiling warmly, she sat down next to him. Suddenly, she could hear yelling from outside. Both Hermione and the boy looked out the window to see four other boys on bicycles race by the building, not caring who heard their yells. They were innocent, unaware of the danger lurking in their midst. As the boy continued looking outside, she snuck a look at the postcard.

It was a poem, and it was addressed to Beverly “Bev” Marsh. If it had been anyone else, she wouldn’t have known who she was. She remembered the ginger girl, her first friend in Derry. Hermione wondered if she would enjoy the poem. Looking closer at the card, she realized that she had never read the poem before, so he must have written it himself. A wistful smile graced her face as she read the “signature”. She’d never gotten any gift like this in her school days.

*Your hair is winter fire*

*January embers*

*My heart burns there too.*

-Secret Admirer

A loud slam of a book on their table startled them both. It was the librarian who had brought over another book for the boy.

“Found it,” she looked sideways at him, “Isn’t it summer vacation? I would think you’d be ready to take a break from the books.” He fidgeted the entire time she spoke.

In his defense, Hermione could relate. In her first year, she had been much like this boy, finding comfort in books rather than other children her own age. She had deviated from that behavior after she really befriended Harry and Ron. Looking over at the boy, she believed that he could benefit from some real friends. Her thoughts were broken when he spoke.

“I-I like it in here,” at least she wasn’t the only one stuttering around the old lady.

“A boy should be spending his summer outside with friends. Don’t you have any friends?”

Hermione could tell that he was getting irritated with the interrogation, and having her as a sort of captive audience wasn’t helping. Once again, she could relate. Madam Pince used to give this lecture to Hermione in her earlier years at Hogwarts. Soon enough, he snapped.
“Can I have the book now?” In response, the librarian tapped the book with her hand before walking away. The boy pulled the large dark-covered book towards him with a sigh. “A History of Old Derry”? It seems promising.

Belatedly, Hermione realized that she hadn’t even introduced herself before asserting herself at the boy’s table. That and she couldn’t keep mentally calling him ‘boy’.

“I’m Hermione by the way, Hermione Granger,” the boy nodded nervously in response.

“I’m Ben Hanscom,” he replied stiffly.

“Nice to meet you Ben,” she paused, looking at the other books and newspapers spread across the rest of the table, “Do you mind if I look at these?” Ben shook his head.

“No, I don’t mind. I’ve already looked through those,” he indicated with his hand as he opened the large tome in front of him.

“Do you like history?” she asked him.

“Kinda. Derry’s history is really interesting, and I want to learn more about it,” Ben replied nervously. This was good, she could use his help as well as any knowledge he might already have.

“We should talk sometime, because I also want to learn more about Derry.”

“Ok, that sounds interesting,” the young boy agreed before turning back to A History of Old Derry.

Satisfied, Hermione grabbed a newspaper of her own and began reading, holding it up so she couldn’t see over it. She couldn’t see Ben’s increasing unease with each page nor the singing of a child increasing in volume. After all, It was after the teenage boy, not the twenty-five-year-old woman. It’s show was for Ben’s eyes and ears only.

The newspaper, called the Derry Herald, had an eerie headline. “Body found by canal, not Betty Ripsom,” it worried Hermione. Betty had been the killer’s most recent victim. The fact that the authorities still haven’t found her body yet found another person’s corpse altogether was concerning. She had to solve this case, she just had to. Determined, the witch delved into the other papers in front of her, searching for clues as to what is currently happening in Derry.

So engrossed with her own research, she didn’t even notice the suspicious figure staring at them from near the shelves nor the crimson balloon that lured Ben away from her sight. Hermione only realized that he was gone after she put the newspaper down in front of her. A mild look of confusion settled onto her face as she looked around the immediate area.

He has to be coming back. He did leave his bag here. Oh well, he probably won’t care if I borrow this for a moment.

Hermione slid A History of Old Derry over to her side of the table and began flipping through it. Many of the captions seemed pointless, but any knowledge was good knowledge as of this moment. Sepia muggle photographs greeted her with each phrase. “Shriners Group arriving and playing at Derry’s Union Station,” probably irrelevant. “Sawmill worker at the EAA cooperative sawmill,” good to know that there was a building like this. Perhaps it is still around here. “Waiting for the motor to cool off at the Derry Sawmill,” once again, probably irrelevant. “Easter Egg Hunt celebration at the Derry Iron Works, April 3rd 1908,” this one is busy yet hard to read.

“Pen… Danc… Clo…” Hermione spoke out loud curiously. This, like many of the other photos, was probably a waste of time looking at, but something about it drew her in. The “Clo” in the photo likely was the start of the word “Clown,” given the icon of a clown on the side of what looked to be a trailer. What remained in the photo was blurry, the No-Maj technology of 1908 was no match for
the movement of the crowd.

The next photo seemed both eerie and happy at the same time. A large group of children, most likely a school function, held baskets of Easter eggs, some smiling, some didn’t. The girls’ light, probably white, dresses made their bodies near indistinguishable from each other, leaving their faces front and center. This as well as another thing bothered Hermione.

There was a blurry figure in the background, almost hidden by the children in the foreground. She could make out three large dots on the figure as well as what looked like a ruffled collar. Could this be the clown from the previous photo? It certainly looked that way. The next page flip nearly stopped her heart.

“EASTER EXPLOSION KILLS 88 CHILDREN, 102 TOTAL” glared at her from the book. It was another newspaper page, this time a photocopy. All of those children, gone. Hermione shook her head, trying to ease her darkening thoughts. That had been eighty-one years ago. Worse had happened in wizarding history. “Crowds Watch as Iron Works Burns,” oh Merlin. The young woman quickly turned the page, hoping for a better event. She was disappointed.

“Bodies of those killed in Derry Iron Works Explosion, 1908,” Hermione read silently. The pictures accompanying the captions were just as horrible as she predicted, especially the one that accompanied the phrase, “A gruesome discovery in the wake of the Derry Iron Works explosion, 1908.” It was too hard to see in the photo, but a small description underneath explained what exactly the discovery was.

A boy’s head had been found in the tree shown in the photo. Godric, this is terrible. Hermione didn’t even want to think about how the remaining children of Derry reacted. Imagining his parent’s reactions upon finding out that their son’s head was found in a tree after the explosion made her slam the book closed in anguish.

She had to take a moment to pull herself together. Luckily no one else noticed her near-breakdown in the middle of the library. Taking some deep breaths, the witch considered what she had read. There was a catastrophe that happened eighty years ago. A lot of children died. A boy’s head had been fou—,” Hermione stopped, frustrated. A long walk and something to get her mind off of it will numb the reopened mental scars of the Final Battle.

As Hermione moved to get up, Ben Hanscom darted around the corner behind her, looking disheveled as though he had just ran from something. He quickly began stuffing everything minus the book that both of them weren’t eager to touch ever again into his olive green backpack. The boy was still breathing heavily as he started to speed walk away.

“Ben? Are you okay?”

“I—I’m fine, nice to meet you Hermione,” he didn’t even give her a chance to reply before he was gone. Should I follow him? He seemed very distraught. Swiftly making a decision, the young woman grabbed her purse and dashed out the metal doors. Her head swiveled, looking to and fro for Ben’s white t-shirt and stocky frame. To her far left, she finally spotted him pass between a large pine tree and an enormous stone World War I memorial.

Not wanting to lose him, Hermione ran towards him but stopped short when she realized that there was a group of boys ganging up on the poor boy. There were too many opportunities for witnesses here, so she couldn’t exactly intervene at this moment.

It was a rule, just as much as in Wizarding Britain, not to show magic to No-Maj unless absolutely necessary. She could hex them without them seeing her perform the spell, but there were too many
possibilities for other witnesses where they all were at this time. The gang of boys seemed to have the same thought because they began to drag a protesting Ben toward the forest. He began to call for help, not knowing that Hermione was trailing them, keeping them in her sights yet out of theirs’ as they walked further away.

It was truly unlucky for her that each of the boys was taller than her. The closest one to her height made up for his shorter stature with his width. She couldn’t take any of them physically, so her only option was to use her vine wand, which had been kept snug in her purse until this moment. There was a covered bridge up ahead, hopefully they’d stop there.

The boys, thinking that no one would hear them, started to push Ben around as he continued to yell. Hermione glanced around to determine that they were alone before darting into the trees in order to keep her presence a secret. In hindsight, she could have probably used an invisibility charm, but her mind was too focused on Ben to think about it.

The larger boy and who she’d just realized was Patrick Hockstetter grabbed Ben and pulled his shirt up over his head. Another boy was hitting his bared stomach. Hermione tried to find a clear shot through the trees, but it was rather difficult. She could only watch as the larger boy and the boy with bleach blonde hair held Ben to the side of the bridge. Patrick was speaking, but Hermione was too far away to hear it. All of a sudden, she saw fire and her fear for the poor boy skyrocketed. The silent fourth boy stepped forward just as a silver-green car drove by. Maybe she wouldn’t have to intervene after all.

Hermione gawked as the car slowed down but didn’t stop, the older couple inside looking at the five boys all the while. She didn’t see another crimson balloon appear in the back seat. Hermione was thrown out of her shock as she watched Ben take a few punches to the face. The witch moved closer, as quietly as she could. As long as she was unseen, she would be able to hex them no problem.

“--This is one us locals call “The Kissing Bridge”. It stands for two things: sucking face and carving names,” with the last two words, the mullet-headed boy brought out a switchblade as Patrick seemed to get more eager while the other two looked… nervous.

Immediately, Hermione was reminded of her interrogation at the hand of Bellatrix Lestrange. The “mudblood” scar on her arm was still there, as it had been carved with a cursed knife. She quickly aimed her wand, tree branches be damned, and threw out the most powerful silent expelliarmus that she’d ever cast. Ben’s torso already had been marked with a crude “H”, but she had knocked all of the boys off of the ledge.

Luckily there was a hill instead of a deep drop into a river. The four bullies looked to the trees to see an angered woman stepping out like a charging bull. Her hair nearly stood up with the amount of magical energy ready to burst forth. Their eyes nearly bulged out of her head as she aimed her wand at the large boy. *Petrificus totalus!* The beam of magic caused him to crash to the ground like a falling tree. The bleach-blonde boy was taken down with the same spell, leaving Patrick and “mullet-boy” to her ire.

“Explain yourselves. Now!” there was no mercy in Hermione’s voice. Patrick stepped forward placatingly.

“I was wondering when I’d see you around again, but you didn’t have to hurt my friends---” he immediately stopped upon seeing Hermione’s wand aimed in his direction.

“Don’t. Lie. To me,” she enunciated, channeling her inner Professor Snape. Hermione looked to the other boy but noticed he had lost all of the bravado he’d had before. Odd. He wasn’t a typical bully,
there was something else going on. Patrick on the other hand was back to smiling and flirting.

“But it’s true princess, these are my friends. This is Henry, he’s my best friend,” she didn’t like the way he said “best,” and she didn’t think Henry did either as he immediately grimaced at Patrick. Hermione didn’t even want to know. All of a sudden, Henry sank to his knees and began frantically rooting through the foliage.

“My knife! My old man’ll kill me!” she saw it now, clear as day. Henry was abused, and bullied others in order to compensate for his own bullying at the hands of his father. She could feel something under her foot. Discretely, she moved both her foot and the leaves under it, revealing the knife that cut her friend. Hermione put her foot back down. It was better for everyone if the knife was out of his hands.

Patrick used the distraction to run off. She cursed her luck as she immediately obliviated the three remaining boys and placing the switchblade in her purse without them noticing. Hermione only hoped that Patrick didn’t catch up to Ben.

Beginning to walk back to her house, she couldn’t shake the feeling that she was being watched, not by the boys, she’d left them in the woods. No, there had been someone else.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. Hermione is so fiery. If I didn't want to follow the movie so closely, I would have had her react sooner to Ben's predicament, so sorry if my Hermione seems a bit OOC. The next chapter will continue right where this one left off. After this "day" in the story, things really start falling into place. I hope you're just as excited as I am. XD
Hermione’s light footsteps fell across downtown Derry. Her cerulean dress flowed in the light breeze. Thoughts about Ben Hanscom’s probable condition swirled around in her mind’s eye. He hadn’t been hurt badly, but being cut with a switchblade and tumbling down a hill isn’t exactly good for one’s health either. The boy had escaped, that’s all that really mattered.

Main street wasn’t busy, despite being around four-thirty in the afternoon. The shop windows glinted in the late afternoon sun. It was a Sunday, so many of the stores were closing early, and if the curfew was seven o’clock, it made sense. Hermione passed by the local diner, her stomach suddenly deciding to make itself known with its distinct rumbling groans. Belatedly, she realized that she hadn’t eaten since her meager breakfast earlier that morning. Lunch had been skipped in favor of searching the library and hexing No-Maj teenagers.

Sighing, Hermione entered the diner. Upon walking in, the witch felt as though she had stepped back in time, but this time she hadn’t used a time turner. The interior breathed No-Maj nineteen-fifties. Worn red leather booths encircling the windows matched the Checkered black and white tiles that spanned the floor. Round leather bar stools lined the counter and a neon-lit jukebox sat in the corner, humming out “Sh-Boom” by The Chords.

There weren’t many people in the diner, and none were ordering at that moment. So, Hermione stepped forward and sat herself down in the furthest booth from the other patrons, a couple with two young children. Soon enough, a waitress came by and the witch made a request for a burger and fries. As she waited, the quiet ambience of the restaurant allowed her thoughts to carry her away for a moment. Eyes shut, breathing deeply, Hermione was wiped.

A loud ‘ding’ from the shiny bell on the counter signaled her food’s arrival from the kitchen, and Hermione watched as her waitress sat the food down in front of her before walking away to cater to the other restaurant-goers. As she gazed down at the meal in front of her, she could feel the beginnings of drool pooling at the corners of her mouth.

Secretly, American fast-food was a bit of a guilty pleasure for the British witch. She knew the risks of eating it too often, but with so many places that served it, she couldn’t exactly avoid it. It was especially difficult when she had very little time between long meetings and had no other choice. However, she’d never hear the end of it from Enoch if he knew. He already teased her enough about “going native.”

Hermione bit into a fry, feeling the starchy satisfaction disperse across her tongue. As she licked the
salt from her lips, she reached for her sandwich. Like the fry, the lightly greased bun, well-done beef, healthy green lettuce, rosy red tomato, spicy onion, and sour pickles tasted like heaven to her. Blunt molar shredded the vegetables, as was their evolutionary design. Canines and incisors savagely tore the beef from behind rouge lips painted with crimson ketchup.

★★★

Meanwhile, splashes of water echoed through Derry’s sewers as one Patrick Hockstetter bolted down the tunnels. Disembodied giggles followed him as he ran, blind in the darkness. He had been bitten, scratched, and who knows what else by the pack of zombies that suddenly appeared in front of him. Luckily, he had outrun them, but the terrified teen could feel the slow dripples of his warm blood mixing with the cold sewer water that already drenched his body.

The disoriented boy slipped on the slick surface of the concrete tunnel before falling on his face in the gray-water. He quickly got up, frantically trying to reach the end of the tunnel. However, a grate spanned the entire tunnel in front of him, blocking him from getting to the other side as well as trapping him between a metaphorical rock and hard place.

His dark wavy hair stuck to his face, lowering his visibility. He was wet and cold, not thinking straight. The only reason he’d entered these god-forsaken tunnels was to torture the fat Hanscom kid, not to find out zombies were real and living inside the sewers. They’ve likely gotten Tits, and now they’re after me.

Patrick swore as he shook the bars, trying in vain to get them to move. He spun around as he could hear loud machine-gun laughter from the end of the tunnel he’d ran from. Fear mounted in the teen as he began to breathe heavily. Feeling around in the dark for something to defend himself with, he grasped a loose metal bar and picked it up with a splash, holding it up like a star baseball player up to bat.

Ready to hit anyone or anything that approached him, Patrick waited and listened. Silence greeted him. There were no more giggles or laughs. A crimson balloon entered the tunnel and floated ominously toward him, its string trailing in the sewer water and creating ripples in its wake. Wide eyed, the teen heard the balloon’s rubber creak loudly as it turned around, bearing the message “I ❤ Derry” in white lettering. A sudden ’pop’ echoed through the tunnel like a bomb going off. In its place, stood a pale seven-foot-tall clown with blood on and around its mouth. Its ruffled collar was just as drenched in the warm liquid, the same warm liquid that had been inside of him a few minutes ago.

Patrick screamed in terror as the monster charged him, yellowed teeth sharpening to sink into his neck. Pennywise tackled him before ending his life by tearing out his throat. His fear was delicious and satisfying to his urges. The clown had been running low on food lately, and Patrick’s tall frame would likely last him a long while.

His heart and lungs were eaten promptly, the organs grinding on the clown’s pointed teeth. More blood flowed from It’s mouth, dripping into the gray-water and tainting it rusty-brown. More blood splattered the tunnel’s walls as a particularly large bite of the heart unleashed an overflow of liquid. Tasty, tasty, blood, mine.

After the clown had sufficiently eaten, he began to drag the body through the labyrinth by its jean-covered leg, not stopping until he reached the enormous pile of decaying trophies and the slow-
moving cyclone of body parts floating high above the ground.

Without much grace, the supernatural being picked the corpse up by its leg once more and chucked it. Because of Pennywise’s strength, Patrick’s dead body somersaulted through the air before being drawn into the cyclone, knocking into two of the other floating corpses on the way. It looked almost like bowling, in a morbid and disturbing way. The demon clown smirked at the sight before turning around to go back through the tunnels. There was something else he had to do that night.

Of course, he killed and ate Patrick because he barged into his tunnels. Pennywise would have done that to anyone, but there was another reason: that female human. She was new, and all around interesting. There was something different about her, and the male he’d just killed had been trying to get closer to her.

He’d had that odd feeling again that day, so he’d investigated. It turns out that every time she’d made one of those lights appear, or at least that’s what he thought they were, he would sense it. There were other humans like her that came before, but when they would do what she did, he couldn’t stand it. They gave him headaches of the worst kind. The sensations from them made his brain itch. That’s why he got rid of them. She made it feel like a brain massage. The fact that she gave him entirely different feelings intrigued Pennywise, and until he figured out how and why, there would be no interlopers. She was his to unravel, his to torture, and his to collect. That is, if he didn’t eat her first.

★★★

If she had been seen by anyone during her consumption, they couldn’t have possibly left out comparing her to a beast. The mere speed of which she consumed her meal was near-primal. It was truly a miracle that she didn’t get any crumbs on her person. Of course, she hadn’t eaten all day, and she had gotten a fair bout of exercise. But that wouldn’t normally excuse the red splatters of ketchup that littered the table in the wake of Hermione’s frenzy.

Hermione glanced around after her base hunger had been satisfied. There was still plenty of food left, but she could now think straight. According to her case file, the father of the first victim, Claire LeBeau, had worked here. Curious, the young woman beckoned an older waitress over to her table.

The woman’s hair was going grey and she looked tired from a likely day-long shift. Her red apron and black skirt were stained with old and new splotches of food.

“Yes? Is the food tasting okay?”

“Yes, the food is great, but I was wondering if a man with the last name “LeBeau” works here. It’s spelt L-e-B-e-a-u?,” the woman’s dirt brown eyes darkened with pity.

“I’m sorry dearie, Mr. LeBeau and the rest of his family left town a few months ago. A darn shame too, he was the nicest man before his youngest daughter went missing,” her eyes went blank, seemingly lost in her memories before returning to their natural state a moment later. “You know all about that don’t you? The missing children?” the woman asked forlornly.

“How could I not know? It’s all anyone references yet never wants to talk about,” Hermione tried to lighten the mood. It kind of works because a cheerful spark lightens up the waitress’s eyes. She chuckles, adjusting her apron and crooked nametag identifying her as “Betty”.

“Ha ha, that’s Derry for you. Ever the gossipers,” Betty would have continued talking, but she was
interrupted by the order bell’s obnoxious ‘ding’. “Sorry about not finding Mr. LeBeau, but I have to get back to work.”

With that, the buxom middle-aged woman scurried back over to the counter to grab the trays that had been slid across by the cook. Hermione finished off her fries before leaving a generous tip for Betty on her table.

The evening sun had begun to set when Hermione emerged from the diner and begun walking back to her house. It was at this time that she regretted not bringing a jacket with her that day. A breeze, likely the same one as before, was still present around her. That, partnered with the absence of sunlight, caused the witch to shiver.

Shaking oak trees and houses flanked her as the sidewalk transitioned the streets from business to residential. Goosebumps littered her body as she walked down Hallow Road a few minutes later. She hadn’t taken her car that day because the library had been close enough to her house that it would have been a waste to drive it there and back. Besides, a stasis charm on her MG enabled her to drive it as little as she wanted without it rusting or dying on her.

★★★

Stepping into her sun-warmed house was a relief for the young woman as she toed off her white converse and strode upstairs, intent on changing into something more comfortable. She shrugged off her dress and lacy black bra before putting on loose gray plaid flannel pants and a baggy sleep-shirt depicting Daffy Duck. The shirt had been Enoch’s unbelievably random Christmas present to her, and she sometimes wore it on their missions as a joke.

Hermione smirked as she looked in the mirror on her vanity. Who on Earth is this sexy beast with her baggy clothes? With a light giggle she walked back downstairs, intent to at least look through her notes again before succumbing to unconsciousness. After all, it was only six o’clock, much too early to sleep now.

A ginger ball of fur, a.k.a. Crookshanks, snoozed on the living room couch as the witch walked down the stairs. Reaching around him for the T.V. remote, she turned the small box on with a ‘click’ before walking into the other room with her case file and notes. She’d learned from early on that she cannot work in silence. It was likely a by-product from studying in a busy school with loud students and loud spirits floating about. Hermione hadn’t even looked to see what was on the screen, she just needed the noise in the background while she worked.

Soon enough, the kitchen table was littered with papers and files. The young woman had edited the Claire LeBeau file by stating that the family had moved away and so weren’t available for questioning. It would have been helpful to have an interview with them instead of just going from the lackluster case file, but there were other leads she could follow up on. Hermione still had to construct a large map of Derry and place pins on each of the spots where the kidnappings took place. She’d save that for another day.

★★★
About an hour into her research once-over she heard something rather odd from the television. Not that most American television wasn’t odd, but what she heard really stretched her suspension of disbelief.

“Hermione looked beautiful today didn’t she?”

Immediately, her head shot up from its hunched over position in front of the papers. Did I just hear what I thought I heard? She cautiously wandered into the living room area and peered at the television, its bright screen complimenting the conical beams of light from the table lamps. The beams were projected on the wall, providing the only light source, aside from the TV, in the eerily dark room.

Hermione had read about the “cocktail-party effect”, which basically says that if one is in a busy environment with a lot of voices, like a party, they immediately notice if someone says their name. She hadn’t thought much of the show on the television. It had seemed harmless, but that was until she’d heard her own name.

The witch slowly sat down next to Crookshanks’ sleeping form, not wanting to wake him. On the screen, there was a group of children with what looked like their teacher in front of a painted background of some main-street style shops. They all smiled at the camera as they held a discussion. A little girl who was draped in a pastel yellow dress spoke up shyly before curling in on herself.

“Yeah, that one boy called her a princess.”

That weirded Hermione out. There’s no way they would know about Hockstetter calling me that. It’s just a big coincidence. The teacher spoke up again, her hands clasped in her lap.

“That’s because she is one, silly,” she shook her head, red pearls bouncing as she quickly turned to cheerfully address the little girl who’d spoken. Another little girl in a pink and white dress spoke.

“I liked her blue dress. I want one just like it,” the other girls cheered. Then, a boy in a light blue shirt voiced his opinion.

“‘I like how she used that stick to make those mean boys fall down,” the teacher immediately replied, a smile permanently pasted on her face.

“You did? Me too.”

“How did she do it?” This time, a boy in a green striped shirt asked the question.

“I don’t know, but I’d like to find out,” Hermione didn’t like the look in her eyes when she said that. They just screamed “dangerous”.

“She read the funny book with the clown pictures. Do you think Hermione likes clowns?”

Upon hearing her name again, the woman in question immediately shut the television off, not wanting to hear any more. She had to be hallucinating, it was the only rational answer. It made sense, she’d had a stressful day and it was now manifesting itself into hallucinations.

Satisfied with her reasoning, Hermione walked up the stairs to her room. Crookshanks trailed his mistress a few steps behind her, ready to curl into her side as she slept. She brushed her teeth before examining herself in the mirror. Nothing was out of the ordinary, so she proceeded with her nighttime routine.
Soon enough, Hermione had a glass of water in hand. It was always handy to have one in the event she woke up in the middle of the night. There were enough occasional nightmares brought on by her war PTSD to warrant it. She was ready to pull back her covers and sink down into the warm fluffy cloud that was her mattress when her phone rang in its dock by her bed. The noise startled the witch, but she quickly remembered that she’d given her number to one person. Smiling, Hermione answered the phone.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Hermione?” Beverly Marsh spoke hesitantly into the phone.

“Yes, that’s me,” the curly haired woman answered reassuringly and let the almost frantic-sounding girl ramble.

“Oh, good. It’s Beverly. I know it’s been a few days since we spoke, but I’d like it if we could meet tomorrow. Some friends of mine are going swimming down at the Quarry and I think I’ll be the only girl there if you don’t come. It would give you a chance to meet more of Derry’s locals. They seem nice. Please Hermione? You seem like you need some friends here,” Bev’s voice became gradually less nervous and more teasing as she went on, but Hermione could see her point.

It would be a great idea to go with her. Besides, all work and no play makes Hermione very cranky. Some mindless distraction from the case would do her some good. She also would meet more of the children she was now working to protect. There were no downsides to saying yes to her.

“All right Beverly, I’ll do it. Where should we meet?”

“How about at your house? What’s the address?” Bev offered and asked cheerfully.

“Sure, it’s 1366 Hallow Road,” Hermione answered.

“Oh, I know where that is. I love that little house. It’s cute,” Bev gushed.

“Thanks, I guess.”

“No problem, see ya tomorrow at say 10:30?”

“Of course. See you tomorrow,” Hermione was almost ready to hang up before Beverly spoke one last stream of dialogue before hanging up herself.

“Pull out your swimsuit. Goodnight Hermione.”

Shaking her head with a smile on her face, she put the phone back in its spot on her nightstand before finally pulling back her covers and going to bed, Crookshanks curled into her side as per usual.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Hermione is going to meet all of the Losers (minus Mike) next. She already knows Bev and Ben, but I digress. BTW This was the night in the movie where Bev cuts her hair. So she basically calls Hermione to calm herself down even though she makes the excuse that she is asking Hermione to join her at the Quarry. The Quarry scene is next! How do you think they’ll react to two beautiful women rather than just one? I just about
laughed when I thought of Richie's possible reactions.
I also wanted to make the foundation for parallels between Hermione and Pennywise.
You see, Hermione eats American food, and Pennywise eats Americans as food. LOL!
Hey guys, I've got another chapter up for you as promised. It will probably be a few days until the next one. Then again it might not be that long. We'll see. Anyway, enjoy.

June 12th, 1989

Hermione woke up at 9:00 am on the dot. She was actually amazed at her internal clock. It was the perfect time because she had exactly an hour-and-a-half before Bev was coming to the house to take her to the Quarry, which Hermione didn’t know existed until the previous night. All she knew was that she needed to wear a swimsuit.

The witch rolled out of creaking bed with a groan and shucked off her flannel pants that had admittedly been too warm for her the night before. Soon enough, the rest of her clothes littered the floor leaving Hermione as naked as the day she was born. Striding to her small closet, she pulled out her modest black one-piece and pulled it on, the material sticking to her mildly tan form like a second skin.

It wasn’t overly revealing. There were many ruffles that littered the front of it. The back didn’t ride up as much as others she’d seen, so she didn’t think the suit would scar the group of boys for life upon seeing her. Smirking at the thought, she threw a white translucent swimsuit coverup on over her one-piece as well as a pair of jean shorts. After rummaging through her accessories, a pair of silver aviator sunglasses joined the ensemble.

Hermione also had to wrangle her long unruly mane into a braid so she wouldn’t look like Beverly brought a mop with her to the Quarry. Water would only add to the problem, so she had to do something with it. Some sticking charms were also added so her hair wouldn’t escape during her aquatic fun. A quick look in the mirror showed the twenty-five-year-old her progress with herself that morning and she was satisfied.

Her breakfast that day was a small bowl of bland cereal, which she finished by the time Beverly arrived at her door, a loud automated bell tone signaling her arrival. Upon opening the thick painted wood, the older woman noticed that Bev was similarly dressed. A white dress with tiny black flowers covered her presumably white bikini top, and jean shorts hugged her hips underneath. However, what really stood out to Hermione was the young girl’s hair.

“Oh Beverly, hi. Your hair is different. I like it. It really suits you,” Hermione greeted Beverly fondly. She wasn’t lying, the new hairstyle did suit her.

“Thanks,” Bev smiled at the compliment before indicating to the other woman’s braid, “yours too.”

“Thanks,” Hermione returned before stepping inside the doorway, “come on in and make yourself at home. I still have to brush my teeth and grab my handbag, but then I’ll be ready to go,” she smiled at Beverly before scurrying upstairs to do just that.
The minty aftertaste of the toothpaste clung to her tongue as she climbed back down the stairs. Crookshanks had already found Beverly and was in the process of getting his head scratched by her. They both sat on the couch as she ran her fingers through his ginger fur, the cat purring in contentment. Hermione put her hands on her hips and shook her head jokingly.

“Well it looks like Crookshanks likes you. Although, he likes anyone willing to pet him,” Beverly laughed before getting up off the couch to move to the door, the older woman following her.

They both slid their shoes on and walked out the door, Hermione wandlessly locking it behind her. Beverly made to hop on her bike and the witch paused. She didn’t have a bike to ride like her or the other kids did. What should I do? Not ten seconds later, she got an idea.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Hang on a moment,” with that, the older woman strode over to the small garage that housed her MG and opened the side door before stepping inside it, closing the door behind her.

Hermione flipped the light switch and surveyed the interior. The black MG stood in all of its British inspired glory and a few miscellaneous garden tools leaned against the far wall. Empty shelves lined the wall opposite of the garage door. Hermione stepped closer to the tools, intending to transfigure them into a proper bike. She hadn’t really looked at this area since arriving in Derry, but she now noticed an already existing albeit beat-up adult bicycle next to the garden tools. Her car had shielded it from her view, and it would have been silly of her to create a new one rather than fix the old one.

Remembering Beverly waiting for her outside, the witch immediately drew her want from her handbag before inflating the bike’s tires, patching the holes, and vanishing the rust. The vehicle that now stood before her was silver with a black leather seat and black rubber handlebars. They complimented the large black tires.

Striding over to the garage door opener, Hermione pressed the button to raise the larger door. She figured it was easier than trying to muscle the bike through the small door she entered through. Bev stood in front of the garage as the door went up further, marveling at the older woman’s bicycle with wide eyes.

“Woah, nice bike.”

“Thanks, I just fixed it up,” Hermione smirked at the irony of the phrase.

“Yeah, no kidding. C’mon, let’s go. They’re probably waiting for us,” Bev began pedaling down Hermione’s driveway without waiting for her to get on. Smirking at the unspoken challenge, the witch hopped on her own bike and chased after her.

★★★

They’d made good time, and the sight that met the two women upon arrival told them that they hadn’t missed much. Five young boys around Beverly’s age were arguing next to the cliff side. One of the boys, to her surprise, was Ben Hanscom. He had a bandage over the spot where Henry cut him, but other than that, he was perfectly fine. I was just being stupid. He’s fine. The two put their bikes down and the younger girl leaned over to whisper to Hermione.

“In order to get in the water, you have to jump off that cliff. Don’t worry it’s perfectly safe,” Beverly winked as the two women got closer to the boys. The older woman smiled at her, ready to throw the
unsuspecting males for a loop. They took their shoes and socks, Hermione removing all else besides her suit. The smaller girl got the same idea as she started doing the same, leaving a trail of clothes to the group of bike near their owners. After they were within earshot, Hermione and Beverly heard the brown-haired boy in the middle speak up hesitantly.

“Alright, who’s first,” the phrase silenced the others, each of them looking down at the shining green water below.

“We’ll go!” Beverly called out as she shrugged off her dress, showing off her mismatched bikini and golden necklace with a key attached. Without warning, she broke into a run, Hermione following her at a similar pace.

“Sissies,” Hermione didn’t even think about following her, she just took a literal leap of faith and jumped off the tall cliff with her friend.

Falling was exhilarating for the witch, it brought back the memory of jumping onto a dragon with Harry and Ron and escaping Gringotts before jumping off of it into a freezing lake. She closed her eyes, feeling the wind whip her hair and face as she descended. Smirking as one of the boys yelled “What the fuck!” at their falling forms.

A momentary cold enveloped her as she splashed down. Hermione sunk briefly, allowing the peaceful calm of the warmer water seep into her mind before breaching the surface for much-needed air. She heard Beverly yell up to the boys before she saw each of their pale bodies jump off the same cliff, each with their own yells. When they all resurfaced, they all introduced each other. The darker haired boy spoke first.

“Wow, you’re newer here than Ben. I’m Richie Tozier and I’d like to formally welcome you and Beverly to the Loser’s Club,” he paused before adopting a mischievous expression. “For your initiation, you have to kiss m--,” Richie was stopped from continuing by the curly haired boy who had splashed him in the face.

“No you don’t. I’m Stan Uris,” the boy spoke seriously, locking brown eyes with Hermione. Stan pointed to the smallest boy of their group, “and that’s Eddie Kaspbrak.” Eddie smiled nervously, not making any sound other than a hum of affirmation.

Frankly, Stan’s sobriety and confidence was refreshing in the wake of Richie’s bad jokes. She could see why they were friends: they balanced each other out. Eddie’s shyness was also balanced by Stan’s blunt nature. She’d already met Ben, who smiled at her after she said she remembered him. Beverly also knew these boys even though she’d gotten a lot closer to them today than ever before. Hermione could tell that they felt the same way. The other boy spoke up suddenly.

“I-I-I’m B-Bill Denbrough,” Hermione immediately dialed into the brown-haired tween. This was George Denbrough’s older brother. She’d read in the case file that he’d been the last person to see his brother before he’d went missing. A closer look at Bill revealed to the perceptive witch that he was deeply haunted and hadn’t likely stopped to grieve. In that moment, she felt pity for the poor boy.

“Nice to meet you all. My name is Hermione Granger, and I’d like to thank you for inviting Beverly and I today,” the boys blushed and looked down slightly, unprepared for her gratitude. Their silence was broken by Richie, who had just realized that Hermione had a British accent.

“Woah, you’re British! I’ve got a joke for you! What starts with “T”, ends with “T”, and has “T” in it?” Without waiting for Hermione to think about the joke, Richie blurted out, “A teapot!” before dissolving into a nervous laugh upon realizing no one else was laughing.
Hermione shook her head at the boy’s antics before getting an idea. *If it works on Alison, it ought to work on Richie.*

“Oh, ha, ha. It was so funny I forgot to laugh,” she grinned at the spectacled boy who had just gasped in mock-outrage.

Any retort that Richie could have made was silenced by Stan splashing water in his face again. The discussion was soon forgotten as everyone began splashing each other with no rhyme or reason.

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All of them splashed in the water, feeling younger than they really were. They didn’t seem to mind that Hermione was at least twelve years older than them. She was treated as one of their own, and that made her unbelievably happy. A chicken-fight was started as each of the younger teens climbed on one another’s shoulders. Since there was an uneven number of people, the older woman watched from the side, feeling like what she thought a proud parent felt like.

Beverly had climbed onto Bill’s shoulders while Richie had climbed onto Ben’s shoulders. Hermione giggled as Richie pushed Beverly off of Bill’s shoulders before flinging both of his fists into the air in a victory stance.

Later, the entire group swam downstream, Hermione beating them due to her taller frame and more extensive swimming expertise. She’d been a particularly good swimmer in her youth, but she was a little rusty despite still beating the younger kids.

They stopped a little further up to splash some more, but the witch noticed a few shared looks between Beverly and Bill. The younger girl smiled at the nervous boy while he wasn’t looking. Ben had turned to face them, his hair stuck up by the water. All of a sudden, Richie swore aloud, an occurrence Hermione was beginning to realize was very common.

“Ah, fuck!”

Eddie, the smallest boy frantically asked Richie, “What was that?”

“It just touched my foot, right here,” the formerly spectacled boy darted under the water before coming back up.

“Right here, right here,” Eddie indicated for the other boys to touch where his foot was.

Bill resurfaced, wiping his wet face and pointing, “It’s a turtle.”

★★★

Music blared from the small boombox as the five boys ogled Beverly, who was currently sunbathing with her auburn-tinted sunglasses on. Four pairs of brown eyes and one pair of green eyes were locked on her pale and freckled form. Hermione grinned wolfishly as the girl moved her head in their direction, causing all of them to obviously avert their eyes and pretend to be looking at something.
Richie, in his urge to find a distraction, began digging through Ben’s green backpack. Beverly rolled onto her front, her dark sunglass lenses obscuring her curious eyes from view.

“Newsflash Ben, School’s Out For Summer!” the spectacled boy put his hand to his mouth, mimicking a newscaster, completing the interjection with a funny voice. Ben looked into the bag as well.

“Oh that? That’s not school stuff,” Richie made to dig out the postcard Hermione had seen Ben writing while they were in the library.

It had been meant for Beverly, so she hoped that the louder boy didn’t make a big deal out of it. That would spell embarrassment for both Ben and Beverly. Upon seeing what it was, Richie smirked, his grinning mouth revealing pearly white teeth.

“No one,” Ben yelped before lowering his voice to a whisper, “give it back. No one,” the chubby boy tried to reassure his friend as he yanked the card out of his hand and shoved it back into his bag.

Richie ignored Ben and reached into his bag again to pull out a blue-green folder. He opened the folder, noting the photocopied newspapers.

“What’s with the history project?” he asked, flipping the folder over to glance at the opposite photocopy.

“Oh, well, when I first moved here, I didn’t really have anyone to hang out with,” Richie handed the folder over to Bill who looked at it thoughtfully before opening it to peer at its contents.

“So, I just started spending time in the library,” Hermione nodded, thinking back to her first year at Hogwarts. She’d done the same thing. Richie, however, didn’t share their sentiments.

“You went to the library,” he paused to look at Stan, searching for someone with what he likely considered sanity, “on purpose?”

“Of course, I do that all the time. I actually got the nickname “bookworm” back at my school for doing that,” Richie frowned before scoffing.

“Yeah, I know you would. Isn’t it a rule for all British people to read a lot?” the boy’s eyes bugged out in surprise when Hermione laughed rather than got offended.

“No, not anymore than here,” Hermione smirked before continuing, “in fact, my college thesis analyzed British stereotypes as well as their truth and lies. If you’re interested, I could show you sometime.”

Of course, no such paper existed, and she doubted Richie would even be remotely interested. The witch cackled internally when the boy’s face turned sour.

“Ew no, I would only read that if I wanted to fall asleep. I’d rather read Ben’s research about Derry’s history,” Richie said, indicating to the folder in Bill’s hands.

“Oh, I wanna see,” Beverly spoke suddenly, jumping up from her spot on her towel and strutting over to sit right next to Bill. As the girl adjusted her top, Hermione moved closer to the group in order to take a look at the papers. Stan, the curly haired boy, spoke up next.
“What’s “The Black Spot”?”

“The Black Spot was a nightclub that was burned down years ago by that racist cult,” the picture accompanying the description showed a couple of African-Americans standing in front of the building that had gone up in flames, billowing black smoke leaking out of its windows. The words, “the black spot 1962”, were written in cursive pen.

Hermione watched as Bill and Ben turned to look at Beverly. Bill spoke softly with a big stutter.

“Y-y-your your hair…” he trailed off, not able to verbalize his thoughts. Beverly waited for him to continue speaking, equally green eyes sparkling fondly. Ben caught on and spoke instead, not wanting to leave the other boy floundering.

“Your hair is beautiful, Beverly.”

“Oh,” the girl pushed a ginger lock behind her ears, smiling. “Right, thanks.” There was an awkward tension between the three teens, but luckily it was broken by Richie who reached for the folder, muttering quietly.

“Here, pass it,” the boy flipped open the folder once more, Stan curiously leaning closer to see what Richie was looking at.

“Why is it all murders and missing kids?” Ben answered immediately. Eddie looked up from his spot on the ground.

“Derry’s not like any town I’ve ever been in before,” everyone’s attention was on the larger boy as he continued his speech. Hermione wanted to see where this was going.

“They did a study once, and it turns out, people die or disappear six times the national average,” he turned to look at Beverly and Bill.

Hermione was floored, she had no idea about that statistic. This meant that the ten children she was investigating weren’t the only ones who had disappeared. She had to think about this later. Calming herself down enough to listen to Beverly ask Ben a question, the witch held her tongue.

“You read that?” the younger woman asked. Bill’s head swiveled from Beverly to Ben as they volleyed speaking.

“And that’s just grownups. Kids are worse; way, way worse,” the boy looked up as he continued speaking before looking back down at the group.

“I’ve got more stuff, if you want to see it,” Eddie nervously shook his head in the negative.

“Of course Ben, that’s why I’m here. My job is to find the missing kids and stop who or what is taking them,” Hermione revealed. She might be taking a risk by telling her new friends of her mission, but she could tell they were doing some investigating on her own. The others nodded solemnly, Bill’s nod more firm. Perhaps she wasn’t really wasn’t alone in her mission after all. At the same time, she had to protect them. They didn’t have magic, and she did. Everyone stood up to gather their belongings.

Hermione closed her eyes. I will protect these kids no matter what cost. This I swear.
There it is, Hermione has met the Losers and they have accepted her into the group. In the grand scheme of things, nothing much happened in this chapter, but the next chapter will depict Ben's room and research as well as a little surprise at the end. I'm planning on building on each of Hermione's relationships with the Losers, so don't think I'm stopping here.

Leave your comments, kudos, etc. I love your feedback.
Hey guys, I've got another chapter for you. This one was fun for me to write, especially at the end. I hope you like it.
Enjoy :)

June 12th, 1989

Wind whipped through Hermione’s hair as she tailed the Losers’ club. She brought up the rear of the group while Ben led everyone to his house on his red bike. As soon as he crossed into his thinly-cut grass, the boy threw the bike down and rushed inside with the others in hot pursuit. Eddie stumbled and fell off of his bike and onto the pavement in his rush to join his friends. Richie made to help him up, but the embarrassed freckled boy waved his hand to indicate that he was fine, blushing brightly and nearly matching his pastel orange shirt.

Hermione let the other kids inside before closing the door behind her. There was an eagerness inside her. It usually only came out when she was onto something, a lead in a case. This time was no different. She knew Ben Hanscom had a stockpile of Derry information that he was about to show them, and she couldn’t wait.

The boy in question had bolted to his room, leaving the others to search for him. Floorboards and china cabinets rattled due to the passing train that was only a little ways away from the house. That would be annoying. It would do nothing for my concentration.

Hermione and the Losers stepped further into the quaint little house. From what she could see, the witch gathered that Ben’s family was rather poor. Living by train tracks alone would create this conclusion. However, there were a few nice things that told her that they were well enough off that she didn’t have to worry Ben wasn’t getting enough food. How odd, I’m not sure where that concern came from so suddenly.

Beverly led the group as she finally located their friend. Crossing the threshold of Ben’s room, she immediately began looking at the series of pictures that littered the wall. There almost seemed to be more papers than the actual black and yellow retro wallpaper present underneath. Bill and Stan entered right behind her and they silently surveyed the room, the former much more eager judging by his rapid head and eye movements. In the meantime, Richie and Eddie began speaking about an American No-Maj singer, Michael Jackson.

“...Oh yeah, I heard he has like a rollercoaster, and like a pet chimp, and like an old guy’s fuckin’ bones...” Eddie agreed verbally, even speaking in unison about the Elephant Man’s bones.

Hermione had only heard a few rumors about him, and that was one of them. The brief conversation stopped as the two boys finally got a look at Ben’s collection. She came in last, thoroughly impressed with his setup. A few astronomy posters littered the room, but everything else painted Derry’s grim history in black and white. Green and yellow notecards interrupted the monochrome scheme every
once in a while, but it didn’t draw away from the photocopies.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wow…” The fact that Richie’s first response wasn’t a joke said a lot about his awe and disbelief of the setup. Ben clearly saw it as a compliment.

“Cool, huh?” the spectacled boy immediately fired off a sarcastic response in retaliation.

“No, no, nothing cool. There’s nothing cool…” his voice trailed off into a whisper, shaking his head and feigning boredom as he continued looking at the files stuck to the wall. He quickly got louder than his mutterings, reiterating his unease. It seemed to Hermione that sarcasm was Richie’s defense mechanism. Ben sighed as he turned to look back at Beverly who was still perusing the photos Hermione had seen in A History of Old Derry.

“Oh, this is cool. Right here. Oh wait, no, no it’s not. It’s not cool.” Bill held up a projector slide up to the light to identify its contents, revealing a map of “Old Derry”.

Stan, deeply annoyed by the other boy’s rambling, pointed at a document littered with red pen and faded dark signatures. A green notecard was attached. Its only words read, “91 vanished.” Other papers around it illustrated bird’s-eye views of Derry, detailing its streets in monochrome maps. There was another paper near it that simply read “WHO VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE”. A photo underneath showed eight small children, clad in late-eighteen-hundreds dresses and “Sunday best” suits.

“Uhh, that,” Richie, Eddie, and Stan turned to look at the other boy, “That’s the charter for Derry township,” Stan nodded while Richie adjusted his glasses. Eddie stood at the spectacled boy’s side like a small shadow despite his light orange t-shirt and khakis.

“Nerd alert,” the dark-haired boy spoke ironically.

“No, actually. It’s… it’s really interesting. Derry started as a beaver trapping camp,” Richie interjected immediately, cutting Ben’s sentence off.

“Still is, amirite boys?” the green-clad kid raised his hand, expecting a high-five from either Stan or Eddie, who had stood contemplatively next to Richie like a silent shadow. Stan shook his head, nonverbally telling the louder boy that now was not the time to joke around.

Beverly was still looking at the photos, but had turned her head slightly to listen to Ben speak before going back to the wall. Hermione, too, had stopped her own perusal of the room to listen to the boy’s lecture.

“Ninety-one people signed the charter that made Derry,” a closer look at the papers around the photo-copied charter told Hermione that the town of Derry was founded in 1719 and its incorporation “happened in the post office.” Another document on water storage was stuck next to the charter. A seemingly random placement, but yet… It could be useful.

“But, later that winter, they all disappeared without a trace.”

“The entire camp?” Eddie spoke skeptically as Bill finally looked up from the slides, lost in thought.

“There were rumors of Indians, but no sign of an attack,” Ben indicated to a black and white print depicting the signing of the township as he spoke.

Hermione noticed an odd figure lurking in the background. The person in the picture glared at the viewer through shadowed eyes. It was unnatural how large its head was compared to the other people in the inked print. Everything below the figure’s head was darkened, painting the stranger’s
clothes in obscurity. However, what really stood out to Hermione was the fact that the figure’s face was painted like that of a clown. *What would a clown be doing at the signing of Derry’s township? What was it with Derry and clowns? First the book, then the television, and now here...*

“Everybody just thought it was a plague or something, but it’s like one day everybody just woke up and left. The only clue was a trail of bloody clothes leading to the Well House,” the soft-spoken boy finished with a sigh.

“Jesus, we could get Derry on *Unsolved Mysteries*,” Richie voiced, now interested in what Ben had to say. The other three boys began to plan out their television debut eagerly.

A loud creak startled both Ben and Hermione into turning around to see that Beverly had closed the bedroom door, revealing a poster for the band “New Kids on the Block.” It seemed to be an inside joke between the two, so Hermione felt like she’d intruded on something private. Either way, Ben shook his head and adopted a pleading expression. The younger woman smiled in return, closing the door and ending the brief silent exchange. The heavy-set boy looked down in shame before turning back to the other boys.

“W-w-w... Where was the Well House?” Bill spoke up suddenly but confidently.

Ben shook his head, swaying back and forth in thought, “I don’t know... Somewhere in town, I guess. Why?” Bill looked away, lost in his own thoughts once more.

“Nothing,” he muttered, looking at the various missing child posters that also littered a section of the boy’s room. His mind likely thinking back to his missing brother.

Hermione marveled at how dedicated Ben was about his research, letting it encroach on his personal space. When she had started investigating for MACUSA, her own research had done the same, but she’d quickly found out that she couldn’t stand looking at the files where she was meant to sleep. Doing so gave her horrible nightmares that depicted the victims’ deaths as well as her own at the hands of an unseen enemy, the enemy she was hunting.

It wasn’t good for her psyche or nerves, so she ended up having to flip her board over when she went to bed. The worst was when she would awaken from a Final-Battle-related nightmare and see the faces of the victims in gory scenes. They usually triggered a painful flashback of more trauma she’d suffered or seen. Either way, reliving her worst memories was not fun for Hermione.

However, she investigated despite all of that because she knew she could do plenty of good and resolved not to let her past trauma rule her life. Even now, as she looked back and forth between each of the members of the Losers’ Club, she could feel that resolution within her. She would not let them have to grow up as quickly as she did, and if they insisted on continuing their investigation, she would be with them every step of the way.

“Thank you, Ben. This umm... tour... of your room was educational. I’ve learned a lot from you, even more so than Derry’s supposed ‘law enforcement’,” Hermione praised the boy who now scratched his head, fidgeting embarrassedly at the compliment.

“Thanks Hermione, that means a lot coming from you,” the boy replied bashfully.

“No problem,” Hermione reassured Ben before checking her watch. “Oh Merlin, it’s nearly four o’clock! I should get going,” she told the group as their head snapped up at her explanation.

Eddie looked like he was about to have a panic attack. “Is it that late already? I need to get home too! Bye guys, see you later!” the smallest boy nearly shouted before darting from the room. Hermione
followed worriedly. *I don’t want him to get in trouble. I could at least walk him home.* She found Eddie outside shoving his bike to the ground in aggravation.

“Eddie? What’s wrong?”

“Ahh! I must have broken the chain off when I fell earlier. I can’t ride my bike home now! My mom is going to be so mad!” Hermione held out her hands placatingly.

“Eddie, you are going to be fine. It’s just your bike. Here, let me walk you home if that will make you feel better. I’m sorry my bike doesn’t fit two people, otherwise I’d let you hop on,” Eddie seemed to calm down at this and nodded his head firmly, beginning to walk down the sidewalk. The witch followed his lead, walking her black and silver bike alongside him. *I’ll certainly go back tonight and fix his bike later. I could even drop it off at his house. Apparation will make it possible instantaneously. Ahh, magic. It certainly is difficult not to use it in public.*

“Thanks Hermione, my mom doesn’t want me out late because there are creepers and perverts out here,” he paused at her look of worry, “uhh, apparently,” he finished lamely, looking down at the sidewalk.

“It’s okay Eddie, we’ll be perfectly fine. It’s hardly dark out yet,” Hermione spoke reassuringly before they both fell silent, listening to the sounds of the birds tweeting in the rustling trees and the click of her bike’s tires rolling over the lines in the concrete.

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They walked for a rather long time. Eddie must’ve lived on another side of Derry because she was almost positive they had passed her neighborhood already. The sun had begun its descent and the air had cooled accordingly. At least they had both dried from their time at the Quarry earlier that morning, otherwise they would have been chilly.

They passed a tan-painted church as they turned onto Neibolt Street, gospel music and clapping leaking from its doors. Eddie adjusted his backpack on his shoulders before cupping his hands together on his face, trying to warm them at first, but quickly making a whistling noise emerge from the space inbetween. Hermione giggled at the noise, so the boy began whistling “*The Star-Spangled Banner*” for her entertainment.

Fallen leaves that hadn’t been swept up from the previous winter blew around their feet, scraping at Eddie’s tube socks. He finished the song and smiled cheerfully at Hermione’s light golf-clap. They were just passing a run-down house, unwittingly slowing down to a snail’s pace.

The witch immediately felt something odd coming from the house, but she couldn’t identify what it was. It wasn’t a magical energy like a ward or a wizard’s essence, it was something else. She would have to investigate later if she couldn’t find any other leads.

Rotting boards covered the milky grey windows, likely heaped with layers of dust. A rusty chain-link fence lined the property’s dry grass and dead trees. Clearly, no one had lived there in a long time, and no one had bothered to take care of it in nearly as long. It was odd; however, because with no supervision, plants usually grow and thrive regardless. This yard looked like the plants were just barely hanging onto their lives and something was sapping them of their energy. The dark-painted house glared predatorily at them behind the fence, seeming to take on a life of its own.
A sudden beeping from Eddie’s watch brought Hermione out of her thoughts. Eddie apologized for startling her as he stopped and reached inside his fanny pack to grab a bottle of red and white pills. Hermione stopped as well, observing the medication with concern. The boy had seemed fine, but she supposed she didn’t know everything about his temperament.

Eddie looked over at the house, seeing the door creak open loudly. An abyssal darkness expanded behind the doorway, leaving the interior a mystery despite the doorway’s width. Hermione’s eyes looked to where he was watching, but she couldn’t see anything out of the ordinary aside from the usual. A growl from inside the sketchy house startled the boy, causing the hand holding his medication to pause halfway to his face. Another growl could be heard from inside, but it was louder than before. Hermione hadn’t heard anything, but she saw the boy jump. Maybe he can see something I can’t.

“Eddieeee… What are you looking for…?” the boy in question stood stock-still for a moment before accidentally dropping his blue pill case on the ground, causing the multicolored medication to spill all over.

“Eddie? Are you okay? What did you see? Please tell me. It’s okay if you think it didn’t truly happen,” Hermione spoke slowly, crouching down to help Eddie pick up his medication.

“I-I-I saw the door open, and I heard a voice call out my name. It growled…” he trailed off, unsure about continuing. The curly-haired witch gripped his shoulders, looking him in the eyes.

“It’s alright. I didn’t hear that, or see the door move, but I am an adult. Whoever, or whatever is taking people is targeting kids the most. So, it stands to reason that only you would be able to hear or see what it’s trying to do to you. You are not crazy,” Hermione could tell he was already thinking those thoughts, so she vowed to put a stop to that immediately. She grasped the small boy’s hand and pulled them to their feet.

“C’mon Eddie, let’s get you home so you and your mother can rest easy. I don’t like the feel of that house either,” she finished as an afterthought. Eddie nodded, beginning to move forward and leaving the Neibolt House behind them. However, a loud snap caused the boy to whip around.

A disgusting-looking man stood right inside the fence. He had rags for clothes and his hair was brown with dirt and decay. His face sported various sores, welts, and dirt marks. He was missing most of his nose and he drooled a white milky substance in thick rivulets. The horrific apparition waved at the boy, causing Eddie to yelp.

His noise caused the leper to morph into a pale seven-foot tall clown holding a large bunch of crimson balloons. Scarlet-haired tufts surrounded his head, still leaving a huge white forehead behind. Yellow eyes peered out at the tween before taking in Hermione’s unaware form that had also stopped upon hearing Eddie’s yelp. It smirked at the two, bending down to the boy’s level to wave at him. Seeing his unresponsiveness, the clown stood back up to blow a kiss in Hermione’s direction. The woman in question felt the strange aura closer to them and actually looked in the clown’s direction.

“Eddie? Do you see something now?” the witch whispered to the prone dark-haired boy.

“Y-yeah. A clown, right there,” he pointed to Pennywise. Neither the shapeshifting clown nor the human boy were prepared for what came next.

Hermione grabbed Eddie, pulling him close to her before covering his eyes with her left hand and drawing her wand with her right. Alright, whoever you are, I hope this hurts. Bombarda!
A loud explosion obliterated the ground Eddie had pointed to. The fence had also separated in the blast. When the dust cleared, Hermione took her hand off of Eddie’s eyes and discreetly shoved her wand back in her purse.

“Is the clown still there?” She spoke reassuringly. The boy surveyed the damage done to the yard and fence. Little rubber pieces of the popped balloons littered the dry grass, the only remaining sign that anything had been there at all.

“No, it’s gone. What did you do? Was that a grenade?” Hermione chuckled nervously. *I'm not going to obliviate him if I don't have to.*

“No Eddie, I don’t keep weapons like that on me. That would be very unsafe. As for what I did… Well, let’s just say that it’s top-secret stuff that I can’t exactly discuss with you yet,” she paused at Eddie’s confused and sad expression, “I’m sorry Eddie, but my job tells me not to reveal what I can do. Please understand that,” Eddie nodded firmly, adopting a more hopeful expression.

“Thanks for believing me. I still want to know what you did, but I’m okay with it if you don’t tell me,” he replied maturely.

“Something tells me that I will soon, but now is not the time nor place for that conversation. Now then, your mother is probably worried about you,” Eddie laughed nervously as they continued their journey. Luckily, there were no more odd occurrences for the rest of the night.

★★★

Hermione apparated back to Ben’s house and fixed the small boy’s bike without a hitch. She then apparated back to his house and set it on the doorstep, leaving a little note that simply read, “Here you go Eddie, From: Your Savior.” She hadn’t wanted his mother to find the note by mistake and assume her to be some secret girlfriend of Eddie’s, so she opted to go for something more gender-neutral.

As the witch lay in bed that night, she considered all that had happened that day. She’d made some new friends, and even saved one of them from what was probably causing the disappearances. She had a lead, and she wasn’t going to let it slip away so easily.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo! I hope you guys liked that chapter. I know I did. The plan was originally to just have Eddie see the Leper/Pennywise wave at him while Hermione remained ignorant to Eddie's worry as they simply walked away. Now that I have written it, I am glad that they stopped and Hermione comforted Eddie. I also kind of have mixed feelings about Pennywise not even getting a word in this chapter. However, he’ll be talking a lot in the future so I'm not too worried. Keep in mind that this is the night where Bill sees Georgie/Pennywise in his house and Bev's bathroom explodes in blood, so the next chapter will go accordingly to Hermione's POV. Though, I'm thinking about doing a Pennywise POV chapter in the future that might have flashbacks of those two movie scenes. Let me know what you think. I love hearing from you.
Let's Clean Some Blood

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, it's the blood cleaning scene! Remember: all mistakes are my own, I am my own beta, and your comments are deeply appreciated. Thank you, and enjoy. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 13th, 1989

Hermione woke the next morning to an annoying pecking at her bedroom window. Groaning, she rolled over and stood up to rub the sleep from her eyes before walking over to the glass surface that had awoken her. When she pulled back her dark curtains, she was met with morning light as well as a tawny-colored owl with a letter grasped in its beak. *How odd, I never get mail by owl anymore.*

Skeptical, she hesitantly took the letter from the tired-looking owl and helplessly watched as it immediately flew away, its duty fulfilled. She felt bad for it. After all, it was still pretty early in the morning and it had likely flown for a while to find her. Sighing, she turned the letter over to look at the address label and gasped at the name written on the paper.

*Harry Potter. This letter is from Harry!*

Elated, Hermione wondered about the letter’s contents. Harry hadn’t contacted her in over two years and she wondered what had prompted him and Ginny to track her down, albeit by letter. However, just as the witch moved to rip open the letter, the landline beside her bed decided to make its presence known with an ear-piercing and lengthy ring. She jumped, startled, before gathering her wits about her and picking up the phone.

“How??”

“How excited to see you, but I need you to hurry over to my house immediately,” the younger woman spoke quickly, too quickly for the occasion to be happy.

“Okay, I’ll be right over,” her letter could wait, she had more pressing matters to attend to apparently.

★★★

Racing down the street, Hermione’s unleashed hair blew around her like a bronze flame. It was extremely lucky that she had forgone a dress that day and wore ripped jean overalls and a pink striped t-shirt underneath. Granted, it made her look more masculine, but the added pink shirt and not putting her hair up gave off the general signals that she was female. Besides, it was better than giving any passersby a free show of her undergarments due to the sheer speed she was going at.

Hermione couldn’t quite remember where Beverly’s house was at first, but the young woman had
repeated the address for the witch’s convenience. Stopping at a crosswalk, she looked around at the street signs. The street she was looking for had to be close by. However, her searching eyes caught something else entirely.

**Police Department**

**City of Derry**

**Missing**

**Patrick Hockstetter**

**15 Years Old**

Hermione’s heart filled with dread upon looking at the poster. Sure, Patrick hadn’t been the stablest kid, but he didn’t deserve to be kidnapped. A closer look at the underlying description told her that he had went missing the day she confronted him and “Henry.” She had likely been one of the last to see him. The curly-haired woman tried to remember the details.

Patrick had run off after Ben, simultaneously escaping her, but that doesn’t say anything about where he had gone after that. His school photo taken in the fall accompanied the grim context. Even there, he didn’t smile. It made her feel better because she hated the missing pictures that held smiling children. Hermione figured that the parents preferred them, but they didn’t make her feel any better. She felt like they mocked her, told her to “come find us Hermione” like it was a huge game of hide-and-seek that didn’t end with small corpses.

Shaking her head from her thoughts, the witch quickly got back on the right track and made it to Beverly’s house in record time. However, she was rather embarrassed at arriving right after the rest of the Losers’ Club. The loud train whistle cut through the air as she heard it pass by the collection of apartments. Tailing them, she overheard the rest of their brief conversation as they came around the back entrance to Beverly’s run-down apartment.

“How is it more dangerous?” Stan questioned Eddie, who was proudly sporting his newly-repaired bike.

“It smells like piss and it’s gross. Just take the side streets for once!” Eddie justified exasperatedly as he fidgeted with his fanny-pack.

“No, the side streets are like the same. They smell like piss and shit,” the curly-haired boy in the light blue polo shirt argued. *What a delightful conversation. I hardly remember Harry and Ron speaking this way in our early years at Hogwarts. Perhaps it’s an American thing.*

“Okay, okay, at least tell me what she said exactly,” his voice was almost swallowed by the sound of the running water from the little stream that ran under the nearby bridge.

“She didn’t say anything. She just said that ‘you guys need to hurry over’,” it was Stan’s turn to be exasperated.

“Okay, okay,” Eddie finished placatingly and threw his bike down on the ground upon seeing Beverly rushing toward them. *Well, if he keeps treating his bike like that, no wonder it’s falling apart.*

The young woman skidded to a stop, crouching slightly as to not fall over. Her key necklace bounced once before settling from the motion.
“You made it. I… I need to show you something,” she spoke cryptically, fidgeting with her shorts and billowy white shirt. Her head twitched subtly, indicating that whatever it was, it was inside the old dirty building. Green eyes surveyed the group before realizing that Hermione stood behind them. There was a brief moment of understanding between the two women that told the witch that whatever the problem was, Beverly would be asking her for advice. A simple and nearly unnoticeable nod was all the younger woman received in return before one of the boys spoke up.

“What is it?” Ben asked for everyone.

“More than we saw at the Quarry?” Richie interjected jokingly. However, Eddie was having none of his friend’s bullshit that say.

“Shut up. Just shut up, Richie;” the boy in tube socks and red shorts turned back to yell.

The other boys turned to look at the confrontation while Beverly just ignored the spectacled boy’s outburst. Hermione commended her for that, for being the bigger person and just continuing on with her explanation.

“My dad will kill me if he finds out… I had boys in the apartment,” her hands swung limply back and forth in agitation at the thought. Bill seemed to gather her worry because he immediately responded.

“Uhh… We’ll leave a lookout. Uhh, Richie, s-s-stay here,” he ordered as the other boys and Hermione dismounted from their bikes to follow Beverly up the stairs to her floor. However, she simply waited until the others went up before following them. The witch paused a moment before stepping up to join her. She felt bad that they were leaving their friend outside by himself, but Bill was right, they did need a lookout since she couldn’t simply obliviate Beverly’s father in front of all of the Losers.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! What if her dad comes back?” Richie protested from his seated position on his bike, his arms spreading out in a dramatic fashion.

“Do what you always do: start talking,” Stan stated bluntly before turning around to ascend the steps himself.

“It is a gift,” the dark-haired boy lamented before slouching on his bicycle.

★★★

When everyone but Richie entered the apartment, Beverly pulled Hermione into a brief hug that surprised her in its abruptness. At the witch’s confused expression, the younger woman simply said, “Thank you for coming over, Hermione. It means a lot,” before moving ahead of the group to lead them further inside. If any of the boys witnessed their exchange, no one said anything.

The short-haired girl led them down the pear-colored hallway, only stopping abruptly after a particularly sharp corner. She stood stock-still as Bill moved to stand next to her. Eddie, Stan, and Ben hovered behind them while Hermione shadowed Beverly. They were ready to face whatever lie ahead. Beverly seemed to gather the same feeling as she quietly murmured.

“In there,” she indicated to the single closed white door at the end of the hall.
“What is it?” Stan whispered back.

“You’ll see,” Beverly responded simply before Bill stepped forward, leading the others to follow. Eddie seemed to get nervous because a flood of rambling statistics flowed out of his mouth like a cascading wave. Unperturbed, they continued down the darkened hall.

“Are you--- Are you taking us to your bathroom? Just want you to know that eighty-nine percent of the worst of--- of the worst accidents at homes are caused in bathrooms. And- and- and- and I mean that’s where all the ba- bacteria and fungi are. And it’s- it’s not a sanitary place for this. I just---” Eddie immediately cut himself off upon the sight that greeted the group after Bill pushed open the door. Crimson red painted the hallway and the group of outcasts in its eerie glow. Hermione gasped audibly as Eddie spoke once more.

“Uhhh, I knew it,” he gagged.

No one could blame him. There was so much blood. Every square inch of the room was covered in its sticky, sap-like liquid. The sink, the shower, the walls, the floor; there was no bare bloodless patch to be seen.

Hermione mulled over the possibilities that might have caused such a occurrence. Accidental magic was one thing, but the witch was almost positive that Beverly hadn’t done this to herself, even accidentally. *Perhaps our mysterious aura came back. I’ll have to ask her later.*

“You see it?” the younger woman asked hesitantly.

“Yes,” the small boy hissed.

“What happened in here?” Stan spoke quietly behind Beverly as he took in the scene.

Beverly sighed, “My dad couldn’t see it. I-I thought I might be crazy,” Eddie’s head snapped to look at Hermione upon hearing her words. He made an indecipherable shuddering noise at Beverly. The witch noticed and nodded to him in acknowledgement before opening her mouth to reiterate to Beverly what she told Eddie the previous day. However, Ben beat her to the punch.

“Well, if you’re crazy, then we’re all crazy,” four heads nodded, still stunned by the room.

“You’re right. I can see it too,” Hermione whispered reassuringly to the group. Bill turned around to nod to her before moving forward. Eddie looked between the witch and the brave boy a few times nervously.

“We c-can’t leave it like this,” Bill spoke firmly despite his stutter as he cautiously stepped into the reddened room, eyes darting back and forth, forming a plan of action.

★★★

Beverly’s yellow-gloved hand ran a paper towel over the bloodied mirror, unveiling her determined expression. She continued to reveal more of her reflection after each wipe of the glassy surface. Ben looked at her from his spot on the opposite wall before turning back around to scrub the drying blood from the paint.

Bill grimaced as he squeezed his mop’s end, causing a large sum of blood to spill into the
accompanying bucket. However, the stubborn boy simply put the cleaning tool back down on the ground and pushed it across the floor once more. In comparison, Eddie groaned in disgust through his inhaler with each squeeze of his dirtied washcloth. He held it away from his body as he didn’t want to get the blood anywhere on him. Stan stoically squeegeed the small window as he stood in the tub, ignoring the smallest boy’s struggles.

After a while, Ben moved over to scrub the floor by Beverly’s shoes while she ran her cloth over the inside of the sink. Hermione watched as the younger woman smiled more with each non-bloody inch of bathroom exposed. She had to wait until Bill and Ben were finished with the floor so she could work on the ceiling.

Soon enough, Bill picked up his blue bucket and dumped its bubbly crimson contents into the tub so it would go down the drain and away from the group. Their own tasks done, Eddie, Stan, and Ben grabbed the resulting garbage bags full of used cloths and paper towels in their rubber-gloved hands and left the room.

Hermione followed them out into the small dining room and watched as they toted their bags outside. She passed Ben on her way. Instead of following the other two boys, she stopped to grab a chair from the dining room and turned around, heading back into the bathroom to do her part of cleaning. The larger boy hadn’t moved, and he didn’t even notice when she came up behind him to see what he was looking at.

Ben had paused to look back at Bill and Beverly before taking a small detour to glance inside the young woman’s room. It was rather cluttered, mostly because she hadn’t exactly been expecting company. Crumpled clothes littered the floor and her chair. Her keyboard was a bit dusty and a pamphlet from The Frog Prince, a “Derry School Theater” production, sat on top of it proudly. One of the creamy white drawers of her dresser were open and a single pant-leg hung over the side. Various colorful notebooks littered the hardwood floor and a ceramic cat stood watchful over them. The dusty-pink radiator matched the faded walls.

A pretty navy blue dress lay on the crocheted blanket that covered the young woman’s bed. Other clothes were buried under the dress, but they were irrelevant in comparison. What really stood out to Hermione was the postcard that Ben had slipped into her bag. It had been cleaned, but even so, bloodstains still scarred the photo of Derry’s largest landmark.

The boy turned around, not realizing Hermione had been right behind him. He blushed loudly as they stared at each other silently. A loud giggle from Beverly caused both of them to look into the bathroom from the hallway. Her and Bill were having a moment, and the last thing she wanted to do was interrupt them by barging in with her dining room chair to clean the still-bloody ceiling.

“Allright, so you’ve never been to the Derry Summer Fair?” Bill asked Beverly.

“No, I,” she paused to laugh, “I don’t think so,” she denied, her hands stuck in her back pockets. “Umm, not that I know of,” Ben looked down before moving forward to join his friends outside.

Hermione felt bad for him, she knew how it felt. Lavender had asked Ron out on similar dates, leaving her to watch helplessly on the sidelines. She had gotten together with him eventually, and they had eventually broken up after a couple of years together. In the end, they had wanted different things and their chemistry was lacking. The witch sighed before continuing to eavesdrop from outside the room. Hopefully they finish up soon. I can’t hold this chair forever.

“Well I-I go there every year, but I was there one time with Richie and I technically won ‘cause I hit the target, but there were so many prizes I didn’t know which to p-p-pi-pick...” Beverly noticed Ben’s flight as she turned back to glance sideways at Bill.
“It’s not true you know,” she started quietly, gauging her friend’s reaction with her perceptive green eyes. At his confusion, she elaborated.

“It was a long time ago… It was a nice kiss though…” green eyes locked onto Bill’s face and a small smile graced Beverly’s lips as she finished. Bill smiled as he looked away, embarrassed yet thrilled at her confession. He moved to say something, but no words emerged. She then looked away to stare out the window, her voice then spoke seriously.

“January embers,” she stated before her eyes moved to survey Bill’s reaction.

“W-w-was that in the play?” the boy’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“No, the poem,” Beverly blinked. Hermione sighed again, almost banging her head against the wall. She thought Bill wrote the poem. Poor Ben. She has no clue.

“Oh,” he laughed breathlessly, “I-I don’t really know much p-po-poetry,” he admitted quietly.

“Oh, I was just…” she tried to explain before bailing, looking away slightly, “Nevermind then,” their eyes looked down, avoiding each other. Bill tried to salvage her good mood.

“Umm, ju-just so you know, I…” he turned to face her once more, “I never believed any of the rumors. None of us L-Losers do. We like hanging with you,” he spoke seriously and Beverly smiled once more.

“Thanks,” her teeth emerged from in between her lips as her green eyes glowed.

“You shouldn’t thank us too much. Hanging out with us makes you a Loser too,” Bill smiled in return as Beverly also laughed breathlessly.

“I can take that,” she responded. Hermione couldn’t wait anymore and burst into the room, nearly throwing the heavy wooden chair on the tiled floor.

“Me too! Sorry for eavesdropping, but I could not hold that chair anymore,” the witch sighed, bending over to stretch her back. The other two occupants busted out laughing at the absurdity of the situation.

“Don’t laugh at me! I’m old!” Hermione protested as she grabbed Bill’s discarded mop that leaned against the wall before setting to work mopping the ceiling.

Bill left and Beverly made to follow, but she stopped and turned back to Hermione, “I’ll be right back, Hermione. I think you’ll need some more cloths.”

Without letting her protest, the younger woman rushed out of the room. Hermione’s expression wavered from cheerful to stern as she put the mop down in the bathtub rather than on the clean floor. After listening for anyone coming down the hallway, she pulled her wand from the secret pocket in her overalls and magically cleaned the ceiling instantaneously.

Satisfied, she stepped down from the chair and manually washed the mop in the bathtub, taking delight in the rusty rivulets going down the drain. The witch closed her eyes in peace, breathing in lemony cleanliness through her nose, and breathing out her confusion from the entire situation.
“How did you do that?” Hermione’s head whipped around at Beverly’s question. She turned back to the window before standing up from her kneeled position over the tub.

“How long were you standing there?” the curly-haired witch responded resignedly, turning around to see the younger woman holding a small pile of towels in her arms.

“Long enough…” the older woman moved to respond, but Beverly continued, moving closer to her.

“Until last night, I wouldn’t have believed in any of this supernatural ‘magic’ stuff, alright,” she paused again, checking to see if Hermione was following her before continuing, “You are a witch, right?” At the older woman’s nod, she swiftly pulled her into a hug. They remained locked together for about a minute. Unshed tears lingered in Hermione’s eyes as she looked up at the clean ceiling and adorned a watery smile.

“You were sent here to help us… I could feel it,” Beverly spoke into Hermione’s shoulder.

In that moment, the witch could feel each individual aura of the Losers reach out to her and she realized that they were wizards in their own right. They didn’t have “magic,” per say, but they shared a bond that gave them the potential to be stronger than even her. It was beautiful, and she was a part of it. Beverly moving to break out of their hug brought her out of her thoughts.

“Last night…” Beverly shivered at the memory, “I heard voices… from the drain. It was Veronica… and Betty… and… Patrick,” she shook upon remembering the dead children’s voices. Hermione grabbed her hand held it, indicating for her to continue.

“They called my name, and called for help. I got closer to the sink and looked down the drain, but it was too dark,” the girl squeezed the older woman’s hand.

“They told me that they ‘float’ and they ‘change’. The voices changed too. It was a trick,” she paused, mentally berating herself.

“Beverly, it wasn’t your fault,” Hermione reminded her.

“I-I went to grab my dad’s tape measure and pushed it down the drain. It went down twenty-four feet!” she spoke frantically as her other hand shook. Upon realizing she was doing it, she dropped down to a whisper.

“That’s not possible…” Hermione shook her head in the negative, agreeing with her.

“I pulled the tape back up, and at the end of it was… a bloody chunk of dark hair,” Beverly grabbed onto her friend, anchoring her thoughts as she continued her recollection.

“The hair grabbed onto me… Tried to pull me into the sink. It wrapped around me, trapping me into watching as a giant eruption of… blood exploded out of the sink and covered everything… including me” she looked into the witch’s eyes.

“I was so scared. There was blood in my mouth. My dad came in, but he didn’t see anything,” she finished weakly, looking every bit like the pre-teen girl she was.

“So, long story short. Can you use your wand to check the sink? Please?” Hermione nodded before bringing out her wand again and running various diagnostic spells over the drain. Again, the witch could feel the same aura from the incident with Eddie. It was the same thing, but it was faded. She stood up, turning around to face her younger friend.

“There is nothing here now, but something was here last night. Eddie and I had a similar situation,
but I saved him from being taken by what is likely causing the disappearances,” Hermione affirmed. Beverly nodded stiffly before cracking a grin.

“So, what’s it like having magic?” Hermione grinned wolfishly.

“Oh you have no idea how nice it is,” the witch explained to her, happy to teach her everything she wanted to know. After all, if they were going to fight some supernatural entity, she might as well tell Beverly about the Wizarding World.

★★★

“And so you got to go to some special wizard school?” the younger woman asked as they descended the stairs to where the boys were waiting.

“Yeah, for seven years,” Hermione grinned smugly.

“Ugh, lucky,” Beverly muttered.

“I certainly felt that way when I got my invitation to Hogwarts. My parents are muggles, non-magic people like you guys,” the other girl nodded in understanding. Hermione was going to say more, but they had reached the rest of the Loser’s club who had gotten onto their bikes upon seeing the two women coming down the steps.

“Bloody Hell! What took you two so long? Get it?” Richie blurted out eagerly.

Stan smirked knowingly, “He’s been waiting for fifteen minutes to make that joke, Hermione. I thought he was going to self-combust,” the others laughed at the thought while Richie blushed the color of Eddie’s red shorts and tried to sink under his shirt collar. He immediately started pedaling down the street, leading the others to follow him by walking their bikes. Soon enough, he was circling back around, a comeback on his tongue.

“No, I love being your personal doorman, really. Can you idiots have taken any longer?” Hermione’s sense of grammar griped at hearing the question. Eddie yelled at his friend.

“Alright, shut up Richie!” he admonished as he kept walking.

“Yeah, shut up Richie!” Stan repeated irritatedly.

“Oh okay, trash the trashmouth. I get it. Hey, I wasn’t the one scrubbing the bathroom floor and imagining that her sink went all ‘Eddie’s mom’s vagina on Halloween’,” he ridiculed the rest of the group.

“She didn’t imagine it,” Bill ended the argument bluntly before stopping.

“I-I s-s-saw something too,” he elaborated, caught up in his memory. The others noticed and stopped.

“You saw blood too?” Stan questioned his sensitive friend gently.

“Not blood,” he said, looking at the curly-haired boy and slowly looking at the others.

“I saw G-Geor-Geor-Georgie… It seemed so real. I mean, it seemed like him but there was this…”
he broke off, unsure how to continue.

“The clown,” Eddie offered, looking to Hermione as she nodded.

“Yeah, I saw him too,” he finished. Ben had looked down, but nodded all the same. Stan looked to Bill, his eyes filled with emotion.

“Wait, can only virgins see this stuff. Is that why I’m not seeing this shit?” the rest of the group looked to Richie, the only one seemingly unaffected by the entire situation.

“No Richie, that’s probably not why,” Hermione interjected, “you were probably next though,” she elaborated, putting her hands on her hips and flipping her long curly hair out of her serious face. All of a sudden, a loud yelling could be heard from behind the trees, causing everyone’s heads to snap up from their downcast positions.

Richie’s face became skeptical as he opened his mouth to respond to Hermione, but Eddie swore.

“Oh shit, that’s Belch Huggin’s car. We- we should probably get out of here,” the smallest boy fidgeted on his bike. The witch could almost see his fight or flight instinct kicking in as his head darted back and forth nervously.

“Wait, isn’t that the homeschool kid’s bike?” Bill pointed weakly as Richie pushed his glasses up further on his nose.

“Yeah, that’s Mike’s,” Eddie confirmed quietly as the entire group looked between the two vehicles and came to the same conclusion.

“We have to help him,” Beverly announced confidently.

“We should?” Richie questioned.

“Yes,” she scoffed before throwing her bike down on the ground. The others followed suit and raced after her into the underbrush. Hermione turned around at the treeline, noticing that they were one Loser short. She sighed upon realizing that Stan only lingered to put the kickstand of his bike up.

“Really?” Hermione whispered to the prim boy.

“Yes, now come on. We’ve got ass to kick!” Stan yelled abruptly before the two joined the others. An amazing idea came to Hermione in that instant, prompting her to stop the group.

“Hey! Wait!” everyone stopped running and looked to her for an explanation.

“We need to be careful. But I think I know something that can help us out,” she explained, grabbing her wand out. Beverly grinned while the boys looked on confusedly. However, everyone gasped when she disappeared before their very eyes.

“No time to explain!” Hermione’s disembodied voice yelled. “Let’s go!” She proclaimed as the others could hear her footfalls on the forest floor. Beverly let out a “war-cry” of her own as she ran in the same direction, leading the boys like she was leading an army.

Chapter End Notes
Woo! Sorry about the cliffhanger, but this chapter was getting a bit long and there was no better place to stop. I still have a lot of extra stuff to do this weekend, so I'm not sure when I'll get the next chapter up. I also want to apologize to those who wanted a more original story or a more involved Hermione. No one's complained thus far, but I want to stay true to the movie and coming up with original and normal-sounding dialogue is hard work. :( Anyway, the next chapter is the Rock-War, but after that point, there will be a TON of original material coming your way.
Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I've got another chapter up for you sooner than I planned. This one was deeply fun to write and I hope you enjoy it. Remember, all mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 13th, 1989

Hermione’s invisible form skidded to a halt upon her arrival to the small stream. The gang of teens from before were harassing another boy, presumably Mike. She winced as the large boy kicked the yellow-shirted kid in the face as he tried to get up from the ground. Mike fell on his back and Henry, the boy with the knife from before, straddled him, pinning his arms down in the gravel. Pointing her wand, the witch aimed at the mullet-haired boy who now held a rock poised above Mike’s head. If only Harry were here to see this...

Henry’s head jerked to the side as whatever was thrown at him exploded on impact. He looked on in confusion as white flurries dropped onto the ground from his face. The temperature hit him belatedly as he looked down at Mike’s equally confused expression. There was a moment of dumbfoundedness shared between the two, and another between the other two boys who looked around for the source of the random snowball. What the fuck? It’s the middle of June. How did I just get hit by a snowball? Looking to Belch and Vic, Henry searched for an explanation. At their identical shrugs, he returned to his previous engagement, bringing the rock back up.

He was hit once again by a harder object: another rock, causing him to lose his balance over Mike and land on his back as their legs tangled. Henry sat dazed, blood dripping down his face as everyone looked over to see Beverly arriving with the rest of the losers. The other two boys, Vic and Belch, stepped back, startled at the sight. The other woman stood triumphantly as Stan, who arrived right after she did, came up next to her.

“Nice throw,” he commented amazedly, out of breath from running. Hermione came up unknowing in front of her on her left side.

“Thanks,” she stated simply as the others flanked her. Mike quickly jumped in the water to wade over to them. Eddie gasped as each of the Losers picked up heavy rocks to throw. Hermione sighed as Richie held his up to his ears, as if to demonstrate to the larger boys what was coming to them. This won’t end well. But... If you can’t beat ‘em, you might as well join ‘em. the witch thought sardonically.

The bleach blonde haired boy and the large boy helped their leader to his feet, his shirt crumpled and covered in dust. Mike had finally crossed over to the Losers’ side, sitting up on the large rocks of their shore. Henry seemed to regain some of his previous confidence as he strutted closer to the bank.

“You losers are trying too hard,” he nodded patronizingly, blood and water still dripping down his face. “She’ll do you. You just gotta ask nicely…” he and the other two smirked as Beverly hugged herself uncomfortably. “Like I did,” he grinned wolfishly, palming his crotch. Hermione seethed as
she heard Ben roar angrily at the teens on the other side. Stan flinched at the volume and the other Losers turned to watch as he wound his arm up and launched a rock, hitting the exact same spot Beverly hit before. The curly-haired witch winced again.

“Fuck!” “What the fuck?!” they muttered as they stepped back slightly. Mike had crawled up into the grass and remained nervously, unsure about what was about to happen. This time, Beverly launched a rock at the same time Hermione cast, causing another rock to fly in Henry’s direction before he was once again pelted by a snowball. The temperature caused him to blink confusedly as his henchmen picked up rocks of their own.

“Rock War!” Richie yelled abruptly, getting nailed in the forehead by a stone. Chaos erupted as rocks flew to opposing sides, aiming to hurt the others. Hermione did her own part by continuously pelting the members of the Bower’s gang with the soft but freezing snowballs. At least I’m not slowly stoning them to death, she smirked as she rapidly and repeatedly launched her ammo at the rate of a machine gun.

The three teens got hit many times in what seemed like every part of their body, and were helpless to do anything as the normally shy Eddie jumped feet-first into the creek and threw stones at the group from a shorter distance. Surprisingly, the Losers had good aim, hitting the older boys in the face with their projectiles nearly the same amount of times as the snowballs.

Hermione watched sadly as the mullet-haired boy’s henchmen fled into the forest, leaving their leader laying on the ground, bruised and beaten. The losers stood triumphantly but unsmiling. Stan and Eddie helped Mike up and led him away from the scene. Henry got up shakily, his face undecipherable as he watched the younger kids leave. Richie; however, stayed behind to rub their victory in his face.

“Go blow your dad, you mullet-wearing asshole!” he yelled, doubly flipping the beaten boy off before joining his friends.

Hermione sighed before stepping across the stream, soaking the bottom of her overalls. Meanwhile, Henry’s eyes had begun leaking silent tears. He let out the shaky breath of a sob, unbeknownst to the invisible witch who had bent down next to him.

The sensation of warmth and light dulling his pain gave him pause. Hermione had taken out her wand and begun healing his minor cuts and bruises. His face took on a confused expression as he raised a hand to his face, only to bring it back and find no trace of the blood he’d felt before.

“I’m sorry,” the witch’s disembodied accented voice lamented softly, causing the teenage boy to jump suddenly and look around for someone to accompany the voice he’d just heard.

“I wish I could do more for you,” she ended cryptically as she finished healing him and stood up, walking back across to catch up with the losers. Henry continued to lay next to the rotting meat, more dumbfounded than broken. He’d never believed in angels, but he now had second thoughts as he watched rippled splashes echo through the stream as the invisible witch who healed him crossed the stream once more.

“Thank you.”

★★★
Hermione easily caught up with the Losers, her running pace easily outpacing their casual stroll. They had made it past the train tracks before the train began crossing the high bridge. The witch simply apparated to the other side of the tracks and crept up behind Richie. She stopped, waiting for him to walk a bit further away before conjuring two more snowballs. Cackling internally, she stored her wand back in its pocket before nailing Richie in his left shoulder. Stunned, the spectacled boy turned around, only to see Hermione drop the invisibility charm.

“Hey, anyone want a snow-cone?” she held up the last ball before taking a bite out of it as if it were an apple. The rest of the group stopped before turning around.

“Hermione!” everyone but Mike yelled as they came up to her. The newer boy looked on in confusion at the girl who’d appeared out of nowhere. Eddie spoke first.

“Hermione, that was so cool how you just launched all of those snowballs and- and- how you stayed invisible the whole time. I couldn’t even tell where you were. It was like you were nowhere and everywhere all at once!” he exclaimed. Hermione was thrown back by the normally quiet boy’s eagerness. He doubled her surprise by suddenly hugging her.

“Yeah Hermione, that was amazing!” Beverly grinned before hugging the witch’s other side. She laughed as the other Losers joined their group hug. Stan and Bill hugged her from behind and Ben wrapped his arms around Eddie and Beverly. Richie poked his head up over Hermione’s left shoulder.

“Come on, Homeschool! It’s okay. This is Hermione, our smoking hot British magical den-mother,” everyone laughed at the description, “She’s like Mary Poppins, but more badass,” he continued before Stan smacked him upside the head.

“What was that for? It’s a compliment!” Mike looked sideways at the group before marching over to them and throwing his arms around Eddie and Ben. After a moment of sincere hugging, there was an even longer moment of awkwardness until they all broke apart.

“Nice to meet you Mike. As they’ve said, I’m Hermione,” the witch introduced herself.

“Nice to meet you too. Thank you for helping me,” he expressed his gratitude bashfully before he was hustled along by Beverly and Bill. The group reformed their line, with Hermione as their metaphorical caboose. Green long grass and ivory flowers blew in the wind, rustling lightly as the group journeyed onward. A seemingly endless supply of train cars carrying freight boxes moved along the bridge as its resulting rumblings continued.

“Thanks guys, but you shouldn’t have done that. He’ll be after you guys too now,” Mike lamented to the group.

“Aw no no no,” Eddie denied confidently, looking back at the other boy as he high-stepped in his red shorts, not wanting the grass to touch his legs.

“Bowers, he’s always after us,” he elaborated as he turned around, leading the group.

“I guess that’s one t-thing-thing we all have in common,” Bill stated, “except you Hermione,” he added as an afterthought. She gave him a lopsided smirk in return.

“I suppose. It’s kinda the opposite for me,” Hermione began, “I feel like every time I see them, they’re, as you Americans say, ‘getting their asses handed to ‘em’,” she spoke in her best American accent and the others burst out laughing in response.

“Yeah Homeschool,” Richie interjected, “Just stick with Hermione and we’ll all be good. Welcome
to the Losers’ Club!” he announced.

The witch smiled as they added another outcast into their bunch.

★★★

Later, Hermione walked down main street once more, taking advantage of the breeze that had accompanied her since leaving the Losers. She thought back to her thoughtless and impulsive show of magic in front of her new friends. Typically, it wouldn’t matter, as it was standard MACUSA protocol to obliterate any No-Maj assistance that took part in any case after it was solved. During this mission, the Losers’ would count in that category.

However, something stopped her. They had a form of magic, she could feel it. The next time she saw President Vesta, she would have to question her about it. If they had some form of dormant magic, they deserved to know about the Wizarding World. As it was, their lives weren’t ideal, and she didn’t want them unknowingly turning into obscurials due to their suppressing of magic. *Speaking of a horrid childhood…*

Hermione jumped, immediately remembering Harry’s letter. She’d stuffed it into her pocket before racing out of her house earlier that day. Pulling it out and unwrinking its corners, she ripped into the paper with a vicious ferocity. The envelope was shoved back into her overall’s side pocket, needed in the future but irrelevant to her in that moment. Continuing her walk, she unfolded the letter and begun reading.

> Hey ‘Mione,

> I apologize for not contacting you in the longest time and I’m sorry if I have worried you.

Hermione snorted and shook her head, this was clearly Ginny’s words. Harry had likely been unsure what to say in the letter. She smiled before continuing.

> Ginny, Ron, and I really miss you and would like to visit you in America sometime. How is the investigating job for MACUSA going? We had to find out through Professor McGonagall that you had gotten that job! Why didn’t you tell us?

Hermione smirked. That was pure Harry Potter cluelessness right there. She had mentioned to him a few times about working for the organization, but he had been too preoccupied with the new Quidditch season to notice.

> Anyway, I’m a father now, and Ginny told me that you needed to be the first person I owled. Our son, James Sirius Potter was born on June 1st, 1989. He is beautiful, ‘Mione. Gin said that he looks just like me, but I think he looks just like her. However, George said that “he looks too squishy to resemble anyone other than Kreacher as of right now. But, I’ll let you be the judge of that. We’ve decided to name you his Godmother. Lavender was oddly jealous of that.

Hermione giggled at George’s joke, and removed her fingers from the back of the letter, revealing a wizard photo stuck to her hand. A continuous loop of a precious wrinkly newborn wrapped in a blue blanket waving its arms blindly played in front of the witch’s watery eyes. She had missed the birth of her godson, and her friends still wanted her to take up that role. The witch was so unbelievably
moved that she almost forgot to finish reading instead of simply staring at the photo of her godson for
the rest of her walk through town.

*I’m not sure when this letter will reach you. It might be a while despite the small fortune I had to
spend in order to send it to you. Bloody international mail costs...*

*Don’t be a stranger,*

*Harry*

Without even fully comprehending why, the curly-haired witch burst out laughing. Harry’s current
monetary status was nothing to sneeze at, so he was probably just mad that he had to spend some of
that money to send her the letter rather than spending it on Quidditch tickets or something equally
asinine. She could just picture her redhead friend yelling at her husband in indignation from her
hospital bed as he weakly complained. Hermione closed her eyes momentarily, not even noticing as
she walked straight into another body.

*“Oof!” the unknown person grunted lowly. Her eyes flew open as she watched one of the most
handsome men she’d ever seen in her life accidentally spill a dark red liquid onto his navy blue
down shirt. Hermione gasped loudly, embarrassed to be seen as such an unobservant klutz. She
quickly shoved Harry's letter into her other pocket, moving to help the man.*

*“Oh my God! I’m so sorry. I should have been looking where I was going. It’s all my fault. I will
pay whatever you need to get that cleaned,” she rambled until the magnificent stranger held up a
smooth-looking hand.*

*“It’s alright. I wasn’t watching where I was going either,” the man explained placatingly.*

Hermione took this chance to fully explore his appearance. Short dark brown hair was combed back
seemingly carelessly, but it didn’t make him look lazy. If anything, it made her feel at ease, like he
was someone she should love to be around. His cobalt blue eyes shone brightly, as if they emitted
their own light source rather than stealing the evening sun’s waning rays. His ruby-tinged ears were
the only signs of his coy embarrassment.

However, the man’s cheekbones truly affected Hermione on a level she couldn’t fully comprehend.
*Merlin, how could a man’s cheekbones look so sharp? He can’t be real.* She blushed darker as she
reached his perfectly-toothed smirk. He was fully aware that she was checking him out, and he
wasn’t saying anything. *Why the hell won’t you just say something so I can go home and pretend I
never met you.* The pregnant pause extended longer until she realized that it was her turn to speak.

*“Uhh yeah,” the witch fidgeted, scratching her head “I was serious about cleaning that shirt,” the
man chuckled, placing a hand on his wet red-stained chest. Even his sleeves are rolled up to the
elbows. Bless this man.*

*“No need. Allow me to take you on a date, and we’ll call it even,” the Adonis incarnation grinned
disarmingly. Hermione didn’t even hear what he said as she was too lost in her own musings. After
realizing that her mind had wandered off again, she blushed even harder. Her face probably looked
more like a tomato than an actual human being.*

*“What did you say? I’m sorry. It seems that my mind just keeps floating away,” she explained. What
she wasn’t prepared for was the man doubling over as he giggled, actually giggled at her joke like it
was the funniest thing he’d ever heard. He clasped his hand to his mouth, trying to rein in his*
hysterical laughter but to no avail.

Hermione stood up taller, pouting due to the fact that she thought he was making a joke out of her, albeit internally. She huffed once before sidestepping him and continuing down the street at a brisker pace.

“Wait,” the man wheezed, laughing breathlessly, “don’t go.”

Hermione ignored him, choosing to glare at the street ahead rather than at the handsomely stained man who had easily caught up to her because of his much longer legs. Upon noticing that she wasn’t going to stop, he began walking next to her.

“I’m sorry,” he spoke seriously, his mood doing a complete one-eighty, “I wasn’t laughing at you. It’s just… picturing you floating away made me laugh so hard,” Hermione looked at him confusedly. She didn’t understand his logic, but she at least tried to. Picturing herself floating away like Richie’s description of her as Mary Poppins made her smirk. *I guess I see why that would be funny.*

They walked for a while in silence. She was broken out of her thoughts upon seeing the man’s nervous expression.

In that moment, Hermione took pity on him without really knowing why. She’d only known this man for maybe ten minutes. They weren’t even on a first-name, or even last-name basis for that matter. *Maybe I just feel bad that he still has that stain on his shirt, but I offered to clean it, but he didn’t want me to… Urgh, why won’t he leave me alone and let me consider this without his stupidly beautiful face manipulating me.*

Hermione belatedly realized that they’d already arrived at her driveway. She blinked. The walk from Main Street to her house was at least a mile. Why had he followed her that entire way? Spinning around, she poked the man, who was standing very close to her, in the center of his broad chest.

“Okay, fine. I’ll go on a date with you,” Hermione relented, surprised when he grabbed her hand with the same hand he’d grabbed his shirt with. She was distracted by his elated facial expression. *Seriously are eyes supposed to twinkle like that?*

“Great, I’ll pick you up in three days,” he promised, letting go of her hand after curling it into a fist and tapping it lightly with his other hand. She looked on confusedly as he simply continued walking down the street.

“Wait!” Hermione protested, “I never got your name!”

The man looked over his shoulder as he walked, a wolfish grin overtaking his features.

“Bill Gray,” he stated, vanishing as he turned the street corner.

Hermione huffed once more at his arrogance before lifting her hand up, grimacing deeply as she discovered that the interior of her hand had been stained crimson red. Tentatively, she raised the hand to her face, sniffing before taking a brief lick with a swipe of her tongue. *How odd... fruit punch?*

Chapter End Notes

*Whoo! Bill Gray is here! Finally! I went off of Bill Skarsgard's normal appearance rather than book! Bob Gray. So, sorry if you were expecting that.*
I didn't plan on having Hermione heal Henry after the Rock War, but I felt like Hermione wouldn't have just let him lie there all bruised and bloody. It would have been highly uncharacteristic of her. Henry, at least in my opinion, should have some redeemable humanity until he is corrupted by Pennywise's influence. So, allowing him a chance to cry is also not unrealistic for his character.

I also wanted to pay homage to the snowball scene from the Prisoner of Azkaban movie, so I hope you caught that.

Lastly, from here until the 4th of July Parade scene is all original material. I'm also excited because the next chapter is going to have our very first Pennywise POV since the opening chapters (pre-Hermione).

Leave your comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing from you all. :)}
Pennywise's Thoughts: I

Chapter Notes

Hey guy's I'm back with another chapter. This week has been hectic, and it seems like these next few weeks are going to be very busy for me. I'll try to update when I can. For now, enjoy Part One of Pennywise's Thoughts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 14th, 1989

Pennywise’s POV

Deep below Derry’s sleepy little homes, a certain monster contemplated a certain human female. The creature sniffed, laying on the old dusty couch, as if it could even be called that, inside his ancient trailer. Water dripped slowly from the ceiling, collecting into a rusty tin pail. After all, Pennywise may be a child-eating alien, but he at least kept his lair somewhat organized and tidy. However, it was more due to the fact that the dripping sounds filled the silence than anything else. The water was constant, inevitable, and perpetual. Sometimes the sewer rats were brave enough to scurry in and around his trophy pile, moving under his trailer in audible little scratches, but that didn’t always happen. Even now, he could hear a few of the braver ones rummaging through the forgotten moldy lunch boxes and 8-month old Halloween candy.

His nose scrunched up as a small rat fell from a hole in the trailer’s ceiling and landed next to his still form. Closing his eyes, Pennywise ignored it. That is, until it crawled into his frizzy orange hair, intending to make a home inside. A low growl escaped sharpened teeth and rosy lips as his gloved hand snapped up and pulled the ugly brown rodent out by its stringy tail. Holding it up for inspection, the clown considered it as it squeaked in indignation. From early on, he’d learned that the sewer rats didn’t truly fear him, so there was no point in eating them. If he killed this one, its carcass would remain uneaten and decaying in his lair, further cannibalized by its brethren. Nasty mortal vermin…

Making up his mind, he knocked a lever with his pom-pomed foot and lowered the trailer wall with a loud creak before chucking the rat as far as he could. A sharp-toothed smirk adorned his face as the soft sound of the mouse’s bones crunching bloodily against the opposite wall made it to his ears. Distraction terminated, he brought the wall back up by kicking the same lever in the opposite direction. The floorboards groaned at the motion before settling. Back to business: the human woman.

Pennywise had been initially fascinated by the sensations brought on by the female, rather than the mortal herself. He had been in a doze, waiting till nightfall so he could hunt undisturbed…

June 9th, 1989
A light tingling in the back of his mind woke the creature from his brief nap, rippling across his consciousness with a feather-light touch. It felt warm and benevolent, entirely the opposite of his entire being. Grimacing, he reached his hand to the spot where the sensation was and scratched, attempting to rid himself of the unknown feeling with his dagger-like claws. Upon noticing that it had dissipated, he instantly stopped shredding his bloodied neck and watched as a few of the droplets levitated, floating upwards to stick to the trailer’s ceiling. Oddly enough, the clown felt... empty, like that gentle touch had immediately become a vital part of him. He didn't like it.

Frustrated, he scuttled up to the surface of Derry, materializing out of the nearest storm drain. With his ample psychic power, he focused deeply, even closing his amber eyes to search with his deadlights. Reaching out, Pennywise could feel smoke-like traces of the aura in two places: the human grocery store, and one of the houses on Hallow Road. The store’s trace was more faded, so he decided to pursue the house. Rumbling in giddy anticipation at discovering the source of the aura and possibly possessing it, the sinister shape-shifter teleported to the storm drain on the opposite side of the street from the meek little home.

Eye level with the pavement, Pennywise narrowed his focused yellow eyes as they shined in the darkness of the concrete cave. The two-story tan house was unassuming from the outside, but the inside was hidden, concealed, even from his deadlights. A ward, a barrier of some kind, protected the house’s secrets with the same aura he’d felt brush his consciousness. How had he not felt this sooner? His claws scraped the concrete angrily. This meant that he would have to wait until the barrier was lowered or he would have to slither into the house through a ‘loophole’ of sorts. But, he could already feel that the woman had sealed the hole in the pipe where he could have entered from. Another option was waiting until someone went in or out, thus allowing him to sneak in as a smoky apparition rather than a more physical form.

Growling lowly, Pennywise considered his options. On the one hand, it would be boring as hell. *Listening to the dripping water, sitting motionlessly, hearing the other mortal vermin scurrying around my territory.... Hmm... I would be doing the same thing anyway in my trailer.* There was really no reason why he couldn’t just stand and wait it out. He’d fed recently, so that wasn’t an issue like it usually was. As for time... well... he had oodles.

Decision made, the clown settled in for his “stake-out”, watching the house unblinkingly. Oddly enough, he was used to lying in wait for long periods of time without getting fidgety. Usually, he would only get fidgety around prey, but that was because he was hungry, and their fear was mouth-watering. But there was no prey here, so there was nothing to draw his laser-like focus away from his curious obsession. He would find out what the aura was, he needed to.

★★★

The evening sun turned into a starry night, the waxing crescent moon paralleling the creature’s toothy grin. A movement from the front window on the ground floor caused his lips to spread wide and his teeth to glint in the moonlight. Curtains parted as another pair of shiny yellow eyes glared at his own from the window. Growling loudly, Pennywise showed the smaller eyes his pointed smile, widening too large for his humanoid face. The other eyes didn’t move, even giving off the impression that their owner wasn’t the least bit intimidated, as if it knew he couldn’t do a single thing to them.
Angered, the clown made to get out of his hiding spot and prove to those eyes that he was to be truly feared, but stopped short as the owner of the eyes stepped out of the interior’s shadows. Shaggy greying ginger hair puffed haphazardly out around the amber orbs, revealing an old ginger cat. Mentally hitting himself, he realized that he had been angered, actually angered, by a mortal *animal*. He never went beyond irritated toward anything that wasn’t human. They weren’t prey, so they shouldn’t matter to him.

Huffing loudly, Pennywise cloaked himself from the cat’s eyes, but it remained impassive, unimpressed. It still stared at him, momentarily making the clown doubt his own capabilities, as if to say *I’ve seen worse, you’re not fooling me*. A movement behind the ginger feline broke their unintentional staring-contest as a curly-haired woman emerged from behind the curtains, causing the cat to twist its head around, eyes wide and startled. Pennywise giggled at the sight of the animal finally showing fear, even though it wasn’t directed at him.

The woman was radiant, shining with an otherworldly power. She was the aura he’d felt, and she was unconsciously shutting him out of her home, her territory. There was an unconventional beauty about her, and it made her appeal to him in a way no others had before. An emerald green dress hugged her feminine curves in a way that was alluring to any male, child-eating alien or no. Her chestnut eyes held an intelligent warmth, the same warmth he’d felt before...

Shaking his head, he refocused, watching as the young woman pulled the cat off of the windowsill and shut the curtains once more, effectively ridding him of any entertainment until the next afternoon.

**June 10th, 1989**

At around one o’clock in the afternoon, the curtains parted once more, revealing the same bushy-haired woman to the vigilant clown. She was clearly angered and frustrated, grey tinted bags looming under her eyes as she glared at the sun before trudging over to her living room couch. Curiously, Pennywise watched her sit down, fold her legs under the rest of her body, and pull out a large tome. From his spot, he couldn’t read the title, but he could tell that the book was very old. About two hours later, the young woman began to nod off. The dusty novel fell onto the couch beside her as she finally succumbed to sleep. Her breasts moved with her steady breathing, visible through her loose periwinkle blouse. Still cloaked, the clown crept up to the window to get a better look at the strange new presence in his infinite life.

Her dusty pink lips parted slightly, revealing a glimpse of her pearly white teeth. Sparse freckles dotted her relatively average nose and around her elegant eyelashes. The woman’s hair was Pennywise’s favorite thing about her because it was so much like his own. In this moment, it was unrestrained and natural, not hidden under constricting hair charms. He longed to run his claws through it…

*No! I will not be tricked by her lure, not when I do the same thing to my prey. Pretending to be passive at first is my act! From here, he could feel her aura and power, and there was a lot of the latter to his surprise. He couldn’t let her invade his territory and let her move about Derry unchecked. Deep in thought, he wandered back to his drain, waiting for the moment that the young woman would step out of her house.*
At exactly 10 o’clock am, the woman exited her house. Bushy brown hair flowed in the wind and her cerulean dress billowed out behind her like ocean waves, its sleeves rippling as her arms swung side-to-side. Diligently, Pennywise gave chase, trailing her white converse through the sewer pipes as she entered the library. Smirking, he clapped his hands, giggling maniacally. *Showtime*...

Eyes rolling into the back of his head, the clown took on an incorporeal form and melted into the sewer water, intending to sneak in through the taps. A moment later, he emerged from a bathroom faucet and slunk down the narrow hallway, heading for the taller shelves. Upon seeing another patron, Pennywise changed into an older woman with white hair and a floral dress.

Suddenly, the clown remembered something: *A History of Old Derry*. It was the only book in the entire town that he allowed to contain documented photos of him. The dusty volume was mainly for shits and giggles, to scare any of the kiddies who dared look up Derry’s dark history. That way, when he attacked them later, they would truly understand and fear him as he gorged on their terrified flesh. He turned to find the volume on the shelf, but it was gone.

“I’m Hermione by the way, Hermione Granger,” Pennywise heard from behind him. Never had that name ever been uttered in Derry, but he ignored it, more focused on finding his book.

Confused, he looked for it, sticking long wrinkled arms into the shelves and rummaging through the remaining books. His head snapped up at the smell of fear. A slow toothy grin slid across his transformed face. *There it is*… With an audible unnatural crack, his head turned greater than ninety degrees to see the source of the alluring scent. A fat boy, no older than thirteen, flipped through *A History of Old Derry*, getting more scared by the minute.

Trying not to let his eyes roll into the back of his head, Pennywise turned his body to fully face the boy’s back before stopping. Sitting in front of the boy on the opposite side of the table was the woman. She had a newspaper held in front of her, only exposing her forehead and up. Delicate hands grasped the paper carefully and her soft breaths could be heard from behind. A scent of worry permeated her presence. *Hermione Granger*… Shaking his head, he refocused on the boy, manipulating the book into showing him one of his victim’s decapitated head. The chunky child slammed the book closed, breathing heavily. *Now, to get him alone*...

Transforming into a crimson balloon, he lured the boy away from his unintentional protector and led him down into the basement. He wouldn’t kill him, not today. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to scare him stupid first.

★★★

After Ben fled from Pennywise, the clown realized that he’d lost focus on the female. Angry at himself and his irrational hunger, he began stomping back to his lair, invisible to everyone else. He’d been trudging through the woods, deeply lost in thought, when he caught the smell of freshly spilt blood. Nose flaring, he took off in the direction of the scent.

All of a sudden, a flash of the curly-haired woman’s aura flared loudly in his mind, sending tingles down his spine. He sped up, not wanting to miss anything else. Climbing a tree near The Kissing
Bridge, he grinned at what he saw. Teeming with untapped energy, Hermione emerged from the opposing trees and aimed what looked like a stick at one of the younger boys. Puzzled, Pennywise surveyed the weapon with skepticism. Abruptly, a spark flew out of the stick, echoing and rippling through his consciousness. The boy fell to the ground, frozen.

Giggling silently, he watched as she repeated the action on another boy. Things just got a lot more interesting as far has he was concerned. Now, he had a playmate, a powerful equal to pester for all eternity. *That old dead toad sent her, my opposite,* he smirked, claws eagerly sinking into the splintering bark.

“Explain yourselves. Now!” the woman yelled with blazing intimidation. The longer-haired male stepped forward placatingly.

“I was wondering when I’d see you around again, but you didn’t have to hurt my friends—” he immediately stopped upon seeing the woman’s stick aimed in his direction. Pennywise leaned back on his haunches, yearning to see what she’ll do.

“Don’t. Lie. To me,” she enunciated, sending tingles down the creature's spine for a different reason. *So fiery...*

“But it’s true princess—” the clown’s mind froze as a malicious glare mutilated his face. He’d get that little shit and he will make him suffer.

“My knife! My old man’ll kill me!” the other boy yelled out, momentarily distracting Pennywise with the scent of his fear. Turning his head back to look at the woman, he noticed that she was holding the knife under her foot, the metal glinting brightly from his vantage point. The creature grinned. Perhaps *Hermione* wasn’t as righteous as she acted.

Suddenly running off, the taller boy sealed his doom, his savage grim reaper in a clown suit giving chase from the treetops.

★★★

Pennywise laid in wait, inhabiting Hermione’s television. He contemplated what he’d garnered that day. Her name: it was unique, and it fit her. He could feel her power. She used it by firing beams of light out of a stick. *No, a magic wand...* She was a literal witch. *My witch. She is here for me.*

The television turning on interrupted his thoughts. On the couch, an old cat slumbered, the same old cat from the previous day. It remained oblivious to his presence as Hermione fiddled with the box. His woman wore baggy pants and an equally baggy shirt, depicting a cartoon duck. Her hips swayed as she walked into the other room and sat down at the dining room table. Content to watch her push papers around for a while, he remained silent, allowing the local channel to play regularly. It was only after about an hour later that Pennywise got bored. Deciding to mess with the oblivious woman, he manipulated the program into his usual cast of kids and disguised himself as their teacher.

“Hermione looked beautiful today didn't she?” he cackled silently as her head shot up from its hunched over position in front of the papers. Hermione stood up, eyes locked onto the television as she cautiously wandered into the living room area.

The witch slowly sat down next to her feline companion. *Hook, line, and sinker...* He thought as he manipulated a mindless little girl into responding to him, like the puppeteer that he was.
“Yeah, that one boy called her a princess,” Hermione looked startled, eyes narrowing. If he wasn’t mistaken, the clown could even scent a twinge of fear rising up inside her. He even made to reach for her before realizing that he still had a role to play, a show to put on. His hands clasped together in his lap.

“That's because she is one, silly,” he shook her head, red pearls bouncing as he quickly turned to cheerfully address the little girl who'd spoken. Another little girl in a pink and white dress spoke, another puppet on invisible strings.

“I liked her blue dress. I want one just like it,” the other girls cheered, as were their orders. Then, a boy in a light blue shirt voiced Pennywise’s opinion.

“I like how she used that stick to make those mean boys fall down,” he immediately replied, a smile permanently pasted on his face.

“You did? Me too.”

“How did she do it?” This time, a boy in a green striped shirt asked the question. After all, the clown had to have variety.

“I don’t know, but I'd like to find out,” this time, he allowed Hermione to see the true colors behind his facade, getting a whiff of her sweet irresistible fear.

“She read the funny book with the clown pictures. Do you think Hermione likes clowns?” he asked her, more-so than any of his puppets.

Upon hearing her name again, the woman in question immediately shut the television off, not wanting to hear any more. Pennywise cackled long and loud as he laid on his couch that night. He was going to have so much fun.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. I hope you guys liked this chapter, and I apologize for not keeping this as one big chapter rather than splitting it into two parts. However, it was already passed 3,000 words, and I couldn't write that fast. I also didn't want to leave you guys with nothing. Leave comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing from you. :)
Chapter Notes

Hey guys, it's been a stressful week and I've had so much going on. This next week will be the same. But, I didn't want to leave you guys with nothing. So, without further ado, here is Part 2 of Pennywise's Thoughts.

June 12th, 1989

Pennywise POV

The clown awoke to the distant sound of children arguing echoing through his tunnels. It was actually quite ingenious because he could tell exactly where they were from the time it took for the sounds to reach him. They were at the place the human locals called “The Quarry”, which wasn't very far from his lair now that he thought about it. Neck popping and crackling loudly, Pennywise stood up from his lying position on his couch and wandered towards the direction of the voices. A tasty morsel of fear sounds nice right about now, he thought, licking his crimson lips with a serpentine tongue.

Leaving trails of water in his wake, the creature wandered purposefully through its labyrinth. The scent of the human children was upstream, otherwise he wouldn’t have been able to smell it from his trailer. A sharp-toothed grin adorned Pennywise’s features as he sped forward with a lurch. When the morning light met his dark form at the Barren’s entrance, he shivered before hopping up onto the bank and running alongside the rapidly moving water flowing in the opposite direction. His inky shadow revealed his presence as it fell across the river, but his corporeal form remained obscured from mortal eyes.

Arriving at the Quarry, Pennywise could see the cliff side from his low vantage point as well as the five young boys clothed only in their underwear arguing on top of the cliff. He’d seen members of Derry’s younger populace jumping from the height long enough to know what they were arguing about, and their strengthening fear caused him to salivate thick globs of drool onto his lacy collar. As he moved to dive into the water and swim closer, he watched as a young woman, the same age as the boys, throw herself off of the cliff. Not a whiff of fear surrounded her, causing the clown’s nose to scrunch up in distaste. Nonetheless he drew closer, swimming swiftly through the shallow sandbar.

Suddenly, a certain female jumped right after the other girl. It was Hermione! Amber eyes as wide as saucers, Pennywise watched as she too held no fear for the fall. A loud splash announced her landing and he watched helplessly as she remained submerged for quite some time. Nervously, his lower lip quivered as he nearly threw himself after her before he drew back with a flush of anger. Why the fuck should I be concerned for the witch! She is too powerful to be killed by mere water, he growled mentally as Hermione finally surfaced, taking in a big gulp of air.

The curly-haired woman swam to the shallow end of the Quarry, watching with Beverly as the other boys jumped from the cliff. Meanwhile, Pennywise had forgotten all about his hunger in favor of ogling over Hermione, who he just fully realized was scantily clad. Her wet black one-piece clung to
her voluptuous body in a way that called to something positively primal within him, even more so than he thought was possible. Never before, at least in his memory, had he ever wanted someone so much as he wanted the witch in that moment.

He was too far away to hear the specific words coming from her bell-like voice, so he silently crept back into the deeper water and moved even closer before stopping. The last thing Pennywise wanted to do at that moment was reveal his presence to her, so he remained far enough away that he knew even she wouldn’t notice. Sliding onto his front in the water, he allowed his body to become less soluble than the water and thus able to fully float on top of the murky pool. With his head rested on his costumed forearms, he watched Hermione’s form move ever gracefully as she splashed the younger children, braid swinging to and fro from her eager efforts. Oddly enough, he was satisfied upon seeing her toothy smile, his ears perking up at her jingling laugh.

After awhile, the obnoxious tweens, more like future feasts, started a meaningless game where they climbed onto one another’s shoulders and fought. This somewhat entertained the clown because they were indeed trying to knock each other into the water, but the feelings coming from Hermione gave him pause. She stood off to the side, hands clasped onto her hips. The sunlight hit her lovely brown hair, turning it bronze with its divine illumination. A wistful smile spread up her flushed cheeks, heading toward her squinted eyes. Hermione seemed proud. He didn’t understand.

The dark-haired boy proclaimed his victory with a yell, causing Pennywise to growl lowly at the sound. This was why he ate children like this. They were just so annoying. Luckily, no one heard his seething irritation as he looked between the kids and the witch. It was then that he realized what was happening. They are imprinting on her.

During the last few months, he’d observed each of the children of Derry. The brats who he now saw with Hermione had the worst parents out of everyone in the small town. He even had them marked as targets because he knew no one would go looking for them. And, they would know fear in a way truly unlike the others. But, they’d unconsciously chosen Hermione to keep them from him. Pennywise seethed further, fully sinking into the now bubbling water with the exception of his head, which had steam rising out of its ears. Smart, but even she won’t be able to stop me from taking them.

For the next few minutes, the demon clown’s mind cluttered itself with thoughts of their mutilated consumptions at his hands, only broken by the group’s movement closer to his home. Smirking, he gave chase. Hermione was beautiful as she cut swiftly through the river, leaving the younger teens in her wake. Giggling, he watched from a spot near the bank as they tried to catch up with her, but to no avail. They stopped a bit closer to him, continuing to splash each other.

A round object moved past him under the water. Curious, Pennywise stuck his ginger head under the water. Upon realizing what it was, bubbles burst from his mouth in a barely-audible screech as he invisibly wrenched his head up. Disembodied splashes echoed around his form as he ran out of the water. The clown simply couldn’t get out of there fast enough.

Scuttling up the cliffside like the spidery thing he was, Pennywise climbed onto an inlet and gazed back down, searching for the thing he saw. Poking his head out further, he shuddered, waterlogged bells jingling faintly. He then teleported back to his trailer, having enough “social time” for one day. Sagging into his couch, he closed his eyes for a light doze.
An annoying whistling noise among the usual summer breeze woke Pennywise later that day. He
could hear it near the other main entrance to his lair: the Neibolt House. Lurching to his feet and
cracking his joints, the clown teleported up to the house irritatedly. Whoever it was would be food.
That was certain.

As soon as he reached the front door, another even more annoying noise replaced the whistling. It
was a high-pitched beeping noise coming from a digital watch. He’d heard enough of them during
this period of awakeness to know that. *Ugh, just when I think humans couldn’t invent anything more
annoying than a telephone ring,* he grumbled, rubbing his sleep-filled eyes. He turned invisible, at
least being in the mood to scare his meal before eating it. Because humans do taste loads better
scared, if he was being honest.

Allowing the door to creak open, Pennywise peeked out of the crack. What he saw made him
awaken fully. Hermione was right outside his house, along with little Eddie Kaspbrak, whose watch
continued to beep loudly. *Oh yes... he is definitely dinner. I don’t care if my witch is protecting him.
She has five more,* he thought, growling enough to only gain Eddie’s attention.

“Edddieee... What are you looking for...?” Pennywise’s disembodied voice asked as the boy in
question stood in shock, accidentally dropping his blue pill case on the ground. The multicolored
medication spilled all over the asphalt to the clown’s glee.

“Eddie? Are you okay? What did you see? Please tell me. It’s okay if you think it didn’t truly
happen,” the curly-haired woman spoke slowly, crouching down to help Eddie pick up the tiny
capsules. Pennywise grumbled, no, *seethed* at Hermione’s concern for the small boy. She belonged
to *him*, not any of the losers.

“It’s alright. I didn’t hear that, or see the door move, but I am an adult. Whoever, or whatever is
taking people is targeting kids the most. So, it stands to reason that only you would be able to hear or
see what it’s trying to do to you. You are not crazy,” his smart witch consoled the boy before taking
his hand and bringing them both to their feet. Meanwhile, the clown saw red, dialing in to the
clasped hands and close position the two were in, nearly embracing.

“C’mon Eddie, let’s get you home so you and your mother can rest easy. I don’t like the feel of that
house either,” she finished as an afterthought. Pennywise grimaced at her opinion. Eddie nodded,
beginning to move forward and leaving the Neibolt House behind them. However, the creature
wasn’t done with them yet. The door swung open silently and the tawny dry grass crumpled under
large misshapen feet. His shadow fell across the yard, and a fallen twig was crushed underfoot. Its
loud snap echoed in the summer breeze, causing the boy to whip around.

Pennywise already knew Eddie’s biggest fear: disease. So, he changed accordingly. White lace
became ripped brown rags. Amber eyes glazed over to a milky gray. Pale skin became red and
splotchy with pus-filled boils and dirt-smudged welts. He urged his nose to decay and rot off of his
face. Drool fell from his mouth in the normal amount during a feeding, but it only made his new form
look rabid. One set of yellow dirt-lined fingernails gripped the metal chain mail of the fence while the other swung back and forth to wave at the child who simply yelped in response.

The clown’s mouth frothed further upon the skyrocketing scent of fear emanating from Eddie, making him lose control of the leper form. He now stood before the near oblivious witch and the terrified boy in all of his pale seven-foot glory. Crimson balloons completed the look. Perhaps I could tie him to these and then it would be just the two of us… Hermione and Pennywise sitting in a tree… K-I-S-S-I-N… G! Pennywise contemplated the thought, smirking devilishly at the two before bending down to Eddie’s level to wave at him.

The boy only hid behind Hermione and gawked at him. Seeing his unresponsiveness, the clown stood back up to blow a kiss in Hermione’s direction. Soon, it will indeed be just… the… two… of… us… he sang internally to a song without rhythm, or rhyme for that matter. He didn’t even realize that he’d allowed her to catch a glimpse of his presence.

“Eddie? Do you see something now?” his witch whispered to the prone dark-haired boy nearly attached to her hip. Pennywise’s jaw dropped. He’d been found out.

“Y-yeah. A clown, right there,” he pointed to Pennywise’s grimacing form. This won’t be good.

It all happened so suddenly. His witch pulled the young boy to her side and covered his eyes with her left hand and drawing her wand with her right. At the sight of the vine wood, the clown only had one thought: Oh shit.

There was a blinding light that displaced the dry grass and dirt he’d been standing on. A loud explosion echoed after its companion, obliterating the ground. The fence had also separated in the blast. Pennywise had teleported back into his lair before he’d gotten hit, shell-shocked at what had occurred. He hadn’t been able to save the balloons. For a moment, the clown had felt… fear… No!

She doesn’t scare me! Anger replaced fear as he paced around his trophy pile. Harassing another one of Hermione’s charges sounded good right then.

★★★

Later, Pennywise lurked in Beverly Marsh’s bathroom sink. Sliced ginger hair surrounded his smaller yet elongated form as his piranha-like smile stretched across his face. He knew she feared her father, causing her to cut her hair, but what she really feared went even beyond that. She was afraid of womanhood, and what that meant for her. Her father would indeed scare her further because of it, but she could escape him. She could not escape adulthood.

The clown could smell the young woman’s contented scent from his spot. So, he decided to change that.

“Beverly,” he called in little Veronica Grogan’s voice, whispering through the pipes. Pennywise made the call repeatedly, ensuring that she’d heard him. Shifting fabric signaled her movement as he stepped his act up a notch. Water dripped onto his face from the leaky faucet, but it didn’t dampen his enthusiasm.

“Help me… Help me please… We all want to meet you… Beverly,” he could see her nervous green eyes close to his hiding place now, finishing his trail of phrases by using the voice that belonged to Patrick Hockstetter. “We all float down here,” he said in all of the children’s voices he’d taken
during the last year. To his glee, the young woman only leaned down to peer into the crusty drain further.

“Hello… w-who are you?” she asked hesitantly. Pennywise was only too happy to answer.

“I’m Veronica, Betty Ripsom, Patrick Hockstetter… Come closer… Wanna see? We float. We change,” he finished with an added childlike giggle. Suddenly, Beverly walked away, but the smell of her curious determination stopped him from going after her. *She’ll be back.*

Soon enough, he was being poked in the eye by the end of a tape measure. Angered, he laughed before morphing his arm into a long clump of bloody hair and allowing himself to be pulled upwards by Beverly’s persistent yanking. When he could feel his arm emerge from the sink, he struck. Grabbing onto the girl’s wrist, he tried to pull her into the sink. She screamed and scratched at the captured wrist, which only allowed Pennywise to ensnare the other wrist as well. His other tendrils wrapped around her, tying her down and yanking her head closer and closer to the drain. *Now comes the fun part*… He willed a downpour of blood to emerge from him like crimson ectoplasm and blast its way out of the sink. The clown gurgled his laughter as he watched everything become tainted by him, sounding more like the normal gurgles of water pipes than anything else.

Beverly’s weeping cries were infectious to Pennywise, urging him to do it again… immediately.

★★★

He caught “Billy-Boy” at the perfect time, switching on Georgie’s beside lamp. However, a certain shape caught his eye, causing him to immediately backtrack. It was a *turtle*, but it was constructed out of legos. Still, he’d keep his distance.

Luckily for him, the light caught the older boy’s attention. But, Bill had gone straight over to pick up the lego turtle. Ready to move on, Pennywise morphed into little George Denbrough and retreated down the hallway, his conjured galoshes squeaking as he ran. Like a moth to a flame, Bill gave a slow chase, moving down the stairs and stopping on the landing. The boy noted the small muddy footprints he’d left just for him. Smirking with a face that didn’t suit it, he ran across the room, imitating the blare of the deceased child’s walkie-talkie.

Startled, Bill dropped the lego turtle, causing Pennywise to straighten up in his small body before moving to the illusionary-flooded basement. Bill gasped repeatedly behind him, but soon enough, he followed too. He saw the boy’s bare feet on the creaking steps, immediately beginning to drool more with each step he took. It was here that he changed back into his usual form, but conjured the decaying body from the tornado. *Let’s put on a little puppet show… Whattaya say, Georgie?* Of course, the corpse didn’t answer.

“I lost it Billy. Don’t be mad…” Pennywise spoke quietly.

“I-I-I’m not mad at you,” Bill spoke absently. “Georgie” stepped out from his spot behind the shelves, his yellow raincoat shining in the moonlight.

“...Just floated off…” he muttered, “But Bill, if you come with me, you’ll float too,” Pennywise promised before scenting the boy. His nose scrunched in revulsion. Bill Denbrough smelt of *sadness*, not fear.

“Georgie,” the boy spoke pityingly. *No! This is all wrong!*
“You’ll float too,” he and “Georgie” began to chant repeatedly, giggling angrily as Pennywise emerged from the water.


Suddenly, Pennywise threw the puppet Georgie into the now-bloodied water, before rushing the stunned boy on the stairs. But, the clown barely missed Bill’s foot, instead hitting the stairs with a loud thud. The slamming door caused him to smirk evilly. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as he slithered back through the pipes.

It felt great to scare Hermione’s charges, but he definitely had to rethink his approach to the woman herself, otherwise he’d risk getting blown up by her wand. Seething, he remembered his moment of fear. He’d teach her. Oh yes, he would ensnare her. She wouldn’t even know she is his before it is too late.

Chapter End Notes

Agh! Sorry about not ending with Bill Gray, but this chapter got long again, so I guess there will be a short third installment detailing the Rock War and their meeting. Keep comments coming plz, I love hearing from you. :)
Hey guys, I'm officially sick again, but luckily, I should have more free time coming up. So, you might be getting another chapter sooner than I thought. Anyway, enjoy the final installment (at least for now) of Pennywise's thoughts.

June 13th, 1989

Pennywise just loves taunting the children of Derry. That is, when he wasn’t eating them. Flesh tore in his sharpened fangs as he munched on a child’s arm— his “to-go” snack. From his trailer, he’d heard the young black boy’s yells peppered in with the racial slurs and sadistic laughter from the Bowers Gang. So, he followed the scent of pain and fear, which led him to the current scene he was watching. It would certainly be his pleasure to “clean” up the evidence when the older boys were done. They were making his job easier, and it was only fair to repay them with confidentiality. However, that mindset was stopped upon feeling Hermione’s familiar aura. Ginger hair whipping around, he tried to catch a glimpse of her but was distracted by the smell of Mike Hanlon’s pain.

Pennywise watched as the boy fell on his back and Henry Bowers, the older boy, straddled him and pinned him to the gravel. He nearly drooled upon seeing the blunt rock poised above Mike’s terrified head, but rippling shock waves across his cranium startled him. Nothing huge seemed to have occurred, but the fact that Henry suddenly had wet ivory slush dripping down his face begged to differ. The confused teen blinked slowly as the frigid temperature finally set in, melting chunks even falling onto Mike’s shirt while they both shared a mutual glance of befuddlement. Vic and Belch echoed their expressions, shrugging at a loss for words. They always seem to be confused. So, nothing’s really changed there… Boring.

Pennywise mentally urged Henry to pick up the rock again only to have Henry break out of his influence once more by getting hit in the head by another stone. The likely-concussed teen lost his balance over the younger boy and landed on his back, sitting dazed with his legs slightly tangled with Mike’s. Blood mingled with the melted snow, making the demon clown salivate greedily at the sight before turning to see the one who threw the rock. He knew it wasn't Hermione because he hadn't felt the corresponding pulse of her magic. The snowball, on the other hand, was all her.

Pennywise hissed lowly at the sight of Hermione’s charges emerging from the treeline like a small army. Their normal fear-tinted scents were dampened by newfound confidence and determination, the scent usually around the witch’s form. He hated that his favorite food source was tainted, spoiled rotten by her.

Vic and Belch, Henry’s remaining minions, stepped back, realizing that they were now outnumbered. Huffing at the greater scent of fear coming from the wrong side, the clown took a glance at the more fearless group of tweens. Beverly stood stubbornly as Stan, who arrived right after she did, came up next to her.
“Nice throw,” he commented dazedly, out of breath from running. Pennywise could see Hermione’s invisible aura move close to the other girl’s side. *I guess it takes one to know one.*

“Thanks,” Beverly stated simply as the others flanked her sides. Taking advantage of the distraction, Mike quickly leaped into the water, wading over to the Losers. The clown lamented as his targeted meal literally swam away from him, angrily ripping a chunk out of the disembodied arm and swallowing it with no mercy. However, a shrivel of significant fear shook him out of his anger.

Eddie Kaspbrak gasped loudly as each of the Losers picked up heavy stones to throw. *This could be interesting,* Pennywise mused thoughtfully, smirking at the dismayed scent emanating from Hermione’s direction. *Oh dear, does the witch not approve of her children’s violence? If that’s the case, she picked the wrong ones to basically adopt.* What had started out as a sarcastic sentence quickly morphed into an angry one.

Vic and Belch helped Henry to his feet as the bloodied teen patted his shirt, shaking off the dust from the crumpled dark gray fabric. Pennywise angrily thrust his influence into his mullet-haired head, directing him to get closer to the Losers. Boots crunched the graveled bank as he strut forward.

“You losers are trying too hard,” Henry spoke patronizingly, blood and water still dripping down his face. “She’ll do you. You just gotta ask nicely…” he and the other two smirked as Beverly hugged herself uncomfortably. Anger could be smelled from Hermione now. *Good, now you see how I feel…*

“Like I did,” he grinned wolfishly, palming his crotch. The clown smirked. He didn’t even have to order the teen to do that. Eggboy roared angrily at the teens on the other side, Stan flinching at the volume. Everyone turned to watch as he wound his arm up and launched a rock, hitting the exact same spot Beverly hit before. Even Pennywise couldn’t hold back his wince as Henry nearly went down like a sack of potatoes.

“Fuck!” “What the fuck?!” Belch and Vic muttered as they stepped back slightly. Surprisingly, the clown flinched as Beverly launched a rock at the same time Hermione cast, unused to the sensation of conjuring snowballs from thin air.

“Rock War!” the loud and annoying boy yelled abruptly, getting nailed in the forehead by a stone that Pennywise chuckled in his general direction. Giggle, the clown watched as chaos erupted in front of him. Rocks flew to opposing sides, aiming to hurt the other. Ripples dispersed over his cerebral cortex, or at least where it would be, as Hermione rapidly pelted the members of the Bower’s gang with the soft but freezing snowballs at the rate of a machine gun. While not planning on causing damage, she wasn’t exactly doing a great deal of saving anyone. *She could be turned evil… with the right push in my direction.*

However, Pennywise’s “side” was losing. The three teens, surely to be battered and bruised the next day, got hit many times in what seemed like every part of their body, and were helpless to do anything as the normally shy Eddie jumped feet-first into the creek and threw stones at the group from a shorter distance. The clown sneezed quietly at the abrupt change from fearful to fearless within the boy. Surprisingly, the Losers had good aim, hitting the older boys in the face with their projectiles nearly the same amount of times as the snowballs.

Growling, Pennywise sat as the mullet-haired boy’s henchmen fled into the forest, leaving their leader lying on the ground, bruised and beaten. *At least I can still eat today,* he mused, ignoring the Losers as they too began to leave the creek. Henry got up shakily, his face undecipherable as he watched the younger kids leave. The odd mix of fear, sadness, and anger irritated the clown. This is why he prefers young children and the occasional immature teen. Their emotions were never this complicated. The obnoxious loud child yelled at Henry from the treeline, the smug scent of
satisfaction nauseated Pennywise. *Uggh, I don't even want to eat now.*

“Go blow your dad, you mullet-wearing asshole!” Richie yelled, doubly flipping the bird before joining his friends. *At least he’s gone,* he sighed before jolting back up. Hermione was still there, disembodied footprints emerged from the water as she moved closer to Henry. *What could she want with him? She can’t save them all… That one is mine to corrupt--- mine to mold into a kille---* Pennywise stopped his train of thought upon catching the scent of Henry’s salty tears. *Pathetic human… Tears do nothing… Let his anger fuel my influence. …*

The boy let out the shaky breath of a sob, unbeknownst to the invisible witch who had bent down next to him to Pennywise’s irritation. He could feel her using the warmth of her magic to heal him and the clown saw red as her nearly-invisible form ghosted her hands over Henry’s face. Shaking in anger, he left before he would do something he’d regret later. Not that he had experience with that sort of thing...

As he sat in his trailer, he pondered over Hermione’s behavior towards him and the other males in Derry. She was motherly toward the younger boys, if that feeling of pride gave anything away. But, the feelings she got with the older males was different. There was an abundance of anger, at least towards the Bowers Gang. However, she smelled of something else while she put her hands near Henry Bowers himself. It was somewhere in between pity and something akin to fondness. Neither of which were emotions he wanted Hermione to have for anyone else. He needed to be more direct. He needed to assert himself into Hermione’s life. He needed to drive a wedge between her and the Losers, and he wasn’t about to do so without making a few changes to his current form.

After all, she was still very powerful. A form that caught her off guard would be most ideal. *Something she couldn’t say no to,* he thought as his skin became more fleshy, darkened hair smoothing back into a shorter hairstyle. His teeth straightened into a devil-may-care grin and his amber eyes slid back to their human-like carefree blue, the color used to lure meals to him. However, his witch isn’t a meal, *at least not yet,* he thought as he allowed images of Hermione’s scantily-clad body from the day before invade his mind.

Drool dripped onto his ruffled collar before he changed the clown suit into black slacks and a dark blue button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. A high-pitched giggle escaped him as he twirled in the large distorted mirror in his trailer, a leftover from an ancient Hall of Mirrors. He looked… human. *Now… Let’s see Hermione say no to this,* he thought as he teleported up to the surface, searching for his special lady.

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It didn’t take Bill Gray long to find her. He had stumbled slightly at first due to the loss of about eight inches to his height. However, he just looked drunk to Derry’s residents, if anything else. He started on Main Street, and immediately caught sight of he bushy hair, glinting auburn in the evening sun. Transfixed, the disguised clown watched as it flowed behind her majestically and unhinged. Hermione didn’t even notice him, as she was preoccupied with reading a letter she’d pulled out of her pocket.

Immediately, he was battered with an onset of complex emotions coming from her as she continued to read. They came at Pennywise too fast to decipher each one before a new one took its place. It seemed that Hermione was no exception to the rule about all adults having compound emotions. Happiness, humor, disbelief, elation, sadness, and awe spun around her form as she giggled yet
nearly cried at the same time. A sudden burst of laughter from the witch spooked him from his place in front of her. A splinter of concern prompted him to conjure a glass of fruit punch for the woman. It wasn’t blood, but it looked like it enough for him to not care.

Ready for their first meeting, he walked towards her. But she still didn’t look at him. He had to get her to notice him somehow… An idea came to him as he stayed his course, plowing into Hermione and “accidentally” spilling the crimson beverage onto his shirt, grunting for effect. Her whisky brown eyes locked with his blue eyes as they stood for what seemed like hours, but Hermione gasped loudly, breaking them out of their staring contest.

“Oh my God! I’m so sorry. I should have been looking where I was going. It’s all my fault. I will pay whatever you need to get that cleaned,” she rambled, clearly flustered by his presence. Pennywise grinned as he placated her worry. He liked her like this, wanting to please him.

“It’s alright. I wasn’t watching where I was going either,” he said sympathetically, watching as his witch began checking him out without even trying to hide it. She began with his hair and moved downward. His ears colored at the feeling of her eyes on him, nearly twitching with arousal at her increased attention on his cheekbones. A goofy smile now adorned his face, looking more like a smirk due to his current form. Hermione must have realized what she was doing, because she immediately looked at the concrete beneath their feet.

“Uhh yeah,” the witch fidgeted, scratching her head “I was serious about cleaning that shirt,” Pennywise chuckled, placing a hand on his wet red-stained chest as he tried to control himself. Her embarrassment was so arousing to him, and she had no clue how hard it was to stay in this human form when she was acting that way.

“No need. Allow me to take you on a date, and we’ll call it even,” he burst out quickly, grinning disarmingly. She simply stared at him, dazed and lost in her own thoughts. Her own aroused scent clouded his admittedly duller nose as he fought to rein himself in.

“Please, love? You are so beautiful, and I just had to ask,” the clown laid his charm on thickly as he tried prompting her into agreeing with him. She blushed loudly, looking like one of his balloons as she finally spoke.

“What did you say? I’m sorry. It seems that my mind just keeps floating away,” Hermione explained. She is just too much! Pennywise thought humorously as he doubled over giggling. Out of every joke in the book, she chose the same one he always went with. He couldn’t help but laugh at that. The clown clasped his hand to his mouth, trying to rein in his hysterical laughter but to no avail. At least my voice hasn’t changed yet, the clown thought, considering his usual vocal pattern.

Hermione stood up taller, pouting due to the fact that she thought he was making a joke out of her, albeit internally. Pennywise nearly took her right then against the alley wall. Just when I thought she couldn’t get any more desirable… As if she heard his inner thoughts, the woman huffed once before sidestepping him and continuing down Main Street at a brisker pace. That wasn’t good. In hindsight, he probably shouldn’t have laughed.

“Wait,” he wheezed, still laughing breathlessly, “don’t go,” the clown gawked as Hermione ignored him, choosing to glare at the street ahead rather than at the handsomely stained man who had easily caught up to her because of his much longer legs.

Upon noticing that she wasn’t going to stop, “Bill Gray” began walking next to her. An apology usually works on human females… let’s see if that’s true, he thought, speaking up next to the fuming witch.
“I’m sorry,” he spoke seriously, his temperament seeming to swing backwards from humor, “I wasn’t laughing at you. It’s just… picturing you floating away made me laugh so hard,” Hermione finally looked at him, the scent of her confusion peppered her usual floral scent. She didn’t understand his logic, but she at least tried to. And that was saying something.

The witch finally smirked, but didn’t elaborate as she kept walking with her new six-foot-four shadow. Birds and bugs fell silent, sensing his presence. Yet the breeze lingered, flowing through their hair and clothes with fleeting skims. Pennywise’s concern ebbed up again at her silence and passive scent. Usually humans, at least from his observation, were collectively loud and always wanting. At this moment, he found neither within Hermione. She truly was an anomaly, and he wasn’t about to lose her without an argument. But the thought of fighting for dominance over her left him a bit trepidatious, especially as he remembered her wand’s power. A sudden spike of pity had his head snapping in her direction. They stood in her driveway and Hermione glanced around, finally realizing where they were. The clown hadn’t made the realization much sooner, to his own befuddlement.

Abruptly spinning around, the witch poked him in the center of his broad chest. Pennywise startled at that, unsure about what she was going to do. Her face revealed nothing but exasperation, which either meant she was going to acquiesce to his demand of a date, or hesitantly reject him, which is unacceptable, he thought angrily.

“Okay, fine. I’ll go on a date with you,” Hermione relented, surprising him. The clown could hardly believe how easy it had been to get her to cooperate. Elated, he grabbed her elegant hand with the same hand he’d grabbed his shirt with knowing it was stained with the fruit-punch. After all, it wasn’t like he had to make it easy for her. She had to at least know a bit of who she was really dealing with. However, the feeling of Hermione’s smooth hand in his own overwhelmed him. He needed to leave, immediately.

“Great, I’ll pick you up in three days,” he promised, letting go of her hand after curling it into a fist and tapping it lightly. Hermione looked on confusedly as he simply continued walking down the street. Already, various plans hatched in his head, each one better than the last. Their first date… It had to be perfect. Without her presence, he could think much more clearly. They could go dancing… I could pretend to eat human food… she would stay with me then...

“Wait!” Hermione protested behind him, “I never got your name!” oh, he’d almost forgotten.

Pennywise looked over his shoulder as he walked, catching her confused-tinted scent of arousal. Gotcha, he thought, allowing a wolfish grin to overtake his features. Perhaps he’d do more to her than simply seal her away in his lair. Her scent called to him...

“Bill Gray,” he stated just before turning the street corner.

The frazzled clown leant against the fence he’d just turned onto, sighing lowly. Blue eyes bled amber-red as he teleported back to his lair in the sewers. Perfect teeth eroded into uneven sharp points and slickened hair stood up, now a fiery orange shade. Pale flesh became painted white and red. His outfit remained the bloody-looking clothes that “Bill Gray” wore, but the creature’s belly and ankles now shown through, having grown an extra eight inches. The sight that greeted Pennywise in the mirror made him laugh. He could never be human, not really.
There it is. I hope you've enjoyed it. It was nice to go back and write from Pennywise's perspective, but I think I'm ready to continue with this storyline. As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing from you. :)}
June 15th, 1989

Sighing for what felt like the millionth time that day, the tired witch sat at her kitchen table pouring over her documents consisting of irritatingly short descriptions and irrational conclusions. Her morning coffee had cooled hours ago yet remained unconsumed at her side.

Something had been gnawing at her insides since she’d arrive, making her disinclined to continue her work. I haven’t even gotten anything done independently, other than deciphering the current case files according to my standards. Any real new information I got was from Ben. One of MACUSA’s finest getting help from a thirteen-year-old boy, pathetic. Hermione sunk her hands into her hair, nearly face-planting on the table as she let out an even louder groan.

Abruptly, she sat up, determined to at least look through everything else once more in hope that something new would stick out to her. A few minutes later revealed nothing more from the brief descriptions; however, the accompanying photos gave her pause. Heartbeat speeding up, she snagged one out of Jillian Hayes file. It only held a disembodied arm with a shred of bloody green fabric attached to it, remnants of the five-year-old’s pajamas. Immediately, a flash echoed in her mind’s eye.

Fenrir Greyback’s half-shifted teeth tore right through a brave first-year’s arm, effectively severing it from his body. The child fell with a screech as the monster of a man in front of him momentarily revelled in the pain and bloodshed he’d caused before moving on to the next defenseless student.

By Merlin, the Light side had won, but the costs were insurmountable to ignore. So many innocents had died for them to win. A lone tear dripped down Hermione’s pale face as she once again lost herself to her memories.

An acromantula army emerged from the Forbidden Forest and onto the raging Battlefield. While they had been chased out of their home by Death Eaters, they did not care who they killed in their frantic attack on the castle. Amidst the billowing smoke and fiery brimstone, the eight-legged creatures fell upon the Dark and Light sides alike. Pinching venom oozed out of their bites, rendering their victims immovable as they slowly died—sitting ducks among the fray. There were limited resources, so not everyone was saved in ti--

Hermione startled out of her flashback with a gasp. Digging ten fingernails into the flesh of her upper arms compelled her to remember when and where she was.

My name is Hermione Jean Granger. I am at my temporary house in Derry, Maine, which is in the United States of America. I work under President Vesta of the Magical Congress of the United States
For the most part, her panic was alleviated, however, the next phase of her usual grief cycle after the initial panic-inducing flashback was to cry it out. Even now, the witch could feel the warm salty tears trickle down her cheeks. A long shaky sigh escaped her as she wrapped her arms around herself, faint yet bloody nail marks marring the skin. It was bound to happen, Hermione thought. As it was, she had been getting nowhere on the case, and her frustration was clearly manifesting itself into this “episode”, as she usually called them. She would know because this wasn’t the first occurrence.

Her weeping only became louder as Hermione finally let herself go, morphing into a full-on sob. It was for the best that she got through it now rather than continue to hold it in. In the first few years after the war, she’d discovered that it was always worse to hold in such negative emotions, and crying helped the body cleanse itself of the stress brought on by them. The witch’s forehead rested on her knees as her tears soaked her capris.

“Please don’t cry, Hermione,” a small feminine voice piped up from somewhere close to her, causing the woman in question to whip her head up from its hunched over position.

Confusion clouded her darkened eyes as they met with nothing out of the ordinary in her kitchen/dining room area. Nonetheless, Hermione got up and moved in the general direction of where she’d heard the voice. Her bare feet padded on the hardwood floor, creaking with each step as she moved into the kitchen. Curly hair bounced to and fro, searching for a small child in the tiny area.

“Here, wipe your tears. They make me awful sad,” the voice continued, as Hermione’s eyes narrowed at the sink.

Remembering Beverly’s encounter, she cursed her luck at leaving her wand upstairs yet tiptoed closer to the drain. In hindsight, she considered, this probably isn’t the safest way to investigate, but I won’t let this opportunity pass me by. Any information is good information.

There shouldn’t have been anything in the sink, as the young woman was very efficient at washing her dishes, both the magical and the muggle way. However, there was one thing that sat close to the drain—as if something had reached through the pipe and placed it there for her. It was a handkerchief. Granted, it wasn’t anything disturbing. But still, she hesitated before quickly snatching it out of the chrome basin, watching for dark hair to come snapping at her wrist from inside the drain.

Turning the white cloth over, Hermione noticed nothing terribly odd about it. It was clean, albeit smelling like cotton candy in place of normal detergent. A small red balloon was embroidered in a helter-skelter fashion along the bottom right corner. Beautiful lace bordered the cloth in sweeping threads, completing the ivory cloth. All in all, she thought it was kind of… cute. It reminded her of her grandmother’s porcelain dolls, and the elaborate yet elegant clothes she’d dress them in. She’d nearly forgotten about her tears. Nodding firmly, the witch wiped her face with the handkerchief.

“Thank you, whoever you are,” she offered, hoping that she hadn’t hallucinated hearing the voices.

“Do you like the balloon?” a teenage boy’s cracking voice spoke.

“Uhh, yeah. I do like it,” she clenched the cloth in her hand, affirming its reality.

“Good, we want you to like it… We want you to stay… forever… Hermione,” each phrase brought a different voice to the conversation. Some were masculine, some were feminine, some were older teen voices, others were young toddler-like voices.
“Why?” Hermione’s lip quivered, feeling out of her depth for the first time in a long time.

“Because you belong to him … the clown,” the witch couldn’t believe it. Again with the clown. What is the clown!

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Who are you?” Hermione spoke in a direct tone that clearly was just in her voice because the rest of her body shook with both fear and anger.

“Jillian Hayes,” “Stevie Johnson,” “Jonathan Jones,” “Amber Burke,” “Ian Anderson,” “Claire LeBeau,” “David White,” “and Georgie Denbrough,” each voice introduced itself. The petrified woman took a step back with each name, finding herself nearly glued to the cupboard behind her. Merlin, this can’t be happening.

“W-w-what happened to you… all of you?” Hermione asked, sounding braver than she really was.

“We float now, Princess. We changed…” a familiar gurgling raspy voice joined the others.

“P-Patrick,” she gasped in a stutter, sounding almost hopeful at the familiar voice.

A sudden loud screech exploded from the drain, making the witch cover her ears and run out of the room. She needed to get to her wand before something terrible happened. As she passed through the darkened living room area, the television blared on, painting the walls in its artificially-luminescent glow. Hermione stopped, craning her head around to see the screen.

What she saw was eerily similar to the other night, but the generic schoolchildren had been replaced by the missing kids who now sat unblinking and milky-eyed with ear-to-ear grins plastered on their faces. The only exception was Patrick, who looked very alive. His lengthy brown hair was shaggy underneath a dunce cap, and his clothes were in bloody tatters unlike the others who looked positively pristine— as if it was “Picture Day”.

However, what really startled Hermione the most was the scary-looking clown that was gripping the poor boy’s ear between his fingers and yanking on it none-too-gently. His inhuman yellow eyes burned into her retinas as he glared at her. She began shaking once more as she crept towards the front door, not wanting to risk going for her wand anymore. Letting out a nervous breath, she bolted for the doorway. Even after stepping out into the sun, the sounds of demented laughter echoed in her mind for the rest of the day.

**June 16th, 1989**

It was right around noon when Hermione heard the doorbell. Confused, the witch set her book on the armchair and emerged from her office, intending to investigate. She hadn’t been expecting anyone, at least to her knowledge. Who could it be? For the life of her, she couldn’t remember. Stopping just before the door, she gave herself a look-over. Her hair could be better, but it could also be worse. Her short shorts weren’t too revealing and her tops were never indecent, at least most of the time. Breathing deeply, she opened the door, only for her brown eyes to meet with the curious blue ones of Bill Gray. Oh, so that’s what he meant by three days. I suppose he already knows where I live. Still, he never told me what time.

“Oh!” she exclaimed realizing that she had been staring at him again, “You never, uhh, told me when you were coming,” she finished lamely.
Bill immediately donned an embarrassed expression, “Oh, I didn’t? I’m sorry. Are you busy now? Because I made reservations fo—” he began rambling until Hermione cut him off by putting her finger on his lips, unknowingly almost losing that finger. Blue eyes widened comically at her assertiveness.

“It’s alright, just wait here a second… unless this place that we’re going to requires me to dress a bit fancier?” she half-asked, glancing at the man’s outfit only to find him in blue jeans and a light gray t-shirt. He laughed lightly in a deeper timbre, shaking his head.

“No, no. What you have on is perfectly fine,” his eyes lingering on her bare legs and moving up to the jean shorts that hugged her hips.

An old Gryffindor jersey was tucked into them, which honestly didn’t bother her if it was seen in public. After all, it only said “Quidditch” and “Gryffindor” on the front and “Potter” on the back. Nothing about the shirt revealed anything about the Wizarding World. The No-Maj probably thought it was some obscure Muggle-British thing. She felt eyes on her once more, breaking her out of her thoughts.

“Oh, okay… Good…” she blushed, he probably thinks I’m some sort of airheaded space-cadet. “Hang on a moment,” she blurted, stepping back abruptly and slamming the door in his face.

Rushing into the bathroom, the frazzled witch used her wand to tie her hair into a nice-looking ponytail before rushing downstairs to grab her purse, only taking the time to note her essentials: her wand, wallet, keys, notebook, and pen. Her sandals slid on more rapidly than one would think, and she threw open the door with a bang, startling Bill, who had been fiddling with a bouquet of scarlet bergamots, a breed of red wildflowers native to Maine. Surprising Hermione, he immediately thrust them in her direction, blushing nearly to match the flora.

“Here, Hermione. I picked these just for you,” she plucked the bouquet from his grasp and conjured a vase half-full of water on top of the fireplace just out of his view. He twitched slightly, making Hermione narrow her eyes in worry.

“Thanks, Bill. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he replied disarmingly. Ohh, those cheekbones… No! I need to put these in the vase before he thinks I’m dumber than I already seem. Hermione nearly threw the flowers in the vase before slamming the door behind her.

“Alright, let’s go!” she asserted stiffly, still blushing.

She began walking down her driveway, not even checking to see if Bill was following her. However, a large cold hand enveloped hers and held it comfortingly. Hermione’s eyes locked with his when she turned her head. Cobalt entranced whisky. The man’s mouth had dropped open slightly, revealing his perfect ivory teeth. Unconsciously, her tongue flicked out to moisten her lips, leaving Bill breathing heavier. Sensing the newfound tension, the witch coughed before probing awkwardly.

“So… Where exactly are we going?”

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Roughly thirty minutes later, the couple sat in the corner booth of Jade of the Orient, Derry’s local Chinese restaurant. Their menus had been distributed promptly and they both took the time to peruse them, both snatching sly glances at the other from across the table when the other wasn’t looking. Hermione glanced out of the window at her right, seeing the rushing water pass by from the Quarry. As she looked, her delicate-looking hand came up to rest under her chin. The sun caught her hair in its divine influence once more, painting it bronze. Her date sat spellbound by her profile, not saying a word. When she felt his eyes linger on her, the witch turned to him.

“I’m glad you found this place. It’s rather hidden, and I never would have found it,” Bill blushed lightly at her praise and he scratched the back of his head bashfully.

“Yeah, well… It’s kind of something only the locals know about,” Hermione’s body straightened at that. Perhaps he knew something about the disappearances!

“You’re from around here?” she began, playing it casual.

Uhh, yeah. You could say that…” there was a sudden tension in his frame despite the fact that his voice remained carefree.

“I see… So—” Hermione was interrupted by the waitress coming up to their table to take their order, making her lose her train of thought. She’d forgotten how hungry she actually was, actually skipping lunch in favor of reading for a few hours. Stomach grumbling, she ordered.

“Hi, yes. I’ll have the “Chicken Fried Rice” and “Two Egg Rolls” please,” she requested to the stern-faced woman who only huffed in response, muttering about Hermione “not being able to keep her figure by eating so much” under her breath.

The witch grimaced self-consciously, looking down at the decorative table. She didn’t even see Bill’s eyes momentarily flash yellow before he placed his order.

“And I’ll have the “Popcorn Chicken”,” he ordered sternly, not even looking at the waitress.

Thrusting his menu at the woman, he reached for the witch’s hand under the table. Mentally, he ordered the older woman to leave them immediately, sighing as she walked away. Meanwhile, Hermione had begun sipping on her glass of water, staring pensively out of the window once more. His hand found her warmer one and he rubbed his thumb over her palm. They sat quietly for a few moments, partaking in the quiet atmosphere of the restaurant.

“So, where are you from?” he began after a few minutes, legitimately wanting to know her answer.

Wide whisky eyes snapped up to his at the question, “Oh. I’m from… London. The big city was much too crowded for me, so I found a job in America… and it led me here,” she elaborated, letting a wistful smile grace her nervous face.

“Oh? What kind of job led you up to this sleepy little town?” Bill asked, tilting his head slightly to seem curioser. Of course, Hermione balked at the question, since when has this become my interrogation?

“Nothing special. Uhh…” she trailed off, unsure where to go from there. Luckily, a younger man hurried over to their table with their steaming food.

The witch nearly drooled at the sight of the rice and egg rolls that were practically calling her name. As the food was set down, the couple turned to address their new waiter, but it seemed he only had
eyes for Hermione.

“Can I get you anything before I go? Anything at all?” he winked subtly at her.

Of course, she blushed. He was relatively good-looking, she supposed. However, he looked like a rat in comparison to Bill, who had gotten really quiet now that she thought about it. Turning over to her date, she could see him clench his fist, the only sign of his anger. *I have to do something quick…*

Impulsively, she reached over and covered his fist with her hand, stunning both men equally. The witch sharply turned to address the other man.

“Nah, I think we’re fine. Thanks,” she tittered lightly, fake charm oozing from her tiny grin.

Disappointed, the man grumbled, shuffling back into the kitchen. The scent of her meal lured her eyes back down to the table, urging her to dig in. Breathing deeply, she snatched her fork off the table and held it in a death grip before beginning to rapidly shovel the rice into her mouth. One second the food was there, and the next it was gone.

This particular eating-habit had emerged during the war. Often times, during the Golden Trio’s travels their seventh year, food was scarce. Some days they went without food. What made it worse was knowing what the feasts at Hogwarts were like in comparison to eating burnt meat that they’d hunted themselves. So, when Hermione had begun eating more regularly again after the war, she’d eat until she was full. The stares she got from others never bothered her because she knew they would do the same thing if they were in her shoes.

Sighing once more, she slowed down, knowing that she hasn’t been starved in years. Plucking the two small egg rolls from the small bowl beside her, the witch chomped on them in smaller bites, periodically dipping the bitten ends into her soy sauce. When they were gone, she looked up, surprised to see that Bill had barely eaten if he’d even eaten at all. He sat with his fork poised to eat a bite of his chicken dipped in the sweet and sour sauce. His rosy mouth hung open, but there wasn’t disgust anywhere on his face. There was… awe… and understanding.

Upon realizing that she was looking, he shook himself out of his stupor and continued eating in his more reserved way. Sipping on his own drink, Hermione noticed that it was red, making her giggle.

“What is it with you and fruit punch?” she asked, causing him to nearly choke on his food.

“Oh, well. I’ll have you know that I’m too much of a sweet-tooth for *water*,” he remarked sarcastically.

“Really now? I was just implying that you don’t really seem the type that would enjoy it so much,” she elaborated cryptically.

“Is that so? Then what kind of drink do you think my type would enjoy?” he smirked.

“Something cool, collected. Bourbon whisky, perhaps,” his nose scrunched up in response as he shook his head disgustedly.

Hermione only laughed more before immediately stopping, realizing that their disgruntled waiter had returned to collect their payment and throw a couple of fortune cookies down on their table before storming away. However, she took it all in stride, breaking open her cookie and reading the fortune. *An alien of some sort will be appearing to you shortly.* A slow grin crept onto her face at the absurdity of her fortune as she placed the tiny slip of paper into her purse and ate the broken chunks of the cookie, crunching them with her teeth. Bill glanced side-eyed at her.
"What did yours say?"

"Oh, nothing. Besides, the fortune wouldn’t come true if I told you," she smirked at her date, watching as he looked a bit peeved before shaking his head lightly, his hair bouncing at the motion.

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"This was fun… I would totally do this again," Hermione admitted to Bill as they sat up on the hill that overlooked most of Main Street. The evening sun was beginning to set, painting the valley in its tangerine glow. A breeze brushed them both, tickling their skin and ruffling their hair. It had been a short trek from Jade of the Orient to the hill, and they’d just sat down. Pale sparks danced in his eyes as he processed her comment, lips parting into another grin.

"Really?" he asked, suddenly seeming uncertain.

"Yeah," she stated ambiguously, realizing that she should be focusing on her real mission. Cars motored along the road, catching her eyes in their headlights’ glow. Bill only stared at her in response before turning to follow her line of vision. He make a coughing scoff in the back of his throat.

"They seem so small, so insignificant from up here," he offered, putting Hermione’s own thoughts into words: a devil and an angel indeed. Once again his hand held hers.

"Yes, I suppose so… and my job is to help them," she voiced, locking her eyes with his as they burned with a righteous fury that startled him.

Thoughts of turning Hermione into something like him flew out the window. Not even he could bend that kind of resolve. A few charm-laced comments and questions resumed their light banter, but neither could deny what the witch had unveiled to him.

I suppose, Pennywise thought, she sees herself as my enemy. She was sent to end me. However, we will dance around each other until one of us breaks… And I’m sorry, love… But it’s not gonna be me.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. It’s actually funny how much it made me hunger for Chinese food. I actually ordered Chicken Fried Rice right after I finished this chapter, lol. Anyway, leave comments, kudos, etc. Let me know how I’m doing with writing the "Billmione" interactions, because I honestly have little experience in writing romance and any feedback helps. :)
Hey guys, I had a TON of free time today as well. This chapter was also quick to write. I even added a couple hundred extra words just for you guys. :)

June 18th, 1989

Hermione Jean Granger woke up feeling lighter than she had in a long while. Determinedly, the witch stripped out of her pajamas hopped in the shower. Upon emerging from the misty bathroom, she strode over to her closet and grabbed a set of black slacks and her dark blazer. She dressed promptly, putting on a white dress-shirt underneath and black wedges on to tower over her choice victims of the day. Hair charms pulled her hair back into a no-nonsense bun. Smirking, she threw on her most badass reflective aviators and practiced her sternest glare in the mirror.

She was going for intimidating, but she likely only looked as intimidating as a kitten would growling at a larger house cat. A lioness would have been preferable, but even she knew that would have been unrealistic. Besides, she only wanted to interrogate (and possibly hex) a few of Derry’s “finest” officers, not scare them shitless. After all, she was only trying to help them.

It had been nice of Director Hughes to provide her with an actual FBI badge that gave her permission to question the local law enforcement, as well as a phone number for what Alison described as “a conversation you’d really want to watch play out.” This obviously referred to Director Hughes’ number because he would “metaphorically bust anyone’s ass who refused to cooperate with you.” Remembering her friend’s choice words, the witch giggled maniacally as she stepped out of her house, intending to finally take out her MG for the first time in a long time.

The drive was relatively uneventful apart from the various stares the locals gave her as she drove through town. Well, I suppose seeing a black car driven by a woman wearing a black suit in an eighty-degree heat is a little unusual. Pulling up to the small police station, Hermione parallel-parked her car before putting the top up, not taking any chances of it getting stolen. Derry didn’t seem like a town with a high crime rate, at least apart from the disappearances. However, she’d heard horror stories from other aurors who’d lost their vehicles in bigger cities like Chicago or Detroit and had been basically stranded from MACUSA Headquarters. Shaking off the thought, she got out of her car and climbed the short steps leading to the front door of the brick building.

A lone rookie cop, likely even younger than her, stood outside smoking a cigarette. A thin wisp of white smoke emerged from the man’s surprised lips as she approached. Shuffling to tuck in his uniform shirt into his belt, he accidentally let the “cancer-stick” drop from his mouth. Groaning loudly, he made to pick it up, however, Hermione’s black wedge nearly came down on his hand, snuffing out the lit cigarette against the concrete step in one foul swoop.

“I’m sorry to interrupt your… smoke break, but I’m here on official business,” she swirled her head around, already knowing she wouldn’t find the man’s superiors in the vicinity.
“Do you think you could tell me where I could find one of your superiors?” the man gulped lowly at her tone and merely pointed his thumb behind him in a jerky motion, indicating to the interior of the building.

“Thank you for your cooperation. Oh, and by the way… those things will kill you,” she dictated before stepping into the air-conditioned establishment.

All work stopped once she entered the building. Looking to and fro, she noticed one tired officer halfway through pouring himself a cup of coffee, actually making it overflow onto the table as he continued to gawk at her. Two older male officers were chatting near their cubicles, each with their own cup, but had stopped upon seeing her enter with her reflective lenses.

“Good morning, gentlemen. My name is Detective Hermione Granger, representing the Federal Bureau of Investigations. May I ask either of you a few questions?” she stated rather than asked, preparing for the inevitable patronizing tones due to the fact that she was both young and a woman. As Hermione expected, they only scoffed at her, sharing a laugh amongst themselves. Glaring at the two, she removed her sunglasses and tucked them away in her pocket while simultaneously grabbing her badge and flashing it in their general direction. She even aimed the reflecting sun from the window to sear into their eyes momentarily before lowering it to a more acceptable level.

“Now then, as you can clearly see, this badge is real. As is the phone number that I will give you, should you choose to not cooperate with me here and now. I’ll let you explain to Director Hughes of the Behavioral Science Division your reluctance to work with m—” she ran through her usual shtick that she used with this type of man, at least until the officer who had been standing furthest from her cut her off.

“No need, ma’am, you can ask me anything you wish to know,” he asserted stiffly, indicating for her to follow him into an adjoining office, presumably his.

Ready for new information, the witch whipped out her small notebook and poised her pen, itching to write down whatever he told her.

“Thank you, Officer—?” she began, indicating for him to introduce himself.

“Bowers, Oscar Bowers. But every one ‘round here calls be ‘Butch’” he elaborated, scratching his dark brown hair.

“I see… Now then. I’m here about your little disappearance problem going on in Derry,” Hermione began, attempting to remain aloof. Showing an emotional connection at first was never a good tactic. “What is your team doing to solve it?” she looked into his dirt brown eyes as she asked, watching as he fumbled with an excuse.

“Uhh, we haven’t had a good enough crime scene to collect any traces of where the children have gone. But I assure you that once we do, we’ll hunt that sonofabitch down and bring him to justice,” he asserted, his upper lip stiffening under his five-o’clock shadow. Meanwhile, Hermione perused the man’s office, noting few personal items, one being a banner from the U.S. Army.

“Did you serve, Officer Bowers?” she wondered aloud.

“Yeah, I served in Nam for a term,” he answered, his voice grave.

“I see, well let me tell you something. Soldier to soldier…” his eyes snapped to hers upon her admission, likely assuming that it would be impossible for someone so young to fight. Oh how little he knows… “I have gone through some dangerous shit in my rather short life. Things that would
make you lie awake at night, too scared to sleep,” she enunciated her words by wrenching up the sleeve of her blazer, revealing her *mudblood* scar quickly before covering it once more. “And let me tell you… that what you’re dealing with is unlike anything I’ve ever seen,” she finished cryptically, making sure he understood the gravity of the situation.

“My God,” he stated simply, unsure where to go from there. There was one more thing she had to ask to conclude their interview.

“What do you know of Patrick Hockstetter’s disappearance?” the older man merely blinked owlishly at that.

“Nothin’ much, my son was friends with him…” he trailed off, likely wishing he hadn’t mentioned it.

“Your son, Officer?”

“Yeah, Henry,” suddenly it all made sense to Hermione. This was the abusive father. He seemed to catch something in her gaze as he then fumbled around his desk for a moment before handing her a file, which she took with eager hands. There was an indecipherable glint in the man’s eyes, seemingly catching something in her own.

“You haven't seen him around, have you? Not causin’ trouble?” he spoke apprehensively, tilting his head sideways at her.

“Nope, can’t say that I have,” she replied innocently before taking an entirely different tone.

“You know, Officer Bowers, you should lay off of him. Stop enforcing his bad habits. Just because you have PTSD doesn’t mean you need to ruin the lives of those around you,” Butch only stayed slack-jawed for a moment, Patrick’s case file in one hand, before attempting to smack Hermione across the face. However, he was too slow for her as she ducked under his swing and pointed the tip of her wand in the center of his forehead.

“Your reflexes are too slow. Just think of what would have happened had this been a gun. You clearly are not fit to work in the line of duty anymore, and the only reason I’m not arresting you myself is because Henry would have no one. And believe me, I’ve seen the most negative effects of that path. Other than that, I have nothing more to say to you. Good day, Officer Bowers,” she finished, casting *obliviate* and erasing their entire conversation.

“Whahs happnin?” Bowers slurred confusedly.

“Thank you for your cooperation, Officer. I’ll just be going now,” she finished, leaving the older man dazed and confused in his office. On her way out, she hit the other two males with the same spell. At least she got Patrick’s case file. It was something.

★★★

The rest of the day found Hermione meandering around Downtown Derry. It was a nice enough day out, seventy degrees with a sun-kissed breeze— practically a novelty for the near-middle of summer. Trees twirled their bark-lined branches and emerald leaves at passersby while birds twittered along the telephone lines. Colorful convertibles zoomed by on the road, their tops down. She’d moved her MG, parking it further down the road. It actually wasn't far from Beverly’s apartment now that she
thought about it.

Derry’s library was quiet; however, that was kind of a requirement. But, there weren’t many people there. Only the stern-faced librarian and three other patrons spanned the shelves. There was a mother with a young daughter, no more than four years old. An older balding man sat in a chair at one of the tables, nose deep in a dusty tome. Smiling lightly at the sandy-haired child who turned to look at her, she headed towards the stacks.

Unlike before, she was looking for more light recreational reading. A toothy grin adorned her face as she perused the shelves containing more recently published works. Funnily enough, these books were significantly less dusty than their older counterparts, making their spines and covers much easier to read. Oh! I’ve heard a lot about this one. I guess I didn’t realize it came out just last year, she commented thoughtfully, pulling out the library’s slightly worn copy of Thomas Harris’ *Silence of the Lambs*.

Both Enoch and Alison had read the novel already and highly recommended it to her, comparing Clarice Starling, the main protagonist, to Hermione herself. Shaking her head at the memory, she held onto it, continuing her search. Another title immediately popped out at her, urging her to pick it up. It was a rather thinly spined novel, bearing a burning stack of books on its cover with the words *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury printed in slanted bold lettering. The premise of fighting for knowledge in a dystopian future seemed interesting. Merlin, No-Maj American literature seems so exciting. There’s nothing like it in the British Wizarding World, the witch thought, wandering over to the opposite shelf with the two books clutched to her chest.

It didn’t take her long to find a third book to add to her rapidly growing pile. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest?* It’s title is so odd, I simply must pick it up. Hermione didn’t even read it’s synopsis printed on the back, wanting it to be a surprise. As she scanned her trio of novels, she noticed that they were rather small compared to her usual load. I suppose I’d better grab one more... just in case I get bored.

Soon enough, she found herself over in the non-fiction section, pouring over Truman Capote’s *In Cold Blood*, a true novel about two killers who murdered a family of four and the events leading up to their execution. In all honesty, the psychopathology behind these stories intrigued her deeply. She desperately wanted to understand everything about what causes people to behave irrationally and how to predict it. In addition, the story was true, making the psychology behind it all the more real. Satisfied with her choices, she approached the stern-faced librarian, who actually seemed even less polite that day. A library card was given to Hermione, as it had been the first time she actually checked anything out, and she was sent on her way with a glare and a grunt.

★★★

Stepping out into the mid-day sun, the witch placed the four tomes inside her beaded bag before starting to walk down the sidewalk. Her wedges were rather annoying to walk in, but at least they didn’t give her blisters like her flats were usually prone to do. A few minutes later, the inky blackness of her outfit began making her sweat in the heat, urging her to step into another store to cool her down. Her boredom clashed with her rising body-heat, causing her to sigh.

Not caring what the store even sold, she walked into the nearest door. Hermione was pleasantly surprised to find a music shop, complete with neon signs and band posters taped haphazardly to the walls. A huge orange lava lamp sat in the corner, pumping red blobs around its container. A large
fish tank containing water but no fish sat in the other corner, prompting her to wander over to it questioningly.

Crouching down and peering into the glass, she searched for the likely elusive inhabitants. However, a dark mottled blob moved out from under the sandy bottom, spraying ink in the witch’s direction. Hermione jumped back with a yelp. At her noise, the eight-legged creature began to flit around its tank, seemingly laughing at her.

“I see you’ve met Otto,” a light masculine voice tittered behind her, holding back a laugh himself.

The curly haired woman spun around, seeing a man about her age emerging from behind beaded curtains that led to what likely was the “Employees Only” section of the store. Medium length dark brown hair slicked back, nearly looking like a mohawk. Black studs pierced his ears and an upside down cross hung around his neck. A worn jean jacket adorning patches from AC-DC and Metallica covered a simple white wife-beater. Well, he looks qualified enough to work here, she thought as he came to stand behind the counter, leering at her.

“Yes, he startled me… what kind of octopus is he?” she began timidly, not really knowing how to act around the man.

“Oh, I usually forget this, but we’ve had him for a year or so now… Let me think… Oh!” he jumped, clapping his hands together, “he’s an East Pacific Red Octopus,” he answered.

“However, I don’t remember his eyes being that yellow… Ah, well it’s probably nothing. They can change color, you know,” he shrugged before turning back to Hermione, “were you looking for anything specific?”

“Oh, no,” she blushed lightly, hating that she wasn’t actually looking for anything.

“Alright then, let me know if you have any questions or are looking for anything specific. We haven’t had anyone buy anything in a while, so it be a big help if you did…” he trailed off, itching his neck.

“Thank you, —” Hermione indicated for him to introduce himself.

“Seth,” he answered her bluntly, turning away at her confirming nod.

However, she soon felt Otto’s eyes on her again, watching her from under his makeshift cave in his tank. They were intelligent, and curious, like those of a small child. Turning away, she looked through the CDs, pulling out a Bon Jovi and Genesis album and approaching Seth at the counter.

“I’ll take these, please,” she spoke hesitantly, placing the albums down in front of her.

“Okay, that’ll be ten bucks,” he informed her, watching the woman in front of her get out her wallet. She handed the money over and Seth bagged the CDs into a tiny plastic bag. Their hands met in the middle, brushing each other lightly as they exchanged their items. A loud thud and a splash from the tank surprised them both as they watched Otto float back down to the sand from the top.

“Oh, don’t mind him. He’ll sometimes try to head-butt the top of the tank. It only stuns him for a minute before he’s swimming around again like normal,” the taller man elaborated before moving to head back behind the curtains, “have a nice day.”

Now alone in the main area, Hermione moved over to Otto’s tank, wanting to make sure he was really alright. It had seemed like the deflated eight-legged creature had scuttled to the wall closest to her and sat in wait. Trepidatiously, she put her right pointer finger on the glass in between them, only
to be met with a tentacle placed on the other side. *Well it looks like his eyesight is fine,* she mused. Amber eyes shimmered metallically in the murky water, winking at her through its darkness.

★★★

Upon emerging from the shop, she realized that she desperately needed to go to the grocery store again, not to mention that she was also desperately hungry. Putting the two together was bound to equal an overabundance of food in her cupboards. *Oh, well.*

Luckily, the small store wasn’t far from the music shop, easily allowing her to walk the short distance in her ebony wedges. Upon entering, she grabbed the first available cart and began filing it up with anything that looked good. Not five minutes later, it was already half-full. A carton of milk, a box of soda cans, and three different bottles of juice sat in the compartment underneath. Other various foods took up the upper main part of the cart: raw meat, fruits, vegetables, and grains. Other shoppers stared at the small woman and the large amount of food with no reservations, openly gossiping about her to the people nearest them. Of course, she went about her business, uncaring about the attention.

She’d just thrown the largest available container of coffee grounds on top of the pile, nearly causing the cart to overflow, when a cough from behind alerted the witch to someone standing behind her. Hermione closed her eyes, the beginning of a fake smile tugging at her lip as she turned around.

“Oh, sorry. Am I in your way?”

“No, Hermione. It’s me,” a familiar masculine voice laughed at her, causing her whisky eyes to fly open in surprise.

“Bill! Funny running into you here,” she grinned at him but stopped upon realizing that he didn’t have any food of his own. *Who goes into a grocery store and doesn’t buy anything?*

“Yeah, but it’s a small town... Hey, I forgot to ask yesterday, but would you be interested in going on another date? No restaurant this time. I have another idea,” he asked, smirking disarmingly at her, tilting his head in a way that made him looked like an overgrown puppy.

His blue eyes held that same otherworldly twinkle as they had when they’d first met. Those cold hands had slipped into the pockets of his leather jacket, restraining themselves from fidgeting. She looked him over further. Dark brown hair slicked back loosely. Worn dark jeans slung lowly on his hips underneath a plain white shirt, tucked into dark combat boots. *Perfectly messy as usual,* she internally groaned indecipherably to herself. *There is so much hope in those beautiful blue eyes for such a tense posture...*

“Okay, fine. I’ll go on another date with you,” she acquiesced cheerfully, remaining polite yet thinking of her responsibilities to search for an answer to Derry’s disappearances.

“Great! Meet me at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning on that hill we went to yesterday, okay? You look adorable in that outfit by the way,” he winked at her, striding away with an extra spring in his step.

As Hermione lay in bed that night, she argued to herself about deviating from her mission. *President Vesta isn’t paying me to go on dates and waste time. It shouldn’t matter that she likely wouldn’t care. Children are counting on me to keep them safe, and that includes capturing who or what is taking them...*
Bill Gray is nice, and a native to Derry. He could be useful to know. I don’t want to hurt his feelings by rejecting him…

Ugh! I can’t allow him to distract me like this. There will be a few dates, but I will not let this go on forever, the witch settled, rolling over in bed to her opposite side and closing her eyes, allowing sleep to consume her. Even in her dreams, she wondered how long they'd dance together until she had to inevitably cut him loose.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. As always let me know what you think. I love hearing from you.
Next Chapter: the first official Hermione/Pennywise confrontation (with actual dialogue and everything) XD
It'll probably be up in the next few days depending on my workload.
Cosmic Kisses

Chapter Notes

Woo! I've got an extra long one for you guys today. Exactly 4000 words! Let me tell you that this one was a blast to write, and you'll soon see why. So, I won't spoil it for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 19th, 1989

Whisky eyes stared into the endless void of space, watching galaxies and star systems pass by as she floated. It seemed as though she were moving yet at the same time still. However, there was no air in space, so the sensation of wind was absent on her body. Stars came into existence and died around her, exploding in magnificent spirals of light. Periwinkle and persimmon dust shimmered around fiery orbs, contrasting with the cool celeste and amethyst dust shimmering around icy ones. They spiraled, destined to repeat their cycles with an aloof yet unyielding determination. The universe was vast and eternal.

Time ceased to exist— seconds or millennia had passed, Hermione didn’t know. Light years passed in a blink. She was moving towards something, but the entranced witch didn’t know what. I must be having a lucid dream, she thought peacefully, unafraid of the unknown. This has never happened before...

Curly hair stood up in the zero gravity of space, and her alabaster nightgown billowed around her, glinting in the dying lights. Looking down, Hermione blushed, lucky that the gown hadn’t risen up past her bare knees. A low hum called to her and somehow caused her to fly faster, the galaxies becoming popping blurs in her vision. Woah, she gasped mentally, reaching an arm ahead of her and forming a mock “superman” pose as she flew.

The hum grew louder as she came upon a massive dome-like asteroid that eclipsed a sun, the Earth’s sun. In fact, the Earth spun near the top of the asteroid, cradled in its comforting darkness. Even as she approached, no fear stunned her. There was only awe for this object she didn’t fully understand, and perhaps never would. And oddly enough, she was… okay with that. As Hermione floated up to it, passing the crater-speckled moon, she realized that it wasn’t an asteroid at all. It was a turtle’s shell, and it was holding the Earth on its back.

Confused, the witch soared around its mass, attempting to find the hole where its head would be. This is so surreal… why would I dream about this? Soon enough, she found a hole and floated into it, surrounding herself in inky blackness. I need some light… but I don’t have my wand… All of a sudden, her chest lit up, nearly blinding her as a celestial orb shot out, illuminating the ‘cave’ of the shell’s interior. Did that just come from my heart… or my soul? What she saw in the light made her gasp once more.

The creature’s wrinkled reptilian head laid on its front, tucked into itself and deep in sleep. Its pickle green chest rose and fell with soundless snores, snout flaring with each slow breath. From what Hermione could tell, the turtle was ancient. Scratches lined its beak, seemingly from a fight with a
smaller creature. How has no one noticed this? Even muggles would notice a giant turtle shell under Antarctica!

Suddenly, a faint beeping echoed in the distance, getting louder each second. Its pitch made her feel fuzzy, tingling with numbness. Her form flickered in the dying light, attempting to stay on its present plane but to no avail. The witch watched the gigantic head as three pairs of eyelids blinked open, their crimson and ebony depths peering out as both she and her soul’s light disappeared, only to close again a moment later.

★★★

Morning rays of light filtered through navy blue curtains, shrouding the dark room in a warm glow. Birds tittered outside the window, gaily sitting in the oak tree right outside her window. However, the pleasant image was ruined by the high-pitched beeping coming from the witch’s alarm clock. Turning over, she rubbed her eyes, blindly groping for the “off” button before falling onto her back. A loud groan escaped rosy lips as Crookshanks took the opportunity to reposition himself so he was seated right on Hermione’s chest, consequently suffocating her despite his thinner body. Well, that clearly meant she wasn’t going back to sleep.

Her head swiveled to glare at the alarm clock, only to notice that it was late—really late. 10:30! What the hell? I thought I set an earlier alarm last night! I’m going to be late! She lamented frantically, finally remembering that she agreed to meet Bill at eleven.

Flying out of bed, Hermione ran to her closet, clothed in only her bra and panties, and threw on the first things she found that somewhat matched. Ripped blue jeans: okay… Union jack t-shirt: fine… Combat boots: probably best for walking around… Gah! I only have twenty minutes!

After nearly tripping while descending the stairs, the frantic witch chugged down a cup of coffee and snagged a bagel. While the bread heated in the toaster, Hermione snagged her wand out and fixed her hair so it didn’t look like she’d just rolled out of bed despite the fact that she actually did. She finished the same time the bagel basically jumped out of the toaster. Grabbing her purse, which was still packed from the day before, she sped into the bathroom to brush her teeth. Cursing the near-instinctive drive brought on by her parents, she ran out of the house, bagel in hand and purse strap across her chest.

In hindsight, it would have been smarter for Hermione to drive her MG, but she was too rushed to think properly. Rapid eyes latched onto the black and silver bike parked outside her house and her eager hands reached for the rubber grips on the handles. She placed her jean-clad butt on the seat and rocketed out of the driveway, heading for the large hill. Checking her watch, the witch realized that it was 10:55. Shit! Maybe I could get there in time if I find a shortcut! Hermione thought, taking different turns than she knew as she sped through town.

A few minutes later; however, found Hermione hopelessly lost in the woodsly area of Derry. Okay, I know this is a small town, but how could I be this lost? She grumbled frustratedly, biting down hard on the plain bagel. Bill probably thinks I stood him up. Great… The only man who looks twice at me in a non-sexual way and I blow it, she lamented mentally, putting her head in her hands and groaning before determinedly pedaling on. Soon enough, the pavement gave way to a covered bridge in front of her, making her realize where she was. Wait! I know where I am now. This is the Kissing Bridge.

Looking back down at her watch, she noticed that only ten minutes had passed. Sighing, she moved
to rapidly pedal across the old wooden bridge, only to find that the end was painted in a crimson
glow. What the…? Sunlight shone through thin rubber balloons, casting an eerie sight for the witch.
She could have sworn those hadn’t been there before.

The witch hopped off of her bike, intending to walk through the wall of balloons. When she just
about stepped into the small tunnel, the round orbs actually began floating to meet her, their tails
hissing along the rotted wooden ground behind them like snakes. Hermione pouted nervously, *I
don’t have time for this*, angling her bike to turn it around. *I’ll just go another way…* she sighed.
However, the witch felt a light bump against her upper back, only to turn around and see that all but
one red balloon had stopped at the entrance of the tunnel. The outlier had wandered over to her,
practically begging for attention in the way a child might.

Reaching out with both hands, she cradled the balloon. It squeaked as she ran her thumb over its
rubber in a sort of pet. Holding it closer to her face, a hum began emanating from inside, nearly a
purr. The orb was… cute. Hermione could tell it had a sort of sentience around it, which immensely
fascinated her. *How is this possible?* She wondered, awed as it slowly escaped her hands and floated
back to join the others in their wall.

“How is this possible?” a wavering voice asked politely, alternating between a
childlike titter and a baritone growl. Swiveling her head around, she found nothing, taking on a
confused and nervous expression.

However, she still felt eyes on her. Turning to the ledge on the side Ben and Henry’s Gang fell off
of, she looked to see a ginger-haired clown with shiny amber eyes pop his head up from over the
side of the bridge before quickly ducking back down. Confused, Hermione put the kickstand of her
bike up before creeping over to where she saw the clown. She leaned over the side, ready to give the
likely insane No-Maj on the other side a few choice words, only to find that he had vanished.

Putting her hands on her hips, she harrumphed before spinning around to continue on her way, only
to be met with seven feet of pale dirty gray and red clown in front of her. Hermione jumped back
with a yelp, startled by his sudden reappearance.

Red paint lined his lips, leading up past his eyes in a permanent grin. Tattered ruffles like those of
Queen Elizabeth I adorned his neck, wrists, and calves. Three red pom-poms decorated his
disgustingly stained costume that may have been white at one point but never would be again.
Hermione had never seen anything like it. *Merlin, he’s tall…*

“Who are you?” she asked, *and how did you do that?*

“Ohhh, how rude of me!” the bells on his wrists jingled as he flailed dramatically, “I’m Pennywise, the Dancing Clown,” adding jazz hands for effect. However, Hermione only tilted her head in
confusion, squinting her eyes. *Is this guy for real?*

“Ohhh-kaaay…” she offered unsurely, stepping back slowly as not to be so close to him. His amber
eyes watched her retreat, glaring slightly harder with each step she took further away from him.
“How did you do t-the thing with the balloons?” she asked nervously yet directly, glancing towards
the fire-engine red orbs. “And how did you reappear behind me so suddenly?”

The clown only laughed in response, his chilling timbre invoking a memory from a few days ago to
come rushing to her active consciousness. She knew exactly where he was from. Standing up
straighter, Hermione faced the being that had been tormenting her lately, looking him in his fiery
devouring eyes. All the while, she slowly reached for her wand. *First the book, then the TV… He was
even in the print hung up in Ben’s room… and now here… who the hell is he?*
“So curious, I love it. However, dearessst,” Pennywise lovingly hissed, “It’s too early in our little game for me to answer your questions,” he tutted, moving closer to pat her on the head with his gloved hand. Luckily, Hermione ducked under his arm and shoved her bicycle in between them like a shield, finally getting an opportunity to grab her wand. As she raised her arm to catapult the clown into next week, his arm snatched out with unnatural speed and force, capturing her hand and raising it far up above her head. A surprisingly warm body enveloped her, but the witch was too stunned to look past the fact that her wand now pointed at the sky.

When Hermione realized what had happened, she looked down, only to be met with the filthy clown suit that smelled like death. Nearly gagging, she struggled, but the hand not holding hers only snaked around her waist tighter, simultaneously holding her closer and suffocating her.

“All right, all right,” he booped her nose with his finger, treating her like a misbehaving pet. “You know... We’re at the Kissing Bridge, so I’m not here to fight you,” he smirked, leaning in about an inch from her face and showing off his bucked teeth. Whisky locked on glowing amber, entrancing her with the movement inside them. His eyes positively shimmered with desire, flaring crimson on the outside of his irises. She hadn’t even realized that he’d closed the gap until she felt a pressure on her lips.

Hermione’s eyes shut, overwhelmed by the contrast between the clown’s rancid smell and his divine flavor. It was like caramel and buttery popcorn with something sharper lingering underneath that she couldn’t place. His arm rose slightly from her waist enough so his hand could grab her by the back of her neck, wanting a better angle for their drastic one-foot-and-seven inches height difference.

The gloved hand tangled in her curly brown hair, never wanting to leave it. All the while, they remained bracketed at the lips, reveling in each others’ tastes.

Something moist and worm-like poked at her rosy lips, forcefully demanding access. Disgusted, Hermione stubbornly kept her mouth shut and grunting angrily through her nose. However, his hand slipped back down her body, stopping to grope her right arsecheek and causing her to gasp loudly, giving him the opportunity he needed.

Pennywise moaned in pleasure, making the witch shiver at the vibration of his tongue in her mouth. Exploring her oral cavern, the forked serpentine tongue dexterously licked the insides of her cheeks before it slid over her pearly-white teeth. Hermione had frozen at the feelings brought onto her.

As Pennywise’s hand settled back into her hair, his tongue focused on its true target. Coaxing her own tongue out from the back of her mouth, his longer appendage wrapped itself around hers and rubbed itself seductively along her tongue’s length, causing copious amounts of drool to leak out of their mouths in a slow trickle. Hermione couldn’t hold back the helpless moan that escaped her throat. She could feel him smirk at the sound, allowing his tongue to reluctantly return to its home.

Loud breaths came to her ears, but it took her a moment to realize that they were her coming from her. Pennywise still held her close, slowly licking and biting at her panting mouth. One of his nips actually produced a drop of her crimson blood, causing him to suck on the wound with a passionate hunger, yearning for more. However, he reluctantly dragged himself away from her. A satisfied yet wanting grin adorned his face, his eyes aflame in equally crimson lust.

“Don’t be late for your date, Hermione,” he laughed, disappearing with a pop.

Physically frantic yet mentally frozen, Hermione sped off on her bike down the tunnel, belatedly realizing that the balloons had vanished too. Mentally going on auto-pilot, the witch tried to shift through all that had just occurred.
A clown with some kind of magical powers just French-kissed me… and he touched my arse… and he basically raped my tongue… the nerve!

Even now, Hermione could still feel the slithery organ’s lingering touches inside her mouth despite her own effort to banish the phantom itch. Angrily, the witch simmered, looking very much like that Miss Gulch from the *Wizard of Oz*.

*Okay, let’s just pretend that didn’t happen… Oh! What am I going to tell Bill?* She lamented, nearing the hill and seeing his seated silhouette in the midday sun.

★★★

“Bill! I’m so sorry I’m late. I didn’t forget! I just… forgot to set my alarm for the right time,” she admitted embarrassingly to the casually-dressed man who was sitting on a lovely white and red checkered blanket. Hermione itched the back of her head anxiously as she surveyed her date’s blue eyes and blank expression. Bill smiled and laughed at her nervousness, beckoning her to sit with him.

“It can’t possibly be that late already. However, I wouldn’t know because I didn’t bring a watch,” he explained reassuringly, “Besides, you arrived just in time, because I got everything laid out for us just before you arrived.” Hermione looked at him confusedly, but smiled as he indicated to a lovely-looking picnic basket seated next to him.

She was speechless. Never had a man ever made food for her before. Bill turned to pick up the basket and place it in between them, lifting the lid and revealing its contents to the flattered witch. Little finger sandwiches sat nestled next to mini red, yellow, and green bell peppers. A little round container containing strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple was tucked off to the side next to what looked like chocolate-dipped marshmallow pops. It all looked appetizing. However, Hermione giggled at the pitcher of red liquid that Bill grabbed out of the basket.

“Seriously?” Bill adopted sad-puppy eyes and gripped his gray t-shirt over his heart.

“Alright, you’ve caught me. I have… an addiction,” he lamented melodramatically, clearly joking with her, “You’ve got to help me, Hermione. It’s a cruel existence. I’ve strayed so far from Heaven’s light!” he fell on his back as she busted out laughing.

This is just like how Ron or Harry acted in our years at Hogwarts.

Picking up a finger sandwich, she shoved it into the man’s open mouth, watching has his blue eyes widened comically as her finger grazed his tongue. “Seriously, Bill, if we don’t start eating this now, it will get gross,” she lectured, turning away from him to start grabbing food out of the basket. The witch didn’t even see his eyes flash amber at the direct yet restricted view of her arse.

“Now then,” she began by taking a sandwich and eating it whole, “What else is on the agenda for today? Not that just having a picnic isn’t fun,” she rushed out, realizing that Bill might have only planned the picnic and nothing else. Luckily, he smirked at her question before answering.

“Of course there’s more. Have you ever played croquet, Hermione?” he asked, pouring himself a glass of the crimson liquid. *My name sounds positively angelic when he says it like that…* 

“Umm, yes. I have…” she trailed off, shoving another couple of sandwiches into her mouth to stop herself from talking. Bill only looked on bemusedly as he brought out a pocket knife and began
cutting the bell peppers into edible bites, taking out the seeds and centers and chucking them behind him. *She’s so cute when she blushes, looking like one of my balloons.*

A long silence ensued, but it wasn’t entirely awkward. Hermione devoured most of the food, which is exactly what Pennywise wanted. After all, he didn’t want to eat much of the human food given what he really was. In fact, most human foods didn’t register with him. They were tasteless, probably a byproduct of his more insect-like true form. The only exceptions were sweet food and meat. Sugar placated his appetite while human flesh satisfied it. Animal meat was enough to sustain him, but human fear was like a drug, itching him to get another fix. *Speaking of which…* the disguised clown thought, sipping on the cup of blood that he’d transfigured when she wasn’t looking.

Really, the only foods Bill grabbed were the red fruits, which painted the man’s teeth and lips red along with the fruit punch. Hermione didn’t even realize how hungry she’d been until she began eating. Soon enough, only the marshmallow pops remained, making her date smirk as he picked the two out of the basket.

“Do you want your dessert Hermione?” he winked at her, making the witch blush loudly.

“Uhh, yeah…” she muttered, eyeing the chocolate-dipped confection so she didn’t have to make eye-contact with Bill. Hermione wasn’t prepared for him to stick the marshmallow into her mouth himself, nearly choking on it as she gasped. He laughed at her startled expression.

“That’s what I call ‘payback’,” he snarked, triumphantly sticking his own pop into his mouth and standing up. He held out his hand, smiling fully as she took it. Hermione was pulled to her feet by his strong grip and he wandered over to the tree next to them to pull out a red mallet and a blue mallet. Slinging the red mallet over his shoulder, he handed her the blue one before striding over to the starting post.

Giggling frustratedly at her lackluster observantness in his presence, she realized that this was what he meant before. He set up the white rings and posts just before she got there. However, she was distracted by a sticky feeling on her hand. Grimacing, she noticed that the mallet was really beat up and splintering in a few places. It was rather damp and it smelled like… well… shit.

Upon approaching her date, she realized that his own mallet and the starting post were of the same variety as her mallet: disgusting, old, and smelly. Determinedly, she didn’t say anything of it, thinking it was an old family game of his that had been passed down for decades. *It would certainly be rude if I complained. He doesn’t even seemed bothered by it…*

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The couple played croquet for hours, joking and bantering with each other until they’d each won an equal amount of games. Shining stars hovered above them in the sky, the sun having set an hour previously. After playing for a while, they laid on the blanket as they watched the sun set, deep reds and oranges lighting up the sky in a final fanfare before falling away until the next morning.

Oddly enough, she didn’t mind that she hadn’t gotten much closer to figuring him out personally. He was fun to be around, not to mention very doting and attentive. The jokes he told her were hilarious, as if it was his goal to keep her smiling permanently. *Let him have his privacy… After all, this was only our second date.*
They’d made it to Hermione’s small house in record time, even as she walked her bicycle alongside him. She sighed, relieved that she’d left the outside light on. Otherwise, she would have had to grope around blindly for the door as it was obscured by the streetlamp’s rather dim light. Bill even walked her up to her door, standing across from her and staring at her face with an indiscernible expression. Abruptly, he giggled and tried to cover his mouth.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” Hermione snapped and folded her arms, irritated at being laughed at.

Bill nodded, smirking once more, “You have a bit of raspberry juice on your lower lip and face.”

“Well, why didn’t you say something?!?” she burst out confusedly. Startled when Bill adopted a seriously determined expression and leaned into her, bending down slightly so they were eye-level. Cobalt gleamed into whisky as he spoke one crucial phrase.

“So I could do this…” he trailed off, closing the distance between them and locking his lips with hers. Hermione’s eyes widened comically before closing, allowing herself to succumb to his ministrations. His flat slippery tongue had stuck out to lick the dried raspberry juice off of her face before sucking her lower lip into his mouth.

Moaning, he made little nips along her chapped flesh and licked at her wall of teeth, wishing she’d grant him access to her mouth once more. The fruit only made her taste more delectable to him. It wasn’t the thunderous tang of fear; however, it was just as addicting. She tasted like the sweetest candy: sugary and warm like caramel toffee with a dash of cinnamon. As far as he was concerned, this only solidified his resolution to keep her. Pennywise could no longer imagine himself without her. She is mine, he asserted to himself, and I’ll be damned if she ever leaves me.

Tilting her head back with a caring hand, he enveloped her, moving down to nuzzle her neck with sparing bites. It wasn’t time to make his mark yet. He didn’t want to scare her off. Hermione’s eyes dilated widely, staring up at the full moon in ecstasy.

Chapter End Notes

So, there it is. Just so you know Bill and Hermione DID NOT have sex. That just seemed like the best place to stop, and the little OCD part of my brain told me to stop at exactly 4000 words. While we’re on the subject, I’m not sure if I’ll write any sex scenes for this story. I want to hear your opinions (just so I don’t alienate any of my readers who want to keep it only rated R for swearing). I also have never written anything of the sort, so it would be a new experience for me. I have a plan for where I would write them (and that’s not for a while), but they are pretty optional or open for ambiguity. As always, leave comments, kudos, and bookmarks. :)
Hermione's Flight

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry for the wait. I was super busy and will be for the next few days. We are babysitting a hyper and deaf cat for the next few days and he is already trying to knock everything over. It will be interesting.
Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter. :)
Btw, I've decided to post a fanart only AFTER I reach 1000 hits, or 100 kudos, whichever comes first.

NEW!: I just edited the last section of the story. It doesn't affect much going forward, but I thought you'd ought to know.

June 20th, 1989

Hermione woke up with a carefree smile on her face, an odd occurrence in itself. There was no sign of nightmares the night before. Rolling over onto her back, the witch basked in the sun’s morning glow from beyond the curtains. Her arms stretched towards the ceiling, grasping for an unknown object before falling back onto the duvet. A melancholy sigh escaped pale rosy lips as she realized that she had been alone all night. Crookshank’s fluffy body snuggled closer to her warmth in comfort. Even now, Hermione remembered the explosive kiss that she’d shared with Bill Gray. He had been perfect to her, and something told her that he thought the same about her.

The way he only reluctantly let her go spoke volumes about his true feelings. As he began to leave, he trailed his cool palm adoringly down her cheek, as if memorizing the exact shape of her face. The same hand then reached down to grasp her own and pull it to his lips. Darker stained lips skimmed her knuckles and a sharp canine nipped lightly, drawing a scratch to ensure that her body wouldn’t forget him. With a final lingering glance and smirk, he stalked off into the night, not even saying another word.

Hermione examined the bitten knuckle with slight confusion. It hadn’t even occurred to her at the time that the behavior was a little odd. The wound had since healed over, but its mark lingered.

A sudden staccato tapping from the window caused her previous thoughts to leave her immediate consciousness. Springing from the bed as if it burned her, the witch sprinted to the window and threw open the window with a force she hadn’t known she possessed. Of course, the sight that greeted her was almost exactly what she expected.

A stern looking owl sat elegantly on her windowsill, its salt-and-pepper pattern ruffling slightly in surprise. The peculiar Great-Horned owl hooted lightly upon seeing her, gesturing to the letter that sat beside them on the wood.

“Oh! Elvira! I wasn’t expecting to see you so soon. I haven’t even really checked in with President Vesta… Hang on a moment. I’ll be right back. You’re probably hungry,” Hermione ran downstairs to grab a couple of owl treats for her boss’s messenger.
When she came back upstairs, Crookshanks and Elvira were locked in a sort of staring contest. It wasn’t hostile, but it was a little odd in the sense that it made the witch momentarily question the possibility of interspecies communication. The large owl trilled lightly at the sight of the food. Giggling, Hermione handed the small biscuits over, watching as a clawed foot reached out to snatch them from her. Scarlet-orange eyes closed in bliss as the owl munched on the treats.

Satisfied, the curly-haired woman picked up the letter and tore open the MACUSA insignia protecting it. Discarding the envelope on the disheveled comforter, Hermione began to read the lilac and gold paper.

_Hermione_,

_I hate to pull you away from your mission so soon, but there is a delicate matter that we here at Headquarters need your assistance with. I cannot tell you much more now because doing so by letter is risky at best, so we need you to come in. Your experience is necessary for this matter, and I only ask for a few days of your time. Besides, being outside of Maine may give you a chance to clear your head and refocus._

_If you choose to accept, the included portkey will bring you to us in exactly an hour from the moment this letter is unsealed._

_Hopefully, I’ll be seeing you soon._

_President Austeria Vesta_

_Well, shit_. That didn’t give her much time to decide at all. On the one hand, she didn’t want to leave in the middle of a mission. In her mind, it simply wasn’t done. Her perfectionist nature would throw a conniption fit and leave her feeling gross until she returned to finish her task. On the other hand, she really wasn’t getting very far in her investigation. Perhaps President Vesta was right. Derry would be fine without her for a couple of days, right? She could use a break, a chance to look from another angle away from other factors.

Her mind made up, Hermione quickly ran into her bedroom’s adjoining bathroom and stripped out of her pajamas before climbing into the heated steam. After what was probably one of the quickest showers she’d ever had, the witch retrieved her all-black ensemble she’d worn recently. Vine wood spelled the outfit clean and its owner rapidly dressed.

Checking her watch, she noticed that she still had a half-hour left until the portkey left. _At least I’m not rushing like... yesterday_. A sensation blared in her mind, making her wonder how she could have possibly forgotten the odd clown’s black forked tongue nearly jammed down her throat. He needed to be investigated for sure, at least for his anatomical oddities if anything else.

Seemingly in a daze, Hermione chugged down a large cappuccino and ate the last bagel in her cabinet. _He, no, Pennywise had magic on some level, and it was wandless. The balloons moved by his will and he could teleport both effortlessly and silently. There wasn’t even the tell-tale ‘pop’ of apparation._

A minty flavor interrupted her train of thought, making her refocus on reality. As it happened, the witch was somewhat used to having her mind take a backseat and let her body go about its business on autopilot. Presently, she found herself upstairs with her toothbrush lodged in her mouth with no
recollection of how she got there. *Oh well, I've still got ten minutes,* the witch mused, spitting into the sink.

A rather small albeit beat-up suitcase was wrestled out from under Hermione’s bed. It served as an overnight bag for times like this where she only planned to be away for a few days. Pre-packed and ready to go, Hermione grabbed her purse on her way out to her backyard. The doors locked with a swish of her wand and the letter was folded inside her pocket. Her hand grasped the small thimble as her form lifted from the ground, speeding to New York City in a flash.

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Amber eyes flew open, pupils dilating around their red-tinted irises. Something was very wrong. Sitting up from his reclined position in the filthy trailer, he began to sniff the air around him. *No…* he chuffed primally. Something was just lodged in his brain. It shook its head erratically, trying to diffuse the feeling inside of him, the absence. Growling, he stood up jaggedly like a marionette and stalked through the soggy tunnels, intending to investigate.

Pennywise slowly crawled out of the manhole in front of Hermione’s house, his invisible form nearly getting hit by a car. Luckily, he ducked back down just in time. As he approached the little house, he shut his eyes and allowed his humanoid form to falter slightly, jaw unlocking and lengthening to show off his deadlights. Even with his heightened senses, he couldn’t feel his witch anywhere. The clown shook as he reverted back to his usual shape.

Breathing heavily with either anger or fear, maybe even both, he scaled the house easily, latching onto the sky blue siding and scuttling upwards like the spider he was. All the while, he began to sniff again like a dog following a scent trail. One of the windows had been left open, allowing him to sneak inside.

Hermione’s floral scent barreled him over upon entry, making him take a few large breaths. This had to be Hermione’s room. Her bed sat unmade against the middle of the farthest wall from the open door. Dirty clothes littered the floor. Towering bookshelves overflowing with tomes along with a red armchair and side table in the corner. A nightstand and lamp were placed next to her bed and an ivory desk sat closest to the door.

A low whine from under the bed drew Pennywise from his survey. Ducking under the navy blue bed skirt, he was met with a small flailing paw. It nearly grazed his face as he quickly leant back out of its reach. Smirking, he purred loudly at the elderly feline crouched under the bed. The cat harrumphed in indignation, as much as a cat could anyway, before marching out from his hiding place. Upon emerging, Crookshanks padded over to him before jumping onto his chest. Luckily he was already seated, otherwise the sudden weight would have had his already unstable body position falling to the floor.

Smaller amber eyes stared into his own searchingly, making him a bit uneasy. Rarely before had he seen this behavior with an animal, much less with a pet. The ginger cat wasn’t normal, it was like he could see into his mind and soul… That is, if he had one.

Tiny claws pierced his suit, making him wince slightly and bare his sharp fangs in warning. However, Crookshanks would have none of it and simply placed his paw on the clown’s nose, booping it lightly. Meanwhile, Pennywise mused at the ease the cat felt around him. Perhaps the cat was smart enough to know that he didn’t make a habit of eating other animals. The animal truly did
follow after his mistress’s intelligence. *Speaking of which*… he thought angrily, picking up the cat by the scruff of his neck and setting him down beside him. Crookshanks yowled in protest at his handling, but the creature paid him no mind.

Standing up, he felt his odd joints pop as he meandered over to the unmade bed. Hermione’s scent permeated from there the most, likely from her eight or more hours sleep. Excited, he crawled onto the cushiony surface, burying his face into the pillow where he knew her head laid not two hours before. *It’s not enough!* Pennywise thought frantically, wrapping the blanket around him and sinking under them. Now surrounded by her scent, he calmed slightly.

Hermione’s caramel and cinnamon undertones were more prominent here, causing him to realize that it was likely close to her natural scent rather than the floral smell likely from her shampoo. It made him want her even more in that moment because she had been undeniably aroused… and lonely. Her bittersweet scent called to him, urging him to please her in every sense of the word. However, he couldn’t exactly do that if she was gone.

The scent of his witch withered away under his own sewer smell, making him chuff angrily again. Nearly flying out of the sheets, the clown searched for another source of her smell. His amber-red eyes dialed in on the strewn clothes that spotted the floor. Primally, he gathered every loose garment into a small pile and he rolled around on it, attempting to attach the scent to his own person. *Still not enough… It will never be enough!*

With a wounded groan, he gave up on his frenzy, only to notice Crookshanks staring nonplussed at him from the armchair. If the clown could have momentarily felt embarrassed, this would definitely be have been one of those moments. Sheepishly, Pennywise, threw the clothes around the room in a chaotic mess, rendering his little visit undetectable. However, he was still angry, but Hermione had to return to him. After all, she left her pet here with him.

He had to draw her back in somehow… *but how?* His stomach growled as if to answer. *Yessss… that will do just fine,* he hissed. Claws sliced fabric as he rested a hand on his torso, calming his hunger for a moment. Drool began to leak from his mouth in oozing streams. Pointy teeth tilted in a sinister smile towards the puffed-up cat tucked into the couch defensively. A baritone laugh vibrated out of his chest at the sight.

He swayed dangerously, allowing the bloodlust to flood his senses. Feasting would distract him as well as return his wayward woman to him promptly. It was killing two birds with one stone, *or perhaps four kiddies with one spree.* With one last lingering glance at the ginger feline, he leaped out of the window, ready to hit Derry with its most extensive tragedy in years.

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As it turns out, all MACUSA wanted from Hermione was her expertise on just about everything contained in Hogwart’s Library. Which, in her opinion, was rather odd to ask her about. After all, they could easily have just flooed Headmistress McGonagall or Madam Pince and gotten the answers they sought. The middle-aged wizard interviewing her seemed to be at his wit’s end when he began their interview, and only became more bored at her blanket responses. Hermione may have the most experience with the Hogwarts Library, but that doesn’t mean she memorized the name of every single book contained inside. After about four hours of this, the tired man gave up on questioning her, muttering under his breath.
“...these questions make no sense. Why am I the one interviewing? This has nothing to do with anything about the case...”

Seeming to be equally confused, the two exited the conference room and went their separate ways. Or, Hermione was going to if a delicate arm hadn’t fallen over her shoulder, its hand tilting her face towards its owner. Enoch’s forest green eyes winked at her in the midday sun.

“Hey there, beautiful. Long time, no see,” he spoke lightly, kissing her on the forehead in the most platonic way possible. His dark trench coat skimmed the floor, mottled with various stains and stitches. Forest green hair slicked back into a semi-Mohawk, much like Seth’s. Hermione jokingly rolled her eyes, turning to fully face her friend.

“It’s only been a month Enoch. Besides, you were the one who was gone when I left,” at the subtle barb, the man clutched his shirt over his heart.

“Ohh, Hermione! Goddess! You wound me with your fierce words. However shall I repent?” he spoke dramatically before adding a flirty undertone. The witch giggled, knowing that his true “interests” lie elsewhere.

“I don’t know Hawkins … perhaps I could tie you down and whip you into shape, hmm?” she rasped under her breath teasingly, watching as his eyes glazed over and dilated. He was likely picturing such a scenario, but with someone else in her place.

“Are you two at it again? Honestly, I’m eighty-percent sure that just he’s in love with you and only pretending to like men,” Alison flipped her blonde curls behind her snobbishly. Enoch was too lost in “Kink Land” for her words to affect him, but the appearance of their esteemed leader behind the secretary snapped him out of his daydream.

“It seems we were mistaken. My apologies, Hermione,” President Vesta bowed slightly, something she rarely ever did. “Not only were the questions wrong, but they were supposed to be given to the Hogwarts Librarian, Madam Pince, I believe. You may return to your mission whenever you’d like. However, know that you may take a couple of vacation days, to make up for our mistake, starting now if you wish,” her two friends smiled at that. “They may assist you in your approach. I know how you get, Hermione. You need breaks just as much as the rest of us do,” she smiled understandingly at the sheepish witch.

“Thank you. I think I will take you up on that, but there is something confidential about the case that I’ve been needing to ask you for a while,” she prompted, indicating to the conference room she just emerged from.

The quartet walked into the room, Enoch shutting the door behind them. When they were all seated, Hermione began hesitatingly to her small audience.

“I’ve made great strides into this case, but much of my information came from a group of local children from Derry. I can’t put my finger on it, but it’s like they have magic, but it is different, as if evolved from another essence entirely. I haven’t seen them do wandless magic, but I can feel their energies. Have any of you heard of this kind of thing?” she asked, worried that she was being confusing. However, a knowing look shared between the three others verified her belief. President Vesta spoke.

“We aren’t sure if this phenomena extends to other parts of the world, but yes, I do know of what you speak of. In America there is a special, yet relatively obscure, magical ability only present in No-Maj. It is chaotic at worst, but it has its perks. Foresight and telepathic communication are just two advantages it has over our type of magic. Those who have it call it “The Shining”. So, this group of
locals you speak of likely all have it and have unconsciously banded together because of their similar abilities,” she finished thoughtfully.

Hermione’s brain was going a mile a minute. There was so much to process. Never before had she heard of The Shining. It wasn’t magic, or, it wasn’t the same magic she had. She needed time to think. However, a question from Enoch’s now stoic form made her refocus.

“Are these kids involved in the mission in any way?” his eyes stared searchingly, making her wince.

“Unfortunately, yes. They’ve decided to conduct their own investigation, and it has been going on even before I arrived,” she supplied, thinking of Ben’s extensive research, “I’m not sure how to proceed. It is dangerous where they are now, but it would be dangerous to remove their memories when they could be the next targets. Even so, if they have The Shining, then they could be of assistance, at least with their possible foresight and communication skills. They also know the town, which is more than what I can say,” she finished, hopefully setting a great incentive for the Losers’ Club to retain their memories. To her inner delight, all three heads nodded at her.

“Makes sense,”

“You could always erase their memories later,”

“Alright, Hermione, you’ve convinced me. I’ll let them keep their memories for the time being,” President Vesta announced, standing and indicating for the others to follow her out.

“Now, go have fun,” she finished with a grin before heading down the hallway in front of them. The trio watched as their leader left them alone, her shimmering cloak cascading behind her like molten gold. Alison grabbed her arm and Enoch grabbed the other, pulling her along.

“Now then, we thought this would happen,” Enoch spoke impishly,

“So, we bought tickets to see Phantom of the Opera!” Alison squealed excitedly.

Hermione winced at the volume despite her own excitement at going to see the musical that debuted on Broadway the previous year. Well, it was a good thing she had magic. She had an evening dress to transfigure.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. I modeled Pennywise's behavior after my anxious dog, who likes to bury himself in our beds in this manner. I also wasn't going to include Enoch or Alison in this chapter, but that's just what happened. I'm not sure if I want to go into more details about Hermione's mini-vacation, cut back to Pennywise's killing spree, or just begin the next chapter with Hermione returning to Derry (like I originally planned). Let me know what you think. As always, I love hearing from you all. :)
June 23rd, 1989

Hermione’s desk lamp portkey dropped her off just outside of Derry’s city limits. The wind whipped at her bare legs ominously, pushing her in the direction of downtown Derry. Dark grey clouds hung low in the sky, an omen of a coming storm. The welcome sign creaked and groaned from the wind’s strain. Slowly, Hermione walked along the cemented sidewalk, not noticing the long deep bloody marks that littered the back of the sign. They made a crudely shaped heart if one stared at it long enough.

Her little “mini-vacation” had been fun. Enoch and Alison had taken her to see Phantom of the Opera, and it was as good as they built it up to be. The other days were spent touring the remaining landmarks that either Enoch or she hadn’t seen yet. They even spent a day at a beach during what Alison called “the best day for going to the beach this summer.” Hermione and the green-haired detective were both highly skeptical, but she hadn’t been wrong before. And she wasn’t wrong then either. However, the current weather made her wish to return to that day even if it had been colder. She shivered as her sandals clacked along the sidewalk.

Each street she passed remained quiet, not a single soul to be seen. Birds, bugs, and squirrels had likely taken shelter from the howling wind… or something else, Hermione thought. It felt dark to her despite being only noon. Even the little houses’ windows had their curtains drawn, concealing their insides purposefully. The behavior was odd to her. Just because it was windy and overcast doesn’t mean one has to draw their curtains.

Her suitcase thumped against her side as she walked, the only audible sound beside her own breathing and the shaking trees. However, an unmistakable rustling of paper became louder as she neared her house. There were four individual pieces of paper nailed to the telephone pole bordering her house and the sidewalk. Breathing more heavily, she walked faster, hoping the papers didn’t contain what she thought they would. When she was about ten meters away, four small black and white photos winked at her in the wind.

The witch’s stuttering heart dropped into her gut as she sprinted the rest of the distance to the pole. No, no, no…no! Throwing her suitcase down on the ground, luckily not busting it open all over the yard, she stared intensely at each paper, memorizing every name, face, and detail that she could. Their smiling faces gazed out at her mockingly, making large bubble teardrops leak from her eyes and fall to the ground.

Missing Persons File:
Name: Frederick Cowan
Age: 2
Hair: Red
Eye: Green
Missing Since: June 20th, 1989
Last Seen: In his home by parents

**Missing Persons File:**
Name: Edward "Eddie" Corcoran
Age: 13
Hair: Brown
Eye: Brown
Missing Since: June 21st, 1989
Last Seen: Running away from home after tragic death of younger brother

**Missing Persons File:**
Name: Esther Sinclair
Age: 11
Hair: Blonde
Eye: Green
Missing Since: June 21st, 1989
Last Seen: Walking along the sidewalk by a neighbor

**Missing Persons File:**
Name: Laurie Anne Winterberger
Age: 7
Hair: Blonde
Eye: Blue
Missing Since: June 22nd, 1989
Sobbing, she only had enough strength to rip the papers from the pole before her knees gave out. Crimson blood flowed from her scraped legs, pooling on the sidewalk, but Hermione didn’t seem to feel the sensation at all. The papers crumpled in her hands as she made erratic clenching motions with her fingers. There was no excuse for her. Their blood was on her hands. Finally, she wrapped her arms, posters and all, around the telephone pole and continued to weep until she found the strength to hobble inside her little house.

The small blood spots on the concrete weren’t there for long, for it seemed that as soon as the injured witch closed her door, a certain black tongue was licking them up from the sidewalk. Purring, the creature stalked toward the window, watching the fruits of his plan unfold with his newly-returned woman. Delicately, Hermione held herself, her curls seeming to droop even though it hadn’t rained yet.

Thunder began to rumble from outside as she set the crumpled papers down on her kitchen table. Stiffly, she approached the wall phone and punched in President Vesta’s number with a shaking hand. It took a few rings, but soon enough, the woman herself picked up. To Hermione’s relief, she hadn’t had to speak with Alison. After all, it was going to be hard enough already to tell her boss.

“Hello? Who is this?” Hermione’s breath stuttered, threatening to sob anew.

“It’s Hermione…” she began, a tremble in her voice.

“Hermione? What’s wrong?” despite all her efforts, she couldn’t hold herself together.

“I-I-It’s happened again! T-t-there are f-f-four more m-missing children. I-I-I don’t understand. I was only gone for three days!” she wept into the phone.

“Hermione!” President Vesta’s voice yelled from the other side, snapping Hermione out of her fit, “It’s not your fault. We pulled you away from your mission. Don’t blame yourself. I’ll explain everything to Director Hughes,” she calmly explained. “Now, listen to me. As your boss, I’m ordering you to de-stress, get some sleep, an—” the audio cut out completely, sounding like the thunderstorm outside was coming through the phone. Abruptly, the lights flickered on and off for a moment before the audio came back in.

“Hermione. Don’t leave Derry,” President Vesta’s voice stated angrily, a complete contrast from before. Something wasn’t right.

“Never leave Derry. You belong there. If you try to leave again, bad things will happen to all of the little kiddies, especially your little *Losers’ Club,*” Hermione gasped as her boss’s voice changed into a disgusted gurgling baritone at saying the name of her younger friends’ club, which scared her because she’d never told her about the name.

“You belong to him! Do you hear me? No one else!”

Agitated rather than devastated, the witch slammed the phone back onto the receiver and began heading upstairs to read. However, a sudden dizzy spell made her pause on the stairs. *Perhaps going to bed would be better…* She winced as an intense hot flash hit her upon entering her bedroom. Hermione quickly used magic to change her clothes to pajamas before crawling into bed, the effort causing her to lose consciousness entirely.

Hermione hadn’t even noticed that the four posters had gained some bloody adornments, slicing
June 25th, 1989

Hermione groggily woke up, a dry scratchy sensation in her mouth. Groaning, Hermione blinked as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. No matter what she did, she was always tired.

Fatigue, coughing, dizziness, and a fever were her symptoms, matching acutely with those of the common cold. She blamed those at MACUSA as well as the dirty New York City subway handrails.

The witch hadn’t left her house in two days, and she was running low on food again. Luckily, many of her remaining foods were cold due to the summer’s heat, so they felt temporarily amazing on her throat.

Pennywise hadn’t stopped checking in on her, his invisible form lurking on her roof and occasionally dangling down to peer into her windows. At first, he was ecstatic that his plan was working out so well, but after the first day of watching Hermione do nothing but sleep and eat, he felt a sliver of… concern for her. Not only that, but watching her eat popsicles in her surprisingly erotic way made him want to check in on her for another reason entirely.

Even now, he watched the beautiful yet sickly witch place the red, white, and blue popsicle in between her pale purple lips and close her fatigued eyes in bliss. Her reddened cheeks hollowed as she sucked. The clown’s eyes dilated, flaring red around the irises. He gripped the edge of the windowsill, ebony claws shredding out of his dirty gloves and digging into the painted wood. An inhuman hiss left his pointed teeth as he tried to control himself, for he knew that she could still pack quite a punch in her weakened state.

Another thing began bugging him as the days went on. Hermione’s food stores were nearly completely depleted, and his more primal side was urging him to provide for her to his irritation. Clearly, this part of him saw her as a mate, and was concerned about her illness. The rest of him was repulsed by the show of consideration for a human.

However, the clown reasoned, she is weaker now, so now would be the best time to learn more about her. Sssshe may let ssssomething sssslip, he hissed mentally. So, with his goal in mind, he changed his fiery red hair to slicked-back brunet, his skin to a darker shade, and his outfit to casual male clothing of the era. The disguised clown hopped down from his perch on the roof, landing right on the welcome mat.

A cold hand rang the melodic doorbell, only for the thick wooden door to open a moment later. Hermione had a thick fuzzy blanket wrapped around her pajamas and her pale delicate toes winked out from underneath, making him want to bite them off. However, he drew his cobalt eyes back up to his witch’s face to see her squinted eyes make out his form belatedly.

Of course, she hadn’t glanced outside lately, so her eyes had to get used to the sight. Upon realizing who had called upon her, she gaped audibly, her gasp morphing into an extensive coughing fit. The woman’s arm came up to cover her mouth as her form twitched with each cough. Finally she brought it down as she began speaking in a voice that was trying to be normal, but was obviously quiet from
“—Bill,” she wheezed, “What brings you here?”

The man said nothing at first, only reaching for her bundled form and encasing it in his own, bare arms wrapping around her tightly. His expression had been rather blank, but he seemed agitated. To her confusion, he set his head on top of hers easily due to their height difference, but then he began breathing her in deeply. He nuzzled her head, working his nose down through her hair to her skin. Hermione was too sick for the gesture to register with her at first, but as he pulled away slightly, she began believing her delirious mind made the whole thing up.

“I-I wanted to make sure you were okay, especially after… you know,” he supplied bashfully, holding her feverish hands in his cool grip. “You don’t look so good, love. How about I bring you a few things to help you get better?” he offered sympathetically after scenting her for the nature of her illness. At her numb nod, she blankly shut the door in his face. In all honesty, even though he would never admit it, her flat affect shocked him.

Her usual smile and lively hair were absent, both drooping sadly with her condition. The witch’s eyes has been clouded with sleep, and her voice had been raspy, but not in a good way. He wanted to heal her, knowing that many human illnesses were fatal. She couldn’t die on him yet, there was still much fun to be had with her before his long sleep reclaimed him once more. Both conflicting sides were in agreement then. They would make her better.

★★★

Standing in the soup aisle at the grocery store, the invisible clown blinked confusedly. First of all, he had no idea until this point that there were so many different kinds of soup. Second of all, he had no idea which soup Hermione would prefer, or which was best for her. Sighing lowly, he glanced around him, only to spot the older widow who he’d manipulated into providing the basket and making the food for his and Hermione’s second date. Smirking, he placed the most concerned expression he could onto his face and strolled over to her, reverting to his “Bill” form.

“Excuse me ma’am, but my girlfriend is very sick, and I would like to get her some food. But I’m not sure what I should get her…” he trailed off, only belatedly realizing the honorific he used. *Girlfriend… I think I like the sound of that…* The woman tittered in response.

“Ohh, you’re so responsible. She’s lucky to have you. Chicken noodle soup is always the best for colds. You should also get her some peppermint tea if her throat is sore,” he nodded, remembering Hermione’s voice.

“Ohranges would be good too… because she would need to boost her Vitamin C. Oh! Cold medicine is also a must if her cold is as bad as you say it is,” she added thoughtfully.

Nodding once more, he thanked her before striding away with his long legs to get the recommended items. After bespelling the store’s other occupants into forgetting his presence and lack of money, he waltzed out of the store. It was nearly dark by the time he returned to Hermione’s home, even with his teleportation. He rang the doorbell for the second time that day, only for Hermione to answer with a bit more consciousness.

To his inner pleasure, she did look more awake than before, even though her hair stood up on one
side due to her likely sleeping position. Her pajamas were crinkled, a pant leg riding up her pale left leg. Upon seeing him, a carefree smile graced her face while her wispy voice rasped welcomingly.

“Hey, Bill. You’re bac—” another coughing fit cut her off, making her blush embarrassedly.

Wordlessly, she stepped aside to let him in. He immediately stepped past her and toward the kitchen to set down the large plastic bag, the soup cans inside clinking together lightly. Hermione leaned against him as she began rifling through the bag, making him shiver. However, Pennywise wasn’t to be distracted so easily. Batting her hands away, he turned her around and gently frog-marched her over to the living room couch.

“I’ll be taking care of you tonight, so I don’t want to see you getting up from this spot unless I say so,” Hermione glared weakly at his dictation, but nodded, sighing tiredly.

“Oh, so what should I do then?” she sassed quietly, placing her hands on her hips as she sunk into the couch. Wordlessly, he picked up the TV remote and turned the box on, hoping it would pacify her until he could figure out how to use a stove. When she settled down to watch the program on the screen, Pennywise walked into the little kitchen area and leafed through his bag. When his cold hand met one of the many metal cans, he picked it up and turned it over. Shrugging, he sharpened one of his fingers and cut one of the round sides open to drain the soup into a pot that he found inside Hermione’s cabinets.

Now the con-fus-ing part… he enunciated mentally, examining the four dials and numerous buttons on the machine. Pennywise turned a dial with a pale hand, smiling triumphantly when one of the burners began heating, turning red with the temperature. Placing the pot on the warming burner, he strode back to the bag. The clown grabbed the worn teapot from the same cupboard and filled it with water. Luckily for him, tea was not a relatively new concept. He knew the basics even though he’d never had any himself.

Turning another dial on the stove, he set to work heating the water. After glancing once at the soup, he stirred it once before pulling out the largest orange he could find at the store. Pennywise turned it over in his hand, head tilting in contemplation. He supposed he should peel its bitter-tasting layer off before serving it to Hermione. Ugh, destroyer of worlds turned into a human’s butler… pathetic, he lamented, shaking his head as the same sharp claw began to separate the peel from the juicy naturally-sliced fruit.

A whistle from the teapot signaled for him to retrieve a ceramic mug from the cabinet closest to the sink and place a tea bag inside. Carefully, he poured the boiling water into the mug, watching as the water turned brown with an odd satisfaction. The soup was steaming in its pot, so he deemed it ready for consumption. Pouring it into a bowl, he looked the three items over.

The tea still steamed even when he took the bag out after the directed three minutes. The orange lie peeled in a smaller bowl, its slices only loosely separated. The soup also steamed, but Pennywise could tell that it would cool quickly. Sniffing it, he skewered a piece of the chicken with his claw and ate it. The taste was old, but alright despite being packaged thusly. It was no human fear, but it was serviceable to him.

When he brought the food into the next room, he noticed that Hermione wasn’t far from falling back asleep. Well, he thought humorously, we can’t have that. Pennywise set the food down onto the side table nearest him and lifted her from her reclined position on the couch, cradling her in his arms and fully waking her up as her face was brought so closely to his own.

“Wakey wakey, Hermione. I made you some late dinner. You should eat it if you want to get better,” he grinned toothily at her, laughing when she only nodded shyly and blushed loudly as she looked
With little difficulty, he grabbed the discarded fuzzy blanket he’d seen her wearing earlier and trapped her inside it. Because of it, Hermione now couldn’t use her arms, and had to use a bit of effort to move her legs. Smirking, Bill set her back down and used the end by her exposed feet to tuck back into the rest of it, covering everything from the neck down. Upon fully realizing what he’d done to her, Hermione, the human burrito, began to protest.

“Bill! What are you doing? How am I supposed to eat without my ar—?” a finger placed on her plump pale lips rendered her silent as he turned around to pick up the soup bowl.

“Why, I’m going to feed you, of course…” he trailed off alluringly, entrancing her so she would stop objecting. It worked as her eyes glazed over slightly but not completely. Good, he thought, I don’t need another mindless drone.

Pennywise slowly picked up the spoon, ensuring that the liquid lingered inside it. Gently, he pressed it between the witch’s parted lips, watching her pale bared neck as she swallowed gratefully with each spoonful.

Thankfully, the soup wasn’t too hot for her, making her mentally praise her… boyfriend. Huh. I guess that’s who Bill is to me now. She broke out of her stupor and smiled abruptly at the fine piece of man she now had claim over. However, the action made Bill falter, partially missing her mouth as the spoonful of liquid dribbled slightly down her face. Luckily, none of it got on the blanket or her clothes, but the man’s next comment made her flush embarrassedly.

“Oh dear, Hermione. You’ve made a bit of a mess,” he added flirtatiously, “Just what am I to do with you?” he leaned in, locking their eyes together. Hermione gulped, closing her eyes in pleasure at his words.

Not a second later, his slick tongue trailed up her chin, licking up the soup that had gotten onto her face. Her eyes flew open and she gasped at his action.

“Hmm, delicious. Wouldn’t you say, Hermione?” the witch in question tried not to moan as his teasing voice. Seriously, he has to know how arousing he really is…

The soup was basically gone, so he raised the bowl to his lips and downed the remaining liquid, making sure Hermione had an unobstructed view of his bobbing Adam’s apple. Smirking at her dazed expression, he picked up the orange and begun pulling the slices apart. Pennywise then leaned back into his witch’s personal space and begun hand-feeding the slices to her. Most of them took her two bites to get into her mouth, but he made sure to graze her tongue “accidentally” with every other bite.

Once again, some of the juice escaped her taut mouth and trailed down her face, and he dutifully licked it up with his swiping tongue. Pennywise had never eaten an orange before, but the bittersweet flavor combined with Hermione’s sweet essence made him regret waiting this long to sample the fruit.

When the orange was gone, he moved onto the still warm tea. Hermione had gotten better at “handless” eating throughout their interactions, so she could triumphantly say that she hadn’t spilled the tea once. Bill seemed a bit put-out that he hadn’t needed to “clean” her again, but a mischievous glint in his eyes told her that he wasn’t done with her yet. Getting up, he smirked lightly at her before disappearing back into the kitchen.

“Stay here, dear,” he added the pet-name satirically, fully knowing that they were anything but a
normal couple that would typically use the honorific.

A moment later, he returned with the cold medicine. Sitting beside his woman, he looked over the bottle, skimming the labels quickly before cracking it open with a shrug. The intense chemical smell that emanated from the thick dark green liquid nearly made him gag. This couldn’t possibly help her get better. However, Hermione’s small voice piped up from beside him.

“Oh good, I was wondering if you got me any medication for this blasted cold. Come now, Bill. Give it here,” she made to escape her fluffy prison, but Bill quickly reached over to hold her still.

However, he must have decided that she couldn’t be trusted and picked her up again before setting her in his lap. Bill’s possessiveness should have bugged her at this point, but she could see the underlying care he was attempting to give her and gave him a pass. After all, they could always address it at a later date if it became an issue.

Hesitantly, he poured some of the gooey liquid into the provided plastic cup. When it got up to the indicated marker, he set the bottle down and re-capped it. Adjusting his position slightly, he poured the “nasty, icky, smelly” medicine down her throat. Immediately, he turned her around so he could watch her face for any immediate changes. His intense cobalt eyes gazed at her searchingly, looking over every detail of her face.

Hermione sneezed loudly, making Bill nearly jump a foot in the air and drop her onto the floor. His startled eyes had widened to the size of plates at the noise, and Hermione had busted out laughing at the sight before falling into another wheezing coughing fit. The man only clutched her closer to him, the both of them breathing heavily for different reasons.

Once again, Pennywise had been startled by something Hermione had done. It had been like the time at the Neibolt House. Genuine fear had coursed through his body albeit for only a moment. However, a memory of an old rumor spread back through his mind, erasing his contemplation. Smirking once more, he leaned back near Hermione’s face, intending to whisper in her ear.

“You know, there is a superstition that kissing a sick person will heal them but transfer the sickness unto the other person… I am willing to test this superstition. Will you let me?” he asked rhetorically, intending to kiss her whether she wanted him to or not.

Luckily, Hermione nodded, parting her dusty pink lips for his consumption. He licked them slightly as she shut her eyes. Good girl, he mentally praised her. Pennywise allowed his tongue to revert back to its inky serpenthood, and retreat back into his mouth. Holding her head still with a hand on the back of her neck, he locked their lips together and used his tongue to distract her own as he did something he’d never done before.

Concentrating hard, he urged his deadlights to come forth. A few of the glowing particles floated between their connected lips and fluttered around inside Hermione’s throat. From there, they rubbed around lightly, sucking up the harmful bacteria she had overtaking her system.

Even when they weren’t a part of him, he could still taste the microscopic animals as the deadlights consumed them. When all of them were gone, he called the hungry orbs back to his own throat, positive that his witch hadn’t noticed a thing.

Parting from her, he realized that Hermione was exhausted, and the “cleansing” he’d just performed on her must have sapped the rest of her alertness from her body. The clown lightly tapped her on her button nose, chuckling lowly when it twitched. He kissed her on the forehead before moving them so they were both lying down on their sides. Hermione had long since closed her eyes and was very close to slipping off to dreamland. Telepathically, he shut the television and side lamps off, encasing
them both in darkness.

Pennywise turned her so they were face to face. She looked so much younger when she was asleep, even to his glowing amber eyes. Tucking a pillow under his head, he nudged the witch until she was draped along his chest. Smiling, he heard her breathing even out, indicating that she had finally passed out.

A trilling purr escaped him and his arm reached over her petite form to hold her closer to him and protect her from rolling off the couch during the night. Of course, he didn’t really need sleep, but nonetheless, he shut his eyes and breathed in Hermione’s scent, slipping into himself and allowing his deadlights to cluster closer together and digest their light meal.

However, he was woken a bit later in the night to small padding footsteps making their way across the top of the couch. Smaller amber eyes and a light mew greeted him as the elderly ginger feline hopped down and settled into the crux of Pennywise’s bent legs. A light purring escaped the animal as it curled into him, making him purr back in response. He reached a clawed hand over and scratched Crookshank’s head a bit before returning it to its spot on Hermione’s lower back.

Twitching, he settled back down, holding his witch and her cat against him protectively. He nuzzled Hermione’s head as he could smell her cold lifting and he could feel Crookshank’s paw wrap around his leg as he cuddled gratefully. They made a peaceful picture, a family, despite each of their individual natures. Pennywise was doomed; doomed to love and care for them in his own way.

Damn you, Maturin...

Chapter End Notes

Oh dear, Pennywise is falling hard here folks. Whatever shall he do? Well, we'll find out next chapter where his head's been at since his and Hermione's first date. As always, leave kudos and comments. I love hearing from you.

Soon enough, you'll see my first fanart for this story. It will be posted on the first chapter and it will be depicting Claire LeBeau and Hyena'wise.
Hey guys, I've got another Pennywise POV installment. Sorry that most of it is a repeat, but that just means I can get the next part written faster. This is going to be a two-parter, so buckle in for roughly 8,000 words of Pennywise's inner mutterings and jealous/perverted thoughts about Hermione.

Also, I'm posting the first fanart on the first chapter, so be sure to check that out if I get it to work. *crosses fingers*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 26th, 1989

Pennywise awoke to the morning sun filtering through Hermione’s living room curtains. It shone in his eyes, not yet hitting the little witch nestled into his side. At some point in the night, one of her hands had moved in between his pectorals to rest over his heart. Grinning toothily, he took her petite hand in his much larger one and held onto it as if she were a small child, which, in comparison to him, she was. Slowly, as not to wake her, he pulled her hand closer to his face to examine it.

The unpainted digits were so delicate. If he exercised just a sliver of his strength, he could easily break them. Bill’s plump lips pressed a chaste kiss to her palm before his smooth nose rubbed over each knuckle. A black tongue snaked out to lick the sweat from her fingers, making her twitch closer to him to his pleasure. Moving down her arm, he scented her wrist, feeling a sense of calmness emanating from her blood. However, the sight that greeted him on her now exposed forearm made his own blood stop cold.

mudblood

The scar stood out angrily on her pale skin, urging for him to examine the warped flesh closer. It was an old scar, and it had been painful. He could tell. On an impulse, his tongue snaked out once more and traced each letter in the same fashion of a wounded animal licking its wounds. After doing this for a brief moment, Pennywise rolled her sleeve back up and placed her arm back where it had been on his chest. However, he rested his own fleshy hand on her own before turning to stare at the sandy-looking ceiling.

His witch had been hurt badly, and her memories still haunted her to this day. He’d used this specific human weakness to his advantage numerous times throughout the millennia, and it made for many interesting hunts. These people truly understood fear, so they were tastier than most. Pennywise could not deny that Hermione had a similar taste, and it was one he would sample for an eternity if he could.

Blinking his chameleon eyes slowly, the clown pondered about what she had been through for one so young. Each idea was as seemingly impossible as the last. However, he was certain about one thing. She was a fighter.
A quiet whimper from Hermione’s form dragged him out of his musing. As his amber tinted eyes looked down, he noticed that her face was in a tight grimace and she twitched periodically. Unsure what to do, he reached his hand around and began rubbing her back, watching her sigh as her posture and spine loosened. Pennywise began to purr, lulling her back into a calmer deep sleep as he continued to hold her. It was at this point that he began regretting his behavior towards her the day before their first date.

June 15th, 1989

Lingering in the witch’s kitchen sink, he heard her sigh tiredly once more. Even though he couldn’t see her, he could tell that she was looking over his “old menus”. He could smell her morning coffee and noticed that she hadn’t consumed more than a bit of it before it had cooled. A loud groan burred from Hermione’s throat as she put her head in her hands. The noise sending a tremor down to his groin, much to his carnal pleasure.

Suddenly, a trail of angry fear met his nose as he leeched off of it, memorizing its flavor. It only came from reliving fearful memories, so it was a real treat when he got a true sample of it. However, a salty undertone stabbed its way to the forefront, tainting the terrified scent as Hermione began weeping. A gasp and the coppery scent of her blood made his head spin with more carnal hunger and desire despite the downpour of tears now escaping Hermione’s doe eyes.

A quiet weep morphed into a sob as she finally let go, believing herself to be alone. Her scent was sullied by grief, bordering on numb.

“Well, she’d lose her flavor if that happens, and we can’t have that. Calling his small corpses forward, he spoke through them, sending words of comfort to his witch.

“Please don’t cry, Hermione,” the small feminine voice of Jillian Hayes piped up from the drain, luring her over to where he was hiding. Pennywise could smell her sweet scent getting closer and his crimson lips pulled back in a sharp-toothed grin. The tiles creaked with each step, allowing him to pinpoint her exact location. She stood off from the sink, likely suspecting where he was.

“Here, wipe your tears. They make me awful sad,” Jillian’s voice continued, attempting to lure her closer. Pennywise pushed the dry handkerchief through the drain, leaving it for her to find. It was almost funny, no, very funny. Leaving such a token for someone had once been a sort of marriage proposal among humans. The mere speed at which Hermione snatched it from the basin made him wish it was still a custom. Picturing the beautiful witch in a billowing white gown and veil, looking the complete virgin sacrifice, made him drool. Now isn’t the time to think about this!

“Thank you, whoever you are,” Hermione offered. Pennywise purred silently in response, glad that he was of help easing her sadness.

“Do you like the balloon?” Stevie Johnson’s cracking voice spoke for the clown, changing the subject.

“Uhh, yeah. I do like it,” Good. Now to seal the deal...

“Good, we want you to like it… We want you to stay… forever… Hermione,” each phrase bringing a different child’s voice to the conversation.
“Why?” Hermione’s voice wavered, catching him by surprise. Didn’t she like children? Or gifts?

“Because you belong to him … the clown,” Pennywise spoke patronizingly, speaking through David and Georgie. However, the witch was having none of it.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Who are you?” Hermione spoke angrily towards him, making him drop his nicer act and telling her who he was really using.


“W-w-what happened to you… all of you?” Hermione asked, a sense of fear tingling his nose warmly.

“We float now, Princess. We changed…” Perhaps a familiar voice will soothe her.

“P-Patrick,” Hermione stuttered, sounding almost in-love at the familiar voice. White hot rage consumed the clown as the unbidden image of the lengthy-haired teen kissing his witch made him see red. An angry screech exploded from the drain, making Hermione cover her ears and run out of the room.

As her scent retreated, he gave chase, stopping her in the living room by flipping on the television. While on the screen, Pennywise showed her exactly what he thought of the dead lanky male. She’s mine, and I haven’t been direct enough, he thought, yanking the pseudo-Patrick’s ear and laying a few hits on his back and shoulder as if he were a punching bag. He glared at Hermione all the while, making sure his territory over her was thoroughly marked. The witch began shaking like a leaf, making him laugh at her fear as she bolted out of the house. Pennywise frowned contemplatively. Perhaps Bill Gray could persuade her to submit to me...

June 16th, 1989

It was right around noon when Bill Gray rang Hermione’s doorbell. After a moment, she answered, looking every bit like she just rolled out of bed: scruffy and unkempt. Her hair was messy, urging him to run his fingers through it in an attempt to tame it. However, he forced his eyes down to meet her own.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “You never, uhh, told me when you were coming,” she finished lamely, cutely putting her arm behind her head and scratching, consequently puffing her hair up further. It truly matched the little gold lion on her shirt.

Come to me my little lioness...

He immediately donned an embarrassed expression, despite knowing full well that she had no plans as well as the fact that he hadn’t told her when he was coming, “Oh, I didn’t? I’m sorry. Are you busy now? Because I made reservations fo—.” he began until Hermione cut him off by putting her finger on his lips, unknowingly almost losing that finger. Blue eyes widened comically at her assertiveness and flavor, internally purring at her familiarness with him. So brave… you’re poking the spider now, little one. Yes, you are, he giggled internally, reminding himself of a few of his feasts. However, if he was going to feast on her, it was going to be a completely different kind of feast.

“It’s alright, just wait here a second… unless this place that we’re going to requires me to dress a bit fancier?” she half-asked, shyly looking for his approval.
Hermione was wearing an old jersey, *hopefully not from an old boyfriend,* he thought bitterly. Although, the thought of the petite witch wearing his clown suit made him internally drool.

He laughed lightly in a deeper timbre, shaking his head from his aroused musings.

“No, no. What you have on is perfectly fine,” his eyes lingering on her bare legs and moving up to the jean shorts that hugged her hips.

“Oh, okay… Good…” she blushed, unintentionally inducing a pregnant pause.

“Hang on a moment,” she finally blurted, stepping back abruptly and slamming the door in his face to his befuddlement.

Had he done something wrong? Or not done something right? Pennywise tried to remember the usual human mating rituals he’d seen. There was usually food, talking, and… flowers! That’s what she wanted. Quickly, he teleported to an outer part of Derry where he’d seen some crimson beauties during one of his more recent hunts. Picking a handful of them up out of the dirt, he cleaned them with a dirty glove before popping back to Hermione’s front step.

He was fidgeting with the flowers when Hermione threw open the door with a bang, startling him into nearly dropping them. Upon seeing his witch, he immediately thrust them in her direction, blushing nearly to match the flora in his embarrassment.

“H-Here, Hermione. I picked these just for you,” she plucked the bouquet from his grasp, and he immediately felt a twinge of her warm magic. He twitched slightly in want, and unfortunately, she noticed.

“Thanks, Bill. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he replied disarmingly.

“Alright, let’s go!” she asserted stiffly after shutting the door behind her, still blushing.

Hermione began walking down her driveway, not even checking to see if Bill was following her. It was very adorable to him to watch her try to be the alpha in their relationship by walking in front of him. He also got the chance to check out her long legs and ass from behind. All and all, she didn’t disappoint. An awed chuckle escaped him as she turned to look at him when he grasped her hand. *So pretty… so mine…* he muttered possessively

Pennywise’s mouth had dropped open slightly, revealing his perfect ivory teeth. Unconsciously, Hermione’s tongue flicked out to moisten her lips, an action that didn’t go unnoticed. He began breathing heavier, leaving him to wonder why his human form was aroused so quickly at something so simple. Nonetheless, he felt the urge to adjust the crotch of his pants as it’d gotten a bit tight. This was going to be a long night.

★★★

A bit later, he sat spellbound, staring at every particle that made up her face with a sort of reverence. Hermione sat across from him, looking out at the rushing water. Her delicate hand came up to rest under her chin. The sun caught her hair in its divine influence once more, painting it bronze. Mercifully, the beautiful goddess laid her whisky eyes over his form. *Earth Angel… Persephone…*
“I’m glad you found this place. It’s rather hidden, and I never would have found it,” he blushed lightly at her praise and he scratched the back of his head bashfully.

“Yeah, well… It’s kind of something only the locals know about,” Hermione’s body straightened at that. *What the fuck did I just say?*

“You’re from around here?” she began, too eager to be casual. Pennywise mentally facepalmed.

“Uhh, yeah. You could say that…” he said, keeping his voice calm, but not being able to do the same about his posture. Mentally, he persuaded the waitress to interrupt them immediately, which she did.

“I see… So—” Pennywise gripped the tablecloth as the scent of her sudden hunger, breathing quietly through his mouth and concentrating on Hermione’s melodic voice to calm himself.

“Hi, yes. I’ll have the “Chicken Fried Rice” and “Two Egg Rolls” please,” she requested to the stern-faced woman who only huffed in response, muttering about Hermione “not being able to keep her figure by eating so much” under her breath. Pennywise nearly snarled at her for making his witch uncomfortable. Luckily Hermione hadn’t noticed his light eye-slip.

“And I’ll have the “Popcorn Chicken”,” he ordered sternly, not even looking at the waitress. After all, he only had eyes for Hermione, and he needed to teach her that he and her were above everything in the macroverse, *except maybe The Other* … he mused, irritated at still having to cower under one being.

Thrusting his menu at the woman, he reached for the witch’s hand under the table. Mentally, he ordered the older woman to leave them immediately, sighing as she walked away. Meanwhile, Hermione had begun sipping on her glass of water, staring pensively out of the window once more. His hand found her warmer one and he rubbed his thumb over her palm. They sat quietly for a few moments, partaking in the quiet atmosphere of the restaurant.

“So, where are you from?” he began after a few minutes, legitimately wanting to know her answer. *Yes, where can I make sure to look if you try to escape me?*

Wide whisky eyes snapped up to his at the question, “Oh. I’m from… London. The big city was much too crowded for me, so I found a job in America… and it led me here,” she elaborated, letting a wistful smile grace her nervous face. That wasn’t good. He needed her to prefer Derry.

“Oh? What kind of job led you up to this sleepy little town?” Bill asked, tilting his head slightly to seem curioser. Of course, Hermione balked at the question, *come now love, you and I both know what you’re doing here...*

“Nothing special. Uhh…” she trailed off, unsure where to go from there. Luckily, a younger man hurried over to their table with their steaming food. Internally, Pennywise cursed at being interrupted for real.

The witch nearly drooled at the sight of the rice and egg rolls, making him smirk. As the food was set down, the couple turned to address their new waiter, but it seemed he only had eyes for Hermione. *If you want to keep those eyes, you should keep walking, filthy human...*

“Can I get you anything before I go? Anything at all?” he winked subtly at her. Pennywise nearly growled at the innuendo, and he had to curl his hands into fists when his witch actually *blushed* at the maggot.

A sudden warmth over his hand surprised him in how quickly it calmed his rage. Hermione’s fake
charm soothed him further as she rejected the other man's advances.

“Nah, I think we’re fine. Thanks,” she squeezed his hand.

Disappointed, the man grumbled, shuffling back into the kitchen, missing Pennywise wave goodbye mockingly. When he turned back, he realized that Hermione had dug into her food with a ferocity that rivaled his own frenzies.

Breathing deeply, she had snatched her fork off the table and held it in a death grip before beginning to rapidly shovel the rice into her mouth. One second the food was there, and the next it was gone. He’d rarely seen this ravenous behavior in a human, even less so recently. Hermione must have gone through a time without food, and the stagnant hunger was constant, much like his wakeful period that urged him to gorge.

After the rice was gone, Hermione drastically slowed down, only nibbling on her egg rolls.

When they were gone, she looked up, making him realize that he hadn’t eaten anything yet. Upon realizing that she was looking, he shook himself out of his stupor and continued eating in his more reserved way. Sipping on his own drink of chilled human blood, Hermione noticed that it was red, making her giggle.

“What is it with you and fruit punch?” she asked, causing him to nearly choke on his food with the sinister laugh that threatened to escape his throat.

“Oh, well. I’ll have you know that I’m too much of a sweet-tooth for water,” he remarked sarcastically, the lie floating through his teeth.

“Really now? I was just implying that you don’t really seem the type that would enjoy it so much,” she elaborated cryptically.

“Is that so? Then what kind of drink do you think my type would enjoy?” he smirked. _Let’s see what the little one comes up with..._

“Something cool, collected. Bourbon whisky, perhaps,” his nose scrunched up in response as he shook his head disgustedly. Whatever he’d been expecting, it hadn’t been that.

Hermione only laughed more before immediately stopping, realizing that their disgruntled waiter had returned to collect their payment and throw a couple of fortune cookies down on their table before storming away. He picked his up, breaking it open to read the saying.

_You will soon get expected kisses in expected places._ A slow grin crept onto his face. He knew how he could make this fortune come true. Bill glanced side-eyed at Hermione, smirking.

“What did yours say?”

“Oh, nothing. Besides, the fortune wouldn’t come true if I told you.” _Too true, Hermione..._

★★★

“This was fun… I would totally do this again,” Hermione admitted to Bill as they sat up on the hill that overlooked most of Main Street. The evening sun was beginning to set, painting the valley in its
tangerine glow. A breeze brushed them both, tickling their skin and ruffling their hair. It had been a short trek from Jade of the Orient to the hill, and they’d just sat down. Pale sparks danced in Pennywise’s eyes as he processed her comment, lips parting into another grin.

“Really?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she stated ambiguously. Cars motored along the road, catching her eyes in their headlights’ glow and making them shimmer brightly. It looked like she had deadlights of her own, and that they wanted to mingle and merge with his.

**June 18th, 1989**

Stepping out into the mid-day sun, the witch placed the four tomes inside her beaded bag before starting to walk down the sidewalk. Pennywise had only scented her by chance, and was immediately surprised upon seeing her in the black ensemble she’d chosen to wear. The nectary scent of her sweat urged him to make chase and lick it from her with his serpentine tongue. So, he followed inside the sewers from beneath. Soon enough, Hermione ducked into the little music store to escape the sweltering heat.

Smirking, the clown hid in the fish tank where he’d eaten the little octopus who’d gotten a bit too grabby and subsequently taken its place about nine months ago. Rubbing his little tentacles together, he hid under the sand, waiting for Hermione to get close to him. To his utter delight, she just about put her nose to the glass, and he sprayed ink at her. It was so hilarious! She jumped back with a yelp, nearly falling on her ass. He rolled around in the tank, bubbling laughter escaping his beak.

“I see you’ve met Otto,” a light masculine voice tittered behind her, holding back a laugh himself. Pennywise immediately curled in on himself in the sand, glaring venomously at the interloper.

The curly haired woman spun around, seeing a man about her age emerging from behind beaded curtains that led to what likely was the “Employees Only” section of the store.

“Yes, he startled me… what kind of octopus is he?” she began timidly, not really knowing how to act around the man.

The clown octopus simmered, irritated at her blushing around other men.

*I really need to find a way to control your wandering eyes, dearest Hermione.* Sulking, he ignored the rest of their conversation, only gazing at his witch from his little cave as she browsed. However, she seemed to be trying to provoke him because she marched straight up to Seth and continued talking to him. She placed the albums down in front of her, moving to grab her money.

During the exchange, their hands met in the middle, brushing each other lightly and making him see red. Darting out from the cave, he tried to distract them from making further contact. A loud thud and a splash from the tank surprised them both as they watched Pennywise float back down to the sand from the top. Even though he was immortal, the impact still hadn’t felt that good. A couple tentacles reached up to rub his head.

Now alone in the main area, Hermione had moved over to Pennywise’s tank, wanting to make sure he was really alright. Of course, he knew she would come and had scuttled to the wall closest to her and sat in wait. Triumphantly, he watched her put her right pointer finger on the glass in between them. Pennywise met her digit with a possessive tentacle, amber eyes shimmering metallically in the
murky water and winking at her through its darkness.

★★★

Pennywise followed her to the grocery store, making sure she wasn’t bothered too badly by Derry’s local gossip-mongers. Shadowing her, he glared at whoever’s gazes lingered too long on her or her food. She hadn’t noticed him yet, and if he was just going to keep following her around, he should at least not give her a heart attack by surprising her.

After watching Hermione throw the largest available container of coffee grounds on top of the pile, he coughed, announcing his presence. The clown must not have done his job well enough, because he was immediately flooded with the bitter scent of her irritation even before she turned around.

“Oh, sorry. Am I in your way?” she questioned bluntly, hardly disguising her true feelings.

“No, Hermione. It’s me,” Pennywise laughed at her, causing her whisky eyes to fly open in surprise and flood with adoration. *She is just too much! My little angry witch...*

“Bill! Funny running into you here,” she grinned at him, the tops of her plump breasts peeking out from her dress shirt. Once again, his pants felt suddenly tighter.

“Yeah, but it’s a small town...” he trailed off distractedly, “Hey, I forgot to ask yesterday, but would you be interested in going on another date? No restaurant this time. I have another idea,” he asked, smirking disarmingly at her, tilting his head in a way that he knew would persuade her. *Then again... No! Those other males mean nothing! I am not insecure about my claim on Hermione...*

Pennywise’s warm hands had slipped into the pockets of his leather jacket, restraining themselves from fidgeting as she looked him over.

“Ok, fine. I’ll go on another date with you,” she acquiesced cheerfully, remaining polite yet thinking of her responsibilities to search for an answer to Derry’s disappearances.

“Great! Meet me at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning on that hill we went to yesterday, okay? You look adorable in that outfit by the way,” he winked at her, striding away with an extra spring in his step. He had a croquet set to dig out of his trophy pile.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I hope you guys liked it. I’m hoping to get the next chapter up as early as tomorrow, so stay tuned.

Make sure to leave comments and let me know what you think of my fanart. I also want to know what you guys want me illustrating for the next chapters. I might do one per chapter, but I could be persuaded otherwise if I got requests... :)
June 19th, 1989

Pennywise had spent the entire night thinking about exactly how his and Hermione’s second date was going to go. He planned to rig her alarm so it would wake her up with barely enough time to meet him at eleven o’clock. Then, he would fog her memory so she’d meet him at The Kissing Bridge rather than remember the way to the hill. Her mind would be too frazzled to feel his manipulation. It was just too easy.

Lurking outside her little home, he watched the fruits of his plan unfold. Hermione had bolted out the door and beelined it straight in the direction of her garage. Huffing nervously, he fogged her mind into forgetting about her car. It would have taken him a lot of unnecessary effort to keep up with her if Hermione drove instead. Not to mention that it would have upended his entire plans of initiating their first kiss.

His invisible form followed closely behind, watching her powerful jean-clad ass and thighs pump to work the bike’s black pedals as she sped down the road. Hermione’s breathing was heavy, her chest heaves making her supple breasts bounce invitingly underneath her shirt. Worry radiated off of her in waves, the combination causing Pennywise to drool hungrily at the witch.

Gingerly, he tweaked her sense of direction, steering her closer and closer to The Kissing Bridge. He had to be careful. Her mind was sharper than most, so it would not do to be caught too soon. However, the clown could soon tell that Hermione was getting very frustrated. At one point, she’d stopped and pouted angrily, her expelled groan nearly making him pin her down and take her right then. As if she’d heard him, the witch immediately continued pedaling on.

Now, in for the kill, he thought as they were only a few meters away from the covered bridge. Realization dawned on her as her fearful scent faltered slightly, making him snarl quietly before materializing balloons that blocked the end of the tunnel. Pennywise watched gleefully as she hopped off her bike to investigate. Showtime… he smirked, urging the balloons to come forward. Hermione’s fear returned, and he practically giggled as he approached her from behind.

Suddenly, the witch began angling her bike around, trying to escape him. Well, we can’t have that, dearessst Hermione… He made one of the red orbs bump her upper back, and was thoroughly surprised when she actually reached out to hold it. It even squeaked happily when she pet it. Jealously, Pennywise bid the cheeky balloon to return to the others as he finally spoke up, unable to
keep the growl completely out of his voice.

“Do you like the balloons, Hermione?” his wavering voice asked politely.

Swiveling her head around, Hermione found nothing despite the fact that he’d stood right behind her. Smirking deviously, he jumped down over the ledge and undid his invisibility. It was time. The witch didn’t take long to spot him, and he reveled in their mini game of peek-a-boo as she tried to make sure she was seeing correctly. Her confusion made him grin toothily as he disappeared and reappeared right behind her once more.

Hermione spun around, only to jump back with a yelp, nearly toppling over the ledge. She gasped at his height, drawing her eyes up his body. Yesss, Hermione. Look at me...

“How are you?” she asked, trying to mask her fear. Playing along, he feigned surprise.

“Ohhh, how rude of me!” the bells on his wrists jingled as Pennywise flailed dramatically, “I’m Pennywise, the Dancing Clown,” adding jazz hands for effect. However, Hermione only tilted her head in confusion, squinting her eyes. Does she truly not remember me? Perhaps I fogged her too much...

“Ohhh-kaaay…” Hermione offered unsurely, stepping back slowly as not to be so close to him. His amber eyes watched her retreat, glaring slightly harder with each step she took further away from him. This meeting wasn’t going at all as he wanted.

“How did you do t-the thing with the balloons?” she asked nervously yet directly, glancing towards the fire-engine red orbs. “And how did you reappear behind me so suddenly?”

The clown only laughed in response at her curiosity, his chilling timbre unintentionally invoking a memory from a few days ago to come rushing to her active consciousness. There is that fire, he chuckled giddily. Now they were getting somewhere. Standing up straighter, Hermione faced him, looking Pennywise in his fiery jovial eyes. All the while, she slowly reached for her wand. His wandering orbs caught the movement, but he sneakily continued their conversation as if they hadn’t.

“So curious, I love it. However, dearessst,” Pennywise lovingly hissed, “It’s too early in our little game for me to answer your questions,” he tutted, moving closer to pat her on the head with his gloved hand.

However, it seemed as though their relationship was always one step forward one step back, for Hermione ducked under his arm and shoved her bicycle in between them like a shield, finally getting an opportunity to grab her wand. As she raised her arm to catapult the clown into next week, his arm snatched out with unnatural speed and force, capturing her hand and raising it far up above her head. With her mind distracted, Pennywise struck, pinning her body to his and keeping her arm raised.

When Hermione realized what had happened, she struggled, wriggling against him angrily. However, her efforts did nothing but arouse him, his pupils dilating in want as the hand not holding hers only snaked around her waist tighter, simultaneously holding her closer and suffocating her.

“Now, now, none of that,” he tapped her nose with his finger, treating her like a misbehaving pet. “You know... We’re at the Kissing Bridge, so I’m not here to fight you,” he smirked, leaning in about an inch from her face and showing off his bucked teeth. Whisky locked on glowing amber, entrancing her with the movement inside them. When he noticed her hypnotized expression, he leaned in and sealed their lips together.

Pennywise’s eyes shut not soon after Hermione’s, experiencing the same overwhelming feeling of
their connection. Her lips tasted a bit artificial due to her lip gloss, but the natural vanilla undertone drove him insane. *It's not enough...*

His arm rose slightly from her waist enough so his hand could grab her by the back of her neck, wanting a better angle for their drastic one-foot-and-seven inches height difference.

The gloved hand tangled in her curly brown hair, never wanting to leave it. All the while, they remained bracketed at the lips, reveling in each others’ tastes.

Pennywise wanted so much more, poking his moist and worm-like tongue at her rosy lips and forcefully demanding access. Disgusted, Hermione stubbornly kept her mouth shut and grunted angrily through her nose. *Stubborn little minx…* he thought frustratedly as his hand slipped back down her body, stopping to grope her right arsecheek and causing her to gasp loudly, which gave him the opportunity he wanted.

Pennywise moaned in pleasure at the feeling of her plump flesh in his hand, making the witch shiver at the vibration of his tongue in her mouth. Exploring her oral cavern, the forked serpentine tongue dexterously licked the insides of her cheeks before it slid over her pearly-white teeth. Hermione had dutifully frozen at the feelings brought onto her, making him growl quietly at her obedience.

As Pennywise’s hand settled back into her hair, his tongue focused on its true target. Coaxing her own tongue out from the back of her mouth, his longer appendage wrapped itself around hers and rubbed itself seductively along her tongue’s length, causing copious amounts of drool to leak out of their mouths in a slow trickle. Hermione couldn’t hold back the helpless moan that escaped her throat. He smirked primally at the sound, allowing his tongue to reluctantly return to its home. *My witch. My Hermione,* he chanted internally, listening to her loud breathing as he clutched her closer.

Still hungry for her flavor, he slowly licked and bit at her panting mouth. One of his nips actually produced a drop of her crimson blood, causing him to suck on the wound with a passionate hunger, yearning for more. However, he reluctantly dragged himself away from her. A satisfied yet wanting grin adorned his face, his eyes aflame in equally crimson lust. *Now run along, little one. You’re late for our meeting,* he snickered at her disheveled appearance.

“Don’t be late for your date, Hermione,” he laughed, disappearing with a pop.

★★★

Earlier that morning, he spent an extensive amount of time preparing the hill for their little games of croquet. Luckily, his mere presence was enough to cut the grass down to a more suitable length. At times like this, he was glad that most living things shrunk away from him. The white rings were set up sparsely, so as to ensure a longer game. It wasn’t until later that he realized that his witch was probably going to want some food before they played.

At roughly nine-thirty, he scurried around Derry, quick as a whip. His enhanced sense of smell drew him to an old woman’s windowsill where the lady herself was pulling a cherry pie out of her oven. The various smells coming from the small kitchen made him nod in approval, *this will do nicely for my little cherry…* he thought, remembering Hermione’s rosy blushes around his Bill Gray persona.

Focusing, he fogged the widow’s simple mind, urging her to make *the best picnic lunch ever made*. The small woman immediately got to work, running down to the basement to grab the same picnic
basket she used with her husband when he still lived. Her gray locks bobbed as she ascended and her eyes were milky and unseeing. Meanwhile, Pennywise snatched a pitcher from one of the cupboards to fill with the crimson lifeforce of his choosing.

After placing the basket in front of her, the drone made little finger sandwiches with pickles, salami, and cream cheese on white bread. Next, she inserted mini bell peppers. As per Pennywise’s request, she also added some sweet fruit that he could taste as opposed to the other foods. Lastly, she dipped two marshmallows into chocolate sauce and stuck them onto wooden skewers. Satisfied, the clown snuck out, basket in hand, and lifted his influence from the stout woman, leaving her to wonder how she’d lost track of an entire hour.

★★★

“Bill! I’m so sorry I’m late. I didn’t forget! I just... forgot to set my alarm for the right time,” Hermione lamented to him as he sat on a lovely white and red checkered blanket. The witch anxiously itched the back of her head where his hand had been not ten minutes before. Pennywise only stared blankly as he fought the urge to return his hand to its new home inside her hair. However, it was simply too much fun to watch her embarrassment spread throughout her body. Bill smiled and laughed at her nervousness, beckoning her to sit with him.

“It can’t possibly be that late already. However, I wouldn’t know because I didn’t bring a watch,” he explained blithely, “Besides, you arrived just in time, because I got everything laid out for us just before you arrived.” Hermione looked at him confusedly, a look that he was coming to realize was typically uncommon for the witch, but was commonplace around either of his forms to his amusement. Patting the blanket invitingly, he smiled as he indicated to the lovely-looking picnic basket seated next to him.

Pennywise turned to pick up the basket and place it in between them, lifting the lid and revealing its contents to the flattered witch. Her feelings of appreciation and joy positively radiated from her, making his deadlights flutter around inside him happily. Coughing under his breath, he tried to quiet their movements, but to no avail. Grimacing, he interrupted Hermione’s perusal of the food and grabbed out the blood-filled pitcher. Just as he was about to pour himself a huge glass of the crimson liquid, the sounds of the witch’s melodic giggle reached his ears and gave him pause. Looking over to her, he noticed she had her eyes on the “fruit punch”.

“Seriously?” Pennywise adopted sad-puppy eyes and gripped his gray t-shirt over his heart, intending to play with Hermione a little bit in retaliation for not noticing the difference between blood and fruit punch.

“All right, you’ve caught me. I have... an addiction,” he lamented melodramatically, watching as her smile grew more fond, “You’ve got to help me, Hermione. It’s a cruel existence. I’ve strayed so far from Heaven’s light!” he fell on his back as she busted out laughing.

“You shouldn’t be laughing, dearest. I’m not lying to you.”

Pennywise was woefully unprepared for the petite woman to shove a sandwich in his mouth. However flavorless the sandwich was, her smooth pointer finger certainly made up for it, grazing his tongue with its vanilla essence.

“Seriously, Bill, if we don’t start eating this now, it will get gross,” she lectured, acting as though she’d done nothing and turning away from him to start grabbing food out of the basket. *Teasing little*
He grinned as he watched her bend over and display her ass to his gaze. Pennywise was rather aroused, but also confused. Does she want me to hump her? Visions of him doing just that to her on the blanket enveloped his mind as he fought to keep his eyes blue. The citizens of Derry would watch as he claimed her, filled her, and showed her who she belonged to. He drooled lightly and wiped it on his shirt.

“Now then,” she dug him out of his dirty musings by taking a sandwich and eating it whole, “What else is on the agenda for today? Not that just having a picnic isn’t fun,” she rushed out, showing her cherry blush once more. Demanding little minx… he smirked at her question before answering.

“Of course there’s more. Have you ever played croquet, Hermione?” he asked, finally pouring himself a huge glass of the crimson liquid. If you’re going to bend over like that with each swing, I’m gonna need this, love. Pennywise chugged the liquid quickly, giving his deadlights something to work on as he focused on cutting the peppers.

“Umm, yes. I have…” she trailed off, shoving another couple of sandwiches into her mouth to stop herself from talking. I could give you something else to make you stop talking, Hermione, he thought bemusedly at her efforts to hide herself by eating. He brought out a pocket knife he’d stolen from one of the kiddies he’d eaten decades ago and began cutting the bell peppers into edible bites, taking out the seeds and centers and chucking them behind him. She’s so cute when she blushes, looking like one of my balloons. They ate in silence, Pennywise snacking and Hermione devouring, an odd reversal of their usual eating patterns. The red fruits painted the his teeth and lips red, simultaneously masking the iron smell of the blood. As he leisurely picked at his food, he watched his date fill herself, getting plumper each minute. He wondered what would happen if he squeezed her. Would she pop? Would she moan for me to fill her in another way? His crotch ached as he thought back on her aroused scent back at the bridge.

He snickered perversely, noticing that Hermione still remained ignorant to his desires to thoroughly fuck her savagely. She sat on her knees with the basket in between them, unconsciously rubbing her slightly swollen stomach. Smirking, he moved to stuff her more by picking the two marshmallow pops out of the basket.

“Do you want your dessert Hermione?” he winked at her, making the witch blush loudly.

“Uhh, yeah…” she muttered, eyeing the chocolate-dipped confection so she didn’t have to make eye-contact with Pennywise. No, no, love. Look at me… Hermione wasn’t prepared for him to stick the marshmallow into her mouth himself as punishment, nearly choking on it as she gasped. He laughed at her startled expression.

“That’s what I call ‘payback’,” he snarked, triumphantly sticking his own pop into his mouth and standing up. Pennywise held out his hand, smiling fully as she took it. Hermione was pulled to her feet by his strong grip and he wandered over to the tree next to them to pull out a red mallet and a blue mallet. Slinging the red mallet over his shoulder, he handed her the blue one before striding over to the starting post, intending to thoroughly beat Hermione at croquet.

★★★

It was late when he noticed that Hermione was practically sagging against him, worn out and
exhausted. Of course, he didn’t need sleep, so he’d forgotten about the physical limitations that Hermione still lived under. Her stubbornness held her tongue, not wanting to be a burden, but he knew that she’d pass out somewhere in the park if he didn’t take her home within the next hour.

They’d played croquet for hours, joking and bantering with each other until they’d each won an equal amount of games. Shining stars hovered above them in the sky, the sun having set an hour previously. Afterwards, she’d begun falling asleep as she laid with him on the blanket. He held her hand loosely, enough that she’d barely felt it while she watched the sun set, deep reds and oranges lighting up the sky in a final fanfare before falling away until the next morning.

Graciously, he nudged her fully awake and had her lean against the tree as he packed up everything into the basket save for the mallets. Then, he took her hand once more and led her along as they walked in the direction of her home.

Hermione’s human eyes couldn’t see too well in the dark streets aside from the small areas of pavement alit by the streetlamps. Her bike clicked along with them as she clutched it, using it to keep her upright. The wind blew coolly without the sun’s warm embrace, making the witch’s beautiful skin erupt in gooseflesh.

However, the temperature didn’t bug him, so he hadn’t brought anything to cover her small body except the blanket, which would get caught in the bike’s chain as it trailed behind her. Luckily, they’d made it to Hermione’s small house in record time, so she wasn’t cold for long. She sighed, making his heart race a little quicker.

Pennywise continued holding her hand as he walked her up to her lit doorway, standing across from her and staring at her face with an indiscernible expression. The pale light shone across the right side of her face, allowing him to use both his regular vision and his “night vision”. However, what he saw now had been hidden in the dark. Abruptly, he giggled and tried to cover his mouth. Red juice had lingered on her chin, making her look vampiric. Seeing her like this was both hilarious and arousing as he began to entertain fantasies of her feasting as he did. Imagining her laying on his couch as he fed her bloodied flesh made him giggle harder. She’d be so radiant.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” Hermione snapped him out of his imaginings as she folded her arms, irritated at being laughed at. The infamous pout was back, prompting him to answer with the biggest smirk on his face.

“You have a bit of raspberry juice on your lower lip and face.”

“Well, why didn’t you say something?!” she whispered exasperatedly, always so fiery... Hermione blinked nervously as Pennywise adopted a seriously determined expression and leaned into her, bending down slightly so they were eye-level. His more primal self wouldn’t allow her to remain unsampled for all the trouble she’d put him through that day. Cobalt gleamed into whisky as he spoke one crucial phrase.

“So I could do this...” he trailed off, closing the distance between them and kissing her dusty lips. His flat slippery tongue had stuck out to lick the dried raspberry juice off of her face before sucking her lower lip into his mouth. The berry flavoring only added to her cinnamon, caramel, and vanilla flavors, a sugary cocktail for his enjoyment. It wasn’t the thunderous tang of fear; however, it was just as addicting. She tasted like the sweetest candy. As far as he was concerned, this only solidified his resolution to keep her. Pennywise could no longer imagine himself without her. She is mine, he asserted to himself, and I’ll be damned if she ever leaves me.

Moaning, he made little nips along her chapped flesh and licked at her wall of teeth, wishing she’d grant him access to her mouth once more. Tilting her head back with a caring hand, he enveloped her,
moving down to nuzzle her neck with sparing bites. It wasn’t time to make his mark yet. He didn’t want to scare her off. Hermione’s eyes dilated widely, staring up at the full moon in ecstasy. Her arousal flared, so he backed off reluctantly, not wanting her to regret anything between them yet. It went against everything he lived by: *take whatever you want, whenever you want*; but he had a feeling he’d live to regret badgering her half-sleeping body into sex for the foreseeable future. Oh well, now he could say that he was a merciful destroyer.

As he began to leave, he trailed his cool palm adoringly down her cheek, as if memorizing the exact shape of her tired face. The same hand then reached down to grasp her own and pull it to his lips. Darker stained lips skimmed her knuckles and a sharp canine nipped lightly, drawing a scratch to ensure that her body wouldn’t forget him. A swift tongue lapped at the wound quickly so as not to catch her attention. With a final lingering glance and smirk, he stalked off into the night, saying nothing else.

June ??th, 1989

In all honesty, Pennywise’s binge was a complete blur to him. One could even remark that it was a miracle that he hadn’t gotten caught by anyone. He’d thrown caution to the wind, hunting down whichever child he felt like eating no matter where they were. The enraged clown even turned into his Bill Gray form and asked Hermione’s little Losers’ Club if they knew where she was. They had no idea.

The little Cowan boy barely sated his anger as he was clearly too young to have experienced real fear. Nonetheless, Pennywise ate the little brat, bones and all. Edward Corcoran did end up satiating his anger, especially when he was able to watch the family’s tragic drama unfold. The thirteen-year-old’s younger brother, Dorsey, was killed by their father who literally hammered him to death. Shocked, little Eddie had run straight into his clutches as he waited for him at the canal. Turning into the ‘Gill-man” had been a real treat for Pennywise. It was an interesting creature that was closer to his true spidery form. There was blood in the water that day, and none of Derry’s occupants noticed.

Not two hours later, the clown was out again. After killing Esther Sinclair, he took the body down to his lair and made it float up into the cyclone, not having nibbled one finger off. He clearly wasn’t hungry anymore, *so what is it? Am I bored?* Even though he’d never admit it, he was eating instead of facing his problems. Sniffing angrily, he teleported onto Hermione’s roof, checking to see if she’d returned. She hadn’t.

Pennywise crawled into the house, a snarl threatening to escape his painted lips. However, the anger soon left him upon catching a whiff of the witch’s fading scent. Shuddering, the clown fell to the floor, curling up into a ball as the shakes became little twitches, like a dog experiencing a nightmare. He keened, calling for his witch but to no avail. Once again, amber eyes locked as Crookshanks stared at the distressed creature warily from Hermione’s armchair. Neither of them understood what was happening to him, but they both began feeling a sense of companionship, all to Pennywise’s utter confusion. He didn’t even realize he’d fallen asleep.

Waking up the next morning was hell for the poor clown. Helplessly, tears began escaping his eyes as his feelings of loss finally set in, clear droplets floating to the ceiling and drying on the wood. The feelings of anger reemerged at the sight of his weakness. Pennywise muttered under his breath, *must feed, get her back... missing kiddies... bring her in... my witch... my Hermione... my mate!* He snarled, leaping up from his space in the middle of Hermione’s floor and jumping out the window. Perhaps he’d make a sort of deal. For every day she was gone, he’d kill another brat. Grinning evilly, he set out to accomplish that task.
After killing the little blonde girl, he’d resumed his fetal position on Hermione’s floor, pitifully curling himself in and around Hermione’s dirty laundry. He’d come across the gems in the little hamper by the basement steps. It smelled of her and calmed his more bestial side. Closing his eyes once more, he sought to broaden his sights outside of Derry, but something woke him. Crookshanks had decided to paw at his nose, meowing for food.

Sighing, he pandered to the little creature, knowing that it was for the best that he get on the cat’s good side. Besides, he too smelt of Hermione and was deemed a necessary component of his new smaller pile. Crookshanks had shown him the day before where his food was and the clown had dutifully fed him as he was doing now. After the cat had eaten, drank, and used his box, he picked up the elderly feline and hauled him back upstairs.

Pennywise set him down and waited until he’d made himself comfortable on the pile. Then, he contorted his body around Crookshanks, closing his eyes and falling asleep once more, his idea of broadening his sights forgotten.

June 23rd, 1989

Hermione’s familiar twinge of magic echoing in his mind woke him from his light but burdened sleep. It was about midday, he realized belatedly, getting up to crack his neck and back. Warily, he teleported to the outskirts of Derry where he’d felt her, only to be met with the vision of her in a sundress and sandals, looking completely... fine. **Oh ho ho! Not for long!** He growled thunderously, manipulating the wind into pushing her forward. The dark gray clouds hung low in the sky, reflecting the clown’s present aura.

The welcome sign creaked and groaned as he stood behind it, carving a crude heart shape with his bloody claws. Slowly, Hermione walked along the cemented sidewalk, not noticing the long deep marks that littered the back of the sign. She shivered as her sandals clacked along the sidewalk. **Good, be afraid... be cold... see how you like it!**

Each street they passed remained quiet, not a single soul to be seen. Of course, he’d cowed Derry’s populus into staying in their little homes and shutting their curtains rather than facing his wrath out in the open. Birds, bugs, and squirrels had fled from Pennywise as well, also not wanting to die from his unyielding claws.

Hermione’s suitcase thumped against her side as she walked, the only audible sound beside her own breathing and the shaking trees. However, an unmistakable rustling of paper became louder as she neared her house. There were four individual pieces of paper nailed to the telephone pole bordering her house and the sidewalk. Breathing more heavily, she walked faster, hoping the papers didn’t contain what she thought they would. When she was about ten meters away, four small black and white photos winked at her in the wind.

Pennywise had quickened his pace to trail her more closely. However, he couldn’t stop the low chuckle at the delightful smell of her panic as she sprinted to the telephone pole where he’d
specifically placed his little “gifts”. Throwing her suitcase down on the ground and luckily not busting it open all over the yard, she stared intensely at each paper. Their smiling faces gazed out at her mockingly, making large bubble teardrops leak from her eyes and fall to the ground. The clown imagined that they’d taste wonderful.

Sobbing, she only had enough strength to rip the papers from the pole before her knees gave out. He reveled in her misery, wanting her to feel the loss as he had. After all, it had been her fault that she left. Crimson blood flowed from her scraped legs, pooling on the sidewalk, but Hermione didn’t seem to feel the sensation at all. The irony tang filled his senses and it took everything in him to not push her down and lick at the wounds. Papers crumpled in her hands as she made erratic clenching motions with her fingers. Finally, she wrapped her arms, posters and all, around the telephone pole and continued to weep until she found the strength to hobble inside her little house. After lapping up her blood, a sliver of guilt twinged inside of him, making him momentarily regret his behavior. Rain began falling despite his purrs, cooling his anger and drenching him from head to toe. He resembled a drowned rat if nothing else.

Thunder began to rumble from outside as he watched her set the crumpled papers down on her kitchen table. Stiffly, she approached the wall phone and punched in a number with a shaking hand. It took a few rings, but soon enough, someone picked up. Pennywise sniffed irritably. Already she was trying to communicate with someone outside of Derry. Has she learned nothing?

“Hello? Who is this?” Hermione’s breath stuttered, threatening to sob anew.

“It’s Hermione…” she began, a tremble in her voice.

“Hermione? What’s wrong?” despite all her efforts, she couldn’t hold herself together.

“I-I-It’s happened again! T-t-there are f-f-four more m-missing children. I-I-I don’t understand. I was only gone for three days!” she wept into the phone.

Pennywise growled, crossing his arms. This had to be the person who sent her after him in the first place. While he was somewhat grateful, he was more so angry that they’d taken her away from him so soon after giving her to him. He didn’t like not having the control over her like he wanted, or the limitations of being unable to find her. Damn you Maturin!

“Hermione!” President Vesta’s voice yelled from the other side, snapping Hermione out of her fit, “It’s not your fault. We pulled you away from your mission. Don’t blame yourself. I’ll explain everything to Director Hughes,” she calmly explained. “Now, listen to me. As your boss, I’m ordering you to de-stress, get some sleep, an—” the audio cut out completely, sounding like the thunderstorm outside was coming through the phone. Abruptly, the lights flickered on and off for a moment before the audio came back in. Pennywise had had enough. If Hermione was going to remain in his territory, which she is, he thought stubbornly, then she was going to follow his orders.

“Hermione. Don’t leave Derry,” the clown voiced angrily, “Never leave Derry. You belong there. If you try to leave again, bad things will happen to all of the little kiddies, especially your little Losers’ Club,” Hermione gasped as her boss’s voice changed into a disgusted gurgling baritone at saying the name of her younger friends’ club. Pennywise’s black heart soared at her scared gasp, spurring him to continue his rant.

“You belong to him! Do you hear me? No one else!”

Agitated rather than devastated, the witch slammed the phone back onto the receiver and began heading upstairs to read. Meanwhile, the clown snuck in through her mail slot and wandered over to the table where the damp sheet of paper laid quietly. A pointy-toothed grin adorned his face as he
traced a blood-covered finger lovingly over the posters, slicing crimson letters spelling, \textit{M-I-N-E}.

\textbf{June 26th, 1989}

Yes, he’d had a lot of time to think over the last few days, and he’d come to a startling conclusion. He needed her. He needed her like the pathetic humans needed air. She was his opposite, his warmth. Pennywise wanted to keep her forever with him in his lair, to hold her light away from the rest of the world and cherish her magic.

All human disease would be chased away under his watchful deadlights, leaving her alive even as her body grew older. He didn’t like it, but it was what he had to do to keep a hold of her. Her death would be unacceptable, so he would chase her spirit to the end of the macroverse if he had to and hold her wispy aura inside of him with his deadlights.

However, before all that, he wanted to hold her… kiss her. Pennywise gripped her tighter as she slept on, oblivious to his internal struggle. He wanted to mate her, leave his mark on her neck for every male to see so they’d know she was his. He wanted to breed her and watch as his demonic seed took root inside of her human life-giving womb. Her stomach would swell with his offspring, one of the many bodily changes she’d go through in preparation for their arrival.

The clown purred contentedly as he mulled over his and Hermione’s future, nuzzling the witch’s curls as she curled into him further. As long as she was loyal to him, he’d let her decide the pace of their relationship. Besides, he wanted her all to himself for the time being. No rush for any buck-toothed, frizzy-haired hell spawn here. No siree!

A sudden creak met his sensitive ears. Lurching his head to the left, he realized that Crookshanks was getting ready to accidentally knock a picture frame off of the fireplace mantel with his bushy tail. He watched as the photo teetered dangerously over the side before falling off completely. Impulsively, he elongated his arm an extra few feet, catching the picture before it hit the ground.

Breathing a sigh of relief that Hermione was still asleep, he slowly shrunk his arm to its normal humanoid length, keeping a firm grip on the frame. Pennywise held up the frame, looking at the moving photo imperiously. Three pairs of joyful eyes stared back at him. Both males in the photo had their arms around his witch, making him sneer derisively at the younger Hermione embracing the two boys. \textit{Hmm… I guess I’ll have to keep an extra watchful eye around you, dear. You seem to be able to get all of the males wrapped around your fingers…}

Huffing quietly, he transported the picture frame to his lair, for safekeeping, of course. Stretching his arm out again, he grabbed the other frames and looked through them carefully. His witch was only a child in one of them, and she also had the same two boys with her in the same position as the one taken years later. He was fascinated by how much smaller she’d been. She waved at him in an endless loop, flashing her buck teeth that she’d eventually grown into. Pennywise smiled, buck-toothed offspring, indeed. There was no way that any possible children would get away without them, especially since both of their parents had them in one form or another.

The next photo was taken much closer to present day. It depicted, from what he could understand, a human mating ceremony, a wedding. Hermione stood off to the side in a beautiful dress and her hair flowing gently in the breeze. The dark-haired male in the other photos, was holding his bride, a pale red-haired woman. \textit{Good, less competition.} However, a red-haired male, the same one from the other photos, had his arm around Hermione. \textit{Oh ho ho! He will be food if he starts poking his head around...}
here anytime soon, he thought jealously, his chest rumbling with his territorial mindset.

The final photo calmed him considerably. Tilting his head, he curiously examined the unmoving picture. Hermione took center stage once more in the frame, but the two others behind her required further examination. Brown hair and brown eyes nearly identical to his witch’s astonished him. They were older, and they held her lovingly in a familial embrace. Realization hit him immediately. These were her parents. He hadn’t thought about that aspect of her before, but he knew she had to have come from somewhere. Now he knew where.

Carefully, he set the frames back on the mantel and corralled Crookshanks back into his spot near Pennywise’s feet. When the cat fell asleep once more, he snuggled Hermione closer and closed his now cobalt eyes, waiting for her to awaken.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. I hope you liked it. :) Pennywise has such a dirty mind... (o-O) I swear he didn't start out that way!
Let me know if you have questions or need me to clarify anything. I barely look these chapters over before I post them, so I was bound to write something confusing this time, especially given its length.
Okay, just so you all know, Pennywise is back with a perverted fantasy (and reality for that matter) that is NSFW, so all 0 of you underage readers best clear out now if you haven't already. Seriously, what happened in Chapter 20 was just me warming up.

June 26th, 1989

Hermione Granger woke up feeling warm… and constricted. She opened her sleep-ridden eyes and blinked slowly. The dark television screen stared at her, reflecting the witch’s confused expression in its mirror-like face. From what she could see, Bill had his arm wrapped tightly around her and was still sleeping himself. Not wanting a good opportunity to go to waste, she carefully rolled in her blanket burrito and surveyed her new boyfriend.

His unkempt dark-brown hair lie strewn around his face as his chest rose and fell with each light snore. Dusty pink lips cracked open invitingly, showing only a glimpse of his ivory teeth. A bit of dried drool lingered around his lip, making Hermione smirk. The simple t-shirt he’d been wearing had ridden up, exposing his pale neck and collarbones to her gaze. Oh Merlin… The aroused witch licked her lips shyly.

Dropping the convincing act, Pennywise blinked his cobalt eyes open blearily, pretending to have just woken up. Yawning prettily, he made to stretch his arms and legs where he laid by starting to get up. However, he instead took the opportunity to roll the still-wrapped Hermione underneath him and lay on top of her, centering his weight on his elbows and knees as he caged her protectively. Smiling down at her, he gazed lovingly into her whisky eyes.

“Good morning. Are you feeling better, Hermione?” he asked almost knowingly, smirking impishly.

“...Yeah, I guess I… I do,” she trailed off awed, coming to the realization that she didn’t really feel sick at all. The medicine Bill had gotten her had worked wonders, she supposed.

“Good. I guess my little idea worked after all…” he trailed off, leaning in to nuzzle her neck. Hermione, not wanting to fail to inform him about his idea's flaws, raised her shoulder to prevent him from touching his intended target.

“No it didn’t,” she paused as Bill raised his head, a rather confused pout gracing his features, “even if such a thing were possible—” Oh believe me, witch. It's possible. “It was likely the medication and warm healthy food that helped me the most. Besides, my cold didn’t transfer to you like your “little idea” predicted. So, there,” she sassed, a smug grin making him chuckle at her presumptuousness in being cheeky while at his complete mercy.

“Oh? Is that so?” he mimicked a pondering air, “I don’t remember you complaining so much last night. However, if you don’t mind, I think I will refresh my memory,” he leaned in and kissed her cheek, making Hermione moan as he missed her mouth, the spot she truly wanted him to kiss.
Pennywise’s plump lips peppered little kisses around her face, trying to praise each individual freckle he found on its surface. She whimpered, a sound the clown wanted to hear over and over again, as he sucked her small freckled earlobe into his mouth. Wanting to see what other sounds the surprise erogenous zones evoked, he curled his tongue upwards, spooning the ear’s shell. “Ngh!” she grunted, arching her back and bucking once against his chest before dazedly falling back onto the couch cushions. Smirking devilishly against her cheek, he suddenly bit down onto the helix, digging a bit into the cartilage. The loud moan that escaped her made him erratically dry-hump her blanketed crotch a few times helplessly.

His bulge grew hard swiftly, making him slightly light-headed with the rush of blood to the human organ. The casual sweatpants tented obviously, drawing the attention of the woman beneath him who gasped, surprised at the sight, and size, of his enormous “package”. With pupils blown wide with lust, Pennywise leaned in to finally reclaim her lips. Hermione’s lips parted immediately, her tongue coaxing his own to intermingle as he’d done the week before in his clown form.

One of his hands gently moved the little wispy curls that were in his way aside before sinking inside the bushy hair to hold her neck in place. As her stubborn eyes finally closed, he carefully began carding through the blanket, lowering it slightly to expose the tops of her mostly exposed breasts. He harshly tweaked her left nipple through her shirt, rubbing it gently in circles to sooth it. Meanwhile, Hermione’s eyes flew open with an erotic yelp, giving him her bared neck. The clown took it in stride, moving his head down to finally bite lightly into her neck.

It wasn’t a permanent mating bite. That would come later by her consent, a little “rule” about binding bites. However, that didn’t stop him by sucking a large hickey into the side of her smooth pale neck. It was too far up to be easily hidden unless she wore a scarf or turtleneck, something unheard of in the summertime. There… all mine. Even she couldn’t hide that from other males.

His other hand was now mirroring its counterpart, doting on her right breast with sharp plucks and gentle rubs. Hermione was in heaven, moaning helplessly and chanting his human form’s name lowly on an endless loop. Spurred on by her noises of encouragement, he resumed intensely dry humping her lower body while lapping lazily at the bruise he’d made on her neck, a perfect contrast if the witch had ever felt one. Little grunts escaped the male aside from the periodic slurps that came with each suck and lick.

Crookshank’s loud yowling spoiled Hermione’s lustful mood, coloring her heated cheeks further with embarrassment and making her look like a tomato. What has happened?! She was never one to jump into a relationship feet-first, so she really needed to reevaluate her choices thus far. One of these was almost choosing to have sex with a man she barely knew.

Bill; however, paid no mind to the noise as he continued as though nothing happened. Whimpering nervously, she pushed her arms out of their fuzzy constraints and began patting her boyfriend’s chest even as he placed little nips along her neck, exposed shoulder, and even upper part of her breasts.

“Bill… Bill, please… Stop… I—I’m not ready for this… We barely know each other and we’ve only been on two dat—,” she cut herself off, realizing he’d suddenly stilled above her.

“Three,” he stated ambiguously, squeezing her cushioned hips with the intensity he’d forgotten to put into his blank inflection. Hermione’s passion chilled further with a twinge of fear.

“What?” she asked, her stuttering voice betraying her. Pennywise immediately noticed and reveled in the sweet scent of her fear.

Bill smirked against her ear, whispering, “If I recall, last night, I bought you food, we ate together,
and I kept you company. Is that not a date, dear?"

"I-I suppose so," Hermione acquiesced, seeing his reasoning and acknowledging that he’d stopped when she told him to.

"So, my question for you…” he hissed, rubbing their cheeks together as his nose sunk into her hair, "is ‘How many more dates do we have to go on until we can enjoy each other like this… fully?’” his smooth lips grazing her ear with each syllable, each breath heating her skin.

He pulled away, waiting for her to answer while looking into his eyes. Pale hands gently pulled her shirt back over her supple breasts and helped her sit up as he got off of her. The fuzzy blanket was wrapped around her once more, but as more of a cloak rather than a cocoon.

"Thirteen,” she stated bluntly, leaving no room for argument.

Pennywise’s cobalt eyes snapped to her whisky ones, that’s so many… Ugh! This is what I get for allowing her to set the pace,” he lamented, mentally facepalming his deadlights as he nodded slowly.

He turned back to her fully, carefully grasping her hand and kissing the back of it diplomatically, “Very well, thirteen it is,” he sighed, turning to leave.

Hermione blinked confusedly, he’s leaving just like that? Of course, Bill’s unkempt appearance didn’t bother Pennywise, so he indeed walked outside in sweatpants with his half-hard cock between his thighs, but not without a few finals words.

“I’ll pick you up again soon, Hermione.” He was gone before she could have even responded.

Pennywise had immediately teleported down to his lair and shoved his hand into his inky-stained pants to finish himself off like he’d so desperately wanted to inside his witch. Ugh, the little minx was givin’ me blue-balls, he sighed relieved as he was finally getting the friction he craved.

In his mind’s eye, he imagined rolling up the bottom of her blanket prison and leaving her torso and up trapped. He imagined wrapping her creamy pale legs around his thin waist as he dicked her hard and good. She would squeal, and whimper, and moan as she had earlier, even while his more bestial nature took over and trapped her on his knot. His little mate would scream her orgasm to the entirety of Derry as he filled her with his seed. The tar-like liquid would leak from her battered hole, but he would keep it inside her so it would latch onto her human eggs and grow. A deeply arousing question came to him.

Since his true form was closest to a spider… Would our offspring emerge from her womb alive, or would she lay them as eggs? The thought of his witch pushing out a dozen little eggs from her swollen womb, breasts leaking with milk...

Pennywise roared as his own orgasm took over, his cock spewing inky black sludge over his now gloved hand and the dirty cemented sewer tunnel beneath him. Hoarse panting echoed around him as he crawled into his trailer and curled up on the filthy couch. Water continued to drip from the ceiling, rippling the tin pail with each drop. Fiery crimson eyes blazed in the darkness with passionate intent, slitting as he lie in wait for darkness to fall on the town above.

June 27th, 1989
It was after Hermione had been to the store and was waddling home with the remaining groceries she felt okay carrying around without drawing suspicion from the citizens who’d likely seen her buy a ton of food, but somehow walk along the street two minutes later with nothing at all. All things considered, this was safer for keeping her magic under wraps. However, she’d still vanished her frozens and cold food to her freezer and fridge respectively.

The plastic bags weighed heavily on her arms as she positively baked in the summer heat. Luckily, she did have magic, so she was free to cover up the mark Bill had left on her skin and wear whatever she bloody wanted. Huffing at her choices to walk home with an overwhelming amount of food. Just watch, Hermione… you’re going to get robbed and the worst thing you could do at this rate would be to toss a can of soup at the perp’s head, she thought sardonically, using Enoch’s favorite “No-Maj Cop-Slang” word.

“Hey! Hermione! Do you want some help?” a familiar feminine voice yelled from about ten meters behind her.

Hermione’s head craned over her shoulder, careful not to jostle the bags too much. The face that greeted her from a little bit away split a huge grin across the witch’s tanned face.

“Beverly! Sure, you can help me if you don’t mind,” the younger girl ran to her and picked up a few of the lighter bags and hobbled along with her, having evenly distributed the weight.

She looks great, Hermione thought, clearly being with the Losers has really been a positive influence on her. Of course, she’d been the same way, a loner. But then Harry and Ron became her best friends and the rest was history. Beverly glowed with confidence and contentment, somethings she’d seen sorely lacking in her when they’d first met.

“Thanks so much. I needed that,” she continued gratefully. Beverly only smiled at her.

“No problem, I don’t mind. I was just walking home anyway. My dad wants me home soon, otherwise I would help you to your house. Sorry,” she responded forlornly.

Hermione hummed placatingly, “It’s alright, seriously. This is all the help I need,” something like recognition flashed in Beverly’s eyes because she suddenly gasped.

“Oh! I was meaning to visit you and tell you about somethi—” Hermione cut her off apologetically.

“Yes, well… I was out of town for a few days and I was sick when I returned home,” a few things must have clicked together in her mind because she muttered something under her breath along the lines of, ...so that’s why he wanted to know.

“What? Who?” Hermione blurted, nervously crinkling the plastic handles in her hands.

“Oh! I was meaning to visit you and tell you about somethi—” Hermione cut her off apologetically.

“Yes, well… I was out of town for a few days and I was sick when I returned home,” a few things must have clicked together in her mind because she muttered something under her breath along the lines of, ...so that’s why he wanted to know.

“What? Who?” Hermione blurted, nervously crinkling the plastic handles in her hands.

“Umm,” Beverly began, “there was this man, and came up to me on the street, all in a panic… and he was asking me where you were. Of course, I didn’t know so I didn’t tell him. There was something “off” about him…"

“What did this man look like, Beverly?” the ginger scrunched up her nose in thought before clapping her hands together.

“He was tall, really tall. And he had dark brown hair and blue eyes. I think he was pretty thin, for a man I mean. He also had really defined cheekbones…” she trailed off, rubbing her head soothingly. Hermione knew exactly who she was talking about.

“Oh, that was Bill Gray. He’s my… boyfriend. Don’t you know him, he told me he was a local. He
should be easy to spot in a town like this where everybody knows everybody,” Beverly’s head snapped up confusedly.

“I’ve never seen or heard of that man before in my life, and I’ve seen just about everyone in town,” she trailed off cryptically, approaching her run-down apartment complex.

Gingerly, Beverly handed Hermione’s bags back over, only for the witch to vanish them to her cupboards right before their eyes. The younger woman’s eyes widened before relaxing.

“Oh, right. Magic,” she elaborated, sighing as she stepped towards the stairs. Suddenly, she stilled before turning back around, her own dress flowing with the motion.

“You said that guy was your boyfriend?” at her friend’s nod, she continued, “You should be careful around him, Hermione…. I was talking to the boys, and each of them told me that he came up to them and demanded to know where you were, each of them,” she enunciated.

Hermione nodded ambiguously, “That means he specifically knows about the Losers’ Club’s members…” Could it be possible that Bill is a stalker?

“You shouldn’t worry too much. He could just be really concerned about you. And with the recent missing kids, I honestly don’t blame him. I’d probably do the same thing if I were him,” she rambled upon seeing Hermione’s thinly-veiled worry.

“Allright, Bev, I won’t if you think I shouldn’t,” the bold-faced lie fell easily from her rouge lips as she turned away.

“Bye!” she called over her shoulder, and the younger girl echoed the sentiment as she ascended the rickety metal stairs, her old boots clacking on each step.

★★★

The wind had picked up again, rustling her knee-length dress as a draft blew it upwards and threatened to expose her panties to the general public. Hng, this was a bad idea to wear today, she thought, gritting her teeth and attempting to corral the dress into staying around her knees. Hermione was still on the main drag, so there was a copious amount of both older and younger men to ogle and leer at the struggling witch. At least she still didn’t have to carry any shopping bags with her.

In all honesty, it kinda felt nice to be admired in such a way. Her personality constantly sought approval, so it was gratifying that just a little bit of pampering caused such a change in the men who never looked at her too closely. Her lips were painted red to match the cherry-red dress that fit tightly over her breasts and rib-cage but flared out around her hips and stopped at knee-level. It was sleeveless, but two one-inch straps held it on her shoulders. The back dipped lowly, showing off the various freckles that littered her upper back.

She hadn’t really meant to dress up. It was the only dress she had clean, it was ungodly hot outside, and she didn’t want to go to the effort of cleaning something at that time. However, stepping on a grate and having a “Marilyn Monroe moment” made her seriously regret cleaning another one of her outfits. Embarrassedly, her face matched the color of the dress as she held the dress down, for the most part, and kept walking.

When she got to the woodsly part of town, just a few streets over from her house, a loud snap echoed
from the trees and her wartime instincts kicked in, urging her to visually place the noise. The trees were darkening in the evening sun, casting their shadows darker and more vibrant as the colors changed too. Turning her neck with an audible crack, she searched angrily for a more wiley pervert peeping on her through the bushes.

However, the sight that greeted her brown eyes made her both elated and apprehensive. A dark-haired man stood behind some low shrubs, leaving his upper half exposed. His body was covered in a black cloak, a lighter suit-vest poking out from underneath. Round glasses glinted sharply in the limited light, the man’s green eyes glared stormily from behind. The unkempt mop that he called hair barely hid the trademark lightning-bolt scar that marred his forehead. Scowling, the figure beckoned her to come closer with a crook of his pale finger, a familiar-looking crimson balloon held in his other hand. There was something fundamentally wrong with all of this.

Even while at Hogwarts during Voldemort’s “second life”, there had been very few times she could remember where he’d gotten to this level of angry. It was wrong, and this wasn’t him.

Stepping closer, she warily eyed both the man and the balloon with trepidation.

“Harry?”

Chapter End Notes

I'm sure you all have questions as to what you've just read with both of your eyes. Seriously, please ask questions. I am my own beta, so I don't have people to look at these before I post them. Let me know what I'm doing well and what not to change. What stuff do you want me to add in the future? Any specific kinks you think either of our leads might have? *wink wink nudge nudge*
Hermione’s heart stuttered nervously, her hand coming up to firmly grasp the long strap of her purse. The figure had smiled at her, its mouth having widened unnaturally and formed a literal ear-to-ear grin. Its teeth were like dirty toothpicks, uneven, splintered, and stained darkly with whatever it had eaten recently. Her breath expelled from her in quiet pants, the only noise heard in the vicinity. She finally realized with a shudder that the wood’s other animals had quieted after the snap.

“Harry” curled his finger at her again, a gesture so unlike him that it would have completely thrown her for a loop if it weren’t for the figure’s other oddities. When she didn’t take one step forth, he tilted his head in what was supposed to be a curious movement, but it only made her more cautious and hesitant to stay in his sights. However, she was a Gryffindor, and bloody hell, she wasn’t going to let something like this scare her. Her wand was in her purse, I’ll be just fine.

Breathing out a long sigh through her mouth, she stepped off of the road, feeling the taller grass scrape at her bared legs. I hope there aren’t any ticks out here, she grimaced at the thought of finding any small bugs leeching her blood out of her body and possibly burrowing itself inside her. The pseudo-Harry kept smiling in its sharp-toothed way, only turning around neurotically and waltzing further into the forest as she neared where it’d been standing.

Confused, Hermione followed along about twenty meters behind. She knew in her brilliant mind that this man wasn’t her friend, but perhaps she could figure out who, or what, he was. Some answers would be great right about now, especially since she’d barely found anything on her own. Paramountly, she needed to avenge the four children she’d let go missing while she’d been away. To think of them as well as the others gnawed bitterly at her gut, churning it into a self-loathing mess.

A loud reprimanding chitter snapped her out of her thoughts, making her belatedly realize that she was utterly alone. Spinning around, she tried to place the doppelgänger’s footfalls in the foliage, but to no avail. The dark woods were dense around her, blocking out most of the sunlight minus a few hopeful patches on the ground. Hermione’s breathing picked up as she realized she didn’t know where she was, and she’d lost “Harry”. Her heart hammered a staccatoed rhythm against her ribcage, making her vision blurry as she felt the beginnings of a panic-attack.

A shuffle in the trees urged her to look up. Pennywise, the clown who’d kissed her senseless the week before, was dangling in a large pine tree by a thick upper branch. For the most part, he was completely upside down, save for his lower legs, which he had wrapped around the branch. He looked like an oversized albino bat given that he also had his arms crossed irritably. He scowled down at her from his perch, glaring amber-crimson as he hung stiffly.

“You!?” Hermione couldn’t help but exclaim loudly.
The creepy clown grinned wickedly as he began to sway giddily, gradually picking up speed, “Oh yes, Hermione. Me, me, me, me!” he began to chant intensely with each rock from side to side.

“Say!” he exclaimed, suddenly stilling, “let’s play a little game, Hermione,” he offered, slipping into a baritone timbre instead of his usual high-pitched voice.

“Very well,” she acquiesced, knowing that it would give her an opportunity to figure the clown out by what he reveals to her through the game.

Nodding absently at the thought, she sat down on a large rock and crossed her ankles prettily, smoothing out her dress before drawing her eyes back up to the man in the tree. Unbeknownst to her, he followed her arousing body closely with his amber eyes, intensely wanting to lay her back and fuck her on the rock she sat on. The witch’s hair was extra curly that day due to the summer’s heat, and it drove him insane.

Another thing that drove him insane was the amount of attention the little witch was drawing to her person. That dress, that alluring red dress, accentuated every part of her concealed body and left little to the imagination. Her breasts had been thwarted in their escape from their confines, but the tight material still concealed the tops of her areolas. As he’d seen, the skirt rode up as well, giving the entirety of downtown Derry a show of Hermione’s lacy black undergarments despite her efforts to push the dress down. He and “Bill” would have to shadow her constantly and beat the other men off with a stick, or a crowbar, he thought, so angry that he actually took a breath to refocus. However, he differentiated smugly, she’s all mine now. We’re aaaaallll alone. With that, he let his arms dangle a moment before forcing them together in a loud clap.

“Riddle me this! On Christmas day, a little boy finds three presents under the tree. Opening the first present, he finds a pair of shoes and begins to cry. Opening the second present, he finds a soccer ball and cries harder, ” he began to giggle at the confusion and concern he could feel emanating from her, “After opening the third present, a pair of bicycle shorts, he buries his face in his hands and dies. Outside, I’m having a laugh and wiping my face. Why, Hermione?”

An expectant look spanned his face as he tilted his head slightly to gauge her face better despite remaining upside-down. Hermione pondered for a moment, the effort screwing up her features tightly, but didn’t like the answer she came up with. Crossing her own arms, it escaped her mouth in a whisper as she kept her head down.

“Y-you ate his legs, and he died from… blood loss?” Pennywise’s loud clapping jarred her head upwards to focus solely on the noise.

“Yes, yes… good... so smart,” he appraised her just as quietly. Crossing his arms once more to mirror her, he popped his neck in consideration, rocking slightly once more.

“Another! A teenager is walking during the winter. He stands perfectly still and then he dies by his own body’s faults, not having moved left, right, forward, or backward. How?” Hermione was catching onto his grim riddles, not needing more than ten seconds this time.

“The surface he was walking on was ice, and it broke, causing him to fall through and drown,” she stated bluntly, as though reciting a line from one of her Hogwarts textbooks. The witch shook her head, stunned, this wasn’t the time to be emotionally detached. Pennywise only smirked at her struggle, choosing to continue the game.

“I can break, I can be clogged, I can be attacked, I can be given, I can be kept, I can be crushed yet I can be whole at the same time. What am I?” he stretched his arms as he waited, closing his glowing
eyes as his joints presumably cracked and relaxed.

“A heart,” Hermione answered as Pennywise cracked an eye open as he continued stretching, now moving onto his spine. A nod was the only affirmation she was given as he immediately launched into the next riddle almost offhandedly.

“I can make people happy,” the clown smiled toothily, “I can make people sad,” adding a pout for effect, “I can make people want me,” he growled deeply, “and I Can. Drive. People. Crazy. What am I?” he pierced her with his eyes as he dangled silently, waiting for her answer, which came only a few seconds later.

She stared into his eyes, examining their creepily bright depths and she could have sworn she saw something darker in them as she told him the first of her two answers, “Misery…” Pennywise scoffed, harrumphing and balling his hands into fists as he grit his teeth. Hermione was… right, but he knew that she also knew the true answer he’d been looking for.

“Oh…” he supplied knowingly, irritated at having to ask her again.

“…Love,” she bit out, pointedly looking away from him and tightening her crossed arms and legs as she visually tried to shut him out.

“Do you understand now, Hermione?” Pennywise muttered cryptically, drawing her eyes back to his with his serious inflection and blank face. The witch shot up from her seated position on the rock, her hair flying around her as she moved to back away,

“I’ve had enough riddles for one lifetime, thank you very much,” she announced, trying to cope with the information her mind suddenly pieced together.

Keeping her eyes on the clown in the tree, she only made a few steps back when she stopped, gasping loudly. Sensing her upcoming flight, Pennywise had begun turning his head around so it was the only body part right side up while the rest of him remained upside down. His eyes burned red-hot as he glared at her now shivering form.

“And here I thought we were having such a good time…” he chided her gently, tapping his chin thoughtfully as he turned his head back around.

Then, as if her day couldn’t have gotten any weirder, the clown latched onto the tree’s trunk and climbed down face-first like a lizard, or a spider, Hermione grimaced, remembering Aragog’s children climbing the walls of Hogwarts as he did now. This man... he isn’t human! When Pennywise reached the ground, he began stalking towards the witch who suddenly began backing away, realizing that he was coming for her. She whimpered as his shadow fell over her, but luckily, she pulled out her wand just in time.

_Aqua Eructo!_ A jet of water exploded out of her wand, throwing the charging clown away from her as she began to run away. Snarling echoed behind her as thundering footsteps trailed her smaller form. She could hear his loud panting from a few meters away, so she sent back an _avis_ and _oppugno_, swarming her target with an angry swarm of birds. However, Pennywise was quick to grab each little canary and squeeze them until their little beady eyes popped out.

Hermione didn’t want to hurt him, especially knowing now that he counted as a non-human yet sentient magical creature. It wasn’t his fault that he was the way he was, it was in his nature to shape-shift and feed on... _I will figure a way to solve this if I get out of here alive..._ His weight suddenly bearing down on her back knocked her to the forest floor. Squirming underneath him, her nails grasped the dirt as she tried to wrestle free. However, she was thwarted when Pennywise picked her
up, allowing her bare legs to dangle helplessly. A scared wheeze left her lips when she realized that her wand was still on the ground, and completely out of her reach, out of all the times to regret not learning wandless summoning…

The wind Hermione had just gotten back into her chest was squeezed out of her as the gangly clown clutched her tightly to his chest, both arms wrapping around her torso and arms, trapping them at her sides. An inhuman purr escaped him as he nuzzled her ear with his painted nose, evoking a nervous squeak to escape her matching lips at the touch to one of her erogenous zones. Chuckling, Pennywise’s wet chest rumbled as he trailed his nose and lips along her neck, taking the scenic route to their true destination. He kissed the skin connecting her pale column to her creamy shoulders, oddly gently considering his previous behavior.

However, he was soon back to his harsh mannerisms when he suddenly sunk his pointed teeth deep into her shoulder. Hermione screamed and thrashed, throwing her head back in anguish as he began thrusting his teeth unevenly into the wound in an attempt to make it scar. The sounds of the witch’s wails aggravated him, urging him to soothe the mark, which he immediately began doing.

She jolted at the feeling of his inky black tongue lazily lapping the blood that had spilled from her wound and trailed down her skin. When the surrounding skin was clean, he moved his tongue carefully over the bite itself, not delving into the breached skin because he knew it would be extremely painful. He smiled dazedly, drunk on her blood, when he realized she was calming down with each swipe of his tongue.

Her sobs had long become hiccups, making her periodically jolt in his grasp and reward him with the vision of her bouncing breasts as he pulled away from her neck. Gingerly, he lapped up her salty tears, only pausing as she began speaking.

“W-why…?” Hermione asked hoarsely, her voice weak from screaming and crying.

Pennywise smiled, rubbing his damp cheek against her own before moving to breathe against her lips, “Because you’re mine, little doll.”

With that, he sealed their matching red lips together. Hermione tasted her blood first and foremost, but she could also taste his caramel and buttery undertones. Meanwhile, Pennywise reveled in her vanilla and caramel flavors, only accented by the spike of fear in her lingering blood that made him moan into the witch’s mouth. He intertwined his snake-like tongue with her human one and rubbed along it like he had the week before. The resounding moan came from Hermione’s throat, making him smirk against her lips. After about a minute of playing in her mouth, he pulled away. Whisky gleamed into amber dazedly, both parties breathing heavily with the air they neglected during their kiss.

“Now, doll…” Hermione pouted at the pet name the clown had given her, “Everyone will know you’re taken. Don’t cover it up,” he ordered her with a stern glare, “Otherwise, Pennywise will be very upset with you,” he giggled at his rhyming, his mood turning an entire one-eighty.

“What, don’t wear this dress for anyone else but me. I will kill anyone who even thinks about you in it,” he growled into her ear, making sure she knew his threats weren’t idle.

Hermione couldn’t tell if the resounding shiver was from genuine fear or arousal. It wouldn’t even surprise her if it was both at the same time. At her firm nod, the taller clown placed her gently down on the ground, surveying the angry red mark on her neck as he took a step away from her. It wasn’t a full mating bite, but it was a claiming bite.

“What are you…Pennywise?” she whispered. The clown’s amber eyes shimmered lovingly as he
looked into her whisky depths. He smiled, showing her his uneven buck teeth.

“Yours,” Pennywise relented, his voice merely a whisper. He teleported away, leaving her to use her vine wand to find a way out of the forest.

★★★

June 28th, 1989

Hermione had spent the entire night and morning pouring over research on every single magical creature known to man that she could with her limited resources, and she couldn’t find anything. At one point in her insomniac train of thought, the witch got the idea to write to Newt Scamander, a man she knew who had fought for magical creatures during the war with Grindelwald in the twenties. If she remembered right, many of the creatures were American, so he might know what Pennywise was and more about his species’ habits. After getting a large cup of coffee and some painkiller potion for her neck, because goddamnit that hurt, she penned out a quick letter to the 92-year-old.

Dear Mr. Scamander,

My name is Detective Hermione Granger, and I am currently working on a case for MACUSA that has to do with multiple child disappearances. During my investigation, there has been this lingering presence around me. He appeared to me through old photos, a No-Maj television set, and even in person as he’s harassed both me and some of the local children.

Whatever he is, at least, I’m pretty sure he’s a he, can also cloak himself to adults and shapeshift into whatever the target fears the most. Is there anything native to Maine that you can think of that resembles a boggart?

It’s bit me and claimed me as its own. I fear for my life, as well as the lives of the children in Derry, Maine. I would leave if I could, but the last time I did, four of them disappeared. I desperately need your advice.

You more than anyone could understand my dilemma. I don’t want to hurt him, and I certainly don’t want him falling into the clutches of MACUSA’s wand-happy unspeakables. However, I also don’t want any more children to possibly die because of my reluctance.

I await your answer,

Detective Hermione Jean Granger

Sighing heavily, she sealed the letter with a jinxing hex that would sting anyone, other than Mr. Scamander, who tried to open it. She tapped it with her wand, sending it to her outbox in the mailroom at MACUSA’s headquarters.
The witch could tell that the coffee was wearing off as she got up to finally get some much-needed sleep. Laying down in her soft and silky pajamas, she thought about the locals she’d come to know. Beverly was her first friend. Ben was her research partner. Richie was the lovable joker. Bill was the persistently sad leader. Stan was the voice of reason. Eddie was the little worrier she wanted to protect. Mike was the strength, the backbone the group needed.

Then there was Bill Gray. Every moment with him had her falling deeper in love with him. He was a bit controlling, but he was always ready to listen to her, to help her, to need her. It was nice to feel wanted for being herself, rather than just for her brain or body.

She would protect them all. *I vow, here and now, to not let this thing hurt anyone else. This I swear.*

Chapter End Notes

*Well, I hope you liked it.*
*Disclaimer: those riddles weren't mine. I'm not that clever, lol!*
*I think there will be one more chapter until the movie plot line picks back up with the Fourth of July parade.*
*As always, let me know if you have questions. It's nice to get these chapters out quickly, but I likely made a few mistakes along the way...*
Temptations

Chapter Notes

Well, would you look at that. I seem to have broken my record once more at +5700 words. Most of it is NSFW, however, there isn't any actual sex. We've got a long while to wait for that, because its a slow burn and I want to make their first time meaningful.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 30th, 1989

Hermione felt like she’d been sitting on eggshells for the past two days. She hadn’t heard back from Newt Scamander, not that she truly expected to hear from the old man soon, but she had to keep telling herself that the kidnapper wasn’t likely to strike again anytime soon. After all, he, or she, had been acting once every month with the exception of the three extras in June. So, perhaps the next one won’t happen until October, she pondered.

Pennywise also occupied much of her mind. Now that she knew he was more of a magical creature than a man, Hermione had to consider her research from that point of view. He was old, very old, if the black and white print from Derry’s founding was anything to go by. The clown could also shape-shift and turn invisible, which was proven by the incidences where she’d protected Eddie and where she’d seen Harry. Telepathic abilities and teleportation also had to be in his repertoire, just because there was no other way for him to materialize into her television set and speak to her as well as manipulate something as sentient as a swarm of balloons. Mimicry was certainly his best skill, and when it was paired with the shape shifting, he was downright convincing. But why would he kidnap children?

As for that, he’d given her a bit of a clue during their riddle game a few days previously. Whatever he was, Pennywise seemed to require human children to survive, and he’d hinted that he was eating them. Hermione shivered at the gruesome mental pictures that flooded her mind at the thought. But why children? Why not adults? They have more mass, don’t they? Maybe it was the youthful taste of children that he craved instead of the aged adult flesh.

A sudden thought came to her. That day when she had her panic-attack in the kitchen, Pennywise, using a child’s voice, told her to wipe her tears even though he couldn’t see her. This meant that he must have a heightened sense of smell, and he could smell her tears…

Of course! Hermione slammed her hands down on her desk when the epiphany hit her suddenly, he’s eating children because their emotions are so much more vibrant. Those going through puberty and younger still have fluctuating emotional ranges, so they are easy to sniff out. Also, he closely resembles a boggart, so he must be scaring them and then eating them when their emotional levels are at their highest. That has to be it!

With this hypothesis in mind, it made so much sense. No wizard or No-Maj would’ve been able to get away with the kidnappings without her or MACUSA finding out at this point. There were no wards strong enough to manipulate every auror that came to Derry before her, at least not to the extent that Pennywise’s did.
There was also the clown’s eerie fixation on her that made her worry. He’d made it perfectly clear that he didn’t want her going anywhere as well as the fact that he didn’t want other men coming near her. Given the threat on the phone, he also knew about the Losers’ Club, so if she stepped out of his crudely-drawn line, he knew exactly where to strike to make her regret it.

The large bite on her shoulder pulsed with pain periodically, but seemed to have faded to a manageable wound. At first, she’d worried that he infected her with a poisonous venom that would turn her into what he was, but after the first day of scrubbing out the wound, that idea became chalked up to hysteria. Gingerly, Hermione trailed her finger along the bite, shivering when she actually felt a bit aroused at the motion, that’s new.

Unconsciously, she continued circling the wound, rubbing her thighs together as she considered further. Pennywise carried typical animalistic characteristics, which should have tipped her off from the start, given the disappearances only happened within Derry and didn’t stray from the little town even slightly. His mark was much more obvious, a behavior usually seen in cats and other primal mammals. Ugh, why me?

Truly, adventure seemed to always find her, and becoming an obsession for an ancient “fear-demon” was quickly climbing to the top of her biggest risks. She only had an inkling to his true power, and it wouldn’t be such a good idea to enrage him without knowing what he could really do. Who knew what Pennywise could do if she pushed him far enough?

Looking at the map she’d placed on her bulletin board, she carefully marked the locations of the four new disappearances with a guilty hand. Sighing, she tried to place the pattern, but she might as well have been trying to clean her bathtub with dirt; it was impossible and led to frustration. He seemed to strike wherever and whenever he wanted. However, he hunted sparsely, and only those younger than sixteen, the oldest being Amber Burke and the youngest being Frederick Cowan, she thought contemplatively.

The sudden ring of her telephone in the other room had her shooting up out of her desk chair in surprise. Running into her bedroom, the witch flipped the light switch and practically leaped onto her bed to grab the red phone before it stopped ringing. Laying on her stomach, she held the phone to her ear.

“Hello?” Hermione asked, genuinely wondering who was on the other end.

“Hey Hermione, it’s Bill. I was wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight. We can just stay at your house if you want to… Err, I mean if you’re more comfortable… That is to say…” he let out a long sigh, making Hermione’s heart stutter in anticipation and pity.

“I’m... sorry... about the other day. I just… I’ve never met anyone like you, Hermione. And I’m worried I frightened you—” That made the witch bust out laughing.

“Oh, ha, ha, ha! Bill, don’t worry. You didn’t frighten me. I liked what you were doing, but we were moving a bit fast. I want to get to know you more before we take that next step in our relationship. Hell, I’m still getting used to calling you ‘boyfriend’.” On the other end, Pennywise smiled shyly, giddy that Hermione wasn’t denying him by rejecting the honorific. He almost didn’t catch Hermione’s next sentence as he was too busy celebrating that he hadn’t lost her trust in his Bill persona, the form she was mostly unguarded around.

“I am free now if you want to come over. I wasn’t planning on doing anything—”

“That’s fine! I was the one who offered, so don’t go out of your way to plan something,” he supplied, remembering to be on his best behavior as the doting human boyfriend.
“Uhh, okay. Are you sure you won’t get bored?” Hermione asked, unsure.

“Of course not! I’ll be over in say... a half hour?” Bill proposed, a light tint brightening his voice.

“Yeah, sounds good. I’ll be waiting for you,” she teased in a sultry undertone, knowing how Bill felt about her. A gasping choke followed by the sound of Bill dropping his receiver echoed from the phone. Hanging up, Hermione giggled, naive to the monster she just unleashed in the depths of Derry’s sewers.

★★★

As the end of the half hour approached, the sky had gotten steadily greyer with storm clouds. It seemed Hermione had chosen correctly to remain indoors for the rest of the evening. Rain had begun falling in a downpour as thunder followed lightning periodically. The storm only got worse as she waited, hoping that Bill was alright in the storm. She’d never seen him drive, so maybe he didn’t have a car at all.

Fidgeting with her outfit, a pair of red silky pajama pants and a long-sleeved matching silk top, she wondered if it was appropriate to reject the taller man’s sexual advances yet parade around in her pajamas as if his feelings didn’t matter. Hermione didn’t know what she wanted. She wasn’t quite ready for sex, especially since it had been a long time since she wanted to open herself up to someone in that way. However, that didn’t mean she didn’t want everything else Bill could give her in the meantime.

A sharp knocking on her door mixed so well with the thunder cracks that she barely could tell the difference. Well, it’s too late to change now, she shrugged, marching over to the door. At least I’m wearing a bra… The witch threw open the door, only to be met with a thoroughly soaked Bill Gray holding equally soaked atypically-colored roses. His drenched state didn’t seem to bother him because he grinned widely upon seeing her.

“Hey Hermione, you picked a great day to stay inside. Wouldn’t want you getting all wet, now would we?” he shuffled past her innocently, dripping purposefully onto the ceramic tiles next to the fireplace. She caught his little innuendo, and was glad he still felt the same.

Grinning she ordered, “Hang on, I’ll get you some towels,” the little witch rushed upstairs, giving the clown the satisfaction of watching her body’s curves bounce as she ascended.

Digging through her hall closet, she grabbed two fluffy white towels before rushing into her room and riffling through her wardrobe until her hand latched onto familiar material. Hermione grabbed the oversized flannel pants that had belonged to Ron during the time they’d dated. At times like this, she was glad she still had them and hadn’t gotten rid of them. After grabbing her hairbrush and an oversized t-shirt depicting the Ghostbusters, she ran back down the stairs to dry off her boyfriend.

“Here,” she spoke briefly, unfolding a towel with a flick and proceeding to throw it over his head and rub it around as if she were polishing a shoe.

Bill flinched at first before standing still and letting her dry his hair. After a minute or two she let up on his head and lazily draped the damp towel around his neck and surveyed her victim’s head. It was relatively dry, but the short dark strands stood up, hung down, and draped across his blushing face.

“Okay, that’s better. You can change into these so you won’t catch a cold, because, let me tell you,
it’s not pleasant,” she joked handing him the pajamas and turning around so he could change where he was.

Hermione didn’t catch how his eyes narrowed at the pants and how his eyes flashed amber when he smelled another man on them after bringing them to his face. The surprise he felt in that moment made him stand there for a while. Feelings of possession welled up inside his black heart as his brain tried to rationalize what he should do. Nonetheless, Hermione was his now, and putting his own scent down in place of the other male’s would erase it, thus solidifying his claim further. Nodding firmly, he disrobed out of his wet jeans and put on the much more comfortable flannel pants. Silently, he began peeling his shirt off just as Hermione turned around.

“Are you done ye—gah!” she blushed loudly at the sight of Bill’s well-defined abs and pectorals.

Sparse hair littered the man’s chest, trailing neatly in a line to the waistline of the flannel pants. She wanted to lick it. However, Bill seemed to be struggling to get the wet bunch of his t-shirt off of his head and arms. Chuckling lowly, she walked over to him and began reaching for the caught material.

“Need some help, big guy?” she spoke sultrily, trailing a nail around his right nipple.

The man jumped, unconsciously leaning into her finger before he sighed defeatedly, “...yes,” Hermione could just tell from his stance that he was pouting behind the shirt.

Giggling, the witch stood on her tip-toes and yanked the material over his head and arms in a few jerky motions. When the shirt was off and had fallen to the tiles with a splat, Hermione dazedly leaned into Bill’s chest and continued circling the puckered bud. The man, in turn, wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer so they were touching fully.

“Having fun?” he teased above her, resting his chin on the top of her head.

“Yeah,” Hermione licked her lips and nestled her head into his chest, continuing to stroke him gently.

“Good,” the smugness she could feel radiating off of him motivated her to retaliate.

Innocently turning her head, she suddenly engulfed the cold bud into her warm mouth. Bill moaned lowly at the motion and pushed her head closer with a hand at the back of her neck. Hermione sucked eagerly before biting down, making him yelp and let up suddenly. Thinking she’d hurt him, she tried soothing the small bruise with a few licks of her velvety tongue. To her surprise as well as Pennywise’s, she actually wrangled a whimper out of him.

Hermione laughed at the puppy-like noise and gently pulled away from him. She picked up the black shirt and handed it to him, turning around to grab the towel that had fallen off of his shoulders as well as the wet clothes Bill had been wearing. Walking downstairs, she carefully hung the three items on the small drying rack next to the washer. The witch still needed to fix the dryer, but hadn’t gotten around to it. Belatedly, she realized that Bill hadn’t been wearing underwear… nor is he wearing anything at the moment, isn’t he? Hermione blushed again at the thought of his “large size in the genital department”.

Large pale arms encircled her small waist in the darkness, making her gasp at the possibility of another killer hiding in her basement waiting for the opportunity to grab her. Those same stiff abs from before and the cock she’d just been fantasizing about molded themselves to her back as warm air tickled her right ear, making her shiver.

“Here you are, love. I was wondering where you’d run off to with my clothes. Rather cozy down
here isn’t it?” his messy damp hair curled slightly, tickling her cheek as he leaned over her.

“Woah,” she yelped, surprised when her feet suddenly left the floor and found themselves wrapped around Bill’s lean waist.

His arm cradled her arse as he began walking, causing her to wrap her arms around his neck and tighten her thighs around his middle. Hermione breathed heavily, burying her head into his neck. Her steps on the stairs, Bill “accidentally” ground his member against her core, causing her to moan helplessly. She was trapped. The devil only clicked his tongue at her position patronizingly.

“You’ve only brought this on yourself, you know,” he punctuated with an obvious thrust against her clit. Hermione gaped at the sensation, whimpering as she clutched him tighter.

Gently, he sat down on her living room couch and moved Hermione’s legs so they weren’t crushed. His plump lips were tight as she watched her grab the neglected hairbrush intently and began going through his curly snarls. It took longer than she thought it would, however, it was worth it to hear the little noises she pulled from him in the meantime.

It turns out, a surprise to them both it seemed, that Bill had a bit of a hair kink as much as she had an ear kink. He wriggled underneath her each time she pulled a bit harder. When she massaged his scalp after yanking out a knot, he moaned into her ear, his pupils blown wide with arousal. He even made that cute squeaky whimper when she slicked it back into its usual style. The rock she now seemed to be sitting on was enough proof that he was enjoying it as much as he sounded like he was.

Fully aroused, he gripped her pajama-clad hips tightly, breathing tightly through his nose and trying to keep still. Hermione could tell he was trying hard to not break her wish of no sex, but she could at least help him out. As it was her fault he was in this situation. Gripping the dark hairs at the base of his neck, she leaned in and whispered into his ear.

“Bill, you’ve been such a good boy today,” she praised, surprised when he let out a loud “Ngh!” at the phrase and thrust weakly into her core.

“So I’ll make a deal with you,” she pulled away and looked into his hazy cobalt eyes. At his eager nod and squeeze of her hips, she continued.

“I’ll let you touch a piece of me tonight to get yourself off... i-if you wish,” her dominant confidence beginning to wane as he reclined silently beneath her.

“Yes,” he growled at her, “I do… please, Hermione. I need it,” Pennywise belatedly remembered to be polite in light of her surprise mercy.

Hermione blushed silently and nodded, the last of her assertiveness leaving her as Bill began running his hands over her. Starting at her roots, he trailed through her hair, brushing her cheeks and neck as he went further. He ran his palms over her shoulders and down her arms, lacing his fingers through her own momentarily before bringing all of her knuckles to his lips and kissing them briefly. Going back up to her collar bones, he skimmed them, smirking when she giggled at the sensation he caused. When he got to her supple breasts, he squeezed them like a child might have, as if he’d never done so before. She gasped at him, but he ignored her, only palming her abdomen purposefully with little rubs before reaching around under her arse to squeeze it like he’d done with her breasts. Jolting into him further, he tested her thighs, knees, and shins with little pokes. He also ran his pointer fingers along both of the bottoms of her feet, watching spellbound as she giggled again, grasping his shoulders.

Looking into his eyes once more, she noticed that they shined with an otherworldly light. Feelings of
adoration and care welled up in her at the sight, making her gently connect his forehead with hers and brush his nose with her own. She hummed as she hugged him tighter and her heart sang as he hugged her in return. His rasping whisper against her mouth made her shiver with anticipation.

“I think I’ve made my decision. Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Pennywise asked, desperately hoping that she’d let him continue.

“Yes,” she nodded as Bill kissed her lips lightly before urging her to sit up with a tap of his hand.

When Hermione sat up, her lower half still straddled his waist. Large pale hands were grasping at the lapels of her silk top and unbuttoning it before her wide whisky eyes. At this moment, the witch was glad to have worn her lacy black bra, because Bill’s expression upon seeing it was priceless.

His mouth dropped open, revealing his perfect teeth and smooth tongue. Drool started to leak from the side of his lip as his brain presumably short-circuited. Smirking at his stillness, Hermione decided to help him out. Gingerly, she picked up his hands that had fallen to her waist once more and placed them on the silk covered mounds. At first, he didn’t move, making the witch worry she’d broken him. *I know they’re better than average, but they’re not that nice!* She panicked.

Luckily, he gently cupped them to calm her racing heartbeat, a result from the fear he could smell coming off of her on his behalf. His face was blank as his right hand wrapped around her body to pull the shirt off of her. Once she was mostly stripped from her navel and upwards, her arms instinctively came up to cover her chest.

“Hermione?” Bill gently moved her arms, “You are beautiful, so there is nothing I want you to hide from me,” he crooned into her ear as he secretly unhooked her bra, pulling it away as he leaned back into the couch.

The witch whimpered as she realized what he’d done. She made to chide him, but if she thought his face before made him look brain-dead, then the expression he held now made him look like he’d found heaven amongst the afterlife. His eyes twinkled as lightning struck outside, lighting up her mood. Drool continued to flow down his chin in a slow trickle and his nose flared with his heavy inhalations. He looked high, in all honesty, but she knew he wasn’t. Hermione was deeply surprised when he suddenly hugged her, nudging his forehead into her neck and kissing her sternum.

“They’re perfect, Hermione, absolutely perfect. Thank you,” he sighed against her.

The amount of reverence in his voice made her tear up as she stroked his hair invitingly, kissing the top of his damp head. Carefully, he moved her so they were in the same position as the other day with him straddling her as she laid on the couch. He looked down at her, taking delight in the vision of her hair strewn all around her bared chest. It was so inviting: the dark strands framing the creamy peaks with their cherry-like nipples that begged to be sampled as she’d sampled his earlier. *Payback, Hermione,* he thought as he leaned in.

A sudden warmth on her breast caused her to look down from her view of the ceiling. Gasping, she saw Bill’s lips puckered around her right nipple. It was exactly what she’d done to him earlier, but she seemed to be a lot more sensitive as she bucked up into his crotch as he began sucking.

*Good… Mine… Want… Offspring. To. Feed. Elsewhere! Mine!* Pennywise rumbled internally, reveling in Hermione’s flavor. While no milk came forward, he could taste its potential alongside her cherry blossom soap. Carelessly, he humped her once more, glad that there were fewer layers between them this time. She was so good, perfect in fact. Bill hadn’t been lying when he told her that.
When all he could taste was himself, he switched breasts. Meanwhile, Hermione had thrown her head back and moaned loudly. Luckily there was a thunderstorm outside, otherwise her neighbors would have likely heard her.

“Bill! I-I’m going to come. s-soon!” she gasped in between his hard thrusts.

He grinned wolfishly, “What a coincidence! Me too!” he chuckled as he kept his pace.

“How’s about your pretty little lips count backward from ten for me?” he dictated, Hermione only nodded confusedly before complying.

“T-ten,” he thrusted, kissing her nose.

“N-nine,” he thrusted, kissing her lips.

“E-eight,” he thrusted, kissing the spot between her shoulder and neck.

“S-seven,” he thrusted, licking her neck with his serpentine tongue.

“S-six,” he thrusted, attaching himself back to her breast and squeezing her hips.

“F-five!” he thrusted, rubbing her clit after finding it easily through her pants.

“F-four!” he thrusted, tilting her neck back and to the side, a goal in mind.

“T-three!” he thrusted, licking between her mounds and grazing his teeth over both of them.

“T-two!” he thrusted, Hermione grabbed his hair, watching as his eyes flared open wide.

“One!” he thrusted, pinching the helix of her ear, her clit, and biting her left breast around the nipple.

Three things happened at once: they yelled as their orgasms whited out their visions, simultaneous thunder and lightning shook the house, and the power went out, encasing the panting couple in darkness. Bill recovered first, subtly vanishing the inky liquid staining his pants. Hermione did the same it seemed, sending little comforting ripples across his mind.

“Woah,” she breathed, her breasts rising and falling in the dark.

“Yeah… I can certainly say that’s never happened to me before,” Hermione’s responding giggle made him smile and pull her up into their previous sitting position. Lazily, he kissed her lips, initiating post-orgasm cuddling which the little witch was all for.

“I didn’t hurt you too badly, did I?” Bill asked against her lips, trailing the bite he made on her breast with his finger, mocking what she did at the beginning of the evening.

She moaned in both pleasure and pain as he did so, “Ungh! No, you didn’t,” she sagged against him, wrapping herself around him like a sleepy child. Smiling against her curls, he grabbed her shirt with his foot and traded it to his hand. Once he had it, he draped it across her back before moving her arms so they went through the sleeves. Hermione stared at him, her eyes only slits in the darkness as he turned her around to get the bottom buttons. When he skimmed her mounds again, he flipped her back over on his chest. After placing a brief sucking kiss over each cherry nub, he finished buttoning her shirt and let her resume her position on his chest.

While they waited for the power to come back on, Hermione slept and Bill held her protectively, periodically nuzzling the claiming bite he was surprised she hadn’t noticed she revealed to him. He was a bit peeved by that. If he had been anyone else, she wouldn’t have thought twice about letting
him hump her without considering what Pennywise would do to her in retaliation for her infidelity. Luckily, she was only cheating on him with himself, so he let it slide. Besides, he was making great strides in this form, something that hadn’t been done in his favored form lately.

The lights came back on with a flicker as the rain continued to pour outside. Standing up, holding Hermione to him in her sleep, he walked into the kitchen to get his little lover something to eat upon her awakening. Of course, he could smell the hunger on her the moment she orgasmed, so he’d waited until she was close to emerging from sleep.

Grabbing a small bowl of strawberries and a little block of cheese from the fridge and a sleeve of crackers from a cupboard, he placed the food on a plate, grabbed a glass of water, and wandered back into the living room. Upon sitting back down on the couch, he placed the food on the adjoining side table. Despite how cute the witch looked to him in her sleep, he needed to take care of her.

Purring, he began to rub her back and her stomach growled as if on cue. Hermione moaned, waking up out of her light doze. As she wiped her eyes childishly, Pennywise kissed her nose.

“There’s my girl!” he teased, rubbing her back once more, “I brought you something to eat. Do you want me to feed you again?” he only half-joked. The prospect of feeding her was… tempting. However, he had the feeling he’d stretched the limit of their relationship enough for one day. Just as he thought, she declined.

“No, I’m fine,” she muttered, reaching for the strawberries and digging into them with that same ferocity he’d come to associate with her. When she was done, red juice lined her lips and chin. **Ever the messy eater, aren’t you, doll?**

Chuckling, Bill leaned into her space and licked the juice up from her beautifully stained lips. Hermione blushed as though he hadn’t been sucking and biting her at his leisure an hour ago, making him snicker.

“Sorry, dear, but you taste too good for me to not clean you up when you make such a mess, you dirty girl,” his fangs threatened to emerge at how extensive her blush suddenly became. It had spread down her neck, making her look like her pajamas were a part of her skin.

“Guh!” Hermione could no longer form words, instead reaching for the cheese and biting down so she didn’t have to speak anymore.

Pennywise was beside himself with humor. His little witch looked like a mouse, nibbling at her cheese hungrily. He remembered the small rat that tried to burrow into his hair. If he could somehow turn Hermione into a tiny rat, he’d let her do that to him. And when he wanted to, he could take her out and pet her, let her nibble on his fingers, feed her the human food she craved. It would certainly be easy to carry her everywhere, even on his hunts. He’d keep her away from the other vermin in his lair, otherwise they’d rape and eat her.

However, if he did that, he couldn’t enjoy her body, her words, or her magic. Pennywise couldn’t deny that he liked her for how she was, and he knew Hermione felt the same. Checking on her, he noticed she’d devoured the crackers as well and was sipping on the water he’d brought in a way that told him of her extreme dehydration. Suddenly, Hermione hiccuped, embarrassedly looking away from him.

“Aww, did you eat too fast?” he teased patronizingly as the extreme blush returned with a vengeance. Hermione opened her mouth to say something, but another hiccup interrupted her.

Bill giggled, “Here, love. Sip on this, don’t guzzle, okay?” his witch pouted at him, but complied.
Soon enough her little jolts stopped, however, she let out a loud guttural burp instead, making the couple’s eyes widen silently.

Hermione covered her mouth with a slap, looking like she was about to pass out in mortification at the noise. Thinking she was going to get up, Bill pulled her closer into his iron grip. He nuzzled her ear when she dove her face into his neck to avoid making eye contact. The little whimper that left her made him smile.

“That was probably the cutest thing I’ve ever seen, just so you know,” he whispered against her ear before sucking the lobe into his mouth. Hermione gritted her teeth but clenched him tighter.

“Hey, Hermione. Look at me, please?” Hermione, rippling with defiance, flung her head back to stick her tongue out at him. Bill only laughed, there’s that fire.

“Seriously, I love you, and I want you to know that. If it takes twelve more dates to get to that next level, then so be it. I just want to be close to you, and that includes stuff like this,” he grinned as he felt her love for him soar, excellent. However, there was a bit of confusion tinting it.

“Nine,” she countered, leaning back in his lap.

“You told me that you wanted thirteen more dates?” now Pennywise was confused.

“I meant that I wanted thirteen dates in all, you tosser,” she joked, smacking his arm.

“Ow! Watch where you’re swinging those twigs!” he blocked her as she moved to hit him again.

“Well, I don’t see much on you either, Mr. Muscles,” she countered sassily, making him laugh.

The night continued much the same way. Hermione revealed that she was a detective, however, she didn’t tell him the nature of the case. Bill told her about his totally made-up job as a sewer technician. They revealed their favorite colors, his being red and hers being violet. Favorite movies came up. Pennywise prompted her with Nosferatu and she countered with Back to the Future, snickering at its irony as she’d used time travel before.

Even later, Hermione was falling asleep while reading in Bill’s lap. When the book finally fell from the unconscious witch’s hands, an inhuman paw snatched it from the air before it hit the floor. Setting it back on the table next to the empty plate and glass, Pennywise scented the sleeping witch, pulling down her shirt to lick at his claiming mark. The action combined with his purring lulled Hermione into a deeper sleep.

Standing, the pajama-clad clown held his love bridal-style as he carried her upstairs. He slowly walked down the hall, careful not to knock Hermione’s head or feet on the walls. When he got to her room, he set her down on her bed and threw the covers over her. Crookshanks, who had been waiting in the armchair, hopped on the bed and snuggled up to his mistress. Pennywise, back in his clown shape, scratched the feline’s head and sent out a familial purr. The cat purred in return, closing its small amber eyes to sleep. Now then… he thought, turning to survey the room.

He hadn’t exactly looked through her belongings the last time he was here, as he had been a bit preoccupied at the time. Rifling through her wardrobe, he quickly came across Hermione’s small lingerie collection. There were only three sets, but one of them was a thong and corset, so he still counted it as a win.

After going through her bathroom and office, he was satisfied. Pennywise would allow her to figure him out slowly. After all, she wasn’t leaving him, so there was no point in fogging her so soon. As he stepped back into the witch’s room, he settled into the vacant armchair to watch over her.
However, a sudden thought came to him. Marching into her office, he stole a piece of blank paper and wrote down a little message.

*Hey Love,*

*In a few days, there is a costume party held in the High School’s gymnasium. It is 1920s-themed this year, and I think you’d like it. If you’re up for it, find a dress and I’ll pick you up an hour before it starts. It’s also a dance, so don’t wear heels unless you’re that confident.*

*See you soon,*

*Bill*

*P.S. If you think your dancing ability is pitiful, then you can stand on my feet and I’ll lead you around that way.*

Satisfied with his note, he placed it on the nightstand next to her bed and settled back down into the chair, knowing that he’d be gone before she woke up. Smirking, Pennywise summoned the roses he’d left downstairs as well as the empty vase he’d seen near them. After arranging the flowers, he conjured water into the vase the same way he usually replaced human drinks with blood. *There,* he thought, staring at the mostly white roses. He’d immediately thought of Hermione when he saw them outside Derry’s minimal flower shop. They were white roses, but they’d been crossbred with something that made them look like they’d been dipped in blood.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. I originally planned to include the dance in this chapter, but I liked this scene too much to cut to the dance. So, that's what's going on next chapter. Then comes the high times of the parade, all the way up to the post-Neibolt breakup of the Losers' Club. I would've warned about spoilers, but you all knew this was coming.
Huffing, Hermione continued her assault on her unruly mane. Unfortunately, it was just one of those days where her hair just didn’t want to cooperate. However, the petite witch wasn’t taking no for an answer. After brushing through it for at least ten minutes, while it was wet, she sighed, Hermione began her wandwork. That is to say, wandwork and a curling iron. When the bronze strands were sufficiently held in their curls, she bound them intricately so her hair now stopped halfway down her neck in a style typical of those with long hair in the 1920s.

Smiling at herself in the mirror, she quickly brushed her teeth and hurried into her bedroom to get dressed. The party wasn’t set to start for an hour, but Bill hadn’t said when he was going to pick her up. Hopefully he wouldn’t pick her up for a little while. The dress she’d found for the occasion at the local junk store seemed a little out of her comfort zone as far as maneuvering it onto her body. Well, and it was a little more revealing than what she was used to.

Slipping into the tight black fishnets was a bit of a challenge for her supple thighs, but luckily they didn’t rip. Attaching the material to the lacy garters, she secured the elastic bands to the matching garter belt that fell onto her hips. Her underwear and bra were of the same macabre-looking black lace that made up the garter set, making her look absolutely stunning, at least in her underwear.

Strutting over to her wardrobe, Hermione felt like a new woman, a confident one. Bending over, she reached for the black wingtip pumps and slid them on gracefully. When she bent back up, arms encircled her scantly-clad torso and pulled her backwards into a hard body. A loud squawk left her as she flailed her arms back to beat off the pervert who must have snuck into her house. The male’s resounding baritone chuckle behind her made her pause stiffly. His nose trailed over her neck and ear as he hugged her. When he spoke, Hermione calmed fully, realizing who he was.

“You know,” he lazily licked along her right carotid artery, “seeing you like this makes me want to skip the dance and have a little encore of our last ‘date’,” he punctuated with a squeeze at her hips along the belt.

“How the hell did you get in here?” Hermione sighed, reveling in Bill ministrations.

“You were the one who left your door unlocked,” his patronizing tone made her feel stupid she asked, “I just came up to make sure no one else got to you first,” he whispered against her other ear, nibbling the lobe.
“But when I saw you…” he hugged her tighter, “bent over,” he groaned sultrily, “I couldn’t help myself… You do things to me, Hermione,” he finished with a lick to her left carotid artery.

The flattered witch blushed deeply, turning in his grasp to face him, “You do things to me too, you know,” she smirked into his ivory collar, pulling and releasing his ebony suspenders with a snap.

“I know,” he rubbed his pale fingers along her skin teasingly, “How are my girls doing tonight?” he joked, tracing the black lace of her bra.

“They’re fine,” she replied indulgently, “a bit sore… I’d let you see for yourself, but I’d rather not be late,” she slid out of his grasp and put on the intricate crimson and black dress that stopped about mid-thigh with long black fringe stopping at her knees.

Black sequins made lines along the bust and hips, and ebony gems made flowers from her sternum to her navel. Luckily, the thick straps of the dress covered Pennywise’s garish mark on her shoulder. The back sloped dangerously close to her threadlike bra strap, but it was concealed artfully behind red fabric. Giggling, the witch twirled for her boyfriend, hoping he liked the dress. When she got dizzy, she swayed over to her bed and sat down, closing her eyes.

She felt the bed dip next to her and her eyes blinked open to survey Bill. He was fidgeting with her headband by flicking the small black peacock feathers childishly. Smirking at her now reclined form, he carefully settled the black band into her hair.

Smiling impishly at him in return, she leaped up from the bed and settled onto her vanity and began applying her matching lipstick, kohl eyeliner, and red sparkly eye shadow. She forwent the blush, knowing it would come naturally in Bill’s presence. Turning slowly in her chair to meet the eyes of the spellbound man still on her bed, she winked at him with a dark eyelid and surveyed his own outfit.

The white button-down shirt he wore was rolled up to his elbows in the way she liked. His collar was held by a red tie, showing of the pale expanse of his Adam’s apple. A red pinstripe vest went under the black suspenders he had holding up his black pinstripe pants. Hermione assumed the matching blazer was downstairs, as were his shiny black shoes, which she concluded upon only seeing his socks. Lastly, the witch noticed the matching fedora that he held in his hand.

Bill, striding over to her in his gangster costume, hat included, picked up the smaller woman and held her bridal-style as she squealed at being picked up.

“Well, well, well! It seems I’ve got a choice bit of calico right here,” he announced to Crookshanks who’d just paddled into the room.

“A bearcat with beautiful bubs,” he continued, nuzzling her breasts, “my hotsy-totsy Sheba,” he kissed Hermione’s confused lips, “my little tomato who knows her onions,” he grinned as realization shown in her whisky eyes.

“Come on, put me down. Bank’s closed, you dewdropper,” he set her back down with a laugh.

“Seriously, that’s the only slang I know,” she pat his arm, “Come on, we’re taking my car,” Hermione announced, grabbing her keys and striding out the open doorway. Bill followed her, only stopping to grab his blazer and slip on his shoes before getting into the passenger’s seat.
She’d almost forgotten about her black feather boa, but luckily, she’d left it in the car. When they got to the school, she wrapped it around herself, teasingly tickling Bill’s nose as she passed by him. However, he easily caught up to her due to his long legs. Taking her hand, he led her through the door other couples were going through.

Ragtime jazz music filled the room as at least forty couples danced around the gym floor. Some of them were students, others were adults. The wide array of costumes made for a colorful scene. Young girls in flapper dresses contrasted with the older ladies in mink coats who stubbornly donned them despite the summer’s warmth. There were gangsters like Bill next to Jay Gatsby look-alikes and newsies. A few teens dressing as railroad workers stood over by the punch bowl, seemingly too shy to dance with the cluster of girls dressed as gypsies.

Winking at Hermione, Bill twirled her around, easing them onto the dance floor. Gasping, the witch tripped over herself. Luckily, her dutiful boyfriend caught her in a bow that looked intentional despite being the middle of a song. Blushing enough to match her dress, she clutched his lapels tightly.

“Bill… I… I don’t know how to dance… like this,” she admitted embarrassedly.

“That’s okay, Hermione. Just… here, stand on my feet,” he murmured, helping her so only the heel part of her shoes were on the gym floor.

Hermione winced, “Doesn’t this hurt?” she whispered, staring into his warm cobalt eyes.

“Nope, I’m fine. See?” he affirmed, taking quick steps to reintegrate them into the crowd fast speed.

Grinning, she held his shoulders as he clutched her waist, leading them around the dancefloor artfully. When a slow song came on, she hopped off of his feet and learned the steps quickly with Bill barely separating from her. The rest of the room ceased to exist in that moment. Her eyes found his as they swayed back and forth in circles. At the conclusion, he dipped her once more, stealing a small kiss on her cheek.

Later, they went over to the small buffet table and Hermione loaded her plate up with fruit and little sandwiches. Walking through the slew of round tables, they found a small one with two chairs. Bill pulled her seat out for her in a lovely display of chivalry, earning him sighs of appreciation from the older women who had until this moment believed that chivalry was dead. He acted as though he hadn’t heard anything, only having eyes for Hermione.

She ate quickly, only realizing the food was gone when Bill started dabbing at her face with a napkin. Blushing, she thanked him, reapplying her lipstick with the tube she kept in the mini fringed purse at her side.

An announcing cough sounded from behind her, causing the couple to divert their eyes from each other and focus on the newcomer. Dressed in an older, but noticeable police uniform, Officer Bowers stood behind her, staring at Bill with a look of confused recognition.

“I’m sorry to bother you two,” he spoke, not sounding sorry at all, “but do you mind if I talk to you for a second?” he said, directing the question at Bill.

Confusion spreading across his features, he nodded, standing up to follow the stern man outside one of the numerous exit doors that lined the gym. Shrugging, Hermione wandered back over to the food table, looking for a garbage can. After throwing away her trash, she felt someone watching her.
Turning slowly, she glimpsed a certain mullet-wearing delinquent eyeing her contemplatively from his spot against the wall.

It seemed Henry had been brought here against his will, if his messy railroad worker costume was anything to go by. He’d clearly dressed in a hurry and had turned into a bit of a wallflower without his usual gang. The glaring boy wasn’t even hanging around the other stocky looking teens his age. _Oh, well_, it’s not like her date was standing around to entertain her, so she might as well keep the younger boy company.

Waving at the boy, she crooked her finger at him invitingly. Henry only blinked at her confusedly, blushing in the darkness off the dance floor. He stayed where he was, looking around to make sure she was gesturing at him. Looking at her once more, he pointed at himself and she nodded. Strolling over to her, she smiled shyly.

“Hey, you looked a bit lonely over there. Do you want to dance?” she offered, lucky that it was another slow song.

At his nod, she reached for his shoulders as he held her waist silently. This was so unlike what she usually saw from the wayward teen. His brutish aggressive mannerisms were gone as he held her gently at arms length. His hazel eyes gazed into hers searchingly, as if he were trying to place something. However, he looked away when she stared into his eyes.

“It’s Henry, right?” she asked, prompting him to speak to her.

At his nod, Hermione tilted her head, “Are you okay?”

He smirked weakly, “Yeah, ‘m fine. Just not used to dancing.”

“Yeah, this is my first time dancing. You’ve just got to get used to it,”

Henry shrugged, twirling her in time with the other couples, “I guess…”

Suddenly he stopped them, reaching for her hands clasped around his nape, “I know you, don’t I?” he elaborated.

Sighing lowly, she nodded, “Yes, I’m surprised you remembered that,”

Erratically, he shook his head, “No! I’ll never forget it,” he promised, gripping her hands tightly. “I sometimes wished you’d help me again when…” he trailed off realizing what he was saying. Sighing, Hermione removed her right hand from his and trailed it down his face.

“Y-you’re in pain,” Hermione realized, “has he been bothering you again,” she tilted his chin so he was looking at her. Weakly, nearly indecipherably, he tilted his head in a brief nod, as if he worried his father would beat him right then and there.

“That’s horrible, Henry. I wasn’t lying when I said that I wished there was more I could do for you,” she hugged him briefly before pulling away to grab his hand. Perhaps he wasn’t as far gone as she thought.

Hermione maneuvered the taller boy over to one of the exit doors and led him outside into the cool air, “Here,” she spoke softly, indicting for him to sit on the small bench nailed to the concrete.

When he did, she wandlessly wove diagnostic spells around his still form, muttering healing spells when her diagnostics caught something. A few minutes later, the younger boy looked a lot better, but he stared at her with new eyes. It seemed that he… admired her.
“Thanks, I feel a lot better now,” he spoke slyly, his trademark smirk sliding easily back onto his lips.

*Oh dear,* Hermione thought of the little crush she may or may not have instilled in the dangerous teen. “Good,” she nodded sheepishly, speeding back into the gymnasium and bee-lining it to the food table to guzzle down a few shots of “giggle water” that sat in plastic cups.

★★★★

Pennywise nearly groaned as the clearly senile officer tried to figure out where he’d seen his Bill Gray persona before. He supposed the officer might have seen him in his early teens during the clown’s last wakeful period, but it wasn’t like he remembered every little snot-nosed brat that grew up in his town. Usually, he just ate whatever child seemed the most appetizing at the time. This man must not have been that interesting as a child, because if he’d been this nosy then, he would have certainly been dinner.

Suddenly glaring, he fogged the man’s mind and slipped away, intent on finding out why Hermione had just been using magic. However, by the time he found her, Pennywise didn’t think he’d be getting much coherency out of her. She had her face planted against their table with about three empty plastic cups littered next to her. The mutterings coming from her painted lips, while cute, were hard to hear as she was slurring into a thick British accent.

“Well, wot dew yew wont, huh? Leave me alone and all the tossers find me! Luckily Seth wosn’t here…” she trailed off as Pennywise pulled her up to lead her to the door they came in.

He chuckled as his date sagged against him, *Oh ho ho! I guess I’m driving then. This will be fun!* Gingerly, the clown settled her into the passenger seat and buckled her in. Telepathically, he turned the car on and began driving. By the time they got to Hermione’s house, he’d only hit five garbage cans, a personal win in his opinion. After somehow parking in her garage, he carried his witch into the house.

Climbing up the stairs, he cradled her sleeping form close so she wouldn’t hit her head on the stairwell or upstairs wall. When they entered her dark bedroom, he set her down on her bed and did the thing he’d wanted to do all evening: take off her dress. The evening air coming through the open window pricked her skin, making it erupt in goosebumps. Smiling at her unconscious desire, he went over to shut the window and draw her curtains. After all, her body belonged to him and didn’t deserve to be seen by random passersby.

In the dark, his amber eyes shined as he trailed Bill’s hands along her stockings, memorizing the feel of them against her perfect creamy skin. Gently, he unhooked her garter belt and removed it, leaving the stockings on. Her bra came off next, his pale digits circling her cherry buds until they stiffened. The bite he’d made previously had faded considerably, which was good because he didn’t want to leave any lasting damage on such an important place.

Nuzzling the unconscious witch’s neck, he could smell the alcohol in her system along with intense feelings of both arousal for him and… conflict. *Why is there conflict?* Storing that little piece of information away for later, he resumed his perusal of his woman. She wouldn’t wake, he’d make sure of it.

Gingerly, he licked at her hard buds with his slick tongue, periodically sucking them into his mouth with circling swipes. She tasted amazing there, like ice cream and cherries. The more he sucked, the
more the cream flavor surfaced. So, he sucked harder, knowing that her lack of sobriety would keep her asleep. Some part of Pennywise, the more primal part looking for a mate to bear offspring, wanted to overstimulate her so much that they would leak for him despite her barren womb, something he gradually wanted to correct more and more each day with her. He grunted as he felt himself harden from the thought.

Crawling over his love like the spider he was, he resumed his new favorite position over her, straddling her waist as he humped his clothed cock over her lace-covered folds. Gritting his pointed teeth, he listened to her unconscious moans as he pumped. The sound of stitches popping came to his ears as he realized that his human form was being stretched into his clown body underneath his already tight-fitting suit. *Oh, well,* he shrugged. The costume meant nothing to him anyway.

Snarling, he dove back down to sample Hermione, nicking pinpricks along her nape. Drool dripped into the bloody spots, mingling with her blood and sealing itself inside her by closing the wounds so they were indistinguishable. Satisfied with his sudden plan, he growled out his orgasm into his ripped pants, tainting them with his inky sludge.

Hermione still twitched in her sleep, trying to get herself off. Purring, the handsomely-dressed clown trailed a gloved hand down to her underwear and rubbed the little nub he found there. To his surprise, the witch began moaning and humping his hand in her sleep. Rumbling eagerly, he crawled down her body from his perch above her, stopping at her panties. Holding her down by her thighs, he stuck his red nose into the fabric and nuzzled her clit.

Pennywise liked the smells coming from her there too it seemed, as he suddenly licked his serpentine tongue along her covered slit, catching some of the sweet slick that soaked through the lace. Something snapped within him at the taste, because he was ravenous in his sampling. Amber eyes bleeding crimson, he slid the fabric to the side and dove into her snatch with the fervor he usually reserved for eating the first child after his long rest.

Her bare puffy pink folds parted for his sinful tongue as he licked everything he could find. Little squeaking ah’s escaped the witch as he battered her with his organ. It didn’t take long for him to find the spot where his offspring would emerge from her. Grinning lovingly against her folds, he kissed her nub before thrusting his alien tongue into her channel.

Hermione’s back arched in a silent orgasm, releasing a torrent of sweet sticky release into the clown’s awaiting maw. Not a drop hit the bed beneath them as he cleaned her thoroughly. *My tasty little mate, being so good for me, even in sleep,* he bent down to suckle her earlobe, causing her naked body to cuddle closer to him in her sleep.

Gently, he peeled the soaked underwear and stockings off of her and deposited the entire outfit into her hamper. Then, he retrieved a pair of underwear and an oversized t-shirt for her shivering body. Manipulating her legs, he slid the cotton panties onto her rosy red pussy, smirking as Hermione whimpered at the motion.

“I know, love. I’m just as unhappy as you are about it, but you’ll be mad at me if I don’t,” he whispered teasingly into her bare stomach, rubbing along the area that would swell when she carried his young.

Sitting up, he positively beamed at the sight that greeted him. It seemed his little hormone manipulation and overstimulation was working already. Little beads of clear liquid dotted her nipples, the preview of what would follow in the coming days. Oh, yes. He got what he wanted just as he always did. They would swell and leak for him, and soon.

After briefly sucking once more on each nub, only getting a sliver of flavor, he covered her with the
shirt. It was actually his shirt he’d left at her house during their previous date, so he felt a sense of contentment in seeing the little sleeping witch wearing his clothes.

Leaving a cup of water and some pain medication on her nightstand, he left the house, shutting the doors behind him on his way out into the night.

July 4th, 1989

Hermione woke up in pain. Groaning, she rolled over to look at the time. 8:00 am, fine… she grimaced at the pounding headache she felt as well as the odd soreness in other intimate parts of her body. The heavenly sight of painkillers and water greeted her tired eyes, making her mentally thank Bill, who was the only one who could have put them there. Knocking back the pills and guzzling down the water, she sat up slowly.

Palming her crotch, she felt for wetness, but found nothing. It was just sore. Sighing in relief, she praised both herself and her doting boyfriend for not going farther than what they’d already done. Her breasts felt sore too, likely from Bill’s dexterous tongue and talented teeth. However, she noticed something else. They felt… bigger than before. Puzzled, she cupped them gently, finding that they had indeed grown. While not a drastic change, there was an obvious change. Running her thumbs over the nipples, she helplessly arched her back at their sensitivity.

Ah~ T-that’s never happened before… Taking her shirt off, belatedly realizing it was Bill’s, she surveyed her breasts.

“Oh, Merlin! I look like a whore!” she lamented, seeing the perfect mounds that had hid under her shirt, “they look like implants,” the witch buried her head in her hands, tears helplessly streaming down her face.

A warm drop hit her leg, making her head snap up, is the ceiling leaking? She knew it wasn’t from her tears because she hadn’t been crying long enough. However, the drop was an off-white color, making her confused. Another drop fell on top of it, leading the frazzled witch to connect the unfortunate dots. What the hell was in those drinks? I’m leaking! Hermione panicked, fanning herself erratically.

“Oh, okay. I need to think about this rationally. No matter how awkward, I need to speak to Bill and see if he remembers anything weird. It will probably go down in a few days. Besides, it’s just milk, not blood,” she soothed herself down, breathing deeply before moving to get dressed for the day.

After dressing and placing charmed pads in her bra, she surveyed herself in the mirror. Her tank top had ruffles, which hid the changes that had occurred during the night. Her jean shorts hugged her slightly bruised hips comfortably and her converse completed the look. Hermione braided her hair before peeking in on her research as she did every day, hoping to see something she’d missed. Nothing popped out to her, making her sigh. Perhaps she should contact Ben and see if he found anything new about the disappearances or… Pennywise.

Walking downstairs, she moved to make herself a cup of coffee. After bending down to grab the coffee maker, she gasped, nearly dropping it on the counter. Just outside the window above the sink, a red balloon floated ominously, blocking the sun and bathing the whole room in a crimson light.
Hey, guys! I hope you liked the chapter. I think I went a bit too far with the kinky stuff, so let me know if it's too much so soon. Honestly, Pennywise isn't someone who would actually want to wait despite what Hermione wants, so I thought his impulsiveness here was accurate enough even though it was morally wrong.

Here's a guide to the 1920s slang:
a choice bit of calico: a desirable woman
bearcat: a lively, spirited woman, possibly with a fiery streak
bubs: a woman's breasts
hotsy-totsy: attractive, pleasing to the eye
Sheba: someone's girlfriend; or a sexually desirable woman
tomato: a woman
knows her onions: knows what's up or what's going on
Bank’s closed: what you tell someone to stop making out
dewdropper: like lollygagger, a slacker who sits around all day and does nothing, often unemployed
giggle water: liquor, alcoholic beverage
July 4th, 1989

Opening the window, Hermione carefully leaned out of its small width and poked the shiny rubber with her wand. When nothing happened, she ran a few diagnostic spells over it which revealed evidence of the clown’s tampering. She was just about to lean back inside when the balloon floated forward as if to follow her in. Yelping, startled by its movement, she slammed the window shut, leaving the orb outside.

A loud pop followed by a splattering crimson spray of blood across the windowpane sent her sprawling backwards onto the tiled floor in her attempt to get away from the balloon. Nearly hyperventilating at the sight, she crawled out of the room, her ruffled top skimming the floor. Hermione stood once the window was out of sight, shaking off her jitters.

It's okay, Hermione. He's just messing with you. It's only a balloon. Besides, it could have come from anywhere.

Grabbing her purse and wand, she placed the latter inside the former and strolled out the door, putting a few extra wards up as she went. Carnival music and the sound of screams echoed among the trees, preluding the Fourth of July celebration held in the form of a parade, fair, and festival. However, the combination disturbed her, no thanks to Pennywise’s general presence in her mind as of late. The noise only got louder as she neared the small park in the center of town.

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The parade had already begun by the time she joined the sizable crowd along the streets. She arrived just in time for a blue and white colored marching band to pass by with a celebratory fanfare. People waved American flags and wore red, white, and blue as they sat along the curbs and rode in the procession atop hay bales and fancy old cars. Balloons and streamers lined each store, the red ones specifically mocking the witch as she strolled along.

Every time she saw one of the crimson orbs, she felt like Pennywise was going to appear from behind it for either another game, or to finally eat her alive like she thought he would by now. However, despite her unease, she had to play the part of a happy participant, otherwise she’d stick out like a sore thumb amongst Derry’s naïve joyful populus. In all honesty, she probably just seemed like a grouchy Brit who was somehow still salty about the Revolutionary War even though it happened two-hundred years ago.

Huffing, she simmered under the small minitheatre awning for a few minutes, arms crossing to make
herself seem more unapproachable. Bitter whisky eyes looked around paranoidly for the clown as if she could feel him close by. The off-beat, off-key timbre of a baritone being played loudly and wrongly made her wince. Turning to glare at the player, she noticed the disgruntled owner of the low-brass instrument was trying irritatedly to wrestle it back from…

“Richie?” Hermione called out to the spectacled boy in the Hawaiian shirt and green bermuda shorts.

Richie, in turn, squinted confusedly over at Hermione before spotting her standing in the shade of the theater’s awning.

“Hey, Hermione!” he waved enthusiastically, completely forgetting about his tug-of-war with the baritone player, “Who let you outside? ‘Haven’t seen you around in weeks!”

Mentally, she apologized to the Losers, but then she remembered she was talking to Richie.

Smirking, she laid it on thick when she got within whispering distance of the shorter boy.

“Ohh, no!” she laid the back of her hand over her forehead in a fainting gesture, “It was my mean old boyfriend keeping me all locked up as his love-slave,” she popped her hip out in a pseudo-thrust and winked at the blushing Loser, “I escaped, so now we must run away together. For you are the one I want, Richie!” she finished, dramatically wrapping her arm around him and rubbing her other knuckles into his hair in a familial noogie as if they were siblings.

“Gotcha, just kidding!” she announced, letting up when the boy began to flail in her grip.

“Gah, Hermione! It took me two whole seconds to do my hair!” the witch put her hands on her hips as she waited for Richie to adjust his hair and shirt. She giggled at how ruffled she got him.

*Oh, how precious! He can’t even look me in the eye,* she beamed at the embarrassed boy. When he was straightened to his satisfaction, he pointed across the street, smiling in return.

“C’mon, *Mom.* Everyone’s over there,” Hermione blushed at the term of endearment, remembering her current body malfunction.

Jogging to catch up with Richie, she could see a few of the other Losers looking at the Missing posters that had been haphazardly taped on top of each other. Bill, donning a green flannel, was holding up Eddie Corcoran’s poster, which revealed Betty Ripsom’s poster underneath.

“What’re you guys talking about?” Hermione could hear Eddie say, joining his friends after going over to buy some ice cream from a vendor. The nervous boy looked well despite sporting his garish fanny pack and tube socks.

“What they always talk about,” Richie answered as he and Hermione joined them. Eddie handed Richie his extra ice cream cone, making Hermione smile at the pair.

“Hey, Hermione!” Ben, Beverly, and Eddie voiced in unison, Stan, Mike, and Bill belatedly echoing the sentiment. The witch waved awkwardly.

“Hey, guys! Great to see you all again. How have your summers be—” she stopped herself upon seeing their solemn expressions, “You’re not still on about solving the disappearances, are you?” she questioned rhetorically, knowing full well that they, especially Bill, hadn’t let up.

“Don’t worry,” Ben began, placating the older woman, “I actually think it will end— for a little while at least,” he said, looking between those in their little cluster.

“What do you mean?” Beverly, asked for the group, tucking her fidgeting hands in her back pockets
Ben explained, raising his hands to emphasize the scope of his re-reading, “The ‘Ironworks Explosion’ in 1908, the ‘Bradley Gang’ in ’35, and the ‘Black Spot’ in ’62, and now kids being…” he paused, fidgeting, “I realized this stuff seems to happen every twenty seven years,” Bill caught on to the math, finishing the sentence in verbal unison with his friend.

“Yes, it all adds up,” Hermione agreed, connecting the dots. She hadn’t even thought to look that far back, rookie mistake… she cursed bitterly. Staring at Ben, she proposed, “If there’s more to this theory, I’m all ears. Shall we all take this elsewhere?” she asked the others, receiving nods from the more headstrong members.

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After finding an unoccupied green bench in the heavily populated park, the group clustered around it. Hermione was skeptical at the amount of privacy they’d be getting, but, she thought, any eavesdroppers would just think we were talking about a movie we’d seen. Glaring at the large Paul Bunyan statue that was pointed in their direction, she turned her head to listen to her friends. Her, Beverly, Stan, Mike, and Ben crowded together on the bench. The curly-haired boy actually ended up sitting on the back so they’d have more room. Bill and Eddie sat to their right on Bill’s bike while Richie perched on his own bicycle to their left. Carnival music coming from the fair just behind the trees reached them, hopping over the shell of the mini amphitheatre.

“Okay, so let me get this straight… It comes out from wherever to eat kids for like a year? And then what? It just goes into hibernation?” Eddie summarized questioningly, twitching his feet erratically. Hermione only nodded at the boy when he looked to her for verification.

“Maybe it’s like… what do you call it… cicadas! You know? The bugs that come out once every seventeen years?” Well, that explains the spider behavior, she winced, crossing her arms at the memory of Pennywise scaling down the tree face-first. Hermione eyed the bushels of balloons around them with a protective bitterness, not today, you bloody ponce!

“My grandfather thinks this town is cursed,” he countered stoically, “He says that all the bad things that happen in this town are because of one thing, an evil thing that... feeds off the people of Derry,” he elaborated, his eyes seeming to be elsewhere, stuck in a memory. Yep, she sighed, that’s Pennywise... she thought exasperatedly. Hermione understood all too well about the warnings of a mentor. She’d had enough of them over the years to know exactly what he felt.

Two of the officers she obliviated walked by them, making her glance warily from her spot as their reflective lenses bent sunlight into her eyes, prats...

“But it can’t be one thing. We all saw something different,” Stan countered, looking between his friends who only stared ahead, lost to the memories of their own encounters with the resident clown.

“Maybe... or maybe it knows what scares us most and that’s what we see,” Hermione nodded further, humming in agreement and tightening her crossed arms.

“I-I saw a leper. He...he was like a walking infection... Hermione saved me,” Eddie smiled weakly at Hermione, making her heart melt in its iron cage.
“‘S no big deal,” she muttered in return, returning the smile with another nod.

“But you didn’t…” Stan argued, causing the small boy’s head to snap defiantly in his direction. However, he elaborated, “B-because it isn’t real,” Ben glanced sidewards at him, “None of this is. Not Eddie’s leper, or-or Bill seeing Georgie, o-or the woman I-I keep seeing,” he nervously admitted, looking down at the concrete.

“Is she hot?” Richie joked, sensing the tense mood, but not caring.

“No, Richie! She’s not hot!” Stan burst angrily, “Her face is all messed up…” he trailed off, looking at the ground once more. Beverly stuck her hand in her hair unconsciously, “None of this makes any sense. They’re all like bad dreams…” Stan finished, trailing off.

“I don’t think so. I know the difference between a-a bad dream and real life, okay?” Mike countered beseechingly, looking behind him to assure Stan. Nodding, Hermione gently set her hand on Stan’s which were perched on his knees.

“What did you see? You saw something too?” Eddie asked, understanding that Mike was speaking from experience. Bill looked between the two silently.

“Yes… Do you guys know that burnt down house on Harris Avenue?” he began, looking around to see if anyone knew where he was talking about. “I was inside when it burnt down…” he explained nonetheless.

“Before I was rescued,” his hands fidgeted in his lap, “my mom and dad were trapped in the next room over from me. They were pushing and pounding on the door…” the two officers walked by them again, catching themselves in Hermione’s vigilance, “trying to get to me…”

Mike’s breathing sped up as he tried to get the words out and fight off the memory that threatened to consume him. Hermione placed her other hand on Mike’s, giving him the courage to continue, “but it was too hot… When the firemen finally found me, the skin on their hands had… melted down to the bone,” Stan clutched her hand at the reveal.

“We’re all afraid of something,” Mike finished, leaving no room for objection.

“You got that right,” Richie turned to look behind him upon hearing the sound of a firecracker going off on the stage of the amphitheatre.

Hermione’s eyes followed the boy’s line of vision, grimacing when she noticed a tall clown in a baggy red suit attempting to hand out a green balloon animal in Richie’s direction. A few little girls danced off to the side next to more balloon chains, but the clown seemed to be looking at them instead of the group of teens in marching band uniforms that were much closer to the stage.

“Well, then. You’re in for it now, Richie, she thought, placing him near the top of her list of the people she felt needed the most protection from Pennywise. He would have been alright before, but now, he was likely in the most danger.

“What do you think, Hermione?” Beverly asked quietly, snapping her out of her thoughts. The others looked to her expectantly while she came up with a simple response.

“Given what I’ve observed from the clown in question, I agree with your cicada theory,” she looked approvingly to Stan. “I also agree with your theory, Mike. It changes into what his prey fears the
most. Where I come from, there is a creature that does exactly this. It’s called a ‘boggart’. However, during my own encounters with… Pennywise,” a few surprised gasps echoed from the group, “lead me to believe that he isn’t a boggart at all, but something much older,” she said, eyeing Ben’s look of understanding, “and much more dangerous.”

“As much as I want you to stay out of it and let me take care of it, I know you won’t,” Hermione added, looking pointedly at Bill who looked down sheepishly, “So, you need to know that all of this is real…” she looked around the circle as she trailed off, “but facing our fears, together, is what will keep us alive…” she warned, instilling hope in their eyes.

“After all,” she joked, “It can’t turn into a leper, a clown, Georgie, and five other things at once,” they all giggled at the mental pictures that came to mind as they parted ways.

★★★

Because of her conversation with the Losers, Hermione felt better about being able to protect them. Also, she could tell they weren’t going to leave her out of their search anymore. Walking around the amphitheatre shell, she followed the bouncy music and fried food smells, heading the carnival because why not, I deserve to have a little fun on a day like today… What she didn’t notice was the clown in the baggy suit onstage making his own disappearance.

The sun beat down on the witch’s hair, making its curls shine down her back as she walked through the main entrance to the fairgrounds. A red-haired carnie who seemed to only be about twenty-two winked at her from his spot behind the ticket podium. Hermione inwardly groaned upon noticing that no one else was in front of her, so he got the satisfaction of seeing her walk straight up to him from about twenty feet away.

“Heya,” he greeted when she stood in front of him, “You look lost,” he pointed out, placing his gloved hand under his tilted head and smirked, “Wadaya say I show you around?” he offered, wiggling his eyebrows in a way that made her a bit uncomfortable.

“Uhh…” she trailed off awkwardly.

“She’s not lost,” a stern voice answered from behind her, making the carnie’s light blue eyes widen fearfully in front of her.

Spinning around, she was met with lean pale arms crossed over a broad chest covered by a white t-shirt. Tilting her head up, she was met with the handsome face of Bill Gray who glared darkly at the ginger-haired man. The snarl that threatened to taint his features was carefully hidden, but Hermione could tell it would now emerge at the slightest irritation. It was like that time in the Chinese restaurant.

Reaching her arms through his to wrap around the surprisingly large bicep she found there, she leaned into her boyfriend to not only get the creepy ginger off her back, but also stop Bill from losing his temper. Win, win, I suppose... you bloody prats.

“Waddever,” the carnie shrugged offhandedly, slamming his hand down to pull in the money Hermione put down and shoved two tickets in their general direction, “Enjoy the fair,” he stated bluntly, turning to address the people who stood behind them in line.

Bill shook himself out of Hermione’s grasp in favor of wrapping his arm around her and clutching
her opposite hip, consequently pulling her into his side as he led them forward. Hermione didn’t dare speak until she could feel her boyfriend calm down.

“He wasn’t bothering you too badly was he?” the taller man asked, leading her towards the games.

“No, not at all,” she answered, “Were you following me?” the question made him tense up, however, he smirked at her.

“I saw you walking this way, and I was actually thinking of inviting you over to the fair to begin with. So, I thought, you’re here, I’m here, let’s make a date out of it,” he explained, winking at her.

“Okay,” she nodded, shrugging out of his grasp to lay down a dollar so she could throw darts at variously-colored balloons.

The attendant at the booth gave Hermione ten red-plumed darts and indicated for her to begin throwing. Honing on her wand aiming skills as well as the recreational knife throwing skills that Enoch taught her, she managed to pop all ten of the balloons she aimed at. Bill stood off to the side with an odd expression on his face. All of her targets had been red.

In all honesty, it had felt great to demolish something she now associated with Pennywise. So, with that in mind, she chose the three-foot tall stuffed doll that hung in the way back of the booth. Shrugging, the old man managing the booth handed it to her before ducking back down to grab more balloons to replace the ones she popped.

Hugging the clown doll closer to her, she examined it. Its baggy suit was a canary yellow, but the sleeves had purple and teal stripes. A cute little vest covered its shoulders along with a ruffled purple and white collar. Fire-engine-red hair puffed out around its head apart from the bald spot it had on top of its white head. Three orange pom-poms lined his overalls in the same way Pennywise’s did, maybe it’s a universal clown thing…

Lastly, the part of it Hermione liked the most was its round red nose, which made a squeaking honk with each squeeze. She laughed, what a peculiar thing. Looking over to Bill, who hadn’t said a word since she began the game, she was surprised to see the look on his face. His expression was one of... thinly-veiled jealousy. Grinning, she thrust the doll at him, only letting go when he grabbed it from her.

“No, you numpty. I won it for you,” after all, I don’t want another reminder of that monster who kidnaps and eats children.

Bill cracked a small smile at her before squeezing the doll’s nose as a sign of his own entertainment. Throwing it under his arm and wrapping his other around her, he chuckled.

“Thank you, love. I’ll keep it forever,” he promised, leading her towards the hall of mirrors.

Upon entering, the tent was empty, which was odd considering how populated the rest of the fair seemed. They walked slowly, stopping at each reflection to see how distorted they became. One made her look shorter while another made her look taller. There were fat mirrors and skinny mirrors along with reverse mirrors that portrayed them upside down. However, the only constant in each mirror was the expression of utter fondness in Bill’s face as she saw him looking at her. Smiling at her boyfriend in the mirrors, she squeezed his hand.

When they exited the humid tent a few minutes later, Bill giggled, pulling her towards the large ferris wheel that towered over them with its secluded red, white, and blue orbs. Hermione balked at the sight, digging her heels into the ground. Yanking her arm out of his grasp, she crossed them so he
couldn’t grab it back from her.

“No,” she muttered at his blue puppy-dog eyes and childish pout, “Seriously, no,” she tried convincing herself as he walked back over to her, “I’m afraid of heights,” she admitted sheepishly, flinching when Bill laughed at her.

“Ha, ha, ha, really! That’s what you’re afraid of?” he doubled over giggling, reminding the witch of their first meeting, “It’s so slow, you don’t even notice if you don’t look out,” he promised soberly, offering out his hand for her to take again.

She slowly took his hand as they made their way over to the line at a slower pace, “Besides,” he rasped into her ear, “I’ll distract you,” he trailed his tongue along the shell of her ear as a little preview of what was to come once they were nestled tightly inside their secluded bubble on the ferris wheel.

When it was their turn, Hermione had to actively slow her elevated heart rate and breathing as she stepped inside the metal compartment. Bill squeezed in next to her, the door closing behind him with a metallic click. When she could feel their bubble begin to move, Bill wrapped his arm around her shoulders, sliding her closer to him and away from the open window on their side. The sudden feeling of his hands on her hips as well as the sudden movement that had her sitting in his lap made her whimper in both want and nervousness.

Pale lips found her rosy ones as Bill’s hand directed her head closer to his own. Their tongues battled for dominance as Hermione forgot about their altitude. Parting from her, he hugged her closer and caught his breath against her sensitive ear.

“You taste so good, Hermione. It makes me want to take you right here in my lap… Right now, I want to watch you bounce on my cock as we fuck in such a public place…” he groaned against her ear as Hermione unconsciously tugged on his hair. “You know, this specific wheel has a habit of breaking down for thirty minutes at a time, and sometimes couples do things in these compartments. You can smell it…” he licked her ear again, making her lean away from him to catch her thoughts before they floated away. However, he didn’t let her go far as he still held onto her hips.

“Y-you horny beast,” she muttered, staring into his eyes which were darkened with lust.

“Only for you, Hermione,” he growled, raising a hand up to pull down the top of her tank top so it laid under the large swells of her bra-covered breasts. Running his hands over the mounds, he smiled slightly.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but have these grown recently?” Bill wondered aloud, squeezing them and wrangling a high-pitched gasp out of the sensitive witch.

“Ah~ Yes, I think someone slipped something into my drink during the party last night. I’m…” she trailed off, grimacing in embarrassment.

“You’re what?” Bill eyed her concernedly, “I won’t think any less of you. It’s not like it was your fault,” he justified, making Hermione search his eyes for underlying motives in the event that it had been him. After finding none, she nodded at him.

He took the black lace off of her breasts and let it dangle off her shoulders behind her. The tank top pushed them up and out from underneath, urging him to dig in. Bill hadn’t looked up to her reddened face, so she explained awkwardly.

“I’m lactating, Bill,” she revealed, squeaking when he suddenly thrusted against her core, his pupils
blowing extremely wide with lust and nearly rolling back into his head.

“R-really,” he managed, breathing heavily, “that’s so fucking hot, love,” he panted as his head lolled against the metal wall behind him.

Hermione whimpered, shyly covering her leaking nipples as they began dripping onto her shorts. She inwardly glowed at the praise, rubbing her clothed thighs together.

“Can I?” Bill asked her quietly, leading her hands away from her chest.

Grinning wolfishly at her nearly inconspicuous nod, he pulled her so their cores were connected and she was plastered over his chest. Narrowing on her right nipple, he licked the wet trail she had nearly soaking into her top before circling around to nip up the dried cream around the areola. His dexterous tongue echoed the sentiment on her opposite breast, making her breath little moans to the small space.

“So sensitive, dear… I haven’t even gotten started yet,” Pennywise warned into her neck as he finally latched onto her cherry-red nipple and began suckling.

Hermione moaned and began helplessly rutting against his thigh in time with his slurps. Who knew someone could get off on something so bizarre? Bill was acting like she could do no wrong. The beast she seemed to have unleashed inside of him kept pushing her realms of what a man was into. His new kinks kept surprising her, but they turned her on too.

Pennywise was in the closest thing to Heaven he could possibly get into at this time. Nearly growling against her, he drank up every drop of her creamy milk that he could get his tongue on. Her little moans spurred him forward as he held her against him. She once again tasted of her cherry-blossom soap alongside of her velvety flavor. All she needed was a banana and he’d have a banana-split. *I’ll give you a big banana, Hermione. And then I’ll split you open*, he mentally giggled at the thought, thrusting into her abdomen with his “banana”...

It seemed like they were one of the couples “lucky” enough to have the time to “get lucky” atop the ferris wheel, because the machine had clearly stalled, due to Pennywise’s telepathic tampering, so he continued drinking from his witch. When her left breast was back to normal, Hermione sighed relieved while Bill sighed sadly. Who knew when he would be able to get her drunk enough to manipulate her hormones again? At her bemused expression, he pouted, sucking her other swollen nipple into his mouth.

Hermione almost laughed at how childishly possessive he looked, eyes darting around as if someone would break in to steal her away from him. His long arms held her to him tightly, forcing her to breathe shallowly with each little ‘ah!’ he pulled from her with each thrust against her clit. They were both getting close, as Bill’s eyes periodically dialed onto hers with an odd intimacy. She almost didn’t even catch how his fingers went underneath her top to rub her stomach in a way that completely contrasted with his harsh thrusts. *Does Bill want children someday? Oh, what am I saying? We haven’t even had sex yet... even though he seems to be okay with doing it and possibly conceiving a child right here on top of this ferris wheel...*

As if he heard her thoughts, he slurped the last of her milk from her before biting down onto her left shoulder, the opposite of her other bite. His orgasm ripped through him as he burst into his pants with a muffled shout. Hermione squealed out her own climax into her hand when Bill impulsively bit down onto her ear and pinched both of her nipples simultaneously upon noticing he had beat her to her orgasm. She sagged against him, her crotch soaking wet.

Wincing, Hermione glanced up to see that her lover had his eyes closed, so she made a quick motion
to wandlessly clean themselves, muttering the spells quietly under her breath. Bill’s eyes flew open at the abrupt dryness he felt in his pants. Blinking confusedly at her, he shrugged before leaning back in the padded bench.

Snickering, he re-clipped her bra and pulled her tank top back up so it covered her normal-sized breasts. Leaving lingering yet loving rubs along them, he brought his hands down to her hips and held her as they began their descent to the ground.

“So…” she began, speaking into his chest as she leaned back down.

“So…” he mimicked amusedly.

“Thank you… for…” she trailed off, blushing once more.

“For milking you like the little cow that you are,” Pennywise murmured into her ear. Well, it was kind of true. Humans were like livestock to the immortal clown.

Hermione giggled, imitating the moo of a cow as he squeezed her arse in retaliation.

“You best stop that, otherwise I’ll take you for real this time,” he promised darkly, staring into her eyes with renewed wanting.

“M’kay,” she surrendered quietly, crawling off of her boyfriend to lean on his shoulder as they sat side by side.

“I have another date planned… If you’re up for it,” Bill prompted.

Hermione grinned shyly at him, “Of course, what do you have planned?”

Bill returned her grin impishly, “That’s for me to know, and you to find out,” he answered, stepping out of the compartment. She climbed out behind him to throw in a counterargument, but she realized that he was nowhere in sight among the crowd.

★★★

When Hermione arrived home about an hour later, she walked in the door just in time to sprint over to the ringing telephone on her kitchen wall.

“Hello!?” she half-yelled into the phone.

“Hi, Hermione. We’ve been trying to call you,” Beverly accused lightly, reminding Hermione of Alison.

“Sorry, I just got home from the fair. What’s up?” Hermione explained, placing her free hand on her hip and leaning into the wall.

“Bill’s got an idea about where to look for It, so we’re all going to meet up at his house and see what we can figure out,” Beverly explained.

“Okay, I’ll be right over. What’s his address?”

After getting the address from the younger girl, she fled upstairs to grab a first aid kit with muggle
and magical supplies in case something bad happened. She also changed into cargo pants and a t-shirt which she tucked into them. Once her wand and first-aid kit were stored in different pockets, she zipped them up, headed out the door and hopped onto her bike.

Hermione, of course, wasn’t going to let a bunch of kids fight a monster by themselves. She would not be Dumbledore.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. I hope you liked the kinky smut. ;P
Next: The projector and the first Niebolt House confrontation.
It should be up soon...
Of Projectors And Peril

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys. I've got another chapter all ready for you guys. I hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 4th, 1989

By the time Hermione arrived at the Denbrough’s house, all of the other Losers were already there and waiting to see what Bill had to show them. Mumbled greetings to each other whispered from determined faces as the most determined boy taped up a large poster depicting “Derry’s Sewer System”. Hermione grimaced, fitting the pieces together even before the presentation began.

Bill was going to tell them that Pennywise, or It as they had begun dubbing him, lives in the sewers underneath Derry. And… he’s probably right! Hermione’s brain worked a mile a minute, fitting it all together while looking at the map. Beverly’s sink, the joke about the teen falling through the ice, her own sink, seeing Pennywise in the forest near the Barrens twice, his death-like stench: It all fit despicably well.

Eddie turned on the projector, backlighting his friend as he smoothed out the poster on the wall. Stan and Beverly were busy covering the windows of the garage with blankets so they could fully see the grainy slides. Ben, who had ran back out to grab his bag, came back inside and Mike, noticing that everyone was present, shut the garage door with a creak.

Shuffling around in his bag, the larger boy grabbed out a slide, the slide Hermione had noticed that Bill had a particularly close eye on. Perhaps he’d been planning this meeting for weeks. Taking the slide with a near-fondness, Bill inserted the slide into the projector with a click.

The witch watched as he worked the slide into focus by manipulating a couple of dials. It was older, she could tell that much from the particular font styles and layout.

However, it was most important for Hermione to note that it was a map of Derry, much like the one in her office, but with more details of landmarks. Everyone settled in to look at the projection as Bill made a few minor adjustments.

“Look,” he began, pointing crookedly at the screen, “That’s where G-georgie disappeared,” to Hermione’s escalating unease, he was correct. The two maps lined up perfectly.

“There’s the Ironworks,” he added with another point, “and the Black Spot,” he noted quietly.

“Everywhere it happens, it’s… it’s all connected by the sewers,” he was right, Hermione breathed heavily, noting that the other disappearances coincided with the maps as well. They’d done it. They’d cracked the case, so now what?

“And they all meet up at the— the Well House!” Ben interrupted Bill as everyone looked closer to see that each of the crimson branches did indeed meet up at the infamous Well House that Ben had spoken about before in his room.
“It’s in the house on Neibolt Street,” Stan concluded grimly.

Eddie began breathing heavily, fidgeting to grab his inhaler. Hermione grabbed onto his arm and pulled him into a hug as he calmed down slightly, clenching her arm in return.

“You mean that creepy-ass house where all the junkies and hobos like to sleep?” Richie questioned skeptically, disbelief coloring his voice.

“I hate that place… It always feels like it’s watching me,” Beverly murmured quietly, rubbing her own hands together as if she were cold.

“T-that’s where I saw it,” Eddie gasped out. “That’s where I saw the clown,” he curled into Hermione further upon his admission, breathing erratically.

“T-t-that’s where It lives,” Bill concluded determinedly.

“I can’t imagine anything ever wanting to live there,” Stan muttered while Eddie jumped up to stand in front of the projector.

“Can we stop talking about this!? I-I-I can barely breathe… This is summer. We’re kids. I can barely breathe. I’m up here having a fucking asthma attack. I’m not doing this!” he burst out in a flood of ramblings and ripping the poster of the sewers off of the wall, making Hermione’s heavy heart go out to the poor boy.

He was right. They were kids, and they shouldn’t have to be dealing with this big of a problem. This was her responsibility as an adult witch. She could fight It, she had to fight Pennywise… so no other kids had to deal with the problem that the Losers were dealing with.

“What the hell? Put the map back,” Bill warned angrily, pointing his finger in what was likely a direct imitation of his father. Eddie shook his head and made a sound of disagreement.

Suddenly, the projector clicked to the next slide all by itself. Something wasn’t right. Hermione’s wartime instincts kicked in, making her jump up.

“Get behind me,” she ordered, looking around at the tense group and pulling out her wand. Upon seeing them not move, she yelled, “Now!”

That got them moving as the projector continued to act on its own free will. Crowding behind her, Hermione fell into a battle stance with her arms held out protectively against Eddie and Ben who were at her sides. They all breathed heavily, their fear rising as pictures depicting Bill and his family clicked by forebodingly.

“What’s going on?” Stan questioned nervously from his spot in the back.

“I don’t know,” Hermione muttered, using her wand to fidget with the machine but to no avail, his influence was all over on it.

“It’s him,” she breathed, casting lumos, “get back,” she ordered nervously as they began moving forward again.

“Georgie,” Bill called weakly upon seeing a slide narrow in to focus on his missing brother.

The slides began clicking faster, slowly moving up to Bill’s mother whose auburn hair concealed her face in a windblown fashion. She seemed to be screaming as the slides went by fast enough to create movement in the tousled locks. Her outfit began to change to familiar red pom-poms and frills as
Hermione gasped as Pennywise’s painted smirking features revealed themselves behind the long hair. Hermione was nearly oblivious to the panicking preteens behind her as their eyes locked.

“Turn it off! Turn it off!” Beverly yelled, spurring the witch into action.

Grabbing the thick cord supplying power to the machine, she yanked the plug from the wall, encasing them all in darkness apart from the light of her wand. The sound of their breathing was the only one in the dark space as Hermione craned her neck to survey her friends while keeping an eye on the projector.

“Is everyone alright?” she spoke calmly in a way that she truly didn’t feel.

Eddie hugged her from behind, burying his face into her back as he tried to slow his breathing. The others gave her a range between firm nods and hugging each other. However, the creepy machine came to life once more, depicting Pennywise’s blurred form, as if he were on the move.

Whispering quietly, she directed, “Open the door, and get out. Leave ‘It’ to me,” she bit out the title scathingly as the Losers made to follow her orders.

The slide repeated itself a few times before a slide showing that Pennywise had vanished held still on the wall. The slideshow went black once more; however, a giant Pennywise with fiery eyes and pointy teeth erupted out of the screen, making everyone jump as Hermione threw a powerful ridikulus at the apparition as it rumbled towards them. She knew that it wasn’t the real Pennywise given the size of it, but she couldn’t deny the feeling of satisfaction that welled up in her as the creature hissed at being compressed into a different form altogether.

Hermione laughed insanely at the sight of the squishy clown doll she’d given to Bill, only noticing that the Losers had all fled outside into the sunlight and had hesitantly come back at hearing her laughter. Shocked expressions spread across their faces as they surveyed her. After vanishing the clown doll, hopefully to another dimension, she turned to face the group with a soberly serious expression. Beverly strode right up to her and pulled her into a hug.

“Thanks, Hermione,” she whispered into her collarbone.

“It saw us…” Eddie muttered, “It saw us, and it knows where we are,” he added loudly, on the verge of another panic-attack.

“It always did,” Bill spoke bluntly, “S-so, let’s go,” he added, moving to hop on his bike.

“Go? Go where?” Ben asked frantically.

“Neibolt,” he answered as if it wasn’t even a question.

“That’s where G-g-Georgie is,” he explained determinedly with a hint of sadness.

“After that?” Stan voiced for the group, standing sternly off to the side

“Yeah, it’s summer. We should be outside,” Richie agreed.

“If you say ‘it’s summer’ one more fucking time…” Bill trailed off angrily at his friends’ reluctance to join him.

“Bill!” Hermione burst out beseechingly, “I will come with you and investigate if that’s what you want, but don’t drag them into this if they don’t want to be here,” she shook her head lowly at him, stepping forward to get on her own bike and ride off. Bill was right behind her as she could hear him
hop onto Silver and race to the house on her tail.

“Bill! Hermione! Wait!” she could hear Beverly call after them, but Bill sped ahead in retaliation. She wanted to wait, but she also didn’t want to lose the other boy in case he did something stupid and impulsive.

★★★

Bill was already striding hotly through the tall dry grass by the time she arrived behind him. Sprinting to catch up to him, she held her vine wand in a death grip as she met him halfway into the yard.

“He t-thrusts his fists against the p-posts, and still insists he sees the go-go-ghosts,” he muttered, ignoring Hermione as he moved forward with his mantra.

“Bill! Hermione! You can’t go in there,” Beverly yelled, marching up to them with the others behind her, “this is crazy!” she added.

“Look, you don’t have to come in with me,” he told them, his eyes and voice brimming with unshed tears as he stood on the creaking steps in front of the heavy wooden door, “but what happens when another Georgie goes missing? Or another Betty? Or another Ed Corcoran? Or… one of us? Are you just going to pretend it isn’t happening like everyone else in this town? Because, I can’t...” Bill trailed off in a whisper before continuing.

“I go home and all I see is that Georgie isn’t there. His clothes, his toys, his stupid stuffed animals, but… he isn’t. So, walking into this house… for me… it’s easier than walking into my own,” he finished his speech, turning around to wipe his eyes on his red checkered flannel as he climbed the stairs.

Hermione’s heart clenched at Bill’s confession, remembering how George Weasley reacted after Fred’s death. He had been a shell of his former self because something so simple as looking in the mirror reminded him of what he’d lost during the war.

“Wow,” Richie stated, watching his friend go.

“What?” Ben asked, looking to the spectacled boy for an explanation.

“He didn’t stutter once,” he spoke, slightly impressed as he climbed the stairs to stand with Bill and Hermione. The others moved to follow until Stan burst out nervously.

“Wait!” everyone turned to look at him, “Umm…” he looked around sheepishly, “Shouldn’t we have some people keep watch?” he pondered hopefully. Bill held onto the doorknob defiantly.

“You know, just… just in case something bad happens,” he added, trying to justify his probable position away from the danger. Stan looked around for anyone to agree with him.

“Who w-w-wants to stay out here?” Bill whispered sternly. To Hermione’s inner relief, everyone but Beverly raised their hands. Good, stay out here where it’s safe.

Sheepishly, the Losers put their hands down upon seeing that no one really wanted to go in. That meant they had to draw straws.
“Fuck…” Richie muttered at the realization.

★★★

Hermione, Bill, Eddie, and Richie entered the dim creaking house. Dusty dried leaves covered the floor, as though the door had been open for a long time before being shut for enough time so the stagnant air could collect dust. Branches and vines scaled the walls aside the dirty boarded-up windows that were coated in so much dust that they were impossible to see out of.

“I can’t believe I pulled the short straw,” Richie lamented as they moved forward into the darkness.

“You guys are lucky you’re not measuring dicks,” he added bitterly.

“Well, that means that Beverly and I would have came in, which neither of us wouldn’t have minded,” Hermione retorted irritably at his language, “So it’s you who is unlucky,” she muttered, leading them forward by the light of her wand.

“Yeah, shut up, Richie,” Eddie agreed, sticking close to the witch as he peeked around the various hallways that were covered in dirty spiderwebs.

Rotting wooden furniture littered the floor, an old upright piano with yellowed keys clinked quietly with the draft that blew in through the door behind them. Their footsteps crunched and echoed through the main floor, filtering down the dismal hallway and the overturned parlor.

“I can smell it,” Eddie whispered into her back, glancing at the boarded-up windows, old rocking chair, and covered sofa.

“Don’t breathe through your mouth,” Richie stated.

“How come?” Eddie asked weakly.

“’Cause then you’re eating it,” he replied bitterly in a pale imitation of a joke, making Eddie gag and frantically rip open his fanny pack to suck from his inhaler.

Richie wandered into the open parlor, seeing a piece of paper suspended in the vines that hung from the ceiling. Plucking the poster out by his fingers, he surveyed its frightening contents with mounting terror. Hermione coughed to get the others’ attention as she walked over to their friend who was beginning to shake.

“What?” Bill spoke for her and Eddie, who had now reattached himself to her left arm upon seeing Richie’s dismay.

“It says I’m missing,” he whispered with a voice that barely held back the tears that threatened to leak from his eyes. Bill moved to his side to glance at the paper.

“Y-you’re not missing, Richie,” Bill tried to reassure him, but he only began freaking out further.

“…’Police Department, The City of Derry’... That’s my shirt. That’s my hair. That’s my face. That’s my name. That’s my age. That’s the date!” he yelled frantically, crumpling the paper in his panic.

Eddie clasped his hands to his mouth, his own worries threatening to break free from his quivering lips. Hermione moved them closer to Bill and Richie and gave her arm to the scared teen, which he
took without looking at them.

“Look at me Richie. Look at me,” Bill grabbed his friend’s swinging arm as he tried to calm him down.

“That— that isn’t real,” he explained, Richie looking to Hermione’s nodding head for clarification.

“It’s playing tricks on you,” Bill added as Hermione said, “You won’t go missing… not on my watch, Richie,” padding his shoulder reassuringly.

“Hello? ” a frightened feminine voice echoed from the second floor, “Hello?” a loud grinding noise followed the weak call.

“Help me, please!” it continued quietly. Wasting no time, Hermione and the three boys moved to investigate.

The house didn’t seem so big on the outside, but there seemed to be many doors, hallways, and stairs to look through. Logically, it made the most sense to Hermione to start in the basement, as it would be the closest to the sewers. However, the house made a creaking groan which was followed by a loud thump and a guttural wheezing that sounded like the owner of the voice was dying. Climbing the stairs slowly in the direction of the noise, Hermione put her finger to her lips as an indication for the three boys to be quiet. Holding her lit wand out threateningly, she reached the second floor. A loud flapping noise of a bird echoed around them as they disturbed the creature in its nest in the corner of the landing. More dust, cobwebs, and overturned furniture revealed themselves to the quartet as they moved forward with light steps which were nonetheless documented in the dust on the floor. The sound of muffled gurgling and coughing met their ears as they turned to one of the few oddly-lit doorways.

At the end of the hallway, a youthful yet tortured face lay on the floor, its curly bush of short wet hair flopping into her eyes. Upon seeing the group, the girl breathed heavily and coughed before falling silent, staring at Hermione.

“Betty?” Bill asked quietly from the witch’s left.

“Ripsom?” Richie added, with an equal amount of unease.

A relieved smile spread across her features before she was suddenly pulled back into the room, screaming loudly. Hermione held her hand up to stop them from rushing ahead of her. Remembering what she knew of Pennywise and his habits, there was no way Betty Ripsom was still alive after being missing since May. This had to be another one of his illusions. Moving forward at the same hesitant pace, she moved ahead, only allowing the two boys to go on ahead of her so she could grab Eddie who was looking behind them fearfully.

“H-Hermione, I heard It again, just like before…” he clutched her arm as Hermione moved to catch up to Richie and Bill.

“He’s just messing with you. He did the same thing to Richie,” she muttered.

Suddenly, the door closed behind the two boys, leaving her and Eddie out in the hallway. Shit! Hermione cursed as she halted them. Eyes darting around their immediate surroundings, she noticed that a creaking door was opening at the opposite end of the hall. Breathing heavily, she put Eddie behind her as she faced the lit opening with her wand pointed defensively.

A loud groan broke the silence as the floor fell through behind them with a crack. They were
trapped! Slow circus music filled the air as Hermione clutched Eddie to her as she had weeks before. Turning around, she was met with the hulking crooked stance of the leper that Eddie must have seen. In all honesty, it scared her too. The small boy just about fainted, so she attempted to fight her way out.

“Stupefy!” she yelled, throwing the abomination away from them.

However, the blast was so strong that it sent both of them tumbling down through the hole and into the lower level. After casting arresto momentum to slow their fall, she held Eddie to her as they landed gently on what looked to be a kitchen table. He trembled in her arms, the frightened tears leaking freely from his eyes. She rubbed his back and combed soothingly through his hair as he wrapped her in a bear hug. Resting his head on her shoulder, he wrapped his legs around her waist like a monkey.

“Are you okay, Eddie?” she whispered into his ear.

“Yeah, just scared,” he breathed quickly, making Hermione chuckle without humor.

“Well, I’d be surprised if you weren’t… I just hope Bill and Richie are okay…” she trailed off, noticing a familiar pair of gloved fingers making chittering clicks along the metal of the disgusting fridge.

*Oh, Merlin help us...*

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave you guys on a cliffhanger, but it was getting a bit long as it was, especially since I originally planned to do everything up to the Losers' Club Breakup in this chapter. Splitting it in half was just easier and allowed me to get this one up sooner. After the next chapter, we are officially back in "Original Content Territory".
Mr. Eldritch Abomination

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I've got the next chapter up for you! I hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 4th, 1989

Hermione and Eddie sat petrified as the moldy scratched door slid open with a creaking groan. A low gurgling laughter echoed from within the small space as the clown revealed himself to his captive audience. The witch held her charge closer to her body, effectively spurring Pennywise on to act out further in his jealousy over the fact that even the Losers were closer to her than he was.

He emerged from the small fridge, twisting and contorting his limbs back to normal with loud cracks and pops. Beginning with his arms, he used them to grab onto the floor and the door frame as he pulled himself out. His right leg went around and over his head in its quest to find solid ground. Grinning brightly, his bells jingled as he twisted his torso around. Completing his first act for the witch and the little brat, he bowed, eyes narrowing on Eddie whose head was turned so he could catch a glimpse of the clown from his spot under Hermione’s chin, my spot, mine! He rumbled angrily.

“Time to float,” he growled at Eddie despite the fact that Hermione had her wand pointed at him in a threatening manner.

“Don’t come any closer,” she warned darkly, holding Eddie’s legs around her waist as she kept her weapon trained on him.

The woman hopped off the table, and walked backwards so it was between them and Pennywise. Meanwhile, the clown began taking slow thunderous steps towards them, mocking their shallow breathing and Eddie’s nervous wheezes. Hermione glared scathingly.

“You leave him alone. I nearly blasted you apart last time, and I’m not afraid to do it again,” she spat, clearly showing in her dark eyes that the mother lioness had come out to play. Pennywise stopped, growling from his spot about four meters away.

“Give him to me, doll,” he muttered, “Give me that tasty, tasty, beautiful fear,” he growled hungrily at the terrified boy hanging onto Hermione’s neck who made a wheezing squeak at the phrase.

Hissing through her teeth in what she supposed was a defense mechanism, she pointed her wand at Pennywise and blasted him away with a powerful expelliarmus. The clown flew through the air, knocking harshly into the fridge before he immediately charged them again. Suddenly, he stopped short, tilting his head like a cat did when it sensed something that wasn’t there.

Turning back to them, Pennywise’s amber eyes rolled back into his head as he showed off his multiple rows of jagged pointy teeth for Hermione and Eddie. However, when he reached them, his hand clutched Hermione’s face instead, puzzling them all it seemed. The witch gagged and
whimpered at the clown’s rancid breath as he began drooling on her. Rasping out another *stupefy*, she sent him backpedaling as he landed on the floor paralyzed. However, he was able to regain control of himself quickly, as the spells were meant for wizards and muggles instead of magical creatures like Pennywise. Just as he regained his footing and moved to charge them again, Bill and Richie burst through one of the doors leading into the kitchen and froze upon seeing the scene. The clown turned, eyes narrowing on two easier targets. He smiled condescendingly at Bill.

“This isn’t real enough for you, Billy? I’m not real enough for you?” he asked mock-offendedly.

“Holy shit,” Richie rasped from behind Bill.

“It was real enough for Georgie,” he cut the boy deep, so he giggled, charging at the two boys, amber eyes blazing and teeth sharpening once more.

Luckily, Beverly burst onto the scene, stabbing a pike from the metal fence outside into Pennywise’s eye with a satisfying squish. The clown froze as his good eye watched his blood float up towards the ceiling. Ben, Mike and Stan joined them as Pennywise began to wail, his haunting echoing cry sounding like he was trapped in a well rather than in the same room as them.

“Guys,” Hermione yelled to her friends, “Take him and go, now!” she ordered, putting Eddie down and pushing him over to Stan and Mike’s waiting arms as they immediately fled the house.

A low growling escaped the silent clown as he turned around, revealing that the amber had been mostly overtaken by flaring crimson and extra teeth began escaping his face along his cheekbones. The pike had begun working its way through the clown’s head, now spearing it half-and-half. Drool began leaking from his mouth as the growling gave way to baritone laughter.

Beverly shuddered as she grabbed onto Richie and tried to push the petrified boy outside. Pennywise lurched towards the remaining Losers as inky claws erupted from his gloves. Arching his arm out in front of him, he sliced into Ben’s side in one fell swoop. Laughing at the smell of pain, he retreated backwards, heading towards his innermost lair.

“Nooo!” Hermione yelled at the sight of Ben’s bloodied torso, making the clown’s eyes snap to hers for a brief moment. The emotion in them was confusing. There was pain, obviously, but there was so much more that she could see. Hurt, betrayal, lust, anger, and… adoration. She sat there dazed at the last emotion as he made slow steps backwards. Curtseying in a mock bow, he continued to backpedal down into the dank basement, snapping her out of her shock.

“Go, go!” she yelled at the remaining Losers to get out, however, Bill only ran to the basement steps to follow the clown into the darkness.

“Don’t let him get away!” he yelled while the others screamed at him in protest.

Nearly sprinting down the stairs after him, he and the witch both saw Pennywise’s shining eyes and white gloves disappearing into the old well depicted in Ben’s research. Sighing in relief at Pennywise’s retreat, Hermione grabbed Bill’s arm in a death grip and yanked him upstairs. They were the last to leave the house.

After doing a quick tally to make sure they hadn’t left anyone behind, she ordered the Losers to get on their bikes and to follow her to her house. No one protested as they left the Neibolt House behind. The ride was quiet and free of the usual jokes and conversations that they usually partook in during their rides around town.

Upon arriving at Hermione’s house, she let them in and quickly brought Ben, who looked close to
fainting in the doorway, into her kitchen and motioned for him to sit atop her counter so she could
heal his side. The boy was quiet as she literally ripped his shirt off and examined his wound.
Grabbing a washcloth from one of the drawers, she stuck it in his mouth as she poured disinfectant
into the claw marks. He thrashed and made muffled screams into the gag.

“Sorry, Ben, but I don’t want you to get infected by whatever diseases it could be carrying,” she
apologized, justifying his pain. He nodded rapidly in response.

Bringing out her wand, she magically stitched the skin back together so it looked like it hadn’t been
cut at all. Ben’s eyes drooped in both relief and emotional exhaustion at feeling better. Handing him
a vial of blood-replenishing potion, she explained.

“Here, drink this. It’s Blood-Replenishing Potion, so it will help you regain the blood you lost as
well as take away any light-headedness you might have,” nodding firmly, he drank the potion and
handed the vial back to her.

Mumbling a thank you with a shy smile, Ben took the oversized shirt she summoned from upstairs
and slid it on, relieved it wasn’t remotely girly. Hopping off the counter, he moved into the living
room to sit with the others. Sighing at the traumatized teens in the other room, she grabbed seven
vials of calming drought and walked back into the living room.

“Here, you can drink these if you want. They are calming droughts, so the drinker will feel more at
ease. I usually take them if I get bad nightmares. You deserve them, considering you just lived
through one,” she offered, setting the vials down and sitting on the floor in the little circular position
they held.

Eddie, not one to refuse medical treatment, immediately grabbed one and chugged it. The effects
washed over him as he sighed thankfully. Each of the others grabbed one and drank it, all except for
Bill who gazed stubbornly out the window, likely cursing her for pulling him away from Pennywise.
Crookshanks had found the group and wandered between each of the boys, testing their ‘petting
skills’ before settling on Beverly’s lap with a purr.

“I need to get home,” Eddie spoke quietly, Hermione nodded, standing up to walk him home.

“I’ll take you,” she answered his silent question. The others followed suit, walking out with them.

★★★

“You! You did this!” Eddie’s mother accused them of scaring her son as the poor boy’s nervousness
kicked in at the woman’s anger. More like, “you’re the one scaring him now”.

“You know how delicate he is,” she muttered, ironically yanking him along by his neck as she
shoved him into their car and closed the door behind him.

“We were attacked, M-m-Mrs. K,” Bill protested, seeing his friend thrown around by his mother.

“Don’t! Don’t try to blame anyone else,” she bit out, fiddling with her keys and dropping them on
the ground with a clink.

“Here, let me help,” Beverly bent down to grab them, but Mrs. Kasprack was having none of it.
“Get back!” she yelled at her, picking up her keys and leaning into the younger woman’s face.

“Oh, I’ve heard of you Miss Marsh… and I don’t want a dirty girl like you touching my son,” she hissed at her, turning around to fiddle with her bag.

“Mrs. K, I s-s-swe—” Bill continued to protest before being cut off by the angry woman.

“No! You are all monsters!” she burst out scathingly at the group, “all of you… and Eddie is done with you. Do you hear? Done!” she dictated, moving to go around the car to get into the driver’s seat.

“Now wait just a bloody minute!” Hermione yelled the thought she’d been keeping in since meeting this horrid woman, “They’re trying to tell you what happened, and if your big fat ears can’t hear it, than you need to go to the doctor, not him. Because, Eddie is fine. There isn’t a single bloody scratch on him thanks to me, on any of them!” she added not counting Ben because she healed him.

“So, if you say one more word against these kids in front of me,” she moved in front of Beverly protectively, “I will show you how much of a monster… I can be,” she threatened, baring her teeth in a snarl and showing off her darkest glare she reserved for truly bad people.

Crossing her arms, Hermione watched as the older woman’s eyes widened fearfully as she waddled over to the opposite side of the car and hopped into the driver’s seat. The car began driving away rapidly to the hospital. It was so predictable that the witch would have put money on it. Keeping her eyes on the car, she stepped out into the middle of the road to watch it vanish into the setting sun. Hermione could feel the other Losers fall in behind her as she continued to stare stubbornly ahead.

“Thank you… for standing up for us back there,” Beverly spoke to her right.

A blissful smile donned the witch’s features as she turned around to the remaining Losers who looked grimly at each other, haunted by the things they’d seen that day. Hermione couldn’t blame them, not at all.

“You’re welcome. I’ve dealt with prejudice for a long time, so I could relate. Something snapped inside me when I heard the drivel that… bitch was spilling about you, about all of you,” she addressed the group with a fondness. They returned her small smile and sighed quietly.

“I saw the well,” Bill began determinedly, “W-w-we know where it is, and, and next time, we’ll be better prepared,” he proposed determinedly, an eagerness floating back into his eyes with a vengeance.

“No!” Stan yelled, “No next time, Bill! You’re insane!” he explained with a nervous look scrunching up his face.

“Why? We all know no one else is going to do anything,” Beverly argued, standing closer to Bill.

“Eddie and Hermione were nearly killed! And look at this motherfucker! He was leaking Hamburger Helper,” Richie burst out, gesturing with each word to Ben who nodded sheepishly.

“We can’t pretend It’s going to go away. Ben, you said it yourself. It comes back every twenty-seven years,” Beverly balled her fists at her sides.

“Fine! I’ll be forty and far away from here. I thought you said you wanted to get out of this town too,” he answered bitterly.

“Because I want to run toward something, not away,” she clarified.
“I’m sorry, who invited Molly Ringwald into the group?” Richie gestured at Beverly who gave him her middle finger and glared at him. Hermione sighed sadly, there wasn’t much she could do. *They’re all so bloody stubborn...*

“Richie…” Stan began to warn his more vocal friend.

“I’m just saying, let’s face facts,” Richie began, “Real world: Georgie is dead. Stop trying to get us killed too,” he moved to pass Bill and bike away; however, Bill stopped him.

“Georgie’s not dead!” he denied, stepping into the shorter boy’s space.

“You couldn’t save him, but you could still save yourself,” Richie tried to push past him again but that only made the other boy more angry.

“No! T-t-t-take it back!” Bill ordered, poking the spectacled boy in the chest with his finger, “You’re scared, and... we all are. But, take it back!” he yelled, pushing Richie who pushed him back.

Suddenly, a flannel arm flew and connected with his face, the fleshy sound of a punch echoing around them, “Bill!” Hermione and Beverly yelled in unison, moving to break up the impending fight. Ben grabbed Bill to pull him away from the boy he just knocked to the asphalt.

Richie got up from the ground, “You’re just a bunch of losers! Fuck off!” he yelled as Stan and Mike held him back, “You’re just a bunch of losers and you’ll get yourselves killed trying to catch… a stupid clown!” the angry teen in the Freeze’s t-shirt adjusted his glasses while he struggled.

“Stop!” Beverly yelled, “This is what It wants. It wants to divide us. We were all together when we hurt it. That’s. Why we’re still alive!” she explained, trying to force the message into the males’ stubbornly thick skulls.

“Yeah? Well, I plan to keep it that way” Richie muttered angrily, bumping harshly into Bill’s shoulder with a ‘thunk’, grabbing his bike, and riding down the street.

Stan and Ben followed silently behind him, each heading to their own houses. Mike moved to leave too, but Beverly held out her arm weakly, “Mike?”

The taller boy paused, looking at them with an expression of worried exasperation. “Guys, I can’t do this… My grandad was right. I am an outsider. I gotta stay that way,” he added, shrugging sadly before turning around to bike away as well.

Bill and Beverly watched silently as everyone left them. When it was just the three of them, they shared a look, turning to Hermione for a sort of guidance.

“Don’t worry, you two. They’ll come around,” she crossed her arms and looked up into the trees wistfully. “If there’s one thing I know about friends, they’ll always understand in time,” she spoke, remembering Harry and Ron’s squabble during their fourth year.

“Their fear is fresh, give them time to process. They’re not as brave as you two,” she murmured, shaking her head. “Honestly, you are two Gryffindors if I’ve ever seen any,” she cracked a smirk as they smiled at being referred to as members of Hermione’s Hogwarts house.

Hermione sighed, walking over to them and pulling them both into a hug worthy of what they deserved. Parting from them, she patted their shoulders.

“If you need anything, and I do mean anything…” she trailed off, ensuring they understood, “I will assist you, even if you just want to talk about… any of this,” she added, parting from them to return
Hermione woke up to an annoying pecking on her windowpane at 7:00 am. Sighing, she rubbed her eyes, getting up to see what was going on. After throwing aside her curtains, she was met with an unfamiliar large old-looking owl with a thick envelope held in its beak. Could it be?

Grabbing the envelope and giving the scruffy owl a treat before it flew away with a hoot, she shut the window and settled down into her chair to read the contents of the envelope from “N. Scamander”.

Dear Detective Granger,

I was both sorry and intrigued to hear about your unique situation. It took me ages to find anything of worth in my journals, but after days of looking, I found a few things that might be of assistance.

There was plenty of lore to be found about this particular area of New England, especially those from the Native Americans who would tell stories of a shapeshifting demon who would steal their children during the night. More recent research tells of a mysterious crater that was made billions of years ago when the Earth was still forming. The thing that made the crater was likely your admirer, as it has been around since before humans were even evolved.

Like a boggart, no one knows, or can fully understand, the creature’s true form. The closest physical form that the human mind can understand is that of a giant acromantula-like spider. Its true form is something called “deadlights”, which exist outside our realm of human understanding. Anyone who has reportedly seen these “deadlights” has either died or gone completely insane. The creature would be what muggles might call an “alien”, as it is a being not from this world, or even dimension.

In order to attract and kill its prey, he would use his shapeshifting to take a more innocent form to lure it in before changing into something that the target fears the most, like a boggart, before killing and eating its prey.

Other reported abilities of this creature, commonly called an Eldritch Abomination (horrible name, I know. He can’t help his nature), are essokinesis, or reality-warping, possession, hypnosis, superhuman strength and speed, psychic abilities, telekinesis, rapid regeneration, teleportation, partial invisibility, chlorokinesis (plant manipulation), photokinesis through the deadlights, casting illusions, near-invulnerability, and immortality. This likely is only a smidge of what an Eldritch could possibly do, so great care and caution is advised.

He will be cunning and manipulative towards you if he is pursuing you as you say he is. However, if you are careful, he shouldn’t try to harm you purposefully. With creatures like these, they are very careful and protective around their prospective and claimed mates like most Earth animals are.

Eldritch’s prefer the taste of scared human flesh, and there is little else that would truly satisfy them. It’s like a drug for them, and it sounds like yours is thoroughly addicted. Luckily, they can live off of other animal meats and sweet fruit if necessary. Their tastes are like those of a bug or spider. They can only taste sweet foods like sugar and the meat from animals. So, if you could get your Eldritch
into a position where he would only be able to eat those things, you could wean him off of his addiction, thusly saving the children.

Unfortunately for you, he’s left a bite, so he is fully devoted to you. So, you shouldn’t attempt to date anyone else, because he would kill them without a second thought. They’re extremely possessive, you see. Killing it would be a last result, but that involves allegedly facing your own fears in order to kill it. I wish I could tell you more about this particular process, but that was all I could find.

Good Luck, Hermione,

Newt Scamander

Putting the letter down with a sigh, she contemplated her next steps with a weary mind. All of what Newt had told her made sense, both the things she and the Losers had worked out, and the stuff he found. The old man’s implied plans on capturing Pennywise if he got out of hand were definitely in the realm of possibilities for her.

The “near-invulnerability” bit got to her because it meant Beverly hadn’t fatally wounded him like she’d hoped. She also understood that Pennywise wasn’t going to stop pursuing her, especially when he killed four children in retaliation for her vacation in New York.

Should she capture him for the good of humanity? The parents and families of Derry needed closure, as did MACUSA and the FBI. However, if she did, he would be trapped forever, being experimented on. Even Newt with his prominence in the field wouldn’t be able to convince them the Eldritch wasn’t dangerous. And if he escaped, he’d surely come after her again. So, would it be better to keep him in her sights for the time being? Trying to recondition his diet seemed like a good place to start.

However, before all that, she needed to understand Pennywise, to hear his side of the story. From what she observed, he could communicate perfectly well, even if he had a more primal mindset.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. I hope you've enjoyed it. Please give me some feedback! It motivates me to write as well as gives me stuff to add or consider.
Okay, I’ve got another chapter for you guys now. It’s mostly filler, but it sets up the next story arc, so stay tuned for the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 6th, 1989

The house was just as dusty and disorderly as it had been the previous day. Hermione listened to the drafty moans and creaking floorboards as she silently strolled through the shabby halls. Upon opening one of the doors, she let out a gasp as countless rats came pouring out with little squeaks and scratches as they dispersed around her legs, scurrying into the other rooms to hide. Shaking off her jitters, she walked onward.

Another room held a small dusty four-poster bed with numerous deep scratched in its headboard and posts. The curtains around it lay in tattered shreds, blowing quietly in the air current even with its numerous holes. Peeling pink wallpaper winked at her through the smoggy dust, reminding her that this had once likely been a child’s bedroom, a child who had likely been eaten by Pennywise. Sighing, she went to the next room.

To her surprise, recently-placed rose petals littered the floor, looking like freshly spilled blood. Looking to where they led, her mouth fell open in shock. A huge king-sized four-poster bed met her eyes. It was clean with no dust or dirt to be seen. It was fully made, not a wrinkle on the vermilion comforter. However, that wasn’t what made her gasp.

Her name was written on the wall in childishly disordered letters… written in blood, she shivered, wondering which of his victims he used to paint the erratic script. Her mind flashing back to her second year and the words, “Enemies of the Heir, Beware”, she walked numbly into the surprisingly warm room.

This is a gift, Hermione grimaced, he left this here for me, she noted, trailing her hand along the bedspread and catching a few petals. The entire room was some shade of red, even the headboard, bed posts, and floor, which were a sort-of Tuscan red color. However, one thing stood out. Lying innocently against the matching vermilion pillows, a little grey box stood out against the entire room purposefully.

It was much too large to be a ring box, but it wasn’t very large. On the back was an old silver key wedged inside. Knowing what it was, she turned the rusted key and set it down on the bed. Sitting down to watch it, another gasp left her mouth as the top lifted. Quiet calliope music played from the box in the way only a music box would, setting the mood for the slow moving couple. On the inside of the top, Hermione could now see a circus scene complete with a carousel, Ferris wheel, and big top tent. Little red balloons seemed to be poking out, around the dancing couple turning in an infinite loop.

The couple, Hermione could clearly see, had been painted recently, the colors much too vibrant to
have been cooped up in the dusty old house for long. The man was Pennywise, donning his usual clown outfit, and the woman was... her, and she was wearing the dress he told her he would kill people if anyone even thought about her wearing it.

Dumbfounded, she watched the wooden Pennywise move to pick up the wooded Hermione and wrap her legs around his waist as he begun spinning faster, turning the scene into something less innocent. Blushing thoroughly, she watched as the tiny couple began to grind against each other before she slammed the box shut, effectively silencing the room. However, a childish laugh echoed from somewhere close by.

Surveying the space with careful eyes, she suddenly felt a warm ghosting touch over her breasts and hair before it landed and lingered on her neck where the clown had bit her. Frustrated, she stood up, all but shouting in the silent room.

“I didn’t come here to play games, Pennywise! I came here to help you. So, if this is what I get, music-box porn and ghost molesting, then I’m leaving. Come talk to me when you’re ready to be serious,” she muttered angrily, apparating home with a ‘pop’.

Flopping face-down on her bed with an angry huff, she screamed into her pillow. Hermione had been so desperate for answers, wanting to see if Newt Scamander had been right, that she thought that Pennywise would actually be there for her to ask him. The idea for her to go down into the well came to her during the previous day, but she didn’t really want to risk getting her head taken off despite the fact that the letter said that he wouldn’t be prone to attacking her as he’d chosen her to court. However, she was sure that didn’t take into account an injured savage Eldritch with a full addiction to fear-seasoned human flesh. He would feel threatened in his own environment. It was as simple as that.

However, he was kind of joking with her, but those could have been leftovers from the day before that had been intended for her if she hadn’t fallen through the floor with Eddie. The ghosting touches against her skin were another matter entirely. Maybe he felt too exposed to touch her directly and felt safer just being invisible. And, like a hyena, his laughter might not have been for something humorous rather than of anxiousness and distress. He may have the type of personality that involves laughing in the face of pain or danger. Because It’s most common form was the clown, it would make the most sense even though it made her quest to understand him harder. Groaning, the petite witch rolled over onto her back and tried to ignore the fact that she could feel warm fingers trailing up her bare legs even though no one was there.

July 7th, 1989

Putting one of her new CDs, the Bon Jovi one, obviously, into the worn out player, she began sweeping the floor, to the tune of the electric guitar. Curly head banging, Hermione rocked out, sliding on the hardwood floor in her socks. Laughing at herself, she began putting the furniture back into the dining area, the floor all clean.

Heading into the kitchen, she washed the hulking stack of dishes in the sink with a few swipes of her wand. After putting them in the cupboard, she vacuumed the carpet in the living room and dusted off the television and framed photos. Satisfied, she went into the little bathroom on the main floor to wipe it down thoroughly with seductive hip pops and swipes matching up with the beat. Throwing her hair into a ponytail while looking in the small mirror, the sweating witch took the No-Maj cleaning supplies upstairs to do the same thing to her bathroom upstairs.
Hermione plugged the CD radio into her bedroom wall and turned the volume up before moving into the other room to scrub the shower and floor. Remembering *The Karate Kid*, she began wiping down the ivory surfaces with exact and harsh swipes that still managed to be in-time with the beat of the music. She knew she probably looked ridiculous, but no one else was watching besides Crookshanks, and he knew just how ridiculous she could be.

Turning over to the radio, she found a station playing “You Spin Me Round” by Dead or Alive and left it on as she began dusting her tall bookshelf, side table, and nightstand along with her phone which sat in its receiver. The beat pounded as she moved her hips left and right in time with the song. Crookshanks padded into the room, settling into the witch’s armchair and falling asleep despite the blasting music.

Hermione shook her head at the sight, shutting off the radio with a flick of her wand so the cat could sleep. *Whatever, Crooks*, she thought, moving into her office to dust off the two small shelves. She looked around her desk and grabbed her bright red highlighter. Uncapping it with a loud suctioning ‘pop’ she circled the Neibolt House a few times and drew out Derry’s Sewer System in the same fashion as the slide laid out the previous day. Grimly, the x’s that marked the kidnappings truly fit with the map, leading all the way up to the crudely-circled “Well House”, which she wrote next to the Neibolt House.

Sighing, Hermione went down two flights of stairs, intending to do some laundry in the basement. By the light of her *lumos*, she unloaded the washer and set the wet clothes on the drying rack with a few slick ‘splats’. Her tanned arms picked up the next bushel of dirty clothes and dumped them into the running water. Pouring the detergent and shutting the door with a loud ‘bang’, Hermione dried the clothes on the rack with her wand, not wanting to wait for them to not dry in the humid basement. She placed the now dried clothes into the bin she’d brought down and took them upstairs.

The sorting and folding only took a few minutes. Putting them away took even less time. However, she was left with two important garments that didn’t belong to her. Bill’s clothes, which he obviously hadn’t grabbed, seem to have been traded for a plain old t-shirt of hers and Ron’s old flannel pajama pants. Because, she hadn’t gotten them back. *Oh, well… They’re mine now*, she thought evilly, stripping to put them on.

Bill’s ripped jeans were much too big for her, the ends threatening to trip her with each step. However, her thighs must’ve been thicker than his because they were rather tight in that area, poking through the ripped holes. Looking at herself in the mirror, she got an idea. Smirking, she took the pants off and rifled through her closet. A small giggle left her lips as she pulled the magical camera out of her box of memorabilia.

Putting the jeans back on over her lacy red panties, she neglected to zip them up, even pushing them down slightly to show off her arse where the fabric was digging into the cleft. Hermione threw on the matching red bra and soaked the simple white shirt that also belonged to Bill before putting it on. The cold temperature made her shiver, her nipples easily poking through her bra which was fully visible against the wet cotton material. Letting her hair hang loosely, and applying the red lipstick she wore to the party, she was ready to begin.

Setting up the camera on her bed and turning it on, Hermione moved quickly, knowing there was only a limited amount of footage on each photo. Cupping her damp breasts, she swayed as she moved her hands down her body. When she reached the shirt’s hem, she yanked it off in the sexiest way she could. Turning around, she shook her slightly exposed arse at the camera, unclipping her bra and letting it fall to the floor. The witch threw her head back in a mock moan as she cupped her hidden breasts once more and winked at the camera, pursing her red lips as if she were blowing a kiss.
A click came from the camera, signalling that the moving photo was done being taken. Smirking, the undressed witch took the warm moving polaroid out of the camera and examined it. It was so depraved and lustful, totally unlike her usual personality. However, the thought of her boyfriend getting himself off to the photo made her wet.

Unfortunately, she had to bewitch the photo so No-Maj couldn’t see it move, and that included Bill Gray. Sighing sadly, she made it so the photo showed her cupping her breasts while wearing the jeans and the soaked shirt. Hermione walked into her office, grabbing a red pen and writing, “Did you forget something, love?” in flowing cursive.

Now then, she concentrated, to send it... It was a hard spell, which is why most wizards used owls and spelled letters, but the distance was close enough for it to work perfectly. Tapping on the photo with a light skim, it vanished, appearing to Bill, wherever he was in Derry. She’d had to dial into his presence and force the picture to reappear right next to that exact spot. The hard part was that she couldn’t truly know where the recipient was, only their presence or lack thereof in the vicinity.

Heading outside to do some gardening, she put on her outdoor apron over the sundress she’d changed into as well as the matching sun hat with the large brim and bow. Bending over, she began pulling weeds from the relatively small patch of grass. She hadn’t been quite as good at Herbology as Neville, but she found that it relaxed her to pull weeds, water the plants, and pick the produce when she finished. Crouching down, she surveyed the strawberries and carrots she’d planted when she arrived in Derry about a month earlier.

Luckily, her minor wards kept vermin, bugs, and other animals from eating up the sprouts, so it looked like she’d have a big haul by the time she likely left Derry at the beginning of fall. Sighing for what felt like the millionth time that day, she got up to grab her watering can. The wide holed spout sprinkled the water onto the leaves, dampening them with sparkling dew.

Hermione smiled at the sight, wiping her sweating forehead and going back inside for a cool drink. As she sat down with an icy glass of pink lemonade, she got the idea to make cookies using one of the packaged mix-ins that only required sugar, peanut butter, vanilla extract, and an egg. Nearly salivating at the idea, she mixed them together in a large bowl. When the dough was made, she rolled it into little balls and crushed them with the flat of a fork, periodically eating one of the pieces of dough when the urge became too strong. They went in the oven, and fifteen minutes later, she had warm peanut butter cookies.

Covering most of them and placing them in the microwave to preserve their heat, she put the remaining few on a plate and brought them upstairs to eat while she read. Hermione had been most eager to finish *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* because there was a wonderful movie adaptation to go with it and she wanted to see how it compared to the original story. However, by the end, a single tear rolled down her face at the fate of the main protagonists. She ate her cookies then, trying to fill the small void that had opened in her heart.

Sighing, she laid down to go to bed, as it was already passed ten o’clock at night. When her breathing evened out, a certain clawed hand slid the window open, letting a cold draft come into the room. The creature’s spine straightened upon closing the window behind him. Amber eyes glinted wildly at the sight of his chosen intended. A guttural purr escaped the clown’s sharp-toothed grin as he approached the bed and settled down beside her. Reaching around her to pull her closer, he felt around where her heart was underneath her nightie. When he found her magical essence’s core, he began to sap energy from her.

His hair brightened and volumized, his skin stopped cracking and the existing cracks disappeared. However, Hermione twitched, stopping him for the time being. No matter, he felt better already.
Gingerly, he spooned her immersing himself in her mind-scape so they could have a little chat.

★★★

A much younger Hermione who was likely only about five years old sat in an unfamiliar living room, playing with a dollhouse. However, it wasn’t just any dollhouse. It was the Neibolt house, his lair. The little girl giggled, long curls bouncing as she made a wooden Pennywise go down into the basement and escape down the plastic well tube that went nowhere. She left the figurine of him lying on the floor in favor of moving the mini-Losers’ Club out of the house and off to the side.

“What are you doing here?” she asked bossily, “This is my dream!” she pouted upon seeing his presence.

“Too bad, little doll,” noting that she was actually dressed up in a puffy tutu and tiara like a little doll, “You wanted to talk, so here I am,” he announced, throwing his arms out welcomingly.

Hermione glared at him, “Why can’t we do this while I’m awake?” she tried to be stern, but she just looked like an angry kitten.

“Because,” he began, lifting her up and putting her tiny body in his huge lap, “I’m tired,” he pouted to mock her, “and my physical form isn’t up to doing much talking thanks to your little friends …” he glared, baring his buck teeth at her.

Sheepishly, the little Hermione mumbled out a “Sorry,” reaching her tiny pale hands out to pet his ruffled collar. An amused snort left his nose at the motion.

“Did you really come here from outer space billions of years ago?” she asked, her light whisky eyes sparkling with curiosity as she leaned into his chest. Whatever he’d been expecting, it hadn’t been that.

“Yes, Pennywise did come to Earth long ago,” he affirmed, rubbing a clawed hand along her back soothingly as he felt her tiredness. Clearly he’d taken more energy than he thought.

“Are you a spider? Because you climb trees like a spider,” she accused quietly, Pennywise hummed thoughtfully, wondering how she was coming to her truthful conclusions.

“A spider is the closest thing your tiny human minds can understand, so yes, Pennywise is a spider, a spider who eats tasty little children,” he acquiesced hungrily, not feeling like explaining the full concept to a younger version of his mate who probably wouldn’t remember about it when she was this close to sleep.

“Would you hurt and eat me?” Hermione mumbled nervously, barely awake.

“No!” he yelped, shocked at the question, “I would never hurt you. You’re mine,” he purred, rubbing her back as she finally slipped into the unconsciousness within her unconsciousness.

Pennywise stopped short, coming to the full scope of his inability to hurt Hermione, “…and I am yours,” he rasped, his voice full of unironic shock.

Chapter End Notes
There it is, I hope you liked it. I think I might have to do a Pennywise POV chapter soon, especially because I'm sure you all want to know his kinky reaction/fantasy to the fully moving picture Hermione sent "Bill". I'll probably do that next before going into the next story arc.

As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I need feedback! It fuels me to write more chapters quicker. :)}
Hey, guys. Thanks so much for all of your comments over the last few days. They've really meant a lot to me! :D

I've got the next chapter here for you guys. As always with the Pennywise POV chapters, there is a LOT of review, but this time, I inserted a few fantasies of Pennywise's into the chapter, which are completely new.

If Hermione only knew how much time he spends thinking of her in "certain situations"... ;)

June 27th, 1989

Pennywise’s brain short-circuited as Hermione crimson dress blew in the wind while she walked down Main Street. His matching crimson blood dribbled from his nose and up into the tree branches above due to the intense anger and lust he held within himself. No, it wouldn’t do to grab her now while she was in sight of so many people. It would only cause an unnecessary headache for him to intervene at this time.

The witch’s hands came down to hold her rebellious skirt, but it was no use. Everyone saw the lacy black panties she had on underneath. The gawking males made Pennywise want to kill them out of spite, drag their corpses down into the sewers, and give them to the rats. They deserve nothing less. After all, they weren’t good enough for him to eat.

To his own jealousy, Hermione was somewhat… pleased. She wanted the attention on some level. Smoke rose from his head as he seethed, his body temperature rising to boiling. You want attention, Hermione? Fine! Pennywise will give you all the attention you want from these mortal maggots. The dress she wore was just asking for his intervention.

It fit tightly over her breasts and rib cage but flared out around her hips and stopped at knee-level. It was sleeveless, but two one-inch straps held it on her shoulders. The back dipped lowly, showing off the various freckles that littered her upper back. Pennywise already wanted to nibble on her exposed flesh, but the freckles nearly did him in. Claws sliced into the tree trunk angrily as he shadowed her from the forest along the sidewalk.

Hermione stepped on a grate, causing her skirt to fully fly up with a whooshing flare. Once again, she tried to push it down, but it was too late. Everyone who had already been looking at her now knew what her underwear looked like. The witch blushed to match her dress as she began walking faster, holding her dress to herself sheepishly. She strolled away from the main roads, good, doll. Now we can be allllll alone together, he purred, noticing that no one else was around.

Purposefully stepping on a branch, he changed his visible form to match the dark haired man from her photos. The outfit was changed slightly, but it seemed to work as Hermione snapped her head in his direction. Holding a balloon to show that it was actually him, Pennywise beckoned her closer with a taunting crook of his finger. However, Hermione didn’t move at first, probably noticing the
glare he couldn’t keep from his now green eyes or the scowl that curled his lip. She stepped closer, warily eyeing him and the balloon like a nervous fawn.

“Harry?” he smiled pointily. *Yes, yes, come to “Harry”, come to meehee*, he mentally hissed.

The clown heard her heart stutter as she firmly grasped the long strap of her purse like a lifeline. His witch stared at his natural uneven teeth poking out from her other friend’s mouth. Her breath expelled from her in quiet pants, the only noise heard in the vicinity to his pleasure.

He curled his finger at her again. When she didn’t take one step further, he tilted his head in what was supposed to be a curious movement, but it only made her more cautious and hesitant to stay in his sights. However, the act of psyching herself up was visible all over her face, so Pennywise wasn’t surprised when she stepped off the road, breathing a long sigh through her mouth. The clown kept smiling, wishing he could throw any verbal prods at her to get her to speak to him. Turning to lead her deeper into the forest behind them, he acquiesced that he had no idea what Harry sounded like, so the illusion would be broken if he tried.

Hell, the only reason she was following him now, at least from what he could read from her, was that she smelled curious. He didn’t even have to look behind him to see that she was following him at a bit of a distance, showing that she was still hesitant. She saw through his illusion. That much was obvious.

Disappearing and climbing up into a large pine tree to hang silently upside down from the branches, Pennywise felt bitterness radiating from her, which sat like a rock in his gut. The taste was rancid like spoiled fear. Holding his nose, he made a loud reprimanding chitter, too disgusted for human words. Luckily, her nervousness returned as she spun around rapidly, trying to find him. She began to panic, her fear rising quickly. It was intoxicating…

He fidgeted on his branch in want, weakly humping the branch his legs were wrapped around as he revealed himself to Hermione. When she looked up to him, the clown remembered his previous anger. Crossing his arms and glaring amber-crimson down at her, he stared into her wide whisky orbs.

“You?!” Hermione exclaimed loudly. *So precious, my little doll…* he swayed giddily, gradually picking up speed as he cracked a wicked grin.

“Oh yes, Hermione. Me, me, me, me!” he chanted intensely with each rock from side to side. “Say!” he exclaimed, stilling, “let’s play a little *game*, Hermione,” he offered, slipping into a baritone timbre instead of his usual high-pitched voice. *Yesss, witch… Just you and I…*

“Very well,” she nodded absently, sitting down on a large rock and crossing her ankles prettily.

She smoothed out the wrinkles in the dress before drawing her eyes back up to him in the tree. Unbeknownst to her, he followed her arousing body closely with his amber eyes, intensely wanting to lay her back and fuck her on the rock she sat on. The witch’s hair was extra curly that day due to the summer’s heat, and it drove him insane.

Another thing that drove him insane was the amount of attention the little witch was drawing to her person. That dress, that alluring red dress, accentuated every part of her concealed body and left little to the imagination. Her breasts had been thwarted in their escape from their confines, but the tight material still concealed the tops of her areolas. As he’d seen, the skirt rode up as well, giving the entirety of Derry’s Main Street a show of Hermione’s lacy black undergarments despite her efforts to push the dress down. He and “Bill” would have to shadow her constantly and beat the other men off with a stick, or a crowbar, he thought, so angry that he actually took a breath to refocus.
She played their little game, and she played it well, my smart little witch... Hermione had been quick to answer and she answered correctly despite answering with “misery” instead of “love”. This told him that she didn’t fully understand what he wanted from her. Besides, he popped his spine contemplatively, don’t actions speak louder than words?

“Do you understand now, Hermione?” Pennywise muttered cryptically, drawing her eyes back to his with his serious inflection and blank face. The witch shot up from her seated position on the rock, her hair flying around her as she moved to back away. Oh ho ho ho! You’re not running away from me! He seethed angrily.

“I’ve had enough riddles for one lifetime, thank you very much,” she sassed, gasping loudly when he turned his head around so they could literally talk face to face. His eyes burned red-hot as he glared at her now shivering form.

“And here I thought we were having such a good time…” he chided her gently, tapping his chin thoughtfully as he turned his head back around.

Now be a good little girl and take your punishment, he thought, latching onto the tree trunk and scaling it down to the forest floor.

Hermione positively breathed fear by the time he got to the ground. Once again, his lust returned, pooling in his auburn-red eyes like molten lava. He began stalking towards the witch, wanting to taste her mouth at her heightened emotional state. However, she suddenly began backing away, realizing that he was coming for her. She whimpered as his shadow fell over her due to their height difference. A pale gloved hand reached out to grasp her chin, but he was suddenly blasted away by water.

The witch began to run, leaving behind a fearfully hot scent trail. Shaking off his ruffled costume and snarling like a dog, he chased after her. Trees blurred past him as he quickly caught up to her. In hindsight, he should have been quieter, because the panting he did to scare her more only made her throw another spell that rippled across his mind. Suddenly, little canaries were savagely attacking him, aiming for his blood-red eyes and nose. Growling, he quickly grabbed each one and killed them, constricting the birds within his snakelike fingers. When their little beady eyes popped out of their tiny skulls, he dropped them, uncaring that they magically poofed out of existence in his wake.

Swiftly and silently catching up to Hermione once more, he tackled her to the ground, taking a surprising amount in satisfaction with her position underneath him. Well, it wasn’t that surprising. After all, this was how he wished to mate with her after their first initial round before becoming bonded mates.

He wanted to watch her eyes as he took her initially. He wanted to fuck her with no mercy. He wanted to hear her moans, cries, and screams as he pounded into her tight snatch. She would leak there for him to ease his passage into her welcoming womb. His alien seed would flood into her fertile cavern and grow. It would bind with any of the lucky eggs already in her womb, and likely even pull a few more from her ovaries to make more siblings.

Hermione would swell large with his brood for months afterwards in preparation. Her supple breasts would swell with milk for them as her pregnancy progressed. He would take up the duty of relieving her when they became sore. Pennywise would fuck her then too, because her swollen abdomen combined with her sweet milk would make him unbelievably horny in a way he hadn’t considered
before until finding Hermione.

In addition, the thought of fuzzy red-haired, whisky-eyed babies latching onto her nipples and suckling also had him getting hard. If they ate like either of their parents, they would have their mother moaning at the pressure of their eating. He’d hold her down as she bucked off their bed, simultaneously feeding himself with her nether juices.

However, before all that, he had to claim her so another male wouldn’t take his place as her suitor. Squirming underneath him, Hermione’s nails grasped the dirt as she tried to wrestle free. Grinning at her fire, Pennywise picked her up, allowing her bare legs to dangle helplessly. A scared wheeze left her lips when she realized that her wand was still on the ground, and completely out of her reach.

The gangly clown clutched her tightly to his chest, both arms satisfactorily wrapping around her torso and arms, trapping them at her sides. An inhuman purr escaped him as he nuzzled her ear with his painted nose, evoking a nervous squeak to escape her matching lips at the touch to one of her erogenous zones. *My pretty little mouse...* Chuckling, Pennywise’s wet chest rumbled as he trailed his nose and lips along her smooth neck, taking the scenic route to their true destination. He kissed the skin connecting her pale column to her creamy shoulders, oddly gently considering his previous behavior.

However, he was soon back to his harsh mannerisms when he suddenly sunk his pointed teeth deep into her shoulder. Hermione screamed and thrashed, throwing her head back in anguish as he began thrusting his teeth unevenly into the wound in an attempt to make it scar. The sounds of the witch’s wails aggravated him, urging him to soothe the mark, which he immediately began doing.

She jolted at the feeling of his inky black tongue lazily lapping the blood that had spilled from her wound and trailed down her skin. When the surrounding skin was clean, he moved his tongue carefully over the bite itself, not delving into the breached skin because he knew it would be extremely painful. He smiled dazedly, drunk on her blood, when he realized she was calming down with each swipe of his tongue. *Yes, mate... I’m here*, he purred against her bite.

Her sobs had long become hiccups, making her periodically jolt in his grasp and reward him with the vision of her bouncing breasts as he pulled away from her neck. Gingerly, he lapped up her salty tears, only pausing as she began speaking.

“W-why...?” Hermione asked hoarsely, her voice weak from screaming and crying.

Pennywise smiled, rubbing his damp cheek against her own before moving to breathe against her lips, “Because you’re mine, little doll.”

**June 30th, 1989**

Pennywise’s crotch tingled harshly as he felt Hermione’s dexterous finger trailing along the bite he’d made. Groaning as she continued to naughtily taunt him, he sat up on his couch and half-straddled over one of the cushioned arms. *If we’re going to play this game, doll, then we’re gonna play it in person*, he thought lustfully, patching himself into Hermione’s telephone using the small payphone he’d stolen during his last awakening.

“Hello?” Hermione asked confusedly, Pennywise froze up, unsure how to fully seduce her back.

“Hey Hermione, it’s Bill,” he replied slowly, sounding a bit nervous to his irritation, “I was
wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight. We can just stay at your house if you want to... Err, I mean if you’re more comfortable... That is to say...” he let out a long sigh, making Hermione’s heart stutter in anticipation and pity. *Good, fall for it, you little minx...* he scowled.

“I’m... sorry... about the other day,” he spoke suddenly, remembering his potential mistake during their last date. “I just... I’ve never met anyone like you, Hermione,” a compliment, “And I’m worried I frightened y—” now the concern, That made the witch bust out laughing.

“Oh, ha, ha, ha! Bill, don’t worry. You didn’t frighten me. I liked what you were doing, but we were moving a bit fast. I want to get to know you more before we take that next step in our relationship. Hell, I’m still getting used to calling you ‘boyfriend’.” On the other end, Pennywise smiled shyly, giddy that Hermione wasn’t denying him by rejecting the honorific. He almost didn’t catch Hermione’s next sentence as he was too busy celebrating that he hadn’t lost her trust in his Bill persona, the form she was mostly unguarded around.

“I am free now if you want to come over. I wasn’t planning on doing anythin—”

“That’s fine! I was the one who offered, so don’t go out of your way to plan something,” he supplied quickly, remembering to be on his best behavior as the doting human boyfriend.

“Uhh, okay. Are you sure you won’t get bored?” Hermione asked, unsure.

“Of course not! I’ll be over in say... a half hour?” Bill proposed, a light tint brightening his voice.

“Yeah, sounds good. *I’ll be waiting for you,*” she teased in a sultry undertone.

Pennywise gasped, choking on air as he knocked the receiver into the box a few times as his lust took over. Growling crazily, he nearly broke the machine as he finally slammed the receiver down, effectively hanging up on his end after Hermione had. If he thought he’d been horny before, this was torture. He couldn’t meet Hermione like this...

Rocking back and forth on the arm of the couch with his eyes closed, he imagined his witch underneath him like she’d been in his fantasy the previous day.

“Ah!~ P-please Pennywise!” she’d wiggle underneath his thrusting member, watching as it went in and out of her cave with loud depraved squelches.

“I’ll be a good mummy, I promise!” Hermione would drool out of the side of her mouth, leaving bloody scratches along his bare back. Looking down at her round abdomen, he’d rub her bump with paternal fondness.

“I know, my little lusty mate. I know,” he muttered eagerly to himself, lost in the dream as he dry humped the dirty couch underneath him.

“I want more of your babies! Come inside—Ah!” she’d yell when he’d lean down to suckle from her leaking breasts which would pour warm white cream into his waiting maw.

“Nooo~ Please! That’s for the babies,” she’d protest weakly, but he would ignore her in favor of sucking harder, wanting to force her body to make more for the clutch inside her.

“My. Pups. Aren’t. Here. Yet,” he warned, capitalizing each word with a thrust as his knot would begin to swell with a determination to breed her already pregnant womb.

She’d whimper as he became locked inside of her, the bulge stretching her while she clutched his shoulders and came with a loud scream of his name.
He roared out his orgasm, biting the air with a savage squeeze of his jaw. After a few more weak humps against the soaked surface, he opened his eyes. Black ink littered the wall in front of him, the couch, and the floor in large splatters. There was so much of it that his chest puffed out in pride at the proof of his strong virility. Yes, he would breed her. She would likely conceive the first time he seeded her if this was the amount that was going to spill inside Hermione’s waiting womb. Grinning toothily, he changed into Bill Gray and went up to the surface, intending to take a cold shower in the coming rain before he arrived at the petite witch’s home.

★★★

Lightning struck, illuminating the pointy-toothed fangs threatening to poke through his blue-tinged lips. Amber eyes shined in the windy darkness, assisting him in finding Hermione’s door. He knocked sharply, ready to begin his seduction with the soaked roses. The little witch opened her door, making him grin widely upon seeing her wearing his favorite color. Perfect...

“Hey Hermione, you picked a great day to stay inside. Wouldn’t want you getting all wet, now would we?” he shuffled past her innocently, dripping purposefully onto the ceramic tiles next to the fireplace.

Grinning she ordered, “Hang on, I’ll get you some towels,” Hermione rushed upstairs, giving the clown the satisfaction of watching her body’s curves bounce as she ascended. Running down the steps a minute later, she came at him with a fluffy white towel.

“Here,” she spoke briefly, unfolding a towel with a flick and proceeding to throw it over his head and rub it around as if she were polishing a shoe.

Pennywise flinched at first before standing still and letting her dry his hair. His surprise hair kink coming out in full swing, tiny whimpers threatened to escape him at her harsh treatment. After a minute or two she let up on his hair and lazily draped the damp towel around his neck and surveyed her victim’s head. It was relatively dry, but the short dark strands stood up, hung down, and draped across his blushing face.

“Oh, that’s better. You can change into these so you won’t catch a cold, because, let me tell you, it’s not pleasant,” she joked handing him the pajamas and turning around so he could change where he was.

His eyes narrowed at the pants. What is this!? Pennywise’s eyes flashed amber, bringing them to his face. Hermione is my witch, my mate, mine! No one else’s! Not even this male whose scent is all over on these… The surprise he felt in that moment made him stand there for a while. Feelings of possession welled up inside his black heart as his brain tried to rationalize what he should do. Nonetheless, Hermione was his now, and putting his own scent down in place of the other male’s would erase it, thus solidifying his claim further. Nodding firmly, he disrobed out of his wet jeans and put on the much more comfortable flannel pants. Silently, he began peeling his shirt off just as Hermione turned around.

“Are you done ye—gah!” she blushed loudly at the sight of Bill’s well-defined abs and pectorals.

Pennywise smirked, this could be useful… he thought, pretending to be stuck in the shirt and showing off Bill’s muscled chest and abdomen. Lust radiated from Hermione, enough that she might even be drooling. However, he couldn’t see it so he couldn’t tell. Hearing her chuckle lowly, she walked over to him and began reaching for the caught material.
“Need some help, big guy?” she spoke sultrily, trailing a nail around his right nipple.

Pennywise jumped, unconsciously leaning into her finger and sighing mock-defeatedly, “…yes,” he pouted, wishing he could have seen her utter her previous sentence.

Giggling, the witch stood on her tip-toes and yanked the material over his head and arms in a few jerky motions. When the shirt was off and had fallen to the tiles with a splat, Hermione dazedly leaned into the clown’s chest and continued circling the puckered bud. The man, in turn, wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer so they were touching fully. No, doll. That’s my job. You’ve got our roles all backwards. Don’t you, Hermione?

“Having fun?” he teased above her, resting his chin on the top of her head.

“Yeah,” Hermione licked her lips and nestled her head into his chest, continuing to stroke him gently.

“Good,” the smugness she could feel radiating off of him motivated her to retaliate.

Innocently turning her head, she suddenly engulfed the cold bud into her warm mouth. Pennywise moaned lowly at the motion and pushed her head closer with a hand at the back of her neck. Hermione sucked eagerly before biting down, making him yelp and let up suddenly. Thinking she’d hurt him, she tried soothing the small bruise with a few licks of her velvety tongue. To her surprise as well as Pennywise’s, she actually wrangled a low whimper out of him. Uhn... I will seriously pup you right here if you do that again...

Hermione laughed at the puppy-like noise and gently pulled away from him to both his relief and irritation. He wasn’t sure if he could’ve kept up the act much longer without a break. Breathing heavily, he sniffed her out. She’d gone downstairs into the dark basement, so he silently crept up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. The petite woman gasped as he whispered into her ear seductively, molding his thickening human cock between her ass.

“Here you are, love. I was wondering where you’d run off to with my clothes. Rather cozy down here isn’t it?” his messy damp hair curled slightly, cooly tickling her cheek as he leaned over her.

“Woah,” she yelped when Pennywise picked her up, spreading her legs around his lean waist.

His arm cradled her arse as he began walking, causing her to wrap her arms around his neck and tighten her thighs around his middle. Hermione breathed heavily, burying her head into his neck. Each step on the stairs, Pennywise “accidentally” ground his member against her core, causing her to moan helplessly. He only clicked his tongue at her position patronizingly.

“You’ve only brought this on yourself, you know,” he punctuated with an obvious thrust against her clit. Hermione gaped at the sensation, whimpering as she clutched him tighter.

Gently, he sat down on her living room couch and moved Hermione’s legs so they weren’t crushed. His plump lips were tight as he watched her grab the neglected hairbrush intently and began going through his curly snarls. He wriggled underneath her each time she pulled a bit harder. When she massaged his scalp after yanking out a knot, he moaned into her ear, his pupils blown wide with arousal. He even made that cute squeaky whimper when she slicked it back into its usual style. There was no doubt in his demented mind that Hermione felt his rock-hard erection against her pussy.

Fully aroused, he gripped her pajama-clad hips tightly, breathing tightly through his nose and trying to keep still. Suddenly, Hermione leaned in to whisper in his ear, gripping the dark hairs at the base of his neck.
“Bill, you’ve been such a good boy today,” she praised, sending an embarrassing amount of sparks to his groin.

“Oh!” he groaned, thrusting once weakly into her core.

“So I’ll make a deal with you,” she pulled away and looked into his hazy cobalt eyes. At his eager nod and squeeze of her hips, she continued.

“I’ll let you touch a piece of me tonight to get yourself off... if you wish,” her dominant confidence beginning to wane as he reclined silently beneath her.

“Yes,” he growled at her, “I do... please, Hermione. I need it,” Pennywise belatedly remembered to be polite in light of her surprise mercy.

Hermione blushed silently and nodded, the last of her assertiveness leaving her as Pennywise began running his hands over her. Starting at her roots, he trailed through her hair, brushing her cheeks and neck as he went further. He ran his palms over her shoulders and down her arms, lacing his fingers through her own momentarily before bringing all of her knuckles to his lips and kissing them briefly. Mine... Going back up to her collar bones, he skimmed them, smirking when she giggled at the sensation he caused. When he got to her supple breasts, he squeezed them like a child might have, as if he’d never done so before. She gasped at him, but he ignored her, only palming her abdomen purposefully with little rubs before reaching around under her arse to squeeze it like he’d done with her breasts. Jolting into him further, he tested her thighs, knees, and shins with little pokes. He also ran his pointer fingers along both of the bottoms of her feet, watching spellbound as she giggled again, grasping his shoulders. So sensitive for me, so eager...

Looking into his eyes once more, she noticed that they shined with an otherworldly light. Feelings of adoration and care welled up in her at the sight, making her gently connect his forehead with hers and brush his nose with her own. Love me, worship me over your other deities and I will give you what you want... She hummed as she hugged him tighter and her heart sang as he hugged her in return. His rasping whisper against her mouth made her shiver with anticipation.

“I think I’ve made my decision. Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Pennywise asked, hoping that she’d let him continue.

“Yes,” she nodded as the clown kissed her lips lightly before urging her to sit up with a tap of his hand.

When Hermione sat up, her lower half still straddled his waist. Large pale hands were grasping at the lapels of her silk top and unbuttoning it before her wide whisky eyes. Suddenly, he couldn’t think. Pennywise’s mouth dropped open, revealing his perfect teeth and smooth tongue. Drool started to leak from the side of his lip as his brain short-circuited. He felt her place his hands on the two perfect globes, and he squeezed them, testing to see if he was in another one of his fantasies as well as quell the intoxicating smell of her worry on his behalf. His face was blank as his right hand wrapped around her body to pull the shirt off of her. Once she was mostly stripped from her navel and upwards, her arms instinctively came up to cover her chest. Bad girl, Hermione. Taunting me and then covering yourself deserves a little punishment... he smirked internally.

“Hermione?” Bill gently moved her arms, “You are beautiful, so there is nothing I want you to hide from me,” he crooned into her ear as he secretly unhooked her bra, pulling it away as he leaned back into the couch.

Any thoughts about punishing his woman went out the window at seeing what she’d been hiding.
Smooth pale skin met his eyes, meaning she hadn’t been showing her breasts off to the sun. Rosy red petals dotted the tips of her mounds. Not a blemish or mark marred them. They looked heavenly and were probably the closest he’d get to the place other than tapping her uterus with his cock. His eyes twinkled as lightning struck outside. Drool continued to flow down his chin in a slow trickle and his nose flared with his heavy inhalations. *Cherries, caramel, vanilla, and... cream...* He looked high, gazing dazedly at her breasts before suddenly hugging her. Pennywise nudged his forehead into her neck and kissed her sternum.

“They’re perfect, Hermione, absolutely perfect. Thank you,” he sighed against her gratefully.

The amount of reverence in his voice made her tear up as she stroked his hair invitingly, kissing the top of his damp head. Carefully, he moved her so they were in the same position as the other day with him straddling her as she laid on the couch. He looked down at her, taking delight in the vision of her hair strewn all around her bared chest. It was so inviting: the dark strands framing the creamy peaks with their cherry-like nipples that begged to be sampled as she’d sampled his earlier. *Payback, Hermione,* he thought as he leaned in.

A sudden warmth on her breast caused her to look down from her view of the ceiling. Gasping, she saw Bill’s lips puckered around her right nipple. Hermione bucked up into his crotch as he began sucking. *Good... Mine... Want... Offspring. To. Feed. Elsewhere! Mine!* Pennywise rumbled internally, reveling in Hermione’s flavor.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there is Part 6. There will for sure be a Part 7, and there might be a Part 8, but I'll see if I can condense it into one chapter. As always, comment, leave kudos, etc. They keep me going. :)
Pennywise's Thoughts: VII

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, back at it again for Part 8 of Pennywise's Thoughts. Sorry it's another re-hash, but I've got another kinky fantasy of Pennywise's for you guys to read. Seriously, he's going insane (more like primal) due to his injury (i.e. wanting to preserve his species before he croaks from "Death by Losers") so this actually kind of makes sense because he's a bit more feral now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 3rd, 1989

Pennywise watched, his pinstripe pants tightening as Hermione strut over to her wardrobe. His legs led him closer to her as she bent over, displaying her lacy bottom to his lustful gaze. When she bent back up, his arms encircled her scantily-clad torso and pulled her backwards into his hard body.

He wasn’t expecting her to attack him. A loud squawk, or a weak battle cry, left her lips as she flailed her arms back to beat the clown off, only stopping when he began laughing. His nose trailed over her neck and ear as he hugged her. When he spoke, Hermione calmed fully, realizing who he was. It’s not nice to attack your mate, doll.

“You know,” he lazily licked along her right carotid artery, tasting a sample of the essence pumping through her blood. “Seeing you like this makes me want to skip the dance and have a little encore of our last ‘date’,” he punctuated with a squeeze at her hips along the belt.

So sexy… all for me to feast on...

“How the hell did you get in here?” Hermione sighed, reveling in Pennywise’s ministrations. No more questions, sweetmeat… he rumbled internally.

“You were the one who left your door unlocked,” he spat patronizingly, “I just came up to make sure no one else got to you first,” he whispered against her other ear, nibbling the lobe.

“But when I saw you…” he hugged her tighter, “bent over,” he groaned sultrily, “I couldn’t help myself… You do things to me, Hermione,” he finished with a lick to her left carotid artery. You make my cock hard and tentacles twist, ready to trap you on my knot as I push my seed deep inside your cunt. These are the things I’m talking about, Hermione...

The flattered witch blushed deeply, turning in his grasp to face him, “You do things to me too, you know,” she smirked into his ivory collar, pulling and releasing his ebony suspenders with a snap. Oh, ho, ho, he rasped haughtily, I know I do, dollface… Just give in...

“I know,” he rubbed his pale fingers along her skin teasingly, “How are my girls doing tonight?” he joked, tracing the black lace of her bra with sinister promise.

“They’re fine,” she replied indulgently, “a bit sore… I’d let you see for yourself, but I’d rather not be late,” she slid out of his grasp and put on the intricate crimson and black dress that stopped about...
mid-thigh with long black fringe stopping at her knees. Pennywise frowned slightly as she covered herself. *Well, it’s for the best that she doesn’t wear that out in public.*

Giggling, the witch twirled for her boyfriend. When she got dizzy, she swayed over to her bed and sat down, closing her eyes. The clown sat down next to her, barely resisting the urge to rip her clothes off and mount her right there. Instead, he was fidgeted with her headband by flicking the small black peacock feathers childishly. Smirking at her now reclined form, he carefully settled the black band into her hair. *There, for my precious shining treasure…*

Smiling impishly at him in return, she leaped up from the bed and settled onto her vanity and began applying her matching lipstick, kohl eyeliner, and red sparkly eye shadow. Turning slowly in her chair to meet the eyes of the spellbound man still on her bed, she winked at him with a dark eyelid and surveyed his outfit.

*That’s it, he determined frustratedly, she wants me to touch her!* Hermione was skirting his restraint line so closely that one more bat of her eyelashes would result in a confirmed pregnancy by the end of the night. He wanted to claim her so badly, but if he had to jump through her hoops, then he would in order to get what he wanted.

Pennywise, determinedly striding over to her in his gangster costume, hat included, picked up the smaller woman and held her bridal-style as she squealed at being picked up.

“Well, well, well! It seems I’ve got a choice bit of calico right here,” he announced to Crookshanks who’d just padded into the room. The cat stared at him nonplussed, moving to sleep in Hermione’s armchair.

“A bearcat with beautiful bubs,” he continued with the slang, nuzzling her breasts, “my hotsy-totsy Sheba,” he kissed Hermione’s confused lips, “my little tomato who knows her onions,” he grinned as realization shown in her whisky eyes.

“Come on, put me down. Bank’s closed, you dewdropper,” he set her back down with a laugh. He frowned childishly at her choice of words. *She called me a lollygagger? Me?*

“Seriously, that’s the only slang I know,” she pat his arm, “Come on, we’re taking my car,” Hermione announced, grabbing her keys and striding out the open doorway.

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*July 4th, 1989*

After being pranked with the balloon, she ran, and he lost sight of her. Peeved, he began his search. He found her about forty-five minutes later, and she was with her little Losers’ Club. Pennywise huffed jealously. *If you want kids like these, I’ll give them to you. It’ll take a while, but they’ll be better because they’ll be mine too… We can even have seven if they’ll make you forget about these brats!*

Possessing the Paul Bunyan statue, he surveyed them. They were clumped together in a circle, but he was too far away to hear what they were saying. Hermione, ever vigilant, glared at him for a second, making him think she could feel him. However, she turned her head to converse with the teens.

Their faces were stern, which only meant that they were talking about him. Grinning at their lack of joy, he watched each of their reactions. The scared little one twitched, unconsciously trying to run. *Good…* Pennywise purred, *you’re next.*
Two mindless police officers walked by them. However, Hermione watched them carefully, revealing to the disguised clown that she’d done something to them. The witch’s head bobbed in response to their conversation, her curls bouncing in the sunlight despite their grim conversation. To his indignation, she began getting a bit... touchy with the Losers. Hermione had set her hand on Stan’s, and later, he clenched her hand in return. Oh ho ho! Miss Flute Lady is crawling into your bed tonight if you don’t let go of her. Right. Now!

The very sight made him possess the clown onstage at the amphitheater and telepathically shoot off one of the loud firecrackers to break them apart. Little Richie looked at his different clown form fearfully, but Hermione actually grimaced at him. Internally, he smiled at her loyalty to his favored form. Aww... I’m flattered. Here... he tried to hand her a green balloon animal, but she was looking at the spectacled Loser, likely thinking it was meant for him.

He watched her pale lips move, answering the younger female while keeping him in her immediate line of vision. She was stern, but caring. Even joking with them at the end of their conversation about him left him puzzled. What is this feeling? He pondered, watching his witch interact innocently with the younger teens. He’d never realized it before but the way she interacted with them... He wanted her to do the exact same thing for their own progeny. Watching her now, he knew she’d be a great mother to his children.

Hermione was walking past him, and he’d been too lost in thought again in “Kinky Baby-Making Land” to notice. Abandoning his alternate clown costume, he raced after her, only catching up with her in time to tell off a younger male who’d been sniffing around his mate.

“She’s not lost,” his stern voice answered the young man’s innuendo from behind Hermione, making the carnie’s light blue eyes widen fearfully in front of her at the thunderous glare he had spreading across his features like a storm. Good, be afraid. You so much as look at her again and I’ll rip your head off and feed you to the rats! Luckily, his height and posture told the other man all that and more.

Suddenly, Hermione reached her arms through his to wrap around his muscled arm and lean into him. Pennywise’s bestial nature hummed in satisfaction at her submission and demonstration of his ownership of her.

“Waddever,” the carnie shrugged offhandedly, seemingly not interested in her anymore. Wise, wise, decision, maggot... The boy slammed his hand down childishly to pull in the money Hermione put down and shoved two tickets in their general direction, “Enjoy the fair,” he stated bluntly, turning to address the people who stood behind them in line.

Bill shook himself out of Hermione’s grasp in favor of wrapping his arm around her and clutching her opposite hip, consequently pulling her into his side as he led them forward.

“He wasn’t bothering you too badly was he?” the taller man asked at her long silence, leading her towards the games. Come on, let’s distract you...

“No, not at all,” she answered, “Were you following me?” the question made him tense up, however, he smirked at her. Clever girl...

“I saw you walking this way, and I was actually thinking of inviting you over to the fair to begin with. So, I thought, you’re here, I’m here, let’s make a date out of it,” he explained, winking at her in an attempt to charm his way out. Luckily for him, it worked.

“Okay,” she nodded, shrugging out of his grasp to lay down a dollar so she could throw darts at variously-colored balloons. Let’s see how bad your aim is, dearesst...
The attendant at the booth gave Hermione ten red-plumed darts and indicated for her to begin throwing. She popped all ten of the balloons she aimed at. Pennywise stood off to the side with an odd expression on his face. All of her targets had been red. Shuffling a bit further away, he sighed. She still seemed to be mad at him for his little prank earlier. Turning to face her once more and intending to make up for the balloon incident, he froze.

Hermione was hugging a clown, but it wasn’t him. It looked exactly like one of the dolls in his lair on the second floor. But it was clean and… in Hermione’s arms. Its nose honked when she squeezed it, causing her to laugh. Is that all it takes? Fine… I can make my nose do that too! He pouted childishly. His witch caught the expression of his thinly-veiled jealousy and actually smiled at him. Nearly throwing the doll at him, she explained why.

“Here, you numpty. I won it for you,” he cracked a small smile at her before squeezing the doll’s nose as a sign of his own mild entertainment. I guess it is kinda fun…

Throwing it under his arm and wrapping his other around her, he chuckled, “Thank you, love. I’ll keep it forever,” he promised, leading her towards the hall of mirrors. Bo-ring, but at least I can look at Hermione.

Upon entering, the tent was empty, thanks to his mind manipulation tricking the fair-goers into thinking it didn’t exist. They walked slowly, stopping at each reflection to see how distorted they became. The only constant in each mirror was the expression of utter fondness in Bill’s face as she saw him looking at her. Smiling at her boyfriend in the mirrors, she squeezed his hand. I like this… holding hands… he pondered adoringly.

When they exited the humid tent a few minutes later, Pennywise giggled, pulling her towards the large Ferris wheel that towered over them with its secluded red, white, and blue orbs. He’d been waiting for this all day, a chance to sex her up. After all, he could tell she’d break soon enough. Time to give her a little push…

Hermione balked at the sight of the large wheel, digging her heels into the ground. Yanking her arm out of his grasp, she crossed them so he couldn’t grab it back from her. Pennywise looked at her confusedly, wondering why she was resisting him all of a sudden. What did I do?

“No,” she muttered at his blue puppy-dog eyes and childish pout, “Seriously, no,” she tried convincing herself as he walked back over to her, “I’m afraid of heights,” she admitted sheepishly, flinching when Bill laughed at her.

“Ha, ha, ha, really! That’s what you’re afraid of?” Pennywise doubled over giggling.

He couldn’t believe that such a simple fear bothered Hermione to the extent he could smell from her, “It’s so slow, you don’t even notice if you don’t look out,” the clown promised soberly, offering out his hand for her to take again.

She slowly took it as they made their way over to the line at a slower pace. He still felt her worry, so he revealed a bit of what he planned to do to her, “Besides,” he rasped into her ear, “I’ll distract you,” he trailed his tongue along the shell of her ear as a little preview of what was to come once they were nestled tightly inside their secluded bubble on the ferris wheel.

When it was their turn, Hermione stepped inside the metal compartment and Pennywise squeezed in next to her, the door closing behind him with a metallic click. When he could feel their bubble begin to move, he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, sliding her closer to him and away from the open window on their side. She whimpered at the sudden feeling of his hands on her hips as well as the sudden movement that had her sitting in his lap, making him grin wickedly into her rosy lips while he
kissed her.

Parting from her, he clown hugged her closer and caught his breath against her sensitive ear. Yesss, he hissed mentally, forget your fear and be only mine...

“You taste so good, Hermione. It makes me want to take you right here in my lap… Right now, I want to watch you bounce on my cock as we fuck in such a public place…” he groaned dirtily against her ear as she unconsciously tugged on his hair. Ooh… the little witch likes dirty talk, does she?

“You know, this specific wheel has a habit of breaking down for thirty minutes at a time, and sometimes couples do things in these compartments. You can smell it…” he licked her ear again as he told her the truth. Hermione lean away from him to catch her thoughts, but he didn’t let her go far as he still held onto her hips.

“Y-you horny beast,” she muttered, staring into his eyes which were darkened with lust.

“Only for you, Hermione,” he growled truthfully, raising a hand up to pull down the top of her tank top so it laid under the large swells of her bra-covered breasts. Running his hands over the mounds, he smiled slightly, correctly guessing the source of what he’d been smelling on her since they arrived at the fair. Hell, he was just excited she produced milk for him so quickly. Perhaps her body was just as ready as he was. Too bad her mind still needed to catch up.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but have these grown recently?” Bill wondered aloud, squeezing them and wrangling a high-pitched gasp out of the sensitive witch. I could listen to that all day, doll...

“Ah~ Yes, I think someone slipped something into my drink during the party last night. I’m…” she trailed off, grimacing in embarrassment. He on the other hand, was glad she didn’t immediately suspect him.

“You’re what?” Pennywise eyed her eagerly, “I won’t think any less of you. It’s not like it was your fault,” he justified persuasively, making Hermione search his eyes for underlying motives in the event that it had been him. After finding none, she nodded at him.

He took the black lace off of her breasts and let it dangle off her shoulders behind her. The tank top pushed them up and out from underneath, urging him to dig in. They were bigger, and even more perfect then they’d been before.

“I’m lactating, Bill,” she revealed, squeaking when he suddenly thrust against her core, his pupils blown extremely wide with lust and nearly rolling back into his head. Pennywise wasn’t prepared for her to actually say the words, and they sounded so sexy coming from her pouty lips.

“R-really,” he managed, breathing heavily, “that’s so fucking hot, love,” he panted as his head lolled against the metal wall behind him.

You see what you do to me?

Hermione whimpered, shyly covering her leaking nipples as they began dripping onto her shorts. She inwardly glowed at the praise, rubbing her clothed thighs together.

“Can I?” Bill asked her quietly, leading her hands away from her chest. Don’t ever cover yourself around me… You’re mine to feed off of and have been since you stepped into my town.

Grinning wolfishly at her nearly inconspicuous nod, he pulled her so their cores were connected and she was plastered over his chest. Narrowing on her right nipple, he licked the wet trail she had nearly soaking into her top before circling around to nip up the dried cream around the areola. His dexterous tongue echoed the sentiment on her opposite breast, making her breath little moans to the small
space. There… all clean. Now I’m going to make a horny mess out of you...

“So sensitive, dear… I haven’t even gotten started yet,” Pennywise warned into her neck as he finally latched onto her cherry-red nipple and began suckling.

Pennywise was in the closest thing to Heaven he could possibly get into at this time. He could feel her begin rutting against his thigh in time with his slurps. Nearly growling against her, he drank up every drop of her creamy milk that he could get his tongue on. Her little moans spurred him forward as he held her against him. She once again tasted of her cherry-blossom soap alongside of her velvety flavor. All she needed was a banana and he’d have a banana-split. I’ll give you a big banana, Hermione. And then I’ll split you open, he mentally giggled at the thought, thrusting into her abdomen with his “banana”...

Pennywise stalled the wheel with his telepathic tampering, continuing to drink from his witch. When her left breast was back to normal, he sighed sadly. Who knew when he would be able to get her drunk enough to manipulate her hormones again? At her bemused expression, he pouted, sucking her other swollen nipple into his mouth. Don’t patronize me, mortal woman!

Hermione almost laughed at how childishly possessive he looked, eyes darting around as if someone would break in to steal her away from him. His long arms held her to him tightly, forcing her to breathe shallowly with each little ‘ah!’ he pulled from her with each thrust against her clit. You see now? My little mate… Don’t I please you? They were both getting close, as Bill’s eyes periodically dialed onto hers with an odd intimacy. Don’t I get you off? Pennywise’s fingers went underneath her top to rub her stomach in a way that completely contrasted with his harsh thrusts. Suddenly, he caught her momentary thoughts, and they finished him off.

Does Bill want children someday? Oh, what am I saying? We haven’t even had sex yet… even though he seems to be okay with doing it and possibly conceiving a child right here on top of this ferris wheel...

Uhh~ Yesss… I want to! Please! I’ll fill you right here if you just let me have you. Let me breed you, Hermione!

He slurped the last of her milk from her before biting down onto her left shoulder, the opposite of her other bite. Lucky you… Bill and I both claim your body… His orgasm ripped through him as he burst into his pants with a muffled shout. Hermione squealed out her own climax into her hand when Bill impulsively bit down onto her ear and pinched both of her nipples simultaneously upon noticing he had beat her to her orgasm. She sagged against him, her crotch soaking wet. Good girl, so wet for me… I’ll let you clean us, otherwise I’ll lick you clean, he shut his eyes to preserve his act.

Pennywise heard her mutter the spells quietly under her breath, but his eyes flew open at the abrupt dryness he felt in his pants. Blinking confusedly at her, he shrugged before leaning back in the padded bench.

Snickering, he reclipped her bra and pulled her tank top back up so it covered her normal-sized breasts. Can’t have the other males seeing these lovely tits… Leaving lingering yet loving rubs along them, he brought his hands down to her hips and held her as they began their descent to the ground.

“So…” she began, speaking into his chest as she leaned back down.

“So…” he mimicked amusedly.

“Thank you… for…” she trailed off, blushing once more.
“For milking you like the little cow that you are,” Pennywise murmured into her ear. Well, it was kind of true. Humans were like livestock to the immortal clown.

Hermione giggled, “Mooo~”, thousands of tiny shockwaves went straight to his limp member upon hearing the low moan. Gritting his teeth, he squeezed her arse in retaliation.

“You best stop that, otherwise I’ll take you for real this time,” he promised darkly, staring into her eyes with renewed wanting.

“M’kay,” she surrendered quietly, crawling off of her boyfriend to lean on his shoulder as they sat side by side. **Suit yourself, dear...**

“I have another date planned… If you’re up for it,” Bill prompted.

Hermione grinned shyly at him, “Of course, what do you have planned?”

Bill returned her grin impishly, “That’s for me to know, and you to find out,” he answered, stepping out of the compartment and teleporting away silently.

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**July 6th, 1989**

Quiet calliope music played in the house above, filtering down into the depths of the sewers. One amber eye cracked open as he growled. It seemed someone had found his little gift. Whether or not it was Hermione was yet to be seen. His body cracked and popped more than usual, his skin crackling along the joints as he turned invisible to investigate his little “love nest”.

Materializing into the room, he quickly found that it was Hermione who sat all alone in the room. It would have been the perfect time to mate her. The little brats thought he was gravely injured and were too scared to come snooping. However, he was injured enough that Hermione could beat him easily. Smirking nonetheless, he demonstrated exactly what he wanted to do with her using the wooden likenesses of them.

When they began grinding against each others’ genitals, the flustered witch slammed the box closed, making him laugh childishly. **As if that would stop me...** he thought, ghosting his fingers over her treasured breasts and bouncy curls before landing on his claiming bite.

Suddenly, she stood up, all but shouting in the silent room, “I didn’t come here to play games, Pennywise! I came here to help you. So, if this is what I get, music-box porn and ghost molesting, then I’m leaving. Come talk to me when you’re ready to be serious,” she muttered angrily, apparating home with a ‘pop’. Stubbornly, he followed her home, getting her back for not helping him when the Losers attacked him by trailing his warm fingers up her bare legs.

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**July 7th, 1989**

Pennywise sat dumbfounded at the moving picture that materialized out of the air in front of his face. Snatching a clawed hand out, he snagged it before it began falling to the ground. His cock hardened so fast that he got light-headed. Crimson eyes dilating and pointy teeth poking through his gums, he
used his copiously leaking drool to stick the photo to the wall so it wasn’t shredded in his intense lust.

Staring at it stiffly, he watched as Hermione cupped her damp breasts, swaying as she moved her hands down her body. When she reached the shirt’s hem, she yanked it off in the sexiest way he’d ever seen. Turning around, she shook her slightly exposed ass at him, unclipping her bra and letting it fall to the floor. The witch threw her head back with a moan as she cupped her hidden breasts once more and winked at the camera, pursing her red lips as if she were blowing a kiss.

Endlessly, the sinful display repeated itself, calling to him to satisfy her. Her message on the photo confused him until he realized that she was wearing the clothes he’d left at her house during the night they shared their first orgasm. Helplessly. He thrusted weakly into his palm at the realization. My witch in my clothes… Mine!

Hermione’s supple thighs hugged his jeans, poking through to taunt him. They were much too long for her, showing off her small stature by pooling around her feet. Red laced panties peeked out at him, and they were tight enough that he caught a glimpse of her bare cheeks in between.

He wanted them to squeeze his cock as he took her from behind like the animal he was. Maybe he’d show off his extra limbs as well. His primary arms and legs would hold her so she’d be properly bred with his clutch. A second set of arms would play with her snatch and clit, getting her off to ease his cum’s passage. Another set would milk her heavy teats so they could feed all of his offspring at once. Because I know there will be more than two in a clutch, he asserted, confident in his virility.

Pennywise’s suit ripped open, his cock pointing straight out around the small writhing tentacles that were there to hold his potentially rebellious lover to him and play with her body after orgasm. Another thought came to him. What if he changed her body once more? Instead of milking her, he could give her two more breasts. Then she’d really be able to feed his brood.

“Ah, ah, ah— Penn!—!” he thrust against her arse as she kneeled on all fours, a cowbell clinking against her collarbone by a crimson ribbon, “They’re trying to eat,” she pouted, looking down to see red and brown haired infants crawling around and pawing at her bouncing breasts.

“I’m not stopping them, witch,” he muttered, pushing his mate further into the mattress on the floor. Gingerly he picked one of the mini-Hermione pups, a little girl with brown hair and brown eyes, and held her to her mother’s nipple, taking delight as the child latched on and began sucking furiously. Hermione gasped, thrusting against him strongly with a blush.

“Do they excite you, mate?” he smirked, placing two auburn haired boys and a red haired girl against her other breasts, “Do you like being such a sow for your little piggies?” he asked as one of the other babies ironically gave a loud snort in its sleep.

“Ah!~ Yes, I do!” she half-yelled when he thrust into her g-spot, “You do?” he teased, “then let this big ol’ boar breed you again so you’ll have more to feed,” he proposed rhetorically, knowing that he’d trounce any contraceptives she’d get her hands on.

“No!~ Please! I don’t want any more now! We already have twelv—ahhh!” she climaxed, milking his cock for all it was worth. His knot had swelled inside her and his inky tentacles had wrapped around her thighs and nuzzled his distressed offspring as Hermione moved back and forth. The sludgy spunk warmed her womb as it gave way to new life once more.

The witch groaned at the feeling while Pennywise only clicked his tongue at her, “Too bad,” he
sighed mock-sympathetically, “I guess we’re getting more little bats in your belfry,” he snickered at his joke, rubbing her distended abdomen that was swollen from his seed.

Snarling, he jerked his drool-slicked hand against his cock, spurring him on to spray his orgasm into his dirty hand. Coming down from his high, he remembered that the picture had been meant for Bill. His euphoria soured. This meant that she was lusting after him, but not him... The split approach might become a problem later if this kept up. She could always figure him out if he slipped up slightly. His little mate was clever.

This gift had pardoned her of his wrath from her disloyalty to him during his fight with the Losers, so he would speak to her, weakened as he was. Grimacing, he watched his skin begin peeling off and floating up to disintegrate into the ceiling. He needed something… No, Pennywise needed her.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. I will be back for the next chapter. We're starting the next story arch, and it will probably be the second out of three. So, in the end, the story might be about 300,000 words. But, don't quote me on that!
In this 'Act II', Pennywise and Hermione grow closer, so get ready for some cute fluff, sexual tension, and conflict.
I'm also glad I made his kinks very fundamental in nature at first. It gives me room to write more "human kink" fantasies for him in the future when he spends more time with Hermione in a romantic sense.
Leave comments, I want to hear what you all think. :)
Hey guys, I know it's been a few days, but I've got a really long chapter for you all. It's +6,100 words!
I hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 8th, 1989

Hermione woke up with a feeling of claustrophobia. Raising her eyelids, she gasped at the sight before her. About three inches away from her nose, Pennywise was… sleeping. Grumbling snores left his drooling mouth as he snuggled into her side. All in all, he didn’t look so well. She and the Losers must have done more damage to him than she thought.

His right eye was crusty and swollen shut with dried blood, tears, and pus. It looked like it either had been or currently was on the verge of an infection. Well, what do you expect from living in the sewers, stupid clown? His hair and skin were also in bad shape. The ginger tufts drooped and were a darker shade than before. The alabaster-painted skin looked like crackling plastic. Hermione’s trembling hand reached out to make sure what she was seeing was real and not another dream.

A red-amber eye snapped open as Pennywise suddenly threw himself on top of her. Nearly crushing the witch with his weight, he looked around wildly, growling at everything around them, even Crookshanks who glared at him from her chair in return. After ensuring their seclusion, he looked down at her with his good eye possessively aflame. Purring lowly in a way that was meant to be calming, he lowered his head to her neck.

Hermione could feel him breathe hotly against her pale column, rooting around with his nose and using his teeth, he ripped his way under her ruined shirt and sank his teeth into his mark. It hurt, but not as much as the first time. Blood leaked from the breached skin, making her hiss in pain. Pennywise’s chest rumbled in satisfaction as he began lapping up the spilled blood like he had before, not wanting any of it to go to waste.

The witch abruptly moaned, surprising herself as she arched her back into the clown’s costumed chest on top of the blankets. When the leaked blood was gone from her skin, he re-attached himself to the wound and begun sucking on it as though he were a vampire. Hermione cried out at the pressure, warmth welling up in her core. It wouldn’t surprise her if the resulting hickey lasted for the next week at least.

“Pennywise… Please… Let me go,” she rasped pleadingly, slowly finding her voice.

Rumbling humorously against her, he actually pressed down on her further as he circled his tongue soothingly around the fresh bite. Hermione whimpered as he set his large head in between her breasts on top of the blanket. Her heartbeat was erratic as he listened, closing his eyes to fall back into his healing sleep to the sound of his mate’s beating heart.
Kudos to Hermione for staying still long enough for Pennywise to fall back asleep, but his deadweight was suffocating her. She tried wriggling out from underneath him by ducking under his left arm, but it stubbornly yielded her escape. It actually was worse for her because she only was able to slide down and over enough for the clown to catch one of her ears in his mouth, effectively stilling her movement otherwise risking losing the flesh. Like a baby, he’d immediately latched on and began suckling on the lobe.

“Pennywise! Wake up and let go of me!” she squealed, but the clown only sucked harder, only stopping to whisper against her ear before resuming his quest to feed from her.

“I need you, witch. I’m hurt,” he whimpered, “Your blood will heal me… I need it!” he rasped savagely, his eyes fogging over with hungry blood-lust.

Hermione, already feeling bad for what the Losers did, suddenly felt responsible for the creature’s pain. So, she shut up and laid back, letting him drink from her once she began leaking blood from the abused skin of her ear. Moaning in pain, she clutched his arm so he’d finish faster and he settled in. Pennywise leaned down to growl in her ear.

“You’re mine,” Hermione cried out in fearful surprise as he suddenly leaned over her face, staring his amber-crimson orb into her whisky ones.

She laid stunned there for a moment and closed her eyes, willing herself to think she was dreaming. Meanwhile, the clown made little slobbery kisses along her breasts where her ripped shirt exposed them, moving up her neck before pressing his lips comfortingly against hers. When Hermione opened her eyes again a bright amber eye stared down at her. His head was tilted lopsidedly as he smiled at her. It was somewhat… cute.

Climbing off of her, he sat back on the balls of his feet as she climbed out of her bed and walked out of the room. Pennywise followed her downstairs silently like a tall shadow. He stood behind her curiously as she pulled out some food from her refrigerator. Huffing at the weight, she threw a packet containing ten pounds of steak onto her countertop with a huge ‘thud’. Pennywise eyed her as she picked out a small packet of oatmeal and some fruit as well.

She sat down on the other side of the counter and he mirrored her. Stiffly, she shoved the raw steaks over to him after unwrapping the paper. Hermione didn't make eye-contact, which made him a bit irritated because he thought she would have warmed up to him after he spent time with her. Looking down, he poked the steaks with a hesitant finger, thinking they would somehow attack him. The annoyed witch rolled her eyes and continued eating quietly.

 Damn him, that hurt, she cursed mentally, not wanting to seem weak to the clown by fidgeting with her fresh wounds, especially when the shoulder bite makes me horny… To think that the clown wanted her to have sex with him nearly made her gag, nearly .

According to Newt’s letter, he could be changed. And we’re starting with that horrible sewer smell, she plugged her nose at his close proximity. Her sheets were now likely infested with endless bacteria and parasites. Groaning under her breath, she knew she had to change her sheets. Looking over to Pennywise, she wondered how she would go about getting him to bathe.

Some animals, even magical creatures, hate bathing unless they bathe themselves in the same way cats do. Perhaps an eldritch abomination would be no different. He certainly smelled like it. Speaking of which, a loud burp reverberated off the kitchen walls, souring the air even further with the stench of bloody death.

Glaring over at Pennywise, she noticed he had his hands clasped behind his head and had leaned
back into his disproportionately-sized chair: the picture of innocence. When he noticed Hermione was looking, he flashed his dirty teeth at her in an ear-to-ear grin, their gaps cluttered by the shredded meat he’d just eaten.

Moaning lowly, she put her dishes into the sink and threw out the empty steak wrappings. So that meant he must have either genuinely liked the meat, or was genuinely desperate for food. She hadn’t been around him long enough to tell the difference. Taking his hand, making a mental note to wash that hand five times later, she urged him to stand.

“C’mon,” she muttered.

Pennywise tilted his head curiously at her, but followed her lead as she led him back upstairs. When they re-entered her bedroom, he smirked predatorily at her, pulling his arm back to pull her closer. Seeing his motion, she let go, striding to the bathroom door to open it. It slid open with a creak and Hermione gestured for him to walk in first, which he did.

He peered around confusedly at the room, his injured head not fully understanding why they were in her bathroom. Turning to face her confusedly, she explained.

“You stay right there you dirty clown,” she flirted to get him to cooperate, “I’ll be back in one minute,” she stuck up her pointer finger and trailed it along her teeth and lips, “and I will clean you. Because I will not have a sewer-dwelling clown sleeping in my newly cleaned sheets,” she winked at him for effect, hoping that her little ploy would work.

Hermione really couldn’t tell if anything she’d said landed, because he only nodded dumbly at her, drooling into his collar from his open mouth as he stayed perfectly still. Backing away from the door, she went in her room to put her black one-piece on extra-quickly, not trusting Pennywise to actually stay put, before marching back into the bathroom.

Leaning against the door frame, she watched at he took deep breaths with flared nostrils and dilated pupils. Perhaps flirting with him and exposing so much of her body was not a good idea after all. Stepping closer to him, she was surprised as his arm swung out to pull her to his chest. He purred happily against her curls, leaning down due to their height difference. Tip-toeing her fingers along his chest and tugging on his ruffled collar, she whispered.

“You ready, Penn?” a brief squeeze of her torso was the only answer she received.

Tugging on the collar, she lifted it up and over his head with Pennywise’s help, who lifted her up so she could reach over his head. Sheepishly, she reached around him to tug down the zipper of his suit down. Hermione grimaced as the outfit literally peeled off his body like a snake shedding a layer of its skin. Moving down to his lower half, she bent down to take his smelly boots off and throw them into the steadily growing pile of clothes that were going to be put through the wash a few times just to be safe. The puffy bloomers he wore on the outside of his tight pants came off easily, and, like his suit-top, his pants peeled off of his skin.

Or, at least, that’s what they sounded like. Hermione had kept her head turned to the side, not ready to look at the eldritch’s alien genitalia that she was nearly certain he had. Looking up to his face, Pennywise smirked down at her before he crouched down in the large empty claw-foot tub. Watching eagerly from his position, he poked his head up over the tall side.

“You know, there’s more than enough room in here for both of us,” he whispered seductively.

Sighing, she turned the faucet on and swiveled to survey her collection of soaps as the tub filled. Remembering his usual flavor of carnival food, she immediately picked out an unused bottle of soap
that smelled like cotton candy. Another was had a more cinnamon scent, which wasn’t all bad either. Hermione figured that he’d just try to dirty himself up again to erase the smell if he didn’t like it, so it was important to pick something he’d prefer.

Meanwhile, Pennywise stared at her backside, mentally praising her curvy figure. Her plush bottom swayed as she tried to reach a bottle on a high shelf. He wanted to fuck her against the countertop and make her watch them in the mirror as he took her, passionately sowing his seed within her petite body.

The tub was another place he wouldn’t mind taking Hermione. She’d moan around him as he pushed her against the steep side, splashing water everywhere in his eagerness. Perhaps if she were further along in her term, her baby bump would be out of the water just asking to be rubbed. His children would kick against his palm as he’d finger their mother to her climax.

A pretty sigh from the witch in question had him breaking out of his thoughts. Hermione had turned back around to check on the water level, and her nose immediately wrinkled in disgust upon noticing that the water was an opaque murky gray-brown, a mixture between Derry’s graywater and the dried blood of the innocent children he’d eaten.

Scowling, she reached her hand into the nasty liquid to drain the tub. Then, she began filling it again. The water was somewhat cleaner the second time. Her nose scrunched up in mild disgust with a pinch of exasperation. He only wiggled his eyebrows suggestively in return, looking pointedly down his torso to where his member was below the cloudy water. Hermione rolled her eyes, conjuring a stool to sit on so she could wash his hair.

Settling down with her supplies, she used a large plastic cup to unceremoniously dump water on Pennywise’s dry head. The clown sputtered, unprepared at the sudden splash. He made to growl warningly at her; however, he was silenced at the feeling of Hermione’s fingers in his hair. Purring, he leaned back into her massaging digits as she rubbed at least half of the cotton candy shampoo into his rat’s nest of hair. After a while, the strands seemed to latch onto her fingers, urging her to keep rubbing at his scalp.

Unsurprisingly, the soap had gone from white foam to what looked like rusty pus. She supposed that she was finally getting the dried blood and mud out of his hair. Perhaps she’d even get rid of any parasitic bugs that lived inside. Who knows what she’d find in there when she’d brush it out later.

Smirking, she used her hands to make his hair stand up on its ends like a troll doll. The sight made her erupt in giggles. Pennywise turned around to see what she was laughing about, only to see himself in the mirror and pout childishly at being made fun of. He immediately ducked down under the water, at least as much as he could, to get rid of the brown suds.

When he came back up, she immediately began rubbing the matching conditioner into the tangling strands to smooth them out. The clown rumbled his contentment as her fingers resumed their task at getting the soap deep into his hair. He even shut his left eye while she worked. Sighing in satisfaction, she got up from her stool, signaling for Pennywise to rinse out the conditioner.

She drained the tub for the second time, giving the eldritch a pointed glare when he tried to get out. Peeved, he sat back down, periodically sniffing his drooping hair. After filling it again with warm water, she sighed sadly. *Blimey, is this going to destroy my water bill...* Turning around she grabbed the cinnamon bar soap and the stiff scrubbing brush before moving by the tub to sit back down. However, the clown’s dark-colored hand wrapped itself around her waist and pulled her into the water with him.

Hermione squealed as she fumbled to get out, splashing water everywhere in her attempted escape.
Pennywise’s arms held her as she accepted her capture with dignity. Gingerly, the clown situated her so she straddled his naked hips. Staring up at her, his amber eyes shined mischievously in the dimly-lit bathroom. He rubbed little circles into her abdomen and thighs.

“Much easier, wouldn’t you say, Hermione?” she ignored him in favor of staring intensely at the soap as she lathered it on her hands.

Choosing to start with his neck, she hesitantly pressed her hands against it, immediately feeling the dirt buildup where his collar had sat on his Adam’s apple. A sudden slithering against her legs made her jump up with a squeal. Or, at least she tried to jump up. Looking down, her wide eyes noticed that slick inky tentacles were wrapped around her thighs, effectively holding their cores together. He was trying to get a rise out of her, and she knew it.

Breathing slowly through her nose, she resumed washing the clown’s body. Hermione lathered soap onto the scrubbing brush and smirked threateningly. Pennywise squinted at her, tightening his tentacles’ hold on her thighs. Suddenly, she struck, digging into his shoulders with no mercy. He hissed lowly, molding himself to the back wall of her tub. She scrubbed the brush down his inhuman chest.

Hermione actually had to double-take at the fact that his pectorals were completely smooth, no male nipples to speak of. He was hairless as well, which somehow left a melancholy feeling in her gut. However, he did have a jagged fissure that lined his chest and led down to his groin. The fissure had what looked like sharp teeth on its border, looking like a vertical mouth on his abdomen.

She continued to rub his body with the brush, moving back up to get his oddly-colored arms. They looked like they’d been covered in soot from fingertips to elbows, but it was a part of his skin. His feet were the same way, poking up out of the water to recline against the sides. He rumbled pleasedly when she’d washed the fissure, now he was positively humming when she finished with his torso, knowing what was going to come next.

Hermione only turned around to scrub his smoky feet with their pointy toenails along with his calves and knees. Pennywise huffed at her for ignoring his cock, crossing his cleaned arms against his soapy chest. The witch smirked, putting some face wash onto a soft cloth. Smiling shyly to catch his attention, she accidentally ground along his thick member as she leaned into his chest to reach his face.

An amber eye dialed onto hers as he purred, thrusting up into her swimsuit once in retaliation. Hermione blushed at the feeling, but immediately thought of Bill, so she silently rubbed the cloth around his forehead, taking care not to get soap in either his good eye or his bad eye. Pennywise simmered, angry that she wasn’t responding to his advances. The witch made to get up, tugging on his restrictive tentacles until they yielded. He immediately grabbed her hand as she stepped one foot out of the tub.

“I believe you missed a spot, little doll…” he winked at her.

Hermione smirked in return, “Scrub it yourself, or can’t as such a ‘higher being’ as you believe you are handle his own personal hygiene?” Pennywise scowled at her insult, pulling her to his chest as he stood up out of the water.

The witch immediately turned her head to the ceiling, already feeling the rock-hard alien member against her abdomen and being too embarrassed to look at it. Grinning giddily down at her, he captured her hands in his own, lathering them in the soap before trailing them along his firm abs down to the beginnings of his slimy tentacles that pulled her closer to him.
“Oh look, dearest, they like you,” he growled against her ear as he leaned down, “They want to be inside you.”

Grimacing, she cleaned the appendages, keeping her eyes trained upwards and avoiding his glinting amber orbs. She grabbed the soap, ignoring his statement as she basically hugged him to reach his surprisingly solid arse. The witch rubbed, mapping out the skin of his backside with each wipe. All in all, he wasn’t half-bad. Going down further, Hermione scrubbed his thighs, moving her hands around to get the front of his thighs.

Meanwhile, the clown’s arms and tentacles wrapped around her knowingly. He purred eagerly as she finally placed her soaped hand on the root of his member, loosely holding it and lightly tugging on it as she cleaned it with a swipe. It was bumpy, and there was a light bulge in the middle before she reached the flared mushroom head. She still didn’t look at it.

Lastly, she reached under the large bull-cock to massage the proportionally-sized bull testicles she found there. Pennywise groaned, throwing his head back as she rubbed the spot between the two sacs. Using the erotic distraction, Hermione quickly hopped out of the tub and threw a towel over her body. She turned away from him, striding out the door after throwing the soap behind her into the tub with a splash.

“Come out after you’ve dealt with your little problem,” she ordered, leaving the room to put some more comfortable clothes on.

The witch placed a silencing charm on the bathroom wall so she couldn’t hear any of the depraved growls and hisses he uttered as he got himself off. In the meantime, she put on a baggy dark green tee over her bare breasts along with a pair of panties and some cotton shorts. Then, she pulled out some clean sheets from the spare bedroom and magically replaced them with the dirty ones. Shrugging, she laid down on her stomach to read across her bed, waiting for Pennywise to come out of the bathroom.

The tall wet clown emerged a few minutes later, a fluffy white towel around his thin waist. Wordlessly, he padded over to her and she dried his hair in the same fashion as she’d unknowingly done with his counterpart, Bill Gray. Then, she brushed it out, slicking it back so it was out of his face and somewhat in its previous style. He would have smirked had he not had a hair kink. His erection threatened to return with a vengeance, however, the possibility was all but squished when she suddenly came at his injured eye with nasty-smelling medical supplies.

Taking a cotton ball, she dipped it in the disinfectant and cleaned the area around his eye, making it look ten times better. Hermione threw the dirty one into the trash before grabbing another to soak up the gunk leaking presently from the orb. Scrunching up her nose, she looked at the gruesome wound. He’d pulled out the pike, and the wound had completely sealed itself aside from an inch-deep hole next to his eye that forced the lid to stay shut. She took a q-tip and cleaned the hole with magical disinfectant and a potion that regrew skin over hole-caused injuries like bullet wounds. When Hermione finished, she bandaged the hole, giving the clown a padded eyepatch that wrapped around his head.

Looking in her vanity’s mirror, he grinned at his pirate-like reflection despite only wearing a towel. Using her wand, which had been laying on her nightstand, she transfigured the towel into a comfy pair of pajama pants with little red balloons on them. Turning to her, he grinned slyly, stalking like a tiger towards her as she laid on her stomach. Just as he was about to jump onto the bed with a giggle, she rolled off to collect his grimy suit which still sat on her bathroom floor.

Quickly running down to throw the entire outfit plus his boots into the wash, she popped back
upstairs, startling Pennywise who had been watching the door for her to emerge from the hall. Hermione ignored him, striding to her bed and rolling the covers back up over her petite body. Closing her eyes, she tried to fall back asleep despite it already being close to eleven o’clock in the morning. The covers were immediately pulled away for a moment, just long enough for a warm body to mold itself against her back before covering her once more.

She could feel his left hand exploring along her bare legs and waist where her shirt had slid up. Ignoring him got difficult once he cupped her breast, tweaking the nipple with sharpening claws. At her resulting whimper, he retracted his claws, trailing his hand down to rest on her abdomen as he finally settled, falling into his healing sleep with the aid of his chosen mate’s scent.

Falling back asleep was harder for the witch. Hermione could feel, and smell, the warm breaths of death against her nape, just waiting for him to take the flesh between his teeth and snap her spine, rendering her paralyzed as she’d watch him feast on her flaccid limbs. Shivering, she could feel him clutch her closer to his alien body in a sort of unconscious comforting gesture. Sleep eventually took her about forty minutes later when Pennywise began purring to ease her into a doze.

★★★

When Hermione woke up later in the evening, she suddenly felt the urge to get out of the house. Well, not so much an urge as much as a need, because she needed to go shopping if Pennywise was going to be living with her until he fully healed. Rolling over, the witch realized that he hadn’t left, so she made some mental notes of food to get him. Steaks seemed to be a good start, considering he ate them with no complaints. Perhaps some other livestock meats would be something he’d enjoy. Sheep, pork, and chicken made it onto her mental list accordingly. Fish didn’t seem like something he’d eat, but it was worth a try, especially since it was fairly cheap in a state like Maine. Venison would also be interesting to watch him eat, though, he’d had plenty of opportunity to hunt deer in his long lifetime in Derry, so perhaps he’d hate it if he couldn’t scare and hunt it himself. If he also required her blood to heal, she would also need to take some blood-replenishing potions, or somehow get a hold of blood bags from the local hospital, which seemed like an immensely difficult and morally questionable thing to do. But what choice did she have?

Hermione moved to sneak out of bed, but Pennywise rolled on top of her once more, fully awake and staring down at her through a slitted amber eye, which positively shined in her darkened room.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he growled at her accusingly, grinning evilly down at her with pointed teeth.

The witch openly gaped at his hostility and assertion over her in her own home before speaking, “I’m going to buy some more food so we don’t starve. There’s nothing downstairs that you’d eat,” Pennywise chuckled at her, shaking his vibrant hair back and forth.

“No! That’s not food! Those are children!” the clown looked at her patronizingly.

“But aren’t the animals you eat children too?” he asked her with a smirk.

“No! Uhh…” she trailed off at his knowing expression, “It’s not the same!” Hermione spat
childishly.

“Why not?” he asked, leaning his head on his hand, “I’m not a cannibal,” he leveled a pointed look at her, “humans are like petty livestock to me,” his gaze softened as he stared into her eyes.

“But not you, Hermione,” he murmured seductively.

“Than what am I to you? A pet?” she spat acidly, glaring at his fantasizing expression. You sodding pervert!

“For now,” he answered simply, tip-toeing his sooty fingers up her body to his bite on her neck. Fuck this! She roared mentally, apparating out from under the covers to grab some clothes across the room.

Grabbing out a simple t-shirt and skirt, she wandlessly changed into them, staring at Pennywise who simply glared at her from the bed. Man, was she glad that she’d kept her wand under her pillow. Throwing on a jean jacket and sliding on some flats, she practically ran out of the house with her wallet tucked into one of the small pockets in the jacket.

The sky was dark, a small crescent moon giving barely enough light to aid the streetlamps as she drove to the grocery store. Luckily, she had her headlights to illuminate the streets in front of her. Meanwhile, Hermione’s mind was back with the clown, hoping he wouldn’t completely trash her house in a rage at her noncompliance while she was away.

★★★

Walking out of the store with multiple bags of raw meat, a smaller bag of other food, and another oversized canister of coffee, the witch moved to put the bags in her trunk. She didn’t even notice the shady figures following her from the alleyway. Just as she put the last bag into her car, the trunk nearly slammed down hard on her arm. Hermione gasped, swiveling around to find herself surrounded by a gang of twenty-something-or-other-year-old men, Oh bollocks.

“Well, well, well,” the supposed leader, stepped forward, breathing the scent of booze and cigarette smoke into her face, “It seems we have a little pussy-cat here that needs to be fucked,” he joked as his four companions laughed, each grabbing her to yank her away from her car. Oh Merlin, they’re going to rape me in the middle of the parking lot!

Hermione screamed as she felt their grimy hands on her, pushing off her jacket and fumbling with her skirt. One of them tripped her, sending her sprawling on all fours in front of the leader. She looked up, whisky eyes as wide as plates upon seeing the dark-haired man unzipping his jeans. Tears flowed down her face, blurring her vision as she heard an agonizing scream come from one of the men.

Using the distraction to wipe her eyes on her shirt, her head darted around for the source of the noise. She didn’t have to look far. A disembodied bloody hand reached through the flannel shirt of one of the men, spearing him through his heart as the rest of his body hung mounted on the arm. His eyes were cloudy as his life left him and his jaw slacked, frozen in the last scream he’d ever utter.

The other men forgot about her lying on the asphalt in favor of watching the bloody arm slide out of the corpse’s chest with a demented squish. They screamed as a hulking figure took shape in the shadow of the streetlamp. Stepping into the light, an amber-red eye glared down at them with malice.
However, it wasn’t Pennywise’s usual form that she saw.

A tall hairy werewolf with ginger fur and studded biker clothes stood drooling rabidly over the men, barely holding back the urge to bite their heads off. Perhaps he was mimicking a movie they’d seen, or trying to combine a few of the fears he could smell from them. The scent of urine invaded her nose, making it scrunch up disgustedly, eww … Looking through the men, she picked out the one who’d wet his pants, and he looked about ready to pass out. She grinned at his fear, until the clown let out a loud roar which rattled the loose change in her car.

Hermione gulped, even as the remaining gang members drew switchblades, this won't end well… for them. Pennywise charged forward, ripping into another of the men with two-inch claws and tearing out his beating heart. Warm blood splattered across her face, luckily not getting in her mouth which hung open at the scene before her. After ensuring the man’s death, he immediately lunged to rip out another’s throat with his sharp fangs.

Three bloody corpses littered the pavement, each with their own unique injuries. Their causes of death would likely be explained by a bear attack or something similar the next day. Her thoughts were interrupted when the leader and his remaining henchman fled into the alley, Pennywise the Wolf giving chase with a rumbling laugh. Hermione wasted no time, dazedly turning her car on and slowly driving out of the parking lot.

About eight minutes later, she glanced into her rear-view mirror to see that the werewolf was running after her car, and he was catching up. His blood shined with fresh blood in the street lamps’ light. Squeaking fearfully, she slammed on the gas as she neared her house. The witch harshly pulled into her driveway, grabbed the bags of food, and unlocked her door in under thirty seconds. Turning around, she yelped as she saw Pennywise’s single amber eye getting closer to her in the darkness.

Hermione threw open her door and chucked the bags in, uncaring if they spilled all over her floor. She slammed the door behind her, leaning against it as she locked it. The clown didn’t like that as he snarled loudly from outside, slamming his large form against the door and threatening to break it off its hinges. Whimpering as her body jerked at the force on the other side, she yelled to Pennywise, tears falling from her eyes once more.

“Pennywise, please! I’m fine. Please calm down! You’re scaring me!” the effect was near-instantaneous.

The thumping stopped, leaving the entire entryway silent as she listened for anything. Stepping away from the door, she turned to watch the shadow behind the covered window fall away. Breathing in relief, she backed up further, moving to pick up the food she’d literally thrown in the direction of the kitchen. However, she only backed into a solid chest. Squeaking, she turned around as arms wrapped her in a boa-constrictor-like grip.

Pennywise’s snarling expression glared down at her, reverting back to its usual painted style from the wolf’s muzzle. He seemed to be too angry for words, only slamming his face into her neck to lick it. Sniffing quickly, he reached for her hands, which had gotten bloodied from the harsh asphalt. The clown licked them carefully as he carried her into the kitchen without stepping onto the bags of food haphazardly laying on the floor.

He spat the little pebbles and dirt he licked up into the sink before kneeling to suck the scrapes on her knee into his mouth for the same treatment. After doing the same to her other knee he spat into the sink once more. Looking to her, he pressed his magically-cleaned hand into her thigh, asking her to stay still. Dazedly, she watched as Pennywise retrieved the plastic bags from the living room and began putting the food away.
Every once in a while, he looked over to her in a wordless question as to where a specific food was meant to go. She mostly ended up pointing to the fridge, however, he did try to put the cereal boxes in the fridge until she told him otherwise. After everything was put away, the clown gently picked Hermione up and carried her upstairs bridal-style. For the first time that day, she actually wanted to thank the eldritch.

Pennywise watched her bandage her wounds with mounting skepticism, legitimately believing his saliva was enough to heal her. She only shook her head, pushing her jacket off and magically changing into another pair of pajamas. Turning around to face her savior, she noticed him magically change the biker clothing back into the pants she’d transfigured for him. His expression was stony as he strode over to pick her up, spreading her legs around his thighs and holding her by her arse against his groin. Hermione whimpered once more at the feeling of his member against her clothed folds. The clown chuckled, leaning down to whisper in her ear.

“I ate those maggots, my little doll,” his eyes threatened to roll back into his head as he moved to face her, “I ate everything but their measly cocks that they wanted to fill you with… ’gave those to the hungry rats in the alley. Believe me dearest, I was merciful,” he muttered along her lips, kneading the skin of her arse with his large hands.

“They deserved a lot worse for thinking about you like they did,” he promised at her terrified expression, “You were going to be their little cock-slave,” he sneered, “an experiment to see how many men could fuck a female at once…” Hermione shook like a leaf at the scenario he saved her from. “When they were done with you… they were going to leave you there, dead or alive, and take your car… They deserved to die,” he kissed her with bloody lips and the witch wrapped her arms around his neck gratefully.

Pennywise turned and laid her down gently on her unmade bed. He grinned down at her submissive form as he crawled over her, covering them up with the blankets. Trailing his vermilion nose seductively along her neck, he sucked a hickey into a spot just below her ear. Hermione moaned prettily, accidentally thrusting up into the clown’s stiffening cock. He smirked down at her mortified expression when he pulled away to lick at the droplets of blood at her collarbone.

“Sorry, Hermione,” he replied unapologetically, “but I need to get this filth off you,” he punctuated his sentence with a long lick along her jugular with his inky tongue.

Hermione shivered at the coolness of her flesh where he’d licked her. Pennywise lapped at her face not unlike a dog, which made her giggle as he trailed back down to lick under her chin. He turned them on their sides so he could spoon her, place his hand back on her stomach, and nuzzle his mark on her shoulder.

“Ssssleep, witch,” he hissed lovingly at her, pressing a lingering kiss to her nape.

Hermione was almost concerned at how easy it was for her to do so.

Chapter End Notes

Well there it is. Pennywise was *squints at smudged Batman quote on hand* not the hero Hermione deserved, but the one she needed. She’s gonna have her hands full for the foreseeable future...

As always, please comment. No one even did on my previous two chapters. If they’re boring for you guys, I’ll stop writing them unless someone says something.
Welp, I've got another one for you tonight! Thank you so much to the many people who sent me comments today. They seriously made my day. Just to clarify, I was talking about ending the Pennywise POV chapters, not the entire fic itself. Anyway, I can't have been the only who thought about Twister as a potentially (sexually) hazardous board game...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 9th, 1989

Hermione woke up slowly from a particularly intense wet dream involving a naked yet painted Bill Gray taking her from behind as she crouched on a rock within a small pool in the middle of a jungle.

There was a hand rubbing along her clit and another pulling on her breasts. The masculine voice was muttering dirty nothings into her ear as he rocked her body back and forth across the rock.

"Yes, love. My lioness princess..." he chuckled at Hermione’s loud breathy moans, "Hush now. This tiger will breed you up with his cubs," he growled lowly against her as he thrusted purposefully and rubbed little circles into her abdomen. The possessive animalistic jargon being spewed from the black and orange painted man behind her turned her on and she moaned, arching her back into his chest.

"You like that? Huh? You’ll see. I have a better cock than those bastards I consumed for you...” He rumbled, squeezing her hips harshly with his next thrust. Hermione gasped both in shock and in pleasure as he suddenly took her ear into his mouth, closing her eyes at the overstimulation.

When she opened them again, she was met with the blue walls of her bedroom. Looking down, she noticed a pair of dark hands fondling her breasts and folds in the same fashion as the dream. A crimson blush spread across her face and neck at not only the sight of that, but also the feeling of the rock-hard cock grinding into her nearly uncovered arse.

“Eeep!” she squeaked, attempting to crawl away from the horny clown, but he grabbed her by her pelvis and wrangled her back in until she laid submissively on her back underneath him. Pennywise leaned down to nuzzle her ear.

“You know, doll. The last time you escaped this little ‘activity’ between us, I had to come rescue you. So, it seems like the best thing to do is fuck you into this mattress like your imaginary deity seems to want. What. Do. You. Say?” he asked, capitalizing each word with a slow grind into her snatch.

Hermione moaned pleadingly as he purred his pleasure into her open mouth. His other eye was slit open slightly, the swollen tissue having gone down enough for him to see out of it. Pennywise moved to lick around her mark, eyes carnally aflame in amber and crimson as he gradually lost control of his lust. The witch wasn’t much better as she began helplessly humping his hard clothed
cock where it hung just above her soaked bottoms.

“I say— Ah! That I’m not— Ah! Ready! For this…” she trailed off to catch her breath after a few thrusts that were meant to stop her from asking questions. However, he stilled, gathering that she wasn’t going to be swayed so early on in their ‘relationship’.

“Thank you. Seriously. Thank you for saving me,” Hermione looked at the ceiling, avoiding his smug expression, “but that doesn’t mean you get to take their place,” she accused irritatedly, crossing her arms and legs as much as she could and leveling him with a withering glare.

Pennywise growled lowly at being compared to the spineless roaches he’d eaten the night before, but nodded anyway, moving off of her so she could use the bathroom and get dressed. Meanwhile, he rolled over to where the his little witch had slept during the night. Sniffing the fabric where her arousal was most apparent, he jerked himself off to completion, spewing black sludge into his pants and dripping it on the ivory sheets below him. He cleaned the mess just in time for Hermione to walk back in the room and not suspect a thing.

His witch wore gray sweatpants and a navy blue tank top, looking extraordinarily radiant despite her lackluster outfit. Striding past him, she sat down at her vanity to put her hair up into a poofy yet messy bun that matched with the “lazy Sunday” aesthetic. After surveying herself in the mirror, she opened on of the drawers of her vanity, pulling out a gray and blue bandana with little skulls on it. Tying it into her hair as a pseudo-headband, she turned to look at Pennywise, who simply stared at him from the bed, his pants sagging dangerously on his hips.

Hermione licked her lips as her eyes traced the deep pale v of his pelvic muscle which paralleled the jagged fissure on his abs. His hips suddenly moved back and forth tantalizingly, erotically humping the air with his tented crotch. She blushed and forced herself to look up to his fiery eyes. They burned with desire, and it worried her. If he’d had eyebrows, he would have wiggled them at her in a hint of what he wanted.

Turning away from the horny male, she strode quickly from the room and down the stairs.

Hermione’s bare feet padded along the floor as she made her way to the refrigerator. Upon opening the large metal door, about a dozen red balloons came pouring out. The witch stared confusedly at them for a moment. They floated like they contained helium, but they didn’t float all the way to the ceiling either despite not being held down by anything. Suddenly, their strings shot out toward her, wrapping themselves around her limbs and actually levitating her struggling body off the ground.

“Oi! Pennywise! This isn’t funny. Let me go!” she yelled at the ceiling, wondering if he was actually still upstairs. Probably not… bugger, Hermione tested her peculiar restraints, but it was the fact that they actually allowed her to move that kept her captured.

She could flail all she wanted, but the balloons would still hold onto her. The loose baggy pants threatened to fall off her hips as she twisted them. When she could feel them fall below her pantyline, she stilled, allowing the balloons to float her back upstairs to where the clown was waiting for her. Upon her re-entry into her bedroom, Pennywise grinned at her, reclining on her bed as if he owned it, bloody prat.

“Welcome back!” Hermione glared silently, hanging limply in her restraints.

“What exactly is so important that you felt the need to pull me away from feeding myself instead of just following me downstairs?” she crossed her arms.

Pennywise giggled, “Oh, We simply weren’t done yet. You were so hot and bothered that I just
wanted to help my little witch,” he explained, staring pointedly at her lacy panties which were on display to his gaze.

“I’m not your little anything,” she protested angrily, throwing a punch in his direction but only hitting the air.

Pennywise’s responding grin was filled with malice as he crooked his finger in a beckoning gesture. Hermione whimpered as she floated over to him against her will. Tilting his head patronizingly at her, he spoke on the verge of anger.

“I will let this slide, because you are hungry and horny.” he grinned pointily, “Next time, however, I’ll prove to you that you belong to me,” the bite on her neck throbbed uncomfortably at his words and she hissed in both pain and anger.

“Are you going to rape me?” she scowled at the clown’s resounding stiff laughter.

“No, doll,” he replied soberly, “that would be a bit…” Pennywise tilted his head ponderingly, “counterproductive,” he kissed her nose when she was practically above his lap.

“Why?” Hermione asked, genuinely curious and unafraid.

“Because I want you to like me,” he spat out like the sentence was a curse, picking her out of the air and wrapping her legs around his waist to hold her by her bum after vanishing the balloons.

Hermione was shocked. From everything she’d seen so far, she thought he was after sex… until now. The witch didn’t even realize she was in her kitchen until Pennywise began feeding her apple slices like a child. Gingerly, she nibbled on them as he fed them to her, catching herself in a moment of deja vu. Where has this happened before?

Her thoughts stuttered to a halt when the clown unpeeled a banana and began feeding to her with a knowing smirk on his face. Hermione blushed loudly as her tongue stuck out, seemingly of its own free will, to meet the end of the fruit. His eyes flared with dilated pupils at the sight of her salivating tongue making contact with the pale phallic food. Once again, she nibbled on the food endlessly, making him compare her to a mouse again.

“Where are my clothes, Hermione,” he licked her ear with his whisper, making her nearly choke on the last inch of banana she had left.

“Uhh…” she moaned around the food, “downstairs…” Pennywise nodded, moving to go down the basement steps.

It was a bit chilly as they descended, feeling like Hell had frozen over. Well, perhaps it had, considering her present unhospitable company, the fact he wanted to bang her, and… well… the fact that she kinda wanted to bang him too. No! I have a boyfriend and I can only hope he doesn’t have another crazy woman on the side hellbent on keeping him like who I have.

She sighed, pulling open the washer lid and showing the expectant clown his still-disgusting clothes. Wrinkling her nose, she surveyed the white and red outfit, more fabric softener and a lot more bleach. After pouring the necessary items that wouldn’t take out the red dyes in his costume, she shut the lid with a bang and started the washing machine.

“I might need to wash them again…” Hermione leaned into his chest, indicating for them to go back upstairs.

Wordlessly he sat down on the couch, turning her so she could see the television screen yet still sat
between his legs. The witch leaned back on the surprisingly comfortable chest and turned the box on, wrapping a blanket around them and switching to a decent channel.

*Beetlejuice*, the cartoon not the movie, played for a while before she switched over to old reruns of *Scooby-Doo*. Pennywise was mildly amused by them, but he didn’t seem quite as invested as she was in the No-Maj cartoons. Turning to another channel, he immediately dialed into the program, even leaning forward enough to almost send her falling onto the floor face-first.

Glaring in front of her, she tried to clamber back onto the couch beside him, but he only settled her back down in his lap. *Well, I guess he likes* *The Gremlins* …

★★★

At about six o’clock, Hermione ate her dinner of small ham sandwiches and chips with a glass of milk. Pennywise had followed her into the kitchen and watched her make her meal with consideration. When she made to sit next to him on the couch with her plate and glass, he lifted her so she sat on his thighs. Embarrassedly, she primly nibbled on her food as she watched the horror film channel he found after finishing *The Gremlins*.

*At least there haven’t been any smutty sex scenes in any of these*… she sighed gratefully. Those would have been hard to watch with him. She really would have had trouble deflecting his libido then. A breathless moan echoed through their tense silence, *damn, I spoke too soon…*

Pennywise watched the steamy scene with what looked like… boredom. Hermione glanced sideways at him, *what the hell?* He caught her eyes and smirked, running his hands up her sides and using his thumbs to rub the swells of her breasts. Abruptly, the clown leaned forward to whisper hotly into her ear.

“Believe me, my fantasies are better, doll,” he licked the shell of her ear with his slimy black tongue.

Hermione whimpered as the next scene showed a woman being taken harshly from behind by a man-turned-werewolf. The scene was rather graphic and it didn’t help that Pennywise was mimicking the werewolf’s movements with his hands against her body. She moaned helplessly at the sensations despite her revulsion at the near-bestiality happening onscreen. It was like a trainwreck. It was bad, but she couldn’t turn away, especially to turn towards the clown’s smug face that knew he was getting a rise out of her.

The sudden chuckle against her ear made her jump, “Oh, Hermione. The conflicting feelings inside you have never smelled so delicious,” he sucked on her sore ear, bringing more blood forth for him to drink.

“You better calm yourself, doll,” he shut the television off, “Otherwise I won’t be able to stop myself…” he trailed off, setting her aside just to lean over her with a playful glint in his eye.

“Or do you want me to take you like that wolf took that woman? You saw me last night. I. Could. Do. It,” he tapped her neck with his tongue through each word.

“You want it. I could smell i—” Hermione cut him off with a yell.

“No! I mean kinda… That’s not the point right now!” she finalized with a cross of her arms and legs.
Pennywise shrugged with a smirk, leaning back up to look around. Hermione walked behind him amusedly, glad he’d dropped the idea of seducing her for a few minutes. However, the reprieve didn’t last. He’d found her small collection of board games and had zeroed in on her dusty box containing *Twister*. Of all the games he could have picked, it just had to be the most kinky of all of them!

Smirking, he spoke innocently, “Oh, Hermione. Let’s play this one. It seems reeeaaaalllly fun,” she pouted, but nodded exasperatedly. *Well, better curious than horny*...

Taking the game from the eager clown, she set up the mat, magically sticking it to the floor so it didn’t slide around the hardwood flooring as they played. Pennywise even helped her move the dining room furniture so they had enough space. Sighing lowly through her mouth, she briefly explained the rules.

“Okay. To set up the game, we have to face each other from opposite ends of the mat, near the word *Twister*... Place one foot on the yellow circle and the other foot on the blue circle closest to your end of the mat. Your opponent does the same on his or her end… got it,” she read aloud and Pennywise copied her movements as she followed the directions across the mat.

“Oh ho ho,” he giggled, “This sounds fun! Let’s play!” he nearly jumped up and down with excitement. Hermione frowned, now concerned for her body. *What is he planning?*

“Keep in mind that the only body parts they’re referring to are your left and right hands and feet, nothing else… And,” she spoke loudly, feeling that the clown was going to interrupt her again, “We have to both move each of our hands or feet when we decide what color and part to move and where to move it,” she rambled out quickly at the clown’s huff.

Throwing the useless spinner into the box, she limbered up, stretching her arms and legs, “Keep in mind that only one person can use each of the squares, so no sharing… and if your elbow or knee touches the mat, you’re out,” she looked over to Pennywise who rapidly nodded his head.

“Okay, you wanna give me a color?” she asked quietly.

“Green!” his eyes lit up mischeviously as they both put their right hands down on their respective sides.

“Alright, I guess I’ll go with left hand…” she trailed off, letting Pennywise choose the color.

“Yellow,” he replied simply, watching her slyly as she bent over to play the game.

★★★

“Did you have to choose left-foot yellow?” Hermione muttered from underneath the taller clown, hanging her head lowly.

They had played rather competitively, her mind out-matching his own. However, he was infinitely more flexible than her, which got him out of many close calls of losing the game. Each of them were
both too stubborn to lose so easily. Pennywise wanted to prove to her that he had superior flexibility, which he did many times over. Hermione simply wanted to dispel the notion of beginner’s luck, and wipe the smug look off his face he’d been holding for most of the game.

This was how they got into their current position: Hermione was arched in a near-downward dog pose as her hands and feet were both on the close yellow and blue circles. Pennywise, sticking to the rules of the game, was arched slightly above her, subtly grinding his half-hard cock against her arse.

“Oh, I don’t know. I guess I like this position,” he explained truthfully, “it provides a great angle for… a brutal thrashing,” she gasped as he thrust harshly against her with his rock-hard member while mocking her accent.

Catching the double entendre, she blushed and her limbs became shaky before they couldn’t support her weight anymore. Falling onto the mat with a thud, she breathed much needed air into her lungs. The fall completely knocked the wind out of her with an ugly-sounding wheeze. Pennywise laughed at her, lowering himself on top of her child’s-pose-like posture on the floor. Snickering lightly, he grabbed her hips and ground slowly along her crack and nether lips through her sweats.

“What do you say we pick up where we left off in your bedroom? A little prize for the winner...” he chittered against Hermione’s ear as he picked her up and sped up the stairs, nearly knocking the wind out of her again as he threw her on the large cushy bed.

“Oof!” she wheezed as the clown crawled over her prone body.

“You were such a good little girl today, weren’t you?” he praised her as if she were his pet, making her scowl up at him silently.

“Letting me touch you, playing with me... You didn’t even bite me when I fed you!” he praised her, rubbing her belly with smooth fingers even as she tried to bat him away.

Hermione squirmed underneath him, irritated at his new behavior towards her. She pouted, “I’m not an animal! Stop treating me like one! Go back to being a pervert for all I care. At least then you treat me like a woman,” she spat, belatedly turning her head to survey his knowing expression.

“Annoying, isn’t it?” he hummed against her ear as he pressed their groins together.

“Ever since I’ve met you, you’ve treated me like an animal...” he kissed her neck, “If anything, you are the animal in this relationship...” he licked her bite, “And I have a bestiality kink for you, little witch,” he sealed his lips against her shocked ones, humping deeply against her clit and making her moan.

“So, treat this destroyer god like a man,” he dared her as he parted from her flushed lips.

A stern look crossed Hermione’s face, and it darkened her whisky eyes. Without breaking eye-contact, she grabbed his cock from his pants and started jerking it. His eyes widened and she could see the crimson bleed into his irises from their outer rims as his pupils dilated with lust. Growling into her mouth, he kissed her savagely, flipping her over and pushing her body into the mattress. Leaning over her shaking body, he hissed into her ear with his forked tongue dancing around the shell and lobe.

“I’ve been waiting to do this alllll day, little doll” he clutched her hips and began rapidly dry-humping her from behind like a dog. No, he was like the werewolf fucking the woman on TV in that horror porno.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah,” she moaned prettily for him, the smell of her surprised arousal radiating from her
like a sweet perfume.

“Yesssss, take it,” he growled into her other ear as she fully submitted to him, pushing her bum back into his thrusting member and lowering the rest of her body.

Hermione wiggled in his arms as his tentacles escaped his pants and wrapped around her thighs through her pants to begin playing with her folds and clt. The witch squealed her orgasm to the ceiling, hoping that her muffliato hadn’t worn off yet as she basically blacked out from the emotional exhaustion of the day.

“...Good little doll... You’ll carry my clutch so well...” he muttered against her ear, cleaning them up and pulling the covers over them. Telepathically, he shut the lights off, and rolled Hermione to face him as she slept.

A lone tear fell from her closed eyes, which he immediately licked up. That won’t do… Pennywise could taste both regret and pain over betraying his Bill Gray counterpart. She was unconscious and would likely have troubled sleep if he didn’t do something. It was too soon to reveal himself as Bill Gray. Hermione was still very unpredictable. She trusted both personalities... separately and at a mental distance from each other. He knew what he had to do.

Concentrating hard, he erased their little sexual escapade after the twister game and replaced it with a much more innocent one where his tentacles played with her a little before she fell asleep. The reaction was instantaneous. Hermione immediately calmed, cuddling into his body as he held her to his own. For the first time, she laid her hand on his chest, right above his heart. He covered it with his own ebony one.

“I’m sorry Hermione, you’re not going to find it... I don’t have a heart,” he murmured into her curls as she slept.

Don’t I?

Chapter End Notes

Gah, Pennywise is looking out for Hermione's emotional well being? What? I wasn't going to put a smutty scene here, but Penn was just too worked up to not get carried away. As always, comment your opinions, feelings, things for me to consider. Honestly, some of you really give me things to add in future chapters, things I hadn't even considered before but are so obvious in hindsight!
Strange Magic

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I've got another chapter for all of you. Before you ask, no, this isn't a nod to "Strange Magic" the movie. I just really liked the title, and I felt that it fit this chapter. Anyway, I hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 10th, 1989

Hermione was antsy. It was mostly because she hadn’t left the house since Pennywise killed those gangbangers. However, she felt a bit off upon waking up that morning. The clown himself was cuddling against her like she was a body pillow; no surprise there. She felt like she was missing something but couldn’t remember what it was. Her mind flew back to her first year at Hogwarts when she lectured Neville about his remembrall. If only I had one of those, even if they are mostly useless... at least it would tell me if I was missing something.

Either way, she needed to go to the library. The books she’d borrowed were due and Hermione had been meaning to get some new ones anyway. A pair of crimson lips and pointy teeth nibbled at her nape as Pennywise slowly awoke from his healing sleep. He rumbled against her back as he hugged her closer, licking a slick trail of saliva along her jugular.

“Good Morning, doll,” he crooned seductively into her ear, slowly turning the curly-haired woman on her back so he could crawl over her.

He only stared at Hermione, not moving a muscle as he perched over her reclined body. The witch tilted her head in confusion as he purred eagerly, bunching his hands into the blankets beside her shoulders.

“What are you doing?” she blushed as his eyes continued to peruse her scantily-clad form.

He shrugged, “Just looking at you,” Hermione covered her breasts with her arms and curled into herself defensively.

“Well, could you stop looking at me?” she muttered embarrassedly, looking anywhere but at him.

Pennywise giggled manically, “You might as well ask me to stop breathing,” he teased her as he tilted her head to face his own with a finger under her chin.

The clown kissed her gently, a complete contrast to where he was a few days ago. His more obviously primal nature was still there, but it was hidden well underneath his disguises and false passivity. He was a male and a rather strong one at that. Physically, he was stronger than her. However, she knew human society inside and out, which was something even he could not understand fully. Their relationship truly was brains versus brawn, each trying to gain the upper hand over the other. It was a competition she was determined to win.
Flashing Pennywise a shy smile, he watched her least favorite smug expression float back onto his face. She appeared to cross her arms behind her head so he could touch her fully, but she really was reaching for her wand under the pillow her head rested on. False heat spread through her eyes as she arched her back into his chest and fell back onto the bed. The clown’s pupils flared lustfully as she smirked at her little display.

Wordlessly, she apparated to her wardrobe across the room and used her wand to dress herself in the first fashionable outfit she found inside. In about the fifteen seconds it took for Pennywise to realize Hermione was gone and to relocate her, she was already striding out the bedroom door, fully dressed and ready to walk out the front door. The witch even pulled her hair up into a loose bun as she walked down the hallway. However, just as she’d finished doing that, she was suddenly pushed into the wall next to the stairs.

Angry amber slits glared down at her as his strong yet limber arms held her by her hips off the ground. She dangled in his grip, whimpering with nervousness. He held no sympathy in his dangerous expression as he began copying her whimpers mockingly.

“Stop popping away from me!” he growled suddenly.

Hermione flailed in his tight grasp, “No, I won’t. I need to get out of here!” she cried, on the verge of a panic-attack.

Pennywise nearly dropped her, setting her down abruptly and backing as far away from her as fast as he could. His eyes burned bright red, lighting up the dark hallway as he stared at her silently. A black hand held his nose and he breathed raggedly through his mouth. Slowly backing down the stairs, Hermione only caught a glimpse of his demonic eyes before they disappeared into her room, lurking in wait for her to return with a more calm emotional range.

★★★

Sitting outside the Library, she finished her breakfast of a large coffee and a muffin from the local coffee shop in Derry. Pennywise’s abrupt mood swings threw her because she couldn’t yet place most of his triggers. One of them, as she’d found out this morning, was her sudden absence. It added up, considering the four deaths that took place after she abruptly left Derry a few weeks ago. Now, she didn’t doubt Newt’s reasoning that the eldritch was attempting to assert his claim over her by biting her and possessively hoarding her away inside her own home away from other males.

Hermione sighed, *Why do I always get the weird ones?*

Bill Gray came to her mind again, sending a guilty twinge through her gut. Pennywise hadn’t been being remotely platonic towards her, and it wasn’t like she could simply get rid of him. Newt only told her to do that as a last resort, and even he didn’t know how it could be done. At some point, she was going to have to let her boyfriend go. It would kill her if the clown murdered him in a possessive rage over her.

Even so, she could feel the beginning of fondness for Pennywise slowly creeping into her heart, its tendrils tangling around her fondness for Bill. Hermione knew it was wrong and it was jeopardizing her mission’s endgame: to get rid of the threat to Derry’s citizens. The only way for everyone to win would be to stay with the clown and change his eating habits. She would have to dump Bill when that time came, but at least he would still be alive and free to move on from her.
Throwing her trash into the bin sitting next to the heavy metal door, she walked morosely into the library. Gingerly, Hermione placed her returns on the small stack of books above the crudely-taped sign that spelled out “Returns” in a childlike script. Luckily, the mean librarian wasn’t manning her desk like she usually was, so Hermione felt better about looking around for more things to read.

Striding along the old dusty shelves, she searched absently, her mind elsewhere with Bill, The Losers’ Club, and Pennywise. The witch ran her finger across the multi-colored spines, leaving a more vibrant trail behind in the dust. Seriously, would it be terribly difficult to dust these off once in a while? It looks like they haven’t been dusted in years…

Taking a seat in the rear of the library behind some of the eldest shelves, Hermione leafed through a few pages of each book contemplatively. A few of the books looked promising with their intriguing summaries and artistic covers. Fewer had hooking first sentences and chapters. There were a couple that seemed suitable enough to check out, so she didn’t want to get too far into them and risk accidentally getting locked in the library after it closed like she’d nearly done a few times in the Hogwarts Library.

She cracked a wistful smile at the happy memories from those days. Those were simpler times when she, Harry, and Ron used to get in trouble for sneaking around after dark. Merlin, now I get paid to do that, she shook her head serenely, looking up to the subtly flickering ceiling light.

About an hour later, she had a small stack of novels under her arm and began walking towards the check-out counter from her secluded corner in the library. A light slam of a book closing met her ears and her head automatically swiveled to place the noise. Hermione smiled brightly at the sight of the familiar pudgy head full of brown hair sitting at one of the wooden tables. She should have known he’d be here. Creeping up behind him, she threw out a redundant question.

“What did the book ever do to you? Although, I don’t blame you. The selection is rather lackluster today…” the witch rambled even as Ben stood up to throw his arms around her waist and hug her.

“It’s good to see you, Ben,” she added as he pulled away with a light blush painting his cheeks.

“Yeah, it’s good to see you too. I… uh… haven’t seen the others around. Have you?” he asked curiously, scratching his head sheepishly.

“No,” she answered glumly, genuinely missing the other Losers too, “I haven’t seen them,” she added, no one except for the clown who tried to kill you… Hermione grimaced.

Ben, correctly assuming she was thinking about his injury, spoke lightly, “Oh yeah,” he patted his side where Pennywise scratched him, “Your magic stuff is amazing. It was like I never got hurt at all!” Hermione smiled easily as the usually calm boy’s enthusiasm.

“Thanks Ben, but how are you holding up? I mean… emotionally and mentally?” she clasped his shoulder maternally as his eyes became slightly downcast.

“I had nightmares for a few days after the fourth, but I’m doing better now. That stuff you gave us helped me a lot that first night. Thanks…” he trailed off sheepishly at her look of concern.

“No problem, I knew you all would need it,” at his questioning look, she explained, “It’s not like I had an easy monster-free childhood.”

Ben nodded solemnly, looking to his right and seeing a painting he’d never looked at before. Hermione’s eyes followed his point of view, catching the same painting in her vision. Wordlessly and in unison, they moved closer to the painting of Derry’s settlement. A woman in a bonnet and
green dress was standing next to the old well that currently was in the basement of the Neibolt House. The white bundle in her arms could only be an older newborn or a younger infant by its size. Smartly, she stood a bit away from the well with the baby, perhaps knowing what dwelled below. Or maybe, the painting depicted a sacrifice that would protect their town for the following few weeks after the painting was made. The witch shivered, turning to face her friend with determined eyes.

“We’ll get him, Ben… One way or another…” he blinked confusedly at her, and she chuckled at how much he really didn’t know, “Until the others come to their senses, lay low, okay?” Hermione hugged the younger boy.

“And,” she added, “as I’ve told Bill and Beverly, you guys are more than welcome at my house anytime, especially if you wish to speak about any of this,” the witch trailed off, stepping away from him to check out her books.

“Yeah,” he affirmed shyly, “See ya around, Hermione,” the boy waved as Hermione left the building with a small wave of her own.

★★★

Hermione spent another couple of hours meandering around Derry, not really wanting to go home to where the injured clown was waiting for her. The sun was beginning to set, sending a cool breeze through the streets. She figured that she should head home, otherwise risking more perverts checking her out in her knee-length sleeveless dress and consequently wanting to rape her. If Pennywise had to come save her again, he probably wouldn’t ever let her out of his sight.

The sky was a dark blue, its shimmering stars beginning to slowly float across its mass around the crescent moon. An owl could be heard hooting in the nearby tree. Crickets and birds and the resident nocturnal animals were intermingling during the dusk as day became night. It was beautiful and peaceful: the calm before the storm. Hermione sighed, stepping onto her small porch with bated breaths. When she moved to open the door, it abruptly flew open and an invisible force pulled her inside with a yelp from the surprised witch. She fell forward into a solid bare chest and flailed around upon realizing who was squeezing the air out of her lungs as he held her aloft.

“Pennywise!” she gasped breathlessly, “I can’t breathe!” her lips began turning blue before he finally gave her some room in his arms to breathe.

Hermione clutched onto his neck as she took in long deep breaths against his sugar-scented neck. The clown rumbled at the feeling of her warm puffs of air against his Adam’s apple, rubbing small circles into her thigh where the dress rode up when she unconsciously straddled his lap.

He abruptly pinched her where he’d been rubbing and she jumped in his lap as he held her, “Eight hours,” he growled, pinching her harder with each second until she had eight little red spots on her thighs and arse cheeks.

“Ow! So what? Did you lose the ability to talk in complete sentences? Ow! Stop it! Oww! Why?! Aow! I’m sorry! Please stop!” Hermione yelled at him throughout her mini punishment.

When he was done with her, she was shivering as she clutched him like a baby monkey. Slowly, Pennywise rubbed the little red marks soothingly, grinning happily when the witch arched into him further at the unexpected relief she felt from the ministrations. Even if he was completely kneading
her arse, it felt good to Hermione and she could feel the beginnings of want coiling inside her core. A little voice in the back of her mind yelled at her about betraying Bill, but the voice suddenly became muffled and far away like a fog settling in. Her mind wandered, heading closer to the two amber suns in her vision. *What was I thinking about?* The witch blinked, realizing she was staring into Pennywise’s twinkling eyes, and he was fully aware of it. Leaning forward, he licked her neck and she moaned so sweetly for him.

“You were gone for so long, doll. I wanted to hunt you down, drag you back here, and have my wicked way with you after you teased me this morning…” Hermione ignored him, preferring to sniff his hair contemplatively.

“Hey,” she announced, ending his little rant, “I’ll bathe you again if it will get you to shut up,” he seemed rather sold after she tugged on the roots of hair at his nape.

“Only if I get to bathe you,” he chittered into her ear.

Hermione groaned, “fine.”

Pennywise set her down slowly, watching with eager eyes as he followed her upstairs. The witch stopped at her bathroom door and held up a petite hand, urging him to stop. Curiosity and irritation warred within him for a moment before curiosity won over. He tilted his head as she muttered for him to wait and shut the door in his face.

Hermione sighed loudly when she was all alone in the room. Closing her eyes, her neck rolled and popped as she stretched. Whipping out her wand, her eyes snapped open beautifully. She cracked her knuckles, *Alright! Let’s do this…*

Multiple transfiguration and room expansion spells left her wand as the room in front of her transformed into a familiar sight. The large fountain surrounded by false windows began filling the enormous bath with green, pink, and blue bubbled water that nearly flooded onto the floor she stood on. Gingerly, she spelled the windows to display a partly cloudy full-moon night. Using a simple *wingardium leviosa*, she made little multicolored candles float in the air like stars above their heads along with the little bubbles that rose up to greet them.

Hermione even replicated the mermaid stained-glass window in the corner of the room. Looking around, tears came to her eyes at the entirety of it all. Even the stone ceiling and arches were the same. Wiping her face, the witch disrobed, leaving her clothes on the floor for the eldritch to find. She hopped into the marble pool and waded over to the opposite side. Checking her hair in one of the mirrors, she turned to yell at the door.

“You can come in now!” Hermione sunk down into the bubbles mischievously, only leaving enough of her face out of the water to breathe through her nose.

She couldn’t see over the large foam stacked in front of her, so he likely couldn’t see over it either. The door creaked open, much like its counterpart at Hogwarts and hesitant steps could be heard shuffling along the stone floor. Hermione smirked, knowing that he was looking around in both shock and awe at the changes to the room. Loud sniffing noises like those of a bloodhound made her blush. Either he was sniffing her out, which was hard to do in such and overwhelmingly clean room. Or, he was sniffing her clothes, *bloody pervert…*

A loud splash interrupted her lewd musings, signalling that Pennywise had caught onto her little game of hide-and-seek and was literally throwing himself wholeheartedly into it. She could hear the water moving as he seemed to be looking everywhere but where she was. He likely already knew where she was, but was just building up the tension until she either gave up or he could genuinely
The latter seemed to be the case as just when she thought he was splashing lightly on one side of the pool, two dark hands gripped her naked waist and pulled her through her bubble barrier and into his pale alien chest. Her legs wrapped around his waist, slamming their genitals together with a fleshy slap. Hermione moaned quietly as she felt his odd member sliding between her nether lips. She clutched him like she had not ten minutes ago, and he praised her, sucking little kisses into her neck with his fangs.

There was something important she was forgetting, but she couldn’t remember what. The sucking kisses he was giving her were somehow familiar to her. However, all thoughts left her mind as Pennywise abruptly took her ear into his mouth and sucked for all it was worth. She squeaked at the sensation and he whispered hotly into her ear.

“I’ve found you, my little prize. What is my reward?” he kneaded her supple arse where it thrust out against his waiting palms.

“Guh…” Hermione tried to verbalize, but couldn’t, “What do you wa—Ah!—nt?” she rasped into his neck as his thumb found her clit.

“Hmm… Well, the only thing that would make this little ‘party’ better would be if these were filled again,” he squeezed her breasts as she looked at him shocked and then enraged.

“That was you!?” she tried to swing her fists at him, but he caught them both with one hand and looked down at her patronizingly, clicking his tongue at her.

“Hush, mouse. We don’t want to spoil the nice decorations you made with a little fight,” he licked the nape of her neck as he forced her head away from his neck, “Besides, it will be fun,” he giggled as he bit her, sending the necessary hormones straight to their destination.

“Ahh! Let go of me! Why are you doing this?” she screeched at him as he continued to hold her.

Pennywise’s inky tongue emerged from his mouth to swirl around her pebbled nipples which were wet and cold from the air, “Because you taste good,” he stated matter-of-factually.

Soon enough, her mounds grew before her eyes and began dripping with the milk the clown was after. His grin was entirely animalistic as he sat down on one of the built-in ledges and held their crotches together until his tentacles emerged to wrap around her thighs for the same purpose. He kissed her lips, but he might as well have been kissing a corpse. Hermione was frozen from shock and the realization that Pennywise was just going to take anything he wanted from her. There was also the shock she felt at the realization that she desperately wanted to let him.

The way he kissed her was so unbelievably gentle that she could hardly believe it. He sucked more hickeys into the witch’s neck as he went lower. When he got to her supple breasts, he lapped at them, delighting in the way he could hear the liquid sloshing around inside as his tongue made them bounce. Hermione whimpered when he finally took a bud into his puckered red mouth.

She cried out rapturously as he suckled the creamy liquid from her, tugging lightly on his wet ginger hair to spur him on. After a moment or two, his cock between her folds began sliding wetly against her clit. Rumbling chuckles vibrated from his chest as he emptied her left breast and proceeded onto her right one.

“Perfect, Hermione. Your milk is so good,” he spoke against her skin.

The witch jumped upon feeling one of the tentacles rubbing her clit along with the clown’s hands
continuing to knead her arse. Her orgasm was fast approaching, which was very obvious in the way her hips erratically began thrusting against his own. Pennywise must have been close too because he instantly grabbed Hermione’s hips and began hitting her clit with each thrust between her folds. As soon as he bit down on his bite on her neck, she orgasmed hotly along his bursting cock.

While they recovered, the clown drained the rest of the milk from her with a sexy sounding gulp. “You know,” he began while rubbing her sore nipples, “you’d be plugged with my knot for an hour had I been inside you,” Hermione flushed at that as though she wasn’t still feeling it limply between her legs.

“Imagine that,” she offered with false humor, but Pennywise either didn’t catch on or didn’t care.

“Yessss, alwayssss,” he hissed at her, licking up the blood that spilled from her bite.

Hermione said nothing at the reminder that she was committing bestiality no matter what the beast in question told her. He seemed to be ungodly horny towards her, so perhaps he’d mellow later on in their relationship. However, he was ancient, so maybe not. Her mood soured, spreading a grimace along her face the more she thought about it.

“Say!” he interjected, his amber eyes lit with eagerness, “Show me more of your magic,” he asked, climbing off of her to point at the ceiling, “there!” he laid down on his back along the floor.

Hermione joined him, sending blue sparks out with her wand in the direction he asked. He clapped, asking for another spell. Wordlessly, she summoned little canaries that flew around their heads. Pennywise pouted as she threw out the next spell, a color changing charm which turned the flames in the candles green. After throwing out about twenty spells, she turned to the eldritch.

“Okay, last one,” she announced, throwing out *expecto patronum* while using the memory of her and the Losers splashing around at the Quarry.

She expected to see her normal otter floating around her head, but that wasn’t at all what came out of her wand. To her surprise and the clown’s awe, a cute fuzzy tarantula seemed to be floating through the air between them. That wasn’t her patronus. That wasn’t even a documented patronus, but there it was in its ghostly glory. It waved at her in greeting, and she unconsciously waved back.

Chapter End Notes

Well there it is. Hermione's closest thing to penetrative sex she's had with either Penn or Bill.
She's got a new patronus and she'd reconnected with Ben. That's three out of seven down and four more to go.
Too bad Pennywise will likely erase her memory again to stop her from feeling guilty...
Hey guys, I'm back with a new chapter. Nothing too big happens in this chapter, but it does get the ball rolling for more platonic love between Hermione and Pennywise.

July 11th, 1989

Hermione could hardly sleep a wink the previous night. Her mind was spiraling at the sudden changes happening around her. In the end, Pennywise had to purr the bloodshot-eyed witch to sleep so she wouldn’t stay up the entire night.

She’d once again almost had sex with the demon clown who was killing and eating the children of Derry. She was also cheating on her boyfriend with this same entity who was also determined to get into her panties. He was manipulating her like putty in his pale gloved hands and she was beginning to be okay with that. Pennywise was like quick sand, or a Devil’s Snare. The more she struggled, the further he pulled her down into his amorous clutches. Hell, now she had a spider patronus instead of the cute little otter she’d had before because of this growing attraction to the eldritch.

However, every moment she had with him was soured by Bill’s faint presence in her mind. Hermione could feel that Pennywise noticed her reluctance, but he likely hadn’t figured out the real reason why she refrained from being so demonstrative around him. It utterly and truly gnawed at her gut that Bill would have no idea why she would later break up with him. She would have to in order to keep him safe. After all, it wasn’t like she could stop Pennywise in her current position. Her only hope would be to change him.

Sometime during the night, the clown in question had laid his head on her breasts like they were pillows. Grimacing, she could feel a small pool of drool soaking through the fabric of her nightshirt. Hermione sighed slowly, trying not to wake him as she recalled the night before.

After her new patronus’ debut, she quickly jumped back into the water to wash her hair. The eldritch tried to chase after her after she swam across the pool, however, he stopped as if he noticed that she didn’t want to talk. Wordlessly, she sunk into the bubbles until only her head remained out of the water. With careful fingers, she palmed her sore breasts and snatch, moaning quietly at the slight twinges of pain she felt. All the while, Hermione could feel his good eye on her as he put some of the bubbles into his own hair.

When she began to prune, black arms lifted her out of the water and wrapped her legs around their owner’s waist. Once again, his bumpy member sat between her nether lips and little drops of their releases mingled before falling into the water. His tentacles wrapped themselves around her thighs, leaving little suckling kisses along her swollen pussy. Little weak moans left her raspy throat as he carried them out of the water. Sleepily, Hermione’s head fell onto Pennywise’s large shoulder, cuing the clown to whisper little sweet nothings into her upturned ear.

“So good, my little doll. Pleasing me… showing off your magic… your body… Just say the word
next time and I will come inside you...” he rasped lovingly, pressing little kisses along her neck and cheeks between each phrase, “Yessss... tasty, tasty milk for me from these cherries,” he added, tweaking her sore nipples as his witch bounced in his arms.

She whimpered as she was put down in her bed on her back without the clown letting go of her. Immediately, he stopped, looking her over for the source of her pain. Pennywise let go of her, only touching her to turn her on her side and snuggle up behind her protectively as he usually did. Hermione could tell when he fell asleep, but it just wasn’t so simple for her.

Now, the witch rolled out from under the sleeping eldritch, slowly pushing his head onto the pillow next to her. Pennywise twitched and growled in his sleep, unconsciously sensing that his woman wasn’t as close to him anymore. He clenched the blankets, pulling them closer and sinking his face into them. Hermione smiled shyly as he sleepily inhaled her scent, blinking his tired eyes at her with a goofy smile showing off his buck teeth.

“Hi...” she began as he held his stare, “you look better...” the witch spoke truthfully, shielding herself with the rest of the blankets.

Pennywise grinned wider, “Yesss... much better... much better thanks to my little witch,” he hissed, leaning over to nuzzle his bite reverently.

“Will you be going back to the sewers soon?” she asked curiously, honestly wondering about his answer.

He smirked knowingly at her, booping her nose with a dark finger, “Soon, yes... But not today...” he elaborated at her confused expression, “I’m not ready to let you go,” he rumbled into her ear, sucking on the lobe with gentle tugs.

“Mmm, stop,” she moaned, “I need to look at your eye,” Pennywise let up, crawling over her to look at her face-to-face.

Taking off the eye patch, Hermione surveyed the nearly-healed orb. He seemed to be healing at a very quick rate. However, there was something rather odd about it. The iris itself didn’t match its twin. Pennywise’s eye, the injured eye, was a pretty shade of blue-green, almost teal. No... it was cobalt. There was no way she could be mistaken, he was three inches away from her. Confusedly, she leaned in closer, almost kissing the now nervous clown. *Shit. Damn kids,* he cursed mentally, attempting to switch the color back but to no avail, *I can’t change the color back!* It seemed as though he’d have to wait until the eye healed fully for his ability to change the hue came back. Placing the eye patch back over the cobalt orb, he refocused.

The color seemed weirdly familiar to her, but it was like a fog descended over her memory of those eyes, enough that she couldn’t place where she saw them before. *Wait. What was I thinking about?* Hermione shrugged as a loud crack of thunder shook the house.

“Eeep!” she squeaked, startled by the sudden loud noise.

Pennywise laughed at her, his eye twinkling with mirth, “Aww! Is my little mouse scared of the thunder?” he lowered himself on top of her and pulled the blankets over their heads, “Here, doll,” he teased in the pitch blackness, “I’ll protect you,” he kissed her forehead mockingly.

Casting a silent lumos, their small dome of blankets bathed in the light as Hermione corrected the tall clown, “No, I’m not scared. The noise just startled me, that’s all.”

Pennywise looked skeptical before shrugging and moving to lap at her neck soothingly. Heat started
to rise between them thanks to his panting, so Hermione dug her head out of the blankets to breathe cooler air. The eldritch didn’t seem to care as he then began pulling her shirt down to press kisses to her breast bone. Suckling warmth suddenly enveloped her right nipple as he attached himself to her like a parasitic leech, determined to suck up the liquid that had built up overnight.

Hermione’s sigh turned into a groan. That meant she would either need to stop letting both of her men near her breasts so they would stop lactating. Or, she would need to pump it out of her and let them have her whenever they wanted to. The latter seemed utterly barbaric, but its mere kinkiness lit a fire in her core. Providing for them in this manner was an evolutionary desire that was just about ingrained into her body.

“Ah~” she cried out as Pennywise switched nipples and sucked harder than before. Hermione bucked off the bed into the clown’s waiting pelvis and he gripped her hips and began humping her clit under the blankets.

“Yesss….” he hissed quietly to himself, “feed me as you will feed my young,” he pressed a lingering kiss to her nipple as he finished draining her.

Hermione whimpered her orgasm, spasming against Pennywise’s sputtering cock underneath his pants. I’m sorry, Bill… she lamented, cleaning the two of them as she strolled into the bathroom to get ready for the day.

Her numb reflection stared at her in the mirror, looking nearly catatonic as her feelings for both males tugged at her guiltily. The witch didn’t look that much better after dressing and brushing her hair.

Sighing, she left the normal bathroom, her hand lingering on the door frame at the memory from the previous night. Hermione silently breezed past the confused eldritch as she headed downstairs to eat breakfast. She could feel him a few steps behind her, but he didn’t say a word either.

After grabbing a cup of coffee and an orange, she stood in front of the screen door leading to her small backyard deck, watching the grey skies with their dark clouds and heavy deluge. Turning to her companion, she stared right through him numbly, her eyes clouding serenely despite her stormy thoughts.

“I’ve always liked the rain… seeing it, hearing it… smelling it,” she explained, opening the glass door to experience the storm’s unique scent, “the smell of cleansing the Earth.”

Gently, she used her wand to move her couch from the living room to the dining area. Most of the room’s usual furniture was still up against the wall from their game of Twister, so it was easy to place the cushy piece of furniture in front of the open door. Sitting down, she wrapped herself up in a fuzzy blanket and stared ahead, finding peace in the pouring rain. Pennywise placed his head in her lap, purring when she began combing through his hair absently.

Perhaps this isn’t so bad… Hermione thought, taking in the smells of nature and rebirth as she touched the eldritch.

He squeezed her hand gently, as though he was agreeing with her mind’s mumblings. They both sat silently, neither saying any more as the rain created a mist along the street, obscuring the rest of Derry from their view.

July 12th, 1989

Hermione kneeled in the dewy grass, ignoring how the previous day’s rain soaked into her jeans
while she worked. The dark green galoshes she wore squeaked against each other as she bent over to survey her plants. Little white berries hid underneath their green covers, soon to turn plump and vermilion. Her carrots were much the same. Glimpses of orange could be seen poking from the dirt as they grew thicker and longer. Sighing, she adjusted her hat and began pulling at the bothersome weeds that dotted her small garden.

Before she could reach for one of the weeds, the half-naked clown was already yanking it from the dirt, haphazardly spraying dirt everywhere as he ceremoniously chucked it behind him. The menial task seemed to brighten his mood as he suddenly began ripping more weeds from the ground, giggling all the while. Hermione watched with a small smirk, setting her gloved hands on her hips and letting him go nuts.

However, he’d simply begun pulling out sprouts when he’d run out of weeds to pull. So, the witch had to stop him before he uprooted her entire garden. Pennywise simply pouted before mimicking her posture. The sight made Hermione laugh as both of their hair was frizzy and unkempt from the humidity and the cool morning fog that rolled in from the wake of the day-long storm.

“Come on, you numpty. Your clothes should be ready now,” she giggled at his eager expression.

Stepping down into the darkened basement, she led the way to her washer. After opening the lid, she pulled the sopping wet clothes from the basin and laid them out on the drying rack. Examining the outfit, she was rather amazed at the almost light-blue color she could see in front of her. *So that’s what was hiding under all that filthy greywater…* The suit was still pretty gray in some places, but it made more sense that his outfit had originally been red, white, and blue. Red had been the only color to stick over the years, a miracle in itself.

Using her wand, she dried the clothes and boots and she handed the outfit over to the clown’s expectant hands. However, to her surprise, he suddenly picked her up and sped up the stairs, laughing like a maniac. Hermione wriggled in his grip as they entered her bedroom and he unceremoniously threw her on top of the unmade covers. Sooty hands yanked her by her feet toward the end of the bed where he stood leaning over her sprawled out form. She had to crane her neck to see him as she was on her stomach, but he only leaned over farther to whisper in her ear.

“Dress me, witch,” he kneaded the supple cheeks of her arse as he leaned back up for her to roll over and sit up.

When she did, he handed the clothes back to her and stared at her heatedly as he slowly pulled the wet flannel pants off of his hips. Blushing loudly, Hermione turned her gaze to the ceiling and simply used her wand to switch the flannels for the clean pants of his suit. A disappointed hiss left his scowling lips as she looked back at him. Taking his bloomer shorts, she indicated for him to move his leg, which he did, putting his large clawed right foot right next to her left thigh. Silently, she moved the poofy article of clothing onto his long legs, accidentally brushing his half-hard member as she settled the fabric onto his lean hips.

Next, she reached for his boots and slid them on in the same fashion as he did for his shorts. Lacing them up with nimble fingers, she traced the red and white pattern. Pennywise suddenly grabbed her under her bum, lifting her off the bed so he could sit in her place while she straddled his clothed thighs. He gently kissed and licked at her bruised neck as she laced his compliant arms through his light blue top. His grin was positively wolfish as she hugged him to get to the zipper on the back of his suit.

When she leaned back to grab his ruffled collar, he kissed her lips slowly while she tried to wrap it around his neck as he’d had it before. Dark hands came up to assist her, small bells jingling as he wrapped her thighs around his waist. Blindly lip-locked, Hermione felt around for the ivory gloves
that completed his outfit. When she found them, he let her mouth go so she could slide them on his
dark hands.

When he was fully dressed, he nuzzled his mark with a purr before letting her up to head downstairs.
Once again, he backyard blurred from the thick wispy fog that clouded the air for the second day in a row. It was so dense that the curly-haired woman figured that none of her neighbors would be able to see her doing yoga stretches in the wet grass.

After warming up in her leggings and tank top with a few sun salutations, Hermione got herself into
her more extensive poses. Sighing deeply, she rested her forearms on the small mat underneath her
and bent herself backwards until her feet lingered over her head. The Scorpion With a Broken Tail
was a move that took her a few months to master during a rather taxing mission. In the end, it gave
her peace and a clear mindset to crack the case. Now, she just wanted to dissociate, to relax from the
fact that there was so much going on around her. Easing into the Locust Scorpion, she gently placed
her bare feet onto her head and rotated her arms until they pointed behind her palms-up. Her breath
left her in a cool breeze, whistling through her rosy lips.

Hermione gently laid herself out flat on her stomach before closing her eyes and flipping herself over
to arch her back into the Wheel Pose. Bending her neck backwards, she moaned quietly as it popped
satisfactorily. The witch kept her eyes closed as she gingerly grasped her ankles and folded herself
further into the Chakra Bond Pose. Her breath released and she pushed herself up and over into The
Forward Bend Pose, lacing her fingers together and pushing out to crack them as she bent forward
further.

Opening her eyes, she squeaked quietly at the sight behind her. Pennywise stood plastered against
the sliding door, his ebony claws shredding through his gloves as they burrowed into the siding of
her house. His painted nose flared as he stared with a dumbfounded yet aroused look on his face. A
single amber eye dialed into her flushed face as he stepped closer to her. Quickly, she bent back up
into a standing position, turning around to face the pouting eldritch with a knowing smirk.

“There. I’ve got it all warmed up for you,” she patted his arm, indicating to the mat before striding
past him.

When her hand touched the door, she turned around, “Unless, of course, you want me to teach you
some moves,” she offered nonchalantly.

Pennywise grinned giddily, “Oh, yes, yes! I want to see more of your flexibility,” he winked at her
and Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Okay,” she gasped as she began balancing on her elbows and head in the Pinching Shoulders
Headstand, “try this one,” she dared with a weak smirk while the blood rushed to her head.

“Oh! You mean like this?” the clown giggled innocently, looking at her face to face in an identical
pose.

Hermione huffed, blowing a strand of hair out of her eyes as she stood up, “Yes.”

Opening her hips and focusing on her upper-body strength, she fell into the Hummingbird with
practiced ease. Looking over to the tall clown, she could see that he was grinning at her from his
own Hummingbird fold. The curly-haired woman seethed. It had taken her weeks to get into that
position comfortably, and it had only taken him a few seconds and no direction. Pursing her lips, she
replicated the Scorpion With a Broken Tail again, only to see him yawn at her mockingly, already in
the pose before she even finished it herself.
“Finally,” he yawned again, “I was wondering when you’d finish. Is that all you know, doll?” he teased at her glare.

Silently, she undid her position and stood there with her arms crossed as she waited for him to do the same. When he stood a foot-and-a-half taller in front of her once more, he spoke patronizingly.

“What did you expect? Human flexibility is inferior in comparison to my own,” he thumped his chest proudly, reminding Hermione of a posturing gorilla, *which isn’t too far from the truth the more I think about it...*

The witch only sighed, shaking her head and rolling her eyes at his superiority complex before walking inside. After all, he was the one who ruined the potential for anything platonically or sexually charged.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. I cannot tell you how amazing it feels to see all of your amazing comments over the last few days. This next chapter will be a rather meaningful one in terms of Hermione's re-connection with the Losers. Given that, I've decided to name the next chapter, "Bill Denbrough".
Hey guys, sorry I've been gone, but I really wanted to take my time with this chapter. It is very sentimental, and one of my new favorite fluffy moments in this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“This is your punishment for toying with me: I get to toy with you,” he growled at the last word, enveloping her right nub into his mouth to slowly suck.

Hermione keened at the sensitivity, bucking up into Pennywise’s hardness, but he only pushed her back down with a gloved hand on her abdomen. He clicked his tongue at her, holding her hands together above her head with his other hand. Switching it up, he began sucking deeply and staggardly, getting the last of Hermione’s milk and causing her to cry out to her bedroom.

“Ah~ Please!” she wept as he continued to prevent her from rubbing her clit against anything, even her thighs.

However, she screamed as he bit her harshly, renewing his claiming bite on her shoulder. Surprisingly, it brought her that much closer to orgasm, but still it didn’t come. Frustrated tears fell from her eyes and the clown licked them up. Her snatch was so swollen, she could feel it. Suddenly, warmth dripped onto her panties where her clit lay. Looking down, she noticed the tar-like pre-come dripping from him.

“Why are you waiting? We both want to get off, so why stop?” Hermione struggled in his iron-grip hold.

Pennywise chuckled lowly against her ear, “You’re the one who doesn’t want me to get you off. There is always regret around you after I do and I know you won’t give in to your mortal feelings… yet,” he promised, pushing down on her abdomen.

“Then why do you insist on biting me?” she asked, already speculating his reasoning.

“It’s a secret,” he smirked impishly, vanishing right before her eyes, presumably down to his lair in the sewers.

An agonized cry left Hermione’s mouth as she realized he was just going to leave her unsatisfied. Who cares if he knows about her regret? She needed to get off... now! However the automated bell tone from her doorbell made her shoot up from her lying position. A seductive moan left her lips as her clit made contact with the blanket beneath her, sending the horny witch right over the edge. Losing her balance, she spasmed for a moment on the floor as she rode her climax out.

Oh right, the doorbell!

Quickly grabbing her wand, she cleaned herself and dressed into a simple shirt and sweatpants before running down the stairs to get the door. Upon opening it, she was met with the watery expression of Bill Denbrough trying to keep himself together. However, when he saw her, his expression wavered and crumbled as he launched himself into her arms with a sob. Her euphoria soured as she took in the distressed teen’s mood. Hermione immediately clutched him in return, pulling him into a hug while she closed the door behind her. What had happened?

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The witch cradled Bill’s head to her shoulder as he remained clutched to her. They sat on her living room couch, not having made it much further from the front door. Slowly rocking back and forth with him, she remained silent as his sobs died down over the next forty-five minutes. He gripped her shirt in stark white fists while warm salty tears dripped down onto it and cooled. Loud sniffles and light gasps replaced sorrowed wails and wheezes. Hermione rubbed his back to ease his light
When he parted from her a little while later, she handed him some Kleenexes to wipe his remaining
tears and blow his nose, only receiving a muttered “thank you” in return. Sheepishly, he looked
away from her, blushing a little at the extensive wet spot on her shoulder.

“I’m sorry—” he began.

“No! Never apologize for this, Bill! Everyone cries at some point,” Hermione cut the younger boy
off.

“I know,” he acquiesced as she tossed him one of her fuzzy blankets and helped him wrap it around
his torso, leaving his pale gangly legs poking out.

She patted his thigh, non-verbally instructing him to stay where he was as she went into the kitchen
to make the two of them some tea. Humming in agreement, she imparted some of her favorite advice.

“To hold such negative emotions inside you… it will slowly kill you from the inside the longer you
keep in within,” she put the tea bags into the warm water.

Bill remained silent, likely confused, so she continued, “Your behavior with our friends is only an
example of how these feelings are already affecting you. I imagine your loneliness drives you to
pursue Pennywise, because you believe him to be the cause. In your mind, to kill Pennywise is to kill
your feelings of isolation and loss,” she explained, bringing the tea into the living room and setting
the two steaming mugs on the side tables.

Bill was positively catatonic even while she handed him his tea, “Have you discussed any of your
feelings with your parents?” Hermione asked slowly, trying to guess at what sent him running to her
rather than to his own family.

Guessing correctly it seemed, the teen clenched his mug tightly, trying to not start weeping again, “I
t-t-tried,” he stuttered out, his voice hoarse, “but they didn’t listen to me… they never listen to me…"

After an angry sip of his tea, burning his tongue yet ignoring its sting, he continued, “T-t-t-they
ignore m-me. My mom can barely look at me, and my dad…” Bill sighed raggedly, “he just gets so
angry every time I go into G-g-georgie’s room, every time I-I-I want to look for G-g-georgie, every
time I mention Georgie… they blame me,” the emotionally-fragile boy hugged himself, drinking his
teast to fill the void his parents punched through his heart.

His red, blotchy, and tear-stained face angered Hermione. The sniffles coming from his rosy nose cut
through her heart. Inside his muddy brown eyes, there was so much devastation and remorse
alongside the shards of his broken trust. She could feel her magic swirling stormily around her,
threatening to burst forth with vicious intent. Hermione turned to Bill, holding his blanketed
shoulders in her hands.

“How they feel is not your fault in any stretch of the word, and the way they take out their own grief
on you… It’s one of the worst, most deplorable acts a parent can commit,” she informs him, smiling
slightly as his mood seemed to ease up a bit.

“I had to erase my parents’ memories, so they didn’t even remember me when I sent them to live in
Australia to keep them safe from some very bad people…” Bill’s eyes lightened, now understanding
why she felt the way she did. “Given that,” Hermione continued, “your parents should be grateful
that they still have you, that they still remember raising you, caring about you… They should know
that you have just the same right to grieve as they do,” she added, her own anger finding its way into
Upon noticing it, she sighed, pulling Bill into a hug and setting their cooling mugs of tea onto the side table. They sat for a moment, listening to the light breeze tinkling her neighbor’s wooden wind chimes, the swaying tree branches, and the tweeting birds within. When they parted, Hermione used another kleenex to maternally wipe the sparse droplets that leaked from his eyes. He smiled shyly, embarrassed at her motion.

“Much like our friends, the best thing to do for this sort of thing is to give them time and try not to force the issue,” at his mild confusion, she elaborated, “So that means that you stop mentioning your brother and his disappearance… or reappearance,” she added, remembering Pennywise’s use of his brother’s form. Bill nodded silently, acquiescing to her requests.

“They’ll come around, but in the meantime…” she stopped, trying to find the right words, “you can always come to me if you need to fill the… uhh… ‘metaphorical parental gap’?” she trailed off, making her hesitant statement sound more like a question.

Bill chuckled for the first time that day, cracking a pearly grin as he nodded. Granted, it wasn’t a side-splitting laugh, but it was better than nothing. *Merlin,* Hermione smiled, *I should get paid for this...*
His answering cocky smirk told her that he was going to take her challenge very seriously.

★★★

“Argh!” Hermione cried out in false agony, “Bloody beaten by a thirteen-year-old… pathetic,” she lamented, slamming her face into her arms resting on the table while Bill waved his hefty stack of colorful bills in the air with a victory hoot. They both burst out laughing, their joy infectious to each other. However, the older woman stopped abruptly upon seeing the time on the stove. Oh shit! Is it really eight o’clock already?

“Oh! Hey, Bill. Do you need me to drive you home? It’s getting rather late...” she trailed off at her friend’s tense expression, “Or, you can spend the night here. I have a spare bedroom with clean sheets you can use. Either way, it’s up to you,” she added, seeing his face brighten again.

“Y-yeah, I think I’ll take y-you up on that,” he smiled at her, walking over to her phone on the wall and punching in a few numbers. Curious, Hermione remained seated at the table, wanting to hear who he was talking to.

“H-h-hey Dad,” Bill spoke quietly, “I’m j-just staying at a f-friend’s house for the night,” he answered.

“Yeah…” a pause, “Y-yes,” another pause “Okay… bye,” he hung up abruptly, looking visibly relieved. Turning to her, he nodded expectantly.

Hermione chuckled at his mannerisms, using her hand to beckon him to follow her through her living room and up the stairs. When they got to the first door on the left, she opened it, revealing the slightly dusty light blue bedroom with its double bed, nightstand, and dresser. Using her wand, she vanished the dust and flipped the light on.

“Well, here you go,” she waved her hand, stepping aside to show him the space, “Oh! Wait, hang on…” the witch trailed off at her realization.

Bill can’t sleep in jeans! What kind of host am I?

Running into her bedroom, she yanked out a clean pair of one of her more boyish flannel pajama pants and another old baggy t-shirt, this time depicting the Hulk. Satisfied, Hermione walked back over to Bill’s room and handed them to him. Looking over the clothes, she could see genuine surprise in his face as he tried to reign it in.

“What did you expect? You can’t sleep in your jeans!” she ordered politely, crossing her arms. Bill shook his head, agreeing with her.

Gingerly, Hermione shut the door between them so Bill could have some privacy while he changed. Whistling, she wandered back to her own room and began looking for some of her more conservative pajamas in case he needed her sometime in the middle of the night. After all, it wouldn’t do to have him wake up from a nightmare to her standing over him in a tight shirt with her breasts mostly exposed.

Shaking her head disgustedly at the thought, the witch found an opaque black nightie that nearly went down to her ankles. The neckline didn’t go below her collarbones and it was sleeveless. Yes, this will do nicely… she changed into it magically in case Bill took this exact moment to walk in on her. Luckily, he didn’t.
Sitting at her vanity, she carded her fingers through her hair, undoing it from its braided style. Sighing, she brought out her brush and began smoothing her curls out the best she could. Hermione had learned from a very young age to always brush her unruly mane before bed. Otherwise she would wake up and go through a lot of hair-pulling pain to get it back to normal.

Smaller arms than she was used to hugged her from behind and she smiled, holding his arm with her free hand. Chuckling, she made eye contact with him in the mirror.

“Hey, you startled me. Do those fit alright?” she turned as he stepped away so the witch could look at his outfit.

Luckily, they were about the same height, so the pants weren’t too long and the shirt also fit perfectly, sitting loosely on his torso yet not hanging off his shoulder or looking like he was drowning in it.

“Y-y-yeah, they’re comfortable. Thank you,” he replied politely, lingering by the door hesitantly. Inwardly, Hermione’s heart soared with fondness as she realized what he was waiting for. However, it wouldn’t be nice to tease him about it, so she stood up slowly and walked him back over to his room.

Stopping just next to the bed, she drew the covers back and he crawled in, looking much smaller to her somehow. Smiling lightly, she tucked him in, throwing the covers over him and padding them down on the sides. Hermione nearly glowed, she felt like an actual parent.

“So… there you go. Do you need anything else before I leave?” she rubbed her hands sheepishly, unsure if she was doing the right thing yet remembering how her parents treated her.

“Uhh, c-could I have a g-glass of water?” he asked quietly, blinking rapidly when the witch suddenly conjured a glass from downstairs and used her wand to fill it with water.

“Okay, there. Anything else?” she asked at his hesitant expression.

“A light? I’ve been using one since…” he trailed off at her nod.

Smiling wistfully, she cast *Expecto Patronum*, and once again, a cute yet basketball-sized tarantula leaped out of her wand and floated around the room. Hermione actually began to laugh as it began using its legs to propel itself along like a jellyfish. It lit up the darkened space once she turned the light off by the door.

“Will that work? The spell will wear off when the sun comes up, but it will protect you all night from most dark creatures… not that you’ll need that of course, but that’s what the spell is usually for,” she explained striding back over to Bill to stand at his side.

“Y-yeah,” he smiled, “that’s perfect,” he added, ruffling his covers as he sat up to pet the spider as it flitted over to them.

Satisfied, he laid back down and Hermione bent over to tuck him back in. Suddenly, he leaned up and pulled her into a hug, nearly making her fall on top of him. However, she returned the hug graciously, deeply honored that he trusted her that much despite not knowing her for very long. They stayed like that for a eternal moment, reveling in their identical feelings of familial contentment for the first time in a long time. Their hardships were miles away and everything paused. For in that moment, everything felt whole to them.
Well, there it is. I hope you guys liked it. As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I've been getting so much support with this story lately and it's made me so happy. Also, I've begun thinking about my next story that I will likely begin after this story if I am unmotivated to do a sequel. It will likely be unrelated to IT and HP, but I haven't really decided yet as it is still forming in my brain.
Threats, Breakfast, and Peanuts

Hermione woke up at about 2:00 am, the red-lit digital clock informing her stoically of that particular fact. She felt smothered, like there was an enormous weight on her chest. A very dog-like sniffing noise encompassed her hearing, drowning out any other noises in the dark. Her half-asleep mind was dazed and questioning how a large dog could have gotten into her bedroom… OH SHIT!

It seemed that Pennywise had returned, and Bill Denbrough was right down the hallway. The witch’s eyes flew open in the darkness as she brought her wand out from under her pillow to cast a lumos so she could see the clown pressing down on her. Reflective cat-like eyes glared down at her, framed by stooped eyebrows and snarling lips showing off jagged teeth. His darkened claws had shred out of his gloves, digging into the duvet next to her head and threatening to blow feathers everywhere.

Pennywise’s unnaturally-shaped head leaned into her space to trail his ebony tongue along the shell of her right ear. A purr began to well up in his chest, however, it quickly grew into a baritone growl, and it wasn’t a playful or pleasured one.

“I’m not happy,” he hissed into her ear, bringing his angry expression back so she could see the full extent of his rage. “No, no,” he gripped her hips hard above the blankets, “Not. At. All,” he punctuated with little sharp nips along her neck.

Hermione breathed sharply, worried that he was going to rip her throat out. She trembled as one of his hands came up to hold her jaw and manually purse her lips like a fish. Her eyes were wide as he moved their faces even closer together.

“You wanna know why, doll?” he tilted his head inquiringly. At her stiffness, he continued anyway, “Someone tainted your scent… a male tainted your scent…”

Hermione moved to respond, but he interrupted her, “Not only that, but this male was one of your little Losers who tried to kill me… And!” he giggled angrily, holding up three fingers to show his different arguments for his emotional state, “he is sleeping two rooms away…” he trailed off contemplatively, making Hermione use her wand to silence the room, vanish the covers and roll them so she sat on top of the confused clown.

Even while his hand still held her jaw, she was able to grip his hair and yank until he let go. Pennywise squirmed underneath her, breathing heavily as she pulled his hair. Suddenly, she stopped, capturing his exposed throat above his collar. His amber eyes went wide as he realized that he was in a very vulnerable position.

“Now,” Hermione hissed, bending down to his level to stare into his wandering orbs even while one
drifted slightly left, “You listen to me!” she poked his chest pointedly with her wand where his heart would have been if he had one.

“If you harm one hair on that boy’s head…” the clown’s mouth tilted downward while her glare became fiercer, “I will hunt you down, and I swear I will murder you,” she threatened unflinchingly.

A sudden noise escaped Pennywise’s throat, sounding like a cross between a goat’s bleat and a heartbroken moan. Either way, it apparently made him embarrassed as he blushed loudly enough to match his red face paint. Hermione only stared blankly, preferring to revert to the silent treatment after saying her piece. Sighing tiredly, she flipped them once again as her adrenaline finally wore off. The covers were re-materialized and haphazardly thrown back over her body, engulfing her in warmth as she turned away from the clown to fall back asleep.

However, sleep just had to elude her once more, as Pennywise decided to mold himself to her back. His heat scorched her, making her neck sweat slightly. Or, perhaps it was just saliva because he had begun licking her nape as a half-assed way to ask for her forgiveness. Growling herself, she thrust the blankets up over her head but left her face exposed while she still faced away from him.

When she did this, he began making keening whimpers and using his hands to feel for her through the blankets. He sounded helpless, like a wounded baby animal. It was a part of him to play on her emotions, but he seemed to be trying to make her pity him. Hermione blinked upon the realization. He’s trying to convince me that he is more worthy of my protection…

When his previous tactics, if they could even be called that, didn’t work, Pennywise wiggled his way under the blankets and hugged her to him, humming childishly. Clearly he was hugging her as if to seem like he wanted her contact, but he really just wanted to get rid of Bill’s smell from when he’d hugged her.

Immediately, his breathing evened out, calming while in her presence. A large gloved hand settled onto her abdomen as he settled in behind her silently. His nose was soon buried into her curls and he breathed her in. When he breathed out, it was a contented purr. He sucked her exposed earlobe into his mouth and played with it. Hermione could easily tell that it wasn’t meant to be sexual, but more so to be a pacifier that would calm him further. In addition, he also began rubbing her bared stomach soothingly underneath her nightie which had ridden up enough for him to do so.

The gentle soft-core stimulation that he was giving her, to her surprise, actually lulled her to sleep, and she hoped he would play nice and spare her young friend because she wanted him to. Hermione also hoped Bill wouldn’t walk into her room during the rest of the night and find Pennywise wrapped around her so possessively and calmly. Just what would he think of me if he knew the full extent of our closeness?

★★★

The sun beating down on her face approximately six hours later had the witch shooting upright in her bed, searching for the dangerous clown. He wasn’t pressed up against her like he usually was. In fact, he wasn’t even in the room at all. Shit! Hermione didn’t even take two seconds to put two and two together.

Bolting out of the covers, she sprinted down the hall and nearly busted down the guest room door in her haste. Upon entering the room, she realized that Bill had just been sleeping but had also been
startled awake by her thundering footsteps. He breathed heavily, looking like a dazed deer in the headlights as he tried to shake the sleep from his mind. His hands came up in fists to rub his eyes in a corkscrew formation like a small child usually does.

“Hermione?! You scared me… What’s going on?” he asked with a yawn and a stretch of his arms.

“Uhh…” she trailed off at Bill’s confused expression, “I just woke up and realized it was light outside… and I wanted to make sure you didn’t need to be home by a certain time…” she tapped her fingertips together, unsure if he could tell she was lying.

Bill squinted at her for a moment before carding through his bed-head, “No, I don’t. But I should probably get up anyway,” he answered, reaching for the clothes he wore the previous day.

Hermione quickly cast a *scourgify*, rendering the clothes perfectly clean. The boy nodded at her gratefully as she shut the door behind her. Walking down the stairs in her black nightie, she made bacon, eggs, and toast for her and her guest. It had been such a long time she actually had to cook for anyone besides herself. Pennywise didn’t count because she just handed the raw steaks to him without even grilling them.

Bill must have caught the smell of bacon grease because he came thundering down the stairs a few moments after the smell filled the kitchen. His socked feet slid across the hardwood floor, nearly making him lose balance in his urgency. Hermione laughed at the sight.

“Woah!” she held her hands up to slow him down, “It’s not like it’s going anywhere, and there’s plenty enough for both of us. Besides, it’s not ready yet.”

Bill grinned sheepishly, settling down at her small table in the dining area to leaf through the morning paper, only to find that it wasn’t Derry’s normal paper. The pictures actually moved and the headlines waved.

“Hermione? What kind of newspaper is this?” he asked with a voice filled with fascination.

“Oh!” the witch answered, realizing that she was going to burn the eggs if she wasn’t paying attention, “That’s a Wizarding World newspaper. I usually get it instead of the No-Maj one because it covers more about Wizarding England, which is where I’m from,” she added absently, flipping the eggs so they were sunny-side up.

Bill was quiet as he continued to read the paper, becoming more and more fascinated with each article he saw. He even chuckled at a few of the comics he found in the equivalent of the Funnies section.

“Whoa,” he said “t-t-this paper would make for some amazing stories,” he gushed to Hermione’s utter surprise.

“Oh?” she didn’t think she’d ever seen him this happy, “Do you like to write?”

Bill blushed quietly, “Y-yeah, I do. I hope to become an author someday,” he explained.

Hermione smiled at him, “That’s so cool! Feel free to take that paper with you,” she said, putting a charm on the paper so he was the only No-Maj who could see it move, “I understand that sometimes inspiration eludes us, so who am I to stunt your creativity?” she spoke secretively to Bill’s amusement, placing the warm plates of food down so he could dig in.

“Hey, while I’m up, do you want anything to drink?” Hermione asked, grabbing her basket of napkins and a couple of glasses.
“Uhh, sure,” he nodded, “D-do you have orange juice?” the witch nodded, grabbing it out of her fridge.

“Good thinking, that will go great with the food,” she replied, pouring each of them a glass and handing his to him.

Wordlessly, Hermione used her wand to accio the salt, pepper, and butter over to them and the teen nodded thankfully, amazed that he didn’t even need to ask. The witch buttered a piece of toast with butter and jam and shoved it into her mouth, getting it down her throat in only a few bites. Bill didn’t even seem to notice, getting into something of a frenzy himself.

She realized that she could get used to this. He was such a brilliant, brave, and creative boy who was just a bit under-confident enough to give himself a stutter. His parents were grieving fools, she knew that now, and they were squandering their remaining son’s self-esteem. What happened with Georgie was not his fault in any sense of the word, and they just had to know that.

Hermione clenched her fist, devouring the white and yellow eggs that sat on her plate. She took a morbid delight in watching the yolk burst under her fork, its yellow liquidy insides pooling onto her other piece of toast. Looking over to her friend, she noticed that he’d eaten most of what he’d put on his plate. The bacon was almost gone from the big plate, so her nimble fingers reached over and snatched the two remaining pieces before Bill could eat them.

He pouted slightly, realizing what she’d done, but he soon grabbed his sliced toast and began putting jam on it. Taking a bite, his eyes lit up at the sweet flavor on his tongue. Reaching for the jam, he read the label, surprised that it was a flavor he usually saw at the grocery store. Bill nodded, making a mental note to add the jar to his mother’s shopping list.

“This is really good,” he complimented her through a mouthful of red-stained toast.

Hermione giggled, “Thank you! I’m glad you enjoy my food. I was just happy you actually ate it at all. However, you can’t exactly ruin bacon,” she acquiesced, taking a long sip of her orange juice and belatedly wishing it was coffee.

★★★

After helping her with washing the dishes, Bill sighed resignedly and informed her that he should be getting home. The witch echoed his sigh, pulling him into a damp hug as she saw him out. She told him that he was welcome over anytime, and he nodded happily at her, in much better spirits than when he arrived the previous day.

Closing the door behind him, she leaned against it, musing that she needed to do some errands that day. Despite the huge breakfast that she was able to make for her and Bill, she was running low on a few things. Pennywise must have taken the meat she bought for him, as she could no longer see it in her fridge. That meant she would have to buy more.

A shaky sigh escaped her upon realizing that she hadn’t been to the store since that gang was murdered by her “wolf in biker armor”. That was six days ago… and he’d actually saved her from being raped. Something told her that he was still keeping an eye on her now that his other eye was healed. The way he kept one solely focused on her while his other wandered lazily around the room the previous day assured her of that. But do I want to take that chance?
Hermione shook her head angrily at her stupidity. She would be going out in broad daylight to get food from the grocery store, and she would have her wand with her in her purse as always. Running upstairs, the witch threw on a simple tee shirt, jeans, and flats. Her brunette curls styled themselves into a cute braid with a flick of her wand. Walking out of her front door, she hopped into her car and drove down along the street, catching the shadows of the trees along the road.

Wind rustled through her hair, billowing her braid behind her as she drove, breathing in the fresh air of the small town. When she parks at the store, she gets a serious flash of deja vu. There was no evidence that blood had been spilt there five nights ago, and none of the usual gossip mongers were standing near it and uncoiling their poisonous whispers along their tongues. It was as if nothing had occurred at all.

Striding into the store, Hermione picked out the food she needed and moved to get out as quickly as she could without seeming suspicious. At one point, she thought a child’s laughter could be heard from behind a shelf. However, when she went into the next aisle, there was no one there. She wasn’t sure if it had even been real, but the jingle of bells could be heard from down the empty aisle. Stepping under the sign depicting a faded thirteen, she slowly perused its contents as she walked.

It was mostly different kinds of cereal, but there were numerous bags of candy at the end of the aisle. The witch was just about twenty feet from the cashier when a rather large bag of circus peanuts came flying at her from off of a shelf next to her. Hermione squawked when it nearly hit her in the face and landed in her basket. Breathing harshly, she growled at Pennywise, wherever he was hiding from her, and strode to the checkout.

“Fine, I’ll get them for you… coward,” she hissed under her breath, setting the candy with her other purchases.

Exiting the store, Hermione used her wand to send the food to her house and put it away into her cupboards. Well, she did that after putting the food in the trunk of her car. After all, the No-Maj citizens of Derry were still out and about and would make the observation that she left the store with food and then suddenly didn’t have it.

Hopping into her car, she drove to the butcher shop and picked up more steaks, lamb chops, and bacon. She even grabbed some more exotic meats like pheasant and alligator for Pennywise to try. Hermione figured he’d like anything, but he continued to surprise her in other aspects, why not here as well? Looking at the prices, her nose wrinkled slightly. Just because I got your bloody peanuts, you’re trying this. Do you hear me!?

Sighing, she also grabbed some squid, planning to fry it to go along with her salad and potatoes that she got at the store. Upon leaving the store, she caught the eye of the older man in a blood-stained apron behind the counter. His eyes were pitying as she left, looking much like the eyes of her younger friend who typically delivered meats to the shop. Perhaps he too believed that the town of Derry was cursed. If that were the case, then what did they think of her? Did they think she was a sacrifice, a slave… a bride? Nonetheless, he looked at her like she was a dead woman walking.

★★★

Shopping for some new clothes was something Hermione had been putting off for a very long time, but no longer, the witch pledged. She hadn’t brought much with her to Derry to begin with, so her clothes had worn down pretty quickly accordingly. After noticing holes along the seams of her shirts,
shorts, and dresses, she decided to break down and buy herself some new clothes with her monthly paycheck. Of course, she would also fix the holes, but some of her shirts were starting to become see-through.

Walking into Derry’s small retail store, she began searching for the basics she needed to replace before simply browsing for things she didn’t even have at all. Hermione perused the bathrobes, as she’d been meaning to get one since she’d moved into 1366 Hallow Road. Eyeing the different colors and materials, she ran her fingers over the cloth, humming at the silk ones. They were bound to be more expensive, but it would be so worth it. She could just imagine taking a hot shower and crawling into the silk like a second skin.

Choosing a long silky red robe off of the rack, she deposited it into her cart, moving down the row of clothes in front of her until she saw a mannequin wearing a dark red set of lingerie. The witch paused, entertaining the idea of getting another set to add to her small collection.

It was almost exciting. She hadn’t even thought about sex in a long time, and now she was beginning to want it. Picking up the modeled set in her size, she examined the material and style. The brassiere was heavily padded, but there seemed to be a little pocket on each cup that would expose her nubs. The panties were very similar, leaving a lacy opening for full penetration without her having to remove them. Sold, she grinned, holding them up to make sure they weren’t ripped in any way.

“Hermione!” a male voice called out to her.

“Yes,” she answered automatically, turning to see who it was and forgetting what she’d just been doing.

Bill’s smug blue eyes shone back at her and he grinned wolfishly. Hermione confusedly turned her head back to the sexy undergarments her hands and realized the situation she was suddenly put in.

“I-It’s not what you think!”

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. What's her excuse going to be? Is this going to be the final push for her to give in?
Anyway, I hope you've enjoyed this chapter and as always, leave comments. I love hearing from you guys. :D
Cream, Sugar, and Coffee Hangovers

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, Happy Belated 4th of July!
I hope all you Americans enjoyed the festivities and didn't go exploring any spooky "crackhead houses" like a certain group of unruly youngsters. *holds up a big arrow pointing to the Losers' Club*
Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter. My mind got a bit dark toward the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 14th, 1989

“Oh? Than what is it then? Because it looks like someone… is reconsidering our little deal,” he grinned eagerly at her, stepping into her personal space.

Hermione could have sworn she saw a flash of yellow in his blue eyes as he came closer, but she surmised it to be a simple trick of the lights. Her mind would have known better if she hadn’t been preoccupied with being embarrassed. Literally throwing the underwear at the rack, she turned back to her boyfriend. He was saying something, and she hadn’t been paying attention.

“...let you finish up here, and then we go get some coffee?” the witch nodded silently, still blushing the same color as the lingerie he’d seen her holding. Who knows what the first part of his question was? It could have been anything. She turned around, intending to grab her cart, but she was stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

“Hermione, love? Are you... okay?” he asked, taking a moment to come up with the right word.

“Yeah, ‘m fine,” she muttered quietly enough for him to hear her, “it’s nothing.”

Bill looked skeptical, his perfect brows arching and sloping with concern. Nonetheless, he ushered her along, picking up random articles and laying them in the arm that wasn’t around her waist. The witch noticed that there was an awful lot of red in his choices. It did bring back the time when he told her that it was his favorite color. She didn’t even notice that he’d left and come back, throwing the blasted lingerie into her cart.

“Bill! What are you doing?!” she whisper-yelled, trying to keep her volume at a minimum while in the store.

“Oh, come on, love. I want you to wear it for our first time together,” he whispered in her ear, rubbing circles into her hip, “Besides, we both know it will look better on the floor,” he punctuated with a lap along the shell of her ear. Luckily, no one was around to see the display, but Hermione still pushed his face away from her.

“No! Not here,” she whispered frantically, “Are you trying to get us kicked out? I need to get clothes and this is my only choice of a decent store.”

Bill clicked his tongue at her, pushing her towards the changing rooms, “Well then. What are we
Hermione didn’t even get one word in before he locked her in one of the rooms with her cart and the armful of clothes he’d chosen. Blinking rapidly, she took in the change of scenery. Mirrors lined the three walls, echoing her confused expression back at her in all directions. There was a small bench for her to set clothes on, and possibly try shoes on. The witch sighed, methodically sorting everything by article type and color.

She threw a bunch of things back into the cart, knowing they would fit without trying them on. After doing this, she was left with Bill’s pile and a few other odds and ends that she could care less if they didn’t fit. When the seconds ticked by, she felt nervous. *Am I taking too long? Is he getting bored? Would the wait make him regret dating me?* The infernal underwear set that got her into this situation stared back at her from the top of the pile.

Impulsively, she reached for it and put it on in place of her other mismatched set. Next, she put on a deep red skater dress that ended just above her knees. It was… cute. Twirling in the mirrors, she giggled. An abrupt knock on the door silenced her, sending her running to open it. Bill’s imposing figure stood on the other side, giddily crowding the small crack she’d made between the door and frame.

“Well?” he asked expectantly, his hands clenching for unspecified reasons.

Blushing, she shyly opened the door and stood proudly in front of him, confident in her body’s shape within the dress he’d picked out for her. Meanwhile, Bill’s eyes lit up with excitement as he grabbed her hand. Twirling her around, he held her against him from behind. He whistled lowly, mocking a wolf whistle to their little room.

“Beautiful,” he whispered, trailing his hand up from the hem along her stomach and up her rib cage to skim her moving breasts, “More…” he rasped, pulling away from her to sit outside on a chair about four feet away from the closing door.

Alone in the dim room once more, she stripped out of the first dress and put on another, and another, and another. Each time Bill made her feel like an empress to be treasured and revered. When she got to a few that she didn’t like, his choice or hers, he usually caught on and agreed with her, muttering, “No, love. This one isn’t good enough for you.”

The last dress confused her. It was a bit baggy around her stomach, but it was ungodly comfortable. Trying it on, she realized it fit fine around her larger breasts, and it fit around her supple thighs, but it looked like her stomach needed to be a bit… rounder. Blushing loudly, she moved to take it off, but Bill was knocking on the door again, likely wondering why she was taking so long. Hermione uttered a conflicted squeak, opening the door and moving back to rub her fingers together nervously.

“Uhh… I think you grabbed this dress from the maternity section by mistake,” she murmured as he stepped inside the room and shut the door behind him.

“Maternity section? Yes. Mistake? No,” he answered quietly, hugging her to him and rubbing her back slowly as he usually did to calm her.

“I don’t understand. Is this your way of telling me you want to have c-children… with me?” *This isn’t good… especially when I’ll have to dump him later.*

“Yesss,” he hissed, “someday,” he promised, “but not now,” he added for her benefit.

Hermione made a relieved giggle, patting his back, “Well of course ‘not now’! We haven’t done
anything that would result in that outcome,” she reminded him, feeling better about the situation.

“I know,” he replied, pulling on the hem of the oddly-shaped dress and pulling it up until he reached her armpits.

The witch gasped at his sudden action. She had not been remotely ready for that. His grin was absolutely predatory as he took in the sight of the skimpy red lace covering her snatch and breasts. Her gaping mouth ceased to take in air as her head became faint.

Granted, she’d gone past this stage with Pennywise, but he was inhuman, just a horny male with animal instincts who didn’t know any better. Bill was human, yet he was trying to undress her in a public changing room after telling her he wanted her to have his children. Oh, no! We are not going to do this here! No baby of mine is going to be made in a changing room.

Hermione tried pushing him away, but that only gave him the leverage he needed to completely remove the dress from her. Her eyes were as wide as plates when he threw the dress on the bench behind him. He snickered playfully at her grim realization that he had her trapped even when the door was right behind her. She needed her clothes, any clothes, and they were all behind him. Silently, she struck, making a rush for the garments she came in wearing where they were under the bench apart from her potential purchases.

However, he was quick to grab her petite form and haul her over his shoulder like a caveman, holding her up against the dirtiest mirror with multiple smudges already littering its surface. Hermione’s nervous reflection mimed her through the oily fingertips and scratches on the surface of the glass. Bill came to stand between her swaying legs hanging above the ground. He sighed lowly when she finally wrapped her bare legs around his jean-clad hips. His fingers kept her balanced by holding her hips while she held his shoulders. Praising her obedience, he nuzzled her ear.

“Don’t think I haven’t noticed…” he rasped into her ear, tonguing the lobe, “...just asking to be milked, aren’t you babe?” she blushed at the new pet name he’d given her, nodding numbly to his seemingly random question.

He unhooked the small button covering her right nipple, and he immediately dug in, pushing her harder into the mirror with a sharp thrust. The witch squirmed, eyes darting around as though a random employee was going to bust down the door. She whimpered and he shushed her.

“Shhh… No one’s coming,” he fingered her bare belly button, giving her a representation of what he wanted to do with her cavern and his cock, “It’s just you… and me,” he spoke between gulps.

Watching his cheeks bulge and hollow at a quick pace, Hermione was just surprised at the fact that he was seriously drinking from her for a second time. She’d never even heard of men actually doing what he was doing, but here he was, and what he was doing felt so good. It had been at least a day since Pennywise had emptied her, so she’d been getting a bit sore. Bill grinned lazily, detaching from her other nipple with a lewd ‘pop’. Huh, that’s odd. I wasn’t even that aroused this time...

“Feeling better?” he whispered into her collarbone where he sagged against her and lapped at his messy lips. Bill set her down slowly so she could dress in her normal clothes, underwear included.

“Yes,” she answered simply, tugging the bra off, reattaching the covers and throwing it and the underwear into the cart. She’d be buying it, of course, considering they just defiled it.

“Good…” he nodded, coming over to help her sort through the clothes she’d actually be buying, “and now Coffee?”
Stepping into the small cafe, Bill led her over to a small round table in the corner with two chairs. A young waiter came over to take their order. His shy apple green eyes couldn’t even look at her as he stuttered his pleasantries to them. They both ordered the same beverage with the same muffins and the acne-speckled teen sped away to put their requests in. Hermione winked at the poor boy, who blushed and nearly ran into another waiter on the way back to the kitchen. She giggled bemusedly while Bill was silent, holding a blank expression on his features.

“What?” she tilted her head in confusion.

“It’s nothing,” he pouted, reaching across the table to hold her hand.

Hermione echoed his pout on her own face, “Try me.”

He sighed, squeezing her hand and reaching his other behind him to scratch his nape, “I’m just worried... that you’ll leave me… Damn!” he hissed when he accidentally drew blood from his neck with an accidentally sharpened claw.

Playing it off, he continued, “I’m so… insecure around you…” Hermione rubbed circles into his palm with her thumb.

The flustered waiter came over with their orders and Bill nearly inhaled his muffin to distract his truth-spewing mouth. Meanwhile, the witch watched him warily, debating with herself if she really wanted to let him go so easily. She could fight for him, tell him to hide for the next few months until Pennywise went to sleep for twenty-seven years. Because as much as she was growing fonder of the clown, she was also falling in love with the man in front of her.

“I feel the same way about you, you numpty!” she scolded him as she nibbled on her own muffin, “Don’t think it’s just you.”

Bill nodded, a shy smile back on his face as he reached for his own coffee. Hermione nearly busted out laughing upon seeing his first sip of the beverage. His whole face seemed to scrunch up in distaste and revulsion, but then mellowed out in contemplation.

“Have you ever drank coffee before?” she asked with another giggle.

Reaching for about fifteen sugar packets, he shook his head in the negative as he poured the small mountain of white crystals into his cup. On the second drink, his pupils dilated. Soon enough, he was slurping the sugar-drowned beverage like he hadn’t drank anything in days. When it was gone, he seemed like a completely different person.

“That was good. You know, I was really skeptical at first” he broke of into a small giggling fit, “but it was amazing after putting enough sugar into it. Your particular flavor would make it even better. Oh, ho, ho, I’m never going to drink again,” he lamented, nearly slamming his head down on the table. Another giggle-fit started up but the man was gone.

“Pfft… My first and last drink. Kinda sad isn’t it? Why are you doing this to me? What did I ever do to deserve this treatment? Oh yeah… a destroyer of worlds, eater of billions, whoop-dee-doo! It’s
always a party down there… always plenty of—” he cut himself off, looking halfway up the blank wall behind them with an intensely blank stare.

Okay, this is a little weird…” Bill?” he didn’t answer until she snapped her fingers in front of his face.

Turning back to her confused expression, he had a goofy smile on his face, looking completely high as a kite, “Hey… beautiful, pretty… pretty lady. Y’doin’ anythin’ later? Maybe we could have a little more fun? My Herm… Hermann… Hermoingle… Her-mononucleosis…” his eyes narrowed in concentration, “Her-my-oh-knee?”

He broke off into another giggling fit when he finally got her name right. His fingers twitched lazily on his side of the table. However, when Hermione reached for his hand and touched it, the hand immediately stilled as did his laughter. Somehow, his eyes suddenly cleared.

“I-I should get going… I’ll see you soon, yeah?” he questioned soberly, leaving Hermione sitting confusedly and concernedly at their table to wait for their check. Damn mortal substance! Gotta get back to my lair before I lose myself aga— Oh, no, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!

She cursed her luck as he disappeared through the door. The check came immediately and she paid the required cash and tip before leaving the cafe to drive home. Thoughts of her boyfriend swirled around her. His unique ailment plagued her. He’d looked both drunk and high after having the coffee with the obscene amount of sugar he’d put in it. Hermione couldn’t really blame him, because he admitted it was his first taste of the substance. He couldn’t have known what it would do to him. However, she’d never heard of anyone acting that way from a single cup.

★★★

Pennywise woke up later that day in his lair, tangled high up in his lair within a messy web of his own making. Blinking slowly, he came up blank in figuring out how he got there in the first place. Grunting, he tried to roll over, feeling something crawling up his gut. Brown chunky sludge spurted from his red painted lips and fell twenty-five feet to the sewer below. The vomit smelled vile but it didn’t bother him, especially after living in the sewers for the last few centuries. He hacked and coughed to dispel the lingering chunks, but he disturbed his makeshift web.

A small snap of the fragile webbing sent him plummeting down into the tainted brown water below him. Shaking off the water like a dog, he stepped out and looked up with a grimace. Clearly, coffee did nothing for his web making skills. He was actually baffled his distorted mind reverted to his spider mindset and attempted to build a web, even one as formless as this. It was an insult to spiderwebs everywhere. There was nothing tight, patterned, or useful about it. Even the smallest prey would be able to take it down.

Sighing, he went into his lair and plopped down onto his dirty couch for a hangover-banishing nap. His head pounded with pain behind his eyes and there wasn’t much he could do about it. He would have gone to Hermione, but… it’s just too far away. Closing his eyes, he imagined making an actual web and using it to court his love.

Hermione writhed in her silk bonds high up in the air. Clad only in the red lace he’d nearly taken
her in that day, she whimpered as he hung above her, just out of reach. He’d tied her down like most male spiders did to their partners. He didn’t need to, but he also didn’t want her to fall. Usually, the females were larger, but Hermione was much smaller than him, which was very ideal for his ultimate goal.

Playing the part, he slow danced from one end of the web to the other, showing off his fantastic balancing skills. Hermione gasped, her eyes widening as he approached her bound form. He was jerking himself off with fast and eager strokes while she unknowingly beckoned him closer with equally eager thrusts of her abdomen.

Crawling over her, he held her still underneath him, lining himself up with her exposed opening. Looking into her eyes, he saw fear for her height above the ground and lustful eagerness for him. He chittered calmly into her ear, reassuring her primally that the web wouldn’t break and he would keep her safe. She slowed her breathing, fingering the fissure between his abs. The distraction gave him time to push into her without her having enough time to regret it.

She threw her head back into the tightly connected mesh behind her, mouth opening in a silent scream. His tentacles wrapped around her thighs, pulling and snapping the lacy spandex around her body. Little cries escaped Hermione’s mouth at the sensation, and she was positively moaning highly when he began to pump his hips. The hammock-like web beneath them swayed back and forth, echoing little creaks throughout the sewers.

Growing his extra arms, he prepared his mate and himself for the final part. Holding her down, arms and all, he let his orgasm overtake his changing form. His witch screamed out her own orgasm upon becoming trapped on his large knot. She laid there panting as he began rotating and shallowly thrusting his hips anew. Whimpering, she could feel little round bulges pass from his cock to her channel. Two bumped into each other with a watery clack. Numbly, she could feel more, pushing at the others until they went up inside her womb.

Pennywise smiled sharply when she realized what he was doing to her. However, he rubbed at every body part he could to keep her sedate underneath him as he continued to fill her with his egglike sperm which would merge with her own eggs and grow their offspring.

“Shh…” he chittered at her weak cries, “Daddy’s almost done with Mommy… then she can get down from the web,” he lapped at his blackened permanent mating bite along her neck, simultaneously spreading the nutrients his clutch would need in the coming months from him.

Hermione squealed weakly as more liquid flooded her distended abdomen. She squirmed, trying to get away, but his knot held true. Pennywise cackled at her resistance, his howling laughter echoing off of the rusted metal walls. It was too late. She was bred, carrying growing fertilized eggs within her, and he could smell it.

★★★

Later, Pennywise didn’t disturb Hermione during the night, but she had gotten used to his presence, so she just lay there, waiting. She was still very much on-edge from earlier, and the clown’s absence wasn’t helping. What if Bill was being manipulated by him? What if he’s dead? The witch breathed, trying to calm herself before her exhaustion took over and led her into troubled dreams.
Wind rustled the faded wheatfield around her, forewarning the coming storm the gray clouds that hung above the valley. Where was she? Hermione began walking through the four-foot-tall grass, searching for something but not knowing what. A crow called distantly, and she sped up, rushing to the sound in front of her.

Breaking through the grassline, she was met with a slouched scarecrow. Its face was covered by its large-brimmed hat, but it was freakishly tall. Her head involuntarily tilted down, seeing decaying bony toes poking out of the soil. She couldn’t control her arm as it removed the hat, revealing the pasty, glassy-eyed corpse of her boyfriend dressed up as a scarecrow. His groin was nearly missing, revealing the bloody pole stabbing through his digestive tract.

“Noooo!” Hermione screamed at the sight, falling to her knees when his head snapped up to level a maggot-ridden grin at her.

Black blood dripped from his purple lips and floated upwards into the sky as he retched burbling laughter. Tiny black spiders crawled out of his eyes and ears, covering his body and escaping into the dirt. All that remained behind was a skeleton clad in tattered clothes. Thunder cracked, and rain began to fall. But it wasn’t normal rain, it was blood. A loud thump echoed behind Hermione’s still form and her body swiveled where it stood like a marionette.

She hadn’t wanted to look, but she couldn’t control anything anymore. Beverly’s dead eyes glared into her soul from her crimson-stained face. Her whole body was covered in it. Numbly, she could hear more thumps echoing around her, and she knew exactly who she’d see. Tears blurred her vision as she took in the stiff bloody corpse of her other friends. Limbs were broken, teeth and appendages were missing. Hermione watched helplessly as many many more children fell between the blood rain and landed on the ground.

“How could you?!” she spun around at that particular voice.

“Harry… Help m—” she whimpered weakly, sucking in the iron-scented air around them.

“You’re helping him, ‘Mione?! Remember your mission!” Harry Potter yelled accusingly, figuratively punching a hole through her gut.

A baby’s cry makes her head snap to find its source. Ginny stood a few feet away from them, holding young James, her godson. However, Ginny was… wrong. Her outfit, her mannerisms, her everything. It was all wrong.

The witch blinked rapidly, her eyes catching the other woman’s transformation into the clown himself. His teeth were sharp as he stared at them, grinning from ear-to-ear. Looking down, he ghosted a sharp black claw over James, little head. Suddenly, his amber-red eyes were boring into hers.

“Thank you, doll.”

Hermione snapped awake with a true agonized scream. Breathing heavily and looking to her alarm clock, she recited her mantra.

*My name is Hermione Jean Granger. I am at my temporary house in Derry, Maine, which is in the United States of America. I work under President Vesta of the Magical Congress of the United States of America. It is three-ten in the morning on July 15th, 1989.*

Guilty tears continued flowing from her face, a carry-over from her horrible nightmare. The witch
breathed haggardly, getting herself under control and falling back into the ruffled covers and pillows with a small wheeze.

Her mind was so conflicted. Every time she was away from Pennywise, so much came at her enough to want him dead and gone forever. But when he was with her… she wanted everything and more from him. His childishness, his flirtiness, his absolute lust and adoration for her. It couldn’t possibly be love. Creatures like him didn’t feel such things when they simultaneously lived to make the world burn and literally dance on the ashes.

_There haven’t been any more killings, but the culprit is nonetheless still at large._

Chapter End Notes

Whoop, there it is! Bill's dropping the baby-bomb, Hermione is flipping out, and Pennywise got high/drunken on caffeine. Seriously, look up spiders on caffeine. It does weird things to them. Just look at their webs!
July 15th, 1989

Her dream still spooked her, sending chills down her spine at its very memory. Hermione hadn’t heard from Beverly in a while. Bill had visited her and left in better spirits, but it seemed that her female friend lived with a worse guardian. Strange whisperings of the sort of man her father was reached her ears, and they weren’t polite-sounding nor relieving to her. Long story short: the witch was worried about the poor girl.

So, about a half-hour later, she was climbing the rickety metal stairs of the run-down apartment complex, wondering if she was doing the right thing by showing up like this. Hermione was dressed conservatively in a modest dress, socks, and boots. The ensemble made her look a bit younger, she would admit, so perhaps her father wouldn’t think it odd that she was friends with his daughter.

When she knocked on the door, there was a long silence followed by the concerning sound of chains rattling and a deadbolt being undone. What was wrong with the other lock? Hermione’s hesitancy left her when the door opened a crack and a drunken beady eye gleamed down at her contemplatively from the darkened interior. So he is one of those drunks... always too sensitive for the sun... a near vampire.

Mr. Marsh spoke quietly and with a significant slur. That combined with his backwoods, a.k.a Redneck, Cajun accent, he was nearly incoherent to the British witch. It sounded like he wanted to know why she was here, but she couldn’t be sure, so she just explained anyway.

“Good morning, Mr. Marsh. I’m here to see Beverly. She told me that she had some... piano music to show me,” Hermione stated, glad she remembered that particular detail about the younger woman’s room, “May I come in?” she added, seeing that he wasn’t already moving aside to do so.

Hermione flinched when the man behind the door turned away to yell behind him, “Bevvy!”

Light but quick footsteps immediately followed and a small mumbling voice could be heard even through the crack in the door. Grumbles intermingled with the feminine murmurs, indicating a quiet conversation between the father and daughter that wasn’t meant for her ears.

Soon enough, the door parted widely and Hermione stepped through vigilantly, immediately taking in everything she could about the darkened space. Mr. Marsh had shut the door right behind her and immediately gone back to his recliner and fell into it with a grunting hiss, bleary eyes fixed tiredly on the television. Beer cans and bottles littered the floor next to the chair, smelling of urine and other unsavory scents that she felt better not knowing.
A small hand pulled her along down the hallway and into the room she observed the last time she’d been there. The door shut behind her in the same fashion as the front door, clearly showing where Beverly had gotten it from. However, instead of walking away to sit on her chair or her bed, she hugged Hermione to her, burying her ginger-curled head into the witch’s shoulder.

“What are you doing here, Hermione?” her voice whispered in her ear as she held her closer.

“Bill came by a few days ago, completely miserable, and so I wanted to check on you, and make sure you were alright,” she replied at the same volume.

Beverly parted from her and moved to sit on her bed. Hermione sat beside her. They took in the tense silence. It was as if the darkened apartment itself was listening in to anything they’d say. How her friend lived in such an environment was beyond her realm of understanding.

“So… how have you been?” the witch began at a normal volume, sounding like an avalanche in the silent room. Beverly immediately turned her fan on, filling the noise gap between their ensuing conversation.

“I’ve been fine, playing piano, reading, sketching…” she trailed off, curling into Hermione’s side and holding her hand between hers.

The curly-haired woman would have been blind to not notice how clingy Beverly was being to her in that moment. It spoke volumes about the feelings she neglected to report on. It reminded her of Bill Denbrough, but he had already snapped by the time he reached her front door. Hermione could tell that Beverly wasn’t far behind.

“Good… You’ll have to show me sometime…” she trailed off, echoing her friend’s tone sympathetically.

“So how have you really been?” Hermione asked.

Beverly’s head snapped up where it had been leaning on her shoulder. Her mouth fell open in a small gasp and her eyes began to water with the emotion she’d been holding back since the Fourth of July. No words came forward, but none needed to. The way her eyes and ears continuously darted to the door was all she needed to express. It just wasn’t secure enough for this particular conversation in this particular location.

“You and I both know your father is passed out in the living room as we speak. My question is… how long will he be that way?” Hermione tilted her head seriously.

Beverly sobered at the brief change of subject, “About three hours… Why?”

The witch smiled impishly, “How would you like to get out of here for ‘about three hours’? Pick the location in Derry, and we’ll go,” she proposed, pulling out her wand, “and leave the transportation to me.”

★★★

Sitting on a park bench in the middle of Derry’s park didn’t seem all that private until one considered the amount of eavesdropping gossipers they’d be surrounded by if Beverly had chosen a booth or a table at a restaurant for their conversation. Green grass, large oaks, and weeping willows spanned as
far as their eyes could see. It was rather peaceful with very few ways anyone could possibly listen in on them. However, those ways would become obsolete under Hermione’s *muffliato*.

The sounds of birds chirping, leaves rustling, and water flowing through the park via creek filled the breezy air. It was utterly peaceful, the perfect setting for them. She could see the hill where Bill and her had that picnic, played croquet, and laid under the stars. Beverly sighed, breathing out in a low whistle. Hermione echoed her, making the other girl smile slightly before reverting to a stony expression. Turning her head to the curly-haired witch, she spoke quietly despite the fact that no one was even around.

“Things have changed these last few months… Or maybe I’ve come to realize more, see the truth and all that…” she breathed out raggedly, holding back tears, “My dad… He… He’s been staying home more… drinking more… looking at me more… I… It makes me so… uncomfortable… and scared…” tears rolled down her rosy cheeks now. Hermione rubbed Beverly’s back, taking in the ridged slope of her hunched spine as she continued, “I’m scared to get older, to become a woman… because that means he’ll be after me in *that* way…” her head snapped up to look her friend in the eye, “…That’s why It used the blood on me…” her nose scrunched up disgustedly when the witch’s did.

“It represented getting my period… eww,” Beverly stuck her tongue out and Hermione giggled at her disgust. “Periods aren’t scary…” she wheezed and Beverly busted out laughing from Hermione’s contagious giggles.

“I know! What was It thinking!?” the younger girl burst out, but stopped at the witch’s calculating expression, “Hermione?”

“If what you just told me is true, then you have such an abstract fear, that Pennywise couldn’t find a form that truly fits you… Granted, being covered in blood would creep anyone out, but he was trying to get to the root of what your fear meant,” she stood up, on a roll.

“Emotionally, this is why Pennywise can’t go after most adults. They have too complex of fears… i.e. social situations, heartbreak, loneliness… You have an abstract fear! You’re safe! The worst he could do to scare you is spray more blood at you!” Beverly stood up excitedly at her exclamation, grabbing Hermione’s shaking hands.

“But…” the younger woman bit her lip worriedly, “The clown isn’t my dad…”

*Thank Merlin for that,* Hermione thought gratefully, but decided to joke anyway.

“Really? Are you sure about that? It’s not like your father was sporting ginger curls…” she commented and Beverly gasped mock-offendedly.

“How dare you say that to my face! Though… It probably would be a better dad to me than my real one…” Hermione giggled at the thought of Pennywise taking care of the other girl. He wouldn’t last a day.

“True… that is until he decided to eat you,” the witch reasoned.

“Right, right… Sorry, I’m still trying to wrap my head around the missing children getting eaten idea,” she muttered soberly.

“Getting back on track…” Hermione cut in, not wanting to reprise her own guilt about those who
died on her watch, “Has your father done anything serious to you? If so, then we have more than enough magically to remove you from his care…” she proposed, awaiting her friend’s answer.

“No, he hasn’t done anything serious to me…” Beverly hugged herself before continuing, “But… he leaves skimming touches… on my skin… and my hair… He was the reason I cut it all off,” she added at Hermione’s look of confusion.

Cheeks puffing and reddening in anger, the witch fumed. Stories like this were horrible and belatedly ended with justice. The child victims were always left with physical and mental scars of the years and years of torment they’d suffered at the hands of their guardians, people they had no choice but to be with. Beverly noticed Hermione’s pensivity, reaching for her hand to squeeze. The air became charged with static, a byproduct of the curly-haired woman’s pent-up magic that wanted nothing more than to attack Mr. Alvin Marsh.

Beverly sat back down on the bench, pulling her friend down with her. They both sat in silence for an eternal moment. It could have been seconds, minutes, or hours. There was no way to tell when the sun was behind the clouds. Hermione could feel the younger girl’s ginger curls against the skin of her shoulder. Her hands came around the witch’s shoulders as she buried her face into her arm.

“It’s almost funny… Bill did something very similar to this,” she commented.

“Really?” Beverly poked her head up, skeptical that such a stubborn and strong boy would crumble like she had.

Hermione nodded, “You two are more alike than you realize… Sometimes, you two are more like me than I realize,” she added contemplatively, thinking about her friends from Hogwarts and that blasted dream again. Guilt welled up in her, invoking the witch to face her friend once more.

“I will protect you, should anything happen with your father,” she pledged, “May I see your necklace?” Beverly eyed her contemplatively before reaching around her neck to undo its metal clasp.

“Here,” she murmured confusedly, watching as Hermione took it from her wordlessly.

Bringing out her wand, the witch cast a variety of spells over the small gold key and the chain itself before holding it up for Beverly to take back. To the younger woman, it looked… shinier than it did before.

“This will block unwanted sexual advances… and it will let me know where you are so I can help you. You can also send messages. It was a little trick I used on coins during my schooling. Just think about what you want to say and it will show up on this coin I always keep in my pocket. It will burn me with varying temperatures depending on urgency when you send me something. Remember, it’s all about intent,” Hermione instructed, hoping that having the Shining would be enough to make use of the key-coin connection.

Looking down, she immediately felt a burning sensation like she told Beverly she would. They grinned at each other from ear to ear, giddy that there were no issues in communicating magically.

“However,” Hermione added embarrassedly, “the charm doesn’t extend to physical violen—”

“It’s fine,” the younger woman cut her off, smirking confidently.

“Besides, I’m stronger than I look.”
They walked back to her house, traveling along the small creek upstream where it passed by Beverly’s apartment complex. The water flowed swiftly and dangerously next to them, bubbling and trickling over the miscellaneous rocks and boulders that dotted the stream. Side by side, they talked about random topics. It was peaceful, and for Beverly, it was a breath of fresh air.

Hermione bought ice cream cones for the two of them from a street vendor as they came close to inner Derry. Eating as they walked, they were able to make good time in getting back to the younger woman’s home before the three hours were up. Not that Hermione would have cared, but she didn’t want to get Beverly in trouble for something that was her idea.

The stairs creaked and groaned as they ascended to the uppermost door. When they entered, it was just as quiet and dark as it was when they left. Mr. Marsh hadn’t moved from his spot on the recliner, still deep in a drunken slumber. They tiptoed past him, quiet as mice while they maneuvered through the living room and hallway.

Striding into Beverly’s room, the younger woman shut the door behind the two of them. They both breathed a sigh of relief when they were successfully hoarded back in the room. Her father wouldn’t even know they had gone anywhere. Hermione told Beverly about the lie she sold to him about the piano music and Beverly nodded, pulling out some music to show her.

Turning the volume down really low on her keyboard, the ginger-haired girl’s fingers danced across the keys, humming a haunting ballad that filled the small room around them. It whispered to the witch, fluttering along her pulse and heartbeat. There was undeniable darkness in the song, but there was determination in its pacing and light within its echoing chorus. Hermione closed her eyes, lost in the wistful melody.

She thought back to Harry, Ron, and the War. She remembered all the things they lost, the people they lost. She remembered the darkness and death overtaken by light and rebirth. Her memory was ashen, blackened and grayed by time. Tears leaked from her closed whisky eyes, trailing down her cheeks in a slow trickle. A still hand wiped the salty wet trails away. Belatedly, Hermione realized it was her own.

When the song came to a close, the witch gave a congratulating golf clap. Beverly turned with a smile, but stopped at her friend’s watery expression. Jumping up from her chair, she wrapped her arms around Hermione. She returned the hug with a shy grin, whispering through her bitten lip.

“Thank you, Beverly.”

They parted, and Hermione got up, leaving a lingering squeeze on her friend’s shoulder and a repeated offer to stay at her house whenever she wanted before walking out of the room. Stepping out into the darkened hallway, her footsteps were light as she traveled along the carpeted floor. When she got into the living room, the front door was in sight, shining daylight divinely against the stained wool. However, something made her pause.

Turning around, she was met with the snoring form of Beverly’s father. Clad in old gray canvas trousers, likely from his job working as a janitor at Derry High School, Alvin Marsh lie spread-eagle over the recliner. Guttural honking snores left his open mouth and his fingers twitched, betraying his crude dreaming. It would be so easy…

Hermione raised her palm to her mouth, muffling her gasp. She was rarely so full of malice that she
would actually consider murder. Whisky eyes widening, she realized that she needed to get out of the
darkened apartment. Walking out the door, she breathed in the outside musky air of a summer’s eve,
clearing her mind and feeling much more raw.

★★★

Fifteen minutes later, Hermione was strolling along the river. Her stride swayed as she avoided
getting her shoes wet with each mini tide coming in. It looked like she was slow dancing, but never
moving backwards. Every once in a while, the water would skim her toes, leaking through her shoe
and making her sole damp and cold in the setting sun. Looking across the stream, she admired its
nature, its ferocity.

The water was tumultuous, relentless in its own pursuits of getting downstream. Where her and
Beverly had walked by the creek actually widened into a river upstream, and now the witch knew it.
She almost ran into a sign, being too melancholy about Beverly’s song and her memories to notice it
at first. Sidestepping it, she came to realize that it was another “Welcome to Derry” sign. Upon
reading the sign, her mind stilled, looking out beyond Derry’s limits for the first time in weeks.

Hermione leaned against the sign, holding herself. All day, she’d barely felt in control of anything.
There was nearly nothing she could do for Beverly’s situation just like there was nothing she could
do for the missing kids she’d let die on her watch. Bill Denbrough was in the same boat. Hell, all of
the Losers were in the same boat, and there was nothing she could really do for any of them. They’d
all been through so much because of the Eldritch Abomination that lived in the sewers of this
doomed town, and she had the gall to fall in love with him...

She wanted to leave. She wanted to take her Losers, and just about any other good decent children,
and leave. But she couldn’t. Hermione moved over to the other side of the sign and sat on a large
rock which was split between being in the city limits and being out of them. Feeling defiant, she
straddled the rock so she was half-way out of the town. She wiggled her toes on the “out” foot,
swearing she could feel lighter on that side.

Lying back on the rock, she sprawled out, looking like a sacrifice on an altar. She glared into the
clouds above her, eyes slitting as she considered her friend. The charms she placed on the necklace
would assist her, but something could go wrong with brewing her father a disgust potion and putting
Beverly’s hair into it. If he were to get sick, which happened to plenty of No-Maj who ingested
magical potions, she could go to Azkaban for poisoning him, even with good intentions.

Rapid footsteps were approaching, seemingly at a sprint. Curiously, she poked her head up to
investigate, rubbing at her bleary crusty eyes. The person panted loudly, sounding like he’d been
running for a long time. He stalked towards her, the sun behind him creating a backlight and
obscuring his identity. However, she already knew who it was by the time his stony face stared
down at her with an undecipherable expression. It was Bill Gray.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. Sorry about not having Pennywise in this one, but he will be back as
Bill and possibly himself in the next chapter. I'll have to check my notes. Until next
time, keep commenting. They keep me going.
Hey guys, I've got another one for you all. I hope you enjoy it and can bare with my odd ideas.
Keep in mind I wrote all 5,000+ words in one day, so don't expect greatness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 15th, 1989

Bill panted like a dog as he stood over her, his cheeks reddening from his sprint and tongue lolling out to moisten his plump worried lips. Sweat dripped from him, soaking through his tight navy blue and gray striped tank top and cotton bermuda shorts. It dripped onto the sediment beneath him, ignored as he reached a moist hand out to touch her.

“Bill? What are you doing here? I was worried about you,” he stopped, only touching the tip of his left middle finger to her arm.

Wordlessly, he crawled over her sprawled form with a wince, seemingly pained to straddle the rock with her. Hermione gasped at the feeling of literally being trapped between a rock and a hard place. A relieved sigh whistled through his perfect teeth as he began a slow grind along her dress-covered snatch. He leaned down, licking her ear as he always did.

“I was just… running… and I saw you laying like this out in the open for someone to savor…” he thrust deeply against her clit, making her moan loudly.

“You’re mine, love… remember,” he added, punctuating himself by biting down onto the helix of her ear.

She screeched, but the sound was cut off when he slapped a hand over her mouth.

“Shh…” he teased, “Do you want the entirety of Derry to hear us?” Of course, my little sacrificial lamb, I’m fine with letting the brainless drones watch as I claim you. But I think you might be a little shyer than I.

Smirking, he picked her up off the rock and sat down in her place, situating her so she sat between his legs with his chest at her back. Then, he spread her legs and entangled them with his so she’d have no way to stimulate herself. He chuckled against her nape as she tried in vain to get some friction onto her clit by weakly thrusting her hips. She whimpered, trying to get her hands out of his firm grip and give herself some release, but his hands were unrelenting.

Tears poured from her eyes again, partly from the pent up orgasm that wouldn’t come, but also the previous torrent of thoughts and emotions that kept swirling through her. Bill immediately leaned over her to lap up the salty trails, tasting her conflict directly and reveling in her cracking barriers. She would break in his favor soon enough. He could feel it.

Kissing and licking just below her ear, he slowly placed both her hands in one of his own and
discreetly snuck his other hand under her dress to play with her clit. Instantly, Hermione began to bounce back onto his cock and forth into the rock’s smooth lip in front of her. High-pitched gasps left her delirious mouth, in time with the delicious slaps of her supple arse against the rock. Bill groaned against her nape, nibbling on the flesh and sucking a large hickey there.

Hermione became a live wire when he pushed a finger into her. She jumped up and down with reckless abandon, still leaking from her wide whisky eyes as he pumped his long digit up inside her.

“You like that, love? Believe me, my cock is better,” he whispered dirtily and added a second finger.

Bill’s shorts tented obviously, the bulge creating a dark stain across the darker fabric. He was close to his own climax based on how his member was twitching inside its cloth barrier. Hermione’s nether-juices dripped onto the rock beneath her as well as onto the large hand and arm that continued to pump its fingers deep inside her walls.

Her climax hit her when he found her g-spot and tapped it dexterously with his two fingers. A copious amount of filmy clear-white syrup came out of her, splattering the rock underneath her thrusting hips. Biting down on her shoulder, Bill came with a loud groan behind her. Wordlessly, the panting witch cleaned their clothed genitals with a muttered spell. However, her boyfriend was quick to bring his dripping arm and hand to his mouth and lick up every drop that she got onto him.

The look he gave her was positively heated as he trailed his tongue along his arm, tracing a long path of her release before it got to his elbow. When his arm and palm was clean, he sucked on his pointer and middle fingers passively, reminding Hermione of a baby that sucked its thumb or fingers to feel content. There wasn’t anything on them anymore, yet still he persisted the action. He hugged her from behind, still sucking the two lucky digits that had been inside her.

They watched the rushing water for a while, Hermione humming a quiet tune to fill the silence between them. Bill seemed to settle further, placing his head down and closing his eyes against her soft pulse. She brought a hand up to massage his head and he moaned under his breath and clutched her tighter.

“I missed you,” he whispered tiredly, nearly silently, but Hermione heard him nonetheless.

“I missed you too,” she replied, internally lamenting about the truth behind it.

“Please, don’t leave,” he pleaded, his words even quieter than before.

“I won’t,” she wept, realizing the truthful promise she’d just made.

He hummed against her, echoing the tune she’d made before to show his contentment. The sun was beginning to set, and Hermione could feel the cooler air blowing across her sore cunt. She winced slightly, feeling good about the penetration, but also feeling unused to the sensation after the last few years. Bill stood up, holding her bridal style as he began walking through the woods. The trees were beginning to grow dark with heavy evening shadows, but the man wasn’t bothered. Hermione shivered, hoping Pennywise wouldn’t run into them on their way back to her house. Hermione just couldn’t count on him being absent from her for more than he had already, especially now that he was closing in on her.

She squeaked as Bill sped up, breaching the treeline about a block down from her street. How he knew of such a short cut was beyond her. However, he did tell her he was a local, so maybe he would know. Beverly’s warning resurfaced in her mind, but she let it go. Wanting to have sex in semi-public places was daring, but not inherently dangerous in her opinion.
“Have you eaten dinner yet?” she asked, licking a bit of dry sweat from the side of his neck. He shivered in response, squeezing her shoulder.

“No,” he murmured leaning down to mirror the gesture on her own neck. They reached her door and he set her down. She unlocked the door with her key and they went inside. Just as she closed the door behind them, he had pushed up against it. Spread-eagle, she could feel everything as he dry humped her arse. Bill leaned over her, his eyes surprisingly bright in the darkness of her entryway.

“How do you ask? Do you wanna cook for me like a good little girlfriend?” he teased, tickling her sides with precise little jabs and making her temper flare slightly with the misogyny.

“Nnn— Yes! I… wanted to apologize for how the coffee affected you…” she breathed against the door, grinding back along his hardening cock.

He clicked his tongue at her, acquiescing, “You can make me something… if I get to help you,” he added conditionally, sucking her other ear into his mouth before parting from her.

Hermione swayed dazedly, her arousal having come back so soon in full force before abruptly settling. She shook it off, leading the way into her small kitchen. Grinning, she pulled out the materials for kabobs from her fridge. Bill surveyed the meats with a small grin, assisting her in taking off the shrink-wrap.

When the vegetables and mushrooms were cut, Hermione struck, stabbing the small beef and chicken cubes with a wooden skewer. Then she moved onto the onions, peppers, and mushrooms, stabbing them until she had four kabobs full. Bill chuckled at her speed and ferocity as he loaded his skewers a bit more slowly. He only made three and they mostly contained meat, but Hermione shrugged before loading them into the oven to bake for a half hour.

Upon shutting the oven door and setting the timer, Bill pushed her against the warm machine. Damn, she thought, he’s very horny today… He began humping her thigh when she moved at the last minute. A low erotic groan left his lips as his eyes clouded over with lust and rolled back into his head. Suddenly he stilled against her, pulling her back into his chest.

“Pudding,” he murmured dazedly, “…for dessert? …Please,” he trailed off, sucking on her exposed shoulder.

“Okay,” she giggled, rubbing his neck, “but you’ll have to let me go to grab the ingredients,” he jumped away from her eagerly and she gasped at his sudden absence.

Laying out all of the ingredients, she had milk, sugar, butter, corn starch, eggs, vanilla extract, salt, and cocoa powder. She compared the physical ingredients to the little recipe card she had kept in her large cooking scrapbook. They seemed to be enough based off of the paper version. Turning to face her boyfriend who leaned against the opposite counter, she asked him about her idea.

“How about chocolate pudding?” she murmured, noticing the heat in his darkened cobalt eyes.

He nodded silently, stepping closer to her and placing a chaste sucking kiss to the tip of her nose. Hermione blushed despite the fact that he’d done a lot more to her less than an hour ago. Turning back to the pudding ingredients, she crouched down to grab a large mixing bowl, a small mixing bowl, a whisk, and a couple of measuring cups. Standing back up, she pulled a few large spoons out of one of the waist-high drawers and set them with the bowls.

Hermione set the card down in front of her so she could follow it as she worked. In the meantime,
Bill had reattached himself to her backside and held her hips against the counter. For the most part, she could ignore him. However, when she began by grabbing the milk, he stopped her with a tightly clenched hand on her wrist. Wordlessly, he took the carton and put it back into the refrigerator before reassuming his position behind her.

“Bill! I need that,” he shushed her protests, placing a large hand over her mouth and leaning in to whisper in her sensitive ear.

“No, you don’t. We shouldn’t waste what you already have… what your body works hard to provide for you,” Hermione blushed, realizing where he was going with this.

“No!” she squawked, looking more like a tomato than a human, “I won’t eat something made from my own bodily fluids!”

“Good,” he replied wolfishly against her nape, “That means there’s more for me,” he reasoned, pushing the collar of her dress down to expose her bra.

Seams popped as he pulled the fabric over her straining mounds. His nimble fingers unhooked her lacy black number and pushed the two cups aside, reaching for the little red cherries that dotted her swollen breasts. With one finger, he pushed the glass measuring cup under her resisting body. He bent her over the countertop with a grunt, reaching around to line up her left nipple with the glass. Hermione gasped, submissive under Bill’s heavy weight as he bared over her.

Squeezing and pulling, they both watched with differing reactions as the glass slowly filled up to the one-cup mark. Hers was pure embarrassment while his was pure hunger. Gingerly, he tilted her head to press a gentle kiss to her lips. Hermione moaned as he did so, tangling her tongue with his and trying to forget how he was milking her like a cow.

In her distraction, he poured the cup of breastmilk into a smaller ceramic bowl with a quiet slosh. Grinning, he set the glass under her other breast and squeezed and pulled until she began leaking into the cup. Soon enough, the second cup was full and he dumped it into the bowl with the other one. Praising her, he crooned against her lips.

“So good, love. One more… you can do it,” he rubbed her bum underneath her panties comfortably.

Hermione moaned as he began humping her snatch lightly, trying to get more out of her. He was determined, rolling her nubs between his fingers and claiming every last drop he could get from her. She whimpered in pain when he drained her left breast and he bent down to press a kissing suckle to her swollen cherry.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. You’re halfway there…” he nuzzled her neck and began pumping her right breast in the same pleasurable and painful way.

When he finally got that third cup out of her, she almost collapsed on the counter. However, he’d been holding her to him the entire time, knowing that it was a very probable outcome. He was now even more excited to watch her nurse their young. She would be so radiant as they fed from her. Even after they grew out of breastfeeding, he would take over, giving her more children to keep her lactating when he was out hunting.

“You did it, Hermione. Rest…” her eyes closed involuntarily as he turned to lay her across the opposite countertop like a human buffet.

Her knees and down dangled off, but they only hung limply as she laid there. The dress she wore was drastically stretched over her mounds, so he did the best he could to re-clip her bra and pull up
her collar. Hermione cracked an eye open at the gesture and smiled shyly at him. He felt better about his uncontrollable lust when she acted this way afterwards. Grinning back at her, he turned to keep working on the pudding.

He heated the milk in the microwave until it boiled, then he broke the eggs and threw out the whites, leaving the yellow yolks in the big bowl. Then, he threw in the starch and sugar with the yolks and whisked the three ingredients until they mixed together. By this time, Hermione leaned up on one elbow to watch him work, staring curiously at his toned back, shoulders, and quick-acting hands.

She watched as he poured the scalding milk into the mixture and beat it harshly until the mixture liquified. Then, he whisked in the salt, butter, and vanilla extract. As he stirred, he slowly stepped over to her, holding the large bowl to him like a baby. Leaning down, he pressed a long kiss to her temple before leaning back up.

“Hey,” Bill whispered to her.

“Hey?” she replied, giggling quietly.

“Am I doing this right?” he indicated to the warm and thickening pudding.

“Yeah, that looks fine, but you’d better start adding and mixing in the cocoa powder if you want chocolate pudding,” she murmured with a yawn, tugging absently on his closest belt loop.

He grinned, dislodging her finger from his shorts to do what she said. After the pudding turned dark brown, he set the bowl in the refrigerator just in time to grab the kabobs out of the oven. Hermione’s stomach growled and Bill laughed at its excessively loud volume. He set the warm skewers on another plate and set it down next to Hermione’s reclined form. Suddenly, she got up, darting around the counter to reach for some glasses in one of her high cupboards. He grabbed them for her petite form, reaching them easily due to his taller height.

Hermione walked over to the fridge, pulling out a large pitcher of fruit punch with a shit-eating grin, “Look what I’ve got!”

Bill held the glasses and shook his head bemusedly, “Are you ever going to let that go, Hermione?”

“Nope!” she took one of the glasses and poured a large amount into it before handing it back.

She took the other glass from him and poured some tap water into it. Adding some ice cubes, she took her glass and began walking to go sit at the nearby table in the dining area. However, Bill had other plans, taking the food and his beverage out into the living room and setting the cooling kabobs on the side table. He set his drink down before reaching for hers. She reluctantly parted with it only because she wanted to see what he was planning.

Hermione was pleasantly surprised when he laid her down on the couch with a pillow propping her back up at an incline. Bill lazily kissed her lips, kneeling down beside her like she was royalty and he was a lowly servant. When they parted, she leaned on her side to watch him pick up one of her kabobs, pick the first piece of steak off of it, and hand-feed it to her. Parting her plump lips, he pushed the meat past her perfect ivory teeth and skimmed her tongue before pulling away to repeat the action with another piece.

The rest of Hermione’s meal went like this, speckled with intermediate sips of her water in between bites. When her food was gone, she looked at Bill expectantly, wondering how he would expect to eat his cooler kabobs. He kissed her again, rubbing along the hem of her dress in a silent question. She assisted him in disrobing from the garment. Lip-locked, he lapped at her mouth and lips, chasing
the meaty flavors she’d left behind.

Laying passively underneath his leaning chest, he picked apart his kabobs and began strategically placing the warm pieces on her bare body. He left her breasts covered, knowing that he’d strained them enough for one day. However, it was very exciting to him to have the opportunity to eat off of anywhere on her body.

When the three skewers were empty, he dug in, his mouth nipping and sucking at her skin under each piece of food as he feasted. His fruit-punch-stained lips left little marks on her full torso, making sure she’d remember this moment the next day before she’d shower again.

Hermione breathed heavily, making little gasps that made the lingering pieces of meat near her breasts and stomach bounce. Bill’s eyes dilated with hungry lust, and he finished eating in record time. When all of the meat and its juices were gone, he crawled over her and kissed her like he never would again.

“What did I ever do to deserve you?” he asked when he parted from her, cobalt eyes searching for an answer in her own whisky orbs.

“Everything,” she replied vaguely as he dove back in to kiss her again.

Suddenly, his hands were in her unruly curls and hers were pulling at his short dark locks. Their noses brushed lovingly and drool trickled down their chins from their connected lips. Warm droplets fell onto her heaving breasts and cooled, sending aroused shivers down her spine. Leaning down, he licked their combined drool from her mounds, gently tonguing her nipples through her bra. After kissing a bit more, he rolled over on the couch so he was spooning her as they faced the television.

Hermione switched the TV on, and set it to a random channel. Neither of them really watched the screen. The witch had closed her eyes, feeling rather tired after the day’s events. Bill was too busy playing with her hair to focus on the insignificant people on the news. About an hour-and-a-half later, she opened her eyes and checked her watch. Haphazardly turning around, she leveled a reluctant look at her boyfriend who had been close to nodding off himself.

“Hey, Bill…” his bright eyes caught the reflection of the screen when he opened them to stare at her, “that… perverted pudding you made is probably ready—” he jumped off the couch, nearly sending her toppling to the floor in his rush to get to his concoction in the fridge.

Hermione blinked at his absence before slowly getting up to follow him. Hesitantly, she poked her head around to see inside the kitchen. Tilting her head in confusion, she tried to decipher what had occurred in the fifteen seconds it had taken between Bill getting off of the couch and her seeing the kitchen.

The large bowl was all but empty, which didn’t add up because there had been a lot of questionable pudding in there. Bill was sitting crisscrossed on the floor with the nearly vacant bowl between his legs. His hand rubbed along the inside of the bowl, catching what remained of the chocolatey dessert. Then, he brought the hand to his chocolate-smeared lips and his tongue snaked out to lap at it.

“Bill?” his head snapped to hers immediately, the rest of his body stilling where it was. He said nothing, cobalt eyes darting around to look anywhere but at her.

“Where’s the pudding?” she asked curiously, legitimately wanting to know where it went, because it wasn’t humanly possible for him to have eaten it all in such a short time.
He blushed, looking down at the empty bowl, “I ate it,” he muttered.

She couldn’t believe it, “So, how was it?” she asked absently, scratching her head.

His pupils dilated, “Delicious… sweet… milky…” he paused, considering how to describe the most delicious thing the ancient being had ever eaten.

“It tasted like… you,” Bill supplied embarrassedly.

“Me?” she tilted her head confusedly.

The man nodded sternly at her, standing to place the bowl in the sink and wash his hands. When he turned to her again, he picked her up and she wrapped her legs around him. He kissed her again, giving her a taste of what her body had made. Moaning, he suckled her lower lip, nipping at the worried rosy flesh as he carried her upstairs. Hermione shut the television off before throwing the remote behind her on the couch.

He threw her on her bed and leaned over her to give her a lingering kiss on her cheek. Just as he turned to walk downstairs again, she grabbed his hand. Bill’s eyes widened, looking down to see what he hoped he’d see. Hermione’s small hand encircled his own, and she was sitting up.

“You can stay… if you want,” she blushed at his confusion, “It’s bigger and much more comfortable than the couch…” the witch added, looking at his expression.

A flicker of what looked like anger flashed in Bill’s expression before he sighed, taking off his shirt and tossing it on her chair. His lips were conflicted, set in a half smirk and a half pout. Hermione got up to get dressed in her pajamas and brush her teeth, but when she came back, he was reclining half naked in her bed. She strode over to him, and he cuddled her close, pulling her onto the bed forcefully.

She squeaked as she was suddenly rolled on top of Bill. Her body was stuck straddling his, and she could feel his half-hard member between her legs. He held her hips where they were, but he grabbed her pillow so she was going to be sleeping on his chest. Gingerly, she followed his nonverbal request, laying her head down on the pillow resting on his chest. His arms wrapped around her underneath the blanket. The last thing she remembered was the feeling of his nose nuzzling her shoulder, exactly where Pennywise’s mark lied underneath her shirt.

July 16th, 1989

Just as she expected, Hermione woke up to Bill’s morning wood snug between her moist nether lips. She moaned quietly at his organ’s twitching against her little pearl, praying that he wasn’t awake to notice it. Her eyes blinked open, catching the sun’s rays beaming off of her boyfriend’s angelic face. Chocolate still dotted his cheeks, chin, and forehead, but she swore that it was also in his hair. Stealthily, she crawled up his body to lap at the dried pudding she could find on his face. When he was clean to her satisfaction, he opened his eyes mock-confusedly and ground against her snatch where it was in his reach once more.

“Would you like to take care of it? Or shall I?” he proposed to her, making her blush when he wiggled his eyebrows.

Hermione made a noise between a wheeze and a hiccup, which made Bill laugh as he maneuvered
himself out from under her to go shower. The door closed behind him and he fumed, clenching his fists and gritting his sharpening teeth as he turned on the hot water and flipped the shower function on.

Once again, he was irritated by how easy it was for his alter-ego to gain the liberties that Pennywise wanted to have over her. She allowed his Bill Gray persona into “their” bed so easily, and that was only acceptable because it was him. If he had been anyone else, Pennywise would have punished her. So now, for the first time in a very long time, he was unsure how to proceed.

Stepping into the warm spray, he scrubbed his red hair with the cotton candy shampoo and conditioner. He also used the cinnamon-scented soap on his skin. When he emerged from the billowing steam, the clown morphed back into Bill Gray and wrapped a fluffy towel around his thin hips. Water dripped from his well-defined abs, pectorals, and arms.

A simple trail of dark hair led the way to his groin and the vector shape of his pelvis dove down into the towel as well. Opening the door, he was met with the vision of Hermione wrapped only in a towel. Blushing loudly, she shuffled past him and slammed the door into his back. Growling lowly, he imagined his witch strutting around her house with other men, letting them do things to her when her towel fell to the floor. He would show her once again what Pennywise the Dancing Clown thought of interlopers, even if he was one of them. This would also allow him to throw off her possible perceptions of Bill as one of his shape shifts.

He waited about five minutes after he could hear the water start running before teleporting into the steamy bathroom. Looking through the curtain, he could see her alluring silhouette washing itself with confident and smooth strokes. When he saw begin washing her hair, he silently stepped into the shower. Invisible, he watched the hot water pour down on her head and shoulders. He’d been intending to scare her as Pennywise, but her naked body was very, very distracting. Now, it left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Her supple breasts lolled against her chest, nipples searching for eager mouths as she stepped in and out of the falling water. Hermione’s neatly trimmed snatch winked at him in between her supple thighs. The pale skin she had was absolutely lustrous when the little droplets of water on her bent the light coming from overhead.

She closed her beautiful whiskey eyes to put conditioner into her hair. When she opened her eyes again, Pennywise stood right in front of her. Jumping back against the shower wall with a loud bang, she opened her mouth to scream. However, he was much too quick for her. Placing his wet gloved hand over her mouth to muffle the screech, he covered her naked body with his costumed one.

“Shh, shh, shh,” he chittered rapidly at her continued noise, “We wouldn’t want your little “man-candy” to find us, now would we? Then I would have to kill him right here in front of you,” he pouted falsely, “Wouldn’t that just be the worst?”

Hermione nodded, her tears mixing in with the shower water on her face. Smiling at her compliance, he licked her tears off of her flushed face. Slowly, she brought her hands up to shield herself. Pennywise chuckled at her prudishness. It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen her naked already. Stepping closer to her, he lifted her legs and slid her up the wall so her legs clung to his soaking hips. From here, he could smell her sweet arousal where it was wafting up from her core. Groaning against her neck, he licked a long stripe from her left breast to her right earlobe. His sharp teeth skimmed the shell, making her shiver in the musty space.

“You’re mine, Hermione. My little doll…” he growled into her ear.

Hermione hiccups quietly, her free breasts bouncing from the motion. Sighing, he reached for the
soap and began rubbing it over her skin with his hands. His witch calmed more with each rub he massaged into her tense little body. The small hiccups died down with her passivity in his arms. Her hands had wrapped around his neck and her mop-looking head rested against his shoulder. Leaning down, his crimson lips gently captured her dusty pink ones.

Hermione moaned slightly against him, reaching over to turn the water off after leaning back to dunk herself under the spray. Pennywise stepped out of the shower, still holding onto her as they both dripped onto the small bathroom carpet. Grabbing the fluffy towel laying on the counter, he wrapped her shivering body into it, likening her to a drowned kitten as she snuggled back into him after being wrapped up in the towel.

Determinedly, he reached for her hairbrush and began pulling through her waterlogged locks. Hermione winced when he yanked too hard, but he was quick to massage the pain out of her scalp. *This is an odd behavior, even for him*, Hermione thought, watching him in the mirror as he parted her hair in the way she usually did. Taking care in managing her unruly hair was not something she could’ve easily imagined before this moment, but it’s not like she’s complaining.

Suddenly, he stopped, seemingly satisfied with his handiwork. Hermione turned around to ask him about his soft actions, but alas, there was only the empty bathroom behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. Pennywise is getting frustrated between his two identities, Hermione is still trying to deal, and Bill just ate a ton of pudding in one sitting. I’m so excited for next chapter, and I hope you guys are too. Until next time, leave comments, kudos, etc. I LOVE hearing from you all and have received wonderful comments the last few days. Keep it up and I'll keep posting as soon as possible! :D
More Than A Woman

Chapter Notes

Welp, here we are, back at it again. I hope you guys enjoy this chapter. It was very fun to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 16th, 1989

Hermione walked out of the bathroom, striding over to her wardrobe to get dressed. A long piece of red fabric winked at her from the dim interior, and she picked it out of the fray. It was the skater dress Bill had said he liked when they went shopping, and almost had sex in the changing room. The witch flushed, cheeks staining red at the memory of him sucking her dry up against the mirror.

Shivering in her nakedness, she quickly threw on a simple pair of lacy black underwear and a matching bra before tossing the dress on top. Hermione twirled in the mirror, delighting how the skirt rippled and settled at her thighs. The woman then dug out some socks and threw on a simple pair of black boots that complimented the red socks. Water still dripped from her hair, but a simple drying charm and a few hair charms left her hair in a stylish braid. Putting a couple of simple diamonds in her ears, something she didn’t normally wear, she went downstairs to get some breakfast.

Upon stepping down to the main level, she could immediately smell warm food. Darting around the living room silently, she leaned against the countertop to watch her boyfriend work. His back was to her, unrestrictedly showing off his bare wet muscles. Hermione drooled, helpless as she put her chin in her hand to support it. Turning around, he winked at her seductively before going back to making them breakfast.

With one hand, he was flipping pancakes, and in the other, he was cracking eggs into a bowl. Slowly, she approached him, humming so he wouldn’t be surprised when she hugged him from behind. When she did so, her hands met a familiar fabric instead of his solid pectorals. The witch blinked slowly, peeking around his tall shoulders.

“Are you wearing my apron?” she asked him slowly, trying and failing to not bust out laughing.

“Yes,” Bill pouted, flipping another pancake and throwing the eggs onto another pan laughing.

When he turned around, she was met with the funny image of her beefcake of a boyfriend wearing a dainty frilly stained apron with little red hearts all over it. Hermione couldn’t hold it in and screeched her laughter, tears running down her face as she tried to pull herself together. He glared at her, but there was no heat behind it. After all, it wasn’t often either of his personas saw her this happy. Hermione walked over and planted her face into the frilly apron, hugging Bill as an apology for laughing at him.

“Mm sorry,” she said, her two words muffled by the fabric.

Gingerly, he tilted her chin upwards with his free hand and pressed his lips to her forehead in
“That dress still looks nice on you,” he murmured, turning the stove off and grabbing a hold of the pancake platter and egg platter.

Hermione detached herself from his chest and grabbed the bacon that was sitting off to the side as well as the half-empty orange juice from the fridge. She ate the pancakes gratefully, reveling in their fluffy texture. When the witch complimented them, he smiled at her, nibbling thoughtfully on the bacon and eggs.

“That’s a skater dress…” she murmured in between the sounds of their chewing. Bill nodded confusedly, wondering why she was bringing that particular fact up.

“Would you want to go? Skating, I mean,” Hermione added, embarrassed at her flubbed delivery.

Bill was silent for a moment, mostly because he was in the middle of chewing and swallowing. When he was done, he looked... nervous.

“Sure,” he muttered quietly, “We’ll go after we finish eating,” the man added quietly, leaving no room for argument.

Hermione looked him over quietly but couldn’t decipher what he was thinking or feeling. His face was rather blank as he robotically placed more eggs and bacon into his mouth. When they were done eating, Bill helped her clear the table and wash their dishes. After putting them away, he hugged her from behind.

“Hey, I’ve gotta go home and get into some better clothes. I’ll meet you by the arcade, yeah?” he kissed her cheek and parted from her.

She could hear the door slam shut, and so she decided to take her time in grabbing her purse and wand, brushing her teeth, and getting in the car to drive to the arcade. Belatedly, she realized that she would have to park somewhere else, given that the small arcade and roller rink was on Main Street with very limited parking options. After situating the MG in a small lot down the street, the curly-haired witch walked down the street to the building stuck between the movie theatre and the pharmacy.

Bill was already waiting for her inside when she came in. Clad in a simple white button-down shirt with the sleeves folded up to his elbows along with a pair of old blue jeans and converse, he leaned up against the wall with his arms crossed. When he saw her, he smiled slightly, walking over to hold her hand in his while they approached the counter. The old man behind the counter smiled at the young couple and complemented how well they looked together. Blushing, Hermione thanked the man and Bill nodded with his own smile.

He got them their skates and her boyfriend paid for them. Walking down the hall behind the main entrance, they emerged in a large open space filled with neon lights, disco balls, and the smell of fried food. Bill’s expression brightened in the dim space, and the witch finally realized what had been bothering him.

“Bill? Were you just nervous because you’d never skated before?” the man blushed, turning to her with a haughty look.

“Pfft, what? I don’t get nervous,” he argued, striding over to an empty booth to get his large skates onto his feet.

Hermione smirked knowingly and joined him, putting on her much smaller red and white skates. She
almost giggled because they looked a lot like Pennywise’s boots. Bill’s looked exactly like the same boots minus the puffballs she’d wrestled off of the clown’s sharp-toed feet. Shrugging, she stood up, confidently, rolling back and forth while waiting for him to tie the laces.

When Bill stood up a moment later, his eyes widened to the size of plates before he began flailing his arms to stay upright. A nervous grunt left his mouth before he completely fell back into the booth. Hermione giggled. *Who knew a good dancer doesn’t automatically equal a good skater?*

“Bill?” she asked, reaching for his hands.

An embarrassed flush coated his high cheekbones as he allowed her to help him up. Carefully, she led him out into the rink, sticking to the outer rim with the poorer skaters. Hermione instructed him to keep his legs at shoulder length away from each other and to also not lock his knees. After giving him the standard crash course of roller skating, she moved in front of him and held his hand to lead him around the rink.

His starstruck eyes never left hers, their blue depths shining with the disco ball overhead. The next song started up and Hermione began singing along, remembering all of the words to the Bee Gees’ *More Than A Woman*. Bobbing her head and bumping her hip out she began with the first verse.

*Girl, I've known you very well*

*I've seen you growing every day*

*I never really looked before*

*But now you take my breath away*

*Suddenly you're in my life*

*A part of everything I do*

*You got me workin' day and night*

*Just tryin' to keep a hold on you*

Abruptly, Hermione pulled Bill closer and tugged him along, singing into his ear and simultaneously ensuring they would run into anything. Bill barely breathed, completely enchanted by what she was doing to him and forgetting that he was a horrid skater. It might as well have been a love confession, because he was acting like it was. His alien heart stuttered, and his tongue swelled in his throat, making him incapable of speech.

*Here in your arms I found my paradise*

*My only chance for happiness*

Hermione abruptly let go and began separating herself from him. Figuratively and literally, Pennywise floundered, trying to get a grip on her again, but she wasn’t having it. With a little smirk, she was beckoning him to come get her. He tried to move forward like she taught him, but she continued to skate out of his reach, dancing along to the song and continuing to sing melodically.

*And if I lose you now, I think I would die*

Oh how little she realized how true that was to Pennywise. He would probably just hand himself over to the Losers if she died on his watch.
Say you'll always be my baby we can make it shine
We can take forever just a minute at a time

Hermione suddenly darted away, grinning wolfishly as she rocketed around the rink in the inner
circle with the more experienced skaters for a circuit. He watched her vigilantly, worried that she was
just going to leave him to slam directly into the wall. His arms flailed, reaching out to ease his
acquaintance with the plastered surface.

More than a woman

More than a woman to me

Coming in hot, she grabbed his arms and spun them around in a couple of rapid circles, using his
momentum to ease them along.

More than a woman

More than a woman to me

Bill smiled gratefully at her, clenching her hands like lifelines. Hermione took one of his arms and
wrapped it around her shoulders, bringing the two of them closer to skate side by side. They watched
each other, uncaring of the other skaters and people watching on the sidelines. She kissed his white-
knuckled palm, and he calmed further, easing his grip to a more comfortable squeeze.

There are stories old and true

Of people so in love like you and me

And I can see myself

Let history repeat itself

Reflecting how I feel for you

And thinking about those people then

I know that in a thousand years

I'd fall in love with you again

Hermione crooned into his ear again, and he was lulled into ease by the sound of her voice. In
between lyrics, she licked his ear before moving them so she was skating in front of him again. Bill
panicked, tightening his grip on her so she wouldn’t leave again. The witch smiled reassuringly,
squeezing his hands in return.

This is the only way that we should fly

This is the only way to go

Quickly, she spun them out of the way of another flailing first-time skater before moving to wrap an
arm around his waist. Because of his taller stature, he ended up wrapping his arm around her
shoulder. The two of them looked at each other in the neon lighting, little colored orbs moving across
their silhouettes due to the disco ball.

And if I lose your love, I know I would die
Oh say you'll always be my baby

We can make it shine

We can take forever just a minute at a time

Bill began singing with her, catching onto the repetition of lyrics. His voice was a silky tenor that wormed its way into her ear like smooth molasses. It was Hermione’s turn to be star-struck, because she immediately fell silent, letting her boyfriend take the chorus while she did the backing vocals.

More than a woman (you are)

More than a woman to me

More than a woman (uh my baby)

More than a woman to me

He grinned at her, urging her to understand that what he was singing was the absolute truth for him. They grew closer as the song ended, Hermione twirling them periodically to add some variety in their little dance.

More than a woman

More than a woman to me (oh so much more)

More than a woman (oh baby)

More than a woman to me...

The song ended and the witch led her boyfriend over to the carpeted flooring and off of the rink. She brought him back over to their booth where their shoes and Hermione’s purse laid. Bill sat down and Hermione skated over to get some fries from the concession stand. Looking over at him from across the way, she also asked for a bag of cotton candy. Fried and sugary confections in hand, the curly-haired woman sat down opposite him. Wordlessly, she smiled and handed him the pink and blue fluff.

The man’s cobalt orbs lit up like little pilot lights and he dug into the cotton candy with a ferocity that amazed her. Hermione thought she’d seen him eat fast before, but now… she could understand how he downed that entire bowl of pudding the night before. Whistling lowly at him, his eyes snapped to hers once more and he blushed.

“Sorry about that,” he muttered, “and thank you… it was wonderful,” she smiled in return.

“You’re welcome,” her own cheeks echoed his blush, “I hope you’re having fun.”

“I am!” he exclaimed, covering her hands with his own, “Don’t doubt that,” he ordered vaguely, his expression oddly stern in the dimness of the room.

Hermione was going to say more, but she could hear the beginning of Cutting Crew’s (I Just) Died In Your Arms Tonight starting up on the rink. She abruptly jumped up and pulled him along.

“C’mon, Bill! I love this song!” she giggled at his eager expression as they re-entered the rink.

The witch spun her partner a few times, before letting him go to skate after her. She mimicked backpedaling, slowly arching her arms back in a windmill fashion. There were fewer people out at
this point, and so she encircled him widely, literally skating circles around him as he craned his head around to watch her.

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must have been something you said*

*I just died in your arms tonight*

Little white orbs flew around them, the disco ball moving a lot faster than the first song. Hermione moved back to him and took his hand in hers, congratulating him on being able to turn himself on his own. Granted, he was still much slower than her, but he was still a quick learner. Bill grinned toothily at her, his hair ruffling as they went under a drafty vent. She giggled at his unkempt locks, now dry and hopeless without a brush or comb to use on it. Nonetheless, the witch tried her best to card her fingers through it.

*I keep looking for something I can't get*

*Broken hearts lie all around me*

*And I don't see an easy way to get out of this*

*Her diary it sits on the bedside table*

*The curtains are closed, the cats in the cradle*

*Who would've thought that a boy like me could come to this?*

Bill held her hips when she finished fixing his hair. She giggled as he tried spinning her around. He positively beamed at her after she made a little curtsy after twirling. Hermione waited for him to catch up to her and he hugged her from behind as they skated in tandem with each other.

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must've been something you said*

*I just died in your arms tonight*

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must've been some kind of kiss*

*I should have walked away, I should have walked away*

Hermione didn’t sing, liking the song too much to add her own amateur vocals to the mix. Besides, she was having enough fun helping Bill hone his skating skills. A sudden blaring light lit up a small circle around them and followed them as they completed another circle. They squinted up at the light booth, only to see the little old man from the front counter giving them a thumbs up and a smile. They both burst out laughing, grabbing each others’ hands and speeding up to go around again.

*Is there any just cause for feeling like this?*

*On the surface I'm a name on a list*

*I try to be discreet but then blow it again*
Hermione leaned into Bill’s chest, holding him close as she skated backwards. Her face flushed as she looked off to the side. It seemed the had gathered a small audience thanks to the spotlight on them. He chuckled at her shyness, nuzzling her curls lovingly as turned a corner.

*I've lost and found, it's my final mistake*

*She's loving by proxy, no give and all take*

*Cos I've been thrilled to fantasy one too many times*

There was absolutely no one else on the rink now. They had the whole area all to themselves. So, Hermione clenched his hands and spun him in a wide arch so he spiraled into the middle of the rink. He gasped at the sudden chaos, but he was even more surprised when Hermione took a running start and slid in between his legs to his other side to grab his hands where they flailed in front of him.

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must've been something you said*

*I just died in your arms tonight*

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must been some kind of kiss*

*I should have walked away, I should have walked away*

The small crowd cheered upon seeing her perfectly execute the trick. Bill was just as amazed, his pupils swallowing the blue irises as he became reunited with her. Slowing down, she eased them around the circuit through the final verse.

*It was a long hot night*

*She made it easy, she made it feel right*

*But now it's over the moment has gone*

*I followed my hands not my head, I knew I was wrong*

Hermione wrapped her arms around him and he clutched her hips along her dress, spinning them around again and again until she though she made him dizzy. However, he only grinned at her, his eyes lolling a bit. She peered at the orbs closer, finding something familiar in their unevenness. No … she tilted her head.

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight*

*It must have been something you said*

*Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight...*

At the conclusion of the song, Bill pulled her close and kissed her. Normally, she would have been happy to let him do so, but now she was having a few thoughts that were coming together in a way that made a bit too much sense. The crowd cheered around them, muffled by the raging thoughts inside her mind.

Her boyfriend tasted like caramel, buttery popcorn, and a lingering trace of… blood. Immediately,
she parted from him, looking into his eyes searchingly. Bill blinked confusedly at her and she looked away, hoping that she was being completely irrational. However, Pennywise didn’t outright kill him like Newt told her he would. The old man hadn’t been wrong yet, so perhaps there was something here after all.

Pensively, she led the way off the rink and the crowd seemed to disperse as quickly as it appeared. Letting go of his hand, she sped over to their booth to pull her skates off. Bending over she undid the laces and started to take them off. Suddenly, the very familiar large skates filled her vision and she gasped, throwing her head up to see Bill looking at her confusedly.

“Hermione? Are you okay?” he tilted his head at her in the same way Pennywise did.

*Oh, Merlin…* she stared at him mock confusedly, putting her boots back on and waiting for him distantly to do the same to his shoes.

“I’m fine,” she lied.

Chapter End Notes

There it is. Hopefully the song lyrics weren't too distracting. I thought both of these tunes really fit Bill/Pennywise and Hermione. She's totally on to him now, so now it's a bit of a waiting game. When is he gonna slip up? Time will tell.
As always, leave comments, kudos, whatever... I <3 hearing from you all.
July 17th, 1989

Hermione’s bedside telephone rang at about two-thirty in the afternoon, its red vibrating handset catching the sun shining through her open window. The witch had been sitting in her armchair reading a book with Crookshanks sitting passively in her lap. Upon hearing the high-pitched trill, she immediately stood up to answer it. Her elderly orange cat had hopped off her lap just before she jumped up, intending to crawl under her bed and hide. In the meantime, she threw herself onto her bed to catch the call before it stopped ringing. Laying sprawled across the cushioned surface, she reached for the receiver.

“Hello?” she asked curiously, wondering who was on the other end.

“Detective Granger?” a deep tired voice questioned.

Falling into “work” mode, she confirmed, “Yes, this is she.”

“Great. This is Director Jamison Hughes. I know we have never talked or met, and sometimes that is a good thing, considering our line of work,” he tried to joke and Hermione laughed customarily.

“I can’t help but agree with you, sir,” she nodded, belatedly realizing he couldn’t see her make the motion on the other end of the phone.

Then, he was all business again, “Ah, well... I was informed about four more kidnappings while you were unavailable due to your organization’s request to report elsewhere. I wish to pass along the message that it was not your fault that they went missing. However, the reason I am calling is to inquire if there have been any more since you’ve returned,” Director Hughes asked patiently, sounding relieved yet tense at the same time.

“Oh course sir. There have not been any more kidnappings, but you were right to call for MACUSA’s Assistance. No human has been doing this,” she informed him cryptically, ensuring he knew the true nature of the case without revealing any more details.

After all, it was a magical case, and all No-Maj would need to be obliviated. Director Hughes would be obliviated after retiring from his post. Until then, he would have the knowledge that MACUSA existed should he need assistance on another case.

“I see. Well, in any case, I would prefer it if you could stay in Derry until the end of the summer… just to make sure there aren’t any more missing cases,” he supplied hopefully.

“Yes sir, I will do that. Thank you Director Hughes,” she was fine with his request.
“No. Thank you, Detective Granger,” he hung up, sounding like he would be sleeping better that night.

Hermione on the other hand, felt a lot more tired. Now she had a reminder that she was staying in Derry on borrowed time, and there wasn’t much Bill Gray, The Losers’ Club, or Pennywise, even with all his divine influence, could do about it.

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**July 18th, 1989**

Walking into the library during the evening was always a conflicting experience. It felt nice to Hermione because there were rarely many others in the building by that point other than a few hard working college students attending community college in the next town over and a few older people who usually came in to speak to the librarian.

However, coming in later in the day was also creepy. The dusty shelves seemed to grow taller throughout the day, throwing dark shadows in the dimness of the dusk skyline. It was also a bit too quiet for her taste. Usually, she needed some kind of background noise, a requirement likely picked up during her years studying in the bustling Hogwarts Library. Here, and now, there was nothing. There were times the witch swore she could hear the faucet dripping in the lavatory down the hallway. Other times, owls hooted or crickets chirped from outside, but they were a luxury not always present during her later visits.

Now, Hermione was traversing the shelves, already having turned her books in to the librarian who was in the middle of a conversation with another older woman. Gingerly, she trailed her finger through the dust, creating a line that showed where she’d already been. The witch leafed through various magazines for about an hour, trying to find some research on reading people that actually held some substance.

Mostly, the magazines told her about detecting one’s emotions by what color shirt they were wearing. Apparently red was the color used for manipulating people into lust. Linking that logic to Pennywise, and by extension, Bill, it made a bit too much sense. Shaking her head out of that useless drivel, she continued her search for worthwhile literature, having given up researching about lying. She grabbed a few books she’d heard people mention, but she hadn’t read herself. Absently, she stroked the spines of the tomes, getting to the end of the row.

A child’s laughter sounded from the next aisle, making her stop. There was a strict curfew set in place, and it was getting close to nine o’clock, two hours past curfew for the little child hiding behind the shelves. Hermione strode around the aisle to assist in helping the child find its parent who decided to break the rules, but there was no one there.

“*Hermione…*” a little girl whispered right behind her.

Heart in her throat, she turned around, only seeing the darkened library. She tried to control her breathing, remembering that it was most likely Pennywise playing a trick on her. It would make sense, she hadn’t seen the clown in a couple of days. Grimacing, she went back to browsing. Hermione kept her ears perks, listening for more phantom whispers in the darkness. After another minute, she heard another one.

*Hermione…*
The witch shuddered, feeling a cold draft down the back of her shirt. Slowly she turned around, rubbing her nape where she’d felt it the most. Once again, there was no one there. Jumping up and down to see over the stacks, she realized that there was no one anywhere. Nervous, she strode down the aisle, intending to check out from the desk, otherwise steal the novels if the librarian didn’t wander out of her little office to do so.

A low ghostly moan echoed up from the floorboards, rattling them where she stood and threatening to plunge her into the basement level. Hermione cringed, closing her eyes to will him to stop the madness.

*It’s not real. It’s not real. It’s not real. It’s not real. It’s not real.*

“Leave me alone, Pennywise,” she ordered and the noises stopped, leaving her in momentary silence.

“Who’s *Pennywise* ?” an amused voice asked right behind her.

Yelping, she turned around to see the man she’d been thinking about for the last few days. Clad in a dark shirt and jeans, he had his arms crossed expectantly, a playful grin lighting up his features. Meanwhile, Hermione was weirded out. *How does he always know where I am? Speak of the Devil and he shall appear, my arse! More like think of the Devil and he shall appear.*

“No one, just a saying… How do you always know where I am? It’s creepy,” she added accusingly.

However, he just laughed her off, “Maybe that just means we’re meant for each other if we somehow keep meeting by chance,” Bill explained.

Hermione rolled her eyes, remembering Professor Trelawney’s predictions of things “being meant to be.” *Whatever…*

“So what are you doing here anyway, especially this late?” she wondered aloud.

He blushed, reaching back to tensely scratch his head, “I… uhh… I could ask you the same thing, Hermione,” he deflected childishly.

Hermione held firm, silently telling him to start talking or they were going to have a lot less to say to each other. Bill sighed at her unyielding persistence, but finally relented after a moment.

“I was actually…” he mumbled the rest of his sentence awkwardly.

“What?” Hermione spat irritably, rubbing her eyes and not up for dealing with this so late.

Bill straightened himself confidently, staring her right in the eye, “I was actually looking for a book… for you,” he added before deflating to his tense defensive posture.

It was almost concerning how much she almost fell for his flattering answer. However, his behavior and stance was all wrong. Sure, he’d been caught in the act, but he was the one who startled her, not the other way around. In addition, he had not been looking for books, not in the library’s silent shelves. She would have at least heard a page flip, footsteps, or something. But no, she got childish whispers, groaning floors, and shuddering boards before hearing him so much as breathe behind her. Something wasn’t adding up.

Squinting at her boyfriend in the dark, she grabbed a random book off of the shelf next to her and flipped to a random page. Holding the book up to her face, she read the first line a few times, memorizing it. Breathing slowly, she handed the book over with the random page facing up.
“Not dead! He feared us so much—and within reason—that he caused himself to be represented as
dead, and had a grand mock-funeral.” -Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities

Hermione cleared her throat, “Can you read the first line on the page?”

“Yes,” he answered stiffly.

“Aloud,” she added exasperatedly.

Bill nodded, breathing out in a loud whoosh, “Not dee-ad… He fee-ahr-ed us so much—that he
cah-used him self to be represented as dee-ad, and had a grand mock-fun-er-all…” he blushed
confusedly, wondering what the hell he’d just read.

Hermione was perplexed. His reading was horrid, but she expected worse from Pennywise. So, she
supposed it was a point simultaneously against and for him and Pennywise being one in the same.
That is… if he answered her next question realistically.

Easing her stance to seem more relaxed, she took the book from him and placed it back on the shelf.
Lacing her smaller hand through his own, she began walking down the long aisle.

“Is English not your first language?” Bill blushed, but nodded in answer to her question.

“No, it’s not… Am I that obvious?” Hermione snickered, shaking her head.

“Only if you read aloud,” she answered, “What is your first language then?” she asked, getting to the
root of her inquiry. *This is it…*

Bill suddenly became tense again, pulling away from her slightly and loosening his grip on her hand,
“I… don’t know…”

Hermione leveled him with an ‘are you shitting me?’ look, “No! It’s true. I’ve never seen anyone
else but my family speak it. No one knows what it is!” he protested, looking anywhere else but at
her.

Staring at him determinedly, she stood on her tiptoes, grabbed his shoulders, and slung one leg up to
hold their lower halves together. Bill positively groaned when she did this, trailing her lips from his
chin to his right ear.

“Speak it, please,” she mumbled to him, resting her head on his shoulder while her thighs tightened
around his hip, aided by the large arm that held her bum.

“It’s embarrassing… It sounds strange to non-speakers…” he protested weakly, unsure how to get
himself out of this conversation.

Hermione sighed against him, noticing that he would continue digging himself into a hole with his
explanations, clearly the sign of a bad liar. She would know. She had to lie a lot during the war. It
was why she had that horrid reminder of her magical status on her forearm.

“Fine,” she muttered, feeling a bit bad for making him panic so much.

Getting down from him, she made her way over to check her books out from the suddenly present
librarian who glared at them like she’d just caught them having sex against the bookcases. Not in the
mood to be polite, she fumed silently until she finished, taking the books with a swift hand and
leaving the older woman’s presence as quickly and socially acceptable as she could.
Belatedly, she could feel Bill walking behind her, likely wanting an explanation for why she was acting the way she was. However, he was too nice to just ask. Hermione sighed, feeling bad for questioning everything. He had been nothing but nice since they’ve met. She shouldn’t be so suspicious, but if Pennywise was masquerading as her boyfriend, or had eaten him and simply taken his place, she deserved to know why. *Don’t I?*

★★★

The night was quiet, but she was grateful for the taller man’s presence. He was intimidating enough from a distance, so the petite witch felt safe around him when Derry’s low-life scum was on the prowl. Hermione shivered, feeling the cool breeze underneath her thin clothes. Bill wordlessly shrugged off his leather jacket and wrapped it around her. Murmuring her thanks, she immediately stepped closer to him.

The chirping insects and bats were silent. Only the wind and the rustling trees could be heard apart from their clacking footsteps along the concrete sidewalk. Hanging low in the sky, the full moon radiated supernatural light onto the empty streets, lengthening and thickening every shadow it couldn’t reach. Even here, Bill’s eyes shone brightly, but Hermione couldn’t tell if it was from the moon, or if he was creating his own light in his nocturnal-visioned orbs. Hermione grimaced, looking away from those twin beacons. They were so much like Pennywise’s.

When they got to her house, he followed her inside. She set their shoes by the door and moved to take Bill’s jacket off and give it back to him, but his hand came down and squeezed her shoulders, preventing her from taking it off. Craning her neck to look at his face, she nodded, seeing a pleading expression on his face. He let go of her and she walked passed the living room and into her kitchen, intending to make some hot chocolate. What could she say? Her period was coming in a couple of days and she was PMS-ing big time. Chocolate seemed to be her only relief. That or hot sex seemed to do it, but she was having a possible identity crisis where that was concerned, so chocolate it was.

Heating the water, she tapped her foot impatiently during the minute it took to do so. In the meantime, Bill grabbed out two mugs upon seeing the packets of hot chocolate mix. Hermione nodded gratefully at him, rubbing his hand where it lie on the counter across from her. When the microwave beeped, alerting her that the water was done, she grabbed the hot glass measuring cup out and began pouring the water into the cups containing the brown powder and mini marshmallows. With a spoon, she stirred both mugs, making sure the powder dispersed evenly. She stuck the spoon in her mouth, catching all of the sweet flavor on it.

Looking at Bill’s mug, she got an idea to apologize for her earlier confrontation. Making direct eye-contact with him, she unbuttoned her modest blouse and unclipped her lacy bra. His pupils dilated drastically, his irises seeming to be entirely black as he breathed heavily through his nose. With her breasts free and exposed, she leaned over one of the mugs and dipped a rosy bud into the brown mixture.

Squeezing and pulling once with an erotic moan, she felt and saw a warm spurt of liquid shoot into the drink. Suddenly, she was being pulled back, turned, and pressed back against the countertop. Bill looked positively feral as he held her down. He’d bitten his inner lip hard when she’d began disrobing, so his teeth were painted in his own blood. The teeth themselves were grit tightly, shown by his lips which here pulled back in a silent snarl. His nose was flared, sniffing the air his mouth refused to. Hermione shivered as he leaned over her, putting them face to face.
“What’s going on, love?” he whispered, gradually gaining control over himself, “You don’t usually act this way around me? Is this because I’m bad at reading?” he pouted at her.

Hermione could feel tears running down her face for no reason but his distress. She wasn’t outright crying, so she knew it was mostly due to her impending monthly ailment.

“No,” she affirmed, “I’m just… having ‘premenstrual blues’. I’ll be fine in a few days…” Bill blinked confusedly at her, her explanation going right over his head.

However, he did hear “blues”, so he figured it was an emotional issue. Nodding, he leaned down to clean the hot chocolate off of her nipple with his tongue. Rolling the erect bud between his lips, he gently suckled for a few gulps before switching to give the other one the same treatment. Bill could see that they were still much too sore to completely drain them again and this mild affliction she had seemed to have was making her tender.

Parting from her with a slick pop, he picked her up as she grabbed their mugs and walked into the living room. Settling themselves down on the couch, both sipped their drinks passively. Bill had lifted her feet into his lap and began massaging them with his free hand. When he’d drained the milky hot chocolate, he lapped at his lips, reaching to lay her down further.

Hermione had finished hers by then as well, and silently followed his request, laying fully on the couch and resting her head on her pillow.

Gingerly, he crawled around her and turned them so he was spooning her. Reaching down to rub underneath her comfy blouse, he quickly found the source of her affliction and smirked. It was because she wasn’t carrying that her body was angry with her. Hermione sighed sleepily when his warm fingers began rubbing into her ovaries. Her mild cramps left her and she fell asleep. Even after slumber claimed her, Pennywise kept his hands on her abdomen.

*Don’t worry doll, you’ll be pupped by next month, so your body will be satisfied.*

**July 19th, 1989**

Hermione woke up with a stiff neck, a byproduct of sleeping on the equally stiff couch. Bill’s arms held her snugly against his body, no surprise there, especially after he sent her to sleep by singlehandedly relieving her of her mounting cramps. Crawling out from under the sleeping man, she snuck upstairs to shower.

Standing under the scalding spray, she ignored the temperature, more focused on the Pennywise/Bill debacle she’d been stuck on since their kiss at the roller rink. If they were one and the same in the end, then that meant Bill Gray wasn’t real, and if he wasn’t real, than everything about him was a lie. She already knew Pennywise was obsessed with her, but why masquerade as a human and take her out on dates and sex her up at every turn. What was the difference from when he did that as the taller clown? Hell, they even looked alike. Granted, it was really only shown in the lower half of his face, but she only needed to paint Bill’s face white and red to see Pennywise’s face staring back at her.

*What is he playing at?*

Blood dripped from her nether region, signalling her period. Groaning, she nearly slammed her head into the shower wall. This meant exactly three days of pain-reliever, five days of pads, and a whole week of craving sweets. Grimacing, she rubbed her clit, easing herself to her knees and humping
against her hand. She came with a muffled moan, causing a dark clump of blood to fall out of her clenching opening. Hermione sighed, feeling slightly better. Thank god orgasming actually presses blood out... and it’s pleasurable.

Getting out of the shower, she dressed in simple sweats and went downstairs. However, Bill was gone. Shrugging, she went upstairs into her office and brought out her journal. It was her usual fail-safe against memory charms. Knowing that Pennywise could alter her mind, she scribbled a simple message and scrambled it in her special code.

*Bill Gray might be Pennywise (the kidnapper in Derry), be cautious...*

Chapter End Notes

Damn! Hermione is getting hostile towards him. Sorry to you gents reading this chapter. I tried to keep the period stuff to a minimum. However, I've already had Hermione lactating multiple times and no one protested. Oh well... Next, Hermione is reconciling again, so be ready for some more heart to heart chatting. I will likely have it up tomorrow, so stay tuned! As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing from you!
Pennywise was back in his lair, considering his little prospective mate. He had his black claws poised at his lips in a pyramid shape where they shredded through his white gloves. Breathing slowly through his nose, he caught the smell of raw sewage and feces in his nose, scrunching it up into a dignified flare. It was disgusting, but it was home.

No, he thought, Hermione was home, because home is where the heart is. Since he didn’t have a heart, Hermione’s was where his home was if he was going by the mortal saying. He looked up, seeing his tornado of bodies swirling and floating silently above him. This is my pantry. However, Pennywise tilted his large head, he hadn’t eaten anyone in a long time. Those gang members still filled his gut, and likely would for the next month or so. His pompomed foot tapped the filthy stained ground. It would be such a waste to let those tasty little children rot up there…

The only thing that stopped him from scaling the wall and yanking a body out of the fray to eat was how full he currently was. Hermione’s efforts to feed him were much appreciated. He devoured the packaged flesh within a few bites, but it usually left him feeling unfulfilled. Something seemed to be missing… That was, until he got a taste of her. Her lactating breasts gave him that extra little emotional fulfillment he required from his meals.

Because believe it or not, alligators, chicken, and cows had little more than fucking, eating, and sleeping on their minds. Well, you are what you eat… There wasn’t much emotion to leech from their meat, so it was relatively bland in flavor. Hermione’s milk tasted sweet like the love and caring feelings she often felt. He could taste her essence, her magic, everything that made her who she was… all in that creamy liquid. It made him hard and possessive, urging him to fully claim her so no other male could steal her endless reserve from him.

Usually, consuming such positive feelings made him sick, but when it came from her, it was better than any frightened child he’d ever eaten. She tasted like cinnamon, honey, sugar, and cherry blossoms all at once. A stab he usually associated with rain and thunder completed her flavor, making it the best he’d ever had. Pennywise didn’t even want to corrupt her anymore. He enjoyed her as she was… almost.

Her body had already accepted him, and was getting impatient with her mind’s resistance of him. When he’d felt her the previous day, he could feel that her womb would be ready to conceive soon
and was currently expelling its previous lining in preparation for him to finally breed her in the following month. The little witch’s heat would be upon her in about two weeks, the perfect time to make his move on her. Then, when she was fully mated and tied to him on his knot, he would suck on her mating bite as he seeded her, filling her with his clutch.

However, as much as he wanted to do this, it had to be by her consent, otherwise the frail courting bite wouldn’t become a permanent mating bite. Since the females of his species were much larger, they were the ones who picked their mates and chose to bear their young with the chosen male. Like them, Hermione had to make that choice despite the fact that he was the larger mate. And she likely wouldn’t want anything to do with him if she was beginning to mistrust him.

Now, as much as he hated to do it, he needed to give her a break for a few days. Time was a powerful ally to him. It made humans forget, and Hermione needed to forget for the time being. She wasn’t ready yet. Soon, but not now… The witch was too smart for her own good. She was noticing the similarities.

July 20th, 1989

Hermione was walking around Derry, taking in the warm midsummer’s air. She’d bumped into Seth, the slightly-older-than-her employee from the music store on Main Street. He mumbled his apologies before realizing who she was. However, when her whisky eyes met his, they lit up with immediate recognition. He asked if she was enjoying the CDs, and she replied that she was. Then, he proceeded to grab her hand within his rough calloused one and tell her that he got a raise from his boss because of her purchase. Hermione giggled, telling him that was great and that she might buy more from him in the future. Seth shook her hand gratefully and went on his way, his slick dark Mohawk and shiny earring glinting in the light as he wandered down the street, presumably heading to work.

Now, strolling along the old cracking sidewalk, she noticed a plethora of cars parked at Derry’s little synagogue. Curiously, the witch stepped up the worn stone stairs to see what was being celebrated, because she couldn’t believe that it was a usual service.

The crowd was thick and hard to see over, so she found a good vantage point near the back of the church. A young man with slick-backed hair tucked under a kippah stood in a gray suit and white sash in the center of the room, flanked by two older men in similar suits and white sashes. It was a bar mitzvah, but whose it was gave her pause.

“Stan?” she whispered under her breath, surprised yet glad to see one of her Losers turning a year older from being in Pennywise’s target range. She hadn’t recognized him at first under all those robes and hair gel.

Scanning the crowd, she noticed another familiar head of curls dressed up in a garish baby blue suit and white-ruffled collar. Only you, Richie… she almost giggled, but held her decorum in the audience’s silence. After all, it was Stanley’s birthday, not a time to draw attention to herself. He deserved to have all eyes on him. Richie didn’t notice her, his bored expression focused on his friend reading in Hebrew from the Torah. Hermione couldn’t understand him, and she didn’t think most of the audience could either. However, the witch could tell that the birthday boy wasn’t very invested in the scripture he was tonelessly reciting.

When he was done, he gripped the microphone that had been sitting in front of him while he read. Tugging harshly, he yanked the object from its stand, sending a mildly annoying ring from the
speakers. Stanley held it between his twitching hands, beginning to speak in hesitant phrases. The two older men backed off of him to give him room to speak.

“Umm… Reflecting on what I just read… I like what it says about indifference…”

He began rocking back and forth, coming closer and surveying his audience, “Well, when you’re a kid, you think the universe revolves around you… that you’ll always be protected and cared for… that you’ll have the same friends as when you were twelve…” Stanley looked at Richie pointedly, but the other boy looked down sheepishly.

Hermione sighed quietly. Clearly the two boys hadn’t made up yet. Well, she had Bill, Beverly, and Ben talking to her. That had to count for something. However, it would definitely be harder to get through to her more skittish friends. She turned back to Stan, who was making a point that was a bit too true.

“Then, one day, something bad happens and you realize that’s not true. You wake up, suddenly not caring about lives outside your own. Nothing going on outside your front door matters anymore…”

“Stanley…” his father whispered to him in warning. However, the boy ignored him.

“You separate yourself from anything that might matter to you… Neighbors, family, your friends… but when you’re alone as a kid, the monsters see you as weaker, and they start to come for you, and you don’t even know they’re getting closer until it’s too late, so they attack you before you find the truth about what’s happening… If any of you opened your eyes, if you really cared, you would see what we’re going through… I guess… indifference…” he gulped before continuing, “is a part of growing up…”

“Stanley…” his father whispered again, getting closer to his rebellious son.

“Becoming an adult isn’t about being able to vote, or being able to drink, or drive…” he bit scathingly.

His father moved to take Stan’s mic from him, but he stepped away, too stubborn to obey his father anymore. He suddenly saw Hermione leaning against the door frame, her hair backlit and shining like a goddess in the sunlight. They shared a look of understanding and affection. She gave him the courage to continue.

“Becoming an adult, according to the ‘Holy Scripture of…’” Stan’s father grabbed the cord to the microphone, stopping his son from walking away. However, he just continued where he stood.

“—Derry’, is learning not to give a shit!” the boy spat angrily at his audience, voicing his frustrations of the adults’ passivity around him. Dropping the microphone, an ear-piercing noise came from the microphone to fill the tense silence as Stan made his way past the shocked crowd, heading for the pleasantly-surprised witch.

Suddenly, he was barreling past her and out of the large wooden door, leaving his father behind to silently watch as his son renounced him. The crowd was silent, all except for Richie, who stood up to applaud his friend’s rebellion. Hermione couldn’t tell if it was genuine or not, but in that moment it didn’t matter. Stan, the boy who was the most scared by the events at the Neibolt House, just stood up for himself. Feeling like a proud parent, she left the church before the rest of the crowd recovered from their shock. Stan didn’t need her there, he’s got everything under control.

July 21st, 1989
Hermione sipped her afternoon tea, thinking back to Stanley’s speech the previous day. The warm Earl Gray flirted with her lip a moment as she paused. Drinking it slowly, she drained the cup of the brown liquid and set it aside. She set aside her book, feeling prompted to make a call from her bedside telephone.

Stan had clearly connected with her during his speech, telling her with his eyes that he forgave her and wanted to apologize for how he acted. Richie was not quite to that point, his stubbornness and sheepishness masking him hesitant to even keep eye contact with one of the boys who actually agreed with him. Sighing, she thought of the others with varying emotions.

She hadn’t seen hide nor hair of Mike or Eddie since the incident at the Neibolt House. The smaller boy’s situation worried her. Even though he hadn’t been injured thanks to her quick wand work and Pennywise’s fixation on her rather than Eddie, his mother’s Munchhausen Syndrome towards her son concerned her for a few different reasons.

If he was perfectly fine and she continued to shove multi-colored pills down his throat, then Eddie might end up actually sick or dead because of it. Hermione hoped the doctors at Derry’s hospital were actually remotely competent and saw that her friend was perfectly fine even when his mother was mentally ill. Who knows how long Eddie had been dealing with this issue? He seemed alright so maybe his mother had been giving him placebos in order to keep him under her fat thumb. However, if this was a recent development concerning real acting drugs, she needed to intervene for his sake.

Sitting up tensely against her bed pillows, she opened the drawer containing the small yellow phone book the witch had gotten from the grocery store. Flipping it open to the K’s,” she found the single “Kasprack” listed and punched the number into the red phone. Raising the handset to her ear, she waited for someone to pick up. The dial tone went on for about twenty seconds, each growing longer than the last. When Hermione almost gave up, the small voice of her friend piped up from the other side.

“Hello? Who is this?” he rattled off, barely giving her a chance to speak.

“Eddie, it’s Hermione—”

“Hermione? What are you calling for? My mom doesn’t want me talking to you guys anymore, especially you. She thinks you and Beverly wanted to do things to me…”

“What!” Hermione choked on air, disgusted at the very idea of making sexual advances on the thirteen-year-old boy, “Why the hell would she say that!?” she asked him concernedly.

Eddie gasped, realizing what he’d just revealed, “Don’t tell her I said that! She’s already scared of you—gah!” he must have dropped the handset because the witch could hear it clatter to the floor on the other end.

“Eddie? Are you okay?” she asked concernedly.

“Yeah, I’m fine… Just fine, totally good, no problems here,” he affirmed, sounding anything but what he told her.

“Eddie…” she said, her tone indicating that he saw through his poor lies.

“Seriously. I’m fine!” he spat back at her, not wanting to talk about what was bothering him.

Hermione sighed, already sensing that the energetic Eddie was going stir-crazy and had a little touch
of cabin-fever, likely from his horrid mother keeping him locked up inside their small house. Deciding to take another approach, Hermione prompted the younger boy.

“Alright, I just wanted to check on you. Maybe we could go get some ice cream or something at the diner? If you don’t want to do that, we could go talk at the park? Your mom could even chaperone us from a distance...” she acquiesced despite not wanting to be anywhere near Eddie’s mother. Seriously, if I become this horrible of a parent in the future, somebody please kill me... she prayed to any deity who would listen.

“Uhh... I can’t. My mom doesn’t want me to go anywhere with anyone,” Eddie replied, sounding put-out.

“She can’t keep you locked inside for the rest of the summer! That’s illegal,” Hermione informed him, and his answer sounded like he was on the verge of tears.

“I... I know...” the handset clicked in her ear, indicating he had already hung up.

Hermione set the handset back onto the receiver and rubbed her eyes, throwing herself face-down onto her pillows and screaming. Why the hell were those boys so stubborn, and why were their parents complete arseholes? Rolling over, Hermione fumed unsatisfactorily. While she didn’t agree with them, Eddie and Richie were allowed to make their own choices.

July 22nd, 1989

It seemed that Pennywise had raided her refrigerator again during the night. The clown had pilfered the meat she’d left for him and must have taken it back to his lair to eat. While the wrapped flesh had been meant for him anyway, his behavior made her curious because he hadn’t been crawling around her lately like she thought he would be. Since his eye had healed, he’d been rather distant in comparison to how he was when she only had one eye peering down at her.

In any case, she found herself outside of the butcher’s shop once again for the second time that week. A noise off to the side of the building made her pause and step over to peer into the alleyway. Mike Hanlon was setting his empty bike upright and getting ready to hop onto the old seat. Even though she didn’t know the other boy very well, she still wanted to make sure he was doing alright.

“Mike!” she yelled out, walking towards him.

The younger boy stopped, silently turning around to face her. Hermione gasped sadly at the new look in his eyes. She raised a hand to her mouth as she got closer. He had seen death. There was a stiffness to his brow and jaw, strengthened muscles from frowning so much. His normal chocolate-brown eyes were dulled, getting used to the sight of bloodshed. She supposed it was bound to happen. His family owned a farm where he delivered slaughtered meat to the butcher shop.

“Please...” she rasped to him, “Sit with me?” she asked, moving to unknowingly sit on the same bench Eddie had patched Henry’s cut on Ben.

Mike sat next to her, staring ahead at the old door with the chain on it, the same door he’d been afraid of since seeing the clown inside.

“You know,” she began morosely, “where I come from, there is a creature that only those who have seen death can see...” Mike looked over at her, intrigued by her recollection.
“What is it called?” he asked curiously.

Hermione smiled at his thirst for knowledge, “They’re called ‘thestrals’, and they look like horses with bat wings and bony forms with milky eyes…” she added, describing the complex creatures as best as she could.

Mike nodded, pensively staring back at the wall in front of him. There was a newer light in his eyes, a flicker of the brightness that had been there before. He was no longer fully numb with grief.

“I know how you feel, Mike… and it isn’t something that anyone should ever get used to,” she hugged him.

Letting go of him, she pulled back to wipe the few tears that the boy… No, the man, in front of her shed. He nodded at her in thanks and moved to head home. As he cycled away, she looked on with a melancholy and aged glance. The wind blew through the alleyway, ruffling her skirt and blowing her hair behind her. Her sun hat threatened to fly off of her head, but she held it stubbornly to her hair. When the boy was gone from her sight, she turned around to get more meat from the shop, not realizing that there was a certain clown painted onto the faded mural that had been there to see and hear the entire conversation.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is... Too bad Richie was too thick to notice her. Oh well, he had to act like this so the movie climax could happen. See you all for the next chapter, and as always, leave comments... please. :D

Also! We are about halfway through this story (give or take)! Yep, according to my outline, we are on page 10.5 out of 21 pages. XD
Hey Guys, I've got another one for you today!
Sorry that not much happens in this one, but I've got a big surprise in the next chapter. :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 23rd, 1989

Hermione had gone outside to check the mailbox for any letters from MACUSA or bills concerning her temporary house or its utilities. Pulling back the rusted metal lid, she peered inside, only to find nothing. Nodding firmly at her correct prediction, she shut the lid and moved to go back inside. However, before she was even at the top of her few steps, she noticed something that wasn’t there before. Laying on her welcome mat was a little red heart-shaped tin with a ticket taped across it. Gingerly, the witch picked it up and went inside, shutting the door behind her with her bum.

Curiously, she brought the small tin container over to her dining room table to examine it further. Peeling the ticket off of the box, she inspected it. The ticket itself was for Ghostbusters II, which was still being shown at Derry’s local Drive-In theater on the outskirts of the little town. Smiling, she decided she would go, even though she wasn’t completely sure of the sender. However, she did remember giving Bill her Ghostbusters shirt that night when there was that huge storm that knocked out the power. I still haven’t gotten that back, now that I think about it...

Popping the lid on the heart-shaped tin open, she removed it to see what was inside. Gasping harshly, she could see what was probably the largest blood-red garnet gemstone she’d ever been in such close proximity to. If it was genuine, the gem itself was worth thousands of dollars, and silver chain and garnish around the teardrop shaped jewel had to be another thousand at least. A little card was nestled underneath the lavish necklace and atop the cushioned blue bed it lay on. Picking up the card and being careful not to touch the actual necklace itself, Hermione remembered the incident involving Katie Bell and a cursed necklace in their sixth year, shuddering at the memory before she read the card.

Dear The Love of My Life,

This little trinket has been in my family for generations, and I wanted to give it to you, the only woman I have ever been in love with. Think of it as a promise that I will cherish you, as you are more valuable to me than a simple necklace. As our thirteen dates progress, I find myself falling deeper and deeper in love with you. I want you to be mine for all eternity, and I will wait at least that long for you to say yes. If you aren’t quite ready for such a big commitment, don’t mention this card. However, if you love me, wear the necklace to the movie, and I will know that you want to take that step in time.

Yours,
Tears welled in her eyes and fell in little streams down her cheeks. *Damn!* He was good, too good. The prat knew she was onto him and he was pulling out the big guns. However, if Bill was actually Bill and not Pennywise, she was going to feel horrible about making him go to such lengths to keep her. On the other hand, if this was all a part of Pennywise’s scheme to drive her completely insane, than it was working quite well. She didn’t know what to believe.

Suddenly, she giggled, reading the little endearment at the end of the card. “You Know Who” gave her a hilarious image of Lord Voldemort giving out celebratory gifts for those who defeated him. Well, it wasn’t so much as funny as it was ironic. The deceased scourge on the Wizarding World was rarely ever funny in her mind. Looking at the ticket, she noticed that the movie wouldn’t start until nine o’clock, which gave her about three hours until the movie started.

Hermione ran upstairs to go shower, starting the hot water and flipping on the shower function. Petite fingers scrubbed shampoo into her scalp, digging in deeply to break through the thick barrier of curly hair. Sighing, she tilted her head back into the scalding water to rinse out the suds. When her locks were limp and heavy with water, she squeezed the mass, and a flood of water came out, falling on the shower floor with a splash.

She did the same thing with her conditioner, smoothing out the curls until she could run her fingers through them unrestricted. Throwing her head back, she rinsed out the soggy brown mop on top of her head. Impishly, she pushed the hair out of her face and picked up the bar soap. Beginning at her neck, she scrubbed every inch of her skin, spending more time and effort on Pennywise’s and Bill’s respective fading bites. Honestly, did she just pick men who bit?

When she was done, her nerves were on fire. Pennywise’s bite tingled with want, and her core clenched, begging to be filled. The worst were her breasts. Having not been milked in days, they were very sore and leaked whenever she got up too suddenly. At this point, she couldn’t take it anymore. Hopping out of the shower, she washed her face in the sink before striding into her bedroom and then down the stairs. Hermione grabbed a few empty glass milk bottles and corks before running back upstairs.

Grabbing the two milk pumps she’d bought the other day and her wand, she went back into the bathroom. Setting everything down on the bath mat, the witch climbed back into the tub and turned the water back on, but neglected to turn the shower function on. As the tub filled with hot water, she mused that her shower never ran out of hot water no matter how long she was in there. Even now, she’d been in the shower for twenty minutes, but was filling up the tub immediately after and it was still delightfully scalding.

When the water came up just under her heaving and leaking breasts, she attached the pumps to her swollen nipples and the bottles to the pumps. They hung off of her, resting on her reclined stomach.

Murmuring a few spells, the inanimate objects got to work. She immediately felt pressure on her breasts and saw the little bottles starting to fill with her creamy white milk. Hermione moaned loudly at the dual sensations, spreading her legs and resting her twitching legs up over the side of the tub. Her hips thrust rapidly the water, splashing the water around in her eagerness to hump anything. The two objects emptied her, making her squeal her climax to the bathroom ceiling. Numbly, she shivered as aftershocks rippled through her limp body. Stepping out of the tub a moment later, she immediately unhooked the pumps from her satisfied mounds.

Hermione corked the bottles, intending to give them to Bill as a ‘thank you’ for the necklace she
would be wearing that night. Walking out into her bedroom, she put the pumps away into the small box under her bed where she kept her more depraved lingerie and toys.

Realizing she only had an hour and a half to get ready, she immediately went back into the bathroom to work on fixing her hair. Using a brush, she ran it through her hair and left it alone to air-dry, sensing that Bill likely preferred it down because he tended to play with it. Hermione looked in the mirror, noticing that her face looked fine apart from the little tell-tale flush from her recent activity.

Sighing, she ran into her bedroom to get dressed. Throwing on a simple dark set of panties and padded brassiere, she then had a bit of a dilemma in deciding what to wear on her date. It would be chilly, considering the usual nighttime breezes and extended time being outdoors for the evening, so she needed to think warmly.

Hermione pulled out some longer boots that went nearly to her knees as well as some gray leg warmers that went up to mid-thigh. Then, she slid on a knee-length red sleeveless dress, another of Bill’s choices. Lastly, she slid on a warm fuzzy black sweater that perfectly complimented the elegant necklace he’d gotten her. Brushing her teeth, she went downstairs, grabbed the large bag of popcorn she had sitting on the counter, her purse, her wand, and a couple of pillows and blankets to throw into her trunk and set up when she arrived.

★★★

By the time she got into the movie lot, situated the pillows and blankets, and began eating the popcorn, the movie was playing through its previews. Barely taking her eyes off of the screen, she moved to tune in the car’s radio station, but her hand was the second one that moved to do so. Hermione would have shrieked if Bill hadn’t silenced her by putting his free hand over her mouth. Looking over to him, she could see him smirking at her while he set the radio to the required station. Stealthily, he climbed into the passenger’s seat beside her, leaning over to press a chaste kiss to her lips.

“You came…” he murmured reverently against her ear.

“Yes, of course I did,” she answered, bringing his hand up to touch the necklace under her sweater.

His eyes twinkled with the stars shining above them, a beaming grin spreading across his features as he trailed his finger up from the large gem to her beating pulse. Then, he pulled her closer by her chin to kiss her more passionately. Once again, Hermione could taste caramel, buttered popcorn, but this time, there wasn’t the lingering flavor of blood underneath the two sweet flavors. Their tongues tangled as Bill brushed his nose with hers. When they finally parted a couple of minutes later, she breathed hotly against his neck.

“I… brought something for you too…” she gasped, still trying to catch her breath.

Reaching into her purse, she pulled out the two little bottles and handed them to him. Immediately, his eyes dialed into the liquid inside. They looked like they were on fire, burning with simultaneous lust and gratitude as they volleyed from her face to the milk inside. Wordlessly, he took them from her and put them inside his jacket, zipping them up inside so he wouldn’t lose them. Then, he shrugged off the jacket, revealing a worn woolly rust-colored sweater.
He looked perfect in it, though he looked perfect no matter what he wore, at least in her opinion. It wasn’t a turtleneck, so it showed off his Adam’s apple and collarbones. The sleeves seemed to be extra long, becoming baggy at his elbows and wrists while they bent. However, as his long arms reached over to pull her onto his lap, she figured that the sweater fit him perfectly. Hermione was actually impressed with how strong he was. She weighed in at about one-hundred-thirty pounds, and he was able to pick her up like she weighed nothing.

Now, sitting primly in his lap, she wrapped her arms around him, leaned into his shoulder, and settled down to watch the opening of the film. Meanwhile, Bill reached over to grab her pillow to cushion the side of the car where the other side of her body was leaning. Then, he draped the large blanket over them both and wrapped his arms around her underneath so she wouldn’t slide down his planking legs. However, his hands quickly found her arse where the dress’s skirt had ridden up and decided to hold her there instead.

“You’re incorrigible!” she muttered into his ear as he began massaging the two mounds.

“It’s in my nature, doll,” he replied offhandedly and Hermione stilled, hiding her shocked expression in his chest.

There was only one person who called her “doll”, and that person was Pennywise. The witch slowed her breathing, feeling lucky that Bill thought that she was just gasping in pleasure rather than in shock. Meanwhile, the disguised clown had his eyes glued to the screen, sitting in shock as he watched the baby carriage roll away from the curly-haired mother that was running after it. She looked like Hermione, but older, and it added a whole new level to his feelings towards what was happening. His back was as stiff as a board as he watched the child’s stroller weave through traffic and pedestrians. What if that happened to his witch and their child? He couldn’t watch.

“Huh, I know where that is,” Hermione commented.

“What?” Bill’s head snapped to hers in shock.

“Yeah,” she giggled, “My job keeps me mainly in New York, but it sent me here. All in all, I know the streets pretty well,” she explained.

Pennywise hugged her closer, not wanting her to traverse back to that horrid dangerous-looking human city, “Does pink stuff really come out of the sidewalks? ... and try to steal children? He wanted to add, but it was all in his inflection.

Hermione laughed, patting his chest, “No, you numpty! It’s just a part of the movie,” she grinned at his visible relief.

★★★

The rest of the movie went by pretty smoothly, Bill behaved himself and didn’t touch Hermione anymore than he had at the start. She even nodded off for a few minutes, being lulled to sleep by his gentle rubbing on her back. However, there were a few little things that didn’t quite sit well with her.

About halfway through, Bill got up to get some snacks and then came back. What bothered her about all that was what she saw while he was coming back to the car. She saw him walking over to her, but his eyes shined reflectively in the dark, not unlike a cat’s eyes. They reminded her of the clown’s amber orbs, glinting in the dark of the Neibolt House basement as he crawled down the
When he climbed back in with her, he was sipping a red liquid that smelled like iron. Hermione could have sworn it was fruit punch, but it reeked of blood.

Finally, she looked over at him during a funny part of the movie, and he was eerily blank-faced. Looking around, she noticed the whole lot was rolling with laughter, all except for her boyfriend, who was looking very bored. Her mind flashed back to that uncouth horror porno and an identical expression painted on the Pennywise’s face.

Suddenly, he looked at her nervously, and she couldn’t remember anything about connecting the dashing dark-haired man with the seven-foot snarling monster who had been eating children since the dawn of humanity. Staring into the flaring amber beacons, she forgot herself in the fog that surrounded her mind and ensnared her senses. Numbly, she could feel his plump lips on hers and she closed her eyes, getting caught in the spellbinding sensation of his mind manipulation. When she separated from him, they grinned at each other, satisfied for different reasons.

As the credits rolled, Bill hopped out of her car, but leaned back in to give her a gentle and chaste goodbye kiss. Then, he turned and walked into the woods surrounding the Drive-In, never to be seen for the rest of the night. Upon his departure, the hazy feeling around Hermione’s mind dispersed, and she could think straight, but even then, she could feel something missing. Shrugging with a sigh, she hoped it would come to her soon.

★★★

Pennywise moaned as he guzzled the white liquid from the first bottle, messily trying to get his dexterous black tongue into the glass to lap up the remaining drops that remained behind. When it was empty, he howled his frustration to the tunnels, throwing the glass against the wall to shatter into a million tiny pieces and fall to the sewer floor like freshly glinting snow. Breathing heavily, he seethed, his eyes searching for thing to take his rage out on.

As if sensing his mood, the rats scattered to their little hidey-holes where they couldn’t easily be found with little skitters and scratches along the ground. Black clawed toes tapped the puddles around him impatiently, sending little ripples through them as he tried to calm his rage. Similar black clawed fingers ran through his dirty red hair, unconsciously wishing Hermione would make it smooth and fluffy again. Looking over to his trailer, and the other little bottle that lie inside, he considered his options concerning the woman it came from.

Only one bottle remained, so he would have to make it count. It positively burned him from the inside out that he couldn’t fully have Hermione where they stood now. He couldn’t approach her when she didn’t fully trust him as Pennywise the Dancing Clown, and now his Bill Gray persona was failing him as well.

The necklace had done nothing but make her more unsure of him, either of them. It had been a poor impulsive move on his part, but it was the most humanly-valuable thing he had tucked away in the sewers. Who deserved to wear it more than his little mate? Seeing the red and silver against her black dress made her look even more beautiful than she already was to him, a true gem for him to treasure for all eternity. No part of his little message was a lie, and he’d been painfully aware that she hadn’t immediately said yes to his commitment. However, the fact that she still wore the necklace told him that she was considering him, but was still very concerned about what was right to her little human mind rather than what the both of them really wanted.
If he pushed her now, she would leave, and if he forced her to stay by threatening to kill more children, or her little Losers’ Club, then that would open a whole new can of worms he really didn’t want to think about. He didn’t want to fog her mind, but she was still trying to figure him out. His plans concerning her weren’t working because his clever girl didn’t trust his human persona anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. Hermione's brilliant mind was foiled again by Pennywise's manipulation. I hope this one wasn't too boring for you all. I assure you that the next one will be more exciting. As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. They really help me with adding or getting rid of things as I quickly get out more and more chapters.
Visitors

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry for the long wait. I was pretty bust yesterday and had little time to write, so without further ado, enjoy this chapter. I have a feeling you're going to like it! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 24th, 1989

Taking a sip from her midday cup of coffee, she watched a random program play out on the television. Something felt off, but not necessarily in a bad way. It just seemed like something potentially bad was coming, but this thing also had the potential to be something good. The bittersweet liquid traveled down her throat, rendering her more awake as she got up to get dressed in her room. Hermione made light steps, careful not to spill her drink as she went up the steps. When she walked into her room, she set the cup down and went over to pull out a pair of jean shorts, a black tank top, a long button down shirt, and underwear.

After disrobing out of her pajamas, she quickly slid the garments on, wary that Pennywise would happen upon her in that state of undress. Looking in the mirror, she nodded in satisfaction at her outfit, smoothing out the dress shirt’s wrinkles and rolling the sleeves up to her elbows much like what Bill did with his when he wore them. Then again, she doubted any of his shirts had purple pinstripe designs. Checking her reflection once more, she hummed, striding out of the room, intending to go wash the dishes from her meager breakfast.

As Hermione got about halfway down the stairs, the doorbell rang. Thinking it was Bill Gray, she sighed, not really feeling up to seeing him for some unknown reason. When she tried to figure out that reason, her mind fogged, urging her to think about other things… like the doorbell which was ringing for the second time. An unladylike grunt growled its way up her throat as she threw her head back and slowly wandered over to the door. However, a glance at the visitors through the peephole made her fling open the door in both surprise and excitement garnished with a twinge of fear.

“Hermione!” the group yelled in unison upon seeing her standing there on the other side of the abruptly opened door.

“What are you all doing here?” the tone in her voice contrasting drastically with the smile on her face, “Please! Come in,” Hermione jumped aside, quickly ushering them inside so a certain someone didn’t see them entering her home.

Ginny Potter beamed with the glow of a new mother, “We missed you, and MACUSA be damned, but we were going to see you whether they like it or not!”

Harry Potter, the real Harry Potter, stepped forward with a smile, holding his red-haired wife’s unoccupied arm while her other held a blanketed bundle that the panicking witch wanted to immediately protect with her life. Then came the awkwardness. Ronald Weasley tried to shuffle past her sheepishly, dragging his tittering girlfriend, Lavender Brown, behind her while the blonde was clearly not getting the message. She immediately enveloped her into a heavily-perfumed hug, making
the other woman expel a sneeze that sounded way too much like a kitten’s mew for her taste. After recovering from the sudden assault, she slammed the door shut behind them and brought her wand out from her nearby purse to heavily ward the entire building. When that was done, she immediately threw her arms around her friends, being careful to not suffocate the sleeping baby in Ginny’s arms. “How are you all? How’s parenthood?” she teased Harry and Ginny more so than Ron and Lavender.

“Tiring!” Harry burst while Ginny glared, “What?! I haven’t slept fully since that boy was born. I gotta say, he’s got your lungs, Gin—” he ducked out of the way of her swinging arm, leading it to hit her brother who squawked in indignation, and making everyone laugh.

“We’re all fine!” Lavender beamed at her, “but it’s you who we were really wondering about,” Hermione smiled at her, turning to look at each person in the room with grateful eyes. They came all this way, across the ocean, to see her. Just when she’d thought they’d forgotten about her, they actually came to visit… while she was on probably the most taxing and dangerous mission she’d ever been on.

“I’m so glad to see all of you… but what are you doing here? No one else is supposed to know where I am,” Hermione smiled shyly at the group, having an inkling as to how they got her location… “It was Enoch, wasn’t it?”

“‘Sang just like a ickle birdie. Didn’t he, Ron?” Harry elbowed the red-haired man’s rib cage with humor.

Ron winced, but smirked in return, “It was too easy. He’s worse than Neville was in First-Year. ‘Even told us your address.”

The whole group laughed at that, “So what did you do? March up to Enoch and President Vesta and demand to know where I was stationed?” Harry shrugged and Ron nodded while the other women denied everything.

“They caught him coming out of a New York pub, drunk as a green-haired skunk,” Ginny laughed, remembering the tipsy detective and his slurred utterance of the town of “Derry, Maine”. Hermione nodded. Their story made sense because she knew her other friend got a bit loose-lipped after consuming enough liquor.

“So how are you doing, Hermione?” Lavender piped up, noticing the other woman’s unease due to her enhanced senses as a half-werewolf.

“I…” she began, feeling guilty as she saw concern creeping into their expressions, “I’m alright,” she stopped and sighed, continuing, “But this case is unlike anything I’ve ever seen…”

Hermione rubbed her hands to stop herself from fidgeting under their weighted stares, “It’s not that I don’t have all of the pieces, I do!” she exclaimed, before setting back down, grateful she didn’t wake little James Sirius, “They’re just not clicking, like someone re-cut a few of the pieces so they don’t fit correctly into the whole picture… How much do you know about this assignment?” she wondered aloud somberly, looking over at her slumbering godson in his little carrier with mounting worry for her friends’ mental state if they knew absolutely anything about this particular case.

“We know about the missing children, but that’s all we got out of Enoch before he became entirely incoherent,” Harry murmured, understanding why Hermione was tense.

The brunette witch smirked wryly, “So then you realize how utterly stupid you are for bringing a
two-month-old infant here while there is a child kidnapper on the loose?” Harry and Ron raised their hands up in agreement.

“Thank you! Somebody gets it!” the nervous father griped to his stubborn wife who only glared at him from the other side of the couch.

“Yeah, Gin. How many times did Mum offer to take him while we came here? If she knew about Hermione’s case, she’d have rather died than let James come along,” Ron scoffed, taking Harry’s side like he usually did during times like these.

“Boys! You worry too much… I mean… We have two aurors, a half-werewolf, a freelance detective, and an overprotective mother with a mean bat-bogey hex on our side. I think James is the safest child in this town right now,” Lavender leaned back in her seat, confident that everything would be fine.

For once, Hermione had to agree with her. The other woman’s cool-headed positivity was infectious, spreading throughout her body as she sunk back into her own seat.

“I agree,” she sat up slightly, turning to face her friends, “He will be perfectly safe while you’re here… Speaking of which… How long are you going to be here? I have a guest room upstairs and we can transfigure the couch here to fit all six of us in this house so you don’t have to pay for a ruddy hotel room,” the witch offered, wanting to keep a close eye on them in case Pennywise came snooping.

“Oh! Right,” Harry jumped at the question, “Well, we’re only staying until Friday, the 28th, I think?” he trailed off, looking to Ginny who nodded at him in confirmation.

Hermione grinned at the four wizards, “Then it’s a good thing I went shopping the other day! It’s been so long since I’ve eaten with more than one person at a time, and bloody hell, I’ve missed it!” they all laughed at that, “But before I show you around Derry…” she stopped, looking at the cute little brown eyes blinking up at her fascinatingly from the carrier, “I want to hold my little godson!” she beamed, reaching her hands out to the smiling baby who spontaneously began to wave his arms in her direction.

★★★

Hermione’s default tour guide service was rather short-lived, just because there wasn’t much for her to point out. That, and she had to drive Harry and Ginny’s rental van since there were only two seats in her MG.

“Well, there’s the Standpike off to your left, and then we have the only diner in this town off to your right. Oh, and then of course we have a oak tree, and ooh, look! There’s another one!”

It went mostly like that, even with Ron and Harry jokingly sounding absolutely interested in the seemingly infinite amount of trees in Derry, at least until they got to Main Street and the witch rattled off the names of each store as they passed them. She pointed out the music store, the library, the butcher’s shop, the pharmacy, and the roller rink among Derry’s other “highlights”. Hermione could tell that her friends were shocked to see that Derry was such a quiet little town despite such a high body count. However, she didn’t fault them for it. After all, the thought much of the same at first, remembering how she defended Beverly from the now-deceased Patrick Hockstetter about a month-and-a-half ago.
After circling around and eating dinner at the diner, the group made their way back to Hermione’s house to set up sleeping arrangements for the next four nights. When she walked in the door, her wand was raised defensively as she secretly wove more wards into the house’s framework. Then, as the others brought their luggage inside, she was the perfect host, not indicating that her friends could be in any possible danger. They couldn’t think she was in over her head. Otherwise she would have all sorts of people besides her well-intending friends breathing down her neck, and that would certainly set the Eldritch off on a major spree even if she tried to stop him.

“Okay, now that we have all your luggage in the front room, I propose that Harry and Ginny take the upstairs guest room. That way, you can set up James’s crib and not have to take it down each day so we can walk through the living room,” Hermione spoke logically and everyone nodded.

“Great idea, ‘Mione,” Harry smiled easily, grabbing all of the bags he could and went upstairs.

Ginny, doing the same thing, turned back to her, “Hey, do you mind bringing James up? He really seems to like you, but he’s up past his bedtime… Do you think you could…?” she trailed off, but Hermione nodded in understanding, picking up the bundle containing the wide-eyed infant and holding him to her chest.

Giggling, she placed a lock of her hair in his palm and he immediately grabbed it, waving his arms around happily as she walked up the stairs to return him to his parents. James, or as Hermione took to calling him, “Jamie,” parted from her reluctantly, craning his little head to watch her help Harry and Ginny unpack from the barred confines of his crib. However, he didn’t watch her for long because the excitement of the day finally washed over him and he fell asleep sucking on his fingers before Hermione even left the room.

Going downstairs, the witch helped Lavender and Ron transfigure her living room couch into a proper bed with pillows, sheets, and extra blankets from her linen closet upstairs. Nodding, she left them to unpack, feeling awkward about them staying with her already. About halfway to her room, she stepped into her office and leaned against the closed door. Breathing out long and slowly, she brought herself back to the present.

That was seven years ago. It was a relationship that didn’t last for good reasons. He wanted children immediately, and I wanted to go to work and help people. We’ve both clearly moved on with our lives, so there is no reason to feel this way despite the fact that I’m put in the situation where my second-best friend and ex brought his girlfriend over to visit me. Oh god! I still remember seeing her cry after Ron told the entire audience of professors and us that he chose me. I was horrible! We were all horrible to each other! Merlin, help me not feel so bloody guilty for what happened so long ago!

Sighing loudly again, Hermione quietly stepped out of the small office and walked into her own room, closing the door behind her with a light ‘click.’ Turning the light on, she strode over to her wardrobe, intending to pull out a pair of her nicer yet modest pajamas considering she was going to be among company for the next few days. However, the witch was stopped in her tracks by the small yet sharp tap of a pebble hitting her closed window. Its curtains hung ominously, obscuring what lie on the other side. She gulped, slowly walking over to investigate the noise, hoping the source wasn’t what she thought it was.

Throwing aside the navy blue fabric, she was met with the image of Pennywise crouching on her porch roof, which would have been kind of funny under different circumstances. Here, she had people to protect, and so wouldn’t make the decision to allow the sewer-dwelling clown to breach her wards and attack her friends. So, he only saw her eyes widen a fraction in surprise before the curtains were shut on him.
Panicking, Hermione set up a silencing charm around her room just so her friends wouldn’t hear her freaking out two rooms over. Minutely, her ears perked, listening for any noises that signaled Pennywise’s approach. After a few minutes of tense silence, she went back to her task of picking out pajamas. Suddenly, her bedside phone rang shrilly, and she was immensely glad she set up a silencing charm. Harry and Ginny would kill her if she woke up James. Jumping onto her bed to get to the phone, she answered hesitantly.

“Hello?”

“I’ll assume by ignoring me, you’re playing ‘hard-to-get’, but doll, I’m already as ‘hard’ as I can ‘get’!” Pennywise belted out his signature slew of laughter and Hermione immediately hung up, not wanting to deal with the clown that night.

However, he seemed to have other ideas. When she strode back over to undress and put her dirty clothes in the hamper, the witch got to enjoy blissful silence for all of thirty seconds until Pennywise struck again. Just when she got her shirt off, the entire phone began vibrating on her nightstand. It shook and shuddered until the whole handset and receiver fell to the floor with a muffled ring. Gasping, she watched as dark red blood began pooling from the phone. Hermione stepped backwards slowly, unsure what else to do but let the clown’s tantrum play out. She yelped loudly when a hand thrust its way out of the crimson puddle, reaching for her with its claws.

The witch shuddered worriedly as the crimson mess began to take shape before her wide whisky eyes. A few seconds later, the plague on her mind as of late stood before her with a grinning expression that was full of malice. Practically jumping on her scantily-clad body, Pennywise pulled her into a hug that lifted her feet from the ground. Hermione dangled in his tight grip, gradually losing the ability to breathe. She barely caught his delusional rumblings.

“...too many smells… ignoring me… mine…” he mumbled and she squirmed as his snakelike tongue played with her ear.

He growled angrily as she tried to break free of his grasp, keeping her in his arms as he bit down hard on his near-faded mark to keep her still. Hermione cried out as her body fell limp, panicking at the new reaction as well as her vulnerability around the Eldritch. When she fell silent, he comfortingly lapped at the bloody mark to praise her for her compliance.

Meanwhile, Pennywise was ecstatic. Her body was obeying him, sensing that he was her mate as well as the dominant partner in their relationship. A guttural purr left his painted lips as he moved to lick up her pained tears, rubbing her supple bum with his free hand before kissing her. As always, she tasted divine, better than anything he’d ever tasted.

Hermione could taste her own blood, which wasn’t inherently bad, because it was still her own rather than someone else’s, but it still wasn’t an overly pleasant experience. Although, she was much too tired and relaxed to care a whole lot about the specifics. On the other hand, her mind wandered away from the immediate situation as it too often did for her taste. Perhaps he is just intimidated by Harry and the others coming and staying here. They are new in his territory and this might just be his barbaric way of “marking his territory” where I’m concerned… Her suspicions were confirmed when he suddenly threw her on the bed and crawled over her, spreading her legs and wrapping them around his waist.

“Do you have a thing for red hair, Hermione ?” he glared down at her, rubbing his arms along her exposed skin, likely scenting her with his horrid sewer stench. The witch wrinkled her nose disgustedly, I guess I’ll need to bathe him again, and myself… and everything he touches… three times over.
“I… guess so… But what does that have to do with anything?” she muttered, leaving Bill out if the mix, because that would put the handsome man in danger of facing the clown’s supernatural wrath.

“Well, little doll,” he settled on top of her as if she was his favorite cushion before continuing, “As you know, the bossy female and the leader male are mated, and have a little happy male larvae that wants you to be his…” Pennywise trailed off to growl at the bedroom door, before turning back to Hermione’s incredulous expression.

“He’s two months old, you prat!” she slapped his arm, and he immediately held her arms down with his own.

“None of them are threats to me!” he hissed at her objection.

“Well… you’re right,” Hermione snapped at him, “Ron is with Lavend—” he cut her off with a scoff.

“That wouldn’t stop you if you wanted him! But I will! You can be sure of that, doll!” he gripped her tighter, “Let the annoying one be with the smelly beast.”

Hermione stared blankly at his perfect rendition of the pot calling the kettle “black.” Does he honestly not realize that he smells a lot worse than Lavender? At least she covers up the faint wolf smell with admittedly overwhelming perfume… She turned back into the clown’s rant with a grain of salt for his admittedly useless threats.

“You’re so much stronger than them, than her …. But you’re not getting away… no, no, no… You can’t escape ole’ Pennywise…” he murmured against her neck between little licks.

“I can’t…” she whispered to the mumbling clown, gripping his arms, “…nor do I want to,” he narrowed his eyes at her, expecting her to trick him into letting her up.

However, he eased his grip on her, giving her the opportunity she needed to grab her wand from under her pillow where she’d placed it before she’d picked out her pajamas. Hermione kept eye-contact with the supernatural clown, magically changing into the modest sleepwear. Leveling a wink at the male above her, she shuffled under the covers and turned onto her side, making to fall asleep despite the entity above her.

She smirked, feeling Pennywise take the hint and throw the covers over himself. Once again, he spooned her, molding himself to her back and wrapping his gangling ruffled arm around her to rub her stomach. His trilling purr sent her off to sleep with little difficulty, and he remained vigilantly awake, wary of the new intruders into his mate’s domain.

Chapter End Notes

Welp there it is! We've got some new developments going on here. Hermione's anxious, Pennywise is territorial, and the Golden Trio plus Lavender is back together! I loved writing little James and Hermione's interactions. I even had to google stuff about babies so his behavior was accurate, lol! Seriously, the things I research for this story... ;P
Hey guys, sorry for the delay. I meant to get this up sooner, but alas, I was busy once again. Luckily, I will have more time to write now. So, without further ado, enjoy Chapter 47! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 25th, 1989

Hermione woke up alone, but the spot beside her was still warm, which meant that Pennywise had only just left her side. Blinking, she curled up further, not wanting to face the sun’s morning rays coming in through her navy blue curtains. However, her eyes snapped open when the witch caught the smell of breakfast being cooked downstairs. Oh! What kind of host am I?

Rocketing out of bed, she shuffled out of her pajamas, tossing them into the hamper near the bathroom with a backhanded throw. Hermione delved into her wardrobe, finding a random pair of shorts and a tee-shirt to go with them. She finished the outfit by sliding on a pair of sandals and throwing her bed head into a long braid. Then, she sped down the stairs only to see Ron and Lavender still asleep on their makeshift bed, thankfully clothed and on opposite sides of the bed. Tiptoeing past them, she wandered into the kitchen, only for the quiet murmuring to suddenly amplify into normal talking.

“Huh,” she vocalized surprisedly, having forgotten what it was like to live among wizards who could use silencing charms so handily.

“G’mornin’ ‘Mione,” Harry mumbled from his spot at the kitchen table as he peered at her through sleepy yet well-rested eyes.

“Hey, Harry,” she smirked at his even worse bed head, not that it was any better during the day, “Did you sleep well?”

The man nodded enthusiastically, “It was about bloody time!” he exclaimed, leveling a grateful look over at James who laid in his small playpen, playing with the little mobile that hung above him, “He slept like a rock. When I woke this morning to the sun shining, I thought someone came in and took him. I’m going mad, right?”

Hermione laughed without humor, “Not at all… How’s it going Ginny?” she looked away from her best friend to see his wife working hard in the kitchen, resembling her mother in so many ways.

“It took me a few minutes to figure out these muggle contraptions, Dad would have a field day, I tell you… But I should have breakfast ready soon… I hope you don’t mind if I helped myself to your food!” she blushed, realizing she hadn’t exactly asked for permission.

“No! I don’t mind at all! In fact, I was planning on making breakfast anyway. Thank you, Ginny,” Hermione explained, placating the poor woman who was actually helping her, “Do you need any
help, with food, or with James?”

Ginny stared off into space for a minute, wondering if she could do everything by herself or not, “Umm… If you want to feed him his breakfast, you can. I put it in the fridge if you just want to heat it up… Oh!” she yelped, realizing that something on the stove was close to burning.

Hermione nodded behind her, taking the little bottle out of the cold fridge and heating it with her wand. Then, she tested the temperature on her wrist before walking over to the red playpen. When James saw her, he made a burbling squeal and waved his arms at her, flashing his gummy smile which wouldn’t start getting teeth for about four months.

“Hi, Jamie! I heard you were being a good little boy for your mummy and daddy, weren’t you?” she gushed at him, his joy infectious to her own mood as she picked him up and held him in her arms, supporting his neck with her arm.

Sitting down next to Harry, she baited James with the bottle’s nipple and he immediately latched on, sucking to his heart’s content as Hermione wrapped him in the blanket that hung on the empty chair next to her.

“So…” Ginny began, taking a moment to look back at her, “How are you doing with Ron dating Lavender?”

Hermione’s head snapped up to look her red-haired friend in the eyes, “I’m… weirdly okay with it…” she shrugged, but the other woman’s eyes squinted at her, trying to decipher something about her.

“You’re so good with James. Do you think you’d want kids if you met the right guy?” Hermione blushed loudly at her question, looking anywhere but at her.

“Uhh… Yes, of course! I’m fine with my career, but I just travel so much…” she trailed off.

“Take over Harry! We seem to suddenly need some girl time,” Ginny suddenly ordered with a devilish smirk, making the other two occupants at the table nervous for different reasons.

“But what if I burn something?” Harry protested as Hermione reluctantly handed James over to his father who stood up to tend to the multiple cooking foods in the kitchen.

“This is more important, Harry James Potter!” she spat at his weak protest, virtually stomping it into the ground and dancing on its ashes.

Suddenly, Hermione felt herself being pulled downstairs speedily into the darkened basement. She could feel the air numbing under Ginny’s murmured silencing charm, and she felt a bit better in the event that Pennywise was lurking around them in one of the shadowed corners of the wide open yet cluttered space. She really didn’t need him overhearing this particular conversation.

“Spill,” Ginny ordered her friend, crossing her arms over her chest and looking so much like a younger version of Molly Weasley that it made her more nervous than she already was.

Of course, she couldn’t truly lie to the red-haired witch, so she decided to go with the truth, “I’ve…” she sighed before continuing, “I’ve met someone.”

Ginny’s hands were suddenly clamped down on her shoulder blades with an iron grip and shook her back and forth for at least ten long seconds. When the other woman was calm from her mini fit, she screeched like a happy pterodactyl.
“Ahh! Hermione! I. Need. Details!” she immediately let the curly-haired woman go as she clasped her hands together in front of her face to stop herself from making any noise as well as stop her hands from fidgeting.

“Right! Umm… Well… We’ve been dating for about a month and a ha—” Ginny cut her off suddenly.

“No! I mean… What is his name? Age? Anything about the bloke!?” she giggled before resuming her previous posture.

“His name is Bill, Bill Gray. I’d say he’s about my age, but I never really asked. Honestly, he’s probably older than me. He has an odd obsession with drinking fruit punch, but I guess I’m the same about coffee…” she trailed off, noticing her calculating expression.

“You’re in love with him.”

“I…” she stopped, realizing that Ginny was right, “Yes… I am,” the other witch nodded.

“Then, I must meet this Bill Gray before we leave, just to make sure he’s alright for our Hermione Granger… Hmm, Hermione Gray, kinda has a nice ring to it, doesn’t it?”

The curly-haired witch blushed loudly, scratching her head shyly, “Yes…”

Suddenly, she stopped. Thinking it over in her head, she realized that she had absolutely no way to contact him. There was also the matter of him being able to call her without him even getting her phone number. Even more importantly, he always found her no matter where she was, and Hermione had a feeling it wasn’t at all by chance.

★★★

Once Ron and Lavender joined them for breakfast, the rest of the day went pretty smoothly apart from the various glances Ginny sent both her way, and at every twenty-something-year-old man that passed them on their walk through Main Street. Luckily, she was able to avoid her looks by busying herself with pushing James in his baby carriage. Its top was mostly down, but the little boy could still see “Auntie ‘Mione” from his spot in the shade.

To her delight, and everyone else’s confusion, he was still just as enamored with her as he’d been the previous day. The witch thought it was because of her hair, and it made sense, considering how much he enjoyed playing with it while laying in her arms. However, he was all smiles whenever she was in his sights. Even when being held by Ron or Lavender, he still sought her out, perusing his cute light brown eyes, around the room or scenery until he found her.

Harry and Ginny walked ahead of them, leading the rest of their group’s way into the shops. Lavender and Ron lingered behind, too caught up in each other to fully follow along at their pace. Hermione almost snorted when she could hear an exclamation of “Won-won!” behind her. Speeding up, she pulled the stroller over under a shady tree while the other four went into one of the shops with too narrow of a door to fit the stroller through. Looking down at him, she immediately caught his undivided attention.

“Hi, Jamie!” she beamed when he burbled a noise in response, sucking on his fist and drooling all over himself, “Here, let me get that for you,” she dabbed at his chin with the small towel in the side
Hermione laughed when he grabbed onto her fingers and tried to pull them to his mouth, “No, no, Jamie. I don’t need you drooling on me too. I get that enough from my other boyfriend…” she sighed when the two-month-old infant just ignored her, sucking on her thankfully-clean fingers.

Suddenly, his eyes widened fearfully, taking in the sight of something behind her. A little whimper escaped around her fingers as Hermione’s head whipped around to tell off whoever or whatever was scaring her godson. However, when she looked, there was no one there. How odd… I could have sworn I’d felt something… she sighed again, turning back to her godson to comfort him. Luckily, he hadn’t started crying yet, so that was a plus in her opinion.

“Did that mean old clown scare you, Jamie? He’s not very nice, is he?” she rubbed his little rosy cheeks and flipped his shirt up to blow a raspberry into his tummy, which made him squeal happily.

“Is that my baby?” Ginny ran out of the store happily upon hearing her son’s loud noise, the others following behind at a slower pace and carrying a few small bags.

“Yes it is, and he’s been keeping me company with all sorts of noises like that,” James burbled in agreement, making Ginny coo at him.

“Seriously, tell me your secret, baby-whisperer. First, he immediately takes a liking to you, then he actually sleeps through the night for the first time. Now, he’s talking to you! I’m jealous,” she pouted, making Hermione feel horrible.

“Ginny, I mean it when I say this, but I have done nothing different than what I would have done for any baby. Of course he will love you the most, you have the food. I had nothing to do with making him sleep through the night, but I’m flattered you think so,” Hermione voiced, holding Ginny’s shoulders like how she did earlier.

“Besides, the one who needs to worry about me replacing them is Harry,” both women giggled at that, looking over to Harry who’d been in the middle of eating a donut and had crumbs and frosting all over his face. When they turned to him, he turned to them and made a protesting noise through his puffed-up cheeks.

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Later that night, Pennywise woke her up while he crawled around her in his usual routine spooning. Hermione, remembering little James’s terrified face, ignored him and pretended to be asleep. He must have sensed that she didn’t want to talk because he immediately began purring her back to sleep.

July 26th, 1989

She smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle in her cardigan as they walked down the street, catching the evening sun as it began to duck below the clouds. It had been Ron and Lavender’s idea for them to go to a muggle restaurant for dinner, which had been a welcome idea at the time because they’d stayed in Hermione’s house for the day, playing board games, talking about what everyone has been
up to in the last five years, and avoiding the scorching ninety-five-degree heat until it cooled to a manageable level.

Once again, she was happy to push the sleeping baby in the stroller while her friends walked ahead of her, leading the way on their quest to find somewhere to eat that wasn’t the local diner. After picking a nice Italian buffet, they went inside, but not before secretly transfiguring James’s stroller into the smaller car seat carrier he usually was in. Snug in her arms, he barely stirred as she clipped him back into the contraption.

Picking it up by the handle, they were about to go inside, but not before a voice called out to her. Whipping her head around and looking like a deer in the headlights, she looked upon the smartly dressed vision that was her boyfriend. Walking up to her, he was the perfect example of chivalry, even taking her hand to press a kiss to it.

“Good evening, Hermione. I hope I’m not intrudin—” Ginny cut his apology off.

“No! Not at all,” she elbowed her brother and Harry’s sides when they moved to say otherwise.

“Please join us. Mr…?” Lavender stood next to Ginny, agreeing with her wholeheartedly.

“Gray, Bill Gray,” both women's eyes widened before quickly narrowing at Hermione for a split second. They grinned satisfactorily when she refused to look at them.

“Right, Bill… This is Ginny Potter and Lavender Brown, my two girlfriends from… high school… and this is Harry Potter and Ron Weasley, my other best friends from school…” Bill nodded, taking note of each person.

“And who’s this little fella?” he tilted his head down at James with a shy grin.

“That’s Harry and Ginny’s son, James,” Hermione supplied, adjusting her hold on her godson’s carrier.

“He’s adorable… Definitely has your hair, Mr. Potter,” Harry blushed, scratching his head at his son’s brown tufts of hair sticking up in all directions.

“Can’t help but agree with you, but you can just call me Harry.”

“Of course, shall we go inside then?” He began walking into the restaurant, leaving the other men to follow him inside.

Hermione tried to sneak in behind Ron, but two different arms grabbed onto her, pulling her back outside.

“So tell us, Hermione. Where did you find Mr. Sexiness? Seriously, his face should be illegal,” Lavender blurted.

Ginny nodded enthusiastically, “Why didn’t you tell me he was so drop-dead gorgeous? Have you had sex yet? Did you use protection?”

Hermione floundered, making a whimpering groan at both badgering women, “Uhh… I found him walking on the street, and I literally ran into him as I was reading that letter you sent me about James being born. He asked me out, and we’ve been dating ever since…” the two women nodded understandably, urging her to go on.

“We have not had… penetrative sex yet, and that’s all I’m willing to say!” Hermione blurted
exasperatedly at their eager expression that morphed into disappointed pouts.

“Fine, but you’re not off the hook yet,” Ginny wagged her finger at the brown-haired witch, dragging Lavender behind her as they went into the restaurant behind the men who were likely talking about the same thing as they were clustered pretty close together and broke apart abruptly after seeing them enter. The women looked at them knowingly, but instead of asking about it, went up to order for the buffet. Nodding at them, the tired-looking balding man behind the counter gave them their plastic soda cups and indicated for them to sit anywhere.

Lavender distributed the beverages out with little fanfare and Ginny strategically picked a comfy booth that covertly sat in the corner of the restaurant where they could talk privately without other people overhearing them, not that what they would discuss would necessitate that. However, it was always good to be prepared in case one of the wizards slipped up too far.

Just before sitting down, Bill and Hermione offered to watch James while the others went up to get their food. Looking down, she smiled at the baby and he cooed quietly in return, faintly sucking on one of the various pacifiers that Ginny had inside her purse. Bill reached his hand across her to hesitantly stroke his exposed stomach with a tentative finger. Cuddling up closer to her, he reached his other hand around the top of the booth to wrap around her.

“I can’t wait to do this with you, love,” he rasped reverently against her ear, “You’d make such beautiful babies with me…” he trailed off, pulling her up with him to lead her speechless form to the buffet.

She belatedly realized that the others had returned and were looking at her with varying degrees of humor and smugness. Turning around, she allowed Bill to take her hand and lead her along in the pseudo line the buffet tables had going on. Hermione chose to get some spaghetti and a few bread sticks while her boyfriend elected to take the beef ravioli. She decided to stick with water while, unsurprisingly, Bill filled his cup with fruit punch. The witch laughed all of the way back to their table, making the disguised clown pout at her.

“What’s so funny?” Ron asked confusedly.

“Err…” Hermione tried to think of a way to explain without everyone thinking she was totally mad, “Bill’s drinking fruit punch, and the bloody tosser’s obsessed with the stuff!” she explained despite their confusion. She coughed, muttering, “He drinks it every time I see him…”

“So!” Bill spoke louder than her, “What was Hermione like in school? I’m just dying to know!” he leaned onto his elbows to demonstrate his attentiveness. That definitely got a conversation going.

“Well… depending on when you ask,” Ginny began, adjusting her hold on James as she held him, “She was always very knowledgeab—” Ron cut her off.

“You mean a bloody know-it-all,” he snickered but Ginny smacked his arm with her free hand, something the curly-haired witch was realizing was a rather common motion.

“Shut it, Ronald! We’re trying to help her, not drive Bill away from her!” turning back to Bill, she continued, “Sorry about him, he needed her to help him do his homework, Harry too, I might add.”

“It’s true,” Harry nodded and spoke through a mouth of alfredo, “‘Mione knows her stuff.”

“What about you… Lavender?” Bill asked, making sure he remembered her name, which he did.

“Oh! Umm… Hermione and I didn’t get along at first. I was young and stupid, and she was much more mature than I had hoped to be at that time…” she trailed off sheepishly, leaning in to Ron for
reassurance.

The red-haired man chuckled, “and we can’t forget about those teeth of yours,” Hermione blushed the same color as the vermilion tablecloth and unconsciously brought her hand up to cover her mouth.

Bringing it back down, she smirked, “I grew into them not even half-way through school. I wasn’t even the one who ate poisoned chocolates and poisoned wine in the same night, during sixth year no less!”

Now it was Ron’s turn to blush, while Bill’s expression was one of concern, “Poisoned?”

Hermione patted his arm comfortingly, “It’s a long story…” he nodded understandingly. After all, he had plenty of time to hear his mate’s stories at a later time.

“So is that how you two met her?” he asked Ron and Harry who immediately shook their heads in the negative.

“No, no, mate,” Ron chuckled at Bill’s short-lived perplexed expression, “We met on the train heading to our school. She came into our compartment, looking for a toad that belonged to one of our other friends. Then, she fixed Harry’s glasses, told me I had some dirt on my nose, and left… Honestly, that sums up our entire relationship,” everyone laughed at that.

“We also saved her life that year… that Halloween to be more precise,” Bill nodded for Harry to continue, “There was this large… bully,” Hermione nodded, visibly relieved that they were able to play convincing muggles, “and he was trying to hurt her with this huge club,” Bill looked confused, wondering why a weapon like that would be around schoolchildren. Kids in Derry didn’t have things like that to attack him with.

“So, we overpowered him and knocked him out with his own club,” Harry finished, giving Ron a high-five from across the table.

“Fascinating… Please tell me more,” Bill snickered.

Hermione nearly slammed her head down on the table upon seeing her friends’ mischievous expression. That meant the next few stories won’t paint her in a favorable light.

_Ugh, I just want to get out of here._

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is. Harry, Ron, and Lavender have met Bill! This was a long time coming, and I’m glad it worked out so nicely. Granted, it wasn’t really a surprise, considering the fact that I put their names in the tags, but whatever...

Sorry for you non-Americans, ninety-five degrees (Fahrenheit) sounds ungodly hot to you all, and it certainly is a valid temperature during the summertime up north in Maine.

And (once again) Bill/Pennywise is telling Hermione he wants her to have his babies.

As always, leave comments, kudos, let me know how I’m doing. It is a huge help in both writing and motivation.
Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm back again with another chapter. So, I hope you enjoy it! :D

July 26th, 1989

After dinner, Bill bid them farewell and wandered off down the street. Just after he was out of sight, compliments came flooding in about how polite and handsome he was. Hermione thanked her friends as they began walking down the street opposite the way Bill went. By the time the five and a half wizards returned to her home, they were rather tired. Well, to be more specific, everyone but Hermione was rather tired. She was completely used to walking the distance from inner-Derry to her little home. They, on the other hand, were not.

James had fallen asleep soon after leaving the restaurant, and so Ginny immediately laid him down in his crib upstairs when they arrived. When she came back down a few minutes later with a baby-monitor, she pointedly set it down on the side table and settled in with her husband, brother, and friends to watch a random movie that was playing on TV.

They got about forty-five minutes into Star Wars: A New Hope when James began wailing through the monitor. Harry groaned tiredly, looking over to Ginny who was very much asleep on the couch and snoring quietly where she sat. Then, he looked over at Hermione’s wide-awake face pleadingly, his expression looking more like a sad puppy than the brave Harry Potter who defeated Lord Voldemort at the age of seventeen.

“Fine, but you owe me, Harry…” she sighed tiredly, standing to stretch her back and run up the stairs.

She swung open the door, totally unprepared for the scene she walked in on. Pennywise was somehow perched on top of James’s crib, completely transfixed on the spinning mobile hanging over the infant’s head. Little fuzzy dragons, unicorns, nifflers, and pygmy puffs spun slowly above him in what was meant to be a comforting motion. However, the baby himself was freaking out, as anyone would be if they woke up to a seven-foot clown crouching over them. Well at least the mystery of why James is crying is no longer a mystery...

Sighing lowly, she silenced the room, walked over, and plucked the crying infant from his crib, completely ignoring Pennywise’s presence as she moved to sit in the transfigured rocking chair that Ginny used to lull him back to sleep. Humming a slow version of Take On Me, she began rocking him back and forth while also keeping Pennywise out of his immediate vision. However, that was easier said than done because he began creeping closer to watch her with him.

“Did that mean old clown scare you again, Jamie? That wasn’t very nice of him,” she cooed at the sniffling baby and wiped his tears and drippy nose with a Kleenex.

He only hiccuped in response, and Hermione smiled at him, lifting him up to her shoulder to pat his
back until he stopped hiccuping. When he did, she laid him back down in her arms and let him suck on her pointer finger until he calmed down. She noticed he was more forceful this time, and was clearly getting frustrated by the little angry noises he was making. Suddenly, the witch realized that Ginny didn’t feed him after they came back from the restaurant because he was already sleeping. He was starving! Well… that explains why he woke up and saw Pennywise even though he was being quiet.

The little one’s stomach growled loudly, confirming her thoughts. However, she had a bit of a problem. Hermione couldn’t in good conscience leave James with Pennywise lurking around the room, nor could she take James downstairs and then have to explain to Harry and the others why she brought him downstairs in the first place, because there honestly wasn’t a good answer that would make any sense. Hell, the truth wouldn’t make any sense to them. Not to mention she didn’t have long to come up with something. James was beginning to show signs of getting ready to cry again, this time from hunger instead of fear. Sighing loudly, Hermione knew what she had to do, but she would have preferred not to have the clown watching her, especially as perverted as he was. But he needs to eat…

Keeping her eyes on James, she laid him in her lap for a moment, shrugging off her cardigan and pulling down her dress until her midriff showed in the pale light of the room. Hermione unclipped her lacy red bra and laid it over the chair behind her. Now completely topless, she picked the infant up and laid him along her left side and thigh. Leaning back into the chair, she raised his little head to her cherry-red nipple and he latched on immediately, drinking from her with little suckling noises. His tiny hands gripped her, trying to hang onto her chest as he drank. Her hands came up to hold him under his bum when she could feel him slipping.

“Don’t worry, Jamie. I’ve got you… This will be our little secret, yeah?” she whispered and nuzzled his little head as he continued to eat.

The feeling of his soft little mouth on her wasn’t automatically arousing, but her body was conditioned by Bill and Pennywise to think of breastfeeding as foreplay. So, she began to feel warmth in her core as horniness began to war with her maternal instincts. Hermione whimpered, knowing that the clown could smell everything. Looking over to him, she noticed he was covertly army-crawling his way towards them silently, careful not to disturb James while he ate. The witch rubbed the oblivious baby’s back, wanting to keep him calm in case the clown tried to pull something with either of them.

Amber eyes glinted hungrily in the dark as he silently crept closer, his painted nose was flared, constantly scenting her fluctuating emotions. Sharp teeth threatened to pierce his determined lips but paused upon hearing a crack come from his distorted spine. Pennywise waited, making sure the baby feeding from his mate’s teats hadn’t heard anything before resuming his quest to get close to her. He hopped onto the large bed beside the chair, getting eye-level with the witch where she sat in the rocking chair.

The image of her feeding the infant was physically arousing to him. It made his cock hard and eager to provide Hermione with a hopefully large litter of his own pups for her to feed. He didn’t have long to wait until he would, but still, she was radiant with a motherly glow in the dimness of the room. Her body wanted this, and they could both feel it. Pennywise thought it would bother him to see another attached to her and drinking from her breasts, but it didn’t. If anything, it made him happy that he chose a mate that could feed their children while they were so small. He also couldn’t blame James for taking a liking to her flavor as much as he did.

When the baby was finished, her nipple slid out of his drooling mouth with a slick ‘pop’, making Hermione giggle as she put him onto her shoulder to burp him. As the witch rubbed and patted his
little back, she watched Pennywise from his perch on the bed next to them. His expression was unreadable as he kept looking between James and her, making her wonder what was going on in his insane head. He’s probably wondering which of us would taste better...

“You were late… so I thought I would keep the lonely baby company… I wasn’t going to eat him. I promise,” he whispered, his words hissing along his tongue in a way that made his placating words sound much more sinister than they meant to.

She sighed again, wordlessly rocking the poor baby back to sleep and keeping her eyes on the unpredictable sewer-clown that would compromise his immune system if he so much as breathed on him. Pennywise was likely gone from his mind as he closed his eyes a few minutes later, feeling full and milk-drunk from his godmother’s intervention. Hermione kissed his brown-tufted head, getting up to place him back into his crib. She set him into the barred structure and put him inside the sleeping onesie Ginny neglected to put him in the first time. Oh well, she couldn’t fault the other woman’s exhaustion.

James stirred slightly, so Hermione did the first thing that came to her mind. She purred. Rolling her tongue breathily and quietly, she was actually able to replicate Pennywise’s method to get her to sleep. A sharp inhale behind her reminded her of the clown’s presence, but she paid him no mind as she continued to lull her godson into a deeper sleep. When his breathing evened out, she stepped away from the crib and into a solid chest. Sighing quietly, she grabbed onto his strong arms and pulled him out of the room and closed the door behind them. They walked quietly down the hallway, moving into her room with quiet steps.

“Please, wait here,” Hermione whispered into his ear, “I’ll be right back,” she promised, quickly running down the hall and stairs.

“Goodnight everyone,” she poked her head around the stairway to see everyone but Ron sleeping soundly on the couch.

However, the red-haired man wasn’t far off. He only waved faintly at her in greeting before turning his half-lidded eyes back to the movie. Giggling silently, she ran back upstairs, careful to be quiet when passing the room James was sleeping in. Hermione re-entered her bedroom, only to see Pennywise looking at her moving photo album from her years at Hogwarts with a calculating expression. Sitting with his legs crossed on her floor with the book between his legs made him look a lot less menacing than before, his curiosity masking his devouring nature.

“It was a troll, wasn’t it?” he abruptly asked her, continuing to flip through the pages.

His question sounded more like a statement, and it gave her pause, “...yes?” she answered, unsure of what it was he wanted to know.

However, Hermione must have answered his question because he nodded but said nothing else. She sat down next to him, leaning into his side and wrapping her arms around his middle. Pennywise purred in response, wrapping his free arm around her and pulling her closer to nuzzle her curls.

“You were such a cute little girl as a child, even with your big teeth,” he snickered at her, “I still wouldn’t have eaten you, though.”

Hermione sighed nervously, not sure what to make of his backhanded compliment. Taking the photo album from him, she got up to put it back on her bookshelf. Turning around, she walked back over to him and sat down on his lap where the book had been before. The witch rolled her tongue again, making that odd mimicking purr into Pennywise’s ear. Unbeknownst to her, his amber eyes dilated, bleeding red on the outskirts of his irises. He purred in return, but his was much louder and
enveloping, coming from a place deep inside his chest rather than his mouth.

Leaning back abruptly, she thrust her head back with a moan, feeling very horny all of a sudden. The clown panted as her eyes filled with lust, and he couldn’t wait to see what she would do with it. He certainly wasn’t disappointed when she locked her lips with his, groaning into his hot mouth as she wriggled her tongue around his dulled teeth and black tongue. Pennywise was shocked as he clutched her closer, moving to remove her rumpled dress from around her waist. This was the first kiss she’d initiated with either of his personas, and he was loving it.

Hermione blushed loudly, realizing that she had been topless the entire time. However, that didn’t stop her sudden sex drive. She realized that her bra had been thrown onto the chair behind her, and her underwear wasn’t far behind. Her dress had been unceremoniously thrown behind him into the hamper without him even looking. Impressed by his coordination, she got up from his lap and jumped onto the bed. Pennywise was quick to follow, jumping on top of her face-down torso and humping her arse. Moaning loudly, she flipped herself over and glared at him pointedly.

“If you’re going to try that, Clown-boy, you have to earn it… Now finish me off this time, you ass!” she indicated to her drooling nubs that were still very full even after James fed from her.

The clown huffed, disrupting his purring, “I don’t think you are in any position to boss me around, little doll,” his eyes twinkled darkly as he pouted, “But I’m only going to do what you want because it’s also what I want, got it?”

Hermione snickered, purring and squirming underneath him. Once again, she had him under her trance. The witch’s naked body called to him, urging him to finally take her. But he couldn’t, not yet. However, that didn’t stop him from puckering his crimson lips around her right areola and suckling her in a more intense mimicry of what James had done to her earlier. A stuttering high-pitched gasp escaped her throat as he thrust rapidly against her clit.

Unconsciously, her fingers clawed at his arched back while her legs came up to wrap around his midsection, pulling them down to the bed. She tore a little bit of his costume and Pennywise hummed at her strength, happy that his little mate wasn’t as much of a pushover even without her magic. A fully submissive and pliant mate wouldn’t have been nearly as much fun. Switching breasts, Hermione was too distracted to notice two long fingers with penetrative intentions until they suddenly shoved their way inside her channel. She arched her back and pumped her hips in time with their pumping thrusts, feeling her climax approaching rapidly.

“Ah, ah, ah~ Pennywise!” she screeched, throwing her head back as she orgasmed.

The clown could feel his eager knot pulsing beneath his outfit, disappointed it hadn’t been able to swell inside of the spot where his fingers currently were. She laid there dazed, recovering from her high. Aftershocks pulsed through her as her wandering eyes bounced to different things around the room before finally landing on him, or more specifically, his fingers that were still inside her clenching cunt up to the knuckle. Smirking, he pulled them out of her and brought them to his lips.

Hermione watched as his inky tongue slid out of his toothy mouth to lazily lap at the clear release on them. Pennywise moaned at the taste, his eyes rolling backwards into his head as his orgasm finally took him over by surprise. *Huh. Who knew I could get off like this?* He supposed her lust was in her cum like children’s fear hormone was in their blood. It was infectious, and he wanted more, but he would get it soon enough. That was the only reason he didn’t hold her down and take her right then.

His black release easily bled through his pants, quickly drawing her eyes to his softening groin. It dripped onto her bare folds, and he wished it would find its way inside. Slowly, her hand came down her body to scoop a bit of the dark sludge onto her finger. Pennywise gave that single finger his
undivided attention as Hermione brought it back up to her curious mouth. Dark claws sank into the bed sheets beside her head, a not-so-subtle sign of his eagerness. Her rosy tongue peeked out between her kissed lips, making delicious contact with the black fluid on her finger. A moan escaped her when she sucked her whole finger into her mouth to get every drop of his flavor.

He tasted of candy, sin, and danger. Masculinity literally dripped from his organ, and now she knew it. It was a bit salty, but it was so much more. Pennywise’s eyes shined in the dark of her bedroom as he telepathically shut her lights off. When he suddenly cleaned them both with a bit of his own magic, she was surprised to note that she was the very horny one this time around. Not wanting to sleep quite yet, she quietly got out from underneath him and went into the bathroom to brush her teeth with an undecipherable feeling inside her.

“Are you okay?” his arms wrapped around her.

Hermione found herself content with the gesture, but couldn’t answer him right away due to the brush and foam at her mouth. She shrugged at him, continuing to brush her back teeth before spitting into the sink. Pennywise got rather startled at her sudden expulsion into the basin, which made her laugh at him before sheepishly realizing that he’d likely never brushed before given the state of his snagged teeth. Her parents would have liked to get a good look at them, or they would have run away screaming, who knows? The witch also wondered if he grew new teeth every once in a while like a shark did, or if the ones she saw were all his permanent teeth.

“I’m fine,” Hermione shrugged again, finally answering his question.

Pennywise tilted his head at her, leaning in to catch the little bit of foam at the corner of her lip with his tongue. His contemplative expression upon tasting the toothpaste had her wondering how easy it would be to get the eldritch to brush his teeth. A moment later, he spat it into the sink like she did.

“Did I do it right?” he grinned slyly at her, and she rolled her eyes good-naturedly.

“Yes, you did…” she trailed off, heading back into her room to put on some pajamas.

After clothing herself, she was picked up and unceremoniously thrown over Pennywise’s shoulder and thrown back onto her bed with a yelping wheeze.

“What was that for, you prat!?” she bat her arms weakly at him. Snickering, he purred at her again, lapping at her exposed bite with comforting intent.

“Be still, Hermione… sleep,” Pennywise rubbed her stomach calmly.

Hermione was passed out before he even rolled them onto their sides. The clown grinned into her nape. His hold over her was solidifying.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is! Even Hermione's body is against her in this battle. However, it kinda always has been.
I've gotten a lot of comments today, so keep up the good work! They are so motivating!
:D
The Beach

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I've got another one for you! This has been one of my more favorite ones to write lately, so I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 27th, 1989

Hermione woke up to a high-pitched yet masculine scream as well as the sound of thumping footsteps and her front door swinging open. She bolted out of bed to the window to see a rather hilarious image. Ron, clad only in his boxers and a tee shirt, was frantically jumping around and smacking himself on every part of his body. The sight alone caused her to bust out laughing, walking down the stairs to see Lavender standing confusedly in the entryway.

“What’s going on?” Hermione wheezed, out of breath from laughing.

“Uhh, I’m not sure… I was just sleeping and then he was having a fit—”

The other woman stopped upon seeing her boyfriend walk back through the door, his eyes bloodshot and fearful as they darted around the room where he’d been sleeping.

“Spiders… everywhere… wanting to eat me…” he muttered paranoidly, shivering in the early morning sun.

“Oh, Won-won,” Lavender cooed, walking over to hug the terrified red-head, “You were just dreaming. There’s nothing here now, is there?”

“But it was real, it wasn’t a dream,” he sighed raggedly and rubbed his eyes.

Hermione winced, knowing that her clown was up to his tricks again. She sighed as well, trying to figure out how she would get her friends through their last day without them seeing anything else. Walking into the kitchen, she moved to start breakfast.

The witch had just turned the stove and its four burners on and gotten all of the ingredients out when she realized that Pennywise was certainly not going to make this day any easier for her. When she cracked open an egg, a large beetle came out of it rather than an actual egg’s innards. Sighing loudly, she picked up the small bug, opened her window, and set it outside in her window box before shutting it again. Then, when she went to open her fridge, she was met with the head of a goat staring back at her, its horizontal pupils clouded and greyed tongue lolling out of its nasty maw. Hermione’s nose scrunched up disgustedly, wondering how early he’d gotten up to booby-trap her house.

Taking the head out, she immediately threw it away into the garbage can and took the morning paper to cover it up with. The resulting mess in the fridge was cleaned up promptly with her wand. Luckily the decapitated head hadn’t dripped over anything important, just some old carton of juice and a tupperware container of pasta salad. She cleaned the two items thoroughly, before grabbing the
sausage links she’d opened the fridge for to begin with.

Opening the package’s careful seal, she noticed that there were bloody human fingers inside rather than sausages. Closing her eyes, she willed herself to see past Pennywise’s illusions. When she opened them again, everything was fine. *Yes, no fingers here…* Hermione grimaced again when she tried to run the faucet, and there was blood pouring out instead of water. The curly-haired woman’s mantra for the next few minutes was “at least it’s me and not them.”

Breakfast with her friends was a simple affair, everyone ate without any interruptions, and she was grateful. However, it seemed a bit backwards to her to be grateful to the being who was causing the problems to begin with. Once again, she found herself feeding James his breakfast bottle, an arrangement both were fine with. After all, she wasn’t very hungry at the moment. The baby burbled and cooed at Hermione happily when Harry handed him over to her. Booping his little button nose, she helped him by holding the bottle to his mouth while he feasted eagerly on his mother’s milk.

“Good morning, Jamie. Are you ready to go swimming?” she brushed some of his hair out of his face.

For their last day in Derry, they planned to go down to the river and swim in the water. There was even a lengthy patch of sand that acted as a small beach. It looked like the weather was going to be perfect, but that also meant they might have to fight for a spot on the shore. She hoped it wouldn’t be too busy, and she was tempted to ask Pennywise to scare them away if there were *too* many people. Hermione shook her head, *What is wrong with me?*

Everyone had gone into separate rooms to change, and she’d done the same, putting on a red ruffled bikini that she suspected, and hoped, would earn her the clown’s undivided attention. Slipping on her dark swimsuit-cover-up kimono and some matching sandals, she left her room to go downstairs. However, her determined mood faltered slightly upon meeting a rather spooked-looking Harry as he came out of the other entrance to her bathroom. He looked like he’d seen a ghost.

“Harry? What’s wrong?” she asked worriedly, clutching his shoulder.

“It’s nothing…” he muttered, reminding her of those times when he’d get nightmares during fourth and fifth year and he’d claim the same thing.

“Harry. You and I both know it wasn’t just nothing,” she argued.

The boy-who-lived-twice sighed, “I just saw something in the mirror, but it was just my eyes playing tricks on me!” he rushed out upon seeing her expression.

“Fine, you numpty! What did you ‘not’ see?” she laughed at his peeved expression.

“A clown! See, I’m so sleep deprived that I’m losing my mind!” he chuckled, catching her infectious laughter.

Hermione grimaced as her friend walked down the stairs in front of her. This wasn’t good.

★★★

About a half-hour later, the group of five-and-a-half relaxed on the large blanket Hermione thought to bring with them to the beach. Somehow, there was no one else there, and it really surprised her.
Perhaps the clown had overheard her traitorous thoughts and decided to take action. Honestly, she was still a bit worried from what Harry had told her. She sat quietly on the corner of the blanket, looking out onto the small waves lapping at the shore like eager foaming tongues. Meanwhile, Harry was lathering his wife up with sunscreen while she was doing the same to James.

“Well, this will be the true test to see whose complexion he has…” Harry trailed off when Ginny turned around to glare at him, “What? I just hope he doesn’t get his first sunburn at two-months old because he’s half-ginger,” he snickered when she smacked him.

“And what’s wrong with ginger?” Ron smirked as he rubbed sunscreen into his arms and legs, “As long as we wear this stuff, we’re fine, aren’t we?”

Lavender tittered, laying out a towel in the sun about twenty feet away and stretching out on it. Putting her sunglasses on, she looked over to her boyfriend, “Of course,” she confirmed skeptically.

Ron pouted when everyone laughed. Harry and Ginny stood up suddenly, dragging Ron with them as they went to throw around a rainbow-colored beach ball she’d found in the basement. Looking around, she took in the warm atmosphere. There was a light breeze flowing through the long grass around the beach and onto the water. It was utterly peaceful. A quiet burble made her remember that she wasn’t alone on the blanket.

“Hi, Jamie! Are you comfy?” she cooed at him while he lay on a small blow-up chair that allowed him to sit up and watch his parents and uncle splashing each other to the best of his abilities. However, he didn’t seem to mind as his little eyes darted around to take in his surroundings curiously. When his eyes focused on her once more, she giggled at his gummy smile.

“What do you think I should do? Do you think I should work on my tan right here?” she indicated to the sunny patch of sand a foot to her left, “Or should I stay like this?” she asked the waving baby that was taking in something behind her.

“Hmm… both sound rather sexy to me, so I simply can’t decide,” a familiar voice spoke behind her. Hermione gasped, her head whipping around to see a pair of long and freakishly pale legs bleeding into dark clawed feet wearing brown leather Birkenstock sandals. What the..? The rest of the clown was obscured by the navy blue low-hanging umbrella, and she was confused as to why he was here. Suddenly, he crouched down, showing off a completely different attire than what she was used to seeing on him. Clad in a pair of dark red Bermuda shorts, he sat down next to her and trailed his inky-black hand over her arm. Pennywise also wore a gray and red striped tank top under his black and red Hawaiian shirt.

“What did you do? Rob a clothing store? And how haven’t they seen you yet?” Hermione giggled, leaning into his less-terrifying form.

The eldritch clicked his tongue, tilting down his silver aviator sunglasses to show off his amber eyes, “Maybe I did… What are you going to do about it, doll? Punish me?” he cackled when she blushed loudly and tried to duck under her black sun hat.

“As for the other thing…” he whispered in her ear, “They only see what I want them to see, and hear what I want them to hear… So, scream all you want, they won’t hear you,” he licked her neck with his slick black tongue, moving to push her down on her back.

Hermione squirmed, visible or not, she was not going to let him sex her up while in such a public place, “No! We are not going to do this now!” she squawked at him.
“Hermione? What are you yelling about?” Lavender tilted her sunglasses down to look over at her confusedly.

“Uhh! Nothing, James was just trying to eat my fingers…” she trailed off sheepishly. Lavender smiled, turning back to her task of sunbathing.

Slowly, she turned back to Pennywise who had the biggest shit-eating grin on his face. Meanwhile, her blush had somehow intensified. They would have heard everything.

“You complete and utter arse!” she whispered angrily, “Why are you doing this to me?”

He pulled on the hem of her cover up, “Because you are so cute when you’re embarrassed,” he said it like it was an indisputable fact, which made her narrow her eyes skeptically at him.

James suddenly reminded her that he was still there with a burbling squeal. Hermione laughed, turning around to pick him up. Holding the small infant in her arms, she rested him on her bent legs where they were slightly pulled up to her chest. Wordlessly, she unwrapped him from his light blanket and allowed his limbs to wave and kick at the air unrestrictedly. He chirped up at her in gratitude as he exercised his freedom. When he got bored of doing that, he went limp in her lap, sucking on his small fist and staring up at her.

She could tell when Pennywise leaned in behind her because his eyes widened slightly before perusing the new person behind his godmother. Hermione was actually impressed when the baby didn’t scream or cry. Huh. Who knew changing one’s outfit could have this reaction? Well… she looked over to the clown who was doing a similar perusal of James, he does look less scary like this. The underlying “sexy” didn’t even need to be said. It was obvious. Wordlessly, he moved behind her so his legs were on either side of hers and his head rested on her right shoulder. One of his arms came around her waist to hold her back to his chest while the other reached out to the infant curiously.

Hermione took the hand and began showing him how to rub and tickle a baby. He took the sunglasses off and pushed them up into his poofy hair. His eyes were aflame with fondness as he hesitantly rubbed the little one’s smooth arm. He’d purposely retracted his claws when he saw his mate sitting on the blanket, but now he was even more glad that he did. The baby was fully human, but he hoped his own offspring would inherit more of Hermione’s humanity and softness. His own species’ progeny, as few and far in between as they were throughout the Macroverse, were nothing more than parasites feeding off of their brood-mother until they grew old enough to devour fear.

This one, however, was much more satisfying. While not his or Hermione’s child, James was much of what he was looking for in their offspring. Happy, healthy, able to form an attachment to his mate as well as himself. While he hadn’t expected the latter to happen with this little one, he noticed that the infant was doing just that.

The unoccupied fist that wasn’t in James’s mouth had grasped onto the Pennywise’s long pointer finger and was waving it around happily, letting out a loud squeal. His breath caught in his throat and he smiled down at him. Hermione, breaking from her trance, kissed his cheek to praise him for being gentle. Her hand came up to massage his nape and scratch his head where his hair began. He purred, hugging her closer.

“Uncle Penn… Kinda has a nice ring to it doesn’t it?” he nipped at her neck in response, “Oi! Who cares if you sound like the old fart at the family reunions who tells barmy war stories to the disinterested grandkids,” she giggled, putting her hand over her mouth to muffle her laughter.

“Hmm!” he huffed, “Don’t listen to your godmother! You just call me ‘Uncle Pennywise’ and I will
bring you the best balloons and treats for your birthday. I promise!” he winked when Hermione looked at him skeptically, humor dancing in her eyes.

“He won’t be able to call anyone anything for another four months. And, your name is so bloody long that he probably won’t be able to say it until he’s two. That’s why I said ‘Penn’, you numpty,” she snickered when he placed a kiss to her temple.

“How are you both doing over there?” Ginny called over to them from the shallows.

“Come on out, ‘Mione! Let Lavender take over!” Ron yelled after his sister.

“Oh!” Hermione yelled back, handing James over to the positively red witch.

“Woah! I think you need to come under here,” the curly-haired witch grimaced at her extensive sunburn.

“Ugh! I know. This is going to hurt tomorrow…” she muttered, sitting down with the baby and laying him back on his recliner.

Hermione shrugged sheepishly, running out to where her friends were playing impromptu volleyball with Ginny beating them single-handedly. Shrugging off her kimono, she gave the stunned clown on the beach an eyeful of her scantily-clad body as she ran into the water. Taking a leaping jump out of the water, her open hand connected perfectly with the ball and spiked it back to hit Ron squarely in the chest.

“Oi!” he grunted, “Would it have killed you to hit Harry?”

“No,” Ginny answered for her, “But I would have,” she grinned at Hermione who shrugged at Ron because it was true.

Looking back to the shore, she could see James watching them from his seat. The witch arched her arms widely, ensuring that he could see her blurred form.

“Hi, Jamie!” she yelled when he waved his arms at her, “Your mummy and I are going to kick your daddy and Uncle Ronnie’s butt!” the baby squealed and Ginny gushed.

“Oh! Look, Harry! He’s making that noise again!”

“I know, Gin. He just likes to hear himself talk,” he cowered under his wife’s resulting glare.

The couple argued while Ron tried to play mediator. Meanwhile, Hermione looked back over to notice that Pennywise was walking towards her, pulling his sunglasses back down to cover his eyes. Toeing off his sandals, he walked into the water to stand next to her. Luckily, her friends were too stuck in their argument to notice his disembodied footsteps as he reached her.

“Hey,” she whispered to him when he wrapped his arms around her from behind.

“Hey,” he echoed, lapping at the spot where his bite was hidden under a glamour.

She shivered, muffling a moan as his blackened hands roamed over her exposed skin. Then, he trailed his tongue up to lick the back of her neck and ear. Squeezing her once more, he left a parting kiss on her cheek.

“I’ll be rooting for you…” he rasped as he went back to the sandy beach.

She watched him slide back under the umbrella and toy with James who squealed and bat at his
wiggling fingers over his head. Lavender, meanwhile, was looking over at the infant in confusion while sipping on a can of Pepsi. By this time, their little volleyball game had began and Hermione had to stop herself from being too distracted. Ginny didn’t really need her help to beat the two men into the water, but it felt nice to watch from a closer distance and hit the ball every once in a while.

About five minutes into the game, she looked over at them again, only to see Pennywise making James a balloon animal. Well… I suppose a clown would know how to entertain children… Uncle Penn, indeed. As if he heard her thoughts, the clown looked over to her with a momentary scowl before he turned around to smile at the baby who was holding the small balloon poodle in his little hands. Then, he conjured a flower and demonstrated to James that it shot water out of it before shooting a small stream of it at Lavender. Both males were rolling with humor as the blonde shrieked at the cold temperature of the liquid.

“What’s wrong, Lav?” Ron yelled over to her.

“Oh! I’m fine, but I just got sprayed by water!” she yelled back, looking around for the culprit before looking at James.

“How early does magic manifest?” Hermione asked Ginny, trying to get them off of the possible idea that there was someone else there with them.

“Harry! Hermione thinks it was accidental magic, isn’t that wonderful?” she crowed as they all went back to their game.

“Yeah!” Harry yelled, throwing the ball at the females.

“I got it!” Ginny informed her while Hermione nodded absently.

From what she could see, Pennywise had transformed himself into a large white rat, reminding her way too much of deceased man who had done the same thing. He crawled onto the baby’s recliner and nuzzled his little head before running around the blanket’s bumps where the boy could see him. The closest thing he’d made to laughter trilled from his gummy smile as he watched Pennywise run to and fro. Hermione grinned at the sight, trying not to think about the adoration that was growing in her heart for the clown.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. Pennywise will be such a good parent, just based off of this. Anyway, I'll see you all in the next chapter! :D
Farewells and Returns

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for waiting! I received a few comments about wanting to see more Uncle!Pennywise stuff with little James Sirius, so I made this chapter extra-long in thanks for your support and recognition. Anyway, enjoy the almost 5,000 words of Chapter 50. I cannot believe that I've written fifty chapters of this story! It's been such a journey, and we're not even close to finished yet. We still have the rest of this arc as well as Act III! XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 27th, 1989

By the time Hermione and the others got home from the beach, she was emotionally exhausted. The clown had been a constant invisible presence since he appeared behind her in his new summer wear. He was like a shadow, following her around all day no matter where they went. When they went over to an outdoor bar, he held her from behind, mutely growling at one of the other patrons who was eyeing her up. Meanwhile, she ignored it, preferring to dig into her hamburger, fries, and raspberry lemonade. Then, when no one was looking, he lapped at the burger’s juice when it dribbled down her chin, pulling her into a hungry kiss. By the time he parted from her, she was blushing from her forehead to her collarbones.

After they ate, they went back to the water’s edge. Harry and Ginny actually brought James out on his little floatie and dipped his feet in the cool water. Other than that, they were a little hesitant to expose him much further because it was cooler than what a two-month old could typically handle. Hermione swam circles around the couple while Ron and Lavender reclined in the shade of the umbrella.

“Are you sure you won’t burn too?” she whispered out of the side of her mouth to where Pennywise was standing right next to her.

He scowled at her, bringing his dark hand up to touch his ginger hair, “No,” he answered, leaving no room for argument.

Hermione grinned, ducking under the water to swim over to a large rock that rose up in the deeper side of the shallows. Flirtatiously, she beached herself on the edge and began sliding up the smooth surface, showing off her red bikini in the afternoon sun. When she got up as far as she wanted, she relaxed, closing her eyes to do a bit of sunbathing of her own. However, a shadow enveloped her, making her open her eyes mock-surprisedly.

“You know, doll. For as much as you say you don’t want me to take you, you sure seem to be trying to get me to do so. Now, why is that?” Pennywise tilted his dripping head at her, drawing her attention to his bare fissured chest and drenched shorts.

Gulping, she slowly turned her head back up to meet his smug eyes, “I’m afraid I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m just trying to sunbathe here on this nice warm rock,” she crooned,
stretching out further.

The clown chuckled lustfully, “Hmm… Your scent is singing a different tune.”

Suddenly, Hermione was in the water and swimming back to shore. She was probably only about twenty feet from the beach when he grabbed her leg to wrangle her back out. In hindsight, it was probably not one of her brighter ideas to let him chase her. He probably thought she actually wanted to have sex, even when she didn’t.

“Woah! ‘Mione, are you okay?” Harry called out, running over to where she was.

The witch herself was coughing up the water she accidentally swallowed when Pennywise had pulled her under for a second. He stood next to her, a look of nervousness on his face at her hoarse coughing.

“‘M fine,” she whispered, “The current had me for a second, but that was my fault,” she waved her friends’ concern off as she went up to the blanket to sit down and guzzle down a bottle of clean water.

Belatedly, she felt the eldritch sit down next to her and begin to rub her back, almost as though he was sorry for how he acted. The witch put her hand on his leg, thanking him for his remorse for maybe the first thing in his long life.

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Hermione could safely say that Pennywise had stolen the experience of James’s first laugh from his parents, which was a crime in itself in her opinion. However, it paled to many of the ones the clown already had under his frilly belt. She sighed, thinking of the best way to pose that fact to her friends before the best idea came to her.

“I just won’t tell them.

As stated before, the witch had been emotionally exhausted from the trip to the river. So, when her friends wanted to go shopping some more and go grab some takeout to bring home and eat, she offered to babysit James while they went out and explored Derry, and the rest was easy to conclude from there. Pennywise had surprisingly changed his wardrobe again, now wearing dry dark red Bermuda shorts and a dark gray button down shirt with matching red buttons. The gray itself reminded her of his disgusting costume that likely was in need of a few more washes. *Speaking of which…*

“Hey,” she spoke normally once her friends had left, “Where is your costume? I would like to wash it again if you don’t mind,” Pennywise rolled his eyes, conjuring the entire outfit before her and going back to looking over the sleeping baby in his arms.

She giggled, “It’s not like he’s going to wake up anytime soon. C’mon, let’s put these in the—ah!”

In a flash, James was gently set on his floor mat and Hermione was picked up and thrown over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Laying limp, otherwise risking banging her head or legs into something, she held onto the dirty costume as he stepped down into the dark basement. He set her down on the side table next to the washer and immediately pulled her into a kiss. Moaning, she wrapped her arms and legs around him, pulling on the red tufts at the nape of his neck.

“You’re playing with fire, little witch,” he growled at her with a lustful smirk.
Suddenly, Hermione stopped, her eyes wide with grim realization and embarrassment. She slowly untangled herself from him and hopped off the washer to put the clothes and detergent into the machine. Pennywise tried to catch her eye, but she stubbornly kept her head down. **Damn her human morals and mating customs! Her lust betrays her, but her mind is stubborn.**

Sighing, the clown busied himself with sucking on her ear much like how James sucked on his pacifier, for comfort rather than anything else. Meanwhile, Hermione massaged his neck and shoulders as he brought her upstairs with her legs wrapped around his torso. When they went back into the living room to check on the baby, he was starting to open his eyes, blinking blearily at the two of them and yawning adorably. Once again, Pennywise’s chest cavity where a heart would be stuttered upon seeing the little one yawn. When he saw the couple crouched over him, he squealed quietly, his voice small from his nap. Suddenly, he was tearing up and quivering his lip.

“Oh, no, Jamie! Your mummy said this would happen. Here,” Hermione cooed, “Let’s get you a nice clean nappy,” she summoned his large duffle bag and leafed through it to find a clean diaper, towel, and wipes to clean him up.

“Oh!” the witch gagged upon moving the soiled diaper, “That smells horrid, Jamie. What have you eaten?” she covered her nose and fanned the air.

Meanwhile, Pennywise was sitting next to her completely fine. **Oh, right. He lives in the bloody sewers…** At her mild look, he sighed and assisted her in cleaning the baby and putting his little bum into a new nappy. Using her wand, she purified the air and could breathe again. James burbled happily and brought his legs up to suck on his toes and drip drool all over his shirt. The clown considered the child’s flexibility before lying down next to him and tickling his bare stomach. Suddenly, he was squealing, and then he was laughing, actually laughing.

Hermione looked over to them and her heart melted. Pennywise seemed to feel her emotions and immediately pulled her down on top of him to press a lingering kiss on her lips. However, it didn’t last because she got up a moment later to grab the infant’s dinner from the fridge. When the clown saw the small bottle hidden in her delicate hand, his eyes dilated and he made a noise that sounded like a cat being strangled. Chuckling, she cradled James in her arms and moved to walk up the stairs and into her own room.

She could feel the eldritch breathing raggedly down her neck, but she paid him no mind as she settled down on the bed in a seated position with all of her pillows propping her back up. Raising the bottle to James’s mouth, she took satisfaction in the fact that he immediately latched on and began sucking. Hermione rubbed his little back and purred at him while he fed. Pennywise answered her purr with one of his own and curled into her opposite side so he could watch her feed him. The couple and baby were silent except for the tiny noises the baby was making as he ate. Hermione nuzzled his little head, smoothing over his wispy brown hair with a finger.

She even let him hold the bottle in his dark hands, making sure he was holding it at the right angle. His eyes were bright despite the room’s lights being on, and she stared into their amber depths. In that moment, she thought they were the most beautiful eyes she’s ever seen. When he looked over to her knowingly, she glanced away, embarrassed about her own bland brown eyes. There was no way she could compete with his. Hermione wondered what the females of his species were like, and when she vocalized her inquisition, he huffed angrily.

“The females are uppity arrogant bitc—” he cut himself off, remembering the little ears that were listening, “They are only out to find the best males to seed their clutches. If the male is lucky, she doesn’t eat him…” he mumbled some angry chitters and clicks, likely in his alien tongue.
When he was done griping, she allowed the clown to take the baby from her and walk around the room so as to ease him to sleep. At one point, he grabbed one of the pacifiers from the duffel and popped it in the little one’s mouth, sending him off to sleep with a slow vibrating purr against his chest. His head rested on his shoulder, and he made gentle rubs along his spine as he continued to walk around. Wordlessly, Hermione walked him down the hallway and into the guest room so he could put James to bed in his crib.

Silently, Pennywise unzipped the sleeping onesie and layed the infant down. Then, turning to her, he held her hand as he pulled them out of the open door and back down the hallway to her bedroom. Just as they passed the threshold, Hermione was shutting the door behind them and jumping into the clown’s arms, kissing him for all he was worth.

“Take your reward, clown-boy,” she moaned, yanking her bra out from underneath her shirt as a hint of what she wanted him to do. His answering grin was full of hunger as he literally ripped her blouse open in his quest to feast on her overflowing mounds.

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“He’s beautiful, isn’t he?” she whispered to him later that evening as they checked on the sleeping baby.

Pennywise nodded enthusiastically, “Yes,” he replied simply, imagining little brown and red curly-haired babies slumbering side by side in a crib very similar to this one, their own little mouths sucking on their own little fists as they dozed during the morning, the afternoon, and the evening.

Of course, Hermione would feed them two by two every few hours, and he would assist her by retrieving the hungry little pups and putting them back in the crib after they had eaten. Then, he would lap at her swollen snatch until she orgasmed, giving her pleasure for taking care of his children. Lastly, he would bathe her in their large bathtub, cleaning the dried milk, sweat, and other fluids from her skin before kissing her silly, humping sinfully along her core. If she was merciful, the witch would assist him, and if she was saintly, she would allow him to spend himself inside her once more. But he couldn’t count on it, she wouldn’t want to bare another clutch of his brood so soon after bearing the first.

“You’re so good with him. I thought you were all about eating babies?” he snorted, pulling her back out of the guest room and shutting them back inside hers.

“I guess your lovely little body and emotions have convinced me to go on a diet,” he rumbled at her, laying Hermione down and crawling over her on the bed, “That, and I want some of my own one day,” he added offhandedly, licking her face where she was blushing at the very thought.

She almost didn’t want to think about how she only imagined herself in that position rather than anyone else.

July 28th, 1989

When Hermione’s friends—no, her family’s bags were lined up by the door, Crookshanks finally
crawled out of wherever crawlspace he’d been hiding in for the last few days. His quiet cries echoed through the hallway upstairs where his mistress was getting dressed for the day. Padding along the carpeted floor, he could easily tell that the clown had been around recently. The cat liked him just fine, but sometimes his stench was just a bit too much for his strong nose. *Perhaps Hermione could clean the feral one again sometime soon...*

Running a brush through her hair, the witch rolled her eyes and let him into her room. The cat mewed gratefully and stretched out on her bed where she’d laid about a few hours beforehand. Hermione checked herself over in the mirror, feeling a bit melancholy over her friends’ impending departure. Smoothing out the folds in her dress, she walked out of the room and down the stairs, not realizing the ginger feline was indeed following her.

“Blimey! That thing’s still alive?” Ron groaned while Crookshanks hissed in indignation when the red-haired man came up to him.

“Yes. He is,” Hermione spat back at him, remembering how mean he was to her about her cat. She crossed her arms and pointed her nose up snobbishly.

Meanwhile, the fluffy animal walked over to James where he was laying sleepily in his car seat and brushed the baby’s face with his poofy tail. He sneezed adorably from the sudden feeling of fur in his nose and Ron ran over to pick up the seat and put it on the coffee table.

“Did you see that?! He’s probably allergic to that beast! You’re going to kill ‘im!” he whispered angrily, trying not to startle James where he was sitting about two feet away from them. Ginny came down the stairs, stopping in the entryway to pet the cat that bounded over to her even in his old age.

“Oh! Hello, Crookshanks. I haven’t seen you in a long time,” she cooed, talking as though she was speaking to James. The cat purred in return, happy to let the red-haired woman pet him.

“So, I believe everything is ready. Harry’s talking to our portkey coordinator on the telephone, but then I think we can put everything in the van and go… you don’t mind driving one of us, do you? We just don’t have the extra room if we are also bringing him along to the site…”

“Of course not! I’ll take whoever you want me to,” Hermione answered, patting Ginny on the shoulder as she went over to her kitchen to make a strong cup of coffee. Something told her she was going to need it.

“So how far away is the site?” she asked the siblings as they sat down on the couch in the living room.

“It’s an hour-and-a-half away, but it saves us about five-and-a-half hours of driving from here to New York City, which is nice when traveling with James,” Hermione nodded.

“That makes sense,” she answered as the other witch began shrinking the luggage so it fit into a small beaded bag that Hermione had gotten her for Christmas one year.

“You have no idea how much this little bag helps me when I travel,” Ginny commented.

“Well, you’re welcome. I’m glad I made it for you,” Hermione smiled at her friend’s gratitude.

“And it’s so cute!” Lavender gushed, walking into the room rather speedily despite her full-body sunburn, “I just love that pattern.”

“Thank you, Lavender. I’m glad I have a least a little fashion sense,” she snickered.
All of the women laughed at that while Ron just rolled his eyes. Harry came down the stairs a few minutes later, carrying a large and clunky-looking cell phone, “That was Seth. He said he would be over in about five minutes to direct us to the site.”

“Wonderful!” Hermione clapped her hands together, “So who’s riding with me?”

“Oh, perhaps Seth might just want to ride with you, then he can drive our car back to the rental place where his is. Would that be alright?”

“Sure,” the witch nodded, “I don’t mind.”

The doorbell rang, “Oh! That must be Seth,” Lavender tittered, running over to open the door.

The young man stepped through, surveying the wizards as they sat in Hermione’s living room. Styled up in his usual Mohawk, earrings, and punk attire, Seth took off his dark aviators and smiled at her.

“Hey! Bon Jovi and Genesis-Girl! It’s good to see you again,” Seth winked at her and she blushed.

“Actually, my name is Hermione. I had no idea you were a wizard,” the curly haired witch blushed, but he waved her off aloofly.

“Nah, my parents are the wizards, not me. I just do this portkey coordination stuff as a side job. If you can’t tell, music is my real passion,” he tilted his mouth into a half-smirk, tracing the letters of the patches on his jean-jacket.

“That’s wicked,” Ginny gushed, always having been more into the rock-scene than Hermione ever was.

Harry breathed out quickly, putting his hands on his wife’s shoulders, “Yeah, yeah, sure. We should probably get going if we want to catch our flight in time. Seth, why don’t you ride with Hermione?”

The other man shrugged, heading outside to stand by Hermione’s garage. Everyone else followed him out and Hermione locked the door after making sure no one else had forgotten anything. Her friends went over and got into their van while the curly-haired woman pulled her MG out of the garage. When she shut the garage door, Seth hopped into the passenger’s seat with a low whistle.

“Damn, Hermione!” he gasped, “This is one sweet ride,” he complimented her, rubbing the seats, the dash, and just about everything else he could reach on the car.

“Thank you,” she answered, “It is my work car from MACUSA,” he nodded as they began driving, Harry driving right behind them.

As they drove down the street, a giant puddle of blood materialized out of nowhere. Hermione wordlessly swerved out of the way, but Seth looked at her confusedly.

Did he not see that?

“What was that for?” he seemed genuinely puzzled, turning around to look out of the open window.

“Nothing. I just thought I saw something in the road…” Hermione trailed off, mentally apologizing to Pennywise that she had to leave town to drop her friends off at the portkey site. *I'm not leaving for good! I'll be back in a few hours!*

A few minutes later, a large tree branch nearly fell onto her car, making the witch very nervous. It was one thing to ask her to not leave, but it was another thing entirely to attempt serious injury to keep someone hostage. From that action alone, she could tell that he was angry with her. Hopefully
he didn’t think she was running away with Seth or anything like that. However, he was possessive, and usually had a one-track mind about that particular subject. It was a miracle that he hadn’t killed Ron during their stay in Derry.

As they drove through the woodsy part of the sleepy town, Hermione thought she could see a red and white blur following them through the trees. Panicking, she slammed on the gas, rocketing past the “Welcome to Derry” sign and merging onto the back roads that would take her to where Seth was directing her to go. An agonized howl echoed from behind her, but she only rolled the windows up, wiping the single tear that rolled down her right cheek so the punk rocker wouldn’t see it.

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“Goodbye, Hermione!” Ginny yelled over to her while she had one hand on James’s carrier and another on the muggle steering wheel that was to act as their portkey.

The other witch questioned the use of portkeys in that moment and how safe it was to use one while traveling with an infant. It hadn’t even occurred to her that they had done it already to arrive, but still, the thought of James getting lost or killed gnawed a hole in her gut. Ginny’s bag was wrapped around her torso, and Hermione had a fleeting idea of putting the baby inside it, but that had the potential to be even more dangerous. So, she kept her mouth shut. Besides, if they could do it before, then they could do it again.

“Yeah, ‘Mione! Don’t be a stranger!” Ron yelled behind his sister as his white-knuckled hand clenched hard on the leather. See! Even he knows something could happen.

“I won’t! I’ll miss you all so much!” she yelled next to Seth, who prevented from getting any closer by his hand on her arm.

Harry nodded with a smile, Lavender waved rapidly, and suddenly, they were gone, spinning up into the air too fast for her wide whisky eyes to keep track of each individual. Hermione didn’t know how long she stood there frozen, but eventually, Seth began pulling her back over to her own car. Holding the door open like a gentleman, he politely let her situate herself before shutting the door with a careful ‘slam’. Patting his arm on the hood, he sighed sadly.

“Well, it’s been fun riding around in this, but now I have to go drive that pile of shit over there,” he jerked his thumb humorously at the garish maroon van that Harry and Ginny had rented.

Hermione finally laughed, putting her hand up to muffle her uproar. Seth only stuck out his tongue and made a fake gagging noise, showing off a shiny piercing stabbing it straight through. She gasped, fully rolling down the window and leaning out of it on her elbows.

“How many piercings do you have?” she called over to him and he smirked sexily at her, walking back over to her car.

Putting his hands on either side of her, he leaned in to whisper into her ear, “I have one on my eyebrow, one on my nose, one on my lip, one on my tongue, one on both of my nipples, and a rather large one on my dick… Why are you asking? Do you want to see?” he leaned back, wiggling his eyebrows at her flirtatiously.

Hermione laughed nervously. While very handsome and bordering the line of sinful, she would not put him in danger by kindling either his or her interest, especially when Pennywise would rip him in
half.

“I’m terribly sorry, Seth, but I have a boyfriend,” two really, and they would both probably kill you if we did what you are thinking about at this very minute…

Unsurprisingly, the young man looked a bit put out, “That’s a shame. Well, if you dump his lucky ass, hit me up at the shop, alright?” he snickered, hopping into the old maroon van and racing off down the dirt road leading back to civilization.

Hermione shook her head and followed the van at a much slower pace. By the time her MG escaped the wood-line, Seth was long gone down the highway. The evening sun hung low in the sky and the witch immediately turned her high-beams on, driving back the way she came. It was rather peaceful once more as she traveled on down the country roads. Rolling bluffs, colored blue and purple in the distance, contrasted with the deep valleys filled with corn and wheat crops.

A sense of déjà vu took her back to the long drive that brought her to Derry. Outside of the little town, nothing had changed. Its trees, rock formations, and roads were still the same from almost two months ago, and in a little over another month, she’ll drive along these same roads again, catching the trees as they began to color autumn red, oranges, and yellows. Now, however, a waning crescent hung high up in the sky, reminding Hermione of the Disney cartoon of Alice in Wonderland and the Cheshire cat that smiled just like this very moon.

As soon as she passed the “Welcome to Derry” sign, her car radio flared on loudly with shocking static. Jumping at the sudden blare, she nearly veered off into the ditch, but she suddenly stopped, her lights catching the Kissing Bridge off in the distance. Luckily, there weren’t any wide-eyed teens caught in her high-beams that night.

“Hello, and Good Evening!” a radio announcer warbled familiarly before the radio changed the station by its own volition, “Down in the sewers, we always have so much fun,” a child’s voice stated blankly.

Hermione seethed, continuing to drive onward despite the clown’s tantrum. She turned the station manually, not wanting to give Pennywise the satisfaction. However, he didn’t seem to care.

“...being a bad, bad, girl… played nice all week… deserves to be punished,” the witch shivered at the last gurgled phrase coming out of her out-of-tune radio.

Suddenly, the clown was sitting in the passenger’s seat of her car and he coughed to announce himself. Screeching as she drove around the corner, she slammed on the breaks, just as few houses down from her own.

“What the bloody hell was that for?! Ugh, you scared the piss out of me,” she rubbed her eyes and tried to calm her breathing.

Pennywise only growled angrily, shaking her back and forth by the shoulders, “Where were you?”

“I had to drive my friends out to their portkey so they could go home!” she shouted at him.

Her answer stunned him, “I’m sorry. I would have told you sooner, but you weren’t there,” she placated him, holding and squeezing his hand with hesitant rubbing.

At his slow nod, she finished the short drive to her house, and pulled into her garage. Silently, he cradled her to his body and teleported them upstairs and threw her onto her bed. She gasped a quiet ‘oof’, unprepared to make contact with the plush surface. Suddenly, he was disrobing them and conjuring a sheer sexy black set of lingerie on her naked body. He purred, rubbing his lower half
against her through his dark trunks. Then, he stopped, staring down at her with almost human eyes. The emotion shining in them made her own weep.

“I was so... scared that you had left for good…” he murmured, nibbling on his mark where it lied exposed on her neck.

“It’s okay to be scared,” her hands came up to comb through his hair and massage his large head, “but I wasn’t going to leave you without telling.”

“Besides, I…” she trailed off, stopping her ministrations on him, “I like … you,” she smiled shyly, and he picked his head up to look her in the eye.

“Well, I love you!” he giggled childishly, going back to his impending hickey on her shoulder.

“It’s not a competition, you tosser!” she scolded, slapping his arm lightly.

“Hmm,” he sniggered, “You’re only saying that because if it was, I’d be winning, doll.”

That smartarse comment earned him a pillow smack right in the face as she curled up on her bed for a well-deserved rest. Pennywise chuckled again, wrapping himself around the witch like a lazy-eyed snake. She was too tired from driving those long three hours to even acknowledge his movement. After all, putting up with adventurous friends and an ancient baby takes a lot out of a gal.

Chapter End Notes

Aww! The two lovebirds are becoming closer together. There won't be more than four chapters until the big Pennywise/Bill reveal. So, hold onto your hats! XD
Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I’m back with another chapter. Sorry for the wait, but this one took a while to wrap my head around writing it out. However, I got through it, and now you all have 4,000+ words to enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 29th, 1989

As per usual lately, she woke up to the sun pouring in through the navy blue curtains. Her eyes blinked open slowly, pupils contracting from the piercing rays. Hermione moaned, and an inky black arm slid tighter around her waist, pulling her back against its owner’s chest and out of the light’s touch. The witch bent her back in a catlike stretch before falling limp to the bed once more. Turning around slowly, she saw slitted amber eyes before a pair of crimson lips were engulfing her own. A lazy black tongue mingled with hers, spreading its bittersweet flavor around her orifice.

She grunted, lifting a leg up to wrap around his waist in her quest to get closer to him. Pennywise purred, pushing her down into the mattress and grinding her moist snatch for all it was worth. The harshness of his clothed member made her gasp, throwing her head back and bucking against him erratically. He chuckled lustfully at her impulsive movements, holding her down so he could unwrap his little witch from her sheer sleepwear. Meanwhile, the clown could smell how aroused she was, and him feeding off of her would be the last push to get her over the edge. So, with that in mind, he removed the two padded cups from her leaking breasts.

Leaning down with his pelvis skimming her hot core, his mouth enveloped her breast and began to suck, hard. Hermione moaned her pleasure to the whole room as she bucked against him. Even without looking, she could feel his devilish smirk against her body as he continued to milk her dry. Somehow, she felt like there was more than usual, but her horny mind barely cared about that as the simple touch of his thumb to her clit finally pushed her over the edge of her climax. Digging her nails into his shoulders, she cried out and fell limp, allowing him to hump her thighs and finish draining her larger mounds at his leisure. When he finally roared out his own orgasm a few moments later, Pennywise slumped against her, lazily lapping at her sore nubs.

“So good…” he muttered to himself, “making more for the babies every day… gotta keep you drained so you’ll make even more…” Hermione massaged his nape, not having understood his incoherent mumbles.

“I believe that is what you call a ‘win-win’. Right, doll?”

“Huh?” she looked down at him.

“You relieved my ‘morning wood’, the witch blushed loudly, “and I took care of your daily milking… So, it’s a win-win,” he purred against her neck.

Combing her fingers through his tufts of hair, she patted his dark arm to let her up so the two of them
could bathe together. He was all too happy to comply, stripping off his soaked underwear right in front of her and sending her embarrassed gaze immediately to the ceiling.

“Guh! Ok… good,” she muttered, blindly reaching for his hand and walking to the bathroom.

The first thing she did was turn the water on, then Pennywise had his hands at her hips, pulling down her underwear. A strangled noise left her throat as he actually kissed, licked, and bit her supple arse in all of two seconds. Jumping away from him, she grabbed shampoo, conditioner, and a bar of soap before hopping into the very bubbly water. Submerging herself up to her neck, she sighed, closing her eyes lest risking a glimpse of the clown’s alien cock. When she could feel him getting in, the witch opened her whisky eyes, only to see his painted face about four inches away from hers rather than on the other side of the tub. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her forward until his limp bumpy member was nestled snugly between her nether lips. Whimpering, she could feel him rubbing circles into her thighs and sniffing at her neck.

“You know,” he whispered sexily into her ear, familiarly “I fantasize about taking you here.”

Feigning confusion, Hermione replied, “But I’ve taken you here before…” she yelped loudly when he pinched her arse in retaliation.

“No, doll-face. I want to fuck you here. I want to drink up your sweet sweet milk as you ride me and come on my knot. I want to feel my children dance in your mortal womb as we do our best to give them another sibling even when there isn’t any more room for it to go,” his eyes were ablaze with want as he stared her down despite her sitting on top of him, “Now, you sit still and let me practice for when we have little ones crawling around. We’ll need to be quick. Who knows what a single young child of your womb and my seed would be capable of while we aren’t watching?” he sniggered at her perplexed expression, washing her limp body with the soap.

Meanwhile, Hermione was in shock. He wanted her to have little hell-spawns with him, and she couldn’t help but think of the Antichrist. *Would it even be a good idea to bring a half-wizard and half-eldritch hybrid into the world? Penn is right, who knows what it would be capable of unsupervised?*

She needed a distraction, and the witch knew exactly what to do: housework. Hell, she could even put him to work so he would have a similar distraction. After she let him have his fun with lathering her up with soap, shampoo, and conditioner, she ducked back into the filthy water to rinse out the soap. When she reemerged, he kissed her senseless once more and she could feel his little black tentacles wrap around her thighs beneath the murky liquid. Leaning backwards, he rest his hands behind his head and looked at her cheekily.

Hermione sighed, washing his body and hair as quickly and thoroughly as she could. The mere speed at which she pulled and scrubbed at his hair made him pant raggedly, drool dripping copiously from his lolling black tongue and gaping mouth. His pale chest rose and fell with unneeded breaths as he tried to control himself. She winced when the tentacles tightened harshly around her, pressing lingering suckles to her nub and snatch. A few even made attempts to explore her opening, making her jump up with a screeching yelp.

His lazy amber eyes rolled around dazedly as he abruptly stood up and got out of the tub, dripping a ton of water onto the shower rug beneath them. Hermione, of course, had no choice but to let him because they were literally attached at the hip. Luckily, he wrapped her legs around his waist and carried them out into her bedroom. She had grabbed a few towels that were sitting on the sink while they passed, so she busied herself with drying her mane. When the witch was done, she noticed that Pennywise was watching her with an adoring gaze. Blushing, she handed him a towel and laid back on the bed where he was seated while he dried his ginger tufts.
“Hey,” Hermione began when she had his undivided attention, “I have some housework to get done today, so if you’re bored, than you might be better off leaving and going somewhere else…” she hinted, seeing if he would take it.

Unfortunately, he didn’t. He raised a hairless eyebrow and squinted his amber eyes at her, “Is that so? …You’ll think I’ll get bored?”

“Uhh… yeah,” she scoffed at him, “I need to do the laundry, vacuum the carpets, sweep the floor, and dust the shelves,” her fingers listed off each chore for his skeptical orbs, “and I doubt you’d actually be interested in any of it."

A switch seemed to go off in the clown’s brain, and he was puffing his chest out at her as if he took her words as a challenge. Confusedly, she wrangled her naked body out of his tentacles and moved to put some comfy sweats on that she didn’t mind getting sweaty and/or dirty. Gray leggings and a matching sleeveless hoodie went on over a pair of lacy black underwear and an old bra. Turning around, her eyes met a pale naked chest and she jumped back against the wardrobe, startled by his bareness and proximity.

Pennywise was actually a bit offended that she thought he wouldn’t take interest in their nest. This was where his young would be born, where they would live, and thrive. Since many males of his species didn’t survive their mates’ pregnancies because they were quickly eaten before their youngs’ conceptions, he wanted to be as involved with his mate and their clutches as much as possible, and that included things like this. Cleaning the house would let him subtly leave his scent on their territory so his mate and pups would feel secure while he went hunting for food.

Red tainted her cheeks as she accidentally caught a dark purple and red blur against his groin that could only be his member. Hermione squeaked embarrassedly, and magically dressed him in the familiar pair of pajama pants with little red balloons on them. Leaning into his chest, she traced the area where his right nipple would have been if he had one. Her mouth opened, but he beat her to the punch.

“They are a human vestigial organ that the males haven’t evolved out of while my species has,” he purred, “so curious for answers, my little doll… I shall do my besst to ansswer your quessstionssss,” Pennywise hissed lovingly into Hermione’s ear, “But first, we must clean our nest.”

Hermione paused at his choice of words, but figured it was his favored word for house, given his more animalistic mind. Shrugging, she stepped away from him and walked downstairs to start a cup of coffee. Pennywise, who had followed her downstairs, glared at the machine, muttering alien curses darkly with chitters, growls, and clicks.

Turning to her, he said, “We’ll have to wean you off of that blasted substance soon enough,” she shrugged offhandedly. She would if he would.

“Ohkay. I will if you stop eating peopl—”

“I have stopped eating people!” he burst out suddenly, making her nearly drop her empty mug onto the tiled floor of her kitchen, “I haven’t touched a single human fingernail since I ate those gangbangers…” he trailed off sheepishly, nearly whispering as he scratched the back of his head.

Hermione was stunned. Stepping towards his forlorn expression, she cradled his large head in her hands and pressed a grateful kiss to his crimson-painted mouth. Leaning back to look him in the eyes, she surveyed the expression of shock and devotion all over his face.

“Good boy,” she giggled at his resulting scowl, turning around to turn off the coffee maker and put
her empty mug away, “Fair is fair.”

He seemed to perk up at that, coming around the counter to wrap his arms around her while she made a bagel. Mimicking her actions, he planted a small kiss on her lips before pulling away with a smirk.

“Yes, doll. Fair is fair.”

Hermione slathered the bagel with peanut butter and ate quickly before rushing to turn on her radio. When the tunes began to play, she danced all the way over to the stairs, hopping down the steps to the beat. Luckily, the rancid clown suit had only needed one wash this time around, considering it had only been three weeks rather than who-knows-how-many centuries. In all honesty, she was surprised the suit had been able to last that long instead of eroding away stitch by stitch over the years of hunting children and decades of uninterrupted sleep in the depths of Derry’s sewers.

Taking the suit out, drying it, and putting a much larger load into the machine, she nearly ran up the stairs in her haste to keep working. Wordlessly, she handed Pennywise his costume before striding past him to grab the broom out of her pantry. Sliding along the floor in her socks, she began swaying her hips to the beat of the new song. She could feel his eyes on her arse, but paid him no mind as she continued sweeping along.

When Hermione was finished, she pulled out the vacuum and started it up. Looking around, she realized that the clown was gone. Looking around the living room and dining room areas, the witch raised an eyebrow. What the hell? Shrugging, she started her next task. It actually startled her when a large clawed hand repeatedly swiped at the charging vacuum from behind the couch as it neared the wall next to it. Squawking, she immediately turned the machine off, walking over to investigate how the hell he fit himself into a space that couldn’t have been more than two inches wide.

“What are you doing back there?” she peeked over the top, only to find a squished version of the clown’s head in front of her face, “You look like Flat Stanley,” Hermione giggled.

A low growl echoed from the space as she grabbed his head with two hands and yanked his deflated-looking and surprisingly-light body out from its hiding place, “Oh, shut up, you big baby! It’s just a vacuum. I cannot believe that is what scares you. The Losers ought to kno—” he cut her off with a gloved hand on her mouth.

“Finish your task, doll, and let’s never speak of this again,” he ordered imperiously.

Hermione nodded impishly, totally intending to bring it up again at some point. However, she didn’t want to push him now, lest he lash out at her or anyone else. Because of this, she was quick to finish vacuuming the living room and turned to the room and the rooms on the second floor. Besides, they weren’t dirty like the main level usually was from people coming in and out with not-so clean shoes or food getting spilled on the carpet because of her occasional clumsiness.

“Umm… hey,” she mumbled at his normal-looking form after she finished vacuuming and he turned to her with a gentle eye and soft smile when he noticed she was in a more submissive posture, “Could you help me dust the top cabinets and… higher places? I’m too short,” Hermione explained, rubbing her pointer fingers together sheepishly.

Pennywise grinned with an eager nod, moving to take the duster from her and wipe down the top cabinets and ceiling. When he was done there, she took his hand and led him upstairs so he could dust off her wardrobe’s top and tall bookshelves. Hermione watched from her bed, taking note of how careful he was with her books and little knick-knacks she’d acquired over the years. At one point, he trailed his fingers over each spine, feeling each texture and catching the fading emotions his
The witch had left while he was frozen at her bookcases, but she was easy enough to sniff out. Melting through the floor, he re-materialized behind her while she stood unloading the washer. Hermione turned around, yelping at his sudden presence.

“Merlin! Would you quit doing that? You’re going to give me a heart-attack one of these times!” the clown’s eyes widened suddenly, thinking of the possibility of killing his mate with her own fear.

“No! I will be careful from now on,” he promised, rubbing her arms to calm her before picking up the sopping laundry basket and walking up the stairs.

Hermione followed him, only speaking to direct him outside to the clotheslines handing in the afternoon sun. Wordlessly, she began clipping and hanging her shirts, dresses and pants on the lines. Then, she stood on her tiptoes to hang the various bed sheets that her friends had used during their stay. When the wind picked up slightly, she was glad she actually clipped them to the lines. She went to hang some of her underwear and bras out to dry, but thought better of it. Using a drying charm would be better, considering the fact that she didn’t want neighbors or perverts seeing them. Pennywise seemed to agree, picking out the lacy fabrics and hoarding them away in his balled fists.

Rolling her eyes, she hung up what she could fit and brought the rest inside to dry with her wand. The vine wood was eager to be used, just because it wasn’t used often while she went on missions in the Muggle and No-Maj Worlds. Her remaining articles were folded and she had to coerce the clown into giving her back her undergarments, ‘at least so she could dry them’. He’d looked at her skeptically before relenting his grip on the sets. Sighing, Hermione dried them before pushing a single scarcely-used set back towards him. When he nonverbally demanded the others, she groaned and rubbed her eyes.

“Just take them, you bloody pervert.”

★★★

As soon as Hermione had crawled into her bed that night, clown in tote, she made the realization that she had spent the entire day ‘playing house’ with the child-eating eldritch, and it had been fun. After getting to know his personality and triggers, he was actually very enjoyable for her to be around. There was no one else on this Earth that was like him, but that didn’t stop her from forgetting who he really is.

He was an ancient billion-year-old being who survived off of eating terrified children. The being lived in the sewers, toting around rotting corpses and who knows what else. She should be killing him, turning him into MACUSA, and overall making him pay for what he’s done to the citizens of Derry. But she didn’t want to, not anymore.

She fed him, and he’d stopped consuming human flesh. It was too good to be true, but there was no real way of knowing other than his black-tongued words. He wanted her to stay and admitted he loved her. Hermione could still remember the emotions in his bright amber eyes as he confessed his feelings to her. Seeing him display them so vividly in front of her… well… it literally brought her to tears. She couldn’t leave him, but she also couldn’t forget who he was. He needed her. He picked
her out of anyone else on the planet to stay with him. On top of all that, she had to leave Derry at the end of summer, so what would happen then?

Then, as if on cue, Pennywise tightened his grip from his position snuggled behind her, reassuring her of his comforting presence during her inner conflict.

July 30th, 1989

The clown was somehow even closer to her when she awoke the next morning. Turning around to face him, she saw his glimmering eyes blink open slowly before settling on hers. A shy grin overtook his features as she curled into him further. Hermione sighed, she could get used to waking up like this for the foreseeable future. A sudden thought came to her mind, making her gasp and resume eye-contact with Pennywise.

“How long do you sleep? From my count, your hibernation is twenty-seven human years with only a single wakeful year,” he rolled her on her back and climbed over on top of her, still not fully comprehending what she was getting at.

“Yes, this is true,” she could see him struggle to roll the thought around in his brain.

She chuckled without humor, “It’s almost funny. The last time you were awake, I was only a thought, a possibility, in my parents’ minds…” she trailed her pointer finger along his bare arm.

Pennywise nodded at her, smirking wolfishly, “I’m not a cradle-robber.”

“I never said that!” Hermione giggled.

He blinked at her nonplussed, “That doesn’t mean it wasn’t all over your face.”

Pouting, she crossed her arms, “The point that I was trying to make is that I will be fifty-three when you awaken again, and eighty-one when you awakens again after that. Any more awakenings after that would be unlikely to find me still alive, even with my magically-extended lifespan because wizards live slightly longer on average compared to muggles…” she trailed off upon seeing his horror-struck face and wide eyes.

Hermione sighed sadly, “You might have an eternity, but my time compared to yours isn’t even a blink.”

★★★

She was… right, utterly correct. As it was now, they didn’t have much time at all. Her youth was fleeting, and she ran the risk of succumbing to mortal diseases and old-age while away from him. During the time he lie curled up in a protective shell of his own making, she would be on the surface, living her small string of human life. Someone else would be bound to notice her worth and take her for his own, breeding her womb with his own seed every few years until she can’t anymore. Even if he seeded her first, she would be forced to raise their firstborn or firstborns on her own or with another who wouldn’t care for them nearly as much.
By the time he’d see her again, she’d be wrinkly and rotting from the inside, the stench of death beginning to creep in on her even thirty-five years early. Hermione’s own children would be thriving with the youth they’d stolen from her while his own would loathe him for what he’d done. The alternative would be never seeing them because of the nature they’d inherit from him. It would be pure agony to watch his child or children sleep for the entirety of his waking and only emerge from their own rest to see him falling into his own, too slow to speak to his last remnants of her.

As it was, he could not control his long sleep, but he could control her lifespan if she let him. But would she want to live every twenty-seven years waiting for him to awaken again? Could he even expect such devotion from her? Would she prefer to live with her human mortality? A month ago, he wouldn’t have cared less for what she would have wanted and just forced her down the path he wanted her to go. But mating wasn’t his decision, it was hers.

Tightening his hold on her, he dove into her neck to engulf himself in her scent, morosely considering how many times he’d have left to do so. An agonized whine left his sharp-toothed mouth as he bit down hard to renew his red claiming bite. Tears leaked from his eyes and floated to sink into the ceiling above them. Numbly, she could feel her delicate hand on his face and smell her own tears that began flowing because of his. Even while still courting, they were acting like they were mates.

“Why bite me, Pennywise? There’s no one else here,” she blubbered, incorrectly assuming his motive while distressed herself.

“Become my mate! Be mine!” he blurted, grabbing her hands in his own shaking ones.

“What?” she whispered with a voice full of emotion, looking into his eyes searchingly.

“You could be my mate,” he repeated slowly, “It would extend your life to match mine, and we would be together forever…” Pennywise promised, wiping his leaking eyes with his sleeve.

“It has to be your choice. I can’t force you one way or the other, but please…” he pressed the most emotional kiss she’d ever felt against her lips and he was pulling away much too soon.

Whimpering at the loss, she reached for him to pull him back down, but he captured her hands in his own gloved ones, “I love you, so much…” he murmured as he locked his amber eyes with her own watery whisky ones, “Think about it,” he kissed her knuckles, vanishing into thin air along with her frayed composure.

Chapter End Notes

Pennywise has officially popped the question! It was nice to take note of his character development here. His "before Hermione” self totally would have kidnapped her like Bowser kidnaps Princess Peach. Anyway, Hermione has to consider her options in the next chapter, so I'll be back when I post that. As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I LOVE hearing from you! :D
July 31st, 1989

Bloodshot and crusted orbs crackled open blearily when they met with the morning sun peeking in through the curtains. Hermione groaned, curling herself away from the sun like a vampire. In all honesty, she certainly felt like one. Her mood the previous day had been nothing short of anxious and depressed, a cocktail of voracious self-loathing and worry. The self-loathing kicked in when she considered how much Pennywise should be captured and killed rather than loved and lusted over. At one point she even laid face-down on her bedroom floor and contemplated just becoming one with the carpeting and never moving again for anyone else. However, reality set in about an hour later and she went back to moping around the house.

Hermione had thought over Pennywise’s abrupt proposal forwards, backwards, and just about every other way she could think of. Still, she couldn’t decide on what to do. The clown hadn’t even visited her the previous night, purposefully giving her space to think without his influence. At the time, she hated the lack of his presence at her back as she tried to fall asleep, but now that the next day had come, she appreciated his consideration despite the fact that she slept horribly. She had tossed and turned, kicking her blankets off, waking up freezing every few hours, and finally putting her covers back on. It was certainly one cycle the witch cared not to repeat again, not that she would tell Pennywise as much the next time she saw him.

As far as her feelings went, they were just as divided as her logical mind. Hermione liked Pennywise and definitely doesn’t want to see him lonely without her, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to sacrifice her human life in favor of living with the clown for all eternity. Her friends would live for another sixty or seventy years, and then they would be gone. She’d miss and mourn for them as they aged and died while she remained forever young. They would always wonder how she kept her youth, but what would she say? Oh, right. I’m sorry. This is Pennywise, my immortal alien husband that made me immortal so I wouldn’t die and leave him all alone for the rest of time. Why didn’t I tell you I got married? Oh, that’s because he eats scared little children for sustenance. But it’s fine. He’s a riot at parties…

Hermione grimaced, shaking her head exasperatedly and looking around her bedroom. She needed to get out of there, to clear her head someplace else. Rolling over on the large bed, she tried to ignore the lack of seven-foot clown as she crawled over to reach her phone. Punching the required number into the telephone, she held the handset to her ear and listened to the dial tone for a moment. A click signaled the other line getting picked up and a feminine voice spoke timidly through the phone.

“Hello?”

“Oh! Hey, how are you?” she asked in a much lighter tone, completely different from before.

“I… I need a girl’s day…” Hermione sighed, unable to keep up with the younger woman’s happiness.

“Alright,” she agreed determinedly, “I have a plan. Meet me in front of the movie theater in a half hour.”

★★★

Forty five minutes later, she and Beverly stood in front of the most run-down-looking spa she’d ever seen in her twenty-five years of life. Its windows were shaded, and the faded-looking sign looked about ready to fall off of the side of the building. Even the outdoor shrubs looked unkempt and overgrown. Turning to the younger girl, she raised an eyebrow.

“Are you sure about this?” Beverly nodded, taking her hand and leading her inside.

“The young lady at the desk seemed to recognize the younger woman because she immediately grinned at her, “Welcome! What can I do for you today?”

“My friend and I would like ‘the works’,” Hermione blinked in confusion, wondering what that meant.

“I’ll pay!” she blurted out when Beverly moved to grab her money from her overall pocket, “After all, I was the one who asked you to come…”

The younger girl nodded and the witch stepped forward to pay the forty dollars that were asked of her. Nodding satisfactorily, the woman behind the desk indicated for them to walk down the hallway. Two Asian girls, most likely twins, met them about halfway and led them into the first room on their left. Then, they left them alone, closing the door behind them silently. Hermione turned to address Beverly, but she noticed that she was taking off her clothes.

“Gah! What are you doing?” she blushed loudly and the other woman giggled.

“Changing. I’m not wearing this for the massage and mud bath,” she answered as if she wasn’t mostly naked in front of her friend.

“Mud bath?” Hermione wrinkled her nose.

“Yeah,” she nodded, not noticing the witch’s unease, “But first we sit in the sauna and get all sweaty. Then we walk under a warm shower to get the sweat off before the mud bath. After the mud bath, we get washed again. Then, after all that, we go next door and get mani-pedis and get our hair styled and cut. After that, we could go eat and do some shopping if this doesn’t help…” Beverly explained, putting on a clean white bikini and handing one to Hermione who stood there in her own undergarments.

“Yes, it sounds lovely… Thank you for talking me into this. When I saw the outside, I wasn’t sure…” Beverly laughed at her comment.

“Yeah, they keep it looking like a dump outside so they don’t get too many tourists in here,” she walked over when they were both clothed in white, “and it’s a female-run spa, so no perverted men
are going to be rubbing us down or anything. That’s why I like to come here. And it’s cheap,” she added, opening the door and following the twins who had been waiting for them.

The rest of the day was run how Beverly said. They went and got sweaty in the sauna. Mud baths cooled them down, and the witch felt more relaxed than she had in a very long time. Hermione got her nails painted a nice red wine color while Beverly went with a much more conservative pink, and when they got their hair done, Beverly cut her hair short like she had it a few months ago. Hermione was a bit more bold in her decision to get hers cut to be just above shoulder length instead of skimming her lower back like it had been doing.

Because of her natural curls, the look was stunning naturally and didn’t require any styling aside from straightening the side bangs. Beverly even said that she didn’t even look like herself. Hermione laughed and said that she didn’t mind a little change. When they left, she took note of the underrated and underappreciated establishment, remembering to come back again sometime before she left Derry at the end of the summer.

“Thank you. I really needed this…” the witch sighed.

“You’re welcome. Hey, let’s go get some chocolate milkshakes. I’m craving one.”

A few minutes later, Beverly and Hermione sat in the diner waiting for their food to arrive at their table. Looking out the window, she watched a plethora of cars pass through Main Street. It was somehow peaceful against the rushing water of the river across the street. Turning back to the ginger-haired girl, she began the conversation she’d been wanting to bring up the entire day.

“My… boyfriend… proposed to me the other day, and I don’t know what to answer,” the witch sighed, resting her face on her hand.

“Do you love him?” Beverly asked hesitantly, tapping her manicured nail on the table with little pecks.

“I… yes… I think I do,” she blushed, looking away.

“Well, that’s a start,” the other woman smiled, “then what’s wrong?”

“We’ve only known each other for a few months and I have to leave Derry at the end of summer…” Beverly’s eyes became sad as she rest her hand on Hermione’s.

“Wait. Is this boyfriend that Bill guy who was asking around for you that one time?”

Hermione winced, remembering the other guy in her life. She would most definitely have to obliterate him whatever way she chose. Her life had become too dangerous and unpredictable as of late, and just didn’t have room for little crushes no matter how handsome they were. If she rejected Pennywise, his wrath would be unmaintainable, and likely catch a lot of people in its crossfire. However, she had to get back to the decision at hand.

“…Yes, that’s him,” she lied, feeling uncomfortable at Beverly’s inquisitive expression.

Suddenly, their food came and she dug into her fries and chocolate milkshake instead of revealing anymore information for her to lie about. Looking over at her friend, she got trapped into another bout of self-loathing. Beverly didn’t deserve to be lied to. None of her friends did.

“Well, he looks out for you. That’s for sure,” she commented.

“You have no idea…” Hermione mumbled.
“But if I were to… move in with him, my other friends would… be so far away, and I’ll only see them a few times… a year!” the curly-haired woman blurted at Beverly’s confusion.

“I don’t know what to say about that, but I will say… ‘Go with your gut,’”

Hermione nodded gratefully as they finished eating, standing up from their table to do a little bit of shopping before the night fell upon the sleepy little town.

★★★

Instead of dreaming like she normally did, the witch found herself floating amongst the galaxies and stars once more. Her eyes opened wide, catching star systems and celestial dust in her eyes as she glided purposefully through the endless void of space. As before, stars came into existence and died around her, exploding into magnificent spirals of light. Periwinkle and persimmon dust shimmered around fiery orbs, contrasting with the cool celeste and amethyst dust shimmering around icy ones. They spiraled, destined to repeat their cycles with an aloof yet unyielding determination. The universe was vast and eternal and she had the option to become a part of it all.

Hermione wondered if this was what it was like to be immortal, to watch birth and death all around her and only be able to see and not feel either sensation. It was beautiful. Human life was often described as such. Would it be better to remain an eternal asteroid floating through space, frozen in neither life nor death? Or is there something more to burning bright for a short time and then blinking out like a snuffed candle to who knows where, only leaving behind a burnt wick and the lingering presence and smell of smoky death layered atop the intended scent?

She remembered the turtle, asleep in its enormous shell while the Earth sat atop its back. Perhaps he felt the same, too bored to do anything else with his immortal life but sleep. Hermione’s curly hair stood up in the zero gravity of space, and her baggy flannel pajamas billowed around her, catching the dying lights and lighting up in a brilliant gold. That same low hum called to her and caused her speed to dramatically accelerate. The galaxies became popping blurs in her vision. Woah, she gasped mentally, reaching an arm out ahead of her and once again forming a mock “superman” pose as she flew. I’m seriously getting a sense of Deja vu here…

It wasn’t long before she was met with the towering done-like turtle shell that stood in front of the sun. As she approached the hole where its head would emerge from, she hoped that it was conscious this time around. Otherwise, she would still have no clue as to why she was having this dream or astral journey for a second time. Its largeness comforted her, and she wondered even more about why and how she was connected to this otherworldly being. Perhaps it’s because of Pennywise!

Floating through the hole with bated breath, she could feel her magic vibrating at the closeness of the hum. It almost didn’t surprise her when her chest lit up and another orb, or maybe it was the same orb, shot out of her chest, illuminating the inside of the shell for her convenience.

“Greetings, Hermione Jean Granger,” an old gravelly voice spoke lightly, “I’ve been expecting you…” she looked up to see crimson and ebony eyes blinking blearily through three sets of eyelids. He seemed to have just awoken from another sleep.

“I’m sorry about the light. I can’t control it,” the enormous head only nodded at her.

“That’s quite alright,” he cut himself off with a huge throat-gargling yawn that kind of startled the
tiny witch, “I myself cannot see so well these millennia in the darkness of my own shell.”

“May I ask you your name? You already seem to know mine,” Hermione wondered aloud, floating upwards to look the large being in the eyes.

“Dear, girl, I apologize. Most of us Guardians call me ‘Maturin’,” he nodded at her absently, thinking of something else.

“Guardians?” she asked curiously.

“Bah! It’s a long story… too long to tell in this short time we have to meet. Another time perhaps?” he waved her off with a tilt of his wrinkled reptilian head, “Besides, you are here for another matter entirely.”

“Does this have to do with Pennywise?” Hermione tilted her own head and the old turtle chuckled quietly.

“So that is what he calls himself now… stupid name…” he muttered humorously, “Yes… precisely,” he answered her question, showing off the deep scratches that lined his stone-like beak as he bent closer to her.

“Did he give those to you?” she was almost afraid to ask.

“Yes, it did. That devourer has been a scourge among our macroverse for billions of billions of years, eating and destroying everything in its path. I imprisoned him on Earth in a gilded cage he could manipulate however he wanted in the hope that he would be satisfied. But alas… he was still just as malicious as before. That is… until you,” he lowered his head gratefully.

“Me?” Hermione replied dumbfoundedly, pressing a hand to her chest to see if her heart was still beating beneath it.

“Yes, Hermione. You have done something that I thought was entirely impossible… you changed him, and in such a short time, no less,” his pickle-green head bowed as he praised her.

Embarrassed, she covered her smile and blush with her hand, “So what should I tell him?” Maturin nodded knowingly.

“It is still entirely your decision of course, but if you become his mate… or his handler,” Hermione giggled at the ancient turtle’s jab at the shapeshifting childish clown, “You will become immortal, but you will also be able to protect others from It’s destructive nature,” the tiny woman gasped, he was right. Becoming a martyr was not one of her life-goals, but it certainly wouldn’t have to feel that way, nor would it be all bad. She shuddered at the thought of being partnered with him if she’d hated him as much as the Losers did.

“Why has it been me who had gotten this far, rather than anyone else in all of humanity or otherwise?” Maturin blinked consideringly at her question.

“Some mortals would call it ‘destiny,’ others would call it ‘soul mates… However, I believe The Other tailored you for him, built you up and gave you your wonderous humanity in exchange for saving It,” he grinned, as much as a turtle could grin, “Already, you have saved many.”

Hermione blinked, clearly shocked at the information. Soulmates… with Pennywise? “Who is The Other?”

Maturin sighed politely, “He is the creator, the God, in our immense macroverse… Little is known of
him, but he has phenomenal power that neither I nor It could beat alone… To be made by him… it is an honor, Hermione,” he blinked again, looking tired once more, “As a reward for your sacrifice, you will not have to hibernate as It does, and, if you so choose, It won’t need to hibernate either.”

“But is that natural for Pennywise?” Yeah, won’t he be a complete prat if he’s constantly exhausted? She thought sardonically.

Maturin chuckled, hearing her thoughts, “Yes, It will be fine. The hibernation had been a part of the cage because I couldn’t spare the time to constantly watch over him to make sure he hadn’t destroyed the Earth or driven away his entire food source. I simply can’t keep up with him these days… despite being immortal, I feel old,” the turtle pouted good-naturedly, “It is still young, you see… and his blood sings for him to mate… It is rather lewd of him to project his aura so far… enough that I can easily feel it… But he does think a lot of you,” he muttered, lost in his own thoughts.

Well, Hermione thought, that disproves the insect-like hibernation theory Stan came up with, but it still makes sense. This poor old turtle can’t babysit Pennywise forever. How has he not gone insane yet? There was so much information for her to sift through in her mind, but she didn’t need to. Her mind was clear. Suddenly, the familiar faint beeping of her alarm clock echoed through the shell’s opening. It was time for her to go. Turning swiftly to address the half-asleep turtle, she all but shouted, feeling her astral body flickering away atom by atom.

“Thank you, Maturin. You told me everything I needed to know!”

She felt fuzzy, tingling with numbness as if her whole body was covered in cotton balls. Her form flickered in the dying light, attempting to stay on its present plane but to no avail. The celestial orb returned to her chest as she vanished before the turtle’s drooping eyes. When he was engulfed in darkness once more, the crimson and ebony eyes fell closed guardedly. Before he could fall asleep, he murmured to the inside of his shell.

“See you soon, Hermione.”

Chapter End Notes

Before I say anything else, I apologize if Maturin is a bit OOC. I still haven’t read the book, and so I have no idea what he’s actually like. In other news, the big ole confrontation is happening next chapter! I have no idea how long it will take me to write, but I might take a bit longer to make it even better with a couple of proofreads. As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. They keep me going and getting chapters written faster.
Hey! I'm back with a wonderfully tense chapter for you all to enjoy!
Let me just say that this one was very fun to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 1st, 1989

Hermione hadn’t seen Pennywise since his offer, but she’d already made her choice. She would become his mate and keep him in line so the rest of humanity wouldn’t suffer for it. Her friends would grow old and die, but she would be there to look out for their descendants as a watchful guardian who could ensure their prosperity with gentle advice. However, there wasn’t much she could do with the clown’s imprisonment in his cage. She had no choice but to stay with him or risk unnecessary bloodshed. Perhaps she could speak to Maturin about freeing the clown from Derry and letting him go wherever he wanted on Earth as long as she stayed with him at all times. However, she knew it was a difficult thing to ask for right away. She’d likely have to wait a few years before that option was open to her. The ‘no hibernation’ deal needed to be successful first before the ancient turtle likely allowed him anymore freedom. And, long story short, she didn’t think he could play nice for more than a year, let alone twenty-seven.

Sighing, she looked up from her desk, taking in her map of Derry and remembering how blind she’d been at the beginning of her assignment. A mirthful chuckle welled up within her, tainted by the truth behind the display in front of her. Part of her wondered what would have happened had she never decided to come to the little town of Derry, Maine in the first place. Where else would President Vesta have sent her? Anywhere in the United States, she imagined. In all honesty, she contemplated retiring when she ‘finished’ her assignment, but her mind was always thirsting for more knowledge. So, playing the isolated guard with Pennywise seemed horridly boring to her. She would have to find someplace else to live if she decided to leave the detective work behind.

Perhaps she could go into healing. The field had always been an interesting one to her. There was even a magical hospital in Salem, Massachusetts about a three hour drive from Ilvermorny. She could easily apparate to and from work, staying with Pennywise on her time off. Yeah, Hermione grinned giddily. That would work incredibly nicely. Besides, it was probably about time she settled down into a much more stationary occupation. Now she had a reason to do so when she hadn’t before.

Gingerly, she began dismantling the bulletin board and piling the photos to put into one of her desk drawers. Their bloody contents glared out at her between amateur lighting and blurred photography. The smoking rookie cop had likely taken the crappy-quality pictures judging by the blurriness, a sign of shaky hands just itching for another nicotine fix after witnessing each horrific scene. Hopefully, she wouldn’t have to look at the detached limbs and puddles of blood again anytime soon. It was hard enough to forget the children he’d eaten in the last year alone. Upon opening the drawer to put the gruesome pictures inside, she froze.

Her coded journal lie innocently at the top of the current pile of papers. Numbly, something akin to recognition flared in her mind, slowly eroding away the thick layer of fog that had built up in that
little unrecognized spot, but she completely recognized it now. *What was that seven-foot arse trying
to hide from me?* She seethed, yanking out the old journal and flipping through it until she reached
the most recent entry. The short passage was quickly deciphered and decoded, but what it said
shocked her, sending wave after wave of her previously locked suspicions through her
consciousness.

*Bill Gray might be Pennywise (the kidnapper in Derry), be cautious...*

*Bill Gray might be Pennywise, be cautious...*

*Bill Gray might be Pennywise...*

*Bill = Pennywise*

Hermione stood up suddenly, feeling extremely lightheaded as she staggered over to the closed
wooden door. Swinging it open harshly with a loud bang, she all but ran into her comforting
bedroom and threw herself face down on her bed, trying to keep the pounding headache assaulting
her temples and nape at bay. She remembered everything, every little feeling, thought, and inkling
that the two men were connected. They weren’t hidden anymore, and the witch was alarmed at how
easy it was for him to keep them from her without even noticing. *How could I be such a blind fool?
He’s always been there... the whole time!*  

Her bedside phone rang shrilly, startling her out of her lamenting thoughts. Crawling haphazardly up
her unmade bed, Hermione swung her arm up to grab the vermilion handset, holding it to her ear and
flopping over onto her back with a whooshing sigh. The bed creaked beneath her, sounding a little
suggestive as she bounced on the mattress momentarily. She blushed, hoping whoever was on the
other line hadn’t heard the loud creaking.

“Hello?” she asked quietly.

“Hey, Hermione! It’s Bill.” *Perfect, Hermione thought contemplatively, just who I was thinking
about... Think of the Devil and he shall appear...*  

“Oh! Hey, Bill. What’s up?” she asked, not showing a single shred of a sign of reclaiming the
memories he’d hidden away. *Don’t think you’re the only actor here, clown-boy!*

“I was just wondering if I could come over to your place and eat dinner with you again,” he
proposed, sounding very polite considering who he actually was. Hermione had to give him props,
he was *good*, too good.

“Sure, come over around say, 5:30?” she answered, already plotting to expose his true identity and
confront him about his actions of pretending to be a normal albeit sexy human man.

“I will be there, and this time, I’m bringing the food,” Hermione winced but didn’t show her inner
disgust through the phone. The last thing she needed was him bringing around shreds of human
flesh. However, he hadn’t ever done that before. He did have a habit of drinking blood with every
meal. She knew that now, but he’d never asked her to do the same.

“Splendid,” she replied with a fake laugh, trying to lull him into a false sense of security, “See you
later, Bill.”
The witch didn’t even give him the chance to reply as she had already hung up with a slam of the handset on the receiver. Hermione’s hands balled into frustrated fists, her nails threatening to draw blood. Why would he lie? What was the purpose of being two people at once? She was going to solve this mystery once and for all.

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Unsurprisingly, the doorbell rang a few hours later and Hermione brushed an imaginary speck of fuzz off of her thigh-high skinny red scoopneck dress that she’d bought with Beverly during the previous day’s impromptu shopping trip. She could even remember the younger woman’s assurance that the simple short dress would “knock Bill’s socks off.” At least, that was what she hoped. It also came to her mind that this was going to be their thirteenth date. Well, she had kinda lost count of how many dates she’d had with Bill, but she’d had many pseudo “dates” with Pennywise over their time together. So, she lumped them all into one group and then she had thirteen. The number was ironic because she had said that she would have sex with him on that occasion, and now that specific occasion was finally here. That and she had plans to get him to reveal himself by making him flounder in the wake of her confidence and seduction.

When she opened the door, any greeting that Bill had on his mind and in the process of verbalizing was completely forgotten. His mouth gaped open, making him resemble a slack-jawed cartoon character as he stood there wide-eyed at her crimson ensemble. She couldn’t blame him, of course. The dress left absolutely nothing of her figure to the imagination, and her confident stance made it even better because she could naturally push her breasts up further than she normally did. Pursing her worried crimson-painted lips, she stuck her leg up to the doorframe and leaned back against the door, locking her enchanting whisky eyes with his severely-dilated cobalt ones.

“Hey there, big boy,” she rasped sultrily, trying to sound as much like a porn star as she could, “I’m so hungry… but I wanted to wait for you…” she nearly broke character to laugh uncontrollably when he answered with a voice that was noticeably higher than his usual one.

“D-don’t fret. I bought— brought spaghetti!” he stuttered, messing up his words as he blushed loudly, trying to cover up his throbbing erection with the two Styrofoam take-out containers.

“Ssstounds yummy,” she purred and he twitched, scrunching up his nose and closing his eyes adorably in an attempt to keep himself in control by not looking at or smelling her, “Come in, love,” she pushed off of the door and he sped past her, trying to keep himself upright and not float away from the pleasured emotions she was wafting towards him. Embarrassingly enough, he almost burst through his pants when she snuck her warm hands under his jacket to pull it off of him with as much contact as she could.

“There, love. Now why don’t you stay awhile?” she questioned seductively, leading the way to her dining area where she’d conjured a much smaller table where only three feet separated them.

Her four-inch heels clacked harshly across the hardwood floor, echoing in the silence of the room. The lone light of the dining room chandelier shone on the table, creating a spotlight effect that left the kitchen area and living room in complete darkness. She couldn’t decide if it felt like a romantic dinner setting, or an interrogation room. It didn’t necessarily matter. Hell, it could end up being both for all she knew.

Hermione could feel his eyes glued to her purposely swaying arse and she grinned, knowing that her
The noise he made in response wasn’t human but resembled a more human equivalent of Pennywise’s chittering curses, *strike one!* Stiffly, he walked away from her and sat in the first chair while she sat in the second chair which was closest to the witch. Bill looked anywhere else but at her as they sat in silence. Meanwhile, Hermione stared him down with a huge leer on her dolled-up face. If she’d known that Pennywise was this easy to discombobulate, she would have done it much sooner.

Quietly, he shoved a take-out container towards her and she opened up the lid, taking pleasure in the simplistic noodles and red sauce with three reasonably-sized meatballs in the middle. Digging in, she mostly left Bill alone, mostly because she really was hungry. But at one point, he’d gotten some of his red spaghetti sauce around his mouth. Immediately, she set her knees up on her chair and leaned over the table to lick it off of him. Grabbing the hair on the back of his head, she yanked him forward and he moaned into their resulting kiss.

It was chaste, but it got the job done. When she pulled away, he was the color of the sauce she’d just licked off of him. Hermione wondered why he was acting this way. The Bill and Pennywise she knew wouldn’t have hesitated to jump her bones by this point. She figured it had to do with her constant feelings of love and adoration for him and his hesitancy to do anything that would jeopardize them. *Poor boy... afraid to be denied love...*

Suddenly, he moaned. It was very quiet and all but strangled, but it was still there. Hermione remained straight-faced, not making eye-contact or acting like anything happened. Of course, when she believed the coast was clear, she glanced up, catching a familiar flash of yellow and red irises. *Strike two,* she grinned.

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After they finished eating, Hermione cleared the table while Bill claimed he was “going to the bathroom” and clammed himself up into the small space on the main floor. She giggled behind her hand, wondering which of her two hypotheses he was going with: giving himself a mental cool-down and pep-talk, or jerking himself off to a frustrated and unsatisfactory climax. A part of her hoped for the first option, because it would drag their little game out longer and be all the sweeter when he felt remorse after lying to her. Then, when he confessed, she would let him take her for all he was worth, because she really couldn’t keep up the act of dominance forever. Despite that, it was fun, and likely appealed to his more spider-like brain due to the fact that male spiders were much smaller and submitted to the females.

Running downstairs, she brought out some water-soluble paints that she’d come across while cleaning down there in a fit of distraction the previous day. They had likely belonged to a child who had once lived here in her house, a child who had most likely been eaten by Pennywise at some point during his last waking. Sighing lowly, Hermione set the paints on the counter and moved to conjure a rolling mirror out of sight where the man wouldn’t see it. Covering it with a white sheet, she began phase two of her plan. Right on cue, Bill emerged from the bathroom, sporting a slightly flushed face, sweaty neck, and wide pupils. The witch smirked knowingly, *so he went with the*
second option after all... pity. Tilting her head questioningly at him, she indicated to the box of paints, brushes, and pallets next to her.

“I’ve heard of couples painting each other as date idea,” Hermione began, slowly getting closer to him with her clicking heels, “I confess, I find the concept rather intriguing, and it leaves many possibilities to be explored. Are. You. Interested?” she whispered into his ear, tapping her fabulously painted crimson nails along his opposite shoulder.

Pulling away, she gave him time to decide, walking back over to the box and sifting through to find adequate brushes that weren’t too big nor too small for their purpose. A weak sounding “yes” muttered from behind her as she asked the question hanging in the tense air, and she ignored it in favor of grabbing out a couple of pallets and loading them up with each color. After that was done, she reached down to pull her dress off. Shimmying out of the skin-tight fabric, she revealed the underwear that “Bill” had picked out for her that day when he’d found her at the clothing store and nearly fucked her in the changing room. Ah, memories...

A sharp inhale from the male told her he remembered exactly what she was wearing and she smirked before adapting a more innocent smile as she turned around. It was her turn to oogle and drool slack-jawed because she was met with a neatly defined six-pack and pectorals, hard nipples, and a dark hairy trail that went right down to his covered pelvis. Because of her gaping, a semblance of both Pennywise’s and Bill’s usual cockiness spread across his face, especially so when he “accidentally” flexed his lean muscles. Grinning giddily, he stepped towards her and just about pinned her to the countertop.

“Shall we begin?” he whispered to her lips, licking them slightly before grabbing a pallet and turning around to survey his color choices.

“Yes,” she whispered mockingly as she immediately began painting the back of his left shoulder.

He flinched at the cold temperature, but immediately stilled, letting Hermione work. Curiously, he watched her use a vibrant plethora of colors and rinse the brushes before continuing. Whatever she was painting on him was very colorful, but that was only the second thing he was actually paying attention to. The first, of course, was Hermione herself. She was unbelievably sexy tonight, and it took everything in him to not simply pound her into her bedroom mattress. It had never occurred to him how much his woman’s dominance would turn him on, but here he was, allowing her to call the shots during this date.

“Okay, your turn,” she smiled and turned around, showing off her corresponding shoulder and pulling her unruly curls up into a messy bun.

Looking back at his own shoulder, he noticed a little sun, rainbow, and clouds across his left-upper-back. Huffing at the cutesy imagery, he struck, determinedly painting a little lion with cartoonishly large sharp teeth and slanted eyes. The breath Hermione had been holding in escaped through her teeth, as she craned her neck around to see the little cat on her shoulder. Slowly, he stepped away from where he’d wedged her up against the wall, swiveling where he stood so she could continue painting.

They took turns like this for a while, even weaving in aspects of their previous dates. A little Chinese take-out container ended up on his opposite shoulder while a croquet mallet connected the two designs. A soup can ended up underneath the rainbow and Hermione painted a fedora and flannel pajama pants above and beneath it. In the middle of his back, she painted the clown doll she’d given him when they went to the carnival. Jokingly, the witch painted a cup of coffee in its little hand, remembering how horribly he’d taken the substance. On his upper arms, she painted kabobs, and on his pectoral muscles, she painted matching roller skates. Then, she painted a book on his lower back...
Meanwhile, his designs were painted intricately and precisely, looking more like something a professional makeup artist would design. It would have been creepy had it been from anyone else, but coming from Pennywise, she didn’t mind. Each little scene he painted on her body, it was how he saw her. In one scene, the sunlight hit her from the window of the Chinese restaurant, and she was amazed he remembered so much. Another was a scene where she was holding James in her arms and smiling. Her personal favorite was one of them kissing, and if her memory was correct, it was their first. Tears came to her eyes as he finished painting her body. Hermione had just finished his, but they still both had to do each other’s faces. Moving into the final phase, she took a deep breath.

“Hey, how about we do each other’s face at the same time?” she asked innocently and he nodded, already dipping his brush in red.

She decided to begin with the white, not allowing him to see the color at all. Making his face pale, she stared ahead, not giving the man focusing on her face any indication that she was leading him into a trap. She paused, waiting for the white to dry. When being asked why she stopped, she informed him by saying as much.

“So where do you live, in Derry?” she asked in the silence, which became thicker with her loaded question, “and how do you always know where I am?”

Bill didn’t quite answer, making another shrug and a response so vague that it wasn’t worth noting. Hermione could tell she was unsettling him, strike three! You’re out! So, she continued painting by adding the red lines and painted areas on his nose and lips.

“I see…” she responded finally, setting her brushes down in the water and placing her pallet down on the table.

Sighing, she beckoned for “Bill” to finish painting her, and he did, adding little red heart-shaped balloons all around the witch’s pale face. When he nodded, she stepped away slowly, walking over to the mirror she’d conjured and rolling it over to them. Numbly, Hermione grabbed the sheet, speaking only once.

“Are you ready to see?” she questioned, asking herself more than him.

Sighing quickly, she yanked the sheet off of the mirror, revealing the image of Pennywise’s makeup on Bill’s shocked face.

Chapter End Notes

Gah! I'm sorry! *hides under desk* This cliffhanger was planned from the start, and I wanted to ensure that it happened this way. I don't know when the next chapter will be posted, but I will get going on it right away!

As I wrote the painting scene, I kept thinking of the HP Musical Sequel where Hermione couldn't draw so I figured I'd make Pennywise the better artist of the two. As always, your comments are much appreciated and I hope you continue to give me feedback as some of you have been. :D
Alright! This is the one you've all been waiting for. I won't spoil it, but at least half of it is sex, so I'll just say read at your own risk. Enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 1st, 1989

In the mirror’s reflection, she saw Bill’s face go through a variety of emotions: shock, confusion, fear, and anger. His head bowed, dark hair flopping forward to obscure his unknown expression. When his shoulders began shaking and his spine seizing, Hermione backed up slowly and silently, unsure how the disguised clown would react to his figurative unmasking. At first there was stuttered hissing, which bubbled into staggering wheezes, and finally erupted into a screaming high-pitched laughter. It wavered, dipping down to a low baritone cackle that shook the floorboards they stood on. As if by instinct, her shaking hands came up to cover her ears as she continued backing away. Numbly, she could hear dishes vibrating out of the cabinets and shattering on the kitchen floor. The lights flickered, and Hermione swore she could hear the light bulbs popping in their sockets. It reminded her of a horror movie, which fit rather well. Pennywise belonged in a horror movie. He hadn’t noticed her retreat, and the witch planned to keep it that way until she could flee to the safety of a lockable room in which she could ward him out of. If and when he was ready to talk, they could converse through a barrier until the curly-haired woman knew he wouldn’t injure her in his defensive anger. Meanwhile, she tried to keep her emotions under control and lowered to a calmer level, focusing on an inner peace that she hoped to spread to Pennywise. However, it was a bit hard to do so when he immediately stopped laughing and began chasing Hermione up the stairs.

She screamed, running along the second-floor hallway in high-heels and feeling the hot ragged breathing of the feral clown’s rotten breath on the back of her neck. Loud thumping footsteps echoed behind Hermione, urging her to run faster before he caught her. Slamming the door and locking it behind her, the witch grabbed her wand from the side table where she’d set it in the event something like this happened. Loud bangs echoed off of the door, threatening to knock it off its hinges with each pound. Quickly, Hermione made a large barrier around herself in case she didn’t finish conjuring one around the entire room, which she immediately praised herself in doing because a dark clawed wearing a shredded white glove suddenly broke through the thick wooden door, making her yelp loudly. It was too late for her to cast wards on the room now, especially when he was partially inside it.

Grimly, Hermione watched the beastly hand reach down and try to open the door from her side. When the knob didn’t budge because it was locked, he slammed his shoulder into the door, completely knocking it off its hinges with a loud ‘boom’. His nose was flared and his crimson-painted lips were pulled back into a snarl. Holding her breath, she watched Bill’s skin ripple and grow utterly pale and his hair turn into a blaze orange color. Finishing his transformation, the witch could hear his spine pop, elongating until he stood at his full seven-foot height. Where there had once been Bill Gray, the handsome human man, there now was Pennywise the eldritch abomination.
She sat down and pulled her knees to her chest, trying to make herself look smaller. Upon seeing the witch sitting on the floor, his glowing red eyes dialed in on her face as he immediately charged her, taking a running leap and slamming himself down on her barrier. Hermione whimpered as he snarled loudly and began scratching and biting at the orb like a wild lion, leaving white scratches, bites and sticky clear drool all over along the rose-colored magic. When she curled up into a foetal position and silenced the small space, he paused for a moment before continuing his tantrum. Sighing, she conjured one of her bed pillows and set it under her head so she could wait it out in comfort.

The witch didn’t even realize she’d fallen asleep until she awoke to the darkness of her bedroom. Hours had passed if the sun had already set. Quickly, she turned her main light on with her wand and she gasped. Where could she begin to look? The ceiling was wet with what was likely the clown’s tears, her bed sheets looked like they’d been burrowed into and escaped from, leading a trail all the way to her laundry hamper which was dumped on its side and bleeding its dirty clothes all over the floor. Pennywise had likely rolled in them before attempting to do the same to her books and running into her heavy stinging hexes which caused him to politely leave the shelves alone. Good boy...

Groaning at her messy room, she immediately rolled over to see that Pennywise looked like someone had run him over half of a dozen times with a semi-truck. Black bags lie underneath his drooping watery-blue eyes. His cheeks and nose were red from crying, he was drooling uncontrollably on her floor, and it looked like he’d been pulling chunks of his ginger hair out. The clown suit wasn’t any better. Clearly, he’d been fussing with it because it now had holes all over it from his sharp black claws. In all sense of the words, he looked like a hot mess. Even here, she still wanted to be close to him, to comfort him and ensure him that she was going to stay with him.

When he saw her staring at him, he tried to touch her and whimpered pathetically when he couldn’t. More tears leaked from his cobalt eyes, which looked oddly right in the clown’s pale face, and floated up to join their brethren on the ceiling. Hermione fought to keep a blank poker face as she unsilenced her bubble and leaned up on her elbow.

“Why?” she spat at him, “Why pretend? Why did you lie? To me?” The witch could see his mouth moving like a fish out of water, but no words came out. So she continued.

“Was it to spy on me?! To trick me into sex?! Was is because you didn’t trust me to fall in love with you for who you actually are?!” Hermione all but screamed at him, balling her hands into fists and punching the floor beneath her.

“No!” he finally shouted, shaking with anger, fear, and frustration, “I did use “Bill” to get closer to you, but I didn’t trust my true form to appeal to you… I wanted to change for you… I… have changed for you… in more ways than one… I’m sorry I lied, but I wanted to stay with you as both my favored form and yours,” the curly-haired woman gasped, seeing the truth and remorse shining in Bill’s eyes, in his eyes.

All this time, she’d been angry that her boyfriend had actually been Pennywise, but she’d never realized that she hadn’t truly lost Bill Gray. He was still there, but he was just a part of the larger entity, just as the clown was. Hermione berated herself, lowering the rosy barrier and throwing herself at the speechless male who immediately reciprocated her hug, accidentally trying to squeeze the life out of her petite body. It felt amazingly nice to share this moment together, completely wrapped up in each other with no lies nor pretenses. It was just the witch and the eldritch, hugging like they never would again. Patting his shoulder repeatedly, he slightly loosened his grip on her and let her breathe some much needed air.

“You’re wrong. Bill is not my favorite form… this is,” she wheezed, kissing his cheek and leaning against his ruffled shoulder, not up for sharing an oxygen stealing French kiss quite yet, “You’ve got
to give yourself a little bit of credit. This form isn’t as repulsive as you think it is,” she bit and sucked on his neck where she could reach it underneath his tattered collar.

Pennywise purred, lapping at her neck and ear where he could easily reach her skin, “Mnn... noted,” he hummed contemplatively, “have you thought about my offer?”

All of a sudden, with those words, the room was silently tense, but only because he made it so.

Hermione squeezed his shoulders, leaning back to look him in his nervous blue eyes.

Aww... He looks positively adorable when he squirms, she smiled at him, leaning in to kiss the corner of his mouth. Pulling away, she leaned back in his arms and smirked at him, wrapping her legs around his waist.

“Is that enough of an answer for you, clown-boy?” he pouted, mumbling something under his breath.

“Oh, I’m terribly sorry,” she spoke patronizingly, “What was that?”

A flare of amber entered his cobalt eyes, “I said that you need to fully spell it out for the old toad, doll,” he whispered to her, “then he’ll leave us alone...” he pouted, crossing his arms on his chest.

Hermione giggled at how childish he looked in that moment, like he’d been given a present he couldn’t open until he was told he could, which was pretty much the case, but it didn’t make it any less funny.

“Okay Maturin,” she called out to her bedroom, “I choose to be his mate!”

The curly-haired witch was not prepared for Pennywise to turn around, peel her off his body, and throw her on the bed like a sack of flour.

★★★

“Oof!” she grunted at the sudden contact with the mattress.

When she tried to roll over and crawl away, his iron-handed grip locked around her legs and pulled her back until her legs went back around his waist at the end of the bed. Suddenly, the clown was pulling her torso up and wrapping it in sticky and silky strands that he kept pulling from his wrists. Soon, her wrists were tied to her shoulders, and there was a space wide enough for him to have free access to her breasts without having to worry about her covering them up. She whimpered at the restraints, and he shushed her with little chitters and purrs.

“Hush, my little mate. Let me work. Let me make you feel good,” he hummed into her curls as he leaned down to suck on her earlobe, making her shiver.

Hermione breathed heavily, breaking off into a moan when his perfect lips enveloped her right breast, sucking and biting down light enough to not quite draw blood yet still cause her to arch off the mattress with a loud yelp. Pennywise snickered quietly, but kept on fulfilling his duties, draining the milk from her with practiced suckles. Sighing loudly, the witch was glad she remembered to update the silencing charm on the room so none of her neighbors would come pounding on the door and telling her to ‘keep it down.’

Smiling shyly, she laid back on her pillows, passively watching him work on her opposite nipple. At one point, his hands came up to squeeze her mounds in an attempt to coax more milk from her body. Simultaneously, he abruptly shoved two long dark fingers inside her and scissored them until he
finally wrangled the first orgasm of the night out of the overstimulated witch. Hermione cried out at
the pressure, primally signalling to her mate that he needed to get a move on with claiming her,
otherwise she would break out of her restraints and find another more worthy male who would.
While Hermione had no idea what she’d done, Pennywise certainly did. Snarling suddenly, he
ripped her underwear off and dug into her wet snatch tongue-first.

Once again, the curly-haired woman screeched, her wrists flailing to hold onto something as her hips
bucked against the clown’s hungry face. However, he didn’t seem to care as he was too interested in
her liquid arousal. Lewd slurping and licking noises not unlike a dog’s reached her beet-red ears and
she moaned helplessly, too embarrassed to close her eyes and helplessly imagine being eaten out by a
large red-haired wolf. A playful growl made her flush redder as he caught her train of thought at the
absolute wrong time. Pennywise paused, lifting his head up on his hands and leaning on his elbows,
his clawless ebony hand eagerly examining her nether region with little prods and pets. A
promiscuous leer crawled its way onto his painted features, making her squirm where she lie beneath
him.

“You dirty girl!” he giggled at the witch and she looked at the ceiling, not even bothering to deny
what he got from her.

His pointer-finger found her clit and he immediately had Hermione humping his hand for all it was
worth. Pennywise chuckled lowly at her desperation to get off, but he had no leg to stand on in that
aspect because he was humping his own desperation against the mattress just as eagerly. Not a single
drop of her nether juices touched the bed beneath them as they were all lapped up by the clown’s
waiting black tongue. Every minute he was tasting her was heaven for him, and he was ready to do it
for all eternity.

Pulling himself up on his haunches, he pushed the witch up to the middle of the large bed and
crawled between her spread thighs. Keeping eye-contact with Hermione, he ripped the shredded
costume from his body, showing off his pale bare body. She could hear his boots fall to the floor
with muffled thumps, but then he was kneeling in front of her and letting her examine his form.
Belatedly, the curly-haired witch realized it was a privilege to examine him after he tied her up,
because it left him both open for attack from rival males, but also gave her time to break free and
either subdue or kill him.

Immediately, she caught sight of his inky black tentacles unfurling protectively from around his
enormous cock. They writhed and reached towards her legs, leaving little suckling kisses on them
once they decided they wouldn’t pick her up. Upon looking at the twitching dark purple and red
penis, she noticed how pleasantly different it was from a human male’s. It’s root was dark, matching
the surrounding tentacles, but it was so full of blood that the rest of the bumpy organ was flushed
with its oxidized and unoxidized colors. The small knot that would grow much larger inside her was
especially purple and pulsing while the red head was oozing his inky black pre onto the soon-to-be
ruined bed sheets.

His dark heaving bollocks were neatly visible underneath the rest of his genitalia and they were just
as big as she remembered feeling them during that first bath of his. However, Hermione paused,
nervous at the thought of fitting such a lengthy and girthy thing inside her. Sensing her hesitation,
Pennywise purred, leaning down so she couldn’t see any of his package as he crawled up her bound
torso.

“Don’t worry, love,” he crooned in her ear, pulling her into a slightly-fogged trance, “This will take
away the pain, but then I’ll let you out of it after a little bit,” he promised, using the distraction to sink
his cock inside her with a loud squelch.
Numbly, she could hear, see, and feel the sensations, but almost as if she were floating away from her own body. Meanwhile, Pennywise had found a new Heaven, and was trying desperately to not immediately ejaculate inside her like a human whelp experiencing his first erection. He panted, tongue lolling and dripping drool all over Hermione’s flat abdomen that was distended slightly from his cock. Looking down, he noted how utterly perfect they looked connected at the hip. Her pomegranate flower looked divine as a sheath for him, leaking nectar in preparation for his thrusts as she breathed dazedly, lost in a world of her own.

Dispersing the fog, Pennywise saw his witch’s whisky eyes clear and darken as she noticed what he’d been looking at. Now that she could move her legs, his tentacles wrapped around her thighs, holding him inside Hermione’s pulsing cavern. Both moaned at the sensation when he bucked into her, pulling out slightly and thrusting back in. Gripping the woman’s hips in his dark hands, the clown continued thrusting, setting a grueling pace that left Hermione winded. Every pound, he made sure to bump her clit.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah!~” Hermione screeched, arching her back into her second orgasm of the night and unleashing a torrent of filmy clear release all over her partner’s pelvis and genitalia.

“*Good girl,*” he rumbled, pulling her panting mouth into a kiss and slowing his thrusts so she could catch her breath slightly, “Almost done… one more, and then you can rest…” Pennywise promised, reaching out with a smaller tentacle to rub her clit.

“Ahh!” the witch cried out at the feeling, whimpering as he only sped up, getting ready to reach his own climax and pull her down with him for her third.

His tentacles tightened their grip, her clit getting flicked, kissed, and sucked by the tiny ones. The bumps on his cock rubbed deliciously against her walls, and she could feel the bulge of his knot swelling up with his supernatural blood. It popped in and out of her, spreading her hole open wider and wider until it finally locked inside her channel. Pennywise squeezed her hips, his sharpening teeth escaping his clenched jaws. Throwing her head back, Hermione exposed her red claiming bite to him and he struck, biting down and injecting his power into the woman’s body. She screamed his name as she climaxed for the third time that night, her release making her swell because it was blocked from leaking out.

Pennywise roared his own orgasm out to her bedroom, the clown’s churning balls sending hot rope after hot rope of inky black alien cum into her waiting womb. Hermione moaned quietly as her abdomen swelled, making her look a few months pregnant. Still, his knot held true, keeping every drop of liquid inside. Tears leaked from the witch’s eyes at the feeling of being overly full, and the clown leaned down to lick up her tears before pulling her into a kiss. Belatedly, she felt him cut off her restraints, and she threw her loose arms around his neck, pulling him closer so their tongues could dance in celebration of their mating.

To him, she no longer smelled of slow death and instead smelled only of him. After all, it was still too soon to tell if they were going to have little ones running around in the next few months. However, when she hit two weeks, he would know. Until then, he would have to keep breeding her until his seed took. Rolling them so he laid on his back and she laid on his chest, Pennywise tucked a pillow underneath her head and pulled the blankets up to keep Hermione warm. His knot wouldn’t go down for another forty-five minutes at least, but she was exhausted and already sleeping. So, he laid back and relaxed to watch his mate, having no intention of pulling out of her until she awoke the next morning.

Chapter End Notes
Together at last... I was so happy to write this chapter, and have a whole honeymoon period planned for next chapter. So, if there are any positions or kinks you want me to hit while Hermione is still completely flexible (because she won't be with a baby on the way), this will be the place for them. ;)
As always, leave comments to let me know what to add, get rid of, touch more on, etc. You all have been very supportive so far, and I thank you even more as we are about five chapters away from entering the final arc (Act III).
Alright, here's the deal... I have too many ideas to fit into one chapter.
So, the honeymoon day will be split up into three chapters of nothing but porn.
With that being said, enjoy this first chapter of three.

August 2nd, 1989

Hermione woke up to Pennywise licking her ear, and to be honest, she wasn’t surprised. Moaning, the tired witch turned away and buried her gently abused ear into the pillow under her messy bedhead of curls. His only response was to begin licking her newly exposed ear. She tried to get up, only for her snatch to protest vehemently. Hissing, she sank back down on his limp cock and leaned up on her elbows, glaring at him with tired and exasperated eyes. Meanwhile, the clown purred and rubbed her back, trying to ease her pain as much as he could.

Rolling them so she lie under him again, he grabbed Hermione’s ankles and began stretching his newly-claimed mate’s legs for their first round of the day. Pulling them back and forth, clenching and unclenching, she whimpered at the soreness of her entire middle region. Carefully, he pulled his flaccid meat out of her hole and examined it. A gloved finger poked around inside for a moment, searching for any blood or tearing of her walls. Finding none, he smirked at how dry they both were. No inky cum had escaped once she and he weren’t knotted anymore. It took, he grinned giddily, but that doesn’t mean I’m not sending in reinforcements just in case the eggs refused that batch.

Rolling Hermione on her stomach, she moaned quietly, feeling relieved when he folded a thick pillow under her stomach and left to grab her magical medicines. When he brought the little box over to her, she downed a pain-relief potion and settled back down where he’d set her. Suddenly, black hands were touching her naked back and rubbing it into a deliciously toe-curling massage. Because they were alone, she didn’t silence herself like she normally would have, and by the feeling of his hardening cock nestled in the crack of her bum, he was loving her vocalizations. He was careful to avoid the fingertip-shaped bruises on her hips, berating himself for being so rough. That definitely wouldn’t do when she was swollen with his young.

When Pennywise got to massaging her tense shoulders, he “accidentally” circled around the dark mating bite scar that was permanently on her skin. Hermione moaned, raising her supple arse up to mingle with his thickening member. Using his tentacles, he moved his cock so it lined up with her dripping core. Abruptly sinking into her, the clown wrapped an arm over the top of her, and one in between her breasts and clutching her left shoulder. Pained whimpers faded into eager sighs when the eldritch began thrusting into his woman’s sore pussy from behind, wrapping his inky tentacles around her thighs and spreading them so he could go deeper. Hermione gasped, feeling his swollen balls thumping harshly against her clit with quick fleshy slaps. As both of their climaxes built, the eldritch began pushing his mate down into the bed, causing her to raise her hips even more. He yanked her bouncing hair to the side and bit down onto the blackened bite, triggering her orgasm with a screech. The shock-waves of the witch’s clenching walls had him popping his knot sooner
than was usually the case, making him feel a bit like a vigorous youth who was partaking in his first rut. However, that was kind of the case here. He’d never rut with anyone before.

Once again, Pennywise spilled his sludgy seed inside her, willing it to take as he lingered inside Hermione’s pussy because of his eager knot. Panting like an animal below both of their intelligence levels, he decided that the doggy-style position was prime for breeding, but wasn’t a very good one for face-to-face or breast interaction. Tilting her body up further, he hoped his spunk would drip down into her womb rather than out onto the witch’s bed. Laying a hand and rubbing it along the messy sheets, he considered the surface’s comfort level and decided that his young would be born on the same bed they were conceived on.

“So how’s that for ‘morning sex’?” he sassied cheekily and Hermione smacked him in the face with her pillow.

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“No! Go away!” she protested weakly when he followed her into the bathroom after she told him she was going to bathe, “I’m sore.”

Pennywise growled at her, “You will feel less sore the more we fuck. Tell me, doll… do you feel less ‘sore’ now or when you awoke?”

Hermione paused, coming to the realization that she indeed felt less sore now than before, but that logic went against all human logic. But she wasn’t completely human anymore, and her mate had never been. “I don’t feel as sore now… but why?” she asked, hugging her naked torso.

The clown stepped closer to wrap his arms around her and nuzzle her hair with a purr, “My seed makes it all better… gives you energy and relief from your lingering pain,” he whispered simply, gently grabbing her hands and leading her into the bathroom.

Pushing her forward in the direction of the cabinet, he instructed her to, “grab the things I need to clean you, my little mate.”

Blushing, Hermione complied, grabbing her preferred soaps and also the ones she used on him. When she realized there was a new bar of soap on the top shelf, she tried to reach for it, even standing on her tiptoes. However, a pale human hand grabbed it for her, making the stunned witch gasp and nearly fall onto the tiled floor. Whipping her head around, she was met face to face with Bill Gray. The woman’s cheeks reddened as she perused his form in all of its naked glory.

He was just as muscular as she remembered, and she marveled at seeing everything unrestrictedly. That lovely trail of dark hair was still present and all Hermione wanted to do was lick it. Just like in his clown body, Bill was hung like a horse and eager to please her with his godlike anatomy. The red mushroom head was dripping with black precum, making her wonder how fast his refractory period was, because there was no way it was anywhere close to a normal man’s.

Pennywise smirked down at her, his eyes flashing yellow in arousal as he waved the soap in front of her frozen face, “Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” he giggled at his own joke, picking Hermione up and gently setting her into the steaming water.

“Oh~” Hermione moaned, feeling her sore tense muscles release.
Bill humped the air upon hearing the noise, but shook it off as he climbed into the tall tub with her. Luckily, the basin wasn’t going to overflow with their combined weight in the water, but held no promises if they started another round of baby-making inside. Purring, he pulled the witch onto his lap and helped her sink down onto his hard human member. Somehow, it was still just as satisfying even without the tentacles, bumps, and knot. Helplessly, she cried out at the overstimulation and clutched his shoulders, weeping into his neck while he rubbed hot water and soap into her back.

The disguised clown worked on her neck and lower back while she got used to the feeling of his different cock. Leaning Hermione back, he caught one of her swaying nubs and began suckling, catching her even more by surprise. When she embarrassingly began humping him, sliding his meat in and out of her, he assisted her by grabbing onto her bum and thrusting a bit on his own. Her spent nipple slid out of his mouth with a slick ‘pop’ and she moaned at the sound, making sharp little cries as she bounced up and down. Water splashed out of the tub all around them, but neither paid any mind to the mess. They were too lost in each other to notice.

Suddenly, Bill began the dual ministrations of suckling on her other breast while also teasing her anus. Screeching, Hermione came hotly around her demon-husband’s cock, triggering his own orgasm which sent a third helping of spunk into her womb. Coming down from her high, she realized there wasn’t much water left in the tub. Sheepishly, she grabbed her wand where it lay on the counter and got to work cleaning up the mess. When she leaned out of the basin to put her wand back, a dark hand stilled her movements.

“Change this room for me again, doll. I want to take you again,” he ordered pointedly, bumping her still hips with his own.

Hermione whimpered tiredly, but acquiesced to his request, changing the room until it once again resembled the prefect’s bathroom at Hogwarts. At her command, the colored spouts filled the pool until the bubbles threatened to flow over the sides. Suddenly, Pennywise picked her up and tossed her in gently. She giggled under the water, emerging silently and moving through the bubbles until she reached the opposite side of the pool, waiting for him to panic and look for her. That’ll teach him to not throw me around!

“Hermione?” he called weakly, attempting to sniff around for her floral scent.

A splash signalled his entrance into the sudsy water, so she climbed up onto the windowsill behind her, spreading her legs so she could balance across the narrow yet lengthy beam. Her hand came down to cover her dripping slit where it was dripping black droplets into the pool. They would give her away if falling back in didn’t. It was gradually becoming more of a possibility the longer she crouched on sore unsteady legs.

So, when his ginger head popped out of the water in between her legs a couple of minutes later, she gasped in relief. Pennywise smirked at her, reaching for her supple thighs and pulling her down into the dark water with him. His black tongue lapped at her neck, and his black hands squeezed her arse possessively, as if she were going to up and leave. The amber eyes glaring down at her seemed to say the same.

“While I love chasing you, now isn’t one of those times,” he said simply, wrapping her legs around his waist and sliding his hard, thick, and bumpy cock back into her hole.

Hermione moaned weakly at his manhandling, but couldn’t do anything but feel the sensations as the clown picked her up and began walking around the pool, fucking into her slowly. She moaned, but he ignored her, sitting down on one of the built-in ledges and beginning to experiment with her arsehole. He dipped his entire pointer finger inside and she squawked, trying to get it out by thrusting further into his groin. Snickering, he continued the double penetration to her terror.
Suddenly, the finger was gone, but at least half a dozen tentacles were pushing at her, trying to widen her back entrance. It was painfully pleasurable, and she both did and didn’t want it to stop. Hermione cried out at the conflicting feelings and Pennywise purred, cowing her with little rubs that somehow did calm her down despite the dual sensations happening to the lower half of her petite body.

“Shh, sh, sh,” he hissed lovingly, lapping at the drool leaking out of her open mouth, “You can take it, doll… so good, little one… good for ole Pennywise…” he whispered into her ear and Hermione moaned, feeling both of their climaxes approaching.

His tentacles twisted inside of her rectum, making her scream and arch into his pale chest. The clown’s body seized as he roared his orgasm to the room, knotting inside his young mate once more. This time, he could feel her channel coaxing his seed up and into her further. He hadn’t realized her body would begin assisting him so soon. This meant that she was in heat, or already pupped. Either was fine in his opinion, but he secretly hoped for the latter. Hermione wouldn’t know for a while, and that was also fine. She didn’t need to know until she was too far along to stop it.

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“Seriously! Let me down, you wanker!” she repeatedly thumped his naked back as he carried her downstairs like a caveman.

It was now rather late in the morning and Pennywise could smell hunger on Hermione, and not the sexual kind. He set her naked bum on the kitchen table as he went in the kitchen to grab some suitable food for both her and himself. Beginning with his food, the clown picked out three large raw steaks and a bowl of strawberries that they could share. For her, he grabbed peanut butter, jelly, and a few slices of bread along with a bowl of cold spaghetti noodles from the previous night that she’d set in the fridge. Carrying all of that plus two classes of water, he brought them over to her where she sat on the table. When Pennywise put everything down next to her, he pulled her into a kiss.

Parting from her, he breathed against her lips, rubbing her abdomen, “Do you want to eat first, or shall I?”

Hermione blinked in confusion before squinting at him, wondering how this would lead back around to him humping her silly, “You go ahead…”

He chuckled at her nervousness, “Alright then, lie back for me, dollface…” the clown assisted her, tilting the witch back so she lie across the table.

Pennywise hummed, pulling her forward slightly so he leaned over her heaving mounds that moved with each nervous breath. Gingerly, he picked up a handful of the strawberries and squeezed them for all they were worth, dripping cold red juice all over her bare skin. Hermione gasped at the temperature, trying not to fidget where she lie, otherwise risk Pennywise doing more to her in punishment. She almost jumped when the blood from the steaks coated her lower half, dripping between her puffy nether lips all the way up to her belly button. A whimper crawled out of her grit teeth and he chittered a calming purr, laying the steaks out under her breasts, on her abdomen, and on her groin with a quiet fleshy slap.
To him, she couldn’t have been much more beautiful in that moment while she lie beneath him covered in blood and fruit juices. When she would become rounded with his seed, she would be undeniably gorgeous. Hermione’s heavy breathing turned him on, putting him in the mindset of having chased and caught her. Now he would prove that he did by breeding her.

“My good little mate,” he crooned at her compliance, “I will pleasure you for this…”

With that, he suddenly dug in, sucking on her plump strawberry-covered mounds that had grown rather quickly in the last hour. However, Pennywise didn’t seem to mind, as he was slurping down the off-white liquid down like he never would again. Hermione mewed at the copious pressure, trying very hard to calm her shivers. Luckily, he let up, preferring to swallow one of the steaks in one bite. She giggled nervously as she watched his jaw unlock and relock like a snake, catching a light coming from inside his throat. Huh. I’ll have to ask him about that later…

The other two steaks went down his monster gullet rather similarly. After all, he was impatient for the dessert. When his tongue dipped into her belly-button, she cried out in surprise, digging her smaller fingers into his ginger hair. In turn, he groaned wantonly and quickly finished cleaning her navel before abruptly digging into her swollen snatch. Hermione didn’t even need to look down to know what was happening.

Depraved lapping met her ears and once again she thought of a dog’s lapping. It began at her inner thighs, catching the blood as it threatened to touch the table. Then, he cleaned all around the place she wanted him to lick the most. Oh, Merlin, she wept, much too overly sensitive to have any more coherent thoughts. Pennywise chuckled, and she felt it vibrating against her core. Hermione cried out when he sucked her clit into his mouth, orgasming harshly in a way that had her thumping against the table despite the clown’s dark hands holding her down. When she snapped out of her post-orgasm haze, she looked down to see him lazily cleaning her now numb pussy.

“Wh-what did you do?” she rasped and he wordlessly handed her a glass of water, “I can’t feel anything down there.”

The clown smiled, continuing his ministrations, “My spit is meant to have a tranquilizing effect, so yes, doll… You should feel nothing for the moment, but it will wear off after I feed you…” he promised giddily, hopping up from between her legs to grab the food he pulled out for her.

Taking two butter knives, he wiped peanut butter and jelly all over his face and chest, tearing the pieces of bread into smaller quarter-slices. Laying down in her place, Pennywise set her up so she straddled his lean hips. Lastly, he wrapped the spaghetti around his fingers and stuck them into her hungry mouth. Hermione moaned around the digits, biting the noodles off and enjoying the pasta flavoring mixed with his own. Drool dripped from her pouty lips and he groaned at the sight, bucking up into her unfeeling pelvis with a fleshy slap. His fingers left her mouth and handed her the pieces of bread, urging her to eat.

Gingerly, she wiped his face clean with the slices, licking up what lingered behind. His chest was treated much the same apart from licking along the fissure that divided his abdomen. When he was clean, she hopped off of him, intending to put away the things Pennywise had gotten out. However, he was quick to grab her, lifting the witch up by her middle so she couldn’t touch the ground.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” he huffed pointedly, indicating to his weeping member.

“No. I want to do this in a more interesting position,” she explained, reaching for his hand to pull him upright.

Pennywise hopped off the table and gestured for her to explain herself. Hermione pouted shyly,
worrying her lip between her teeth, “Do you think you could… numb my throat so I don’t choke?” he snickered, puffing out in pride that his mate worried about taking him in her mouth.

“Sure, doll,” he stepped into her space and locked her lips with his, sending some paralyzing venom into her throat. Parting from her, he put his finger on her bruised mouth, “Now you won’t really be able to talk, so show me what you want…” he let go of her and she led him into the living room.

“Yes?” he sniggered, and she pouted at him, shoving him until he sat on the floor with his back against the couch.

The next retort he had on the tip of his tongue vanished when she crawled in between his spread legs, flipped over onto her back, and took his entire member into her mouth. Growling in desire, he reached for the supple thighs she was trying to give to him and he held them up, lapping at her swelling snatch to get at her feminine nectar that now tasted of him. While he couldn’t see, he could feel her measured bobbing pace and tried to keep himself from knotting her throat. It wouldn’t do to suffocate the mother of his children.

However, she seemed to be liking it because she began sucking and swallowing his pre. While the inky liquid still tasted of candy, sin, and salty danger, it tasted much more sweeter than it had before. Hermione wondered if the flavor change was because she was now mated to him or if there was another reason behind it. Either way, she couldn’t seem to get enough of it. The lusty witch now understood why he was so adamant about banging her every second of the day. If she tasted like he did, she would be riding and sucking him until she couldn’t anymore.

Pennywise’s length twitched, breaking her rhythm and signalling his climax. Pulling off of him about halfway, she barely missed his bulging knot getting caught in her throat. Luckily, she was able to get it out of her mouth yet also continue sucking on his head and upper shaft. The clown howled, shooting hot tar into her mouth. A little of it escaped her puffy red lips, but she was quick to swallow the rest down. Moaning at the flavor, she felt her own orgasm shuddering through her body.

Gently, he laid her down on the carpet so she wouldn’t pass out from being upside down for so long. Then, he crawled down her body and cleaned her up with wide swipes of his inky tongue, being careful to not numb her this time. When he was done, she sat up and moaned, rubbing her full stomach where it bulged slightly. The sight of Hermione’s petite hand rubbing what was actually nothing more than a food belly instead of an actual baby bump combined with her drooling mouth moaning and dripping his seed on that same abdomen had him grabbing the witch and laying her down on the couch behind them. Grabbing a very familiar fuzzy blanket, he purred. This was another thing he’d been waiting a long time to do with his little mate.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. A brief shoutout to those who gave me suggestions... thank you so much! :D
Sorry the web stuff wasn't in this one, but it will be there, I promise!
After all, the story timeline hasn't even hit noon yet, and we all know Pennywise will keep her up really late.
See you all in the next porn-filled chapter and as always, leave comments, suggestions, opinions... I love hearing from you! :D
Hey guys, sorry for the delay. I was struck with inspiration to create more fan art for the story. I have no idea how to put it into the story without having it just be a link to an external source. :( So, if anyone can explain the process of incorporating fan art into the story as is, please let me know. :) Anyway, enjoy Chapter 56!

Hermione struggled in her newfound wrappings, squirming as he spread her sore, bruised legs and pushed into the witch with a gliding ease that startled her. In fact, the entire situation had her experiencing deja vu. There had been a time not so long ago where she’d woken up from being sick and he’d almost had sex with her as Bill Gray. He’d humped her silly, trying to get a feel for her underneath the fuzzy blanket she wore once more. Now, the humanoid man was before her, donning the same Adonis-like skin that made her swoon just as much as the clown’s did, and he was dicking her like an animal while she lay with her upper half trapped in the violated garment.

Ragged huffs met her reddened ears and she squirmed, wrapping a leg around his thin yet muscled shoulder to catch his stabbing meat at a better angle. As she did this, he began pushing her harder into the couch with each thrust, punching little whimpering sighs out of her body. Bill’s nose flared, taking in her scent of arousal and want as he bounced up and down on the worn creaking cushions. He was so close to her that she could see beads of sweat trickling down his flushed human skin. Hermione wanted to lick it off of his muscled chest and leave a mark just as he did on her. After all, it was nothing less than he deserved, and she would not stand to be anything less than equals in their relationship. The bite was a claim of ownership, and she knew it.

Looking down between their bodies, Hermione marveled at how much their conjoined genitalia looked like a well-oiled machine. His rock-hard dick slid in and out with depraved squelches and her channel moved back and forth to accommodate it. Warm yet cooling fluids leaked from her battered entrance, showing her what exactly was happening inside her body. She’d began to sweat as well, the blanket being a bit much for the combined warm weather, marathon sex, and close proximity to another hot and sweaty being that was beginning to drip his fluids all over her. He smirked at her with his utterly perfect pearly-white teeth, deeply enjoying the sights, sounds, and feelings of this position.

Internally hooting in victory, Pennywise looked down at his little mate and wondered about the effect his inky cum would have in between forms. If he made her conceive his young while looking like Bill, would they be more human than they would be if he made her conceive them as Pennywise the clown. In both forms, his seed looked the same, so perhaps it didn’t matter. There was always a chance that they would be human regardless of what form he bred her in. Their mother was only human despite her immense magical strength. However, he would care for his children no matter what they were more like. Leaning into his witch, he pressed his lips onto her own, wanting to show
his unconditional love in the best way he could.

Suddenly, Bill’s mouth was on hers, intending to incite a battle of tongues between them. Closing her eyes, Hermione noticed that he had a hand in her sweaty, curly hair and was intent on feasting on her exposed neck when he was done ravaging her lips. Their tongues tangled deliciously, and Bill was quick to nip at her bruised flesh. Drool made their mouths and chins slick, making it harder and harder to hang onto each other’s lips.

Moaning, she broke their kiss, falling back down on the couch as he hit her g-spot. The disguised clown smirked, conjuring a mirror on every surface around them, encasing the conjoined lovers in a self-absorbing box that shone with an unknown light.

“Watch, love,” Bill ordered, tilting her head to the side where one of there reflections was waiting, “See us as we are… one… and see what we can create together,” and, oh, did Hermione watch.

She felt so dirty, like she was watching porn, but she had to keep telling herself that it was only her and her husband… no… my mate, instead of anyone else. Bill was radiant, pumping his hips into hers in a way that drew her eye to his entire lower region. His abs crunched together deliciously, and his Adam’s apple bobbed with each swallow of drool that threatened to escape his slack-jawed mouth. Panting like a dog, the handsome male’s pink tongue lolled out of his mouth, dripping saliva onto her heaving breasts where they poked out under the blanket. Hermione moaned at the sight in the mirror. They were beautiful together.

Belatedly, she connected the sensation of her arse getting tapped by something fleshy and the view of his swaying balls hitting her in that precise spot. Her face colored, wondering if the sensation hurt him. It wasn’t like she’d never had sex before, but she’d never had sex with someone who was so well-endowed and so eager for such passionate and lengthy fucking. At the same time, it wasn’t like he was complaining about any pain either.

“Doesn’t. thaaah~t hurt youuuu~?” she asked him breathlessly as he continued his grueling pace.

Bill scoffed raggedly, “No, and even if it did… It’s worth it, believe me;” he winked seductively at her and she moaned out her orgasm quietly while he weirdly enough moaned out his own.

When he slumped against her, she could see and feel his sacs pumping his black cum into her. It was incredibly and surprisingly erotic to watch, and she couldn’t seem to look away.

“You like that, huh? You like watching me fill you up?” he kissed her neck, and she struck, biting him on his shoulder roughly where hers was on her own shoulder.

“Ahh!~” he cried out wantonly with a strangled growl, slumping harder against her and going very still, much like a kitten when it got picked up by its scruff.

Turning them over, Hermione crawled over his prone body as he shed a few pained tears, “Don’t worry, love,” she crooned mockingly, “I’ll make you feel good.”

With that, the witch crawled down and immediately began sporadically lapping at his limp member and bollocks. Bill jumped, moaning weakly in pleasure when she sucked one of the round sacs into her mouth, “Please, Hermione. Have mercy!” he yelped when she grazed his sensitive areas with her teeth. “I’m sorry I keep biting you! I’ll let you pick the next round, I promise;” he relaxed considerably when her grinning teeth were away from his genitals.

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About a half hour later, because Hermione demanded they take a break much to Pennywise’s irritation, she put him out of his misery by straddling his seated form where it was on the floor. At some point during that short time, he went over to the corner of her living room and sat with his arms and legs crossed, facing the wall. The witch left him alone to pout for a while and curled up on the couch for a short rest and an episode of whatever cartoon was on at the time. Every time she looked over at him, she noticed his ears unintentionally pricked toward her, waiting for her to verbalize that they could continue with another round of fucking.

When she sat in his lap, he moved to speak but the witch silenced him with a single finger pressed to his painted lips. Silently, she raised her legs and draped them over his shoulders. With one hand, she guided his bumpy member into her hole and he thrust in, making her gasp quietly. With her other hand, she directed him to hold her upper thighs and move her up and down slowly, tenderly. Holding his face, she pulled the surprised and lovestruck clown into a passionate kiss.

Her lips were so compliant and soft against his own that he had to actively hold his teeth back from sharpening otherwise risk shredding them to bloodied pieces. He’d be damned if he ever did such a thing.

“Penn… please… make love to me,” Hermione ordered breathlessly when they finally parted a full two minutes later.

He groaned lovingly, increasing his pace and becoming spellbound by the sights of her bouncing breasts in front of his face. They lolled against her chest, dripping little white droplets on their mingling anatomies. It looked so sexy to him that he almost knotted her immediately. However, it was the taste that met his slick black-forked tongue when he lapped at the little trails that did him in.

Her flavor had changed subtly, and he couldn’t be completely sure if it was because of his seed, or because Hermione was pupped already. Either option wouldn’t surprise him, but he obviously hoped for the latter. Over the next few months, his young one or ones would change her creamy milk until it was exactly how they wanted it, and his witch would become instinctively protective of her body as the time for her to give birth grew closer. Oh~, he keened at the reminder that her mounds would grow even larger as she produced more and more depending on how many children she ended up carrying in her womb.

Looking down at her contemplatively, he considered her petite body and deduced that she likely wouldn’t have more than three in her first litter. However, that was usually the case for young female eldritch’s having their first clutches. With a half-human and a half-eldritch pregnancy, who knew how many they’d be welcoming in the next few months. That was another matter he ought to discuss with his mate when she knew about her impending motherhood. Eldritch egg laying and hatching was a quick affair, happening in only three months rather than the much more lengthy human gestation period. In all honesty, he wouldn’t be surprised if they arrived around the human Christmas holiday. Children would be such a good present to give his human mate and she would give them to him in return.

“Ahh, ah, ah, ahnn!~” Hermione cried out to the room around her, throwing her head back and going limp with pleasure.

Pennywise chittered lustfully at her, feeling his knot swell snugly into her battered entrance and acting as a plug so none of their releases leaked out of her. The witch could feel her insides warming up delightfully, and she hugged him, riding out the heated sensation as he continued filling her up. Moaning through gritted teeth, Hermione gripped his hair as he humped shallowly into her snatch, brushing her oversensitive clit with the base of his dark cock. She brought her legs down to wrap
around the clown’s narrow waist and rested her head on his shoulder, just below the blackened bite she’d given him.

Meanwhile, the eldritch could feel the moment she fell asleep and quickly brought his hands down to reverently stroke her swollen abdomen where it was plugged with all of his cum. Looking down at the sight, he nearly added another load to the one already inside her. She was so round that her bellybutton was threatening to pop into an outie. It was a perfect vision of what was to come if he had any say about it. Craning his neck to see her sleeping face, he decided that pregnancy was a very good look on her.

When he would return to their little home, she would have attempted to stay awake and waited for him. However, when he would find her sleeping on the couch with a small hand on her swollen baby-bump, he would get the urge to carry his mate’s little body upstairs and make love to it until he could feel and see his young pushing against their dam’s skin from the inside, telling him to keep it down because they were trying to sleep. Secretly, as Hermione didn’t consciously remember his wishes, he longed to rub the skin on her midsection and feel a little hand or a little foot that only belonged to a child of his seed and Hermione’s womb. They would get to know their father’s voice and learn his touches just as well as they would learn their mother’s.

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About an hour later, Hermione stirred from sleep, finding a rather thick plug between her legs and her limbs tied up so her elbows were above her head and her legs were forced apart by conjoining leather binds that tied to the ones holding her arms behind her head. One of her ball-gags was snug between her lips, which meant one thing… he’d found her secret box. Shit! Swiveling her head around as much as she could, a whimper escaped her closed lips and a sniggering growl answered from behind her. Suddenly, he was in her face and pressing his lips to her own.

“I hope you don’t mind,” he said mock-concernedly when they parted from their kiss, “I found these underneath your bed and I wanted to see what they did. You won’t fault me for my poor curiosity, now would you?” Pennywise grinned childishly, poking and prodding at her bound and reclined form where it lie on the floor.

“You and I both know you know exactly what these things are,” she spat angrily, or at least tried to, but it only sounded like, “Foo ah I bof oo oh ecactee aht ese ins ah.” Trying to break out of her leather restraints, but only rolling herself onto her stomach and back again, Hermione roared angrily, trying to buck herself up onto her knees but to no avail.

Oh, stars... Pennywise thought as she watched her writhe by her own volition through the mortal eyes of his Bill Gray form, she’s so sexy. Hermione made a great impersonation of a tied female eldritch, constantly trying to escape and constantly trying to test her mate to make sure he was strong enough to subdue and seed her. Yes, doll, my witch, my Hermione. My ties will hold and I will prove it to you. Laying on his side, he slid her bound body over to him, lining up their cores with the intention of penetrating her snatch. However, he remembered the plug he’d placed there so his seed wouldn’t leak out while he investigated the secret stash of sex toys he found as a skimming thought around the outside of her mind. Lo and behold, the box was real and his dirty girl was in for a world of pleasurable punishment for keeping something like this from him. Unfortunately this little round was only to be a preview because they were on a tight schedule as it was.

The peak of Hermione’s heat was tonight, so it had the highest rate of success in giving the two of
them a larger and healthier litter despite being first time parents. There were many things he wanted to try before the night was over, things that he hoped would awaken something in his mate’s body that would coerce her into taking his seed more efficiently. Bill rubbed his hand comfortably on her abdomen where it was still pretty swollen.

“How, love,” he crooned at her, “Just lie back and I’ll do all of the work, okay?”

The man skinned his knuckles down her cheek and she complied reluctantly, glaring at him all the while. Gingerly, he removed the girthy plug and inserted his member inside before any fluids could leak out. This round of baby-making was much slower than Hermione thought it was going to be. She had no idea he could make love to her so tenderly. While his hands had been occupied during their last round, they were now free to reciprocate the feelings and touches that she’d bestowed on him.

Before, Bill had been almost frantic in his approach, but now he was taking care in how to play her body like a fine-tuned instrument. Slowly sliding in and out of her, he was all smiles when she stopped glaring at him. He pet Hermione gently, periodically pressing little kisses, sucks, and licks to her known erogenous zones and then some. It was a good thing her nose was clear, because the witch was breathing very heavily. Drool slid out between her lips and the gag, leaving a slick trail down her neck. Dutifully lapping it up, he dipped down to suckle intermediately from her slightly leaking breasts.

Astonished, Hermione moaned as much as she could through the gag and at one point, he promptly undid it and threw it into an unknown corner of the room.

“Stupid, idiotic, thing… I want to hear you, love. Make some noise, okay?” he cooed at her, assuring Hermione that he’d been calling the gag “stupid” and not her.

Moaning fully, the disguised clown brought her to her climax and they both toppled over the edge simultaneously and he was satisfied. Undoing her restraints and binds, he curled around her and rubbed at her abdomen once more. Hermione mewed quietly in her light doze and he smirked at what was occurring inside her small body. Her teats were working overtime to produce more and more for their perceived young. Even if they believed he was one of them, they were still beginning to make creamy milk for the little ones beginning to grow inside of her body. It was all but written in stone that she was thoroughly pupped.

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Hermione woke up vertical. Grimacing at the sticky yet silky strands encasing her limbs, she tried to figure out where she was. Looking around the dim room, the witch realized that she was literally stuck to the wall of her office. It was a good thing her desk was cleared because she honestly didn’t feel like explaining anything he’d find concerning her case or her investigation of him. Honestly, none of it even mattered anymore. She’d compromised herself and the case by doing what she’d done and was continuing to do with the culprit.

A chittering coo that was meant to sound sympathetic sounded from above her. Craning her head up in the direction of the noise, she found Pennywise perched upside down on the ceiling and wall like the spider he truly was. Naked as he was, he still made an imposing image as he descended to stand in front of her. Leaning into Hermione’s neck, he caught her nervous scent and pressed a gentle kiss to her pulse point, trying to non-verbally express that he meant no harm.
“Today is about you and me,” he reminded her quietly, “nothing else is worth worrying your pretty little head over until tomorrow,” Hermione nodded, leaning back into the wall and allowing his dark yet soft hands peruse her spread-eagle body.

“You’re so wet, little doll… all mine!” he crowed as he crawled over her splayed crotch and dragged his rock-hard cock through her folds.

Moaning, Hermione threw her head back, banging it into the wall in a way that made her see stars. Hissing nervously, Pennywise cradled her head, trying to feel for any damage. Luckily there was none, but he kept one of his hands as a buffer so she wouldn’t repeat her unintentional self-harm. Looking down between them, he watched her nether lips cradle his meat and drool filmy clear-white essence all over him. It looked like glaze, or melted frosting.

Bending down abruptly, he attacked her swollen snatch with his lips and tongue. He couldn’t get enough of her nectar, that sweet ambrosia that their babies would use to ease their passage into the world. He couldn’t wait to watch her human mind falter when she would meet more pleasure than pain when it came time to deliver. Then again, she was human and damn it, they had no idea what to expect.

Above him, like the angel that she was, Hermione moaned wantonly, sighing his name and her cute little British curses that he found endearing coming from her. He hoped their babies picked up her accent and learned to speak so eloquently. Imagining a lovely little girl with brown curls and cute little whisky brown eyes, the spitting image of her mother, had the cavity where his little black was melting with pride and paternal fondness. Looking up at his beautiful siren, he figured that she was much more eager for a little boy with red tufty hair and baby blue eyes. Well, to each his own, he supposed. Hell, they could have both for all they truly cared about what they looked like.

Hermione screeched her orgasm, startling him out of his daydream. Flushing red at his complete disregard for the present moment, he apologized sheepishly, pressing tender little kisses as his own climax racked his body. As always in this form, his knot swelled, creating a natural plug that was actually rather convenient this time because he was able to effectively hold her to the wall while he cut her down from the spider silk. When he wrapped her legs around his waist and looked up to survey her, Pennywise snickered at her fascination with the webbing.

“Oh, don’t worry, doll” he patted her head reassuringly, “You’ll get very acquainted with this stuff in the next round.”

Hermione gasped, clenching her legs tighter around his thin waist. Well, he’ll take that as a “yes.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter and I'll see you all in the next one! I'll try not to get too side-tracked and make more fan-art right away. ;)
As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing from you.
Hey guys! Sorry for the wait. I've been a bit busy. I also want to thank you all for putting up with my long waits, commenting, and sticking with me for these last 200,000+ words. It's surreal to me that I've come this far.
In other news, I've finally figured out to put fanart on this story! So, if you haven't seen it already, check out Chapter 1. I hope to put a piece on each chapter, so if you have suggestions for what you want to see on the second chapter, let me know!
Anyway, Enjoy Chapter 57!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 2nd, 1989

“Uhh… Penn…” Hermione bit her lip nervously, “I don’t know about this…” she grimaced at the hammock of silk the clown had spun out of his hands, “I mean… won’t our combined weights snap the lines?”

Pennywise followed her line of sight to the support strings connecting the large web to the walls and ceiling. While he knew she didn’t like heights, he didn’t think putting the net not even twenty feet off the ground and above her bed would make her worry. Purring comfortingly, he rubbed her abdomen, hoping the witch’s stress hadn’t disrupted his clutch’s conception. Sucking on her earlobe with purposed licks, he crooned to her in his alien tongue, making love to her soul with his clicking and chittering words. Hermione calmed and held him, shivering with unknown passionate emotions.

“Believe me, doll. My lines are always strong… unless I’m not sober,” he trailed off whispering and Hermione must have caught the rest of his sentence because she immediately laughed.

“What? I’ve got to see this!” she swirled her head around to meet his eyes.

“You have! Don’t you remember?” the curly-haired witch looked confused.

“Coffee shop,” Pennywise stated bluntly, pouting as a mischievous grin slid onto her features, “Stop that.”

“Aww! But you were such a cute little drunk!”

“I’m not cute!” the clown growled at her, blushing clearly through his white cheeks.

“You’re blushing!” Hermione giggled before contemplating what she remembered about his drunk episode, “Even when you were a giggling drunk you thought I was hot…” she smiled shyly at him, “That gives you some major favors in my book,” the witch trailed her finger up to the bite on his shoulder.

Now it was the clown’s turn to shiver, his eyes nearly rolling back into his head. Pennywise bit his lip and made a strangled noise, his rational mind absolutely gone. Unable to control himself, he grabbed his naked mate around her waist and jumped onto the wall, scaling up the surface and
depositing her wriggling body onto the hammock that swayed with her sudden added weight. Hermione squealed, breathing heavily at the sudden change in altitude. The eldritch groaned at the sweet yet sour scent of her fear, but he growled at the sight of her trying to climb down from the web.

“You just lost them, you arse!” She was nearly through one of the larger holes when his long arm pulled her back up, throwing her back onto the closely-knit middle section of the web.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he snarled at her, trapped within the animalistic mindset of thinking his mate was a female eldritch, “You’re mine!”

Hermione made an angry disparaging shout at him, but he was too far gone to actually comprehend it. Thanks to Hermione’s fingers on his bite after freeing his silk-making hormones, he would be taking this round as the spider, his true form. Descending over his little mate, he spun more silk to tie her down by her wrists and ankles. When he was done, he backed away so she could test his tying abilities. If she broke through them, then it would be a serious blow to his capabilities as a mate and sire to any offspring he could get from this union. Very rarely were males allowed to breed the female if they escaped their confines.

Upon noticing that Hermione stopped writhing and lay passively yet defensive in her binds, he moved onto the next step, courtship dancing. Whisky eyes widened as Pennywise walked backwards on the tightrope-like lines as if they were nothing. Then, he demonstrated walking on the strings with his hands and doing flips in the air. Hermione cried out worriedly and his chest swelled with pride. The little one actually cared about him.

Chittering lovingly at her where she lie in the middle of the room, he slow danced towards her, moving in ways that showed off his genitalia. Unconsciously, the witch answered, bucking her hips up towards his hardened member. However, she stilled upon seeing something unprecedented from her mate. Pennywise was transforming. He didn’t seem to notice how his pasty skin seemed to peel away, leaving behind a dark yet shiny exoskeleton that looked smooth to the touch. Four extra arms grew to match his other crab-like legs.

It was a good thing Hermione had never been too terrified of spiders, otherwise she would have wet herself at the sight of the clown’s true form. If it wasn’t for his amber-red eyes, she wouldn’t have guessed that it was him. The spider’s mandibles clicked at her in that same chittering purr that the witch always heard from him. Calming, she trilled her tongue in that pseudo purr that he was enthralled by. The effect on him now was much the same.

Pennywise keened, scuttling towards her hurriedly on his eight limbs. When he reached her, his hands skimmed her torso while his other four spearlike arms caged her lower body. Hermione’s breathing stuttered as the bestial head of her lover hung just above her own. Up close, she realized how similar it was to his clown form’s head. Looking into his eyes, she saw the visions of galaxies and planets exploding in crimson and amber fire. She now understood why Maturin thought so lowly of him. He had the potential of being a killing machine, but not on my watch!

Pushing her head up, she kissed his shell-like face on the cheek, moving over slightly to suck one of his mandibles into her red mouth. The spider shuddered above her, releasing a low keen through his sharp teeth. Baring down over the witch’s spread-eagle body, he lined himself up with her exposed opening and pushed inside. Hermione whimpered at the feeling of what felt like little barbs poking at her walls. Perhaps it was only something that happened in his true form, but it seemed like he hadn’t really noticed their presence. Suddenly they were piercing her and injecting something inside. Arching abruptly, she realized that it was some sort of aphrodisiac.

It had to be a defense mechanism for the male eldritch’s during mating with larger partners.
However, that though slipped through her wavering mind as he retracted the barbs and began humping her with a surprising ferocity that she hadn’t expected from this form. Hermione yelled and screamed in encouragement as he hissed raggedly at her, clicking little sweet nothings into her ear as praise. The web swayed dangerously under his ferocious thrusts, so when her whisky orbs widened and became fearful, he chittered calmly into her ear, reassuring her primally that the web wouldn’t break and he would keep her safe.

Her climax seemed to sneak up on her, making her throw her head back into the webbing behind her. She opened her mouth in a silent scream and he wrapped his tentacles around her thighs, holding their cores together so she didn’t slip out of him during this fragile period. As she slowly came out of her orgasm induced haze, Hermione moaned at the suggestive-sounding creaks coming from the net beneath them. Pennywise continued pumping his hips, feeling his knot slowly swelling up inside her slick channel.

He gingerly fucked her with it, enjoying the feeling of her walls attempting to keep him inside while also welcoming him back in when he re-entered. Slick ‘pop’ after slick ‘pop’, she gasped eagerly, her hands twitching in their restraints and longing to leave harsh scratches down his back with their human nails. Hermione moaned prettily, echoing his chosen name throughout the room. Upon becoming trapped on his large knot, she shouted out her second orgasm, clenching down on her mate’s alien cock and falling limp beneath him.

Pennywise considered her unconscious body before cutting her loose and gathering her up in his spare limbs, continuously thrusting inky sperm into her womb. In sleep, Hermione panted as he kept at it, rotating and shallowly thrusting his hips anew. Whimpering, she unconsciously hugged the spider above her and he returned the gesture, feeling a handful of little round bulges of egg-like orbs traveling from his body into hers. His little mate’s face scrunched up uncomfortably so he rubbed at her abdomen to ease their passage.

“Now, now,” he whispered into her swollen belly, “be nice to Mommy. She’s gonna take good care of you. Oh yes, she will!” he chittered lovingly at his little family underneath him. He would seriously eat his left hand if she didn’t end up pregnant from this.

“I’m your Daddy,” he introduced himself belatedly, rubbing his cheek along the swell of Hermione’s middle, “and I will take care of you too, because you’re my little ones, my little bugs,” he smiled genuinely at his nickname for his young and sniffed her, delighting in the sweetening scent of her fertility. Looking down at his mate, he got an idea that he knew she would love.

★★★

“Hermione, wake up!” Pennywise pushed impatiently against her arm and the witch groaned, batting blindly at the offending appendage.

“No,” she mumbled tiredly, “‘m sleeping…”

Now two sets of arms were pushing at her and the curly-haired woman’s whisky eyes flew open, seeing something both sexy and disconcerting hanging over her. Bill Gray sat next to her, completely naked as she’d seen him the past few days. Pennywise sat on her other side, mirroring his counterpart’s position as he smirked down at her. Above the trio, Hermione could see unknown galaxies and cosmic dust amongst the foreign landscape around them. They seemed to have spread her out on a large pile of alien furs with the intent to initiate a threesome.
“What did you do? Where the hell are we?” she wondered aloud, continuing to look at the landscape around them.

“You’re dreaming, love. As for where we are, I simply must congratulate you on your imagination because we are in your mind. It’s beautiful,” Bill smiled at her and Pennywise huffed, muttering something that sounded like “kiss-ass” out of the corner of his mouth.

Hermione returned his smile, sitting up to press a hot kiss against the human’s mouth. Their tongues tangled for a moment before she was being yanked away to do the same to the forceful clown’s lips. The witch giggled when they parted.

“You can’t even share with yourself!” Pennywise growled pushing her over onto all fours and shoving into her loose hole with an angry snarl.

She squawked as he drilled her in his purely animalistic way and promptly bit her on her blackened bite, asserting his dominance over her despite being the same as who he felt threatened by. Bill, meanwhile, settled in front of her, feeding her his hard meat and gasping harshly when she began sucking on it like a popsicle. Kneeling before her compliantly, she realized that this was his more submissive form while Pennywise was inarguably the dominant form. It was rather interesting to the witch because she felt completely in control over the man in front of her while feeling the opposite of the male pumping his pale hips behind her. She got an interesting and sexy idea that she wanted to see happen.

Bill spurted into her mouth with a little cry, shedding what looked like a tear when she continued sucking despite there being nothing more to give. Behind her, Pennywise continued his pace, rolling his eyes at his counterpart’s frailty in Hermione’s mind. Did she think of him like this while they dated? The witch screeched out her orgasm, triggering his own and trapping her on his bulbous knot. She fell to the furs beneath them and panted her breaths with a lolling tongue. He rubbed her swelling stomach as he continued pushing more fluid into her. Even in her mindscape, she looked pregnant with his brood.

Leaning up as far as she could, Hermione beckoned Bill forward to sample her wares, letting him suckle her heaving breasts and catch the droplets of milk that leaked copiously from them. The witch gripped his dark hair in her fingers and alternated between pulling and rubbing as he fed. He was so beautiful with his perfect lips on her and his perfect cheekbones rubbing her sensitive skin. Pennywise’s large hands on her belly made her purr, lulling her into a comforting daze.

Hermione leaned back to lick the clown’s neck and suck a possessive hickey into his skin. Whispering into his ear, she mewled lowly when Bill snuck down to lap at her clit and their connected skin.

“Do you see this, Pennywise? Do you see how much of a bad boy he’s being? How he takes without asking?” the clown purred at her, agreeing completely with her about Bill’s behavior.

“He needs to be punished,” Pennywise affirmed, slipping from his mate covertly and hopping over her to pin the other male to the furs.

Bill writhed under the larger being before falling limp under the razor-sharp teeth at his nape, “Why, Hermione?” he keened helplessly.

“Because you need to be taught a lesson,” Hermione stated bluntly, “While I love you… you need to learn your place as the beta. So you must submit to me and Pennywise,” she blinked confusedly, Where did that come from?
The clown seemed to be looking at her with new eyes, purring as he sat atop the other man. Staring right into Pennywise’s amber orbs, she ordered with a tone she didn’t know she had, “Follow me.”

Wordlessly, her two men shadowed her as she walked into the nearby pool and swam to the little rock in the middle of the water. Perching on top of it like the queen she felt like, she waited for Pennywise and Bill to come to her. When they did, they were both dripping with water and held a heated look in their eyes. Hermione cooed at them, bringing her hands to her breasts and respectively feeding them to the males who had nearly fallen atop her in their eagerness when she did so. Falling limp, she let them hold her up while they sucked at her, draining the full mounds in no time at all.

“Good boys…” she praised them, pulling on their hair with purposed fists.

Moaning, they hugged her, acknowledging that she was going to be the dominant one in this round. Quickly, Hermione peeled herself out of their clingy arms to stand before their kneeling forms. Smirking at their identical confused yet eager expressions, she pulled on Bill’s shoulders to get him up on the rock with his face in between her thighs. Just as he snuck a tongue lap at her pussy, the witch grabbed his chin, jerking his head up to see her stern expression.

“You’ve got to earn that, love,” she crooned mockingly and the man whimpered.

Turning to the clown, she indicated for him to come closer. Still gripping Bill’s chin, she whispered into Pennywise’s ear, “Fuck him raw, please,” she lapped sexily at his neck in praise.

There was a momentary pause and a flit of confusion in his amber orbs before he was crouching behind the stunned man and pushing into him with a depraved sounding squelch. Bill moaned loudly, gasping much like she did while trapped on the same cock. Pennywise snickered at him before beginning to pound him with his usual animalistic thrusts. Hermione, meanwhile, walked around the two males, surveying each of their bodies with a calculating glance. Then, she kneeled before Bill and slid underneath him, allowing his surprisingly hard erection enter her comforting channel as it lolled back and forth with the clown’s thrusts.

The trio mated in tandem, triggering orgasm after orgasm from each other and leaving behind a plethora of bites on their partners. Unsurprisingly, Bill ended up with the most bites and he moaned cutely with each one as they graced his body. Pennywise had rolled his eyes at the display, preferring to rub Hermione’s distended stomach where their seed laid within. Slipping out of the man with a squish, he crawled over to his mate to lick her clean from the sweat that had built up on her body.

Bill leaned down to kiss her cheek before vanishing, reminding the witch that he was only a figment of her imagination. Meanwhile, Pennywise continued grooming her, raising her legs to clean them.

“Thank you,” she smiled lazily at him as he descended on her sore snatch, “That was… ungodly sexy, ah~” Hermione gasped as his tongue dove into her hole to cleanse her, tasting both Bill’s and his own cum among her juices.

“Believe it or not, doll, but I’ve bedded myself before… more fun than masturbating if anything else…” he trailed off, dipping his finger into her sweaty belly button and wondering how long it will take until he couldn’t anymore. Ohh~ She’ll be like a little round peach, yum! Hermione laughed at his comment, scratching his head as they laid around for the rest of her dream.

★★★
Hermione awoke to the delicious smell of warm pasta noodles and sauce made with Italian sausage. Her stomach growled accordingly and she groaned at how hungry she was. It felt like days since she’d last eaten and she immediately opened her eyes and reached for the bowl sitting on her nightstand, completely ignoring the clown where he sat next to her on the bed. Eating quickly, she piled down the large amount of food before laying back down to sleep some more. However, she realized something. Her pussy was wet and Pennywise wasn’t spouting any seductive drivel, that only meant one thing. The witch rolled over and smacked him upside the head.

“Ow! What was that for?” he pouted cutely above her.

“That’s for fucking me while unconscious, you arsehole!” she shouted at him, rolling back over so she didn’t have to see him.

“I’m sorry! But I needed you…” he trailed off and Hermione glared at him as he moved to lay over her, “I need to satisfy your heat.”

“My heat?” he nodded, using the distraction to bring her left nipple to his lips so he could drain her again. “Do you mean my ahh…~ ovulation?” she gasped at the very distracting sensations he was giving her.

“Yes… I must feed from you… It hardens my seed against your defences…” he breathed between gulps, beginning to hump her leg like a horny puppy.

Thinking it was another eldritch kink thing, she decided to humor him, figuring nothing would come out of it other than another fabulous orgasm. “Ohh~ I see, love,” she played along, rubbing his head like she did with Bill in her dream, “Drink it all up. There’s plenty for you to get full. Then you can fill me up with your big, bad, cock and give me everything…” she crooned into his ear and he moaned lowly, trying to save himself for when he was actually inside her.

“No more talking until I’m inside you,” he rasped at her, slowly inserting his leaking member into her soaking hole, “You’re gonna make me blow a fuse.”

Hermione snickered, wrapping her legs around his shoulders and letting him thrust at his leisure, “Ohh~ Is that so? Well maybe I want you to cum all over me—” Pennywise groaned loudly, picturing that exact scenario in his mind and his promiscuous mate was still talking.

“In my hair, on my face, on my breasts… I’d lick what I could, honestly,” she added offhandedly and he moaned.

“Or is it something else?” she considered blithely, “Do you want to cum in me?

He yelped as Hermione suddenly squeezed her walls around his sensitive member, “Oh, I think we have a winner… now why is that?” she gripped his arms as his dark claws dug into her ruined sheets.

Watery blue eyes stared back at her pleadingly and she pinched the base of his cock, making him hiss at the pressure of not being able to orgasm even if he wanted to.

“Now that we’re mated…” she rationalized as he stilled, “is it because you want me to have your babies?” Pennywise cried out his orgasm, knotting her instantly.

“Ooh~” she hissed her own climax, “You want me nice and big with your clutch of eggs, your pups… don’t you?” he nodded vehemently, nearly sobbing at the intensity of his sexual high.

“Huh,” Hermione sighed consideringly, “The big bad clown wants to be a daddy…” she crooned
into his painfully perked ear.

“You have to breed mummy first, love... is that why we’re having all of this sex?” she rubbed along the frazzled monster’s back, trying lull him out of his mini-fit.

“Yes!~” he sobbed, spurtng more of his inky release into her womb.

“Then prove yourself! Fill me with your baby-batter and we’ll see if they become little buns in the oven,” she looked into his eyes and giggled at the absolutely love-struck and horny look in his crimson eyes.

Pennywise’s eyes were severely dilated, the irises nearly gone other than very small rings of red in between the black and white. Hermione nearly laughed at how just a few words about him breeding her got himself off so easily. Who knew if that could actually happen between them? She really didn’t want to see his resulting anger or sadness when it didn’t. However, he didn’t give her much time to think as he suddenly dove in to steal many passionate kisses and opportunities to expel his sperm inside her over the rest of the night.

Chapter End Notes

Phew! That was a sexy one. Sub!Bill just sort of popped into my head and I just rolled with it. Sorry if Hermione was a bit OOC in that last half. But I was trying to convey that she was just playing the part like she did beforehand. :/
Hermione simply couldn’t take the isolation anymore. She’d stayed in her house for two whole days and she was just itching to go somewhere outside, absolutely anywhere. Hell, she would go to the park to watch the grass grow and be satisfied. That, and she really needed a break from Pennywise constantly bending her over and humping her like a bunny on Viagra. The witch grimaced as she felt the new bane of her existence stir beside her, wondering how long she could pretend to be sleeping before he figured it out.

“I can hear you thinking about me, you know,” Pennywise rumbled quietly, hugging her closer to him and snaking his hand between her legs to finger the plug he’d placed there after their final round of the night. He gingerly carded his nimble bony fingers through her folds and circled his thumb around her red clit.

Hermione moaned painfully at his movement and purposefully closed her sore legs, “That’s going to be a ‘No Touching’ zone for the next few days,” she muttered and he growled at her official decree, “Oh, put a sock in it, you’ve humped me enough, you cute little buck-toothed menace. Are you sure you aren’t a rabbit? You sure fuck like one,” the witch snickered at his pout and he huffed, crawling under the blankets and pulling her closer.

Sighing, she could feel him attach himself to her breast and begin drinking what she supposed was a part of his breakfast. Unconsciously, she purred and rubbed his tufty ginger head while he suckled, growling quietly when he got a bit too rough with the tender flesh. Luckily, he didn’t once attempt to hump her or go anywhere near her sore nethers, and Hermione was grateful. When he was finished draining her, he poked his head up out of the covers and kissed the tip of her nose before planting a more chaste one on her lips.

“I want to go outside today,” she announced, crossing her arms determinedly.

The clown stilled, suddenly nervous, “Oh? Do you need something? I can go get it for you. There’s no need to leave the house, Hermione!” he prattled on and on, word vomiting all over the place as he got up to wear a path into her carpet with his pacing. He clearly didn’t want the witch to leave, but why?

“I want to go to the arcade—”
“Ohh, now why would you want to go to a place like that? With smelly children, junk food, and light boxes that people stare at and push buttons?” he now tried talking her out of it and now she was even more eager to go.

“You can’t argue with me on this one, Penn, but by all means, come with me,” Hermione rolled her eyes as he nodded and huffed, acquiescing to her offer.

Pennywise was a bit irritated when she didn’t want to listen to him, but he did understand that humans were social creatures and preferred to interact on a regular basis with their respective groups. However, he would have to wait a few months until Hermione’s ‘cabin fever’ behavior waned because she would have plenty of people to interact with once she gave birth. On the other hand, he wanted to see how she was out in public while she knew of his true nature instead of simply knowing him as the human, Bill Gray.

Popping in on the witch in the middle of her shower, Hermione nearly threw her bar of soap at him in fear, making him laugh maniacally at her as she fumed at him. However, he calmed the witch’s rage by kissing her mouth and assisting her in conditioning her hair, and because she simply couldn’t stay mad at him, the curly-haired woman even helped him clean his body and hair before they both dried off.

Walking towards her wardrobe, she let her towel drop to the floor, showing off her wet and naked skin. Hermione was pleasantly surprised when he didn’t immediately maul her. However, she could feel his amber eyes boring holes into her. While ogling her, he was actually more focused on her middle, looking for any tell-tale bump that signaled his young’s conception. When he found none, he pouted, coming up behind the witch to hug her from behind.

She cooed at him, reaching behind to scratch one of his favorite spots behind his ears. Pennywise purred, transforming himself into Bill Gray for their outing. Wordlessly, she smirked at him, handing the handsomely naked man the pair of jeans and t-shirt he’d left at her house all those weeks ago. Snickering at the garments, he brought them to his nose to sniff, delighting in the lingering smell of his mate. Hermione giggled at the sight of his pleasured eyes nearly rolling back into his head as he inhaled the jeans.

“They go on your legs, not your face, you numpty!” she swatted him lightly and he ceased his attempt to get high off his mate’s waning scent.

“Hmph! I know that,” he huffed with a small pout, “Besides, I thought they looked better on you.”

Hermione flushed, remembering the erotic picture she gave him, “Right, well… Just put them on,” she waved her hand and turned around to find some clothes of her own.

The curly-haired woman had just gotten her underwear on when Bill started dressing her in unknown fabrics. Bending over her, he manipulated her legs so he could dress her in a modest pair of jeans that threatened to trip the petite witch’s shorter legs. Hopping over to her bed, she used her wand to shorten the length to a more manageable level. Then he was on her again, putting Hermione in a lacy white bra and one of his flannel shirts. Turning around, she made an exasperated noise.

“What are you doing? Have you forgotten that I know how to dress myself?” she put her hands on her covered hips and grimaced at how frumpy and disheveled she looked.

“Pssh!” Pennywise hissed humorously, “Of course I know you can dress yourself, but you look so sexy in my clothes,” he explained patronizingly.

Hermione sighed, knowing he wasn’t going to budge on this. Fine. She unbuttoned the bottom of the
large flannel, tying the end corners into a knot so her midriff was shown. Then, she rolled up the sleeves until they went past her elbows. Meanwhile, Pennywise grit his teeth at his little mate’s defiance. Clearly she was trying to show her dominance, but she was clearly forgetting who was the alpha in their relationship.

“Let’s go,” the witch stated simply, walking out of the room after putting on a pair of Converse shoes.

Bill followed wordlessly, anxious about letting his more vulnerable mate out of their house. It was much too soon to tell if she was officially carrying his young, and anything could happen that would make her lose them now, especially since she didn’t even know of the possibility. Telling her could also be problematic because she may try to lose them on purpose. No! It was much better to wait until she figured it out.

★★★

During the entire ride from her house to the arcade, Bill held her stomach protectively with an splayed hand over her exposed belly. Hermione looked down and back up at him once, but relatively ignored the gesture until she parked the car in one of the public lots. Ungluing his hand from her skin, she got out of the car and began walking down the street, not even waiting for him to follow her. A tense hand at her hip told her that he was still walking next to her and ignoring her subtle messages to give her a bit of space. Why the hell is he being so bloody clingy?

When they entered the chilly arcade, Hermione breathed a sigh of relief. The jeans Pennywise dressed her in were much too warm for the summer’s heat. However, she dared not show weakness in front of him and give the male any more reason to act as her second shadow. Just like in the roller rink side of the building, neon lights and dark swirling carpets lined the surreal-lit interior, making the bright flashing screens of the arcade cabinets much more apparent. She’d never been in here before, and it was really that novelty that urged her to explore. However, she had to lose her protective husband if she wanted to keep her sanity for a few more minutes.

“Hey… Bill,” she began, catching his beady wandering eyes, “Would you mind getting some tokens for us? I’m going to go find some games…” she walked further into the arcade, not giving him a chance to reply.

Luckily, he hadn’t followed her, so she was able to peruse the games’ marquees easily and with a comfortable breath. Perhaps she was being too hard on the eldritch. Hermione couldn’t truly expect him to understand being separated for a few minutes at a time. Seriously, it had gotten to the point the previous day that he had began following her into the bathroom when she had to pee. Of course, she’d promptly kicked him out and told him in meaner words that he couldn’t do that anymore.

As she perused the games, she spotted a few familiar ones that she’d either seen on TV or heard about from co-workers or others during her missions. In the back of the building, she spotted the game Street Fighter, and a familiar head of dark bushy hair playing it with a surprising expertise. Giggleing, she tiptoed up behind the younger boy, watching his progress from over his shoulder. She couldn’t see his eyes because the light from the game cast a glare on his glasses, but she did see him purse his lips annoyedly.

“Excuse me, dear sir? I can’t concentrate without you breathing down my neck like a creeper. The Alien game over there seems more like your speed,” he spat quickly through his haughty expression.
“Alright. Thanks, Richie. You took the words right out of my mouth,” Hermione snickered at his brashness, laughing outright when he gasped and spun around to see her standing there.

“Hermione?!” he cursed as her presence distracted him from winning, “Shit.”

The witch grimaced and shook her head exasperatedly at his language, pulling the now carefree boy into a one-armed hug, “I missed you… well, you and the rest of the Losers.”

“Psh! Don’t even mention those idiots, but I missed you too. Now I have someone to listen to my jokes!” he smirked at her, returning the hug happily, “Hey! Now that you’re here… I officially challenge you to a game of Street Fighter, the best arcade game in the building. I would know, because I’ve played every single one here.”

Hermione grinned at him, nodding to his request, “Okay, Richie. You’ve convinced me, but I don’t really know how to play any of these No-Maj games…”

“Seriously? Well then… Welcome to the School of Richie! Because you’re gonna learn how to play this like yours truly. It’s so easy, even a five-year-old could do it,” he tipped his imaginary hat at her and winked, grabbing her hands and showing her where the buttons were and what they did.

Roughly two minutes later, she and Richie were battling it out on the worn cabinet, each eager to win. At one point, she nearly beat the younger boy, but he was quickly regaining ground over her. It was a mistake to not watch her health bar, because suddenly red letters flashed across her side, informing her of her loss to the triumphant spectacled boy. He clapped his hands and hooted, raising his hands in the air and doing an extravagant victory dance that made her burst out laughing despite the fact that she lost.

“Ha! I beat ya! Just proves that you can’t beat the champion,” he pretended to look at his nails and brush them on his Hawaiian shirt, “I’ve got mad skills.”

“You sure do…” she snickered.

“Hey, how about a kiss from the ‘Loser’?” he laughed at his pun.

Hermione rolled her eyes and leaned in to plant a chaste kiss on his cheek, leaving a cherry-red mark on his face that he furiously tried to rub off upon seeing it in his reflection on the game. Richie blushed, stunned that she’d actually done it at all. At his expression, she cackled, “Be careful what you wish for, Richie.”

Suddenly the sound of what might have been dozens of tokens falling to the ground met her ear. Startled, the two both turned to see an overturned bucket of tokens on the floor with no one around. Hermione inhaled sharply, putting two and two together and getting a horrible-looking four. She’d been caught at the absolutely wrong time and the witch had to put a stop to it before it got completely out of hand. The crimson letters spelling out “You Lose” above her character seemed even more appropriate.

“Neat-o! Free tokens, and a shit-ton of them! Do you want to play again, Hermione?” Richie exclaimed eagerly.

“No, no,” the witch whispered absently, “I need to go,” she added, nearly running from the arcade and nearly bowling over a horde of eager children on her way out.

Sprinting to her car, she noticed the absence of both Bill and Pennywise waiting for her. However, there was a red balloon tied to her driver’s side mirror, telling the witch that he was waiting for her at home. Hopping into the sweltering black MG, she tried to control her mounting fear and worry about
what the eldritch had planned for her once she’d returned home. Putting the car in reverse and then drive, she left the lot, driving home as quickly as she could, hoping her swiftness would lessen Pennywise’s rage.

★★★

Ugh, the disguised clown groaned, having been stuck talking to the little old man from the last time he and Hermione had come here and gone into the roller-rink side of the building. While his pride was stroked when the older-looking man informed him that they were so cute together and inquired how they were doing, he also felt irritated because he couldn’t even see his fiery little mate through the sea of cabinets. It had been nearly ten minutes and his patience for the human livestock of Derry was waning rapidly.

Then, when the man finally poured him a bucket of tokens, the old rusted bottom gave way and spilled the pail’s entire contents onto the sticky floor. Breathing lengthily through his nose, he calmed himself down, not wanting to make a scene in front of Hermione if she came upon him like this. Wordlessly, he bent down to pick up the coins and put them into another bucket that the other man gave him. Luckily, Pennywise was able to slip away while he assisted another group of children who also needed tokens.

Striding anxiously through the maze of arcade cabinets, the clown tried to pick up Hermione’s scent, but he was overwhelmed by the sheer amount of other smells in the air around him. Popcorn, candy, sugary sodas, and adolescent sweat filled his flared nostrils and he tried not to growl. Any other time this would be a perfect hunting ground, but now… he needed to find his mate.

A young blond-haired boy, probably about six years old, darted around one of the machines and ran right into his side and consequently falling right on his butt. Looking up at him, the child made a fearful expression that turned watery very quickly. Pennywise rubbed his temples exasperatedly, sidestepping the bawling child and continuing onwards, hoping his own children wouldn’t be like that. He also figured Hermione would be able to do something about it, considering that red-haired witch called her a “baby-whisperer”.

Then the nightmare vision of Hermione leaning into another male and kissing him on the cheek with her lips and leaving a red mark on his cheek met his eyes and he froze. What the actual fuck is this?! He snarled silently, but then he heard her comment afterwards, and it sounded so suggestive that he couldn’t take it anymore.

Stunned, he dropped the bucket of tokens on the floor for the second time and teleported out of the arcade before he did something to his mate he would regret. Had that even been real? Pennywise couldn’t shake the sight of his mate pressing her lips to one of her charges’, Richie, cheeks. She belonged to him! Tying a balloon around Hermione’s side-mirror, he popped home to wait for his little infidel. Fuming, he let his emotions take over his rational mind, urging him to cloister her up inside their little home, the Neibolt house, or even the sewers where her little friends wouldn’t dare come for her. He was confident in his abilities to do so.

Her wand would have to be hidden until she saw reason, because without it, she was no match for him. Knowing she was carrying his young would also assist him because her motherly nature would hopefully take over and she would at least follow the rules meant to keep her safe. On the other hand, the Losers’ Club needed to be dealt with. They were getting in the way of Hermione being only his, and violence seemed to be the only thing they understood. The female, Beverly, could be
useful to him. She would be a great companion for Hermione and would keep her in line as he could hold the girl’s life over her head if she misbehaved. His mate could be swayed with the idea that it would be better to be with them than with her own father. She could even assist with the witch’s pregnancy.

It was settled then, he would get Beverly and keep the two women in the sewers until Hermione gave in to his demands of control over her and never touching or speaking to other men unless he was with her. While he didn’t want a submissive little slave, she still needed to understand the demands of being his mate, and that included doing what he asked. Huffing angrily at the thought of his frustrating woman, he almost didn’t catch the sound of her car door opening and shutting from outside.

With a smile full of malice he turned away from the door, waiting for the inevitable click of the lock and turn of the doorknob. When it came along with her nervous breath upon seeing his imposing back, he grinned wider. She stepped inside and shut the door behind her, creating a tense silence that he was more than happy to break for the petite curly-haired woman who looked like she knew exactly what he was mad at her for.

“Hermione… I don’t feel so good,” he coughed raggedly, sounding legitimately sick, “Would you mind checking if there is something caught in my throat?”

Hermione grimaced, hoping she wouldn’t find a human limb or something inside his mouth. Nodding, she stepped around him and he held her face comforting, unlocking his jaw and opening it wider than humanly possible. The witch looked inside, seeing row after row of serrated pointy teeth. They all led to a trio of little lights that called to her, urging her to follow them into an inescapable void. Her mind began floating away, or was it sinking and flipping with her subconscious? It didn’t matter now, she supposed. There was the enveloping abyss of Pennywise’s arms and then there was nothing.

★★★

When he saw Hermione’s eyes glaze over to a milky brown shade, he grabbed her around her waist before she floated away and teleported to his lair in the sewers. Grabbing the witch’s wand out of her jean’s pocket, he hid it between the cushions of the couch in his trailer with a flick of his wrist. Striding over to what was going to be his mate’s bed for the next few days, he lifted the lid of the large dark coffin and pushed her inside, clasping metal manacles around her thighs so she didn’t float away. Satisfied, he undressed her with his claws, shredding his clothes until they laid in tatters beneath her.

Snapping his fingers, she wore something a bit more fetching: a pair of white lingerie underneath a cute little gray tutu and leotard that left her teats and belly exposed so he could rub and suck at them at his leisure. Thigh high socks attached to the manacles, and he slid pom-pomed slippers onto her delicate feet as well as gloves on her equally delicate hands. Pennywise marveled at how easily he could break them if he wanted to. He certainly hoped his babies wouldn’t break her. However, she was immortal now, and wouldn’t die in such a human way. Lastly, he slid on a silver covering that gave him the option of exposing or covering Hermione’s breasts as he wanted to. Little red pom-poms lined the middle of the garment, making her look like a sexier version of him.

They looked very similar, and he felt closer to her because of it. She truly was his little doll. The little witch seemed to float on her knees inside the coffin, so he gently pushed her back down onto
the pillow-lined surface and covered her in a few blankets before shutting the lid, encasing her inside so none of the vermin or sewer air could compromise her or their young.

Now, Pennywise closed his eyes, *for little Bevvy...*

Chapter End Notes

* hides under desk* I'm sorry! There has to be discord between Hermione and Pennywise if the Loser's Club vs. Pennywise fight needs to happen!
It will get better, I promise! :D
August 4th, 1989

Henry Bowers was tired. He’d been avoiding his father like the plague because he could tell that the man was one sideways glance away from beating him within an inch of his life. There hadn’t been any more missing kids, and for some reason, that made Officer Bowers very tense, and when his father was tense, Henry always paid for it. So, he was tired of hiding, tired of running, and tired of always figuratively walking on eggshells around the one person he should feel protected by.

Lingering glances from his so-called “friends” told him that they were beginning to notice his weaknesses, and that simply would not do. Fear seemed to be the only thing that they understood, and he could comply. He’d been giving them something to fear, also because he wanted others to suffer like he had. It was empowering to watch the emotion swim through their eyes like ravenous piranhas, gobbling up their joy as if it were bloodied flesh.

Belch and Vic were easily controlled, and Patrick had been too, but even he would admit that he’d been uncomfortable when the deceased teen had been acting a little too friendly around him. Despite the fact that he’d been the only one who delighted in Henry’s schemes, the mullet-haired boy didn’t mind his absence. After all, there was only room for one sadist in his little gang, and goddamnit, it was going to be him. His finger pulled the trigger of his father’s gun and the shattering of his target, a glass beer bottle, met his ears.

Belch clapped and congratulated him, and Vic did the same from his lawn chair, idiots… They were so easily amused and liked to think they were tough even when they flinched at the sight of blood. It was so easy to make them fearful, and he wanted to make them suffer because he suffered. Part of the gang, part of the pain. Quid pro quo, he supposed.

“Put the next target out there,” he ordered, pointing to a raggedy old farm cat that sat passively next to some rusty metal barrels.

Belch immediately looked uncomfortable, making Henry immediately irritated. If the other boy was going to ignore how he was beaten, then he was going to show the both of them something they could only blame themselves for. At the same time, he didn’t want to murder the cat. So, with his precise aim, he would purposefully miss while simultaneously mounting more fear in their hearts.

Wordlessly, he watched as Belch went over and picked the cat up and walked slowly over to the barrel they were using to put up their targets. The cat yowled upon getting picked up, making a stab of something echo through Henry’s chest, making him falter. Shaking slightly, he realized he didn’t want to do this, not anymore. He huffed, angry at his weakness. Wasn’t he stronger than this?

More yowls came from the distressed cat, almost as if it knew its impending pain should he actually
hit it with a stray bullet. Henry breathed heavily, remembering his own cries of pain. The memories swarmed him behind his stern expression. Belch’s nervous look of incredulity angered him.

“Oh, just hold it,” Henry spat at him, realizing that the other boy was gripping the feline a bit too hard. *Why the hell am I still shaking?*

“What the hell’s going on here?”

The heavy sound of footsteps and jingling keys echoed behind him, making him immediately lower the gun but keep a tight grip on it. Vic jumped up out of his chair to stand by Belch. Henry tilted his head down unconsciously, trying to make himself look smaller even though he was just barely taller than his father.

“Just cleaning your gun, like you asked…” Henry hated how quiet his voice had become.

The now nervous boy turned around at the older man’s silence, “You’re cleaning my gun, huh?” his father finally said.

Suddenly, Officer Bowers took a few small steps forward, slouching his neck and getting right in his son’s face. “Dad,” Henry spoke weakly.

“Hey!!!” The older man yelled suddenly, making all three boys flinch visibly.

He began walking back to the white-chipped run-down house, but he stopped about two meters from where he’d just been standing. Suddenly raising the gun he’d confiscated from his son, Officer Bowers shot determinedly at the ground around his son’s feet, exploding three large clumps of dirt from the ground. Meanwhile, Henry covered his face, flinching violently with each shot. When his father lowered the gun, he was whimpering pathetically, shaking in fear of actually getting shot. Not to mention that his jeans were now wet with his urine. Even his bladder was against him.

“Look at him now, boys. Ain’t nothing but a little fear to make a paper man crumble,” he addressed the other teens, turning around to walk back toward the house.

Henry scowled at the comment, gritting his teeth in a morbid promise that he would make his father pay for what he’d done to him.

★★★

Eddie Kasprack wandered down the aisle of the drugstore, still thinking about Hermione’s words from two weeks ago. Her concern was thoughtful and appreciated, but there was no use arguing with his mother even though he knew she was being overprotective. When he’d been younger, he was grateful that he was blessed with a parent who actually cared about him unlike other children in Derry. Now, he knew that it was more of a curse.

While browsing through medical documents, he came across something called *Munchausen Disease*, which seemed to fit his mother to a T. Deliberately producing or exaggerating symptoms in several ways, lying about or faking symptoms, hurting themselves to bring on symptoms, and altering tests were all symptoms. Eddie had been suspecting for a while now because there was little else to do while being shut up in his house like a prisoner, and now he came to put his theory to the test when his mother sent him downtown to refill his prescriptions. Determinedly, he strode down the aisle, wondering how he could breach the topic to the pharmacist without getting caught.
“Here for the refills, Eddie?” Mr. Kean asked him when the small boy approached the counter.

“Yeah,” he muttered quietly and the other man nodded, going into the other room to gather what Eddie came for.

Carefree music poured loudly from the speakers and the door to the shop chimed, making him feel uneasy and unused to the noises of the everyday world. His house was always so quiet. Mrs. Kasprack always watched TV at a low volume and barely ever did anything else, leaving Eddie to fend for himself in the virtually silent home. Even now, he fidgeted, wondering if his mother would start getting him pills for ADHD.

“You know it’s all bullshit, right?” Eddie looked over to see Mr. Kean’s daughter, Greta, looking at him over her magazine.

“What is?” he replied instantly, unconsciously wanting to know what she meant despite knowing how much of a bully she was.

Greta looked at him patronizingly, “Your medication. They’re placebos.”

Eddie didn’t understand, “What does ‘placebo’ mean?”

Greta nearly scoffed at him, “‘Placebo’ means ‘bullshit’!” Eddie looked down, nervous at her outburst.

“No friends, huh?” she said after a moment, eyeing his blank cast, “Your cast… no signatures or anything? So sad,” she made a motion of wiping fake tears.

Eddie breathed, “I didn’t want it to get dirty.”

Greta shrugged offhandedly, “I’ll sign it for ya.”

She chewed her gum passively, walking over to the counter and grabbing a large black sharpie. Popping her gum loudly, Eddie could hear the black marker squeaking along the cast and he grimaced uncomfortably, realizing that the older girl wasn’t even writing her name. Helplessly, he watched the letters appear hugely across the blank canvas on his arm: LOSER. It wasn’t so much the word that bothered him, it was really what it actually meant to him, what he’d given up because he’d been so stupid.

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“You okay, Henry?” Vic asked him hesitantly at a safe distance, knowing that it wasn’t wise to invoke the mullet-haired boy’s wrath so soon after watching him get humiliated by his father.

The two other members of the Bower’s Gang leaned against the side of the larger boy’s car, wanting nothing more than to leave. However, they couldn’t leave until their leader got up from the graveled road in front of the vehicle. Henry sat pensively, fuming silently at what happened roughly fifteen minutes ago. His face was stern as he gripped his right wrist in his left hand, wondering about all the big questions. Why was he so weak? Why did his father beat him when he’d done nothing but do as he was told? Would he ever escape this life? Was he doomed to be forever haunted by what Oscar “Butch” Bowers has done and will do to him? Could that woman help him again?
Squinting into the distance, he was confused at the sight he saw. Attached to his mailbox, there was a... red balloon. Looking on confusedly, he got up and wandered over to it stiffly, leaving the other two boys by the car and seemingly pulled by an unstoppable force. At the same time, he was curious. Therefore, he didn’t want to stop. Belch and Vic seemed to freeze, because they didn’t call out to him, nor did they even watch him walk the rather lengthy distance from the teal car to the rusted mailbox.

Watching the balloon for any foul play, he barely heard the sounds of calliope music and childlike giggling as he circled around the mailbox, hesitant yet eager to know what was inside, if there was anything inside. All he knew for sure was that his father didn’t put the red orb there for him to find. Looking down at where his hand had unconsciously came up to grasp the bottom of the lid, he raised the little square and his fingers begun to shake, realizing that there was something inside.

Henry’s fingers shook as he brought out the small box that had been wrapped in brown paper. Oddly enough, the balloon’s string had been tied to the paper rather than the mailbox, showing him that whoever left him the red box had also left the red balloon. Shaking visibly now, he popped the lid off the little container, and tightened his unstable grip. It was a switchblade surrounded by little clumps of dirt and grass, but not just any old switchblade. It was his! *What the hell?* He thought he lost it months ago, but now it was literally being gifted back to him. Trembling fingers pulled the sheathed knife out of its casing and an instant shockwave went through him and he was hit with an uncontrollable wave of his own rage at his father, his so-called “friends”, and that damn “Losers’ Club.”

His fingers tightened as he walked back over to Belch and Vic, stopped fidgeting as he made some bullshit excuse to make them wait outside, and balled into determined fists as he looked through the living room window to see his father passed out on the couch after drinking his weight in beer. Upon walking through the door, the sour smell nearly barrelled him over, urging him to keep his distance, but his body seemed to have a mind of its own. Shutting the door behind him, he stepped closer to the sleeping man, eyeing up the tanned column of neck he was unconsciously exposing to his son.

“I liked seeing the clown,” he heard from the television playing in the background.

“You did? You liked the clown?” the chorus of children cheered.

Henry’s footsteps were loud, but the man didn’t stir, so drunk that not even a marching band walking through the house could wake him now. Defensive, the boy looked to the TV that played loudly in the dimness of the room. How had he never seen this channel before? It was odd, keeping his attention despite his desire to look away.

“I just love watching things float,” the woman announced, making him wonder what kind of retarded show this was. It looked like something for kids, but it certainly didn’t feel like it.

“We *all* float!” a kid added eagerly, making the boy even more confused.

“That’s right, and you will too, Henry. Make it a wonderful day! Kill him,” the hostess ordered him and Henry twitched nervously, looking down and nearly dropping his knife if it weren’t for the iron-like grip his hand seemed to have on the switchblade.

The knife’s sheath and handle found itself pressed against the side his father’s throat. Henry clenched his jaw. *How the hell did that get there?* He looked away, worried at what he was doing. It was like he couldn’t control his body. Voices flooded his eardrums, urging him to “Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!” They were screaming, yelling, and ordering him to do exactly as he’d wished for not a few minutes ago. Now, it felt wrong, so wrong. His thumb sprung the blade out from the sheathe, and his father’s brown eyes opened, feeling the object penetrating his neck.
“Oh, no! Give him a big round of applause!” a masculine yet childish voice yelled out happily and the kids on the television cheered.

Officer Bowers groaned weakly through his nose and reached up to grab his neck to stop the bleeding. However, there was nothing he could do. Warm blood splattered all over Henry’s face, making him shudder disgustedly. Oh, God! What have I done?! His hand came up to push his father’s head up, preventing him from putting pressure on his wound. Henry couldn’t control his arm. His body was following different orders now.

“Well done, Henry! Kill them all! Kill them all! Kill them all!” the mantra of those three words got louder and faster as his father slowly died.

Henry’s head snapped obediently to the television, only to see the scariest-looking clown he’d ever seen in his life. It smiled at him, showing off yellowed buck teeth and amber eyes. He gulped, his body forcing him towards the door where Belch and Vic were waiting. It was controlling him, urging him to do his bidding, and he’d been too stupid to realize that he had become a puppet, and he had no clue what was going to happen to him once his usefulness was up.

Meanwhile, Pennywise cackled evilly. He’d missed this, the death, the gore, the stench of both filling his nose along with the sweet scent of fear. Young Henry Bowers seemed to understand fear, nearly as much as he did for someone who didn’t need to consume it. However, the boy was just as good at invoking it as he was at experiencing it. Hermione’s little Losers’ Club thought they’d seen the last of Bowers, and he was excited to prove them wrong. If he succeeded in taking out the Losers’ Club, he would be rewarded nicely. If not, well, he would be the perfect little scapegoat to get the police off of his family’s backs. It had been simple enough to track down the blade amongst Hermione’s things, and it will be simple enough to slip away with her and her little friend until he could make everyone forget about them.

The tall clown snuck over to the window to watch the teen murder his minion-like friends in cold blood. They were more surprised than fearful, but it didn’t matter to him. It wasn’t like he’d eat them. However, he played with them a bit by manipulating Henry into taking the two corpses and putting them into the car. When they were seated, he instructed Henry to drive to the Neibolt house and wait for the Losers to arrive and follow them in. Pennywise could scent the conflict between his mind and body. It was a unique blend of bitter compliance and sweet fearful resistance. As before, it didn’t necessarily matter, he wouldn’t be eating the mullet-haired teen.

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Beverly Marsh wrote a small note inside her journal before stashing it into her bag, intending to sneak out of the house and meet up with Bill to go over strategies about getting into the sewers. Then, they would go see Hermione and ask if she would go with them to confront It once and for all. Zipping up her green bag, she took unintentionally loud steps along the dim hallway, barely noticing how eerily quiet it was. She figured her father was sleeping off another alcohol-induced coma, but she shouldn’t have assumed, nor should she have neglected to make sure he wasn’t watching her try to sneak out. There was no possible way for her to cover it up now.

“Where’re you sneakin’ off to?” her father rasped from his favorite red leather chair just as she began fidgeting with the lock. Beverly turned slowly to face him, barely making his upper half out in the shadow of the room. Her fingers twitched along her bag strap and her answer was stuttered.
“Nowhere, Daddy,” she whispered in return, trying to sound as innocent as she could, hoping he wouldn’t attempt to make another move on her.

The girl’s left hand came up to grasp at the charm where it lay underneath her dress. Her father, who was dressed in his janitor’s uniform, blinked at her from where he sat, looking her over with his beady eyes.

“You’re lookin’ prettied-up,” he countered as if that was a legitimate response.

“I’m not ‘prettied-up,’ Daddy. I wear this almost every day,” Beverly protested weakly, making her voice quieter.

“Come,” the older man whispered to her, crooking his finger in a beckoning gesture, clearly not falling for her lies.

Beverly hesitated before shouldering off her bag and placing it on the floor by the door. Walking over to her father with slow and careful steps, she put her hand in his when he held it out for her to do so. Clutching her hand and rubbing along her thin and short fingers, he spoke.

“You know I worry about you, Bevvy,” he began.

“I know,” she replied instantly, unsure about where this was going.

“People in town have been sayin’ some things to me about you… sneakin’ around all summer long with a bunch of boys… the only girl in the pack…” Alvin Marsh began rubbing her hand faster with each phrase, as if trying to reassure himself of her presence.

“They’re just friends. I swear,” she countered calmly, leaning away from her father.

He shook his head at her, “I know… what’s in boys’ minds when they look at you, Bevvy…” he shuffled his hand around, tightening it around her upper wrist and palm, “I know all too well…”

“My hand,” her voice cracked slightly at the pain and he peered at her.

“Are you doin’ womanly things down in the woods with those boys?”

“No, no nothing. You don’t have to worry. I-I promise,” Beverly whimpered, trying to yank her hand away from her father’s iron-tight grip.

He ignored her plea, instead flipping out a blood-stained postcard. The young woman nearly gasped, seeing the older man holding the piece of poetry from a “Secret Admirer”. This is why he was confronting her now. But it was in her underwear drawer, so why would he be looking in there?

Beverly grimaced, hoping Hermione’s charm would kick in if he were to do something worse.

“What’s this?” he whispered innocently, asking her to answer truthfully.

“I-It’s nothing. It’s just a poem.”

Mr. Marsh put the card down and squinted up at her, “Just a poem? But you had to hide it in your underwear drawer,” Beverly tried again to free her reddening arm, “Why would you have to hide it there?” he spat at her and she ignored him.

“Are you still my girl?” he clenched his jaw tightly and Beverly finally made eye-contact.

“No,” she spat determinedly.
“What did you say?” he asked angrily.

“I said ‘no’!” she yelled in his face, and he let her go just as she yanked her arm back.

The nervous young woman lost her balance and fell backwards into the ironing board, sending both tumbling to the floor. Beverly fell on her butt and she immediately used her feet to backpedal along the floor, trying to put as much distance as possible between her and her father. Alvin Marsh immediately got up out of his chair and walked towards his daughter with purposeful intent.

“Go!” she sobbed as he ignored her distress, “Get away!”

The older man immediately knelt in front of her, grabbing at her legs that were furiously kicking at him. When he got ahold of them, the larger man pushed them down, climbing over them to straddle her thighs. Beverly screeched, wondering when the hell that charm was going to fucking do something! Her father stilled, having gotten into the position he wanted. He breathed heavily, and she tried to focus on figuring a way out of this situation. A shining chain hung around his neck, catching the light. If it came to that, she could choke him.

“Those boys… do they know… that you’re my g—ah!” he half-yelled after she kicked him in the spot where all men were weakest.

His face immediately scrunched up in pain and he held his pained groin with both hands, giving Beverly the wonderful opportunity to kick him right in the face and flee down the hallway. She ran, feeling her dress flowing frantically behind her. Slamming the bathroom door shut behind her, she quickly looked for a weapon, leaning against the door and breathing heavily. Looking towards the toilet, she grabbed the heavy ceramic lid and hid behind the misleading shower curtain.

The terrified girl could hear footsteps echoing down the hallway. Then, she could hear the doorknob turning and getting stuck due to being locked. Beverly held her breath, hearing nothing more in the tense silence of the tiled bathroom. Suddenly, the door flew open with a loud ‘crack’. Clearly the wood of the frame splintered, giving him access into the room. She laid in wait, her weapon poised to knock him out when he inevitably pulled aside the shower curtain.

As soon as the curtain jerked aside, revealing her father’s face, she swung, striking him right in the face and breaking off a piece of the ceramic lid from how hard it made contact with him. The man went down like a sack of potatoes, immediately banging his head on the unforgiving tiles. Stepping out of the tub and around her unconscious father, she surveyed him with bated breaths. He was still breathing, at least from what she could hear. However, there was a rapidly-growing pool of blood under his head. Beverly pursed her lips, debating with herself as to what she should do. His pathetic wretched life was in her hands and she didn’t want anything to do with him now.

Turning away from him, intending to leave the house, she was immediately met with a hand to her throat, choking her into unconsciousness, and the infamous seven-foot clown that had been terrorizing both her and her friends for the entire summer. The creature grinned eagerly at her, watching the awakeness fade from her eyes. She slumped in his grasp and he immediately sent her to the sewers to wait for him to bring her back to consciousness.

Bending down, Pennywise surveyed the man, knowing him to be as good as dead. He certainly wasn’t going to save him, especially if his own daughter could mortally wound him so easily. Trailing a gloved finger through the growing crimson puddle, he immediately sampled the flavor before spitting it out in abhorrence. The man was disgusting, inside and out. He could taste the incestuous thoughts and feelings and wanted nothing more than to forget them immediately.

Shaking his ginger-tufted head, he attempted to dispel the unbidden thoughts about his own young,
and he nearly vomited upon thinking them. He could only hope Hermione would kill him should he even think about violating his babies, and he would be fully behind that consequence. Looking down at the virtually toxic blood, he figured he could get at least some use out of it. The clown sunk his large hands into the pool and went into the other room to paint words across Beverly’s wall and ceiling, a little message for The Losers’ Club.

“You Die If You Try”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it was mostly stuff from the movie and that Hermione wasn't even in this one. But I needed to set up the rest of the act by showing what's happening with Henry the Losers, as they are still important albeit secondary characters. The next chapter will be called "Her Saviors" if that says anything. This chapter was mostly meant to show Pennywise's meddlings at this time while the next one will focus more on the male Losers getting together, going to the Neibolt House, and fighting Henry. There will most likely be more than that in the next one, but I'll see what gets me over 3,000 words.

As always, leave comments, kudos, bookmarks, etc. I love hearing from you and have gotten a LOT of amazing comments for the last few chapters.
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! And I'm sorry for making you worry that I'd gotten writer's block or something. I was a bit busy for the last few days and I didn't have much time to write. But I've finished this chapter and made it a bit longer for all of you. So, without further ado, here is the 4000+ words of Chapter 60.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 4th, 1989

Bill Denbrough was nervous. He’d been waiting for Beverly at the Standpipe for over twenty minutes and he’d never known her to be late for anything. After circling the round white building a few times on his bike, he tried to catch a glimpse of his elusive ginger friend. He abruptly stopped with a skid of his ebony tires. Checking his wristwatch, the numbers read 2:00pm back at him, exactly a half-hour from when Beverly promised to meet him. Worried, he decided to go to her apartment-building and see if she either forgot that they decided to meet, or if something else had happened. His hair blew in the slight breeze as he sped down the street.

Maybe something did happen… The boy shook his head, trying to dispel his negative thoughts. It was probably nothing. She’s likely just taken a nap and overslept or something.

When Bill climbed the rickety old metal staircase and passed one of the apartment’s curtained windows, he approached the door that hung open widely, just waiting for visitors, or showing evidence of a break-in … Bits of metal lined the floor, glinting in the sunlight that fell through the open door. Grim realization set in, telling the brown-haired boy that they were the remnants of the locks that held the opening closed. He stepped into the apartment, immediately noticing the tipped-over ironing board. Becoming more frantic, he strode down the hallway, intending to find any trace of the girl he’d had a crush on since that damn school play.

It was quiet, too quiet. The silence seemed to stretch outwards towards him in the darkened space, forcing Bill to listen to his own breathing along with the echo of his heartbeat that was gradually getting faster and louder as he ventured further into the apartment. Its fingers seemed to clench around the beating organ and manually pump it at a stuttering staccato. While he wanted nothing more than to shout, to fill the soundless void, he knew he had to continue silently. He didn’t know what could be lurking in the shadows, or perhaps it was that he knew all too well and that gave him the motivation to stay both sane and alert.

“Beverly,” Bill called out, an unknown instinct telling him to check the bathroom where there had once been blood on every surface. He had no idea that there was new blood recently spilled on the same tiled floor they’d cleaned earlier that summer.

Slowly, he walked down the hallway in the same way he’d done before. He didn’t even get half-way down when he saw a man, presumably Beverly’s father, lying stone-still on the tiled floor, bleeding from the head so much that there was a large pool stretching past his shoulder. The smell of iron-like death hit him like a punch to the gut, urging Bill to get away as soon as he could. A groaning breath met the terrified boy’s ears as he backed up quickly, desperately looking away from the scene.
However, when he looked left into Beverly’s room, he began breathing heavier at the sight that even was worse to him than the dying man. In trailing bloody letters were the words, “You Die If You Try”.

Unconsciously backing away from the message, he ran down the hallway, yelling Beverly’s name in hope that she would answer even though he knew deep down that she wouldn’t. The clown had struck again, taking another person he loved. He was done letting that thing push him around by stealing his friends and family away from him. It had to be stopped no matter what it cost, but he couldn’t do it alone. Hermione would be able to help. She’d held the monster-clown off before and she could be the one to end him once and for all.

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After nearly tripping down the outside stairs, Bill hopped onto Silver and speedily biked to Hermione’s house on Hallow Road. Upon his arrival, he realized her front door was wide open just like at Beverly’s apartment. Panicking, the boy ran into the house, calling for his older friend. A loud meow echoed through the house and Crookshanks, the witch’s elderly cat, ran into the living room from the kitchen. His fur was on end and he seemed to be trying to make himself bigger in the face of a larger being. Twitching his tail agitatedly with a low mewl, the cat began to climb the stairs two at a time.

At first, Bill watched the movement stiffly, but then the feline stopped towards the top of the stairs, using his tail to beckon him along behind him. Fascinated, he followed him, watching the old cat with curious yet worried eyes. A part of him wondered if he would actually be surprised if he started talking, and another part wondered if he would be relieved. Both mammals were silent however, but both seemed to understand what the other wanted to express.

Crookshanks was actually on edge for the first time in a long time. He knew very well what his mistress had gotten up to the last few days, and the intelligent cat wondered if she’d finally bitten off more than she could chew. Of course, he hadn’t intervened with the creature’s claiming, but there hadn’t been much he could have done without getting eaten by the larger being. He’d stayed out of the way, preferring to spend the majority of his time in the basement aside from the occasional trips to the kitchen for food and water.

In addition, he was aware that Hermione had been mated while in her heat, which meant that she most likely carried the creature’s young. Perhaps that is why he decided to cloister her away in his den. While Crookshanks understood this, that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to assist those who wanted to help bring her back safely.

Bill saw Hermione’s cat pause at the closed door to her bedroom. Turning to look at the boy at the end of the hall, his eyes shined amber in the darkness. Gulping, Bill turned on the light next to him, seeing that Crookshanks had a single paw on the door. Tiptoeing down the landing, he reached where the other male was waiting for him and encircled his hand around the doorknob. The knob turned with a dull ‘click’ and he pushed against it. When the door gave way, he gasped.

Where there had once been cleanliness and order, there was now messiness and chaos. Furniture was broken, fabric was ripped, and the whole room smelled of… well… Bill had no idea, but it was gross. However, that wasn’t the worst of it. Painted on the ceiling in blood, just like in Beverly’s room, were the words, “Hermione Is Mine Now.” The “Mine” was underlined so hard that it was literally scratched into the wall, its white plaster showing through the crimson blood. Bill dry-heaved,
wondering if all of his friends were taken. First Georgie, then Beverly, and now Hermione was gone too, the one person he thought who could save them.

IT seemed to have thought the same thing… he thought grimly, wondering if it was her blood that stained the wall in front of him. A meow that sounded like the feline-equivalent of clearing one’s throat came from across the room. Stepping towards the somehow unaffected bookcase, he was surprised when Crookshanks pawed a rather large tome, snapping his head to him as if asking to take it out of its place among the others. Quickly, Bill grabbed the book and yanked it from the shelf, setting down in front of him and taking a look at the dusty cover. Gingerly, he blew the dust off, revealing the title as *Surprise Weapons for Those In Need*. Bill raised an eyebrow, wondering what the cat wanted him to garner from this huge book.

“Y-y-you don’t understand. I-I-I don’t have t-time for this!” he realized belatedly that not only was he shouting at his friend’s pet but also that said pet was giving him the most deadpan look he’d ever seen on an animal.

Sheepishly, he muttered an apology before flipping open the cover, revealing a compartment containing a variety of objects. There was a large key, a little bag containing charcoal-like rocks that read *Peruvian Instant-Darkness Powder*, a pair of gloves made from some weird reptilian animal, and four necklaces with glowing charms that reflected the four elements. Seven weapons laid in front of him, and he hoped that he an the others could use them.

Shutting the book with an abrupt ‘bang’, Bill held it to his chest protectively and breathed, calming at the hope that now swelled in his chest. Crookshanks’ tail brushed his face and neck comfortingly and he smiled shyly, reaching down to give the ginger cat a satisfying scratch behind the ears. This isn’t going to be easy, but I need to help them, he mused mentally, standing to leave the room. The hallway seemed brighter somehow, and he wondered if he was just imagining how the book in front of him seemed to glow with promise.

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Wind whipped through Bill’s hair as he ran towards the arcade. He realized only after crossing the street that he had neglected to look both ways before crossing. That certainly would have ended his quest right then and there if he’d accidentally gotten himself hit by a car. Richie had to be here. There weren’t many other places he could think of that would actually hold the spectacled boy’s attention for so long. As he approached the building, he belatedly observed that the theater next door was playing *Nightmare on Elm Street 5*. The boy almost laughed, because they seemed to be living its parallel, *Nightmare on Neibolt Street 2*.

Just as he expected, Richie was playing Street Fighter at the cabinet just a bit inside the arcade. His messy mop of black hair and old Hawaiian shirt were easy to spot in the dimmed interior as his dexterous fingers worked the buttons and joystick with expertise even though it really looked like he was just slamming his hand down on every button with no sense or order. Bill sagged with relief at seeing his friend despite having been furious with him a month ago. In all honesty, he’d long forgiven the trash-talking Loser for lashing out at him, just because he’d done the same thing.

“Richie!” he slowed his run to a stop as the other boy whipped his head around momentarily before going back to his game.

“What do you want?” Richie spat scathingly, “See that guy I’m hitting? I’m pretending it’s you,” he
continued slamming the buttons, taking out his frustration with Bill out on the machine.

“T-T-T-It got Beverly and Hermione,” Bill answered desperately, clutching the book in his white-knuckled hands. Maybe it’ll be harder to reach out to Richie than he thought.

“What are you talking about?” the other boy asked despite knowing the answer, not even looking him when he spoke. Bill shook his head exasperatedly, his mouth trying to vocalize the worry he was dealing with at the thought of taking the sewer-clown on by himself.

“\textit{It}, Richie!” he said finally, “It got Beverly and Hermione.”

Richie paused, turning to fully face Bill. The game flashed the typical lose screen depicting his character covered in his own blood, its red lights casting a glare across the boy’s left lens. However, his eyes were determined as he pursed his lips and adjusted his glasses so the glare was gone. Around them, the arcade seemed to fall away, leaving just the two of them behind. They shared a look of understanding and Richie nodded wordlessly, abandoning his game and following Bill out of the building to collect their remaining friends.

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Eddie uncapped a red sharpie and began defacing the message that Greta Kean placed on his cast. Now, instead of an ‘s,’ there was now a ‘v,’ making it “Lover” rather than “Loser.” The phone rang shrilly in the silence of the little house, startling him slightly. Swiftly, he put down the marker and got up from his spot at the kitchen table to answer the phone on the other side. Reaching for the handset, he wondered who could be calling. His mother rarely got calls unless either hers or his doctor wanted to check in and see how the medications were going.

Otherwise, Eddie had no one phoning for him. At some point these last few weeks, he actually was hopeful when telemarketers would call and gave him an excuse to speak to someone outside of his mother for a lengthy amount of time. However, the different companies seemed to quickly catch on that Eddie was not looking to buy anything so they stopped calling. Sighing hopefully, he picked up the phone and set it to his ear.

“Hello?” the smaller boy asked quickly.

“Eddie, it’s Richie! Beverly and Hermione were taken by It, so we’re going to the Neibolt House to kick ass and take names. You coming?” Eddie breathed heavily.

“Okay,” he nearly wheezed, looking around paranoidly, “I’ll meet you there.”

After nearly whispering his promise, he hung up messily, jarring the handset onto the receiver. Looking to the closed door with reluctance, he stepped forward with purpose, getting more confident with each step along the creaky floorboards. Suddenly, his mother came into the entryway from the living room like a soundless ghost, easily blocking his path with her height and width.

“And just where do you think you’re off to?” she spoke calmly, putting up a honeyed front so he wouldn’t see the stingers beneath. Her glasses glinted in the light of the television, casting lit shadows over her eyes and making her look like a robotic drone to the poor boy.

Eddie backed up slightly, gaping silently for a brief second before his voice returned, “Out with my friends,” he answered.
“Sweetie,” she shook her head, “You can’t go. You’re getting over your sickness, remember?”


He reached into his fanny pack and pulled out a container of multicolored pills, “You know what these are?” his mother was stunned into silence.

“They’re gazebos! They’re bullshit!” he screamed at her and the older woman’s eyes looked from the spilled pills on the floor to her son’s angered face.

“They help you, Eddie,” Mrs. Kasprack spoke sternly yet quietly, subtly warning him to not push this argument any further, “I had to protect you.”

“Protect me?” Eddie asked bewilderedly, “By lying to me? By keeping me locked inside this hellhole? I’m sorry, but the only people that were actually trying to protect me were my friends, and you made me turn my back on them when I really needed them,” he pushed past his mother who was gaping more with each word.

“Eddie! Eddie! You get back here!” she yelled after him, haphazardly chasing him out of the house.

“I’m sorry Mom! I’ve gotta go save my friends!” he yelled back, running for his bike which lay nearly rusting in the grass.

“Don’t do this to me, Eddie!” she grasped at the porch railing as she watched her son bike away for possibly the last time.

★★★

Soon enough, the six boys were biking as fast as they could to the old house on Neibolt Street. Bill took the lead while the others followed behind him in a perfect formation. Richie and Stan flanked him while Mike, Ben, and Eddie made up the rear. Mike was smart enough to bring along the captive bolt pistol from his grandfather’s slaughterhouse. He hoped he wouldn’t have to use it, but it couldn’t be helped. Traveling along the old bendy and rusted fence, they only faltered to throw their bikes on the ground with the exception of Stan who deliberately took the time and effort to put his kickstand down so his bike stood normally. Walking into the yard and standing in the path of dead grass beside the oddly-placed sunflowers, he turned to the other boys.

“Guys, spikes,” he reminded them of how Beverly stabbed the clown monster in the eye with one of the spikes from the rusted fence.

Eddie immediately took the time to unclip his fanny pack and chuck it as far away as he could throw it, getting rid of the last visible influence of his mother’s delusions aside from his placebo-like cast that required a bit more to remove.

“Also… I got these from Hermione’s house…” Bill added, pulling the old book out of his backpack, “I think they’re meant to help us.”

As Bill opened the book and revealed the objects, the other boys looked at them curiously, “I think they’re magical,” he added.

“Cool!” Richie grinned to mask his worry about the entire situation, “but I don’t see how we can use
them,” he pointed, jumping back with a yelp when the little bag of *Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder* flew into his hand.

The others chuckled at the noise, “Well, I guess that one’s yours,” Ben laughed, sticking his arm right above the objects and marveling how the pair of reptilian gloves flew into his open hand that grabbed them right from the air, “Woah!”

Putting the gloves onto his larger hands, Ben marveled at how his skin began to turn greener and gain a scalier texture. Looking at him, the others gasped at the change in their friend.

“Neat-o! Lizard Man!” Richie suddenly felt more confident in Hermione’s weapons, “Lemme try mine!” he moved to throw down one of the rocks in the pouch, but Bill stopped him.

“Wait, Richie. Those are probably like smoke bombs. Wouldn’t want to waste them,” Richie nodded reluctantly, putting the pouch in his pocket for later.

Eddie stepped forward next and gasped quietly yet eagerly when the yellow amulet necklace flew into his waiting hand. Slipping it on around his neck, he watched the amulet brightly glow golden before settling to a dull light. Waving his arm, he grinned at the huge gust of wind that erupted from his hand. Laughing giddily, he jumped, consequently flying up about twenty feet before floating back down. That immediately got the other boys reaching for the other items.

“Woah!” Eddie said when he touched back down, “that was amazing! I wish I was a wizard!”

The others cheered as the blue amulet went to Mike, and he demonstrated his power by punching the air and releasing a powerful jet of water at the plants in front of him. He cracked a rare grin as he continued experimenting with the extent of the amulet’s abilities, even freezing a few of the sunflowers. Stan stepped up sternly and silently, but smiled when the green amulet came to his waiting hand. Slipping it on, he kicked the ground, sending a large chunk of dirt flying at one of the only trees in the yard and accidentally knocking it down.

“Aww! No fair!” Richie pouted awedly, “How come Stan gets the ‘Death by Ginormous Rocks’ power?”

Everyone ignored him, preferring to look between Bill and the last two items in the box: the key, and the red amulet that likely let the wearer throw fireballs. The boy stepped forth finally, and held a slightly shaking hand over the open book, wondering if neither of the items would pick him. *What if they’re meant for Beverly and Hermione... but not me?* However, that thought was immediately crushed and replaced with another when the key flew into his hand and immediately changed form to another key entirely.

“What’s that key for?” Ben asked for the whole group and Bill shook his head.

“I don’t know,” Bill shrugged, bending down to put two of the spear-like pikes together, “but I have a feeling that we’ll need it.”

He hated going in blind, and he knew his item wasn’t going to be used for defense, but rather as a helpful tool to save their friends. *Maybe they’re locked inside something?* Bill mused. Richie seemed to think the same of his own item because he grabbed an old glass beer bottle and broke it against the side rail of the steps. Unfortunately, only a bit of the bottle’s neck remained, making it a very unhelpful weapon. Throwing it aside, he sighed lowly before wandering into the center of the group so the others could protect him and Bill.
Henry whistled lowly at the sight of the remaining Losers walking into the scary-looking house. His orders were nearly completed, but now he needed to follow them in and kill them. On the outside, he was giddy and full of the same blood-lust that caused him to practically paint his face with the red liquid. Blood was splattered across the teen’s face, even reaching up into his hair in some spots. However, there were bloody trails at the corners of his eyes and trailing down his face from the dilated orbs that were trained on the other boys.

This was because he wasn’t feeling the same on the inside. He’d been forced to watch his own hands murder his father as well as the closest people he could call friends with his own hands and knife. Then, the terrible being controlling Henry had him drag his friend’s corpses to Belch’s car and set them inside before getting in the driver’s seat and going to the Neibolt house so he could murder six younger boys. While he wasn’t completely mentally stable, he wasn’t a psychotic mass murderer… at least until he touched his knife where it had laid inside of that damned red box with that damn red balloon. Now everything was red and he couldn’t see straight anymore.

However, his eyes watched the younger boys anyway, wondering how they couldn’t even see him where he was sitting on the side of the perpendicular road from the Losers’ bikes. He watched “B-b-Billy” give Stan a large army-green flashlight, reminding him of his father’s, his dead father’s.

While all he wanted to feel was pain and sadness, he only felt gratification over his demonic deeds. It wasn’t his own emotion and it did not belong in his body. It stung and it burned a scarring brand into his soul. While he didn’t put much stock in religion, he understood that even in death, his soul would still bear the mark of his captor’s tight grip. The creature in his mind was still very present, and it wouldn’t let go until he either killed the Losers, or failed. Nonetheless, his expression grinned giddily.

“Like lambs to a slaughter,” his mouth moved after saying the words, attempting to express his inner thoughts, the ones that would say that he was trapped, that he was innocent, “Wouldn’t you say fellas?” he turned to look at the silent corpses and internally lamented at their bloodied carcasses sitting next to him. He could have sworn he heard a fly circling around inside the iron-scented car, deciding between which teen to land on and drink their cooling blood.

They hadn’t deserved this. Like him, they’d only followed his orders, and all he’d done was stab them in the back. Actually… he slit their throats. He was just like his father. No… I’m worse… so much worse… I hope they kill me. I hope those fucking Losers kill me… I’m like a rabid dog… just need to be put down because there’s no saving me… not anymore.

He hadn’t realized he’d been on the precipice of chaos until it was much too late for him to return to order and normalcy. There was no going back now. Even if he could somehow fight his way out of the creature’s influence, he’d still be imprisoned for a long time, maybe even for the rest of his life. Because of one mistake, he was as good as dead. There was so much of this and more that he wanted to scream out, to pray to anyone who would listen, but instead, all he said was, “Yeah, sure you would.”
from the movie, but I tried to spice things up with the new weapons and Henry's brief appearance if some of you hadn't seen the deleted scenes. Next chapter is where things get interesting. We'll have our Mike vs. Henry fight, all the way up to the part where Bill sees Pennywise disguised as Georgie and he gets separated from the rest of the Losers.

Anyway, I hope you all are still enjoying this story and appreciate the little changes. :) As always, leave comments, kudos, bookmarks, etc. I love hearing from you!
Descension and Silence

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry for the wait. This one was a bit tough and long to write. It wasn't necessary writer's block that tripped me up, but it was very hard to write about ten minutes of the movie into a single chapter.
Oh well, you didn't come here for my excuses! You came here to read Chapter 61, so here you go!
Btw, there is also a tiny kiss shared between Pennywise as Georgie and comatose!Hermione, so if that's not your cup of tea even for how short/mostly non-graphic it is, just skip that line.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 4th, 1989

Hermione floated in darkness, teetering on the precipice of self-awareness and non-existence. She couldn’t even tell the difference between what was up and what was down. There were times when she felt very close to consciousness, when she could see what was happening outside of her body. This astral-projection-like sensation, the witch found, could only be achieved when her unruly mate touched her physical form. During those times he lifted the heavy coffin lid to feed from her like a parasite, she could see him, and grew resentful of his behavior.

The curly-haired woman had promised him she wouldn’t run away, that she would stay with him for all eternity, so what more does he want? Sometimes she caught his little paranoid glances around them, as if he were waiting for something. Hermione also wasn’t deaf to his mumblings and promises that it would “be just us, soon.” Clearly, the clown had been busy while she’d been stuck in her mental prison. And that absolute arsehole decided to trap me in here against my will! Ugh! He’s so going to get it when I get out of here.

Hermione fumed angrily, but paused upon feeling Pennywise pull away and close the coffin lid behind him. Now, she found herself back in the darkness, feeling little brushes against her soul. It had been apparent early on that the other souls brushing against her own were those belonging to the children he’d murdered and neglected to fully eat. At first, she tried to find Georgie Denbrough, but the others whispered that he had departed from this plane a long time ago. The witch sighed. Then, reaching out to the younger ones that wanted to come closer, she let them cluster around her for some maternal reassurance. Even in death, these poor lost little souls deserved that much.

Ian Anderson’s fading voice introduced himself to her and she wrapped her comforting aura around him, urging him to speak of the things he liked. Veronica and Betty came around next, also fading from the decay of their own physical bodies where they supposedly floated above where hers was tethered to the coffin she rested in. They kept her company, telling her more about themselves and asking about certain people in the town whom she either didn’t know or hadn’t even heard of. Esther and Laurie found her later, immediately flocking to the older woman’s golden soul and partaking in its shining light in the darkness of the deadlights' void.

Countless more followed, making Hermione wonder how she’d never heard about these other
children until she realized that these were the souls of some of the children from Pennywise’s previous awakening or even before that. Their bones hadn’t been fully eaten and were left to float and decay for decades. The witch knew that in the right conditions, bones could take hundreds of years to decompose. She wondered if this had been the clown’s plan for her had she not decided to become immortal: to float forever with the ever-changing souls of dead children to keep her company. Even so, she felt bad for some of the little ones who died back in 1908 but were still here.

Each child was very sweet with their questions and interactions and they just wanted to be around her. However, there was the exception of Patrick Hockstetter’s twisted soul that circled around her like a bloodthirsty shark and made the others nervous with his twitching presence. Angered, Hermione promptly tugged on his fiery-red aura and threatened to envelop him unless he calmed himself. Pouting as much as a jellyfish-like soul could, he settled on her vacant side to listen to the ongoing conversation about what the children missed about their lives. He even interjected a few times about favorite food and how boring school was in 1989. During these times, she forgot about her anger at Pennywise and felt grateful that she was actually able to speak to the children she had heard about. They also seemed just as grateful to talk to her.

A sudden sense of awareness stabbed Hermione in the center of her soul, signalling Pennywise’s approach. Numbly, Hermione watched from the void as he opened the lid of the coffin and put the necklace he’d given to her while acting as Bill Gray onto her neck, touching her pale column with his wandering fingers while he did the clasp. Bending over, he manipulated his long limbs into the box and promptly shrunk, turning into a young boy wearing a yellow raincoat and green galoshes… Georgie!

Hermione gasped mentally at the eerie sight of the young boy straddling her midsection. Surely he wouldn’t… His little hands reached for the hidden zipper on her covering and she screamed into the void, not wanting to watch as Pennywise defiled the form of her friend’s younger brother. While she knew he was her mate, the idea of having sex with someone who even only looked like a child made her very queasy. He must have noticed her turning a bit green around the gills because he immediately paused, laying down on top of her and wrapping his smaller arms around her.

“It’s okay, Mommy … Daddy just wants me to eat… Please, Mommy? I’m so hungry…”

They laid like this for a while before “Georgie” finally looked back up at her foggy and glassy eyes with bright amber ones and she felt a bit better as he unzipped the cover over her upper half. Hermione’s body nearly cracked its blank expression as the boy undid her nipple-covers and quickly latched onto her right nub, suckling the white liquid from her for all it was worth. Pennywise keened cutely in this form, sounding more like a yowling kitten rather than a terrifying monster. She wanted to express this to him and much more about the non-existent morality of using Georgie’s form in the first place. As if sensing her thoughts, his mouth slid from her skin with a pop and he giggled, wiping at his chin where milk messily painted the lower half of his face.

“You taste so good, Mommy,” he purred, leaning down to hug her again and simultaneously take her other nipple into his mouth with a hot breath against her pebbled skin. Unconsciously, she watched the little mouth lapping at her breast and wondered why he was really doing all of this to her. What is the point of looking like Georgie Denbrough? Suddenly, he stopped, looking off in the distance and gasping eagerly with an expression that looked utterly wrong on Georgie’s baby-like features.

“Bevvy’s waking up. I’ve gotta greet her now, so just wait here. I’ll be right back,” he giggled oddly, hopping off of her and slamming the coffin lid behind him. The sound of chains snaking around the large wooden casket was the last thing she heard before the void fully claimed her once more. Alone again…
A mouse scurried across the dusty cobweb-ridden piano, announcing its presence with off-key tones that clattered throughout the quiet space. Bill led the rest of the boys inside the old creepy house, shining his flashlight at everything he could after opening the creaking door. The others were quick to follow him in, all except for Stan who lingered on the other side of the boards that were put there to keep people out.

“Stan?” Ben asked hesitantly and the whole group paused to look back at the nervous curly-haired boy.

“Stan, we all have to go,” Bill reminded him of Beverly’s words from all those weeks ago, “B-B-Beverly was right… If we split up like last time, that clown will kill us one by one… but if we s-tick-stick together… all of us… we’ll win, I promise…” Stan looked down sheepishly, hating that he looked weak before sternly walking into the house behind the others.

“Yeah, we need you, Stan,” Richie added next to Bill, “You have your special rock powers now.”

Miscellaneous flashlight beams flickered in the darkened house despite being daylight on the outside. The house groaned and creaked with every floorboard and every part of the ceiling. Curiously enough, the fireplace had an engraving that read “Good Cheer, Good Friends,” and they had to wonder who the hell had tried to live there before likely being eaten by the sewer-clown that dwelled below in the well. It seemed like the previous owners were just asking for death to take them in the most violent way possible. On the other hand, It could have easily coerced others into building it for him and just left it in disrepair during his hibernation. Anything was possible. Nevertheless, it was certainly uninhabitable now.

Just as before, Bill led the others down the creaking stairs that he remembered like it was just yesterday that he’d done it previously. The memory was so vivid and he remembered the sight of the clown slowly descending into the crumbling well, his one good eye flashing with malevolent promise. There were so many cobwebs that none of them wanted to touch the stairs in fear that they would get bitten before actually facing the monster they came to fight.

In the basement, it looked like there had been an attempt to close off the space where the well was, but there was a rather large hole in between the grid-like pieces of wood. How many have died here in this very room? Ben wondered before shaking his head, It doesn’t make a difference. What matters is that there won’t be any more after today.

“Hey, Eddie? You got a quarter?” Richie joked, trying to diffuse the tension that had grown among the group from their proximity to the bloodied well.

The smaller boy sighed disgustedly. “I wouldn’t wanna make a wish in that fuckin’ thing,” he said as they all clustered around the well, careful to avoid the bloodstained pieces of crumbling stone.

Their flashlights couldn’t even make a dent in the darkness that lurked inside the bottomless well. No one knew how deep the cavern went, but there was an echo that bounced back from the steep walls. At the same time, they knew there had to be an end, a bottom to the endless black pit. Ben yelled down into the abyss, hoping one of the women would be able to answer but not knowing that neither of them were in any position of consciousness to do so.
“How are we supposed to get down there?” Mike asked the others while Bill shined his flashlight around the basement, looking for something to help.

It was almost too easy to spot a long rope with convenient knots already tied into it, as if just waiting to be used. Perhaps this was the clown’s idea of bait so it could get some free food in the form of all-too-curious teenagers who were daring enough to go spelunking down in the well. However, it was more helpful to them because they did know the risks and they were prepared. For the first time in the demon clown’s life, the Losers promised to make this gesture of its a hindrance rather than an asset.

Mike tied the rope onto the rusty hook that hung over the bottomless pit, tugging it firmly to test if it would hold their weight. Meanwhile, Richie tossed the rest of the rope down with a muffled ‘thump’. Adjusting his shirt and breathing slowly, Bill climbed onto the unstable lip of the well and grabbed the rope, swinging the rest of his body onto the line. The echoing sound of pebbles breaking off and falling into the hole was the only sound he could hear aside from the clinking of the rusted spikes and the magical key that sat at the bottom of his bag.

Eddie grimaced, climbing onto the rope after his friend got down far enough. However, he stopped upon seeing that Bill had also stopped. Meeting another long dark hole, Bill shined his flashlight, seeing a new trail of dried blood coming from it and leaving a smear along the bottom rocks. It looked like whatever had spilled the blood had been dragged from the top of the well and into this little side hole. Looking down, both boys noticed a few rickety wooden boards beneath them and Bill hesitantly tapped one with his foot, sending a creaking echo throughout the tunnel. Wincing, he looked up to Eddie and whispered.

“Don’t step on these, they’ll break,” the other boy nodded quickly, continuing to shuffle down the rope as Bill maneuvered himself into the gaping hole in the side of the well.

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Pennywise nearly cackled at the sight of one of the floating corpses dripping blood onto the young girl. Now that is a wake-up call. This was going to be fun. He would scare little Beverly half to death, cowing her into submission. Then he would sic his deadlights on her and make her float until he’d dealt with the other members of the Losers’ Club. She should be grateful that he wasn’t even planning on killing her. See, Hermione! I can be merciful!

Wincing, he chanced a look over at the coffin wrapped in chains. If anyone could escape his deadlights’ coma, it would be her. This is why he always took extra precautions like using Henry Bowers for his dirty work. Well, not so much dirty work rather than fighting fire with fire. Stupid human phrases… Nevertheless, his mate was going to be as much of a spitfire as ever once she was fully conscious again. A shy smile glimmered across his face at the memories of that fire before extinguishing. She was so beautiful when she was angry, but it was pure, agonizing torture when he was the focus of her ire.

Now, her face was utterly blank and he hated it. He hated touching and sucking on the witch’s frozen shell. It had taken this impulsive action of his to realize that it wasn’t her body that he craved, but her essence, her soul. One kiss would reawaken the petite witch, but there was no telling what she would do to him. Hermione couldn’t leave him, but she could easily make his life a living hell. However, simply denying him sex and contact would just about do that. His cock seemed to droop at the thought, surprising him that he’d actually been somewhat aroused at the thought of his mate.
beating him into the ground. *And ohhh~ how she would…* he moaned lowly, seeing unbidden images of his mate whipping, slapping, and hitting him while dressed in nothing but a leather jumpsuit swim through his mind’s eye.

*No!* The horny clown shook his large ginger head frustratedly, “*Angry Hermione is very bad news. Stressing her out with anger is not good for the babies… I refuse to lose them because of these urges…* he paced around inside of his trailer like a caged tiger, his own frustration urging him to lash out at the nearest moving object. This is when Pennywise realized he’d made a horrible mistake. *What was I thinking, bringing them down here? The air would kill them all… make her lose them… No… Hermione can’t eat now, and if she can’t eat… I’m starving them all!*”

With a muffled screech, he moved to leap over the trophy pile and break his mate out of her container. *How long have I kept her sleeping? Hours… a day… She needs to eat now!* However, a movement of the girl lying on the floor reminded him of the other things… or people… on his plate. Huffing, Pennywise turned back to his orange-lit trailer that cut through the darkness with its hellish colors and prepared a little routine for scaring Hermione’s little friend.

Luckily, she hadn’t moved far, taking a few knees every couple of steps. The new location distracted her from his obvious presence, and for that, he was grateful. It would be easier to scare her that way. Chaotic splashes echoed through the cavern-like chamber, reminding Pennywise of a newborn deer stumbling through the forest, oblivious to the predators like him that lay in wait for such easy prey.

When the splashing stopped, that was when the clown could tell she’d found the tornado of corpses floating right above her. Chuckling silently, he watched as another drop of blood fell onto the tip of her nose and she gasped shrilly. Looking up, he noted the corpse of a homeless hitchhiker that he’d picked up the previous day. It was rather a waste of the blood to let it drip so carelessly all over everything. Pennywise sighed, now he would have to nudge the body down so he could drain it of most of its blood and store it somewhere until he felt like drinking it.

Too bad he didn’t have the excuse of drinking fruit punch anymore. That gave him plenty of opportunities to drain his mini ‘blood cellar,’ which was a little box he kept old jars and bottles of blood in. Some of them were actually pretty old experiments of his to see if blood actually tasted better when it was preserved like humans made fine wine. It turns out that it doesn’t. If there was such a flavor as dusty, that would be how the clown would describe the experience of drinking centuries-old blood.

Suddenly, splashes resumed echoing through the chamber, signalling the young woman’s mounting panic as she made a break for the large metal door. Beverly banged on the surface in front of her, trying to yank it open with a creak, but she couldn’t budge it open even when she tried using her boot. Pennywise smirked at her determination, quickly setting up for his little performance. When he was ready, he called out to her, simultaneously triggering the little jack-in-the-box version of himself that he’d made when he’d repainted that little music box for his mate. Now that he thought about it… his children would love the jack-in-the-box. Smiling at the thought he donned his cheeriest and creepiest voice.

“Step right up, Beverly! Step right up!” He nearly broke character when she slowly turned away from the door, searching for where he was throwing his voice.

“Come change. Come float. You’ll laugh. You’ll cry. You’ll cheer. You’ll die,” he announced, doing his impression of a carnie advertising a circus act but with purposeful changes to instill fear into Beverly’s heart.

He was pretty sure carnies didn’t change their voices as he did, alternating between high pitched and cheerful to deep and guttural. However, it really didn’t matter now as the little mini-Pennywise was
preparing to pop out of his jack-in-the-box. The noise seemed to get louder and louder, ringing harshly in Beverly’s ears as she molded herself against the stubborn metal door.

“Introducing, Pennywise the Dancing Clown!” he finally let go of his laughter, letting its high-pitched timbre fill the air around them and turn sour with baritone gurgles.

The little box continued to play its sweet little tune until the tiny clown finally burst from the box with a high-pitched cackle of its own. Right on cue, the actual Pennywise pulled the lever to lower the side of the trailer with a loud chain-rattling ‘bang,’ revealing the hellish yellow, orange, and red backdrop that abruptly came to life with explosive smoke and loud obnoxious circus music. When the smoke cleared, the clown was at center-stage, beginning his creepy dance that oddly enough wasn’t scary to the young woman.

Angered, he continued to dance, gradually increasing the volume of the music and distorting it so it made her more uncomfortable where she stood by the metal door. Pennywise wasn’t blind to her looks between him and the other possible exit the human female could reach, but it was on the other side of the stage, so she would have to run by him to get to it. Harrumphing at her audacity to leave one of his shows early made him even more irritated. As if it were in slow-motion, he saw Beverly push off of the wall and run right across his path.

Jumping off the stage with a flying leap and cackle, he landed right next to her, splashing the water next to them and immediately picking her up by her neck, keeping it locked within both of his gloved hands. Keeping conscious of her need to breathe, he allowed her enough room to do so. However, that also meant she was going to try hitting him instead, which was fine for now, he supposed. She was scared, and those who fought when scared were much more fun in his opinion. Looking up at her, he noticed how utterly helpless she looked and exaggeratedly mimicked her little grunts and whines while also keeping his laughter going.

“I’m not afraid of you,” she grunted and he immediately stopped laughing. What…?

Pulling her closer, she coughed slightly while he smelled her neck, searching for any sign of fear. To his anger and confusion, there was none. Nearly coughing himself, he shook his head and glared up at her with amber-red eyes, the action jingling the bells around his wrists. This was all wrong. She couldn’t be unafraid of him. Perhaps he’d used the wrong form… usually the clown form worked for anyone. Hmph! I don’t have time for this!

“You will be,” he hissed angrily, widening his mouth so she would have no choice but to look into his deadlights.

Allowing his eyes to roll back into his head, he watched through the bright orbs at the back of his throat as Beverly’s eyes dulled and her expression slackened, cuing him to gradually let go of her. At his command, her dress-clad body stopped a few meters up. He would be back to instill fear in her later, but there were more pressing matters to see to. Henry should be dealing with the other Losers by now, but in case he doesn’t, he’ll be waiting. Changing into the notorious ‘flute-lady,’ he intended to go after the group’s weakest link, oblivious to the glowing green trinket Stanley Uris now possessed.

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Most of the male Losers had already descended into the dark well. Only Mike remained in the dingy
basement level. He fiddled with the captive bolt pistol, loading a round into it before grabbing onto
the first knot in the rope. However, a sharp pain in his back had him doubling over and a sharp yank
on the back of his shirt sent him flying backwards onto the floor. In the darkness, he made out the
mullet-wearing silhouette of Henry Bowers against the light coming in from the single window. The
gun fell out of his hand and slid across the dusty floor, making him worry about what he should do:
go for the reliable gun, or use the unpredictable water charm that he still didn’t fully understand yet.

“Mike? Mike!” Richie and Bill yelled up to him, “You okay? Mike?!”

“Bowers…” the spectacled boy added grimly upon seeing the bloodied face with scary twinkling
eyes staring down at them.

“Mike…” Eddie murmured, putting two and two together as to what must have just happened.

“Baa… Baa…” Henry mocked them, referencing his previous utterance. His mind was shattered,
broken at what he was about to do. While he didn’t like Mike, it was really his father who told him to
be mistrustful and angry at the Hanlons. Since he was younger, that was a fact, but that didn’t mean
he wanted to murder him or any of the other boys. His arms involuntarily yanked the rope up and out
of their reach, making sure they couldn’t come back up.

“No, no, no, no! Grab it!” Richie yelled while Eddie yelled at Bill to do the same thing.

“Mike!” the louder boy yelled, “Leave him alone!”

Eddie was suddenly the center of attention. “C-can you use your necklace-thing to jump out of
here?” the male in question panicked, looking down at the rickety boards.

“No, I can’t. They’re too unstable and if I went from here, I’d only hit the wall. Sorry, guys.”

They patted Eddie’s back anyway, nonverbally showing that they didn’t blame him for not trying to
risk his own life. Meanwhile, Mike was crab-walking backwards away from the advancing bloodied
teen. Henry’s frame was stiff as he wandered over to him, making him appear more robotic than
anything.

“You didn’t listen to what I told you, did ya? You shoulda stayed out of Derry…” the older boy
nearly wheezed, breathing heavily as he nearly stumbled over to Mike.

“Your parents didn’t, and look what happened to them… I still get sad everytime I pass by that pile
of ashes… Sad… that I couldn’t done it myself,” Henry baited the other boy and Mike lunged for
the bolt pistol and an all to familiar wrestling match ensued.

Mike moved to shoot the deranged-looking teen but said teen quickly jumped on top of him,
straddling his midsection and trying to push down his arms. The scuffle was rather loud, filling the
air with grunts, slaps of skin, and heavy breathing. If the others didn’t know any better, they would
have thought something entirely different was happening on the other side of the well.

“I sh-should-should get up there…” Bill worriedly told the rest of the boys behind him.

“Are you insane?” Eddie squawked at him, grabbing his shoulder as he noticed his friend moving to
get out of the little tunnel, “With what?!?”

By this time, Henry held Mike’s arms down to the floor underneath them and reached for the pistol,
his body intending to shoot the young man with his own weapon. From his mind, he watched his
own fingers cock the gun and place it right above the terrified kid’s head. Overwhelming sadness hit
him then at what he was about to do. The boat touched Mike’s head and he swung his arm up,
moving the weapon just as it discharged. A blue light flickered to life and a jet of water sent the older boy backwards.

Getting up and bellowing a defiant battle cry, he raised his hands out in front of him and blasted Henry Bowers off of his feet and down the well. The sound of the teen’s skin and bones hitting the side of the well and pin-balling down ricocheted off of the walls and Bill caught his body in his flashlight’s beam as he broke through the old boards blocking them from going any further. His agonized scream followed him into the abyss, echoing for the others to hear for nearly fifteen seconds afterwards.

“Holy shit!” Richie blurted as he tried to comprehend what just happened.

“Oh my G— that was… I’m okay. I’m okay,” Mike muttered, peeking his head over the side to make sure his friends were fine.

He immediately moved to reload the pistol, settling the ammunition next to him and pressing a new cartridge into the gun. The victorious boy didn’t realize the belt was slipping until it was too late to grab it.

“Shit!” Mike grit his teeth, watching and reaching out in vain for the leather and metal when it was much too far out of his reach.

“Stanley,” a feminine whisper ghosted across the boy’s ear, making him whip around and flash his light further down the tunnel.

“Beverly?” Stan answered hesitantly, “Hermione?”

A small skittering noise came from further down the tunnel, coming closer to where the nervous boy was, “Is that you?”

Suddenly, Pennywise’s large head leaned into the view and Stan could hear the clown’s demented cackle fill his ears. Pointing his flashlight around the space, he realized he was somewhere else entirely. Flowing water trailed out of the open pipes, falling into larger pools which drained into who-knows-where. There was mold everywhere on the floors, the pipes, even the ceiling grates seemed a bit fuzzy from a distance. One of the pipes had waterlogged weeds coming out of it, or was it human hair? It certainly had the same consistency.

“Guys?” he called out, hoping his friends were close by and the ones making the little noises around him.

As before, there were small skittering noises that could easily belong to a rat or something smaller, but they seemed to take on a life of their own. Whipping back and forth with his light, Stan tried to place the noises as they seemed to come from any and all directions. The clown was clearly playing with him, and it was working. However, he thought, I'm not going to take this lying down.

Clutching the green charm, he noticed it begin to light up the whole space he’d found himself in. Gasping at the vast awareness the necklace gave him, he stuck the flashlight back in his pocket and began waving his hands around, feeling for any rocks or sediment that he could work with. Belatedly, he spotted a door an some stairs. A way out! He sighed in relief, moving towards the door, only to be pushed down by his nightmare, the flute lady.

She tackled him and he screamed, trying to push her nasty serrated teeth into his face. However, he impulsively struck the ground next to him and sent a large piece of concrete right into her misshapen face. It hissed painfully, backing up to consider his target’s strengths and weaknesses. Stan,
meanwhile, got to his feet and continued using his necklace to kick large pieces of rock at the apparition. Unfortunately for Stan, the eldritch was pretty good at dodging the amateur attacks even though he had no chance of getting close.

The boy laughed nervously now, hearing his friends coming through the door behind him. Eddie yelled the loudest, leading the group over to where he was keeping It at bay. With the support of his friends behind him, he swung his leg back and ended up chucking the largest piece he’d managed uprooting at the scary-looking woman and she fled the area after dodging it, backing up slowly down one of the tunnels. However, she stopped when only her hand remained and leaned back, revealing Pennywise the Dancing Clown to the Losers who screamed at him and gave him a bit of their fearful scent.

When the eldritch was gone, the others came forward to congratulate Stan for his epic ‘rock-kicking’ as Richie liked to call it. The spectacled boy even asked if he’d hit the flute lady in the face, and the other boy proudly proclaimed that he did. Grinning, he began recounting how he ended up in the room they were in now, but Bill wasn’t listening anymore.

His sole focus was on the little boy in a yellow raincoat and green galoshes that stood at the end of another tunnel, beckoning him to follow by running away. Grabbing Mike’s pistol where it lie on the floor from when he’d accidentally dropped it in the chaos of Stan’s fight, he ran off down the tunnel he saw Georgie, leaving the other boys behind just as he’d said not to do. After a moment he could hear Eddie yell his name, but he ignored him, preferring to chase what he only hoped was the ghost of his little brother.

★★★

Pennywise was bruised… both emotionally and physically. He couldn’t say he’d been either expecting or prepared for the Losers’ most nervous member to suddenly begin chucking boulders at him. That damn green rock… Hermione... you little cheater... Leaving little trinkets for your friends won’t save them from me… They spoiled the surprise, doll. Now I know what they can do… he giggled childishly as he wove through the tunnels slowly enough to keep Billy-Boy on his tail. The clown couldn’t sense any harmful magical item on him, so he was obviously a better target. That, and he knew full well that he’d eaten his younger brother earlier in the year. It was actually quite poetic that he would be the first Loser to die.

Bill’s footsteps echoed throughout the tunnels, complimenting the sharp ‘clinks’ of the metal spikes and key in his backpack. Abruptly, he paused, seeing a bit of light at the end of the tunnel. Reaching behind him, the boy grabbed the key and held it tightly in his left fist as he continued running. In his right hand, his flashlight led him onward, catching objects in its beam.

The first thing he saw was a large wall of wood, no… it was a trailer, and it read “Pennywise the Dancing Clown.” He gasped. Hermione had been right. That was Its name. Behind the trailer, there was a tower of what looked like old garbage, but that wouldn’t make much sense unless the clown had put it all there. However, he didn’t think much about it because something much more important caught his nervous eyes. A certain young woman was floating ominously in the air about fifteen feet off of the ground.

“Beverly!” Bill yelled to her, forgetting about Georgie almost entirely.

Pennywise huffed and rolled his eyes, turning around where he stood farther away. It was almost
funny what boys’ crushes made them forget about. However, the eldritch couldn’t say much, considering how he felt about his mate. Speaking of which... he thought, wandering over to where Hermione laid inside the chained up coffin and not noticing how the boy saw him do so and decided to discreetly follow him. Ole’ Billy-Boy will be busy fretting over little Bevvy, so I have plenty of time to check on my little doll.

Unchaining the restraints around the polished wood, his small hands opened the lid and Hermione’s body floated into an upright position. Pennywise hopped up into the space to hold her, purring like a kitten now that he could feel that she was actually doing fine. Bending down to sniff her stomach, he delighted in the fact that it didn’t smell like death. At the same time, it didn’t smell of life either. It was hard having to remind himself that it was still too soon to tell. He had to wait at least another ten days for that. Grumbling in Georgie’s voice, he decided that he could at least wake her up before putting her back into the coffin to wait for him. It wouldn’t be long until he could take them back home with Beverly in tow.

Leaning in, he pressed Georgie’s small lips to Hermione’s unresponsive ones, getting his little pink tongue in between her teeth to tap her own before immediately pushing her back down and slamming the lid shut behind him. Raising his hands, the chains encircled the box again, keeping the witch locked inside as she began banging on the lid, trying to get out.

“Georgie?” a confused yet angry voice cut through the air behind him and Pennywise froze. Shit...

Chapter End Notes

Gah! *Hides under desk* I'm sorry about the cliffhanger, but this was sooo long. The next one will be long too, just because that one will also have about ten minutes of the movie in the single chapter. But don't worry! After next chapter is the beginning of Act III, the third and final act of this story. As it gets closer to the end, I will be asking if I should do a sequel. But I will likely write it after writing another little story that I'm going to try keeping short, but we'll see. :) I'm really leaning towards a sequel, but I also want to know how many of you will actually read it if I were to post chapters for it.
Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! I'm actually not dead! Thank you so much for your patience! This one was actually a hard chapter to write because of all the movie stuff as well as incorporating each character (Losers, Hermione, and Pennywise). It's almost kind of sad now, because there is only one movie scene left and it won't take place until the end of the story. This chapter is at least 7,000 words, so I hope it makes up for the extended wait time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 4th, 1989

“Back again, Hermione?” an old yet knowing voice rumbled from behind her, “I see much has changed, so perhaps it would be best to speak now rather than later.”

Hermione’s spun around and the other children seemed to disperse, moving off to hidden regions of the immense void. *Wait a second...*

“Maturin,” the witch sighed, relieved at the sight of the old turtle’s big reptilian head in front of her, “I thought I was awake… er, I mean out of this prison… I don’t know where I am now...” she finally said, rocking back and forth sheepishly.

He chuckled knowingly at her fumblings, “I believe that is up to you, dear girl. The change between realms is rather seamless, is it not?”

Hermione nodded, surveying her surroundings that seemed to get brighter each second. They seemed to be in an altered version of her childhood home, in her old bedroom to be more precise. “How...?”

“The mind is a wonderful thing, your mind especially... I wonder how much it will change now that you walk among our kind now... the ageless...” Maturin trailed off, stuck in his own musings.

“Yeah, about that... You said that I don’t need to hibernate, and neither does Pennywise, right?” Hermione probed the ancient being.

“This is true,” he lowered his head slightly in reluctance, wondering where the small young woman was going with this.

“So... what? He just won’t fall into a twenty-seven year sleep come October?”

“Yes,” Maturin tilted his head at her, “But that wasn’t your intended question... you already knew the answer to it,” he leaned closer to her where she sat on her bed, looking up to the seemingly black void of the ceiling.

“Yes,” Hermione sighed, “You mentioned a cage, a cage keeping Pennywise in Derry. Will he ever be able to leave? Will he and I be stuck in this little town for all eternity?”
“No,” the turtle started abruptly, “As I said, much has changed… Because of your mating and… marks… It is no longer caged by my bars, he’s caged by yours.”

The witch scoffed, “It’s rather the other way around at the moment.”

“I beg to differ,” he countered as if he knew something she didn’t. Hermione moved to retort, but the archaic reptile was looking at something behind her, “You may come over, little ones… I mean no harm.”

She turned, only to see a ghostly little boy with red hair and blue eyes running at her. It took her a moment to realize that it was Ian rather than a younger version of Pennywise. Burying his head into her back, he wrapped his arms around her, using her as a human shield so he could observe the turtle while being close to Hermione. Gingerly, she reached a hand up to stroke his soft red hair and the boy solidified, settling more against her with a quiet hum. Belatedly, she felt a tentative little grasp on her free hand and the witch looked over to see Laurie’s sky blue eyes and wispy blonde hair as the child smiled shyly at her. Smiling herself, she looked to see the children from the void gaining actual faces and bodies before her eyes. As before, they all clustered around her on the bed, urging her to rethink her state of mind.

“How are they here, in my mind?”

“Isn’t it one of your human sayings? That ‘the dead are always with us’?”

Hermione was stunned. She didn’t know what to say, but Maturin suddenly grinned at her, well, as much as he could, “Motherhood becomes you, young immortal.”

Blushing, she looked over her little audience and sobered quickly, “I want to help them.”

“And so you shall,” he replied just as firmly, “Destroy their remains and you will free them from Its cages.”

Fiendfyre, she concluded quickly. That would destroy any and every semblance of human remains, even the toughest of pieces like horcruxes. However, the witch doubted that any of the No-Maj children had even heard of the word, much less actually made one with their non-existent magic. She would have to burn everything slowly, lest risk the spell getting out of control. After all, it wasn’t like the curly-haired woman was going to be working with the self-rebuilding Room of Requirement.

“Thank you for your advice. It means a lot to me,” Hermione nodded at the turtle who mirrored her gesture.

“You’re very welcome, young one. I know our paths will cross again very soon,” he answered, fading away before her own eyes and leaving her to the padded interior of the coffin.

The children were gone now, but that didn’t mean they weren’t there. Banging on the lid, she hoped someone would come assist her. Hermione’s wand was gone, but she could feel it nearby. Sighing in relief, she rubbed her eyes. At least she wouldn’t be completely stranded in the sewer without her magic once she escaped her confines.

Thinking back to what Maturin said, the witch focused back on the many dead children with remains still on the physical plane. She took note of each child and what would possibly be keeping them stuck in limbo. Suddenly, Hermione sensed that there was another curious addition floating towards her bright soul.

“Beverly!” she called out, “What are you doing here?! You can’t possibly be dead!”
“I don’t know!” the pink aura looked frazzled, jerking in little movements anxiously, “There were screaming lights in Its throat and then I was here! Are you dead? Are we both dead?!”

“No, Beverly. Pennywise put me in a trance as well, but I think we were the only ones…”

“But why? Wait… It’s because we aren’t scared of him, right?”

Hermione gasped, “Yes! Conquering our fear! I get it now!” she cheered, remembering Newt’s words about possibly killing It.

Beverly was confused, “Huh? What are you talking about?”

“Conquering our fear makes us untouchable! He can’t eat us if we aren’t scared!” she explained, pretending to not know who Pennywise actually was to her now. In all honesty, she was fighting for the Losers this time. Her lying, manipulative mate could right well fuck off for a little while.

“Yes… well, that doesn’t mean he can’t just kill us…” Hermione cackled, feeling her weapons book getting some use by the way her magic seemed to vibrate around her being. She really needed to give Crookshanks a treat when she returned home.

“I don’t think you’ll need to be too worried about that.”

★★★

“Bill!” Stanley yelled down the long expanse of tunnel ahead of them.

Splashes bounced along the cemented walls, traveling all the way down their path. It certainly wasn’t lost on the curly-haired boy that his friend had gone and done exactly what he’d lectured him not to do. On the other hand, he’d been separated from the group as well, but that hadn’t been his choice. Maybe the other boy had been taken like he had… What really worried him was the fact that Bill didn’t have a colored crystal to use as a weapon. He had a random key that no one knew what it unlocked. Hopefully a machine gun or something equally destructive…

“Bill!” Eddie yelled in front of him, his higher-pitched voice sounding somehow louder than his own.

“Bill!” the smaller boy yelled again, trying his best to run through the knee-high water and ultimately losing his footing.

He fell in face-first, dropping his flashlight into the nasty sewer-water and gagging. The others winced at him, “C’mon, get outta there, dude. That’s greywater,” Richie told him gently.

However, Eddie was panicking. “W-w-w-w-wait! Where’s my fuckin’ flashlight?!?” trying to fish around in the shallow murky water for the elusive light.

Suddenly a disgusting decapitated head emerged from the water, followed by a few more. All of the boys screamed, sounding like shrieking girls from their voice-cracks. Richie grabbed onto Eddie and pulled him out of the water while they all backed up and away from the bloodied, mutilated heads. Then, Richie was pushing forward, yelling at the others to keep moving. Somehow, even terrified, his rational mind knew that there wasn’t anything the heads could do but scare them.
Their splashes thundered through the tunnel, sounding like a stampede of angry bulls running through a creek. They ran until the water receded to below their ankles. Then, there was silence as they continued to wander through the labyrinth-like sewer system, wondering where the missing members of their group were. A dull light shone up ahead, informing Mike, who’d taken the lead after Eddie fell back to walk by Stan and Richie, that they were reaching the end of the tunnel. Almost unconsciously, he increased his pace, hoping they’d reached the center at long last. When the taller boy reached the end of the tunnel, he shined his light around what was ahead of them, catching something… or someone, that they were actually looking for.

“Bev!” he yelled quietly, wondering where the monster was lurking in wait yet also desperately wanting to know if the floating ginger-haired girl was alright.

A relieved yet simultaneously worried chorus of “Bev” and “Beverly” echoed down the group of boys as they began running after Mike who had began advancing into the open space beyond the tunnel. Richie was muttering curses while Eddie could only utter the floating girl’s name as if it would break her out of her silent trance. When they nearly stood underneath her, keeping a distance out of respect so they couldn’t see under her dress, they stilled.

“H-H-How is she in the air?” Eddie finally found his words, meeting only the shocked silence of his friends.

“Guys,” he added, looking up to where light was coming from above, “Are those…?”

Shocked gasps filtered through the group as they took in the sight of all the humanlike corpses, limbs, and decapitated heads. They spun slowly in the pale light of the crescent moon overhead, floating ominously around a mountainous pile of decaying lost belongings, little souvenirs from every single murderous consumption that the demonic clown ever committed. Ghostly singing and laughing reached their ears and they wondered how they hadn’t noticed chills running down their spines until that moment.

“The missing kids,” Stan confirmed grimly, “floating,” he added, finally understanding the entity’s favorite sentiment that he’d bestowed on a few of the Losers already.

“Just let me grab her,” Ben whispered to Mike and Richie who were attempting to hoist his larger weight up as best as they could. The more muscular boy muttered a curse under the strain of the other’s weight while Richie grabbed onto Ben’s scaly arm and assisted him in pulling Beverly down by her ankles.

“I’m slipping,” Ben muttered as Mike finally let him back onto the rotten concrete floor, Beverly in tow.

Holding onto her shoulders, the larger boy moved to hold the back of her neck and face, ensuring that she didn’t float back up. Looking at her face to face, he lamented at her cloudy eyes and slack expression. The fiery and carefree young woman they’d come to know was absolutely gone, only leaving behind the shell that others only saw. It was terrifying, nearly the scariest and tragic thing that Ben Hanscom had ever seen. Unless this was It in disguise, he doubted the shapeshifting clown would be able to top the sight in front of him.

“Bev!” he shook her gently, “Beverly!” the boy shook her harder with his clawed hands, being careful to not draw blood.

“Why isn’t she waking up?!” Ben yelled at Richie who stood silently next to him, “What is wrong with her?!” he turned on Mike.
“Beverly, please!” his head fell into her collarbones, “God!” he wept, throwing his arms around her pale form into a brief hug.

When nothing happened, he unwrapped his arms from around her and held her at arm's length. Breathing out suddenly through his nose, he quickly leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers, trying to not accidentally scratch her delicate skin on his slightly-elongated and sharpened teeth. The other boys immediately vocalized their surprise in little yelps and mutterings. Mike stood by silently, only bristling slightly in response to Ben’s impulsive move.

“Wow,” Richie said when the boy pulled away an eternal moment later.

Tears flowed freely down Ben’s cheeks when Beverly remained comatose. He held her gently by her nape, blinking his slightly-glowing transfigured eyes rapidly. Suddenly, the young woman drew air in with a sharp gasp, her clouded eyes clearing in favor of startling focus. She breathed quietly, her chest bobbing with those nearly-silent breaths. Dialing in on Ben who still stood frozen in front of her, she whispered to him almost hesitantly.

“January embers…”

The lovestruck boy answered her immediately, “My heart burns there too,” he nearly chirped, smiling for the first time that day.

“Jesus, fuck!” Richie blurted, throwing his relieved arms around the two lovebirds and initiating a satisfying group hug that Mike promptly joined along with the others not a second later.

However, Eddie didn’t join the others, but looked beyond them with the aid of his flashlight. After all, they weren’t done yet. Hermione, and now Bill, still needed their help. Stepping away from the cluster of Losers with quiet splashes that still echoed in the large chamber, he could feel the others watching him.

“Where’s Bill?” Beverly asked, immediately noting the absence of the group’s usual leader, “and Hermione? Have you seen her?” she looked at Mike when she spoke, “I was just talking to her…”

The others turned their heads skyward, trying to pick out their curly-haired friend among the swirling tornado of bodies. After not seeing hide nor hair of her, they focused on Eddie, who was watching something with his light. It was a shadow coming from another beam of light somewhere in the same room as them.

“No, we haven’t seen her,” the smaller boy whispered, beginning to step forward towards the other light but keeping vigilant for any surprise attacks.

★★★★

“What have you done to her?” Bill muttered as he continued to hear angry thumps and muffled screeches coming from the large wooden coffin his brother stood in front of almost defensively...

*But why?* His mind floundered, trying to make sense of the image burned into his mind of his little brother fully kissing Hermione’s comatose lips while she was dressed in an eerily similar outfit to the clown that plagued his every waking moment. *Why go to all the trouble to keep her locked away? Is it because she’s so powerful?*
Looking down at Georgie, he saw so much rage and anger directed at him that he couldn’t understand how he’d never even noticed that this thing was not his brother. The Georgie he knew would have never been so angry at him. There was a familiar paper boat in his hands and to his own irritation, it sent a regretful spear through his form, making him falter slightly as the smaller being came closer.

“What took you so long?” Georgie nearly blubbered, trying to appeal to Bill’s feelings about his brother rather than just mind-wiping him. After all, this was both his greatest fear and his biggest regret all in one, a rare and delicious delicacy to be sure.

He began to drool slightly as he approached Bill, delighting as the sticky ooze simply blended into the “soaked” sewer look he was sporting.

“I was looking for you this whole time,” the older boy nearly wept, falling emotionally even while his rational mind knew better.

“I couldn’t find my way out of here,” he falsely lamented, showing off the absence of his entire right forearm and the bloody stump above his elbow that remained behind, “He said I could have my boat back, Billy.”

Bill gasped, breathing heavily in an attempt to prevent himself from crying. However, tears easily began to leak through his eyes as he continued listening to his brother’s small voice and also knowing that it wasn’t his brother no matter how much he wanted it to be. Perhaps this is why he stayed silent, why he just continued to listen to that familiar voice and let it distract him from the woman banging on the coffin’s interior and other obvious things that no longer seemed to bother him as he continued to simply listen.

“Was she fast?” he smiled through his watery eyes.

“I couldn’t keep up with it,” Georgie responded and Bill suddenly saw through the creature’s lies for what they were.

“’She,’ Georgie. You call boats ‘she’,” he corrected the demon he was about to kill.

“Take me home, Billy,” the small boy abruptly changed the subject after a moment of silence.

Numerous footsteps and a single flashlight beam approached from behind him and Georgie visibly flinched, letting him know that it was his friends who had tracked them down.

“I wanna go home,” Bill winced as the boy wept, lamenting at how much he looked and acted like his brother, “I miss you! I wanna be with Mom and Dad.”

Bill shook his head as tears continued to fall from both of their cheeks, “I want more than anything for you to be home…” he trailed off, deciding to get closer for the kill, “with Mom… and Dad… I miss you so much…”

Now standing not two feet away from each other, the older boy’s heart nearly broke when the creature spoke only four words to him, “I love you, Billy.”

“I love you too,” Bill answered, beginning to breath heavily at what he was about to do.

Suddenly holding the boat of Mike’s bolt pistol to the center of Georgie’s forehead, the small boy began to weep, blubbering incoherently. Bill glared at the sick bastard that dared impersonate and defile his brother’s memory, pulling back the curtain on It’s magic show.
“But you’re not Georgie,” he pulled the trigger and was immediately met with the sound of squishing flesh and the sharp ‘shing’ of metal being unsheathed.

The body fell to the ground with a fleshy tumble not unlike the sound of a dead fish, or any dead animal, and it was just that, an animal. Bill could hear the other Losers gasping behind him, but he didn’t focus on that, preferring to reach behind him into his bag for the key that the book had bestowed upon him. Looking from it to the large red heart-shaped lock to the chain around the coffin, he jumped over Georgie’s still body and unlocked it, lifting the lid to see the final missing member of the Losers’ Club.

Hermione’s arm swung out as she screeched angrily but she immediately recoiled upon seeing who it was. Stiffly, Bill felt the key change again, and he swiftly applied it to the manacles around the witch’s thighs. When she was free, the curly-haired woman threw her arms around him and whispered grateful ‘thank yous.’ Quickly, she scanned the terrain around them from over Bill’s shoulder. Upon spotting the Losers, she gasped at the powerful image of them standing together. They looked ready for a fight, but she hoped it wouldn’t come to that.

Suddenly, the dead body began to wriggle and scream with a mixture of his brother’s vocals and trilling baritone shrieks. Hermione hopped out of the coffin to drag her younger friend around to stand behind the other Losers who had their hands up defensively in preparation to unleash their elemental magic. Georgie regrew an arm that elongated slightly with his other three limbs. He seemed to pound his feet and hands into the ground around him like a petulant child throwing a tantrum while he transformed his clothing into the clown’s usual outfit.

“Beverly!” Bill called over to her, “take the fire rock!” he threw the glowing red necklace at her and the ginger-haired girl swiftly put it on like how the others had theirs on.

‘Georgie’ was quiet for a moment until he doubled the length of his limbs one-by-one with snapping ‘pops.’ Hermione winced at the reminder of how painful some of his transformations sounded and backed away slowly. Pennywise gasped as his upper half lurched up, putting him into a hunched over sitting position that made him look like a limp marionette. The comparison was actually very accurate because he jumped into a standing position and moved his arms with little sounds of wood clanking together that clashed so hard with the image of the humanoid clown defying the laws of bodily movements.

“Kill it, Bill! Kill it!” Eddie shrieked at Bill who had left Hermione’s grasp to stand in front of the entire group, holding Mike’s pistol in one hand and a rusted metal spike in the other.

Hermione was torn between going over to pull her friend away from her unruly mate and letting Bill shoot him in the forehead in hope that he would be in a lot of pain for a while. Perhaps this would finally get it through his thick skull that human children weren’t worth hunting and eating. Shuddering, she watched her clown’s eyes roll out from behind his eyelids and grit her teeth worriedly at how red and amber they were. He was so pissed. Both her and Bill were almost so lost in those hateful eyes that the other Losers yelling around them barely touched their consciousness. However, Mike’s warning cut through to her and she gasped.

“It’s not loaded,” those three words made her step backwards, intending to reach her wand before Pennywise killed him.

Running back towards the trailer, she could feel her wand close by. Hermione entered the dingy interior and reached in between the moldy cushions to grasp the vine wood. Chirping in malicious delight, she ran back to her friends as they watched Pennywise let out a terrifying screech to the moonlight above. His arms jerked rapidly back and forth as he slowly righted himself.
“Bill, watch out!” Richie yelled as the others scattered into a larger half-circle.

Roaring at the younger children now, he jumped towards Bill, knocking him to the ground. Luckily, the boy was able to lodge the gun in between the eldritch’s teeth rather than let them sink into his neck. Pennywise growled loudly, trying to break the little piece of metal that stopped him from killing Bill.

“Leave him alone!” Beverly yelled, and she marveled at the fire that shot down the metal spike and onto the clown’s hand when he grasped it before it stabbed him through the head again.

Pennywise howled in pain at his burned hand and backhanded her, sending her spike flying off into the distance. Mike immediately stepped in front of Beverly and only got about a few gallons of water sprayed at the clown before he too was thrown away, knocking his back hard against the clowns teetering trophy pile. The young woman screamed as Bill jumped onto the eldritch’s back and gagged him with another metal bar.

“Help him!” Beverly shrieked.

Spinning around, Pennywise tried to dislodge the older Denbrough, but only succeeded in allowing Richie to hop onto Bill. Ben and Stan grabbed his frilled ruffly arms and tried to stop them from spinning. Luckily for the clown, the curly-haired boy didn’t have a good grip and easily went flying, freeing one of his arms to reach back and flip Richie over his head to slam him down hard on the concrete.

Ben, who’d been ripped off of the creature with a shred of fabric as a souvenir, simply laid on the ground for a moment before getting back up to stand protectively in front of Beverly. The spectacled boy wheezed as his wind was knocked out of him. Pennywise moved to do the same thing to Bill, but he stopped before tossing him aside, preferring to grab the wriggling boy around his neck and hold him hostage.

“Bill!” Eddie, Richie, and Beverly cried in unison while the others simply glared venomously.

Hermione wept silently from her downcast whisky eyes, the salty tears falling like painful crystals that cut down her cheeks. What had she done? Why did she ever think he would ever change, for her or otherwise? Her white-gloved hand gripped her reclaimed wand in a death grip. He’d taken her wand, he’d taken her friends, and he’d taken her as if she were merely a trophy to be won. Was any of what they’d shared even real? No, that is what weakens him the most: a lack of belief. Not believing in his bullshit will save her and her friends.

Standing up straighter, she curled her hands into white-knuckled fists and held her wand behind her back with the intention of letting him think she was unarmed. Tucking the wand into one of her tall socks, she stepped to stand in front of her young friends who still had so much to live for. Hermione wouldn’t let any of them die tonight.

“No, don’t! Let him go!” Beverly spat angrily yet scaredly.

“No,” Pennywise nearly cackled, his eyes shining like amber-red beacons in the darkness of the sewers, “I’ll take him… I’ll take all of you… and I’ll feed on your flesh as I feed on your fear…” he explained, emphasizing is ‘f’s with hissed alterations and sounding more like a spider that Hermione liked.

“Ooorrr,” he wagged his left pointer-finger as if proposing another idea, “You just leave us be… I will take him and my little doll…” Pennywise glared daggers at her ferally, “only them … and I will have my long rest… and you will all live to grow and thrive and lead happy lives until old age take
you back to the weeds …” he nearly wheezed his last line, trailing on breathing heavily, angrily, and somewhat… nervously.

“Leave,” Bill suddenly ordered them, “I’m the one who dragged you all into this. I’m s-s-s I’m s-so sorry,” he nearly wept, his voice cracking as his air decreased.

“S-s-s-sorry,” Pennywise mimicked, cackling quietly.

“Go!” he rasped at them when they only looked at each other and back at Bill.

“Guys! We can’t.” Beverly looked at Stan and a few of the others who looked ready to back down despite how much they clearly didn’t want to, but they didn’t want to lose their friend.

Hermione remained stoically silent, not trusting herself to say a word lest reveal her true relationship with this alien hell-spawn. That and she was trying to think of a way to save her friend. There had to be a defensive spell that would work against Pennywise but do no harm to Bill. She couldn’t risk missing and accidentally hurting her friends. The other Losers’ weapons wouldn’t do any good either, unless Bill didn’t mind getting burnt to a crisp, drowned, or smashed with a rock. Richie’s powder wouldn’t do anything when Pennywise had the younger boy held hostage, and Eddie’s golden rock wouldn’t do anything helpful other than cool them down with a small breeze. What should I do?! All the while, Richie began to pace, making subtle jabs at both Bill and the clown holding his neck.

“I told you, Bill. I fuckin’ told you… I don’t wanna die,” Richie muttered and Pennywise tilted his head confusedly but listened anyway, wondering where the trash-mouth Loser was going with his lecture, “It’s your fault…”

The boy began to walk back and forth and Hermione took advantage of the distraction as she began stepping closer to the preoccupied clown, knowing the perfect spell to use. She just hoped that the dark-haired jokester could keep Pennywise’s attention until she got close enough. Bill seemed to catch her movement and slowed his breathing, trying to stay conscious so he could be ready when the witch gave him the opportunity to escape.

Richie began to rattle off complaints he had about the entire situation, and to be fair, they were all very valid, “You punched me in the face. You made me walk through shitty water,” Hermione almost snorted. As if that truly bothered him… she’d heard otherwise from Eddie and Stanley, “You brought me to a fucking crackhead house!”

That one almost made Hermione laugh out loud as she surveyed Pennywise’s reaction. His head had lowered and his irises grew a bit redder around the edges as he glared murderously at the boy lecturing his friend. He was so pissed, but it was so funny. Out of all the things to be insulted about, the Neibolt House certainly didn’t seem like one of them. I mean… have you seen the place lately? It’d definitely be appropriate to label it as a so-called “crackhead house.”

“And now,” he began to wrap up his little speech, taking note of Hermione’s position which was very close to the clown.

He reached for a baseball bat that sat at eye level on the pile, grabbing it deftly with his right hand, “We’re gonna have to kill this fuckin’ clown,” Richie muttered and Pennywise let Bill fall to the ground and Hermione struck, grabbing her wand out of her sock and pointing it at the clown’s stupid face.

"Arania Exumai!” she yelled, blasting the spider-clown off of his feet and into the cement wall behind him with a loud crack of either bone or concrete. It seemed to be the latter as there was still
movement from all of the eldritch’s limbs but there was also a large cracking crater-like dent where he’d made contact with the filthy and moldy wall.

Pennywise had a moment of unbelievable shock as he stared at Hermione, his little doll. She was betraying him… for a bunch of unremarkable human brats, his food. A red film of rage bled into his eyes as he reverted into his more primal mindset. Roaring at the humans in his vicinity, he ran at Richie who simply swung his bat at him.

“Welcome to the Losers’ Club, asshole!” he spoke before the wood made perfect contact against the clown’s face, jerking it to the side with a satisfying ‘crack’.

“Guys!” Hermione yelled to them, “Use your amulets! Richie, aim for his face!” she shouted as Richie lobbed one of the rocks where she told him and suddenly there was an inky black cloud all around where Pennywise was. The boy crowed at the immediate effect and Hermione had the momentary thought of the absolute hell that would’ve been unleashed if Richie had ever met Fred and George Weasley.

The monster roared angrily as he could no longer see or smell his targets. Suddenly his outfit was on fire and he screeched, running out of the fog, only to be hit by Mike’s water jets that froze his legs in place with ice. Mike moved to hit him with a metal rod, but Pennywise caught the bar with a few dark hands that emerged from his mouth to call for the boy. He faltered, but luckily for him, Stan used a metal chain to rouse up a few more large rocks and chuck them at the hands with tenacious force and ferocity. Turning on Stan, the clown broke from the ice and ran at him, donning the face of Judith, the flute lady from that god-awful painting. Huffing, Stan sent her flying back with another boulder to the face.

Mike swung at Pennywise again, but misjudged his position and tripped, falling on his back and rolling away from the laughing clown’s transfigured arms that were now crab-like legs. Hermione recognized them as his spider-form’s arms. Shivering at the memory, she shot an angry Stupefy even though she knew very well that it wouldn’t do much against the eldritch’s natural defenses. Damn him to Hell and back!

Ben immediately ran after them, yelling with another obvious voice-crack that would have been hilarious to the witch under different circumstances. He stabbed Pennywise in the back with a rusty spike from Bill’s bag, and the clown roared as he watched a ton of his supernatural blood fly up to the ceiling of the chamber they were fighting in. Hermione could only watch the blood, too stunned at the visual to fire off another spell. She could smell it… He’ll die...

Turning his head around a full one-hundred-eighty degrees, Pennywise changed it into that of a mummy’s and wrapped his bandages around the boy’s head, trying to pull him in towards his chomping decayed mouth. However, Ben took the bandages in two scaly hands and ripped them from the mummy’s head with the magical strength he was gifted from the transfiguring dragon-hide gloves. He bared his slightly longer canines and lunged for the clown’s swinging arm, biting into it and simultaneously seeing and hearing bones crack with the force.

Pennywise howled, trying to dislodge the sharp-toothed child that was clearly stronger than before. However, he was distracted by getting harshly whipped in the face by Bill using an old chain to deal some damage in lieu of his own magical item. Richie continued to use his baseball bat to batter the clown across the head. More blood continued to flow from Its body and Hermione began to feel weak. Leaning against the side of the disgustingly tragic trophy pile, she glared at the clown, hoping he would just give up. She knew it was all his fault that she was currently feeling this way. Anger, sadness, and fear warred within her, trying to make sense of why she wasn’t on the same side as the male who mated her.
Hermione was distracted as she watched Pennywise hurl some disgusting vomit in Eddie’s direction only for the small boy to send a gust of wind at the brown tar-like fluid, consequently throwing it back on the clown who hissed angrily. However, Eddie somehow seemed more furious, which the witch supposed made sense, given his germaphobia.

“I’m gonna kill you!” he shrieked, kicking Pennywise in his painted face where he was kneeling on the dirty concrete.

The clown wheezed lowly as he flew back and righted himself on the ground, crouching to look at Beverly with her father’s face. Hermione gasped, remembering the young woman’s deep-seated fear. However, she’d clearly gotten over it because just as he began talking, Beverly stepped forward and jammed a metal pipe down his throat with a furious yell. Dumbstruck, the witch blinked, knowing that she’d missed something very important while she’d been out of consciousness.

Walking over to where Pennywise was groaning a pathetic croak, she stood by her friends as Beverly stepped back to join them. Little chips of white paint reemerged on his face until he was once again “Pennywise the Dancing Clown.” Promptly spitting the bar out as if it was nothing, Eddie cursed loudly, surprised that “It” wasn’t dead yet. However, it was quickly apparent that he was greatly weakened by his injuries despite the fact that he was trying very hard to portray an unaffected front. He was literally cracking, falling away piece by piece right before their eyes.

Hermione fell against the pile next to them, trying to control her racing heart as it threatened to break through her ribcage. I’m not afraid… is he…? No… it can’t be...

Pennywise gagged at the overwhelming scent of confidence and triumph coming off of the Losers in waves. Falling on his back, he crab-walked backwards, trying to but some distance between him and them. They advanced on him, closing the gap step for step. It was too much. He couldn’t breathe, even though he didn’t need to. He writhed and wriggled as his deadlights went berserk inside of him, trying to make sense of his… There’s a word for this… this… feeling...

The clown choked, gasping harshly and breathing in with horrid wheezes. He tried to laugh, to show that he wasn’t going to lose, but he couldn’t. Blood began to seep from between his twitching lips, paralleling the cracking paint that trailed up his cheeks. His watery amber eyes were sunken in as he became weaker, shuddering with… What’s that word again?

“That’s why you didn’t kill Beverly… ‘Cause s-s-she wasn’t afraid… and we aren’t either… not anymore,” tears freely leaked down the creature’s cheeks.

_Crocodile tears, surely_, Hermione reasoned, trying to not feel pity for this lowlife murderer for once since she began falling in love with him.

“Now you’re the one who’s afraid… ‘cause you’re gonna starve ,” Bill spat at the distressed clown who only twitched some more in response.

Suddenly his head lurched to the side in a pseudoseizure and he threw his body up and over the lip of another bottomless well that seemed to go even deeper into the sewers. How far down, no one knew but perhaps Pennywise, who now gripped the cement like a lifeline. He cracked visibly now. A harsh dark slow-motion shatter rippling its way across the clown’s enormous forehead. Muttering something quietly, the Losers’ Club moved closer, wanting to hear what the monster had to say for itself before it ultimately died. Hermione cried now, stumbling forward on unsteady legs to get to her mate.

"He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees the ghost. He thrusts his fists against the p-p-p-o-po-po-post..."
Bill raised his metal pipe to bash the clown’s head inward, so the clown dropped down lower, only hanging onto the lip of the well with his dirty and shredded hands in their equally dirty and shredded gloves. The crackling stopped, giving way to bits and pieces of him that merely floated upwards. Skin, blood, brain tissue, tears... all of it floated up and up, not stopping for anything until they finally splattered against the ceiling.

Hermione fell to her knees, clutching her pounding head in the same spot as where the clown was breaking. What is happening?! Her distress seemed to affect him in return, because he immediately made eye-contact with her. In his watery amber gaze, she saw into his sharp twisted soul and wept. It had been real, all of it... every touch, every moment, and every word. Tears fell in rivers down her cheeks and she wailed, holding herself defensively despite knowing no one there would hurt her. Bill lowered the rusty bar but Pennywise kept his somewhat-remorseful eyes on her.

“Fear,” he realized the feeling that consumed his entire body as he let himself drop down into the deeper sewers, leaving only a rising trail of bloody broken skull fragments and brain matter behind.

Hermione lurched forward unconsciously, feeling so much pain in her heart. Am I dying? Is this what happens when your mate dies? She cried out, curling into a foetal position. A twitching hand grasped for her heart and she belatedly realized that it was her own. Numbly, she could hear the other Losers yelling for her, asking what they could do to help. Suddenly, a comforting warmth filled her gut, spreading outward through her body from her abdomen. When the sensation reached her pulsating heart, it felt like tiny little hands holding the organ, slowing its pumps until it was at a normal level. All in all, she felt somehow... better.

The witch sat up slowly, wincing at how tired her limbs really were. Well, to be fair, she’d done some damage while inside the coffin among the other mental and emotional trials from the evening. Clustering around her, each Loser hugged Hermione, verbally expressing their gratitude for helping them and relief over her not dying. None of them brought up her attire nor decided to crack any jokes about how the creature looked at her like he owned her. They figured everyone had been through enough that day and should just leave everything alone for a while.

Instead, Richie only said, “I know what I’m doing for my ‘Summer Experience’ essay.”

Hermione laughed quietly at the boy’s first spoken word about actually getting started on anything school related, even though it positively echoed creepily throughout the chamber.

“There’s hope for you yet, Richie, my friend.”

He merely snorted at her before giving her his hand to pull her up. When she stood unwaveringly on her own feet, the curly-haired and spectacled boy surprised her by throwing his arms around her. Hermione sighed, nearly pointing out that his head was snug between her breasts, but she instead said nothing at all. Bill and Beverly shared a similar hug and the other boys looked away respectively. Looking up to the lit ceiling where the moonlight seemed to glow brighter, Eddie immediately noticed why.

“Guys,” he sighed awedly, “Guys, the kids are floating down,” and indeed they were.

Hermione parted from Richie, remembering her unspoken promise to free them from their limbo in this wretched place. They were falling slowly like broken feathers after failing to correctly cast Wingardium Leviosa. She remembered that class vividly, as this moment greatly reminded her of it. Each Loser watched as the bodies quietly touched the ground, remaining limp as they just laid there waiting for the rats to pick them apart. It grimly made her wonder if one could feel their corpse being eaten, or if there was no feeling at all... She would have to come down to burn everything, and soon. A moment caught her ears and she looked over to see Bill walking slowly over to a piece of shiny...
yellow fabric lying at the bottom of the enormous trophy pile. Oh, Merlin…

The boy kneeled down, hearing his metal spike clanging together in his backpack. Shrugging the yellow garment off of an overturned baby-carriage, he held it in his hand, turning it over to see the dirty stitched-on label bearing his brother’s name. Rubbing it with his thumbs, he could feel his friends clustering around him one-by-one. Hermione sat on his left side and he leaned into her chest and buried his head into the yellow raincoat as he finally broke down.

Quiet muffled sobs came from behind the fabric and everyone got closer, both figuratively and literally. Hermione’s own tears fell as she also broke down in silent sobs. Richie leaned into her shoulder and the witch could feel dampness where he was pressed against her. Beverly threw her arms around her neck and Bills while Ben did the same to her and Richie. Stan hugged Eddie and Beverly while Mike hugged Eddie and Stan.

The pendants around their owners necks began to glow brighter at their feelings of unison, and Hermione smiled, glad that she’d been able to give them to proper owners. The witch sighed peacefully. All would be righted soon enough now that everyone could simply move on from this entire mess. She, on the other hand, had many things to tie up in Derry before she could also move on and live her now-immortal life.

Chapter End Notes

*sobs* It’s the end of an arc! Now we move into the third and final act of this story. Pennywise will return sooner than even he knows. I must say it feels odd to be 2/3 done with such a long story. Sometimes I feel like it won’t ever end, especially when I think about writing a sequel, lol!

As always, leave comments, kudos, etc. I love hearing your opinions! :D
Baby Mine

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. Sorry for the long wait again... I didn't mean to be away for so long. Things got a bit busy for me ahead of schedule and I was also a bit put off of writing for a while. However, I'm back with the first chapter of Act III! So, enjoy! XD

Also, a brief shout-out to Guest12345, who gave me the idea for house-elf!Pennywise about four months ago and I've finally found a place to use him. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 6th, 1989

It began like this, at least for the last few nights: the void of her unconscious mind. There was nothing to see as of late, which Hermione wasn’t sure was even a good thing. The souls of the dead children were suspiciously absent, but there was plenty to hear. She thought it was nice, because having nothing to see nor hear would have driven her completely insane during her period of restless sleep.

It was like a calm forest, but she was literally blind. The sounds of a stream centered her mind, and the unseen birds, animals, and bugs chittered and called all around her. When she focused hard, she could have sworn she felt a brush of a leaf under her hand. While she wasn’t remotely sure in the least, it was possible that she was replicating the sounds of the creek downstream from the Quarry. Then again, she could be anywhere else with animals and water. Yeah, she mused, like that narrows down my options...

“Help me, Hermione. Please!” a tiny voice cried out to her in the darkness, making the witch wonder if it was one of the children asking her to return to the sewers and consequently set them free.

Call it skittishness or superstition, but she had been unwittingly reluctant to venture back down into the darkness of the labyrinth-like sewer system even with its figurative minotaur out for the count. Then again, he could easily be alive and well but just waiting for her to return to his large and clawed clutches.

"Please come back! I promise I'll be good," the little voice of a small boy seemed closer now, breaking Hermione out of her grim thoughts of enraged Pennywise and the havoc she knew he would wreak upon Derry and the Losers’ Club when he was back to full health… not that she was seriously pondering on patching up the numpty when he grovelled to her with false promises of remorse.

Her chest seemed to light up, providing illumination in the endless void. She floated here, corporeally, much like what she usually did when speaking with Maturin. However, this didn’t seem like one of his usual meetings as he usually loomed over her long before he began speaking. Turning around, she tried to place someone, anyone. The witch’s eyes suddenly landed on a silent being that had been right behind her for perhaps the last thirty seconds. How he managed to sneak up on her,
she had no idea.

It was Pennywise. There was no doubt about that, but he was now about three feet tall, dirty, not that he usually wasn’t, and had big floppy ears. Blinking slowly, Hermione tilted her head as he took on a very persuasive and cute expression. His pale, scuffed, and oversized ears drooped with his bare shoulders as his long bony fingers fiddled with the ruffled collar on his potato-sack of a tunic. Huge watery-blue eyes stared up at her and his cherry-red lips pouted, quivering as tears began running down his painted baby-like face.

“Penn, why do you look like a house elf?” she asked blankly, deciding not to take any more of his bullshit after the last two nights of repeating the same scenario despite with a slightly different appearance, and more desperation with each passing dream.

"You helped them!" he suddenly shouted, throwing a suddenly-existent handful of S.P.E.W. buttons at her feet, enraged at the fact that Hermione wasn’t even responding to his begging, “Help me!” Wow… even here, he has a rather short fuse...

“I don’t think so,” she replied aloofly and he keened agonizingly, throwing himself at her feet and grabbing onto her checkered pajama bottoms with his small black-clawed fists.

He began to tug on the hems, nearly pulling her pants down over her bum with how frantic he was pulling. Hermione could also feel his little whimpering lips leaving repenting kisses on her bare feet. Grimacing, she took the torrent stubbornly, periodically pulling her pants up when they fell too low.

“Don’t you dare rip a hole in those. They’re my favorite… and get your teeth off my foot!” she fumed angrily with a tone that promised nothing short of pain should he not comply with her wishes.

Pennywise gaped like a fish from where he lay on what Hermione considered was the floor, even though they were simply floating in the void. Never before had the witch put her clothing before him… and he didn’t like it. Slowly, he brought his face away from her skin and looked like he was going to be sick.

“Please! I’m too weak to do anything and I can’t even go to sleep!” the witch felt tears soaking her pants and she ripped the fabric out of his reach as she stepped away from him.

“So you interrupt my own sleep? What sense does that make?” Hermione crossed her arms, walking a few paces away and groaning as she saw him trying to crawl over to her on his hands and knees.

“What have you done to me!? I… can’t… I c-c-can’t—” he tried to work through the phrase, but was gradually adopting a stutter like he had before he fell.

Hermione realized he was scared, and growing a stutter accordingly seemed to be a rather peculiar trait he shared with Bill Denbrough. Sighing, she turned back to her mate and realized she was being no better than him right now. Did inciting fear in a being that consumed fear satisfy her that much? No… it did not.

“Just leave me alone, Pennywise,” she rubbed her eyes, not wanting to think about this anymore, “This is your punishment for trying to kill my friends,” the little clown-elf was wailing now, slowly moving towards her with various fluids flowing down his face. Her nose wrinkled at the collective snot, tears, and drool as she once again walked away from him.

“Noo!” he sobbed, actually bawling now, “P-Please! I w-w-won’t go after them e-ever again. Just HELP ME!!!”
Hermione groaned, rubbing her hot sweaty face before rolling over to look at her bedside clock. *1:30 am, bloody hell...* Bleary whisky eyes looked around her darkened room, noticing nothing out of the ordinary. The witch reached down her body to scratch Crookshanks on his little head where he was curled into her side. Sleepily, the old cat let out a low whine before ultimately falling back asleep. She, on the other hand, would not be so easily pulled back into dreamland. Feeling off, Hermione rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

Sighing, she rolled out of bed, only pausing to stretch her slightly-sore back. Stumbling into the bathroom, she flipped on the light only to be hit with a wave of severe nausea at the sudden brightness. Hermione groaned helplessly, falling to her knees and vomiting into the toilet.

Meanwhile, the witch was stunned. *That's never happened before...* Standing up, she felt loads better. After brushing her teeth, she left the room to go downstairs into the kitchen to make herself a decaffeinated cup of warm peppermint tea before going back to bed.

She putzed around in the little area for a few minutes, even putting a few frozen waffles into the toaster after realizing she was actually very famished after puking up the contents of her stomach. It was common knowledge that being too hungry could cause nausea and vomiting, so the witch didn’t think much of it. Rubbing her abdomen thoughtfully, she realized she hadn’t eaten much over the last few days. No wonder it was finally catching up to her now.

When she had her ‘after-midnight’ snack, she settled down into her armchair and considered herself while she nibbled on the crispy round waffles. Hermione had been awoken from sleep by a dream, the same dream that plagued her for the last three nights since Pennywise had dropped down into the deep sewer well. Oddly enough, the witch couldn’t help but feel like the clown was calling for her like a child would call for its mother. It was very ironic in a few different ways. He also seemed too weak to reach her with any other method but through her dreams. That had only happened twice before: when he’d been stabbed and needed to recover, and when he’d helped her realize her hidden fantasy of having a threesome with his two alter egos.

Rubbing her thighs together shamelessly at the thought, she lamented that this newest trend followed the former rather than the latter. As before, he visited her in her dreams. Then… he drank her blood to heal himself as he could no longer hunt on his own. But before that, she woke up to him sleeping in her bed with her. This second step had yet to occur. Perhaps he was even weaker than she thought.

Sighing, she gave into the idea of at least *looking* for him in the morning. Belatedly, she remembered Harry’s congruent dreaming of Riddle Manor and its graveyard during their fourth year and made a joking mental note to send him a belated sympathy card along the lines of… “I’m sorry I doubted you. Having continuous dreams that wake you every night is a real pain in the arse. I don’t know how you did it for so long. I’ve hit day three and just about cracked. If you have any tips, I’m all ears. Best wishes, Hermione.”

Smirking at the thought, she got up to make more waffles.

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*August 7th, 1989*
Later that day, Hermione was still unsure about what she was setting out to do. Looking over her supplies where they were strewn about her bed, the curly-haired woman contemplated whether or not she would need her more “muggle” climbing gear, or if she would be better off simply taking her wand and her first-aid kit. It wasn’t like she’d be doing a lot of spelunking when she could instantly apparate to the main chamber where the decomposing corpses were. However, she did not know the layout of the giant pipe that swallowed up her mate. Who but Pennywise knew how deep that went, or how safe it was?

Shaking her head, she shoved everything into her backpack and ignored how a few odds and ends threatened to spill out. Now, Hermione turned to her wardrobe to dress in a dirty old pair of green cargo pants and a matching jacket over her t-shirt and shorts. Throwing on a tall pair of rubber boots, she looked ready to tromp through Derry’s sewers. Suddenly stopping, the witch paused at the inexplicable urge to cover her nose and mouth. **Nope!**

Soon enough, she wore a magical face covering that repelled any odor. With how dodgy her stomach had been the previous night, Hermione felt it wholly necessary. Checking herself over in the mirror, she nodded firmly before waving her wand and consequently disappearing down into the labyrinth of deep dark tunnels and toxic air.

The tower of decaying toys was just as menacing as before, providing undeniable evidence that Pennywise had eaten so many people over the years that their remains piled high into the harmful air, not that the items cared, nor did their decaying owners that laid in a cryptic-like circle around the trophies. Hermione couldn’t look at the bodies for more than a few seconds before nausea threatened to overwhelm her.

Maggots crawled around atop and beneath the bloated and deflating corpses, sinking into the plastic-looking flesh and swimming in their jelly-like eyes. A few of the limbs seemed to reach outward in a plea for help that was ultimately ignored by whatever deity they believed in. Large and small bites with missing chunks of skin lined many of the others, showing signs of consumption from both Pennywise, to her immense disgust and mortification, as well as the dingy sewer rats she could hear happily skittering around the chamber like they owned the place. Perhaps they did now that they no longer had to hide from the temperamental clown.

Shuddering, she momentarily had to remind herself that she would have to be much firmer with Pennywise in the future. He’d pled for her to help him, even promising that he would be good. However, that didn’t mean he wouldn’t simply change his tune when he felt better. Shaking her head, she resumed her survey of the chamber. There had been no sign of him in the main area around the trophy pile, and he hadn’t decided to hide out in that damned coffin despite how much he probably thought it smelled like her.

She’d saved walking into his trailer for last, which now seemed rather stupid when she thought about it. Clearly it was where he “lived” when he wasn’t snuggling up to Hermione in her bed. The disgusting moldy couch had clearly been used thoroughly enough that she wondered if this was where he spent his hibernation or if that particular activity was done elsewhere. As for the rest of the trailer, she was actually impressed with how tidy it was considering who it was that lived there. **Well, I’ve seen worse “bachelor-pads”...** she mused with a small smile at remembering Ron’s older brother Charlie’s “home” that consisted of little else than baby-dragon droppings, shredded furniture, and the carcasses of dead animals that the ginger-haired man’s “children” would bring into the little Romanian hut.

Shaking her head at the memory, Hermione stepped lightly out of the trailer and pointed her wand’s light in the direction of the concrete tunnel her ill-behaved mate retreated down a few days previously. Stepping towards the ominous hole with hesitant steps, she morbidly wondered at the
chances of her peeking over the side only for Pennywise to pop up like a jack-in-the-box and bite her
head off. It didn’t seem highly likely, but then again, she never really knew the extent of his abilities
even while weakened.

Hermione breathed in and out deeply, before throwing her head over the side of the cavernous pit.
What she didn’t know was that her scent caught the draft and was pulled down until it reached the
bottom. The witch also didn’t know how long she’d been staring into the abyss until she could start
feeling it staring right back at her. It seemed all-encompassing, all-consuming, just like he was.
Gripping onto the concrete lip where Pennywise had just days ago, she moved to step back and get
the rope out of her bag, only to hear a sudden crying warbling up from the chasm. However, it
wasn’t the clown’s usual cry. No… It was the sound of a baby crying.

Sickly rage filled her as she deduced that her unruly mate had actually stolen an infant with the intent
of using it to heal and/or feed himself. Dropping her bag on the floor, she aimed her wand into the
darkness and fired off a striking lumos maxima which lit up the entire cavern beneath. The light
seemed to fall about thirty feet before reaching the bottom. When it did, it lingered momentarily
before exploring the little space around where it landed. However, it didn’t need to go far to find the
source of the crying.

Hovering timidly over the little being who seemed to be throwing a frustrated tantrum that caused its
little arms and legs to kick and punch the air as if it committed a grave offence, the light tried to make
out details from the child, but the distance was too great for Hermione to retrieve anything of worth.
She sharply lodged her grappling hook into the side of the concrete before throwing the knotted rope
over the lip. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed onto the rope with both hands, threw her feet over to
tangle with the rope, and held her wand in her teeth with a firm yet not damaging grip.

The witch made quick work of scaling the side of the pit, only stopping when she ran out of rope.
Sighing through her nose, she looked down, realizing she only had about ten feet left until her feet
would touch the bottom. Hermione shook her head, pulling her slightly drool-slicked wand out of her
mouth to cast arsto momentum so her fall would be both slow and painless.

Upon finally reaching the bottom, she looked around the smaller yet also more elaborate-looking
chamber that the previous one led to. There also seemed to be a way to the surface judging from the
pseudo-spotlight that shone from the afternoon sun. Another thing that struck her as odd was that it
was surprisingly warm in this cavern than the one she and the Losers had seen. Many huge spider
webs line the walls, hanging protectively over the large broken cocoon that now had a thick film of
dust over it. Clearly this was where her mate would come to hibernate for his twenty-seven-year
cycle. However, the clown was nowhere to be seen.

He’d told her he couldn’t sleep, so Maturin had been right. He wasn’t bound into his “long rest”
anymore. Hesitantly stepping over to the light she’d cast down, Hermione checked over every
shadow she passed for movement of any kind. She could feel him. He was here… somewhere. The
baby’s crying had dulled into a hoarse whimper, making her feel a bit worse for ignoring it while
she’d surveyed the smaller chamber. Tipping her head down to look over the little one, she realized
immediately that ‘it’ was actually a ‘he’.

As naked as one could be, the little boy seemed to have kicked off his covering of familiar fabric.
Wait a second… she was also immediately drawn in by his tufty head of familiar red hair. What
the...? Picking the baby up, she turned him over, wondering if what she thought was happening was
actually happening and not the product of her tired mind. At first, the baby seemed to be just that, a
baby, but Hermione quickly noticed a bright light in the baby’s throat when it yawned irritably.
Remembering what happened last time as well as experiencing a bit of déjà vu from her second year
at Hogwarts, she turned her head away before the infant opened his little mouth wide enough to
possibly affect her.

This was Pennywise… and she was in *The Twilight Zone*. Never in her mind had she ever thought of this being a possibility while being mated to a supernatural alien clown who ate children and fucked the hell out of her as a personal hobby. Looking down, she realized that the familiar fabric was actually his clown costume, and unless he was frolicking around the sewer system without his clothes, he was undeniably the baby she was carefully holding at arm’s length.

Abruptly, she couldn’t take it anymore and giggled at the entire situation. When the infant seemed to glare and burble angrily at her, she outright cackled like a hyena on laughing gas. Pennywise, her mate, had regenerated like a phoenix did, and he was actually adorable. Pinching his chubby little cheek, she caught his soft arm as he swatted at her. Clearly his reflexes were not on par with his fully mature form. His eyes shined amber, nonverbally voicing his irritation while his lip quivered in threat of another tantrum.

“Aww… Don’t be like that, love. I bet I can get a smile out of you,” she booped his nose and he stared confusedly at her.

Covering her face, she watched through her fingers as shock, confusion, and despair seemed to cross over her mate’s little face as he didn’t fall prey to the phenomenon known as ‘object permanence’. She chuckled under her breath as Pennywise looked everywhere he could before ultimately beginning to whine sadly. Abruptly moving her hands, she laughed as the baby’s eyes immediately filled with joy and he let out a happy squeal through his gummy smile.

“Peek-a-boo!”

★★★

Apparating back home with Pennywise in tow, she promptly took him up to her bedroom and laid him on the bed while she went into the bathroom to run a bath for the both of them. During her brief absence, he immediately began crying and Hermione rolled her eyes. What a drama-queen…

“I’m right here, you ninny!” she called over to him and the baby immediately quieted down.

Stripping out of her clothes, she waltzed over to where Pennywise was laying on the bed and leaned over him, “Okay, are you going to make this easy, or difficult?”

Hermione grinned when he simply stuck his fist into his mouth and tried to answer around it, only succeeding in drooling all over himself. *Not like that isn’t normally the case with him*… Picking him up, she cradled him to her naked chest and he surprised her by immediately latching onto her tender breast and sucking like he hadn’t eaten in days, which she supposed he hadn’t. Also, she shouldn’t have even been surprised. After all, they were right there for him with no cloth restrictions that stopped him from using her as his own personal cow. Despite all that, it felt really good.

Rolling her hips against the air, she embarrassedly brought them into the bathroom, grabbed their respective soaps, and submerged them into the water, careful not to dunk Pennywise under. Hermione situated them so she was sitting up against the side and Pennywise was still eating from her with his face smushed into her chest. Choosing to begin with him, she lathered some baby shampoo she’d used after a stray curse removed some of her hair during a previous mission and had to grow it back from how it was when she herself had been a baby.
“Okay, love… You’re going to smell like peaches this time, because you’re my little fuzzy peach,” the witch giggled as she rubbed the fruity soap into his red fuzz.

He made a little noise in the back of his throat and she couldn’t tell if it was of approval or disapproval. Hermione knew he liked it when she played with his hair, so maybe he still liked it. His little mouth slid off of her sore breast with a small ‘pop,’ and he promptly reattached himself to her opposite nub and made another little noise when the liquid began to flow into his mouth. Rubbing his back thoughtfully, she massaged soap into his soft human-tinted skin before casting an array of charms that would get her clean while she remained perfectly still. Ahh, magic… she sighed, stepping out of the tub when she was done.

By the time she finished checking Pennywise over for any lasting wounds, he’d completely fallen asleep under her careful touches. Not wanting to wake him, she left him on the bed before casting a ward that would tell her if he awoke and leaving the room. Going downstairs into the kitchen, she brought out one of the large steaks she still had left over and promptly began casting a spell that would efficiently drain the meat of all its blood. Grimacing, Hermione deposited the liquid into the single baby bottle Ginny had accidentally left at her house. Thank you for the small favors, Merlin…

It was nearly full, so she decided to add a bit of her own blood to the mix in hope that Pennywise would still drink it even though it wasn’t his favorite. However, now definitely wasn’t the time to get picky. Her ward went off not fifteen seconds later and a loud wailing could be heard from upstairs. Groaning loudly, she nearly bolted up the steps and strode intently into the room and put the bottle in between Pennywise’s shrieking mouth. He stopped immediately, working quickly to drain the rather large bottle.

Hermione was almost shocked when he finished it not a minute later. Taking the empty blood-stained object from him, she saw him reach for her with a purring coo not unlike that of a kitten’s. Not that she would ever admit it, but her heart melted a little bit at the sight. While not being able to communicate and possibly not remember her, he still seemed to love her. Even as he fell asleep, she felt his calm ease around her lull him into the much-needed sleep that had eluded him in the sewers.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is! I'll bet you weren't expecting THAT. Lucky for the story, he'll age pretty fast (every day is 2 years). Then he'll suddenly be an adult again and reveal WHY he was a baby, and it isn't ALL because he was reborn from his "ashes". However, I don't want to spoil it any further. I just wanted to give a bit of information for those of you who would be like "WTF" after reading this chapter.
The Missio Silentium Clause

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry I've been absent. I'm going back to college in a few days, so I will be very busy getting myself readjusted. I'm not sure when I'll be able to post again, but I just want you all to know that I won't give up on this story. As it is, I don't think there will be more than twenty chapters left. I have fifteen in my plans, but I'm leaving room open in case I feel like splitting some in half. The sequel, of course, is still fair game. Anyway, I hope you enjoy this one. It's in the 5,700+ word range, so I figured you'd all appreciate it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 7th, 1989

Hermione sighed, sitting comfortingly on the bed with Pennywise curled up in a foetal position on her thighs like a sleeping kitten. Speaking of which, she wasn’t blind to the jealous amber orbs watching the infant-sized eldritch from the nearby armchair. Giggling silently, she gently ran her fingers through his damp orange tufts, unconsciously molding them to the clown’s usual look. When that was done, she rubbed his little back where it was exposed above his makeshift covering. That simply wouldn’t do.

Waving her wand delicately, the fluffy white towel transformed into a red onesie that covered Pennywise from the neck down, much like his costume. The baby squirmed slightly, frowning at the change in its sleep before curling further into Hermione’s stomach. Her heart beamed at the sight, and it grew even fonder when he began emitting a cute little purr while she rubbed his back. Bending over him, the witch pressed a gentle kiss to her mate’s soft cheek before continuing her ministrations. It was so hard to tell that just a few days ago, he was trying to kill her friends... and now... he’s completely helpless... and vulnerable.

Her hand paused where it was at the former clown’s nape and the other stretched ominously toward the crimson telephone not three feet away with the intent of pressing the buttons that the curly-haired woman knew very well by this point. This was it: the moment of decision. Whatever she chose to do in this very instant would be the real ultimatum.

On one hand, she could hand Pennywise over to MACUSA so he would never hurt anyone ever again, but on the other... A single tear leaked out of her dark whisky eye, trailing down her pale and conflicted face before sinking into her damp hair. She loved him, but she’d never told him, not even once.

The infant must have sensed her unease, because he unconsciously rolled over, reached out, and latched onto her stiff hand with a surprisingly strong grip. Pennywise pulled her hand close to his mouth and began sucking on her fingers. Hermione jolted at the sight before realizing there were no razor-sharp teeth tearing her digits to shreds. In fact, it even tickled as his gummy mouth and throat comfortably surrounded her index and middle fingers. She muffled her giggles and tried to still her shaking hand so the vibrations wouldn’t wake him up. Luckily, the baby seemed to be a heavy sleeper and seemed to become even more so at her joy.
"I love you, Penn..." she whispered to him in his sleep, wanting to make this precious moment last a little bit longer.

However, she also didn’t want her fingers to prune from being stuck in his mouth, or to be the first victims of Pennywise’s impending baby teeth. So, banking on the rooting reflex, she used her ring finger to rub his cheek. Whispering her thanks to Merlin and Godric Gryffindor, she watched as the infant immediately let go of her fingers in favor of reflexively searching for, at least in this case, her breasts. Shaking her head at his seemingly bottomless appetite, Hermione reached for the phone and punched in the same numbers for an entirely different reason. Belatedly, she looked over at her clock and breathed a sigh of relief. At least it wasn’t very late. She was ripped out of her reassured musing and thrown back into her anxious turmoil when the other end picked up.

“Hello?” the cool and collected tone of her boss came clearly through the phone and Hermione tensed, trying to remember exactly what she thought she would accomplish by going down this path of deceit.

“President Vesta, ma’am, it’s Hermione,” she was actually proud to have uttered the formal greeting without any stuttering or pauses.

“Oh! Hermione! Dear girl, how is the mission going?” the older woman asked delicately, remembering how frantic and terrified her best investigator had been a little over a month ago.

The witch froze, not having expected her boss to bring up the topic until a few exchanges into the conversation. This wasn’t good, because she hadn’t quite figured out what she was going to say. Mentally smacking herself, she lamented on the sheer impulsiveness of making the call at this time. Stupid... stupid girl!

She couldn’t possibly turn Pennywise in. It would be like leading a lamb to a slaughterhouse. He was so weak right now that he wouldn’t even stand a chance, and after all that they’d shared and been through… not even he deserved that kind of betrayal. Hermione knew his weaknesses, and was the one human being who could keep him in line. Even with the knowledge that he could simply regenerate like a phoenix with enough damage to his physical body, that would only spell out an Unspeakable’s field day filled with gruesome experimentation tearing her mate apart cycle after cycle. Birth, torture, death... Birth, torture, death... on, and on, and on... The witch could see it now, and it made her sick just thinking about it.

While Pennywise was most definitely not a saint, in fact that’s probably the biggest understatement ever written, he at least didn’t prolong the torture. He scared people, took delight in their scent of terror for only a moment, and then killed them mercifully by not subjecting his victims to endless hours of pain and suffering. Now I’m trying to justify the deaths of innocent children... what is wrong with me? Hermione rubbed her eyes and realized she’d been silent for a suspiciously long time.

“I’ve... solved it... the case... It’s over... I promise,” it was hard for the witch to tell if she was trying to convince her boss or herself.

“And...” President Vesta prompted gently, knowing that there was something important that Hermione wasn’t telling her.

Hermione clenched her jaw hard and rolled her free hand into a fist as she tried to stop the tears from coming and from her throat clogging with her hidden emotions, “I... I’ve been compromised,” she stated dully, waiting for the inevitable stream of questions.

In her line of work, “compromised” meant a few different things. One use for it was to express that
the enemy knew about the auror’s presence and it was no longer possible to keep up the pretense of No-Maj innocence. Another was a euphemism for “sleeping with the enemy,” and since she was a woman, it also alluded to a possible child from the brief union. The third common use was what Hermione was hoping to use: to express that she herself was too mentally and emotionally traumatized to speak of her mission in detail. While each of these was applicable, it wasn't like President Vesta needed to know that. That, and she was at least content with the “child” currently sleeping on her. He would be her little secret.

“I… see, Hermione. I’m so sorry… The kidnappings have stopped? How?” she spoke softly, gently probing for any strong threads to go off of the witch’s announcement.

“It wasn’t human,” Hermione began, “It would steal children and… eat them. I saw…” she trailed off, trying to make herself sound more traumatized than she felt and adding some heavy breathing for effect.

“I-IT’s dead, ma’am. That thing is gone,” she added cryptically.

“Good,” President Vesta answered sympathetically, “I’ll inform Director Hughes about the news myself. Take as long as you need to gather yourself from this one.”

“September. Give me until the beginning of September to tie up loose ends,” the witch offered, unconsciously stroking the baby’s stomach.

“Very well… I suppose you also want to invoke the Missio Silentium clause for this case?” Austeria Vesta prompted her favorite detective, trying to give her as much of an out as possible.

The clause guaranteed amnesty and sanctuary from any quarry of the underlying case in question. Hermione would never need to discuss or speak of her time in Derry nor explain anything of how she had completed her mission. As far as anyone was concerned, Detective Hermione Granger had saved countless lives by stopping a very bad individual, and that’s all there was to it.

“Yes… I do,” she replied firmly, looking down at the curious amber orbs that were leaking slightly in preparation for another tantrum. Oh, Merlin…

Focusing on Pennywise, she quickly hung up the phone, uncaring of whether or not President Vesta still had more to discuss or not. Turning back to the fussy baby in her lap, she picked him up and surveyed everything she could think of. He was clean, she’d fed him a little while ago, his diaper was surprisingly clean. Speaking of which, Hermione consciously realized she’d never even heard of him using the bathroom. Did he even need to… the witch shook her head, not wanting to think about eldritch urine or feces. Disgusting...

“Penny? Why are you upset?” Hermione cooed instead, internally cackling at the nickname because she knew he’d hate it.

Pennywise burbled angrily now, weeping frustrated tears as he began reaching toward her with tiny unsteady arms. Catching his request, she cuddled him to her chest and he wriggled in her grip, nuzzling her mounds where they poked out of her plunging sleepshirt. Hermione gasped in awe at the cuteness of the gesture until he used his little arms to pull her shirt down to get at his true destination. His small gummy mouth enveloped her sore skin once more and the witch groaned in both resignation and exasperation.

“Seriously?! Will you ever be full?” Pennywise made a noise of disagreement and she facepalmed hard enough that he squawked at her in terror.

At least I can raise him to be better than he was...
August 8th, 1989

Hermione hissed at the harsh pain suddenly echoing through her chest. The sensation literally shocked her out of her first regular sleep in days, making her nearly jolt up and launch the being currently pressing down on her upper torso off of the bed. However, the little devil seemed to hold strong, even squawking angrily when she moved so suddenly. Blankets were thrown haphazardly around and limbs flailed until the startled witch realized where she was and who she was with. Her memory came into focus and she easily remembered that Pennywise was now a baby, and she was still in her bed.

Looking down, Hermione noticed blood coating her left breast, leading to a red-stained strand of drool from the little eldritch’s crimson-painted mouth. She winced at the sight, but gingerly picked a yet-again naked Pennywise up and deposited him on the bed while she got up to clean herself off with a damp cloth and some disinfectant. However, the little one didn’t like that plan as he immediately hopped off the bed like a grasshopper and stood in front of her with his hands up in the universal sign of “please, pick me up.”

“No! Mommy! No go!” he piped up angrily, making Hermione realize he was a bit older than the night before.

He was a bit bigger, bipedal, vocal, and had teeth, so that meant he was definitely not a baby anymore. However, he couldn’t have been much older than two, considering he didn’t know basic speech patterns. There was also the issue of calling her “mommy.” He’d done it before, when she was trapped in that damned coffin, but she had no clue about where his mind currently was.

Crouching down to reason with him, she grabbed his hand and he visibly calmed, “I’m just going to the loo to clean this off. Okay? But from now on, you need to watch your teeth.”

He nodded slowly, but his eyes were mischievous, “I sowwy…”

It took everything in Hermione not to scoff at the blatant lie, but he was just so cute. Fluffing his ginger tufts of hair, she stood up and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. The witch strode over to the sink to clean the blood off and examine the bite. She hissed in further pain as the rather shallow wound pulsed with its freshness while she dabbed at it with a towel. Red stained the garment and she sighed as yet another stain was added to the old cloth that she commonly used after bloody missions.

When she was clean, Hermione poured disinfectant into another little washcloth and applied it around the wound. The effect nearly made her drop to her knees in agony. A sharp scream escaped her throat and she breathed heavily through her nose until the pain faded to a dull ache. Damn! That bloody well hurts… A frantic scratching at the door met her ears and she ignored it in favor of bandaging the bite. Luckily, wrapping cool bandages around the burning skin relieved her a little. Sighing quietly, she moved to open the bathroom door, but the wooden barrier suddenly flew open with a loud ‘bang,’ slamming into the wall with a force that would shatter bones. She didn’t even notice Pennywise dart into the room until his sudden weight barreled into her legs and wrapped around her.

“Blimey, Penn! What are you doing there?!” she swayed dangerously, but luckily the smaller being moved so she could reposition her other leg by wrapping himself solely around her right limb.

He purred instead of answering, rubbing his cheek along her bare leg as he tightened his grip. Then, to her surprise, he began climbing up her leg like a baby monkey. Hermione watched as his little face got closer to her with each grope, making her remember a similar moment where he was scaling a tree rather than her. When he was snug around her waist with his arms around her neck, he chirped up at her with hunger, actual hunger.

“Mommy okay? I eat now?” he showed her his little sharp white teeth and pointed to them, “Pwease, Mommy?”

Hermione sighed tiredly, reaching for his little arm as he moved to take off her bandages, “Wait, Penn… Stop! What you did hurt me there. Your teeth hurt me. Do you understand?”

The little boy nodded with a pout, “So then you understand that you won’t be able to eat from me if you use your teeth?” Pennywise nodded again but looked away, irritated at Hermione’s lecturing.

“I said ‘sowwy,’” he muttered, his amber eyes glowing crossly as he crossed his arms.

“Yes, you did,” Hermione smiled, leaning over to nuzzle Pennywise’s little ear and cheek with her nose.

He purred elatedly, and even made a happy little chirp when her tongue came out to skim the cartilage, “Mommy, stop! That tickles!” he giggled maniacally, sounding much more like his older self as he laughed.

Hermione snickered before continuing her attack that soon had the younger version of her mate in stitches. She brought him back into her bedroom before gently tossing him on the cushioned surface. Pennywise squealed, immediately launching himself back into her arms, demanding that she repeat the movement. After doing so a few more times, she heard the ginger-haired boy’s stomach growl and she remembered his demand for more food.

Grinning slyly, she picked him up again and he eagerly accepted the motion until he realized that she wasn’t immediately throwing him off of her. Instead, Hermione threw him over her shoulder and he squirmed immediately with protest, demanding to be “put down.” The witch ignored him, preferring to focus on casting an appropriately-sized playpen to occupy her mate while she prepared something for him to eat for breakfast. When there were many toys and games for Pennywise to play with, she peeled him off of her shoulder and set him down inside the warded cage-like pen.

“Hey!” the little eldritch squawked angrily as he realized where he was, “Let. Me. Out.... Let me out!”

Hermione giggled at his demands and once again knelt down to his level, “I need to go get something for you to eat, so you need to stay here, okay?”

“No!” Pennywise shook his head defiantly and gripped the bars savagely, trying to bend them so he could slip through. When that didn’t work, he tried using his sharpened teeth on the metal bars, but he only succeeded in drooling all over them. The witch shook her head at his stubbornness but nonetheless didn’t argue with him as she left the room to go make breakfast, closing the bedroom door behind her.

Hermione hadn’t gotten any further than putting a bagel into the toaster and setting a few slabs of meat onto the counter when she turned around to see Pennywise silently standing right behind her. Blinking for a moment, she silently contemplated how he’d not only climbed out of the pen, but also got through her wards without her even knowing about it. Meanwhile, Pennywise simply latched onto her leg and didn’t let go even when she continued waddling around the kitchen.
After a few minutes, the witch looked down, only seeing that the small eldritch was perfectly content where he was. Pennywise’s eyes were closed blissfully as he hugged her leg and she nearly laughed when a kitten-like purr erupted from his chest. Perhaps he needs constant contact with his ‘parent,’ much like a parasitic leech... Hermione stilled, feeling a minuscule drain on her magic that she wouldn’t have noticed had her mind been on other thoughts. He needs my essence to regenerate and accelerate the aging process! How could I be so stupid!? Nearly wrenching him off of her leg, Hermione held the squirming child at arm’s length.

“What are you doing to me, Pennywise? Don’t think I can’t see through your little act! You may be adorable like this, but you’re still just a greedy and manipulative jerk, aren’t you?!”

At her sheer volume and scornful words, the child began crying, leading mucus and tears down his face in little trails that reddened his face. Immediately, Hermione felt horrible for yelling. She had no idea what came over her. Shaking the hair from her face, she sighed lowly, hugging the weeping eldritch to her chest. Soon enough, the little cries became hiccups and the witch gently patted his upper back as he held onto her tightly. However, that only drew attention to the fact that he was still very naked.

Blushing vividly, she waved her wand and the boy was covered in a simple t-shirt and shorts. Another wave cleaned the both of them of tears and snot, and Hermione could feel her young mate resume purring as she held him close. Turning her head, she pecked Pennywise on his temple with her lips and he crooned, nuzzling her neck in return. Uncoincidentally, it just happened to be the spot where her black mating bite laid underneath her sleep shirt. Immediately, the curly-haired woman’s pelvis jumped in an unconscious thrust and she blushed. Sitting down at one of the kitchen chairs with her slightly-cold bagel and a cup of water, she bent down slightly to whisper in her mate’s ear.

“I’m sorry, Penn... I didn’t mean to shout at you... How much do you remember... from a few days ago?” she awaited his answer with bated breath, because she couldn’t even tell if he even knew what she meant to him.

“I no know,” he sniffed sadly, rubbing his head, “It hurts, Mommy. I can’t ‘member.”

“Why do you keep calling me that?” Hermione probed gently, and she watched the eldritch’s little face screw up in thought. After a moment, he shook his head slowly.

“I feel… Mommy… in here,” he pointed to his chest where his alien heart likely was.

“Mommy love me… lots,” Pennywise added, chirping happily as he dove in to nuzzle her collarbones.

“Yes, I do... But my name is Hermione. Can you say that? Her-my-oh-knee?” the witch prompted, trying to lure him away from sounding Oedipal in the future by the time he aged through puberty. Now that would be some awkward sex.

Pennywise’s face screwed up at the length, and he ultimately shook his head irritatedly, preferring to be stubborn in what he chose to refer to her as. Suddenly, his stomach growled and he was all but beginning another frustration-induced tantrum by flashing his sharpened fangs and amber-red eyes at her. Hermione groaned, knowing that she wouldn’t be getting any answers out of the hungry eldritch until he’d eaten his fill.

“Ohay,” she tried to pacify him, lowering her shirt in the same manner as the night before, “Don’t use your teeth this time, Penn— ah!~” Hermione cried out as he suddenly dug in to drink from her tender flesh with eager mewls.
Her shaking hand came up to comfortably rub his nape and back, “Shh, shh… Slow down, Penn. It’s not going anywhere, so there’s no need to rush… You’re hurting me.”

At her last words, he slowed his pace to a much more manageable one, and she sighed, nibbling on her own breakfast as the eldritch ate his own. *I suppose this is my life now...*

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**August 9th, 1989**

Hermione woke up to the sudden absence of pillows underneath her head. Her cheek pressed oddly against the fitted sheet on the mattress as she groaned uncomfortably. Sitting up, she registered a ginger blur darting around the room and periodically hopping back onto the bed which was somehow now up against the two walls furthest from the door. She blinked slowly, rubbing the sleep from her eyes as Pennywise kept running around. About a second later, she realized that he was actually retrieving things rather than mindlessly running around the room like a chicken with its head chopped off.

He’d already gathered a carefully constructed array of pillows up against the walls and sides of the bed, towering them up so Hermione couldn’t have seen over it had she been lying down. No wonder she wasn’t naturally awoken by the sun that morning. Looking around at the sheer amount of plush towers, she realized that every single pillow and seat cushion in the house was now on her bed. *But why?*

The sound of silence broken by a shifting fabric met her ears as she noticed Pennywise slowly walking back into the room, dragging what looked like every blanket in the house behind him all at once. He grunted as they all bunched up in a way that made it hard for the now four-year-old to get them through the doorway. Hermione chuckled at the sight of his determined yet impatient expression.

Surveying him, she noticed that his clothes were much too small once again. So, she raised her wand and grew them until they fit. Upon feeling the change, Pennywise dropped the blankets and literally jumped into her lap from the doorway across the room. Hermione gasped in awe and he giggled, throwing his arms around her to nuzzle the bite he’d left on her while in his much older form.

“G’morning Mine-y!”

“*Good Morning, Hermione,*” she corrected him slowly and he parroted the sentiment back with little error.

“Good Morning, Pennywise. What’s all this?” he immediately leaned away from her to see her face and grace her with an all too innocent buck-toothed smile.

“A fort…” he answered evasively, hopping back off the bed to finish bringing in all of the blankets.

He struggled for a long moment until finally deciding instead to drag each blanket inside the room individually rather than all at once. When he had them all by the side of the bed, Pennywise began draping them over the sides of the cushions and tucking them under the outsides. Then, to her immense surprise, laid the other sides out where she was sitting and the witch carefully got out of the bed just so she could see what he was doing.

The small eldritch grinned happily at her when she didn’t immediately veto his scheme, turning back to lay the final extra blanket down on top of the others, leaving a small opening at the foot of the
large bed so she could get in and out with ease. Marveling at his ingenuity, she assisted him in making the newly-cushioned bed with the blankets they’d slept in the night before. Turning to Pennywise, she crawled back onto the bed where he was sitting comfortably against one of the walls.

“This is… interesting, Pennywise. But why did you make this?” she gently picked him up and set him in her lap while also sitting where he’d been.

The little boy shrugged in a way that was almost human, “We needed a nest,” he stated like it was an explanatory answer.

Hermione blinked confusedly, “But why, love?” he turned around in her grasp to look into her eyes.

“I need to protect you, Hermione,” he answered exasperatedly, making it sound like she was questioning something that was supposed to be obvious.

Hermione only laughed at the absurdity of it all, pressing little kisses to his face and neck, causing him to erupt in uncontrollable giggles, “You are bloody adorable, you know that?” she finally spoke when their humor died down a few minutes later.

Carefully, she hugged him to her chest, and she could hear his nose sniffing her for almost a creepily long time. If they didn’t have their history behind them, Hermione would have been terrified at his behavior. Knowing him, she knew that he simply enjoyed her scent because they were mated. In fact, the entire bed should smell like her, considering that she used all of the blankets. Pennywise seemed to have the same idea because he immediately wriggled out of her arms, only to face-plant into the side of the plush wall and moan happily, emitting his usual purr. Blindly reaching back for her, he pulled her closer so she was spooning him gently from behind. Huh… I don’t think I’ve ever been the big spoon before...

★★★

A long while later, Hermione was once-again hypothesizing about the eldritch’s healing process. After calling her “Mommy” another twenty times that day, even though he clearly could say “Hermione” perfectly well, she began to wonder why he used the term of endearment rather than her real name. Even after questioning him once more, he acted like he knew nothing besides the fact that she was his parent. Perhaps it’s like a sort of… alien imprinting where the injured subject bonds with the first trustworthy thing it sees. But that would only be partially true in this case… He sought me out personally, because I’m his mate… But why call me that of all things?

He’d already admitted to her the previous day that he could feel their bond in his heart, So maybe that is what prompted him to contact me… Hermione nodded absently, working through her thoughts while Pennywise colored at the table on old pieces of parchment with crayons. She’d already had to dissuade him from using the walls as his personal canvases a total of five times and already had to clean a few defiantly present streaks off the painted plaster and wallpaper with her wand. He only chose to obey when she simultaneously threatened to take away the multicolored sticks and baited him with blood pudding as a reward for only drawing on the parchment.

As quickly as he’d disobeyed, he seemed to now be glued to the chair. However, his stick-like legs were hyperactively kicking back and forth as proof of his desire to act on his impulses. In this case, it meant drawing on the wall. Hermione shook her head bemusedly, going back to her book that she had propped up on her folded knees. A few minutes later, he called over to her and she set her book
Walking over to him, she noticed a variety of different drawings on each page. While she knew he was a rather talented painter, at least from what she saw on the day she confronted him about being Bill Gray, she wasn’t sure that ability would carry over now that he was working with a new body, and by extent, a new brain that likely had little to no knowledge of his previous life. However, the evident pictures in front of her begged to differ.

They weren’t nearly as intricate or detailed as Pennywise’s work when he was older, but they were still understandable in their subjects. On one piece, there was a group of stick people with a myriad of details either around them or about them. Amazingly enough, she could pick out each member of the Losers’ Club as well as each magical item her book had given to them. He even got each of them right. On another piece, he drew his lair, complete with floating stick-people and a teetering tower of children's toys on top of his trailer. Clearly he remembered a few things. The other drawings sent her into a flattered yet creeped-out mood that couldn’t make up its mind. He drew her, and they were all surprisingly detailed. A few of them were when she was with Pennywise as a baby, but many of them detailed their various dates and moments together over the last few months.

“I see your memory is coming back,” she smiled shyly at him and he beamed happily.

“Yeah!” Pennywise crowed at her before his eyes abruptly changed to a happy light blue, “I was really tall,” he gasped awedly.

Hermione laughed at his antics and sat down on the chair next to his, allowing him to climb into her lap, “Yes, you were, love,” she nodded, looking over the other drawings until another suddenly caught her eye.

Pulling it from behind the others, she looked it over, wondering at what it contained. It must have been one of his first, because it was very rudimentary in style, depicting the couple as stick-people. The taller person had unruly tufts of red hair, obviously Pennywise in his adult form. Hermione really had to stretch her suspension of belief at the second person. She had her curly brown hair, but she was also visibly pregnant, a round bubble making her look like she had a beer-belly rather than a child inside her.

“What’s this one?” she held it out to Pennywise who smiled shyly at it before answering her quietly.

“Family,” he whispered as if it was a huge secret, and Hermione supposed it was.

“Yours?” she asked questioningly, playing dumb and he huffed exasperatedly at her.

“Ours!” he corrected her and then hugged her tightly, nearly cutting off her air supply.

“Oh? Is that so?” she giggled at him, indicating to the drawing, “Where are you?”

He unsurprisingly pointed to the taller figure, “No, that’s not you,” she jokingly vetoed him, “I’m taller than you.”

“I’ll get bigger!” he argued defiantly, standing on his own chair now and towering over her, “See! I’m taller now!”

“So you are…” Hermione grinned bemusedly at him, “because we can’t have this,” she pointed to the large stomach on the drawing, “when you’re as cute and small as this.

Grabbing him from his chair, she crushed him to her chest in an enveloping hug and kissed every spot of his neck and face she could reach. Pennywise wriggled and verbalized a small protest at the
motion, but eventually succumbed to Hermione’s concentrated scent. Slumping against her, he fascinatedly twirled his fingers through her curls as he calmed more with each inhale. The witch giggled as he became so calm so quickly.

“You’re wrong,” he said cryptically, fingering the skin around the dark scarred bite on her shoulder.

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked in the same whispered volume.

“I remember… feeling really... good with you,” he tried to explain, but couldn’t seem to find the right words. Unluckily for her, she knew exactly what he was referring to. Blushing from her forehead to her breasts, she answered him embarrassedly.

“So do I, but that is something for another time… when you’re a lot older…”

He huffed tiredly against her, but didn’t argue, and for that, Hermione was grateful.

★★★

A little bit later, she stood up, keeping his legs wrapped around her waist as she went into the kitchen to dish up a bit of the promised “blood pudding” she’d gotten for Pennywise at the butcher’s shop before the entire “Sewer Battle” incident. Well, he might as well eat it before it goes bad… The witch read the label and grimaced, “Pig’s Blood”… Eww!

Scooping a rather large helping of it into a ceramic bowl, she gently slid it over the counter to Pennywise who immediately dug into it without even giving Hermione a chance to grab a spoon for him. By the time she turned around, the bowl was spotlessly empty, but the lower half of his face was smudged and splattered with the blood-colored dish. The witch sighed at the mess, but turned around to put the spoon away and grab a wet washcloth to clean her unruly mate before he wiped his face on his clothes.

Luckily, he only tried using his unnaturally long tongue to clean himself, and it mostly worked with the exception of a bit of pudding splatted near his widow’s peak. Nearly giggling at how much his hair would recede as he aged, she wiped it off and he pouted at her, knowing he was the butt of her mental joke.

“Well, I don’t even need to guess that you liked that,” he nodded eagerly with a buck-toothed grin, catching the rest of his dessert on his swiping tongue.

Hermione took the bowl from him and washed it quickly. Afterwards, she led him upstairs and assisted him in brushing his little baby teeth, even giving him the lecture her parents had given her when she was about four years old. Surprisingly, he didn’t fuss or gripe about it with the exception of a little dramatic sigh and announcement that he’d miss “the taste of blood between my teeth.” The witch grimaced and just told him to begin flossing and the taste would return.

Pennywise then tried it and understood what she’d meant after the first minute of using the white string. Hissing at the very minor wounds, he nearly threw the little white plastic box across the room in rage but instead ran out of the bathroom and buried his head into the side of his cushioned “fort.” Hermione followed after him curiously, only pausing to change into pajamas and crawl in next to him. Sliding under the covers, she wrapped the blankets around him and he molded himself to her front. Sleepily, the witch pressed a small kiss to his temple and closed her eyes, wondering what the next day would bring in terms of Pennywise’s growth.
Well, I hope you all like that one. I thought it was very cute. Honestly, I really had no idea what I was doing while writing Pennywise as a very small child. It's been years since I've been around children that small, and I really just had to use my best guess as to what he'd be like at that age. Honestly, I don't think I made him hyper and crazy enough. Idk...
August 10th, 1989

This time, when Hermione woke, she noticed that Pennywise had reversed their positions so that he was basically sleeping on top of her. The major downside of that outcome was that his ginger head rested awkwardly between her breasts. She was hesitant to even breathe, as it would no doubt awaken him. His breaths came in smooth yet heated sighs, sending goosebumps across her exposed skin where her shirt had ridden down during the night.

Unabashedly, her thoughts wandered to more awkward places. Hermione wasn’t exactly excited for Pennywise to ‘rediscover’ his ‘urges’ when he was still in a younger body because feeling like a pedophile was most certainly not a turn-on for her. Grimacing, she remembered how he’d been the previous day, more specifically, admitting that he remembered a few of their ‘x-rated’ moments together. And for a child, it should have been a bit traumatizing for one so young to have those memories jammed back into his head. Then again, he seemed a little too accepting of his reclaimed memories rather than just simply trying to start over with a new brain and a new body.

She herself was already having a difficult enough time trying to comprehend the blurred line between feeding Pennywise for his base hunger and for his sexual hunger. As he aged, the taboo act of breastfeeding a rapidly-growing being as well as having a history of sexual encounters with that same being made for some really disturbing questions that she wasn’t sure she even really wanted the answers to. He called her “Mommy” while he had also fucked her six-hundred ways to Sunday. All things considered, it made her better understand why Jocasta killed herself after realizing she’d married and had children with Oedipus, her own son.

Amber eyes suddenly blinked open, dilating upon seeing her staring at him. Unconsciously, her hand came up to pet his bed head down to a more manageable mess. While still a bit of a handful in his own right, he was much more of a novelty to deal with than when he was an adult. Here, Pennywise couldn’t manipulate her with carnal pleasure or scare tactics. However, she figured the latter would appear sooner rather than the former. It would be interesting to document an eldritch coming into its powers. Perhaps they evolve defensively first, then they turn offensive when the offspring are more ready to venture out on their own...
The boy groaned tiredly and snuggled back down on top of her, nuzzling his bed head further back into a chaotic rats’ nest of ginger tufts. A soft wet tongue lapped at her slightly sweaty skin and the witch froze with shock. With two fingers, he pulled her shirt down further to finally take his desired target into his hungry mouth. Hermione groaned conflictingly at how good it felt and how utterly wrong it was for him to pay so much attention to her breasts. Pennywise drank her down ivory milk with eager gulps, not wasting a single drop. It was so utterly depraved and parasitic that she had half a mind to peel him off of her body and severely discipline him until he realized that she was not his personal cow to feed from like a leech when he became hungry. However, she wasn’t blind. Hermione caught the hollowed and pale look to his youthful cheeks when he went without eating for a long enough time throughout the day. As with all children, they needed to eat a lot as they grew, and Pennywise was definitely no exception. It was even more apparent with his accelerated aging. So, she kept silent, quietly letting the young version of her mate nurse from her to regain some color and fullness to his body.

Rubbing his head, Hermione watched him with fondness, happy that he wasn’t out killing innocent children, or anyone else for that matter. He’d have a better time hunting in this form, considering that his victims would trust him much more as a six-year-old, but she wasn’t about to give him any ideas. Purring began to echo through her chest, and she felt at peace, knowing that he was simply trying to soothe and reassure her.

A few minutes later, he switched nubs and continued his leisurely pace, but now he kneaded the skin around her hips like a kitten did. Hermione chuckled at the comparison but began rubbing down his back where it was draped over her. As soon as she began rubbing his spine, Pennywise jumped and then froze, choking slightly on the mouthful he was currently eating. White droplets splattered cooling rivulets onto her skin as the young eldritch gurgled a pleasured moan. Quickly righting himself after a sheepish blush, he set to immediately clean up his mess, lapping eagerly along her skin and leaving only saliva in his path. Increasing his pace in unconscious retaliation, he finished his meal in record time, shoved himself back under the warm blankets, and immediately curled into her side to fall back asleep.

“Good Morning, love,” she whispered teasingly to the boy hiding from the morning sun underneath her covers, “We’re going to have to get up sometime…”

Pennywise grumbled irritatedly and made a disagreeing noise, wrapping his arms around her and smashing his head into her thigh. Hermione giggled, unfurling the covers on her side of the bed and moving to get out of bed herself. Pennywise whined lowly as the witch began to dislodge him from her leg. She sighed tiredly, impulsively pinching the boy’s nape and he immediately became pliant. Letting go of her, he fell back onto the mattress stiffly with eyes as wide as dinner plates.

“Okay, Penn, stay in bed then…” Hermione rhymed sassily as the little eldritch gaped helplessly at her.

“Hmph!” he huffed at her angrily, crossing his arms and pouting cutely with fiery amber eyes and a scrunched button nose.

She poked it slightly and he went cross-eyed as he tried to follow her finger. Chuckling, Hermione walked over to change into her clothes for the day. Pennywise watched from the bed as she worked her magic, but slowly snuck out of bed to come up right behind her as she began digging through her wardrobe to find some shoes to wear in case she went outside. Sensing him standing there, she ignored him in favor of bending over to slip on her shoes.

Suddenly, the boy’s weight was on top of her and she nearly collapsed as she was unprepared for his action. Pennywise purred, making himself comfortable on her back in a usual “piggy-back ride”
position with his legs wrapped around Hermione’s waist. He licked her own nape and sighed, falling into a limp position at the smell of her slight adrenaline. The witch froze, but soon sighed lowly as well, but for a different reason. *This is going to be a long day*...

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Raising the long and sharp kitchen knife, Hermione sliced through the pheasant meat as if it was butter. Careful to notice the curious blue eyes watching her, she cut off a small raw piece and placed it on the table next to him. Not a second later, the piece was gone and he was even closer to her now, just waiting for the next scrap to come his way. The witch could almost see the fluffy red tail wagging as he stared at her with pleading and eager puppy-dog eyes. *What the…*

Sure enough, the boy had a ginger bushy dog tail sticking out of his shorts. Curiously, she handed him another piece of meat and his ears changed, now emerging on top of his head rather than out the sides. The ginger-haired triangles of skin poked out of his hair and seemed to droop under her surveillance. His tail hung limply too, trying to hide itself from her gaze. The boy’s eyes looked away shyly, the amber irises flashing uncomfortably as he could smell her confusion and unease.

“What the…” Hermione probed gingerly, “There’s no need to be embarrassed…” she added, crouching down to his level and pulling him into a hug that he quickly and gratefully returned.

This must be the first emergence of his shape-shifting abilities… and he can’t control it… The witch rubbed his shivering spine and he keened, wrapping himself around her and letting her pull him onto her waist. Sitting down onto one of the kitchen chairs, she slowly hand-fed her mate as he continued to go through a plethora of transformations. At one point, his hand reached to take more from her, but his fingers turned into writhing green snakes that began fighting for the piece in the witch’s palm.

Whimpering, he helplessly watched as they suddenly shrunk, stiffened, and turned beige. Hermione took his decrepit skeleton hands in hers and gave them a brief kiss. They suddenly went back to normal and she smiled lovingly. *Perhaps the secret to mastering his powers is the same as what empowers them: fear… If he is calm, he can control them, but if he isn’t, then he can’t.* She laughed abruptly, *It’s eldritch puberty!*

Pennywise now had three eyes, sharp teeth, and what looked like sharp black quills poking out of his arms. Leaning in, careful not to touch the needles in case they contained venom, she kissed his cheek, forehead, and neck where it was exposed. He sighed peacefully and sagged against her, feeling better after the sudden changes.

“Alright, Penn?” she could feel him nod silently against her shoulder before tightening his grip around her torso, figuring that she was going to try to separate from him if he indicated that he was fine.

At his continued silence, she turned her head to see his face, “Would you like to come downstairs with me and find a game or something else to do?” he nodded again, slowly parting from her and climbing off of her to stand on the hardwood floor.

Silently, he reached for her hand, and she let him take it, wondering why he was suddenly being so quiet. With a strength she didn’t know he had in this form, he pulled her up and led the way to the basement stairs. Pennywise didn’t turn on the lightswitch, his eyes immediately shining a path...
through the dark with the power of their own light. Stepping down behind him, she quickly flipped the switch before they got any further.

The basement lit up slightly, its lone light at the top of the stairs casting shadows of boxes all along the walls and floor. They descended purposefully, taking charge of the darkness to search for something to occupy their time. Hermione rummaged through her board games, but couldn’t find any that she thought would keep her mate’s short-lived attention-span for long enough. Twister sat ominously at the bottom of the cardboard box and she winced, not wanting to risk a repeat of underlying sexual tension while Pennywise was physically a child.

Instead, she found two old diamond-shaped kites from her childhood. She remembered her parents taking her on outings to the park and spending a few hours picnicking and flying the paper objects to their hearts’ desire. Taking the faded kites out of the old cardboard box, she blew the rather thick film of dust off with a sharp exhale. Pennywise curiously watched from over her shoulder where she knelt before the box, and she turned to survey his fascination with the objects.

“Do you know what these are?” Hermione asked him and he immediately nodded, reaching his pale hand out to skim a trail of faded color through the remaining dust.

“They’re kites… They go up, up, up… I collected them from the children after…” he trailed off, not knowing if he should continue with the grim conclusion to his sentence.

The witch sighed tiredly, knowing exactly what the boy meant but choosing to also leave it alone. They both deserved to have a little fun for one day. So, Hermione stood up, took his hand, and smiled. Pennywise grinned toothily in return, his hair changing to match the color and volume of her own. Then, his skin became fleshier, donning a tanned peachy tone identical to the curly-haired woman’s. Soon thereafter, he looked exactly like a younger but male version of her. However, his shiny cobalt eyes betrayed his true self.

Hermione, meanwhile, was speechless. She couldn’t tell if she should be flattered or disturbed. The cherub-looking boy in front of her looked like a hypothetical love-child between her and his Bill Gray form. The implications of that were both worrisome in terms of her job and life outside of her relationship with the eldritch, but she also was internally happy at the idea of creating something so precious: a physical symbol of their love and a fusion of themselves. While none of what he was disguising himself as was real, her mind was certainly reacting like it was. Even now, the witch wanted to hug and cuddle the gangly boy and never let him go. His smug voice snapped her out of her musings of motherhood.

“How do I look, Mommy?” he teased knowingly and Hermione could nearly see the adult spark of mischievousness and intelligence in those eyes. In that moment, she wondered if deciding to take him outside was a bad idea.

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It turned out, the two hours they spent flying the kites around were relatively uneventful. The kites, as old as they were, still flew nicely and had little to no damages by the end of their trip. Pennywise was surprisingly careful with them, as if he knew their significance to her and didn’t want to destroy that. In addition to this, he really played the perfect little son for her as well as the other people who were at the park.
His insistence on referring to her as his mother was a bit uncomfortable considering many of the others had seen her before around town but never with a child that looked almost exactly like her. So, she was given a bit more attention that day.

Wincing, she remembered the sympathetic and pitying looks that were momentarily sent her way. While she looked a bit young to have given birth to a 6-year-old, that didn’t mean she looked like she needed to be pitied.

“Hermione, why are people staring at us?” Pennywise asked her curiously, taking a bite out of his sandwich that contained only raw meat.

The witch shrugged, “I guess they just don’t like people who are... different,” she finished vaguely.

“What is… different?” he tilted his head.

Hermione sighed, but turned to see the multiple families a fair distance away. Little children ran around screaming and playing games while the parents and even grandparents kept watchful eyes over them when they weren’t making glances over to her and her mate.

“They don’t understand us, love…” Pennywise’s little button nose scrunched up scathingly.

“Of course they don’t! But what is it about us that makes them try? We look like humans!”

Hermione smirked slightly at his lack of understanding about the implications of a young single woman with an older child that resembles her. He pouted at her silence and expression, “You wouldn’t like it if I told you,” she teased, pinching his cheek and laughing as he rubbed the offended piece of skin.

“Tell me,” he nearly whispered and Hermione groaned, wishing she hadn’t said anything at all.

“Fine,” she leaned in and she literally saw his ears prick eagerly, “They think you are a bastard, a child born out of wedlock, and accordingly, that I am a whore that sleeps with a lot of men. Is that enough of an answer for you?” she spat uncomfortably.

The boy’s face went through a variety of emotions: confusion, anger, rage, sadness, and disgust. He seemed shocked, his stiff posture evident as his eyes swam with the torrent of emotions inside his smaller body. Pennywise bit his lip and balled his hands into fists as he tried to stop himself from ripping the entire park and its occupants to shreds. He was too small to do anything big yet. That would have to wait.

Instead, he turned to Hermione and hugged her tightly, looking over her shoulder to see a small group of children playing near the edge of the trees while their parents watched on. Working a bit of his mind magic, he willed the nosy parents to see a variety of bugs and snakes in their food. That would teach them to worry about themselves rather than think about them.

The first shrill screeches and loud yells made Hermione jump as she spun her head around to see what was happening. After realizing what he’d done, she chuckled into her hand, not wanting the others to notice her amusement. Patting his head in praise, she leaned back down to whisper in his ear.

“Good boy,” he purred at the compliment, “Now, enough of this. Let’s keep eating before the food goes bad.”

He nodded, continuously shoving the meat down his throat. It wasn’t very filling, considering that nearly all of the blood was gone and didn’t taste of fear as much as it tasted of lust. The boar he was
eating must have been in a rut when it died. Moaning in both hunger and want as his eyes began fogging over, he fed both addictions and they were set aflame in a body that didn’t know what to do with them. It was so good. Pennywise was lucky that male eldriches went through sexual maturity very early on, because he wanted to breed her again, even in this body. It was only Hermione’s feelings on the matter that made him pause, but he could tell that soon, they wouldn’t be able to stop him.

Pennywise spooned a rather large helping of fruit salad onto Hermione’s plate, nearly sending the already toppling pile into the grass.

“Penn, love? What are you doing? Do you want me to get fat?” Hermione joked before wishing she hadn’t said anything.

“Yes!” he chirped eagerly, “Then we can have little bugs!”

“‘Little… bugs?’” she tilted her head confusingly, remembering his little prank from a few minutes ago.

Pennywise mirrored her with an exasperated shake of his head, “Yes, yes, yes… hungry little bugs to feed,” the eldritch drooled unconsciously, “little babies…”

And he’s on his pregnancy kick again… Hermione sighed tiredly, finally understanding what he was trying to express through his strange terms of endearment.

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The witch shook her head at the memory, not even trying to understand the young boy’s obsession with breeding her. Looking over to where Pennywise was drawing at the kitchen table, she noticed he was looking very gaunt once more. He’d also been suspiciously quiet since lunch. Hermione supposed she had worn him out at the park and hadn’t fed him properly since the morning. It was now about six o’clock in the evening. On the other hand, she could feel his lingering glances on her when he likely thought she wasn’t paying attention. In her distractive thoughts, her kitchen knife slipped, nicking her palm below the thumb.

While it wasn’t a deep cut by any means, a lot of blood still seeped out from the virtual papercut. Suddenly, she heard a loud crash and felt a sudden weight tackle her to the ground. Hitting the tiled floor harshly, she screamed in pain, but the hungry eldritch above her was too far gone to understand her distress. She was resisting, and that was all that mattered to him in that moment.

Pennywise’s tongue and teeth sucked deeply at the wound while the rest of his body worked to restrain hers. Hermione squirmed uncomfortably as their groins came into close contact. Without his proper adult urges, he simply pressed himself down onto her snatch in order to keep her still. At the uncomfortable motion, she froze, whimpering slightly as he continued to suck her blood. His misleading size and his supernatural strength prevented her from getting up or wriggling out of his grasp.

A moment later, she began giggling sadly at the bloodloss, and the eldritch promptly stopped, checking her over worriedly with unfogged amber orbs. Pressing gentle kisses to each bruise, he probed her for further injury. After finding nothing, he assisted her in sitting up against the kitchen island. His hands tentatively rubbed along her sides and abdomen, searching for something, but not
finding it. Whatever it was, it was very bad, given his enormous sigh of relief. However, she was too weak to pay the issue much attention.

Pennywise suddenly jumped up from by her side and ran to the fridge, throwing open the door, grabbing a few small bottles, and running back to her. Depositing the items at her side, he bolted up the stairs with his inhuman speed and ‘popped’ back into existence not a second later. Panting at the exertion of effort on his part, he rifled through Hermione’s magical first-aid kit and found a blood-replenishing potion. Nearly throwing the vial at her, he helped her down the liquid and the witch immediately felt better.

Looking at the tiled floor, Hermione noticed that the young eldritch had brought her a small bottle of orange juice and a bottle of water. Smiling thoughtfully, she glanced back up to his watery blue eyes. The witch picked up the orange juice and sipped on it tentatively, pondering over Pennywise’s momentary lapse of control. His head hung lowly and his shoulders twitched with silent sobs, the tears flowing upwards to soak into the ceiling. Clearly, he loathed what he had done, but it hadn’t been his fault. She’d been unintentionally starving him of what he needed.

“I’m sorry, Hermione!” the ginger-haired boy cried, his lip quivering as his shaking hands hesitantly reached for her, “I d-didn’t m-m-mean to…”

Hermione surprised both him and herself by lurching forward to pull the crying eldritch into a tight hug, “It’s okay, love. We’ll figure this out, together, but you need to tell me when you’re hungry. Yeah?”

Pennywise nodded, wiping his tears on his sleeve before pulling the collar of his shirt aside to reveal bare skin. The witch tilted her head, realizing that her claiming mark on him was absent. “Will reclaiming you help quell your urges?” he blushed, but nodded again.

“Are you sure you want this?” Hermione prompted him, knowing that he was still physically young in her eyes, “We can wait…”

“No!” his amber eyes were panicked now, “You’re mine, and I am yours!”

Her heart stuttered at the admission, but she nodded, cradling him closer. Pennywise keened at the feeling and Hermione tried to keep herself sober. Taking pleasure in this felt sinful and depraved. Shaking her head, she pressed her lips to the junction between his shoulder and neck.

When she began sucking on the lucky patch of skin, the eldritch atop her began moaning wantonly. Irritated, Hermione’s hand came up to pinch his nape and Pennywise fell limp at the pressure. Keeping her hand there, she sank her teeth deeply into his neck and he cried out, screeching to the ceiling and attempting to move as sensitive shocks overtook his body. The boy fell asleep soon after.

Raising her wand, she cleaned his bloody neck and stood up, cradling his exhausted body to her chest. Hermione ascended the stairs and walked down the long dim hallway to her bedroom. Lowering Pennywise down onto the cushioned bed, she covered him up with her blankets and sat in her armchair with her book.

Trying as she might, the witch just couldn’t seem to focus on reading. Her mind seemed to be stuck in a mindless loop around her mate and his recent reclaiming. Suddenly, Hermione’s stomach heaved and she bolted to her feet and nearly sprinted to the bathroom before vomiting into the toilet. White-knuckled hands held the rest of her body up and her shoulders shook in ragged dry-heavings.

Standing up, she stumbled over to the sink and washed out her mouth. When she felt confident in not throwing up again, Hermione looked in the mirror and noticed that her teeth were slightly sharper.
than before. Blinking a few times didn’t will away the difference, and lifting a shaking pale hand to touch the sharpened fangs didn’t stop them from being real either. Perhaps Pennywise had transferred a bit of his power to her through his blood when she bit him. The witch nodded at the thought, intending to brew a steaming cup of peppermint tea to ease her queasiness.

When she returned a few moments later and sat back down into her chair, Pennywise abruptly woke up from what had likely been a nightmare. His posture was stiff and defensive as he jumped from a lying position to a half-crouched position on her bedroom wall. He stuck to the surface ominously for a moment, letting out a loud and nervous bleat before slowly coming back down to the mattress and curling into a humanly-impossible foetal position that was much more like a cat’s rather than a human’s.

A high-pitched whimper came from him then, and Hermione sighed, knowing that he wanted her to come closer. It was rather odd to see the differences in behavior in him. One second he was acting like a child, the next an adult. Another time, he was being dominant, the next second he’s wanting to be babied. She just wasn’t sure anymore. *Perhaps he’ll mellow out in the next few days...*

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. Anyway, for those who are still reading, thank you for sticking with this story when I'm slow to update. You guys are the best!
Hey guys, I'm back!

I seriously thought I was going to be done with this story by now and will have moved onto my next fic, "Catching a Falling Knife" which I hope to get started on after finishing this one, but alas... I will probably have to start it after Halloween is over. I've been busy with school work, and getting the usual summer-fall cold as the weather changes from warm to cold. Damn, I hate being sick... However, I wanted to work on this story for those who are still reading, so here I am!

Anyway, enjoy Chapter 66!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 11th, 1989

Just before the sun’s rays began to peek through the closed curtains, Pennywise’s eyelids flipped open with a sudden alertness. Rolling over to survey his mate, he saw that she was still very deep in sleep. The eldritch’s mouth quirked upwards at the sight. It was enough for him to lean into her and steal a chaste kiss from her soft lips without her noticing anything.

Leaning back to watch her, he felt around the bite she’d given to him the night before and purred at its scarred texture. His body had healed it, of course, but it had withstood the two years he’d gained overnight. While he wasn’t sure how or why, he knew one thing for sure: Hermione was changing.

While she was young for an immortal, that only meant the witch had a lot of adjustments to get used to if she was anything like him now. Her teeth may just be the beginning of a plethora of chaotic transformations. Imagining Hermione as an eldritch was both an arousing and a terrifying concept. As with normal spiders, the females were usually a few times larger than the males. So, she could easily grow to be twenty feet tall in her true form without shifting.

On the one hand, Pennywise knew he’d love taking her body regardless of the fact that she’d be much larger. In fact, crawling all over her was becoming an unrealized kink the more he thought about it. That and larger females made larger clutches, so at least he’d be welcoming more young from his mate should she grow.

Resting a hand over the witch’s stomach, he felt around for a tell-tale firmness that signaled a foetus or multiple. While he could feel a little difference, it was still too soon to tell if it was undeniably his young making a home in Hermione’s womb, or if it was just her natural organs and layers of tissue.

Shrugging sadly, he popped over to the bathroom to look in the mirror. Patting his cheeks and body, he took delight in the fact that his body was aging further. It wouldn’t be long until he could completely be with his woman without her pesky morals about being mated by a baby-faced version of himself getting in the way. Oh well, he’d only needed to regenerate a few times over his infinite life, and those were all from fights with celestial beings that inhabited other universes, Maturin being one of them. It wasn’t like it was going to be a regular occurrence. Besides, he could wait a couple
more days.

Having Hermione there with him during his time of weakness made the time seem to pass quicker. At first, she’d only been a positive connection that he reached out to for little to no reason. Her mind had interpreted his primal cry for help in whatever way it could, and she came running. After that night, she was “mommy,” his dam of an unknown sire. The “daddy” didn’t matter then. He could only feel her.

On the third day, his protective instincts prompted him to build a suitable nest for his mate. His memories returned periodically throughout the day, and there were enough by the end that he wanted to draw them during the time of re-experiencing those particular moments. Hermione featured in a lot of them, and he was grateful that aspect of her would be immortalized just as her body now was. It was also here that he began taking notice of her treatment of him as her child.

She was firm, yet very forgiving aside from a momentary outburst that he now understood with hindsight. His brood would be utterly taken with her, and he could tell she wouldn’t have to try very hard to keep their attention. On the other hand, if there were any outliers, he would be the one to lay down the discipline even though he wanted to be known as the “fun” parent. He also was resigned to the fact that he wouldn’t be able to refuse any of his daughters if they looked like Hermione.

Shaking his head, he shifted himself so his hair now stood up in fiery orange tufts and his skin became ashen white with his usual red paint and sooty limbs. He noticed that his head was smaller, along with the rest of his body, but he was still pretty tall for physically being eight years old. The little clown bared his sharpened teeth at his reflection and grimaced at how adorable he looked even when he was trying to be scary. Pouting, he tried out a few more forms: the wolf-man, a vampire, a snake, and even his true spider form. They were all the same case, unthreatening and looking like a child’s Halloween costume rather than a terrifying monster.

Frustrated tears leaked out of his amber eyes. If he wasn’t scary, how could he fend for himself and his family. It had been too long already, but he wouldn’t be fully grown for a few more days. What if something happened? Given what happened yesterday, it was clear to see that his hunger was growing, and soon enough, Hermione and her butchered meats wouldn’t be able to sustain him. He needed to be scary to hunt, and if he couldn’t hunt… No! He would rather eat plain human flesh than starve to weakness.

★★★

Hermione rolled over sleepily, stretching her arm out, only to feel the cooling mattress next to her. Patting the blankets at her side, she stubbornly kept her eyes shut as she felt for the eldritch’s body that may have wriggled away from her in the middle of the night. Although, that had never happened before. Usually, it was the exact opposite, The witch sometimes had to pry the clown off of her body if she wanted to cool off and not sweat through her pajamas while he used her as his teddy bear.

Closing the canopy curtains behind him and encasing the both of them away from the sun, Pennywise crawled back onto the bed and cuddled right along Hermione’s side. He purred into her ear, reassuring her that he had returned and hadn’t been taken or hurt in any way. Unconsciously, she settled, falling back into a light snooze with her mate not too far behind.

When Hermione woke up an hour later, she turned around to press a small kiss to the boy’s forehead and his blue eyes blinked open happily. Grinning with his rather large buck teeth, he pulled her
closer and pressed another kiss to the witch’s cheek, much like a son would do for his mother, even though the couple was anything but. Sitting up, her stomach lurched and she moaned agonizedly. Pennywise was immediately at her side, keening in nervous confusion.

Hermione waved him off as she stumbled into the bathroom, closing the door harshly before dropping to her knees and vomiting into the toilet. Moaning sickly, she held the rim with a death-like grip. Numbly, the witch could hear the eldritch scratching at the door and she rolled her eyes when she felt safe enough to do so. Standing, she noticed no traces of blood in the vomit, so whatever happened wasn’t from internal bleeding. However, there were a few different possibilities. She immediately ruled out pregnancy, just because it would be much too soon to have viable symptoms, and she and he were of different species with no previous account of possible fertilization.

Another possibility was that she was concussed from hitting the ground the previous day when Pennywise knocked her down to get her blood. She also could have eaten a bit of raw or undercooked meat while trying to be conscientious of her mate’s palate. That was the most likely scenario because she didn’t exactly remember hitting her head when she fell, but then again, it went by so fast…

After flushing, she wandered over to the mirror and checked her teeth, hoping that they were simply an illusion from the previous day. Alas, they weren’t. Whimpering in confusion, she skimmed the sharpened tips, wondering how long they were going to remain so. Perhaps they will return to normal in a few days…

Opening the door, she was nearly barreled over by the eldritch as he was eager to check on her in his own way, which consisted of a lot of careful touches, sniffs, and licks. After a minute of that, he detached from her side and took her by the hand, leading her out of the room and back to the bed. Hermione sat down confusedly, but Pennywise was already pulling her up further, nearly dragging her back onto the mattress to sleep more.

“Hey! Penn!? I’m fine! And I’m most definitely not tired!” she protested, wrenching her arm out of the boy’s grip and stubbornly crossing them across her breasts.

Pennywise fumed angrily, his eyes flaring amber-red in the shade of the canopy curtains. He mirrored her posture, and Hermione huffed in indignation, waltzing over to her armchair and sitting down to read from her novel she’d started the other day. The eldritch growled when she simply ignored him, so he hopped off the bed and jumped onto the chair, crawling into her lap like an overgrown cat.

“Are you going to be nice now?” she turned to look at him and he stuck his dark tongue out at her, burying his face into her chest.

“I see. Well, I was going to take you strawberry-picking today, but I guess we don’t have to do that…” Pennywise growled at her, holding the blackened mating bite between his teeth in a show of dominance.

“You’re going to have to stop that if you want to go…” he finally let go, but instead pulled down her shirt to get at the dripping breasts that he’d been eyeing up since she reawoke.

Letting Pennywise have his breakfast, Hermione just hoped that he would behave himself while they were out in public. He’d been a little troublesome that morning.

★★★
“Will you stop shaking? You’re making me nervous,” Hermione hissed to the boy clutching her arm like a lifeline.

He gaped up at her with wide eyes, twitching as his mouth tried and failed to make noise, “I-I-I-I… c-can’t…”

The witch sighed, kneeling down to the dirt next to the bushes and helping him do the same. When both were below the tops of the greenery, she grasped his hands, running her thumbs over his fingers soothingly. All around them, supple red berries stood out amongst the dark leaves, urging the couple to pluck them from their branches.

“Then what’s wrong?” she asked patiently, watching his lip quiver as he tried to vocalize his chaotic thoughts.

“I’m s-scared… I t-th-th-think,” he finally rasped, “I’m hungry, and I don’t want to hurt you again. I’m not scary like this! I need to hunt— Ohh… we’re sooo far from inner-Derry…” Pennywise lamented, “my territory… my sewers… mine…” he growled menacingly.

“You won’t,” Hermione promised, and he wasn’t sure if she was assuring him of her confidence in him, or not allowing him to hunt for terrified human flesh.

He nodded mutely either way, knowing that it was for the best that he hunt another animal rather than humans. Luckily, he still had his mate to give him the emotional supplement for his meals. It would have to do. He didn’t have much of a choice.

Hermione pressed a gentle peck to his forehead. He’d been very quiet since they’d arrived, paranoid even. The other occupants in the fields seemed to startle him, making him skittish for some reason. He was still physically young, so perhaps this was his body’s way of telling him to stay out of trouble until he was fully grown again, whenever that happened to be. If it was, it was an odd way of showing his self-preservation.

Donning his younger child disguise once more, he’d been attached to her hip, even clinging to her side despite his four-foot-five height. While being only a foot shorter, he seemed to be actively trying to widen that gap by curling in on himself. It was certainly odd for her, to say the least. Despite all that, they’d been able to enjoy their time picking strawberries with the exception of Pennywise accidentally picking a few under-ripe ones. By the time they left the scorching hot farm, they had two large baskets in tow.

The ripe fruits were promptly cleaned upon their return to Hermione’s home, and the witch was surprised to see her mate poking around the house in a way that reminded her of a cat rubbing itself along furniture to scent it. Well, at least he isn’t urinating all over like a dog, or trying to hump everything. Shivering in discomfort, she continued her menial task until Pennywise came to assist her by putting the shrunken container into the fridge.

Curling around the witch where she stood against the counter, Pennywise yawned comfortably and she sighed, relieved that he was calmed down from before. Bending over slightly, she picked the surprisingly light eldritch up and brought him out into the living room. Hermione sat down on the couch, cradling her mate as he watched her turn on the television to a harmless program that was more geared towards children. Pennywise purred, falling into a slight doze to the sound of her heartbeat.
The bowling ball rolled down the alley, knocking over every single one of the pins in one go. Hermione blinked at the sight, tilting her head to see it from a different angle. Suddenly, she snorted, chuckling as the ten-year old eldritch grinned smugly at her. There was no way he got a strike on his first try at bowling.

“You little cheater!” she lightly chastised him and he gasped mock-surprisedly.

“No, I’m not!” he countered childishly, “I’m just good at this game.”

Shrugging, he grabbed another heavy ball with little effort and rolled it down the alley, knocking down every single pin once more, “See, ‘Mione?”

“All I see is a bloody little cheater,” she muttered, “beginner’s luck,” my arse!

She’d decided to take Pennywise bowling to keep him busy, and it had taken a bit less effort than the previous day to get him comfortable in a close public setting which also was within inner-Derry. As long as he was distracted, he was fine. Also, she could keep her eyes on him so he wouldn’t snap and go on a bloodlust-induced killing spree without her noticing.

She had to help him sort out a suitable diet that didn’t include innocent human flesh. The thought had come to her before, but it was becoming a rapidly growing issue despite Pennywise’s reluctance to inform her of his internal suffering until it was too late. That certainly would have to stop if he wanted her help, and he certainly seemed like he did.

Her stomach heaved uncomfortably, signaling another impending vomiting-session. Nearly shouting a nonspecific excuse at her mate, she ran off to the dingy bowling alley bathrooms that smelled of cigarettes and booze. Unfortunately, the smelly combo triggered an intense flood of the witch’s stomach to rise as her twitching fingers fumbled to close the stall door and her sagging legs struggled to get her over to the toilet bowl. She moaned helplessly as she kneeled harshly on the sticky floor that was likely riddled with various bacteria. However, that ceased to matter when the torrent of puke spewed from her mouth in a way that reminded her of The Exorcist.

Tears flowed down her ashen face at the sheer feeling of expelling so much so fast. Shaking, she raised her head out of the bowl determinedly, intending to make a doctor’s appointment as soon as possible. This wasn’t a normal stomach bug.

★★★

Pennywise watched nervously as his mate ran off to the bathroom in the same manner as she had the previous day. While it was to be expected, it was also quite concerning to him. He knew that human females became frequently ill when they carried children, but instinctively, he knew that eldritch females did not. So, he was caught in a confusing tug-of-war between his rational side and his primal side. Should I go to her? Or shall I give her space? His fingers twitched, agitated at the other humans around him in the recreational establishment.
In the end, he walked outside to wait for her in the fresh air. The parking lot was rather empty, as it was a nice day out and most would rather not spend that time indoors. Pennywise tapped his foot, ruffling his short curly brown hair so it looked a bit messier as he preferred hers.

“Hey there, kid? Would you like some candy?” an eager voice spoke from behind him.

Whipping around, Pennywise took in a seedy-looking man with ragged clothing and a perverted leer etched across his sketchy features. The eldritch retched internally at the man’s scent, but delighted in the free meal that had just walked up to him. *Hermione wouldn’t notice. Hermione wouldn’t care. He’s just a waste of oxygen. He preys on children for his disgusting fetishes. He deserves to die....*

Turning his features to something much more innocent, he smiled back at the doomed pervert, crossing his arms cutely behind his back.

“I sure do, mister! Where is it?” he chirped happily, causing the other man to chuckle darkly.

“It’s just over here. Follow me,” his child hand grasped onto the disgusting sweaty wrist with a death-like grip and pulled him along to where he pointed to, “Ow! Hey, kid!”

When they were away from prying eyes, and conveniently hidden away behind the bowling alley, Pennywise let go, circling around the man like a shark until he stood in front of the only exit.

“Where is it?” the boy stated rather than asked, his blank inflection echoing the blankness flattening his expression.

“Whaa?” the man blinked confusedly at the eldritch’s suddenly emotionless aura.

“*Where is it?”* Pennywise demanded impassively, “the *candy* …? Oh, don’t tell me you don’t have any… I’d be *very* unhappy...”

The older man shook his head, chuckling as he tried to salvage his half-baked idea of luring the boy into the alley for his own amusement, “Oh… it’s right here,” he rasped, moving his hand down to unzip his jeans.

“Don’t bother,” Pennywise bit out scathingly with a wolfish grin, halting the lecher in his tracks, “mine’s bigger anyway...”

Looking over to the boy where he stood, he finally noticed the burning amber eyes shining in the dimness of the alleyway. They glimmered like a cat’s eyes, but they reflected nothing but malice and the promise of a slow death. Their pupils were like black holes, swallowing all that was good in the world. Pennywise’s teeth changed for the strike, sharpening in less than a second as he widened his grin to something utterly inhuman.

A sharp giggle sounded from the eldritch’s throat. It sounded ugly and wrong with his body, and even more so when it fell into a baritone chuckle. The terrible sound filled the dismal alley, startling the dumpster-diving rats into scurrying towards the entrance. His food shivered fearfully, *perfect.*

“*Where are you going? I’m hungry...*” Pennywise chuckled darkly, suddenly standing right in front of his prey.

The man gasped harshly, realizing that he had nowhere to run as his eyes darted around in search of an escape route, “Please… I don’t wanna die!”

“And I don’t like junk food, but... Here. We. Are...” the eldritch spat hungrily, finally lunging towards the taller man with unparalleled swiftness.
Both males fell to the ground and the human cried out as his back was broken from the impact. His limbs remained still, even as he tried to move them. Pennywise grinned as his food was still conscious, but unable to run. Scuttling down to the pervert’s feet, he took off his shoes and the man gasped terrifiedly as his entire left foot was torn off by the sharpened teeth. Because he couldn’t feel the pain of the removal, the eldritch had sinister intentions to draw out the torture.

The flood of human fear on his taste buds was heavenly, and Pennywise could feel his deadlights preen at their task of quickly metabolizing the meal he was about to ingest. Looking down at his prey, he noticed the fear in his hazel eyes and smiled bloodily, showing off what he promised to do the rest of him. Both of their skins paled, but for different reasons. Soon enough, a smaller red-haired clown knelted before the bleeding man with eager black claws shredding through his gloves. All the while, the lecher blathered on, asking for enough forgiveness and mercy to make the clown giggle maniacally. He was pleading to the wrong deity.

After getting only a bit of human fear into his body, he simply craved more. The rest of his meal was a bit of a blur. Pennywise remembered eating the entire right leg in under fifteen seconds. His prey’s cries for help and screams ceased to matter as he made it so they couldn’t be heard. Even so, he made noise until the clown reached the intestines. Eerie silence washed over the alleyway, only broken by the squishy sounds of chewing and tearing into the pale cooling flesh.

He felt better than he had in weeks, and that was saying a lot. It was then that he berated himself for forgetting how amazing human fear tasted. Blood trickled down his chin, staining his costume enough that he wouldn’t be able to deny his actions when Hermione saw him. Hermione…

Pennywise choked, remembering his mate and her impending rage towards him. He shook his head erratically. No. She should be happy I ate this maggot over others. Unlocking like a snake’s, his jaw widened to fit the final piece of the corpse into his body: the head. When he stood before the giant blood patch on the asphalt, he worked a bit of mind tampering so others wouldn’t even notice it. Lastly, he prodded a bit of discarded flesh with his foot. The eldritch cackled. He’d been right. His was bigger.

Changing his appearance back to that of Hermione’s “son,” he wandered back to the front of the bowling alley only to see the woman herself stumble out of the bowling alley looking worse for wear as her fiery eyes narrowed at him.

“Ice cream. Now,” she growled menacingly and he moaned horny at her forceful tone, catching himself so she couldn’t hear his admittance.

Following behind her obediently, he held her hand and she gripped it gratefully. Pennywise purred as she assisted him in buckling his seat in the car. Her soft hands skimmed his chest and arms and he wanted to rut against her so badly after his first hunt in weeks. His blood hummed to spread his victorious genes to his offspring, and he hoped he had. The waiting game for both the act and the product was torturous.

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Hermione muttered curses under her breath as she shoveled spoonfuls of chocolate brownie ice cream into her glamoured yet sharp-toothed mouth. The eldritch simply watched her silently, licking tentatively at his strawberry cone. After she was done eating, the witch simply hunched over and rested her head on the cool surface of the table with a groan. Pennywise pouted concernedly and
reached for her hand underneath the table.

“Are you okay, Hermione?”

She said nothing, preferring to sigh quietly, “Please… you’re scaring me…”

Hermione huffed humorously at the idea of scaring the eldritch, and raised her head up to answer him before catching something behind him out of the corner of her eye. Gasping quietly, the woman ducked down behind a menu, pretending to look at it concentratedly. Pennywise tilted his head but ultimately turned around to see what had spooked her. Upon seeing who had entered the establishment, he too ducked under a menu, just as worried as she was.

“Hermione!” the owner’s voice called out happily and the witch faked surprise for a moment.

“Hey, Beverly. How are you?” she asked genuinely, actually wanting to know how the other girl was coping after her father’s death.

“I’m… alright. Better than… before,” she scratched her head with a carefree smile.

“Oh… Well, that’s good…” Hermione trailed off unsurely, wondering why talking to Beverly suddenly felt rather awkward.

She supposed it had been easier before she mated Pennywise and easier before she began taking care of him. While they were still friends, there was this barrier of stiffness between her and the other Losers. Hermione needed to mend that before they became suspicious.

“So, who’s this?” Beverly looked to Pennywise, who tried to shrink down into his seat as she addressed him.

“Oh!” Hermione nearly shouted “this is my cousin… Bobby…”

The disguised clown’s nose wrinkled at the name, but he nodded along with her lie, turning to Beverly with a small grin, “Hi…”

Looking down at her watch, she gasped with false urgency, “Oh, Merlin! Would you look at the time? I need to get Bobby to practice in ten minutes. We’ll have to catch up some other time, Beverly?”

“Oh course… See you… later?” she trailed off as she realized that neither Hermione or her previously unknown cousin were still in the parlor. Huh… That was weird…

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“She tried to kill me! Twice!” Pennywise shouted at her once the front door was shut behind them, “Why do you still want to be her friend??”

“Because she doesn’t have many others to rely on! Does that sound familiar, Pennywise? Because that goes for you too!” Hermione shouted back angrily, stomping into the kitchen to grab something else to eat.

“You’re my mate! So you need to obey me!” he poked her shoulder and she turned around with narrowed eyes that promised pain should he touch her again.
“Listen you misogynistic shape-shifting twit… I can do whatever the bloody hell I want, and you can just fucking watch me!” she hissed menacingly and the clown would never admit how aroused he was from her commanding voice.

Hermione looked like she was going to add to her argument, but instead, she shoved past him with a jar full of pickles and stomped up the stairs. Pennywise sat there stunned, but startled at hearing the bedroom door slam echo throughout the silent house. Unabashedly, he began to weep even though he wasn’t truly sad. Confused, he brought a hand up to wipe the tears from his cheeks and examine them as they didn’t actually float up to the ceiling like they usually did.

He knew that female eldrichts could transfer a bit of their emotions to their mates on some occasions where the feeling was especially strong, but this was new. Never before had he even heard of actually sharing the emotional experience. Perhaps this was evidence that their mating bond was especially strong. Another possibility was a link forming between them with their young as the coordinators who connected them to each other. If this was the case, it would not be surprising to have an especially powerful telepath in the brood.

Sighing at the thought, he carefully tiptoed up the stairs, still crying with little dry heaves as he ascended. Knocking on the door, he wondered if she even wanted to see him. A moment later, the door swung open on its own and Pennywise wandered into the dark room, shutting the wooden door behind him. Luckily, his cat-like eyes allowed him to see the space fully even in the dark.

Hermione was curled defensively away from him, but her shoulders shook with the same little dry heaves. The eldritch keened sadly, running over to her and lying down on the bed where she layed. Exhaustion abruptly set into his consciousness so fast that he almost didn’t catch her words that came in between her sharp breaths.

“I’m sorry for yelling at you… You deserve to be angry… I-I don’t… I’m not... “ she sighed raggedly, “I don’t know what’s wrong with me…”

“It’s okay, Hermione… I still love you, even when you are angry with me,” Pennywise nuzzled her neck comfortably, magically changing them into their pajamas and lulling his distressed mate to sleep with his purrs.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo! That was a lot of things to cover in one chapter!

Hermione is having mood swings and cravings already, along with the morning sickness. Yet she is still in denial over the possibility of being pregnant. Pennywise finally gave in and ate a pedophile without her noticing. Beverly is a bit suspicious of her and her "cousin," and now we have some unintentional consequences from their mating bond.

This is only going to get more chaotic for our characters from here!

Thank you all for keeping this story in mind! I’ve been watching the number of hits grow even while I am away. Your kudos, bookmarks, and especially your comments are very much appreciated. I try to answer you more inquisitive readers when I can, and it is you who give me the little nudges to keep writing during my downtime. Once again, thank you.
Revelations

Chapter Notes

Whoo! This is a big boi! Get ready for about 6,300 words of sex, emotional upheaval, reconciliation, and more sex. I was feeling ambitious and procrastinating, so here is the product of that combo.
I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 13th, 1989

Hermione awoke to the feeling of being spooned by someone much larger than her. Her half-asleep mind knew something was off, but her unconscious side was unable to compute the figurative equation. Instead, she felt her hand around behind her head, catching tufty hair and heated smooth skin beneath her fingertips. A guttural purr rumbled through her diaphragm and the witch shuddered with want.

One of those devilishly hot hands tilted her off her side until she was flat on her back against the mattress. Blindly, Hermione groped at the sheets beside her while the larger body cradled her own from above. Sinful, soft lips with hard teeth trailed along the exposed skin along her navel, nipping at her plush hips as they ascended. Wetness entered her belly button along with what felt like a writhing serpent, making the witch squirm in her sleep.

Cool air brushed her pebbling skin as her only covering was removed. Her nipples became hard and her skin erupted in gooseflesh as her mind tried to rationalize what was happening. Luckily, the heated presence above her pressed down, bringing soft warmth with it. The lips were at her breasts, sucking slowly to draw out the liquid in a way that didn’t rouse her from consciousness. After a few minutes of that, they moved up to her neck and stayed there, nipping and sucking at her creamy skin.

Something prodded at her core now, slipping covertly underneath her panties and rubbing sensuously along her snatch. The dual sensations were disarming, forcing her to arch up into the body with a pleased moan. Falling back into the mattress knocked Hermione out of her unconsciousness and she gasped at the sight above her.

Pennywise was… back to his old self. Sure enough, the seven-foot-tall eldritch was hunched over his mate, completely blocking the sun’s rays from hitting her skin. His own skin was flushed slightly with his current arousal and his general lack of clothing didn’t help her eyes focus on anywhere but on the clown’s erection that certainly had an intention for penetration. It was pointed right at her, and dripping with the black pre she was all too familiar with.

Before she could say anything, he was on her, stealing lengthy kiss after lengthy kiss from her. In his distraction, he quickly found his way inside her cavern and she brokenly cried out in both surprise and pleasure. Oh~ Merlin… She’d missed this.

Pennywise smirked at her, rolling his hips slowly so he could go deeper without causing his mate too much pain. When he’d awoken to find that his height and libido had returned, he was so ecstatic to
enjoy them both that it hadn’t even mattered that Hermione was sleeping. He was horny and he needed her body to satisfy his arousal. She’d been angelic in sleep, but now that she was awake, naked, and writhing beneath him, she was akin to a beautiful succubus in his eyes.

Their love-making this time was slow yet incredibly passionate and Hermione wasn’t quite sure how to deal with it. He was acting like she hadn’t been figuratively raising him for the last four days. The mental struggles she’d been through concerning her romantic feelings for an immortal being in a child’s body didn’t seem to matter to him. While she simultaneously felt stupid for believing he had such morals, she also knew that they were well-founded and kept her on the side of order and humanity.

Almost out of nowhere, he came, punching her own orgasm out of her twitching body. Pure sinful heat filled the witch’s insides and she cried out at how full she felt with the clown’s bulbous knot preventing any of his semen from escaping her battered opening. His dark hands came down to rub her distended stomach and she keened highly, taking an odd amount of pleasure from the action. Pennywise chuckled at her little noises as he bent down to finish off her milking. Gulping down his last swallows, he licked his lips with his dark tongue, making smouldering eye contact with her wide whisky orbs.

“There… empty,” he rubbed her sore nubs and she whimpered, “and full…” the clown trailed his fingers along her small bump.

“How is my little mouse doing today?” he purred contently, internally celebrating his regained height over the witch.

The clown’s purposeful hands on her stomach drew out some high-pitched moans from her, but luckily, Hermione was able to answer through them, “I am… fine. Very full… no thanks to you…” she winced upon trying to move.

Pennywise clicked his tongue at her before pushing her back into a lying position, “My knot… Remember, doll? Gotta keep us connected for a few minutes more…” he rasped along her neck as he bent over her prone form on the bed.

Huffing, the witch laid back and tried to stay unmoving, but for some reason, her body was undeniably restless. Little twitches wracked through her spent form and she whimpered at the feeling of her mate’s re-hardening knot moving along with her. Pennywise chuckled at her situation, but decided to be merciful as he could feel her full bladder pressing warmly against his member. While he didn’t mind being attached to her while she relieved herself, in fact, it would help get her scent onto his body much like a dog marking its territory, he knew she wouldn’t appreciate the sentiment.

He instead chittered lowly, pressing himself further into her shivering body, “Be still, mate,” he ordered in his own tongue, “you are safe with me… safe to grow our clutch in your womb… No harm shall come to any of you…”

Hermione instantly calmed, but looked up at him in confusion. His chittering noises seemed to come from a place of love, and he sounded sincere. She wished she could understand what he’d said, but it seemed like he would have spoken plainly had it not been more private. Leaning up, she brushed her soft lips along his and he took the bait, kissing her with less lust and more tenderness.

A quiet squelch filled her ears and she could feel her snatch surrender her mate’s limp cock. Sated, she reclined with her eyes gently shut, but winced at the slow trickle of fluids from her channel threatening to spill onto her sheets. Suddenly it seemed to crawl back into her cervix and she felt cleaner than ever. Smiling slightly, she pressed a gentle peck of gratitude to the clown’s cheek and got up to use the bathroom.
When she was done a little while later, Pennywise was still lying naked on the bed. He threw a seductive wink complete with eyebrow twitches at her but she only rolled her eyes in response, strolling over to her wardrobe to get dressed. All the while, she could feel his eyes on her arse as she rifled through her shorts. Abruptly, there was a large hand cupping her left arse-cheek and she jumped about a foot in the air, emitting a high-pitched squeal.

The clown’s giggling met her ears as his other arm came around her front to hold her to him while he groped her bum to his black heart’s content. To her surprise, he seemed more fascinated by the texture and density of the globes rather than aroused. However, judging by the hot metal rod against her hip, he was plenty aroused. Whimpering, she pushed back against him, unsure about another round so soon. Of course, he ignored her.

“I just love these… They’re like soft melons… If you weren’t my mate, I would take a bite out of them and see just how juicy they really are…” Hermione gasped harshly as she felt a sudden pain and heard the sound of skin slapping against skin.

“No… maybe they’re more like apples… I could get them to be that color…” he made a contemplative noise and the witch gaped at his audacity, “maybe if you’ve been a bad girl, that will be your punishment…”

“You bloody—ow!” she moved to berate him and he simply slapped her bum again, outright cackling as she wiggled in his grasp, “Let. Me. Go!”

“Hmm…” he seemed to consider her demand, “Nah… that’d be too easy. Besides,” he juggled her so she was off the ground yet not putting pressure on her stomach, “I like holding you in my arms…” he purred and Hermione gasped, falling limp abruptly.

“I am going to vomit on you if you don’t let me down this instant,” she gagged and Pennywise could immediately feel her discomfort through their bond.

His pale face somehow turned more ashen as he set her down and she immediately ran into the bathroom. Her retches could be heard easily through the door and he paced concernedly outside the room. It was usually only once a day that she became sick, but it varied too much to be able to pinpoint exactly what and how it was setting her off. This time, it was a no-brainer: being picked up and jostled around. Pennywise made a mental note to be more careful in these early stages. It certainly wouldn’t do to handle his mate wrong and accidentally force her to lose their young. Her sickness seems to be from them in the first place. She’d been perfectly fine before mating with him.

The clown’s feet paddled along the bedroom floor before stopping abruptly. Swiveling, he took in the puffed-up cat that was standing in the doorway. Crookshank’s amber eyes were tense as he let out a low yowl. His fur was puffed up and he looked ready to go on the defensive. Pennywise tilted his head confusedly, but the cat merely hissed at him before darting into the room and sprinting under the bed. He shrugged offhandedly, stupid cat…

Hermione emerged from the bathroom not ten seconds later and went back over to lay on the bed. Groaning, she curled into a foetal position and a meow sounded beneath her. Crookshanks happily crawled out of his hiding place and hopped onto the bed next to his mistress. Purring, he nuzzled her stomach and curled up in the available space between her breasts and her thighs.

Pennywise moved to spoon his mate from behind, but her cat hissed loudly and attempted to scratch him. While the effort was utterly pathetic coming from the elderly feline, the intent was perfectly clear. Crookshanks didn’t want him anywhere near Hermione. But why? Why now after all the times we’ve mated in this very room?
“You heard him, you bloody wanker… Fuck off… No more sex today…” she whispered, falling back asleep.

Pennywise snarled silently, balling his fists at her rude refusal of contact with him. Instead of forcing her to comply, he focused on the cat’s odd behavior. Crookshanks still glared at him from his spot against Hermione’s abdomen. However, that wasn’t the odd aspect of the situation. The odd aspect was that the cat was purring at the same time he was glaring at him. He tilted his head confusingly at the mixed signals and tried to decipher them.

Luckily, the cat seemed to roll its eyes a second later and pointedly nuzzled the covered skin of her stomach and Pennywise’s tiny black heart dropped into his gut. His pupils contracted, focusing on that specific spot Crookshanks nuzzled. He knelt placatingly, nonverbally begging the orange fluffy being to let him come closer. The cat seemed to consider his request and ultimately huffed out a breath, falling into a more lazy position.

Hermione seemed so far away as he crawled closer, taking each inch as if it were a mile. When he finally made it over to them, Crookshanks moved so he was sitting on the witch’s other side yet still able to watch the clown’s every move in case he pulled something sneaky. Pulling up her shirt, he pressed his nose carefully into her abdomen before inhaling. There was cherry, vanilla, and all of his mate’s usual smells. Nothing out of the ordinary… except…

There was a new smell. It was subtle, subdued. It smelled fresh, and pure, like dew grass after a storm. It was basal, like damp earth, but there was also a floral smell. Peaches… Looking over to Crookshanks, his amber eyes seemed to voice every single question crossing his mind in that moment, and the cat’s reflected the answer: yes.

Suddenly, the room felt small, too small. His powers teleported him back into the sewer and he immediately hated the contrasting smells. Where Hermione smelled of purity and freshness, his lair smelled of desecration and decay. The overpowering smell of death had left the space a while ago, leaving only behind the scents that came afterwards while a corpse rotted away. Despite this, nothing was going to spoil this moment. Screeching at the top of his lungs like a giddy pterodactyl, he darted around the toppling trophy pile like a happy rabbit on crack.

It didn’t matter that his food stores had been pilfered by the rats. He was going to be a father. It didn’t matter that Crookshanks scented the change in her scent before he did. He was going to be a father. Hermione didn’t have a clue, but that didn’t matter. He was going to be a— Pennywise stopped in his tracks, his stature drooping slightly in agitation. She couldn’t know, and he couldn’t tell her… yet. Care and precision would have to go into revealing that particular detail, and he wasn’t sure how to break the news.

Nonetheless, foggy and vague images of little feet and little hands swarmed his mind’s eye. Heads full of red and brown curly fuzz resembling the peaches they smelled like filled him with such fondness. Baby blue and whisky eyes blinked happily, and little gummy smiles opened wide as the hands reached for him. It was beautiful. They were beautiful, something completely undeserved for a being like him. It was one thing to wish for offspring, but it was another to actually be expecting them.

He’d never considered himself to even possibly become a sire, let alone a father. His own was only a fleeting impression in his memory, as he’d left before he’d been old enough to hunt on his own. His dam was even less in his mind, as she’d allegedly given him to his father at birth, disgusted by his frail-looking form. One of the only memories of his father included the older eldritch telling him as such. Soon after that, he’d been left all alone in a dimension all his own, or so he’d thought.

Maturin had discovered him soon after his abandonment, when he’d been at his most savage and
starving in such a blank void. Planets fell before his seemingly eternal hunger. There was no fear to satisfy him anywhere, the universe was too young to have many sentient beings that experienced powerful fear. He too was young, and ignorant to what he was doing. There was no remorse, only gluttony and malice.

As he remembered it, he’d outwitted the old turtle multiple times, even getting into other squabbles with other lifeforms and celestial beings alike. He’d only regenerated a few times, but it was during this fragile period when Maturin finally caught up to him. As punishment for the damage he’d brought upon the universe, he was imprisoned in Derry until… her, his mate, the mother of his children, came into his life and set him free from that mindset.

Though, he could still feel that same gluttony and malice bubbling underneath his calm outer shell. Inside, he was brewing. It was the reason for eating that pedophile when he’d approached him. His hunger was eternal, but it wasn’t all-consuming anymore. He could feel now that there was simply more to eternal life than consuming human fear.

Gathering up his collective cool, he teleported back up to Hermione’s bedroom and froze. Crookshanks had been waiting on the bed, seemingly for him. The cat tilted his head down sadly, noting a rather crucial detail of the room’s inhabitants, or lack thereof. It was Hermione. She wasn’t there. She wasn’t anywhere in the house. She was gone.

Pennywise’s heart dropped into his gut for the second time that afternoon until he realized that Hermione was still in Derry. Confused at her supposed location, he figured that he moved too quickly and that she therefore felt threatened by his presence and actions towards her that day. Sheepishly, he had to somewhat agree with her. He’d been rash and undeniably bold to not only initiate sex, but also harass her afterwards.

Drooping in sadness at Hermione’s avoiding behavior, he moved to curl up on the bed and wait until she returned, but then he remembered where he’d been not five minutes ago. Pulling himself away as if he’d been burned, the clown nearly ran into the bathroom and scrubbed his skin raw until it held no visible trace of possible sewer germs. With a snap of his fingers, his uniform was in the wash, and he instead stood in the mirror as Bill Gray dressed in a neat dark suit.

Fidgeting with his collar, he wondered if it was enough, if he was enough. Bill Gray hadn’t ruined his impression yet, and she’d likely been missing him. Stopping in his movements, he glanced back up into his own unearthly blue eyes and traced every smooth and hard edge of his shorter body. In the public eye, this is who he would have to be for Hermione, for their children. They’d be terrified of Pennywise, the Dancing Clown, and he didn’t think he could bear the idea of his own young clinging to Hermione’s side with their heads buried in her sides, unable to stand the sight of him.

Disheartened, he conjured a bouquet of red roses and hoped that they would help. The scent was subdued as to not aggravate her sensitive nose and it provided the feelings of love and appreciation he wanted to express as well as his apology. Their only drawback was the generic aspect of the flowers themselves. It was cliche, but they were all he had to give. Any more would make her even more angry with him, as she would know that he required whatever gift she received through immoral means. Sighing with his eyes closed, he teleported just outside of Derry’s High School and realized that she wasn’t inside, but on top.

Gasping, he sprinted around the building, hoping she wasn’t going to try anything stupid near the edges. When he saw a familiar pair of feet sticking over the side, he keened nervously, but reigned himself in. He was Bill Gray, and he would not resort to animalistic noises to express himself. At least… I hope not...
A late-summer wind blew through Hermione’s curls, sending them cascading behind her shoulders. The ever changing colors of the evening sky poked through the large puffy clouds, and the witch revelled in the perfect vantage point to watch the sun set beneath the skyline. Soon after falling asleep, she was awoken by a distinct urge to get some fresh air, and her magic seemed to lead her to the roof of Derry’s High School building despite the fact that she’d never been up there during her stay in the small town.

Never one to rule out such instincts, Hermione obeyed them and found herself thankful that she did. It was peaceful, beautiful, and the perfect place for people-watching. The air was crisp and untainted by the toxic scents of drugs, alcohol, and human waste; just what she needed, craved. Shaking her head slowly as not to aggravate her frequent sickness, she wondered if this was another change brought on by Pennywise’s blood.

However, if that were the case, then why was it urging her to get out in the open rather than down into the smelly sewer tunnels where she would be safer from who knows what. That’s exactly it, isn’t it? There isn’t anything stronger than eldritch, other than humans and other celestial beings like Maturin… but that seems to go both ways… she considered, remembering the visible scars on the turtle’s massive beak.

Breathing a staggered sigh, Hermione realized how stupid she’d been. I’ve treated him as a misbehaving child, feeding him. He’s still dependant on blood and emotions to survive, and he always will be. How could I be so blind?! As if I could even think to change that...

Something had occurred over the last two days for the eldritch to grow so quickly in such a short period of time. Human blood seemed to heal him, and she definitely didn’t remember giving him access to any large amounts during the last forty-eight hours. That bloody bastard! Hermione fumed, balling her hands into fists as angry tears began rolling down her face. She sobbed at the thought of another innocent life taken because of her negligence to keep an eye on her mate at all times. Who did I let die this time?!

This needed to stop. She needed to find out for sure if hunting human fear was a necessity for him or if he could hunt regular animals’ fear instead. A conversation needed to happen if they were going to move past this issue for good.

Suddenly, a weak sounding voice was calling up to her. Hermione sighed, knowing who it was. Peeking over the roof of the building, she leveled a withering grimace at the sight of Bill Gray slouching sadly with a bouquet of roses clutched in one fist. Her left eyebrow rose as her right temple pulsed with a small headache. Tch… prat.

“What do you want, Penn?” she laid so she was on her side, yet still able to see him clearly, “Unless you’re here to confess, explain, and apologize… preferably in that order, we have nothing to say to each other.”

A momentary look of confusion seemed to grace his forlorn features before a set expression of determination took over fully. Seemingly from his hand, a red balloon appeared. Confused, Hermione wondered what he planned to do with it, but her unspoken question was answered when he allowed it to go above his head. He began to rise, pulled by the balloon that evidently seemed able to carry more weight than it let on. A few seconds later, they were at eye-level, and after even less, he was standing next to her, popped balloon fragments littering the roof. Sitting down next to her, he reached for her hand, but she stubbornly kept it out of his reach. Pouting sadly, he sighed, looking
“Could you at least tell me what you’re accusing me of?”

He wasn’t prepared for a slap to the face. While it wasn’t painful for more than a millisecond, the overall meaning behind it felt a thousand times worse. The skin was left partially red and would probably leave a bit of a bruise on his human skin should he choose to leave it alone. Pennywise was stunned nonetheless, and belatedly noticed that his mate was speaking to him with watery eyes.

“Don’t play the ignorant boy-toy with me, you arsehole! You think some fancy dress-up and touching would make me blind? I’m on to you… and when you suddenly age a decade and a half, I bloody fucking notice!” she was sobbing now, crumpling his white dress-shirt in equally pale fists.

She seemed to lean forward in slow-motion, sinking her wet face into his chest and clinging to him. He let her cry, not wanting to interrupt her emotional grapple. From scent alone, he could feel her despair over whatever was bothering her. There was also anger directed at both herself and him. What surprised him were the little flickers of sleepy confusion, like how one gets when waking up to a disrupting noise, radiating from her stomach. They nearly made him chuckle. Wrapping his arms around his mate, he began purring to lull her into a calmer mindset.

"Don’t worry, my little bugs… Mommy just needs to calm down. She’s okay. Daddy will make her all better. Go back to sleep...

“How many?” Hermione gasped when her breathing returned to normal, “How many children did you murder so you could return to this age?” Pennywise froze, finally getting what she was insinuating.

Grimacing, he answered, “None—” Hermione squirmed in his grasp but he held tight.

“You lying son of a—” Pennywise growled angrily at her, stopping her last word before it passed through her lips.

“I’m not lying! I can’t stand the idea of eating children anymore!” he froze again, realizing what he’d just admitted aloud.

“What…?” Hermione squinted at him, tilting her head to look at his features with a new angle, “Then, how did you age so fast?” Pennywise sighed, loosening his arms around her.

“There was an adult male… he found pleasure in children …” he hissed gutturally, “he found me as a child… I ate him after getting him alone.

Hermione’s eyes became sad once more and her hand came up to cradle the cheek she slapped, “I’m sorry… I should have listened. You did the right thing. The world needs less people like him.”

“It’s alright,” he pulled her into a chaste kiss, “I wouldn’t have believed me either…”

“No, it’s not alright,” Hermione hiccuped, “I’ve been starving you, Penn… Human fear is...

“Desirable, but not necessary,” he informed her, clasping his hands over her stomach, unconsciously wishing he could already feel the little taps of hands or feet through her skin, “It’s like a drug for me… It’s so damn delicious and I crave it. Eating that… wretch… was the best-tasting thing I’ve eaten in weeks.”

“But, what about animal meat?” Hermione piped up quietly, tracing his hands where they rested.

Pennywise chuckled dryly, “They don’t fear the slaughter, their own deaths, nothing. It would only taste fine if I were to hunt it, startle it, make its last moments utter torture before putting it out of its
misery.”

The witch sighed, bringing her hands up to card through his brown hair, “Then do that, if you must… Kill criminals if you must… Don’t kill innocent people… Others will come for you, like I did, intending to kill you…”

Pennywise winced, knowing that she was right. He would have to cut back. After all, it wasn’t just about his own life anymore. He had a mate, and a child, maybe even multiple, on the way, people he’s now responsible for. There was no way he could lose them because of something that he’d done while hunting.

“Okay, love. I’ll make it work… But that means I’ll need a bit of incentive…” he snickered, raising his hands to cup her breasts, “These’ll do just fine…” Hermione scowled at him.

“But, you already milk me like a bloody cow a few times a day,” she growled irritatedly and he giggled darkly.

“Oh. Silly me. I guess I’ll have to pick something else…” he purred hornily, nibbling on her neck with sharp little pinpricks of fangs as his devilishly cold fingers snuck under her panties to rub her clit.

“No! No additional bodily fluids, and no sexual favors!” she swatted at him and he chuckled mischievously, fully intending on getting those things out of her either way.

“Fine. It’ll be pro bono… for now,” he rasped, licking a hot stripe up the side of her neck, “unless you decide to change your mind, doll—”

A sudden strangled snarl from the eldritch made her jump, but that only made him tighten his hold so she couldn’t escape, “What is this…” he hissed tensely at her.

“What is what!? You’re scaring me…” Hermione whimpered, trying to make herself smaller in the face of his abrupt anger.

Pennywise huffed, tracing the ugly-looking scars along her back, “These!”

Hermione gaped. How could she forget to re-apply the glamour that kept her battle scars hidden? Granted, the charm only wore off after a few months, but still. The witch moved to wave her wand, but the clown stopped her by grabbing onto the vine wood. She froze as he slowly took the wand from her and set it aside.

Meanwhile, he was nervous that such bodily modifications would affect the child or children in her womb, “Please, don’t. I want to see…”

“Why would you want to see some ugly old scars? You’ve seen worse,” she sputtered at his sudden urgency.

“They’re yours, Hermione. That’s why,” Pennywise murmured, leaning her forward so he could raise the hem of her shirt and trace the bumpy lines of her skin.

He would have disrobed her entirely had they not been outdoors and outside of her home, but this would do for now. As before, he could easily see that she’d been a fighter, and would be a strong mother for his young. He’d picked a prime mate, and likely couldn’t have found a stronger human female.

“You’re a fighter, mate,” he nibbled at her mark and she moaned quietly, aroused at the attention to
that particular patch of skin, “so strong, brave, fearless…”

Hermione laughed at that, “Oh? Then why do you like me if I’m so fearless?”

Pennywise laughed at her little joke, “I would have eaten you, had you been fearful.”

The witch scoffed, crossing her arms, “No, you wouldn’t have.”

Pennywise leaned over, tilting her head towards his before realizing she was sticking her tongue out. Cackling, he sucked her tongue into his mouth and acted like he was going to actually swallow it. Hermione cried out fearfully and he let her go. internally, he was rolling in the aisles, but his mate wasn’t amused.

“C’mere, you little hellcat,” he giggled, wrapping her up in his arms and pressing a light kiss to her mating bite.

“I won’t eat you. I promise,” he purred into her ear and she whined.

Knowing the drill, he let her go and she went over to the side of the building to throw up over the side. Slowly, he sucked her tongue into his mouth and acted like he was going to actually swallow it. In her daze of sickness, he rubbed her stomach, urging his young to stop using their mother’s organs as a playground. Leave her alone, pup. She’s going to go through enough for you, so the least you could do is make it easier for her.

When she was done vomiting, Hermione sat up, reaching for her wand so she could get rid of the mess littering the ground at the base of the building, “Ugh… I feel like shit, Penn… This isn’t a normal stomach bug…” she muttered and he winced, knowing the cause of her problem, but not liking the immediate solution to end it.

“Just rest, doll… Let’s go home—”

“Wait! I want to watch the sunset! Just give me a few more minutes…” she wheezed and he nodded rapidly, waddling over to grab the witch’s wand and give it back to her.

Meanwhile, the sun had begun to dip below the clouds, painting the whole town in a caramel-orange hue. Hermione had sat down, and Pennywise gathered her up in his lap like before, pressing his cheek into the side of her arm. They watched the color change from orange to red, and then red to blue over the following minutes as the sun finally disappeared below the treetops. The eldritch sighed as darkness fell, bringing a chill along with it. His mate shivered, and he wrapped her in his suit jacket before giving her a small kiss on her reddening nose.

“How?” he chirped hopefully.

“Home,” Hermione nodded, using her wand to apparate them back to her little house.

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Standing in her bedroom a few seconds later, he cradled her in his arms, lowering her onto the mattress while she looked up in confusion. Leaving her alone, Pennywise strode into the bathroom to start running a bath. As the room became steamy from the scalding water, he went back into the bedroom to play with his mate.
“I was just thinking…” she tilted her head at him, “You’ll have to look like this,” she gestured to his Bill Gray form, “more often… right?”

Pennywise nodded sheepishly and she surprised him by sitting up, wrapping her left leg around his waist, and pulling herself up onto his standing body. He moaned as their clothed genitals found each other and froze as her hips began a tantalizing rhythm of grinding and sliding along his own. Her mouth on his mark is what did him in.

“Pity… I’ll miss him,” she rasped into his ear.

Growling, he sat down on the bed and held her still. Whining, Hermione wriggled in his grasp, trying to rub her clit against something. The look in her eyes was lustful, and he couldn’t help but wonder if this was meant to be a sort of apology from their young.

“What brought this on?” he teased curiously, helping her lift her shirt off until she was nearly topless. Her milky breasts lolled in their confines, making him drool hungrily. Hermione gasped sharply as his hands gripped her buttocks under her jeans, pulling her forward into straddling his body.

“I don’t know! I just want you so bloody badly!” she nearly sobbed, scratching at him with her dull nails.

The jeans were magically disposed of along with her soaked panties and his entire outfit. Naked, he gathered her up in his human-colored arms and strode into the bathroom, turning off the faucet before the tub overflowed. Lowering her into the clear water, she moaned loudly at the unadulterated heat scalding her already-sensitive nethers.

He hopped into the large tub not ten seconds later, gathering her into his arms so she straddled him while facing his chest. Hermione cried out brokenly as the disguised clown finally slid home, his passage oddly easy with the copious amount of her fluid leaking out of her opening. She shivered as he held her down, not letting her move a single inch. Her tremors excited him, as he could tell she was close to orgasm. His knot swelled slightly in retaliation and she whimpered.

“Please, Penn… Take me… I need it!” she pleaded with sexually frustrated tears running down her face.

“Shh, shh, sh,” he hissed endearingly, “All in good time…” he rubbed his thumb into her clit with small circles and she yelped, throwing her head back into the water. The stimulation of that alone made her screech her climax, effectively causing her walls to clamp down on him with a severity that had him popping his knot inside of her womb, likely warming his young with more of his seed.

Hermione rested unconscious on his chest and he noticed that she was still wearing her bra. Removing her of the garment, Pennywise began his nightly milking and she weakly protested, trapped on his knot with no hope of escape in the next few minutes. Chuckling darkly, he slurped at her breasts and she cried out with a hoarse throat in her sleep.

“Please, stop that…” she whimpered sleepily as he moved to repeat the harsh vacuum movement on her other breast. He clicked his tongue quietly, instead delving into her dreams to see what she was thinking. To his suspicion yet utter surprise, it was sex related.

**Forced into a kneeling position, Hermione was tied up to an intricate breeding stand, naked as she could be. The witch’s ears had changed to those of a cow and she now had a tinkling bell around her neck. Two automatic milk pumps were draining her quickly of the liquid inside her teats. She whimpered lowly at their pressures on her body. Suddenly, there was a clone of his red-haired counterpart behind her and he made a noise of confusion.**
Bull horns stuck out of his hair and he had a prominent gold ring in his nose like that of a bull. He snickered at the visual, and crouched down to see that his mate had unconsciously fixed herself with another pair of breasts that lie hidden behind the others. Attached to those breasts were two little calves that had red hair with brown spots. The dream Pennywise nudged them with his nose and snuffled a bit in their direction, waiting until they'd scampered off before mounting his bovine mate with the intent of making more of them.

The Hermione cried out as she was evidently impaled on the bull’s member. She was thrown back and forth along the stand as his thrusts became more forceful. Seed began to drip down her legs and onto the dirt beneath them and the voyeur Bill Gray moaned, wishing he was the lucky male in his mate’s channel. Suddenly, there were more little calves running under Hermione’s lolling torso, nearly trampling each other to get at her milk. Suddenly, the pumps stopped, retracting into their machines and consequently freeing up her primary nubs. The four calves drank eagerly, ignoring their father’s actions at her rear.

Suddenly, there was something nudging at his shin. Looking down, he immediately noticed that one of the calves had come over to him. Upon touching him, the little one gained a more human form, looking like Hermione’s transfigured form in this dream. The little girl had brown hair and pretty cobalt eyes. Beaming, she hugged his leg and purred, crawling up his form until she had her arms around his neck in a big hug. He hugged her in return and she leaned away from him to look into his identical blue eyes.

“Hi, Daddy…” she whispered and his heart swelled.

Chapter End Notes

Btw, the children aren't going to remember her erotic dreams after they're born, so don't worry about them being scarred for life before they're even born. Well, we can at least see how Hermione's mind is interpreting his advances and behavior.

Also, I mentioned the visibility of the scars Hermione got from Dolohov's curse, and the wikipedia page said that the curse left no visible damage. However, someone commented on the lack of Dolohov's scars when I mentioned Bellatrix's scar from a LONG time ago, so I am including it now. So if they're visible or not, I have no real idea, so don't sue me! ;)

Penn now knows about the babies, she's still dealing with the morning sickness and cravings, they've had a heart to heart, and now Hermione is getting a bit of the increases sex-drive. ;)

I covered a lot in this chapter, so if you have any questions at all, please let me know. I barely even looked this over, I just wanted to get it out there to you guys. Thanks again for sparing this fic your time and attention! Until next time, :D
August 14th, 1989

Hermione woke up to Pennywise forcefully fluffing the pillow that lay underneath her head. Blinking her eyes open sleepily, she realized that she was surrounded by pillows. Just when I returned the bed to normal, too… she lamented, realizing that her work the previous evening to return all of the pillows and cushions to their proper homes was undone. The responsible clown leaned over his mate, but was more focused on her surroundings to pay attention to her conscious state.

Darkness suddenly shrouded them both and it took a minute to realize that Pennywise had simply lowered the canopy curtains around her bed. Blind, Hermione groped for him where he was and immediately met the eldritch’s hot skin. Thinking the gesture as one of foreplay, his large hands tugged at her clothes and she whined in defiance, rolling, or at least trying to, away from him. However, his entire right arm blocked her from tumbling off the bed face-first, and he rumbled darkly at her.

“Please…” Hermione pleaded, her voice wavering with the slight fear he instilled in her with his growl, “I don’t want to…”

Pennywise nuzzled the witch’s skin where it peeked out of her shirt, “and we don’t have to, even if I want to,” he purred quietly as Hermione’s hand accidentally brushed his hard member, “I just didn’t want you to fall out of the nest, so to speak… For now, I just need you close… close and naked.”

The clown finally lowered himself to the mattress at her side and his wandering hands explored the exposed skin of her abdomen and delighted in the undeniable smell of new life within. It was now impossible to miss the sweet scent of peaches and morning dewdrops alongside her other scents. Purring, he nuzzled the mark on her shoulder and she crooned her unbidden pleasure into the pillows.

Hermione grumbled a bit at his possessive touches, wondering why he was being so clingy lately. It felt rather stifling if she was being honest, like she literally had no personal space. While his proximity was sometimes endearing, now was not one of those times. The room was hot and so was he. When she tried to stretch out for the cool areas on the bed, Pennywise simply moved around her as she moved, clinging to her like a giant heater. So, no matter what, she couldn’t dislodge him. At one point, even Pennywise got fed up with her wiggling and held her writhing limbs to the mattress.

“Sleep, mate…” he ordered her exasperatedly and Hermione huffed angrily, As if I’m being the childish one! You’re the one treating me like your favorite teddy bear!

However, the stubborn witch was no match for the soft darkness and his purrs. Pennywise grinned
eagerly as her breathing evened out, signaling her transcendence into dreamland. He shuffled down her slumbering form, poking his painted nose around her abdomen, purposefully searching for the little one that had been able to miraculously make a mental connection with him through her mother’s dreams.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t been able to speak to her, as Hermione had woken up before he’d gotten the chance. But he hoped he could reconnect with her again. Nevertheless, this little product of his and Hermione’s amorous labor was a very strong telepath at only two weeks after conception.

Pennywise stilled his nose along the bottom of her light swell, waiting for any sign of consciousness. Suddenly, multiple little gripes of tired indiguation caught his senses and he projected calmness through the stream of thoughts, not wishing for the little ones to collectively upset their dam’s stomach. *Now, now, my little bug. You don’t need to push around your siblings to come to me. Next time, just say so, and I will find you.*

A small yet fleeting reluctant feeling of agreement echoed back to him and he purred, lulling the wormlike foetus and its unknown amount of siblings back to sleep. For now, there was the telepath, and a mass of peach-scented embryos that didn’t have much of a consciousness aside from basal feelings. It was frustrating, because he was eager to know every little aspect about his young before they were even born. He wanted to know how many of each gender he and Hermione would be welcoming in a few months. *And what about their abilities? We already have a telepath in the brood…*

The clown’s stomach suddenly growled, urging him to partake in another ‘criminal-binge’ as he’d been calling that first real meal in his new body. Sighing nervously, he knew it wouldn’t be good to starve himself around his mate while she carried, lest he risk hurting them during a potent surge of bloodlust. At the same time, he didn’t want to leave them alone without a bit of comfort…

Lapping purposefully at her stomach, he coated it in a copious layer of his scent-filled drool, dually allowing his young to have some paternal coddling and cool his mate down from the outside heat. Pennywise cooed at her abdomen once more before departing, pulling the curtains closed behind him and engulfing Hermione in darkness.

★★★

Meanwhile the witch once again found herself within Maturin’s giant shell, and for the first time, she wasn’t surprised by the old eyes blinking sleepily down at her. Standing up straight as much as she could while floating, she greeted the large being warmly.

“Hello, Maturin.”

“And hello to you too, my dear girl. I’ve summoned you from your dreams to congratulate you on your actions with… *Pennywise?* ” Maturin scoffed at the last word and Hermione nodded humorously, mentally agreeing with the absurdity of the name.

“Thank you, but I must confess that I haven’t burned the remains in the sewers—” Maturin immediately cut her off.

“That’s quite alright, Hermione… all in good time, and of course… you have plenty of it after the year’s end…” he trailed off thoughtfully, looking at something over Hermione’s shoulder before
chuckling in the same knowing way that Professor Dumbledore had in her youth.

“The seeds have been sown, I see… You need not worry… They will blossom into benign yet beautifully powerful flowers… for the most part…” he shook his head confusedly. Hermione tilted her head in confusion, feeling a bit of a mental block as to what the old turtle meant.

“I’m sorry, Maturin, but I believe I’ve missed something…”

“Right, forgive me,” his large head bowed in apology, “You need not worry for your children. They shall resemble you more and more with each moment from what I can see.”

Hermione, thinking he was talking about the deceased children, nodded her head in understanding and assumed he meant their souls, “Thank you.”

“You are very welcome,” Maturin smiled as much as a turtle could smile, “Oh, and before I forget…” he conjured a small silver-tinted key, “When you absorb this into your soul, it will bind your mate’s rather twisted soul to yours.”

“You mean like the cage of Derry?” Hermione asked immediately.

“Yes, precisely… You will be his new cage, his guard for both him and those in his path of hunger. Keep this in mind as you leave Derry for good.” he finished, noticing the witch’s flickering form.

“I will,” she nodded quickly, pressing the key to her chest until the bright glow of her immortal soul pulled it inside.

When she vanished from view, he cocked his head to the opening of his shell, “Come inside little one, I promise not to harm you…” he chittered awkwardly like he knew eldrichtes did and the gimmick seemed to work as the tiny pink aura eagerly swooped into the cave-like inner shell.

“You are much too young to be here alone, child. Yet, you are also so powerful…” he raised his enormous arm to let the orb rest on it, “Many in this macroverse would desecrate entire galaxies in order to find someone like you. While I do not often frown upon curiosity, caution must be exercised in this case. While I had an idea that you would follow your mother here this time, that doesn’t mean you should do so again in the future. Do you understand?”

The pink flicker of light seemed to sulk and Maturin chuckled, “Your sires will be missing you… especially that twit you call a ‘father...’” he grumbled good-naturedly and the jellyfish-like aura seemed to puff up in angered offense before storming out into the dark void, heading back to her mother.

Maturin chuckled, closing his eyes and letting sleep finally claim him, *Huh... What is it that mortals call it? Oh, right... “a father’s daughter....”*

**August 15th, 1989**

Pennywise was gone when Hermione reawoke later in the afternoon. The witch’s head was a bit groggy, but overall, she was alright. However, that changed when she tried to sit up. Nausea immediately flooded her insides, and she unconsciously sprinted to the bathroom and dropped to her knees. A few minutes later, she left the bathroom feeling much better. Confused, the curly-haired woman looked at the clock and noticed surprisingly that she had somehow missed an entire day while
sleeping.

Stretching out, she could feel her joints pop satisfactorily and a sigh of pleasure escaped her lips. Today felt like a day for going outside. Hermione unconsciously bathed in the afternoon sun coming through the exposed window, and reveled in it upon fully opening the curtains. Crookshanks seemed to have the same idea, as he immediately curled up on the carpet where the light was touching.

Naked, Hermione strode over to her wardrobe to pull out a few sundresses that would elegantly flatter her figure yet not defy her mate’s expectations of appropriate public attire. Soon enough, a blue and gray striped dress covered silky gray undergarments. However, the witch frowned confusedly, bringing her hand down to where her stomach seemed to protrude slightly from the fabric. *Well, Hermione… it looks like you need to lose some weight. Sitting around with the occasional marathon sex is clearly not a good workout plan…*

Shrugging at the thought, she dismissed it upon looking at the small stack of library books that were just about due. *Ah, what the hell. I could use the exercise…* Besides, a walk to the library would also get her outside, *and I can reward myself with more books*, Hermione snickered at her little plan, feeling slightly impish all of a sudden.

The feeling didn’t go away until she arrived at the library about an hour later. Turning the nearly overdue books into the little mail-slot, the witch perused around the different reference sections. While she didn’t usually go for those sorts of things, her instincts seemed to draw her there for some reason. A brightly-colored book amongst a cluster of monochrome neighbors stood out to her the most.

Gingerly picking it up, she scanned the vibrant title, *Children are Free Spirits*. Her left eyebrow nearly wandered into her hairline as she turned it over, reading the utter drivel that the author called a summary. While Hermione believed that everyone was entitled to their own opinions, the same couldn’t be said about the so-called “author” of the book in the witch’s hands. *Honestly, I don’t think this woman has ever had kids… to let them run wild is absolutely irresponsible.*

Shoving the thin text back into the shelf none-too-gently, she reached for another. *Babies: From Conception to Coddling…* Hermione hummed at the much more sophisticated-looking tome. *There has to be better facts in here…* she moved to look inside the larger book before stopping. *What am I doing?*

The topic of children was certainly not one that the witch commonly dwelled on. It wasn’t that she didn’t like them or didn’t want to have any. Actually, it was quite the opposite. Hermione had thought about having children in the past, but the lack of suitable men and the promise of an advancing career stopped her from pursuing that venue. Now that she was mated, that unconscious wish seemed to both strengthen and weaken at the same time.

On the one hand, she now had a partner to conceive children for, especially now that he’d admitted to not eating kids anymore. Although, picturing Pennywise as a father was… *hot.* Hermione blinked, *Where did that come from?* Images of the eldritch holding, cuddling, and playing with young faceless children made her smile until she realized that there was a big elephant in the room of her current musings.

There was a question of *if* he could have children with her. As they were of two different species, perhaps they were incompatible for reproduction. Maybe his seed ate her eggs rather than merged with them. Hermione would believe it if the sludgy black ooze was anything like the rest of him: a creature of consumption, all the way down to the last molecule. The thought, oddly enough, made her a bit sad.
Shrugging to shake off the melancholy feeling, she snagged a new novel from the mystery/romance section before heading home. About halfway there, the witch’s stomach began to protest. Hermione groaned in unison with her stomach’s moans, clutching it as she tried to keep herself from vomiting all over the sidewalk. *Not eating in more than twenty-four hours… bad idea…* The summer heat wasn’t helping either, as the sun had warmed the air even hotter than before. Her mouth was dry and she could tell that she was much more dehydrated than usual. *Damn you, August weather…*

After what felt like an eternity, she arrived home, only for the front door to fly inwards and an invisible force pull her inside with a surprised yelp. Pennywise had her pressed up against the slammed door before she could even tell what was happening. His painted nose, serpentine tongue, and sharp teeth perused her bared skin, scenting and examining it for any wounds, scratches, or bruises. Upon finding nothing, he sighed relieved, standing up to his full height from where he was crouched in front of her midsection.

“Where did you run off to, mate?” he crooned warningly, rubbing her still-noisy stomach until it calmed down into something that resembled a repeating purr.

“Just the Library,” Pennywise nodded at that, abruptly picking her up and carrying her into the kitchen.

When Hermione was comfortably seated at the table, the clown parted from her with a lingering kiss to the sensitive area just below her ear. Striding over to the cabinets, he brought out a box of frozen waffles from the freezer, a second jar of pickles, as the first one was still stashed somewhere in her bedroom, whipped cream, and little pieces of raw steak. After a solid two minutes of looking between each item and Pennywise’s stern expression, she broke the silence.

“Okay, I give up. What are you doing?” the clown’s blue eyes looked up tensely, flaring a bit yellow in defense.

“You’re hungry. I can *smell* it on you…” he smiled shyly when she tilted her head curiously, “My poor, poor little mate… You haven’t eaten *allll* day, haven’t you?” Hermione’s nose wrinkled at the patronizing words.

“Right… I meant to ask, ‘What are you going to attempt to make with waffles, pickles, whipped cream, and raw meat?’”

Pennywise shrugged, grabbing the hot waffles as they flew out of the toaster without even looking. Putting them onto a plate, he spread the white fluffy topping around until there was barely any waffle left visible apart from the sides. The pickles were cut into thin slices, as if they were going to be a burger topping rather than a waffle topping. The chunks of meat were the same way; cut thinly as if they were a pizza topping and placed onto the whipped cream.

Conjuring a glass of water, he strode over to the table, set the food down and lifted the smaller witch until she sat in his lap. Hermione looked at the concoction that her mate had made with conflicting interest and disgust. However, the clown took it in stride, chuckling.

“Well… A little *birdie,*” he gently tapped her abdomen, “told me you were hungry.”

“More like a bloody pod of whales…” she muttered in response, remembering the obnoxious noises coming from her loud stomach, “While I thank you for your efforts, I think I can make my own dinner—” Pennywise cut off her attempted escape with a scornful chuckle.

“And let this go to waste… I never took you as one to waste food, doll. Don’t you trust me? I could feel your hunger, your craving for bitter and sweet with a side of iron. We should not deny you of
what your body wants.” he rubbed comforting circles into her abdomen, feeling for the demanding child who'd assigned such a specifically odd menu for her dam on behalf of her muted siblings.

Hermione groaned, sounding like a strangled cat as she watched him cut the waffle pizza into fourths and then into eighths. Picking a piece up with his nimble fingers, he held it up to her mouth and she hesitantly licked a bit of the whipped cream that threatened to drip onto the table. At the sight of her slick tongue, Pennywise nipped at a spot below her ear, gripping her chin, and Hermione squeaked with unbidden pleasure.

“Eat, doll,” he ordered lightly, his soft tone contrasting with his possessive actions.

The horrid-looking slice was in her face again, and she'd stubbornly refused to let it fall into her mouth. That is until a pair of white-gloved fingers pinched her nose tightly, cutting off her air supply. Gasping for air, her dusty lips parted quickly and the clown struck, forcing the food in between her teeth. Ecstasy flooded her taste buds and Hermione moaned in surprise. It was so good.

Pennywise didn’t have to pressure her to continue eating. In fact, he had to slow her down at one point because the desperate witch was about ready to choke on the food. As she ate, the eldritch pecked little kisses along her neck and shoulders, making her more than a bit horny. He removed his gloves swiftly, eagerly stretching his dark fingers along her skin.

Those same eager yet desperate hands tugged the collar of her dress down, sucking on the skin of her chest while leaving her aching nubs for later. Hermione keened at this, now finished with her meal and hungry for more than food. However, before she could begin to satisfy her sexual urges, he held her still, taking delight in her blown pupils, rosy cheeks, and ragged panting. Trapped in his arms, she whined pleadingly as she tried to grind her core against the clown’s leg. Pennywise purred lovingly, pressing a long sinful kiss to her pouty lips. Their tongues tingled, the eldritch’s seemingly humping her own. When they parted after a minute, he handed the water over to her, much to his mate’s confused expression.

“I will give you what you want if you drink this for me,” he growled into her ear playfully, licking up a splatter of whipped cream on her cheek that had clearly missed her mouth.

“What did you put in it?” Hermione slurred as an afterthought, gurgling dazedly around the water as she drank it.

Pennywise nipped her nape pointedly for insinuating such a thing, “Absolutely nothing, doll… and you will thank me later for keeping you hydrated,” he patted her head patronizingly as she returned the empty glass to the table, “Now, come on.”

With that, he picked her up bridal-style and teleported upstairs to Hermione’s room. When they arrived, Pennywise adjusted his grip, connecting their genitals and wrapping his mate’s legs around his waist. Then, he was pulling yet another heart-bursting kiss from her, causing Hermione to weep silently at the overstimulation. The clown paused in his ministrations to lap at her salty tear-trails until the only red staining her cheeks was the evidence of her pleasure. Suddenly, they were falling.

Hermione gasped as the air hit her suddenly bare stomach. Pennywise had fallen onto the mattress and brought her down with him. The nearly-naked witch straddled the eldritch’s tented underwear while said eldritch was kneading her arse-cheeks with his large and eager hands. Unconsciously, she began to dry-hump his crotch, and he was smirking up at her with a shit-eating grin, as though he knew she would never be able to resist him for too long. While this was true, it made Hermione angry that he knew just how to push her into doing what he wanted.

“That’s it, Hermione… Ride me…” he rasped at her, leaning up to remove her bra and suck on one
of the two lolling breasts hanging in front of his face.

As he did this, Hermione cried out brokenly, her vision whitening as her orgasm wracked her body. Her panties were soaked and she knew they were stained beyond cleaning as she could see an even darker fluid amongst her feminine juices, her mate’s pre. The witch froze at the sight, remembering the library books and her deep inner wish. That black spunk would make or break this wish coming true.

Numbly, she could feel his black fingers peeling the soiled fabric away from both of their skin. Whimpering, Hermione leaned back as Pennywise leaned up to peck little kisses on her cheeks and lips. He rubbed her shaking limbs with one hand while inserting his member inside her channel.

“Shh… shh…” he cooed as she cried out wantonly, rubbing her bowled back, “Keep going, mate… Bounce on my cock… and I’ll give you exactly what you want…” he rasped seductively, catching her fleeting thoughts of a baby. Yessss, doll. Let me fuck another whelp into you...

Hermione whined when Pennywise sucked her other breast into his mouth. He simultaneously began thrusting into her snatch with an unrestrained speed. Now, the witch was thankful that there was a silencing charm on the room, because she couldn’t seem to stop making noise. Her blunt nails scratched his shoulders as she tried to keep her grip on them. Meanwhile, the clown was gripping her arse harshly, grunting under his breath as he fought to keep himself in such a submissive position.

He wanted to mount her from behind, and take her until she gave birth. Alas, he couldn’t do this. Neither his or her libidos and bodies would allow it, but he would be damned if he didn’t at least try. Also, he wanted to at least frustrate her to make up for the frustration she caused him by both sleeping too long and leaving the house while he was checking on his territory. Looking up at Hermione, Pennywise felt a shred of remorse.

She was crying again. Bubble teardrops leaked from her reddened frustrated eyes. Her hands shook as they tried to hold the rest of her shivering body up. Her breaths whistled through her clenched jaw and wheezed back in. He leaned up to lap along her chapped lips before once again cleaning her face of her tears. A broken cry breached those lips upon feeling his knot swelling inside her cavern.

Pennywise grinned ferally when he started the torturous cycle of forcing the bulge in and out of her sore hole. Hermione cried little gasps, dropping to his chest as she lost the ability to hold herself up. Slowly, he rolled her underneath him and finished himself off with a large handful of shallow thrusts, spilling what felt like a gallon of warm cum into her womb. His mate orgasmed with a silent scream, arching her back up into his chest. He quickly caught her before she fell back onto the mattress, holding her up to press a sloppy kiss to the sweaty spot between her leaking breasts.

Hermione breathed heavily, trying to remain conscious for her mate’s post-sex ministrations. Slowly, she was lowered back to the ground and he turned them back around so he was beneath her and she was laying on his chest, still connected at their cores. Then Pennywise was flipping her over onto her back and she felt amazing. Moaning tiredly, she closed her eyes when he began to rub her distended belly. There was so much cum inside… But isn’t that what you wanted? She argued before both sides of herself were silenced, falling into an ever-deepening sleep.

Chapter End Notes

There it is...
As always, I thank you for your patience in my slow updates.
This one was a bit of an intermediate chapter, so the next one should be a bit more uneventful. Anyway, I'll continue to post when I can, and hopefully you'll still be here to see the end of this fic. If you have any questions at all, please leave them in the comments. I love getting them!
Hey guys, I'm back again with a new chapter!
It's another pretty long one, so I hope you appreciate it.
I was going to post again last night, but I wasn't confident in what I had written for the ending, so I added a bit more to it.
Anyway, enjoy Chapter 69!

August 16th, 1989

Pennywise, perhaps learning from his mistake the previous day, was right beside Hermione as she awoke at a proper time in the morning. It was the smell that actually roused her from sleep, as it was simply too delicious to ignore. Bacon, toast, and yogurt containing the rest of the strawberries from their little outing the previous week were waiting for her. The witch’s stomach growled hungrily and she blearily blinked her eyes open. Her vision was filled with darkness, the canopy curtain blocking the lazing couple from the sun’s morning rays coming through the window.

Sensing that his mate was finally awake, he crept over the top of her to settle down into the sweet spot between her legs. Pennywise leaned down, pressing long gentle kisses up the side of her neck from the base. When he reached her lips, he pressed his tongue to hers in greeting before parting from her. Guttural purrs vibrated from his chest to hers, seeming to flutter her insides into a more restless state.

“Good morning, doll…” he rubbed her stomach, mentally feeling the little ones waking up from their own sleep, and good morning to you, my little bugs, he purred playfully.

Hermione only moaned tiredly, turning her head to seek out the food that she could smell somewhere in the comfort of her bed. Pennywise seemed to catch on to her desire because he simply chuckled, revealing the large platter of food that he made especially for his mate. The witch’s mouth began to salivate at the sight and he had to really rein himself in from kissing her until she couldn’t breathe. Instead, he fed her little pieces of food. His personal favorite were the dollops of yogurt on his fingers that Hermione was entirely happy enough to lick off for him. While sucking on his fingers, she stared into his eyes tauntingly, and he just about caved. Luckily for him, she finished eating soon afterwards, so he didn’t have to wait for long until she was begging to be fucked.

Carrying her into the bathroom, he turned the shower on and dunked their naked bodies under the scalding hot water. Hermione moaned in relief and he rubbed soap into her sweaty skin. She didn’t even notice her hair was clean until after he dunked her back under the water to wash out the shampoo and conditioner. Pressing the witch up against the wall tiles, he slid his meat through her puffy pink folds and into her aching snatch. She cried out when his fingers simultaneously found her clit and begun rubbing it in rapid little circles. Her hips bucked into his and he matched her, thrust to thrust.
Growling, he lifted and pressed her further up the wall as she’d begun slipping. Pennywise paused to wash himself and Hermione whined at the complete halt to their little romp in the shower. He laughed at the noise, kissing her leaking nipples when he was finished.

“I know you like me when I’m filthy, but that simply can’t be healthy…” he chittered lovingly at her, rubbing her stomach tenderly before abruptly dragging his fingers back down through her labia.

His knot was beginning to swell, and the both of them knew it. Hermione’s legs tightened around him, pushing him further into her channel. When he couldn’t pull out anymore, she wailed her orgasm to the whole bathroom, sounding more animalistic than human. Pennywise groaned wantonly at the sound, spilling himself inside of his already-pregnant mate in the hopes of adding to the healthy brood already present inside her less-than-spacious womb.

Dutifully, he cleaned her twitching body as it was wracked through by orgasmic aftershocks. Hermione clutched him tiredly, knowing that she would cause them both a lot of pain if she simply tried to separate from the bulbous knot inside her. Pennywise crooned into her ear comfortingly, opening the shower curtain and wrapping her torso in a fluffy white towel. He did the same to his waist and her shoulders before dunking his mate backwards to twist her soaking mop into a simple towel hat. When he was done, he leaned her back up slowly and pressed a chaste kiss to her lips.

A quiet squelching sound signaled their impending separation and Hermione sighed in relief, releasing his waist from her thighs and dropping slickly to her feet. Hermione winced at the feeling which brought the jelly-legs jinx back into her mind. She stepped away from him, but he couldn’t be bothered with that particular fact at the moment.

Dark gray liquid was trickling down his mate’s slender legs, an obvious mixture of his black seed and her milky nectar. It was unbelievably sexy, as it was a clear sign of his ownership. No other animal on the planet would question the sight, or the smell, of their coupling. It was a piece of their strong mating bond, and their young would solidify that claim as physical evidence.

However, the sight of his seed being wasted thusly set his teeth on edge, literally. They sharpened quicker than he could control and he was flashing them at his startled witch. She acted in a way that surprised him. Getting down on her knees, she got to work cleaning his spent member… with her mouth. Pennywise groaned as her little mouth sucked on him slowly, trying to verbalize his reluctance to waste his cum even further but only being able to make unintelligible growls and moans. In the end, she was entirely lucky that he hadn’t knotted her throat. It was also surprising that the very act of ingesting her mate’s entire ejaculation didn’t make her immediately ill.

That particular consequence happened about an hour later when Pennywise could feel their young getting a bit too rowdy and demanding for more food to eat. Growling, he simmered while Hermione went into the bathroom to take care of herself. When she emerged, he marched over to her, pulling her into a hug while sending an irritated scolding to the little ones in her womb. *I’m trying to protect you, and your mother is doing a good job carrying you! The least you can do for us is play nice so she doesn’t get sick all the time. Be patient and we’ll feed you!*

“I’m okay,” Hermione whispered quietly, unsure if she was trying to convince him, or herself. Pennywise simply nodded, separating from his brief connection with their clutch.

Suddenly he was picking her up and she squealed in surprise, grabbing onto his strong yet slender arms as he slowly walked downstairs. At such a height, the witch felt like she was floating. It certainly helped that he was treating her like a dainty princess who was too delicate to walk by herself. Hermione squirmed at the thought, but her mate simply growled darkly and held firm.

“If you make me drop you, I will be very, very unhappy,” he promised harshly with a nearly-unseen
shred of sadness.

Hermione pouted instead of attempting to decipher his underlying meaning. The clown carried her to the living room couch, laying her down like a revered corpse along the suddenly-present cushions. *Huh, I thought those were upstairs…*

Pennywise switched the television on and flipped through channels until finding a mindless cartoon for her to watch. Satisfied with his choice, he set the remote on one of the side tables and nestled into the spare cushion at the end of the sofa. Hermione’s feet ended up in his lap, but he clearly didn’t mind, as he immediately began massaging them.

Hermione mindlessly watched the screen in front of her for what felt like hours, but it had to have only been a few minutes. *Yeah… There’s no way Penn could sit still for that long.* It was only a few episodes of the *Beetlejuice* cartoon later that she began to grow bored with the program and turned back to her mate’s massaging.

His ministrations seemed to tickle more as she focused on his fingers. Giggling uncontrollably, the witch curled in on herself, but the clown simply held firm to her arches. Her laugh made him genuinely smile. Upon seeing such a shy grin, Hermione stopped giggling, in awe of her mate’s handsome expression while in his less flattering form. Pennywise seemed to catch onto this as he jokingly huffed and wagged his finger at her in a mock-scolding way.

“Now, now… Don’t think those baby-doll “fuck-me” eyes are going to push me around… I am a higher being who cannot be controlled by such things… Honestly, I don’t think I could manage another round right now, doll…” Hermione blinked at the attempt at a joke.

They both knew differently. Pennywise would hump her anytime, anywhere, should she allow it. He was acting awkward, and Hermione would have called it suspicious if she hadn’t caught the vermillion blush bleeding into his white skin. He was embarrassed. She began to cackle now, laughing at the shy embarrassment that now colored his ears red. Suddenly, she was being pressed into the couch by his body. Oddly enough, he left her stomach alone.

“What’s so funny, *Hermione*?” he pressed their foreheads together and aligned his glowing amber eyes with hers.

“N-nothing,” she gasped, nervous at his intensely fiery eyes.

Pennywise laughed now, mocking her stutter, “*N-nothing, Hermione*?”

Then his mouth was on hers and the kiss restarted the fire burning in her core. However, it would have to wait, as her stomach had other ideas. The clown could smell her arousal, and it was strong, as it usually was, but their young refused to be ignored. He could feel them purposely souring her flavor with starvation and thirst. They were manipulative, holding Hermione’s libido and her needs over his head so as to force him to obey them in order to get what he wanted. Now, what he wanted was sex with his mate.

*Fine,* he growled into Hermione’s neck while setting a probing hand on her abdomen, *What do you want?* The telepath was quick to answer with a horde of smug little auras around her. His mind’s eye suddenly filled with lemon yogurt, spicy chicken, pickles, and what looked like plums dipped in cheese. That wasn’t the only thing he caught, though. Her aura was different now.

She seemed to screech at him, yelling for her silent siblings as they threw out their own requests. Pennywise groaned as the little one battered his mind with the images, over and over again. He rubbed his head, angered at their children for effectively ruining the mood. Hermione was silent,
checking over him with concerned eyes.

“Penn? Are you alright, love?”

Her soft hands cradled his face as her even softer lips pressed light kisses to his slightly contorted features. His amber eyes were pained when he finally opened his eyes. Pennywise lifted his hand from her stomach and he felt completely fine, the telepath not being able to reach his mind anymore.

“Yeah, doll. I’m fine,” he nipped at the bite on her neck, “I can just smell your hunger, that’s all…”

Hermione’s stomach growled right on cue and Pennywise fought to not facepalm at how obvious his children were being. The witch herself looked down at her stomach and raised an eyebrow confusedly, “I guess I am feeling a bit hungry… Huh. It’s funny…” she added, her eyes shining with mirth, “You seem to know things about me before I even know them myself.”

Pennywise froze immediately, trying to regain his facade of innocence. Luckily, she didn’t seem to notice his temporary paralysis, as she was too focused on her stomach rather than his face. He laughed anyway, trying to cover his tracks.

“Silly Hermione,” he booped her nose, simultaneously getting off of her and backing towards the kitchen, “It’s only because I can smell everything…” he wiggled his brow seductively at her in an attempt to distract her and it seemed to work as the nearly naked witch on the couch blushed to her collarbone.

★★★

Hermione could feel her lust and hunger warring and she couldn’t tell what was worse. She needed to be satisfied in one or both areas soon or she was going to explode. When Pennywise re-emerged from the kitchen area, she whimpered upon seeing him holding three plums. She’d been eating them a lot lately, so they had to be the last ones in the fridge. The dark red fruits were rather small, but they looked freshly cleaned and ripe, so they would have to do. Her mate seemed to agree as he set two of them in her groping hands. He held onto the smallest one, rolling it gently between his fingers.

She dug into the squishy flesh of the plums with an urgency that nearly embarrassed her. Honestly, it was times like this when she thought she seemed like a complete glutton. Pennywise didn’t seem to think that of her at all, even getting turned on by it, judging from the large bulge in his sweatpants. The red juice flowed into her mouth, only escaping out of the corners of her stained lips and trickling down her chin. It made her look like a vampire drinking blood.

An eager dark tongue lapped at the trails, effectively cleaning her skin before going lower to attack her lolling breasts with equally eager sucks and licks. Hermione moaned at the feeling, but resolved to finish her snack before succumbing to her sexual needs. By the time she nibbled the fruits down to the pits, her mate’s mouth was attached to her snatch and he was swirling his tongue in all of the right places.

The witch could feel herself leaking copiously, but luckily Pennywise prevented her from staining the couch by capturing each drop before it hit the upholstery. His thumb was at her clit now, and she felt close. Her hips bucked into his face, unrestrained as he only kept her thighs from clamping around his head. Suddenly, he stopped and Hermione cried out in agony.

“Fuck! What are you doing?!” Pennywise grinned smugly up at her, holding the last plum for her to
see.

“I am going out to get you something special to eat for dinner. If you can keep this,” he indicated to the firm plum, “intact, before I get back… I will fulfill all of your wants and desires tonight… but,” he held up a finger, “if you don’t… I am going to leave you like this…” he licked a stripe up her neck and she moaned, “horny… and wanting… for the next day or so.”

“Pfft!” Hermione scoffed scathingly, “As if, you bloody wanker! You couldn’t last a day without having sex!” Pennywise glared at her, “You’re bluffing!”

“Am I?” he whispered dangerously, “I can feel how much you want this,” he rubbed her labia with the flat of his claw and she twitched, holding back a moan.

Then he was forcing a small bulge, the plum, inside of her pulsing hole and she winced, bucking against the unconscious urge to bear down on the fruit and force it from her channel. Tears leaked from her eyes at the effort and Pennywise kissed them away, pressing a final peck to the corner of her lip.

“I’ll be back in an hour, doll,” he announced, “Be a good girl, now,” the clown cackled, vanishing from view.

Hermione laid on the couch like a corpse, too scared to move otherwise risk crushing the sensitive fruit with her inner walls. Luckily, her body seemed to relax despite being wound up from her mate’s ministrations. I can do this... I can do this... was her mantra for what felt like the longest hour in her life.

★★★

Pennywise laughed loudly, wondering how his little mate was coping with the challenge he set out for her. He planned to have sex with her that night no matter if she was successful in controlling her own body or not. If she failed, he would claim to take pity on her and relieve her of the pain in her loins.

However, that was only secondary to the other thing on his mind: his daughter. As stated before, he had noticed a unique change to her aura. While it was still rather small yet very powerful, he could feel a magic inside her soul. It wasn’t his kind of magic, though. It was Hermione’s.

The little one would be a witch, just like her mother. If there were deadlights, he would have seen them and been able to tell, at least for her, if she was going to be anything like him. Even if she was going to be an eldritch, he would have cared about her nonetheless, but being a witch was… safer. It was safer that his child resembled her mother more than him.

This way, the child won’t hunger for human fear, but he’ll still need to watch for cannibalistic tendencies. The same went for the others in the brood. Just because the telepath had magic like Hermione, that didn’t mean the others would too. It was entirely new territory for him, so he didn’t know what to expect. At the same time, Hermione was even more in the dark than he was.

Pennywise wanted Hermione to figure her new condition out for herself, which was likely for the best. If the information was thrust upon her, knowing his mate, she would likely react badly. Also, there was the issue with her friends, the friends who wanted him dead. If they found out about his children through her, who knows if they would still stand by her. They could try to kill her if they...
knew she carried his offspring, and that is not acceptable. It was for his family’s best interest that he keep them a secret from his mate.

Shaking his head, he focused on the task at hand, finding the damned food items that his young demanded of him to get for Hermione to eat. While he loved the little ones only second to Hermione, they could be a bit demanding. Huh, I wonder where they got that from… he chuckled sarcastically.

August 17th, 1989

Hermione smirked, recalling her accomplishment of keeping the plum intact for the time it took for her mate to go get food for her and return. Pennywise had returned, intending to catch the witch in the act of either masturbating or forcing the fruit back into her cunt as though it had been there the entire time. However, the sight that greeted him was neither one of those things nor anything of the sort.

She was smugly reclining along the couch, looking the picture of elegance and cool poise. The clown had whined then, she doesn’t look hot and bothered at all! Luckily for him, she’d beckoned him in between her smooth legs to extract the fruit, which he did with that endearing kinkiness that she couldn’t help but love. He fed her the food she’d been unconsciously craving and marveled at how he just seemed to know what she wanted before she could figure it out herself.

He fucked her afterwards against the bedroom door, not having the patience to make it to their bed. During this round, he drained her breasts dry, something he hadn’t done for a long time. Lately, he’d been lenient on them, which was rather odd until the witch considered that her milk’s novelty had likely worn off. Then, he tucked her into bed, making sure she was situated and comfortable under the blankets before crawling in to kneel above her lying form. Pennywise had then began to purr, shuffling down her body and taking her slightly-distended stomach in his hands and rubbing it to his heart’s content, which was a very long time.

The clown actually rubbed her stomach for so long that she fell asleep while he still ran his palms over her smooth skin. While Hermione didn’t want to admit it, the feeling of his near-constant ministrations was nice. It somehow made her calmer, and seemed to be his new favorite thing to do with her body besides the obvious. He seemed fixated on the area more than ever, and it was starting to make her a bit concerned.

Hencely, Hermione decided to go back to the library and back to a certain section she discovered the previous time she’d been there. Now, as she perused the shelves, it took the witch a moment to realize she was looking in the wrong place. Going over to the “Animal/Wildlife” section of the reference area, she immediately found an article that she hoped would have the answer she was looking for. An animal is as an animal does...

“Cats and dogs have very refined senses of smell, and may pick up on these changes—even before a pregnancy test does. Pregnancy isn’t the only human condition where animals have been known to sense changes before humans do. Cancer is another condition…”

Panicking, Hermione opened another magazine, nearly throwing the first one on the ground, but putting it back on the shelf instead. Cursing her devotion to the written word, she set her eyes on what felt like the next nail in the coffin.

“There are stories of cats who were once aloof and solitary suddenly rubbing against your legs and
purring. Or sweet, affectionate dogs who now growl when you walk into the room. Or dogs who bark when anyone comes near you—even your husband. Yes, an owner’s pregnancy has been known to bring out either the best, or the worst, in their pets…"

Crookshanks… Hermione gasped, remembering his behavior the other day when she’d gotten mad at Pennywise. He’d hissed and spat at the clown, even after knowing him for about as long as she has. It certainly wasn’t normal behavior for her cat, but that couldn’t be right… could it?

Shaking her head, the witch picked up a third article, breathing slowly through her mouth as she processed the words. Okay, Hermione… Third time’s a charm…

“When an omega female is in heat, their alpha mate senses it and acts accordingly, breeding her up with a litter of pups that will become the next generation of the pack. When the two are about to mate, they bond, sleeping close and touching each other more and more. They will approach each other, making quiet whining sounds, mouth each other’s muzzles, touch noses, and bump their bodies together. During the act itself, the male ties himself to his mate by way of a knot within his member, holding them together for up to a half-hour while depositing his seed within his mate’s canal. While pregnant, the male dotes on his mate, providing her with food and touches even after conception has been achieved…”

No… Hermione’s hands shook as she returned the books to their proper places on the shelf. The idea of having children with her mate had seemed amazing a few days ago, but it was only a fantasy, a dream, a dream that could so easily become a nightmare.

Stop right there, Granger! He might only be acting this way because he is newly mated and is just preparing for some hypothetical child. Yes! This is just some big misunderstanding! Pennywise can’t get me pregnant! He would have said so, if that were even possible. As for Crooks, he’s just getting senile in his old age…

Despite her outer calmness, Hermione left the library feeling tenser than before.

★★★

Later that night, sleep eluded the poor witch, her mind coming up with worse and worse monster-like gremlin children with frizzy red manes, poisonous yellow orbs, and the buck teeth that Hermione and Pennywise both shared. They haunted her attempted sleep, keeping her awake with blood-shot eyes. Her body shook with the silent tears leaking from those fearful eyes. The idea of children had been pure before, now she was scared stiff.

A combination of her and Pennywise would be unstoppable. While her mate was weakened by human confidence and lack of belief, their child wouldn’t be tethered by that same weakness, that same Achilles’ heel. It would be half-human, but it would also be half-eldritch. Who knew what that would mean for the rest of humanity. Would she have to shelter it away, lest risk it making contact with the outside world. Would it eat people, be part-cannibal? No-Maj and Wizards alike would want to study it if they knew of its existence. No matter how the witch looked at it, neither the child, or everyone else, would be able to coexist peacefully. More importantly, the child wouldn’t be safe. What kind of person would she be to bring her hybrid child into that kind of mistrustful world. While there was always a chance, her entire life experience told her to expect the worst with such a change.

Then, a large dark hand was slipping underneath her shirt and rubbing her abdomen, accompanying the motion with his usual purrs. Pennywise’s other hand came up to move her hair to the side as his
lips trailed up and down her neck, leaving little kisses along her skin. He seemed to unconsciously sense her agitation, lulling her into a fitful sleep by relaxing her frazzled mind.

Pennywise hummed comfortingly on the outside while fighting panic on the inside, catching his mate’s fears of their young before he could even stop himself. This wasn’t right. His children would be sweet little bugs who would look to their mother for food and guidance, as all babies did. If these thoughts kept up, what would stop her from trying to abort them upon finding out of their existence? The clown shook with both fear and rage at the thought, clutching his mate close and holding her stomach protectively in his dark clawless hands. As long as he was there, their young would live and thrive if he had anything to say about it. If he was sure of anything, he was sure he could convince Hermione to love their children as much as he did.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is.
I hope you all liked it.
The next chapter will be another intermediate chapter, but the one afterwards will be the big reveal, at least for Hermione. ;)
As always, you have any questions, feel free to ask in the comments.
We are Golden

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry for the long wait. I just couldn't figure out where to end this chapter. Nothing really felt right. Idk, it doesn't really matter in the long run, as the next chapter will be the big reveal. I also couldn't figure out a title, so I decided to go with the song that has been in my head for the last few hours. It also kind of fits the idea of the chapter. Anywho... enjoy Chapter 70!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 18th, 1989

It was raining heavily again, a particular oddity for the time of year. Luckily, Hermione had left the house prepared, toting a large umbrella over her head to combat the cool shower that was cleansing the earth and providing the plant life with thirst-quenching moisture. The rain was so extensive that it looked like a fog was rolling in through the sleepy little town. Lights were blurred, flashing with a visible aura around them. Overhanging street lamps, yellow headlights, and fiery red taillights accompanied the witch on her little excursion to Main Street while her mate was M.I.A.

She had no clue where Pennywise went during the morning. He was likely hunting down more criminals to eat. There hadn’t been any more ‘missing-kid’ posters, so at least he’d kept to his promise of not eating children anymore. Checking his territory was likely another thing he did during this time. Hermione wondered if he knew he didn’t really need to do that any longer, that he was free to go wherever she allowed him to go. Old habits die hard, the witch supposed.

The curly-haired woman was jolted out of her thoughts when a particularly rude car nearly drenched her by driving through a puddle right near the sidewalk. Shivering, she looked up, whistling a relieved sigh through her lips upon seeing the neon sign she’d been seeking out in the low visibility. Nearly running to the door, her modest shoes made light splashes along the uneven path. A bell dinged loudly when her cold fingers wrenched the door open. Hermione then took a full thirty seconds closing her umbrella and shaking off her raincoat on the welcome mat of the shop, looking much more like a wet dog than the modest witch preferred.

Dripping, yet mostly dry, she walked further into the oh-so-familiar store. As exactly two months beforehand, the little music shop had numerous albums on display. Records lined the back walls along with shelves and shelves of cassette tapes. The new CDs were in the front, proof of the manager showing off the new technology it seemed. She would know. She’d bought a couple of them the previous time she’d been in the establishment. Now, she was looking for something a bit more sophisticated.

Walking over to the ‘Classical Music’ section of the store, she glanced through the different composers before deciding on the stereotypical classics: Beethoven and Mozart. Giggling under her breath, she was amazed at how her interests had changed, seemingly overnight. While the music reminded her of her parents, as they often played classical music when she was young, she now had a strong urge to listen to it again. That, and she didn’t mind popping in on a friend she hadn’t seen in
nearly a month. As embarrassed as she was to admit it, Hermione had been a bit reclusive upon being mated. However, it wasn’t exactly her fault. Pennywise was a bit too possessive for her own good.

“Could it be? Hermione Granger, back to reconsider dating yours truly?” a voice gasped mock-eagerly behind her.

Yelping, she turned around, only to see Seth with his head leaning on his chin and a subtle tilt to his head. He grinned disarmingly at her, trying to woo her with his boyish charm, but what he didn’t know was that Hermione attended the “Pennywise School of Deflecting the Puppy-Dog Eyes” and could clearly see through his attempts to playfully lure her away from her mate. He seemed naive in that sense, a.k.a not smart enough to know not to get with a taken woman. But so help her, he was still handsome enough to make her blush.

Giggling at his obvious flirting, she swatted the air by her face and made a gesture of disinterest despite being unable to portray the same in her expression, “Sorry, Seth. I’m not, but I do want to buy some albums.”

He seemed to perk up nonetheless, which reminded her of a puppy wagging its tail upon merely seeing food, “Meh,” he smirked cheerfully, beckoning her over, “I’ll take what I can get, and a heftier paycheck sounds nice.”

Hermione smiled encouragingly at his comment and walked over to him, passing the two albums across the counter in such a similar way that it felt like deja vu, “How have you been, Seth?”

The punk rocker grinned shyly, “Oh… same old, same old. The portkey business is going well, as is my work here in the store. My parents called me the other night from their vacation home in Florida, telling me they missed me,” he made a joking gagging sound and chuckled lowly.

Hermione giggled in return as he bagged her purchase, “Oh? I thought you punk-rock types always lived in your parents’ basement.”

Seth laughed outright now, “Not me! I have an apartment here in Derry. My parents live down in New York, close enough to the city.”

“Too loud?” the witch prompted mock-sympathetically and Seth scoffed, shaking his head.

“Too much competition,” he smirked now, handing her the little bag and taking her money.

“You play? What instrument?” Hermione paused curiously, and Seth puffed up proudly like a peacock, showing off his figurative feathers.

“I play just about everything. That’s my magic. I’d say I’d gotten the better end of the deal, if you ask me,” Hermione rolled her eyes now, thinking about her friend Enoch and his closet obsession with rock stars.

Her co-worker would eat him alive if he knew about him. Since Seth was handsome too, she wouldn’t doubt that Enoch would pounce on the opportunity to have the man in front of her pound him into the ground, in the sexual sense, of course. Giggling at the thought and now feeling a bit obligated to introduce the two men, as she was close friends with the first, and declined to date the other. However, there was a big question that would make or break the idea.

“I have a work friend that would likely agree with you, totally into the music scene…” Seth perked up again and Hermione couldn’t help but compare him to an eager puppy again.
“Oh? She sounds like a reasonable friend. What’s her name?” Seth replied, giving her is undivided attention.

“His name is Enoch, and I don’t think he can find his way out of a paper bag half the time, but he tries...” she chuckled, remembering how horridly obtuse Enoch was when he drank.

Seth laughed, “Interesting, he sounds pretty cute, judging from your description... Er... I-I mean... I’ll,” he coughed, blushing a bit, “You’ll have to introduce us sometime.”

*Matchmaker Hermione strikes again!* The witch grinned happily, nodding and holding up her wallet to show him a picture of her friend. It was a rather cute one of Enoch in his auror robes while he was eating an ice cream cone. Seth’s cool eyes were glued hungrily to the photo the entire time he could see it. He actually seemed put-out when she stored her wallet back in her purse. *Maybe Seth could hold his own after all...*

“I certainly will,” she grinned and he brought her knuckled to his lips in a gentle chivalrous kiss.

However, that only made Hermione resolve to wash her hand multiple times before Pennywise could catch the scent lest he claim her to be unfaithful. Turning slowly after getting her hand back, she left the shop, giving the man at the counter a final wave before walking back out into the pouring rain.

The giddy sensation didn’t stop until she arrived home with her small bag of two CDs pressed snugly inside her purse. Hermione washed her hands at least five times, and oddly enough, she lost count after her hands began to turn red from both the heat and the scrubbing. Then, when her surprisingly non-bloodied hands were dry, she put in the Beethoven CD and switched the song to *Moonlight Sonata*, remembering how her parents used to dance with her in their arms to get her to fall asleep. It worked most of the time back then, but now she just wanted to relive that part of her childhood.

The music seemed to seep into her bones, causing her feet to shift back and forth and turn her body this way and that. Soon, Hermione was swaying with the piano, raising her arms and closing her eyes to reach above. Another long minute seemed to pass yet time simultaneously seemed to slow down. With her eyes still closed, she ran her hands down the length of her body, stopping around her stomach and rubbing in the same way Pennywise usually did. As with him, it was very soothing and made her feel a lot more at peace.

Seemingly from out of nowhere, familiar arms encircled her waist and slowly pulled her backwards into a solid chest. Hermione’s breath left her in a breathless moan as her hands trailed along naked skin until she found the ginger roots of his tufty hair. Pulling on the strands, the witch was able to wrangle a few growling moans out of his clenched teeth before he dislodged her fingers and trapped her wrists in his dark hands.

“Where did you go, love?” Hermione gasped, feeling completely at his mercy.

“I could ask you the same thing, doll,” he chittered lovingly, “but I was hunting... Do you want me to relay the *juicy* details?” the clown cackled now.

“Please don’t,” Hermione whimpered tiredly and he purred, bending down to nibble the skin on her neck.

“Don’t worry... I won’t,” he promised, hugging his mate even closer to his tall frame.

Spinning her around in time with the music, he held her close and swayed. At one point, he picked her up, unsatisfied with her slow movements, and wrapped her legs around his waist. Hermione leaned against him then, feeling flashbulb memories of falling asleep in this exact position on her
parents’ shoulders. Tears unconsciously fell from her eyes and Pennywise simply tilted his head to lick them off of her face. Her lips were about an inch from his neck, but she was simply too tired to exploit that little advantage.

Walking in the rain was tiring, but the rain seemed to make her more sleepy in general today. Pennywise seemed to sense this, choosing instead to sit down on the living room couch rather than circle around the main floor again. He held her patiently, even purring contentedly in the same way he did when he wanted her to sleep. Hermione’s mind was egged on by this, telling her to sleep, to take a nice long nap with her mate watching over her protectively. It sounded so nice that she couldn’t help but take it.

There were no words exchanged between them, it was merely their presences that assured the other that they had each other. Pennywise didn’t need her to tell him that she was alright, if not a little sleepy. Hermione also didn’t need to ask if he would be there when she awoke. She knew he would be, and he seemed to know that she knew. He liked to think that it was their mental bond making it easier for him to read her unconscious urges and desires, but he preferred to think that he just knew Hermione so well that he only needed to guess her wants. However, the truth was something else entirely.

His children were tired, the little telepath told him as much before the inevitable exhaustion set into Hermione’s whisky eyes. She had dropped into tiredness further, seemingly every second. It was like watching a flower gradually droop due to thirst or lack of sunlight. Holding her in his arms, he sent another choice message to their young, telling them to watch how much energy they were stealing from their mother. *I know you need your dam’s energy to grow, but one of these days, you’re going to get caught like I did, or worse, kill her… Don’t take so much at once! Do you understand?!* Little squeaks of terror met his astral mind and he was happy that their children were understanding the gravity of what they were doing. They had to be careful and that was that.

His dark hand turned Hermione’s face more towards his and he pressed a small kiss to her lips. His mate’s mind was still in denial, as much as he could tell, but her body was preparing their babies for the world. Now, her heart was preparing as well. The idea of bearing his children was kinky to the both of them. He knew that now. However, her little demonstration this afternoon in the form of a dance only accentuated this major change in attitude. If only it were that easy to get her mind on the same page. He’d have played plenty of music a long time ago if it were indeed that simple.

Pennywise suppressed a chuckle. With Hermione’s mind, things stopped being easy. In fact, he didn’t think it was possible to use the word “simple” to describe his mate’s beautifully complex brain.

_Hermione winced nervously, biting her lip and feeling around where her ovaries were supposed to be. Nothing… nada… zip… no pain whatsoever. She sat down on the toilet and put her head in her hands, sensing an oncoming headache. Her fears were slowly coming true, and she could only hope that her period was just late… really late. It usually started around this time, but she felt absolutely nothing besides the usual things that had been bothering her, the puking and the overeating. *Oh Merlin! Could I be… bulimic? No, that doesn’t make sense…* Hermione rubbed her eyes, feeling like there were storm clouds forming behind them. No amount of stress could take her period away for that long without her feeling it. She never went a full month without bleeding before. It just didn’t make sense._
The witch needed a distraction, a nice big distraction. However, it was her mate’s big distraction that may have gotten her into this situation in the first place. Well, it’s not like I could get any more pregnant if that’s the case… Bloody hell… I’ve been taking the potions and pills, but still… damn him! Standing up and flushing, she washed her hands angrily at the sink before marching back into her bedroom. Pennywise was still laying in bed, his large ginger head poking out of the nest of pillows and blankets.

Fuming silently at his stupid head, she snatched the seat cushion from the armchair, one of the only ones left not on the bed, and threw it at him from a very short range. As if expecting the attack, his arm somehow swung out of the soft folds to intercept the cushion before it could even touch him. Gripping the upholstery in his dark hand, he squeezed the red corduroy contemplatively, bringing it behind him to sit with the other couch cushions from downstairs that had somehow reappeared on the bed overnight.

“Thanks, doll, I knew I’d forgotten one somewhere…” he rasped mock-tiredly, “So thoughtful… my Hermione…” he purred invitingly and her legs brought her towards him despite her face urging him to keep his distance if he wanted to keep every part of his anatomy.

Unfortunately for her, he wasn’t even looking at her face. Pennywise seemed to sense where she was even with his head buried in the pillows, so he was able to effortlessly catch her off guard and drag her back into the blanketed prison. Hermione then found herself pinned underneath his bulk, a usual circumstance she’d begrudgingly gotten used to. He spared her stomach, as he’d done the previous day, preferring instead to sit squarely on her snatch and grind himself along her slit while holding either her hands, wrists, or arms in his grip. When he knew she really fully wanted him in the moment, he would hold her hips and allow her hands to play with his hair, but this wasn’t one of those times.

“Why so fiesty, dearest?” he rumbled into her neck, lightly nibbling along her collarbone, “Do you by any chance want something?”

Hermione scoffed now, shaking her head scathingly, “No, I don’t,” she replied pointedly.

“Whatever you say…” he replied, snuggling back into her side and moving to fall back asleep.

The fact that he pounded Hermione into the mattress less than fifteen minutes later was inconsequential.

★★★

Much later, Hermione laid cocooned in the hammock, partaking in the smells of cooking steaks coming from the covered grill. Closing her eyes, she listened to the birds and squirrels in the trees, something that usually didn’t happen when her mate was around. As if on cue, the animals fell silent and Hermione groaned, tilting down her sunglasses to see Bill Gray staring down at her with those mesmerizing cobalt eyes.

“You need something, big guy?” she offered, “Your steak might be done if you want it almost raw…” the clown rolled his eyes.

“I would have liked it completely raw…” he muttered childishy and Hermione opened her mouth to berate him, but karma seemed to work its magic on him before she could.
Pennywise took the top off the grill and seemed to forget about the temperature because he reached his bare hand in to grab the larger slab of the two and then hissed in pain upon touching the grate. Hermione shook her head and went back to slowly swinging back and forth in the waning sunlight, “Idiot.”

Growling at her, the clown nursed his injured finger by sticking it in his mouth. In his other hand, he triumphantly held the mostly-raw steak. Pennywise raised the meat above his head, opened his mouth, and dropped it in. One second it was there, and the next, it was gone. If she’d blinked, Hermione would have missed the unnatural widening of his jaw and throat along with the razorlike fangs jutting out from the inside.

Happily fed, he strolled over to her and disrupted her peaceful environment by crawling onto the hammock and sitting on her. He shuffled around further, attempting to find a comfortable spot without simultaneously crushing his children and his mate. After a moment, and enough suspicious creaking and grunting to make her neighbors blush if they had been able to hear them, he sighed contentedly, snuggling along her side and facing her while she laid on her back.

“Are you done?” Hermione cracked an eye open to survey Bill as he simply leaned over to press a kiss to her nose.

“Are you?” he countered smugly, removing her sunglasses and chuckling, “The sun set about ten minutes ago, doll.”

“I couldn’t tell with you on top of me, now could I?” she pouted, feeling stupid about not realizing that the stars were out already and she hadn’t even noticed.

They were beautiful, definitely nothing she’d see in New York City. It was nice to be in such a remote area with so few lights to draw attention away from the elaborate cosmos. Stars twinkled brightly, lighting up the dark sky in a way that had her gasping. The moon was still quite swollen in the sky, despite being in the second day of the waning gibbous phases. Gray craters were visible on its surface and she could just barely make out the shadowed “dark side of the moon.”

Pennywise followed her line of vision and smirked, “So ignorant… you know nothing apart from what you can see here.”

Hermione bristled at that, “I’ll have you know that I took astronomy when I went to school,” he merely blinked blankly at her in response, turning his shiny eyes skyward once more.

“You don’t get it, doll. It’s good that you don’t know… “ he paused, biting his lip, “There are dangerous things lurking out there… very dangerous beings, even more so than I.”

Then he was touching her stomach again, splaying his palm out protectively and cradling her head comfortably in the other palm, “I will keep you safe,” the clown purred, looking into her watery whisky orbs.

“I don’t doubt it, love,” she smiled, tears unabashedly leaking from her eyes at the spoken promise, “but I want to know more… Please tell me, Penn…”

He seemed to argue with himself, eyes darting back and forth to the sky, to her face, her stomach, the grill. It was beginning to smell delicious to her now, and it was more than a bit distracting. Pennywise took the latter as an opportunity to delay the discussion and he seized it, jumping up to tactfully remove the other steak from the grill and put it on a plate without burning himself this time.

He wandered back over to her a few seconds later, fork and steak knife in hand. The hammock
dipped dangerously on one side, threatening to send Hermione tumbling to the grass as Bill sat back down. Ignoring the flailing witch, he focused instead on cutting up the large slab into small bite-sized chunks. She fell still, lying with her feet in the air and her arms tucked under her head. White knuckles gripped the netted mesh, holding on for dear life.

Silently, Pennywise maneuvered them so they were once again side-by-side, with the exception of the tall man leaning up to balance the plate on his slightly-turned side. His fingers carried the small chunks to Hermione’s mouth, dropping them in as if they were sweet grapes. The witch had closed her eyes, catching the pieces on the flat of her tongue. Her mate delighted in this visual, more so than he thought possible.

She looked like a queen, an immortal goddess. Pennywise supposed that was what she was now that they were mated. Hermione was his goddess, so she could only be worshipped by him. After placing the last piece of meat in her mouth, he caught her bottom lip with his thumb and slowly dragged it down the slick flesh, showing off her lower gums as she chewed. When the flustered witch swallowed nervously, the disguised clown struck, capturing the drawn rosy lip in his teeth.

Hermione moaned prettily at the feeling, twitching against him as he tugged on her bottom lip. He soothed the skin with his tongue, rubbing along her sides with contented strokes. The hem of her shirt was slowly inched up and she gasped, swatting at her mate’s persistent hands. Even though there was something to silence any lovemaking and there was a spell to block anyone from seeing them, the curly-haired woman certainly didn’t have a public sex kink to exploit. In fact, it made her more than a bit embarrassed. Pennywise seemed to catch that last thought and purred happily, petting her head in praise.

“Yesss… No one gets to enjoy you, except for me… all mine,” he pressed kisses to her exposed neck and Hermione grumbled irritatedly, pushing at her mate until he laid back down and contented himself with simply holding her against his cool body.

“Tell me about what’s out there… Please,” Hermione pleaded, keeping her eyes on the stars while turning her face towards him.

Pennywise stiffened, sighing heavily before turning Hermione’s head so he could look into her eyes.

“You really wanna know, doll?” the look she saw in his cobalt orbs as he stared into the dark void was something she rarely saw inside them: fear. He was afraid, afraid of something out there beyond the stars.

“I do not miss where I came from… nor do I ever want to go back. It was a place of darkness, an everlasting void left over from my species’ destructive nature. Others out there call it the Todash, and it is a space in between worlds. We use it to find more places to hunt, as we collectively go through it to reach other realms...” he turned back to Hermione now, taking in her judgeless face as it processed his information.

“You call us ‘eldritch’s,’ but we do go by another name…” she snapped her head towards his surprisedly.

“What is it?” she prompted eagerly, her eyes glistening with her thirst for knowledge.

“Glamour,” he answered the witch’s question and she giggled, increasing in volume as she tried and failed to pull herself together.

“That’s not intimidating at all!” she roared with laughter now and Pennywise pouted, childishly pushing his face into her chest and feeling his children sleepily gripping at the vibrations coming from
their mother’s diaphragm.

She calmed down a few minutes later and he continued, basically summing his point up by explaining that other unimaginably terrifying monsters share the Todash darkness with the eldritch species, and that he’d seen them firsthand.

“So, there,” Pennywise huffed at the end of his little speech, “Be grateful you don’t know,” he spat, turning over on the hammock so his mate couldn’t see his pouting insecure face.

Hermione could tell that she’d pissed Pennywise off by laughing at him, and she loathed how he’d clammed up significantly after she did. *My sensitive man… always mistrustful. I won’t always laugh at you, love…*

Getting up from the hammock, she wandered inside after making sure the grill wouldn’t burn the yard and house down. An idea came to her and she knew her irked mate would enjoy it. Climbing up the stairs, she strode into the bathroom and began the slow process of transforming the space into the much wider prefect’s bathroom. When she was done, she disrobed and climbed into the warm bubbling water.

Pennywise found her lounging along the side about ten minutes later. He’d crept up beside the witch and emerged from the water to wrap her in a surprising wet hug. Pleasured pain shot through her shoulder as the clown pulled away and Hermione hissed sharply at the feeling. She whimpered as his slick tongue began toying with the bloodied bitten flesh, gripping his shoulders as much as she could. Upon looking at the harsh bite, Pennywise felt very little remorse. It was his mark, after all, his claim over his mate.

Their little chat earlier had dug into him deeply, reminding him of the unspeakable others in the Macroverse and Todash that could possibly want to take Hermione from him. While immortal, she was still human. She was weaker than most. It would be only too easy for another immortal male to discover her and steal her away to some secret realm and forcefully breed her until his scent washed away permanently, and that simply would not do.

“Are we even now, Penn?” she sighed, lolling her head against his naked collarbone.

“Yes, we are,” he echoed her rasping tone, situating her on his lap so his heated member was snug between her nether lips.

Hermione moaned quietly into the clown’s pale chest, wiggling her bum to get more friction against her clit. Pennywise caught onto what she was trying to do and he grabbed her arse cheeks, lifting her up to penetrate her cave with two fingers. The witch yelped now, bouncing on his hand while he sucked on her swollen breasts. His lips tweaked her nipples harshly and she whined at their sensitivity. Milked flowed from both nubs, but the clown only payed attention to one at a time, resulting in the other one leaking a significant trickle into the pool. Either way, it was relieving to be milked even if he didn’t always drink it.

She screeched her first orgasm of the evening when her mate’s thumb dug into her bundle of nerves, pressing the puffy pink flesh inward and swirling it around until she climaxed. Pennywise purred when Hermione slumped into his shoulder, a boneless heap he could mold into whatever position he wanted. A smirk overtook his features as he simply raised and spread his witch’s slender legs and sunk his aching red and purple bumpy cock into her slick hole.

As a testament to her exhaustion, Hermione barely reacted to the much more extensive intrusion. A broken moan crawled its way out of her throat, and her thighs gave a brief spasm, but other than that, she didn’t do anything that indicated that she’d just sheathed a bigger-than-average penis inside her
channel. Pennywise groaned now, feeling such delicious constriction where he thought there would be loose spongy flesh. His little mate was perfect, even after he fucked her into near-unconsciousness.

★★★

Even later, at least an hour after their little romp in the bathtub, Pennywise’s fists clenched the blankets beneath him as he moaned lowly into the pillow under his head. Hermione sat on top of his lower back and she was doing absolutely heavenly things to him. Her delicate fingers dug into his upper back, pushing and pulling the knots out of the tense areas. It was so pleasurable that his lower anatomy seemed to perk up at what his mate was doing to his backbone.

“Nggh!” he grunted, “Harder!”

“I’m pushing as hard as I bloody can! It’s not my fault your back made of concrete!” she moaned tiredly, trying in vain to work on his inhuman spine.

His next noise was a cross between a moan and a wheeze as Hermione finally found and corrected the final knot, making him turn into a boneless limp noodle on the mattress. However, his member was still raging hard, but luckily, he could smell his mate’s eager snatch as she’d unconsciously been grinding it along his arse. Besides, he’d been wanting to experiment a bit for a while now.

Turning over, he slid out from underneath her and pushed her up the bed until he was on her hands and knees facing the headboard. Then, he remembered the little box just underneath them, the box that contained a variety of toys that would enhance their pleasure.

Conjuring the box to appear in front of him, he rummaged through it, quickly tying Hermione to the headboard so she couldn’t use her arms nor close her legs. Pennywise took out the milk pumps and attached them to her once-again swollen breasts. Then, in a stroke of responsibility, he conjured a tin bucket beneath her so the bed didn’t soak up the liquid. The witch was fidgeting uncontrollably now, in both nervousness for whatever torture the clown wanted to put her through, and giddiness for the pleasing aspect of the acts.

“So, doll… I’m sure you remember my little promise to return to this box of goodies at some point. That day is today, Hermione. We are going to discover together what makes you tick aside from my own cock. All the while, these,” he tapped the plastic shell of the pumps pointedly, making her wince, “are going to milk you… Do you understand?”

Hermione whined nervously now, unsure about what she wanted. Did she want to let him have his way with her, or didn’t she? He could be insensitive and forceful, even neglecting to fully ask if she was alright with having sex. He’d gotten much better recently, or perhaps she’d just gotten more horny. The line was very blurry where the deliciously sinful sex was concerned. However, Pennywise shut her thought process up by suddenly using his magic to start the rhythmic pumping of her milk.

A light staccato of echoes tapping mat her ears and Hermione unconsciously looked down to see white droplets hitting the tin bottom of the pail. To see her milk being cared for and collected made her happy on a primal level, more so than it should have. It was also a bit unnerving that she would be so satisfied by something so archaically patriarchal, as though she wanted to be treated like a cow to be milked, fucked, and bred.
“Ooh…” she moaned at the feeling of something artificial and thick sliding into her with a depraved squelch.

“You like this… I can smell it on you,” the clown teased, “Although, it is pathetic compared to what you’re used to,” he spanked her hard on her arse and she yelped, “Right, doll?”

Hermione shivered, “Y-yes, Penn… You are better, so much better,” she shook her head and then his gloved hand was on her neck and shoving her into the pillows.

“My little… kiss-ass, yes?” he switched the vibrating mechanism of the four-inch dildo on to the highest setting and the curly haired woman’s hips couldn’t stop moving once they’d started.

“P-please!” she screeched now, unsure whether she meant it as a plea for him to continue his sweet torture, or a plea for him to stop everything.

Pennywise had completely backed away, choosing to do neither, yet lingering around the edge of the mattress like a shark waiting for a much larger animal to lose enough blood to make the kill. His amber-red eyes watched her writhing body heatedly. Her hips canted their thrusts into the cushions, smearing a significant amount of her filmy release on them. The clown’s nose flared significantly at the sight and smell, forcing a noise between his teeth which manifested into a cross between a purr, a growl, and a whine. His claws sunk into the comforter, causing the poor blanket to spit feathers around his ebony fingers.

Hermione keened now, dripping copiously around the brightly-colored plastic lodged in her snatch. Her orgasm seemed to sneak up on her, hitting her quickly and harshly. One second, she was brokenly thrusting into her bed, and the next, she was arching her back and screeching to the ceiling as her breasts spilled another two cups of liquid into the bucket, making it nearly a fourth of the way filled.

The witch slumped over the heavy pail, tearing up at how the device was still moving within her over-sensitive walls. Pennywise seemed to catch onto her plight, as he immediately removed the dildo and set it back into the box, reaching for another one that seemed to have a certainly kinky addition that the other lacked.

“Now, then… This one confuses me,” he dangled the other plastic member in front of her face and brushed her lips with the inhuman bulge, “Pray tell… Why do you have a knotting toy? Do you have a thing for knots? Have you ever taken one that wasn’t mine?” his sudden unrelenting grip on her chin made her whine in both nervousness and want. He turned her face to his and forced her to look into his eyes until she answered.

“I… I-It started out as a joke. I bought it on a dare, never intending to actually use it,” she seemed truthful enough, but her eyes flickered away a bit too much.

Pennywise grinned ferally, “But you did, didn’t you?”

Hermione blushed harder than he’d ever seen her blush, “Y-y-yes… I never stooped so low as to actually finding a living partner that could knot me, but using it felt so good, better than a normal man’s…”

Her lips were seized in that moment, making her gasp into his mouth, “And don’t you ever fucking forget it, Hermione,” he rasped against her rosy-red ear and she shivered at the note of horny promise in his tone.
Whoo! That was a long one. I was working on it for a while, and am finally glad to post it. I hope you enjoyed it, and are eager for the next chapter. I know I sure am! :D
Hey guys!

This is the one you've all been waiting for! However, before you read and get disappointed, the first thing Hermione does next chapter is kick his ass for lying to her.

Anyway, enjoy Chapter 71!!!

Pennywise kissed his mate harshly, not knowing what else to do after hearing her admit how much she craved his cock. He was hard enough as it was, so the little ego boost did nothing to relieve him of anything other than jealousy towards other males. Even so, the idea of putting a fake member into the space where his was meant to go set him a bit on edge, not that he felt inadequate about his own anatomy. Hell, he could change it however he wanted it to be. This little game of theirs tonight was meant to ultimately prove to Hermione that her toys were no longer necessary unless, of course, he found a few that drew his interest.

It was a good thing he had a form of telepathy. That way, he could watch his mate’s reaction to the different items and how they worked on her. The vibrators seemed to be the most fun for him to watch, given Hermione’s constant writhing and humping against the cushions like a female in heat. Her plump arse bounced deliciously when she rolled her luscious hips onto the mattress while on her hands and knees, enough that he wanted to take bites out of the two mounds.

When she was lying frustratedly on her back, he easily elongated the ends of the pumps into hoses that went straight into the bucket so she didn’t spill her heavenly cream all over. He favored her like this. These moments allowed him to see everything about her that was positively on fire from such a little object vibrating against her swollen clit. The witch’s folds enveloped it possessively now, also swollen enough to hold it against her. White knuckles gripped the sheets underneath her as her orgasm ripped through her like a hurricane. Of course, Pennywise was there to collect the slick spoils of her exertion, not letting a single drop escape him nor his eager tongue.

Suddenly, he was flipping her over and removing what was probably the fifth vibrator, but he’d lost count because of his sex-drunk mind. Hermione brokenly cried out in protest as her loose hole was abruptly filled with the knotting toy. The clown slapped her arse harshly at the noise and she surprised them both by moaning loudly. Pennywise froze, taking in what had just happened before belatedly petting the red spot where his black hand made contact just seconds ago. His gesture seemed to calm her, easing the witch into a calmer state while on her knees, hunched over the half-full pail.

Her back bowed deeply, enough that she could feel the cooling liquid against her nipples even with the pumps on. He rubbed her sulking shoulders, feeling along her tense spine like she did for him.
earlier. The clown worked his way down, kneading her soft curves until he once again reached her bum. Hermione twitched when she could feel him lick a hot stripe up one of the globes with his serpentine tongue. Nearly snapping her neck to look back at him, she froze at the completely awed look on his face.

“Beautiful…” he kneaded her arse with his dexterous hands.

“Huh?” Hermione moaned confusedly, “Have you not seen my arse before?”

“Don’t act stupid… It doesn’t suit you,” Pennywise grumbled, “I just haven’t taken enough time to look at you like this,” he trailed a finger from her neck down to her tailbone along her spine.

“With my fat arse on display?” the witch pouted self-consciously and the clown growled lowly.

“Whoever told you that ‘your ass is fat’ is going to wish they were dead by the time I’m through with them…” he grumbled seriously, “You are beautiful, doll.”

Hermione seemed to shrink in on herself shyly, skeptical about his view of her, “Stop joking Penn, it’s not funny…”

“But I’m not joking,” he detached the pumps from her breasts, deciding to give her a little break while he convinced her of her beauty.

The witch was surprised when Pennywise picked her up and spun her around on his lap so she could feel the titanium bar he seemed to be stashing in his pants snugly between her swollen nether lips. She winced, adjusting the toy inside her so she could sit more comfortably. Little nips trailed up her neck, peppering tiny kisses along the abused flesh. Then, the clown sucked the lobe of her right ear into his mouth and played with the flesh until he could hear her moan.

“Never, in my entire life, have I met someone like you… as beautiful as you,” Pennywise began, rubbing circles into the pudgy areas on her hips and delighting how much softer and squishier she had already become due to their children growing inside her.

“I love your curves, doll. I love to hold them, feel them underneath my fingers,” he demonstrated his point by cupping her arse in his large hands.

“They fit perfectly here…” he rasped against her sensitive ear, “and don’t even get me started on these,” Hermione gasped as he cupped her sore breasts, “I could praise them for the next millennia and still not be finished.”

“Besides… I would snap you in half if you were any thinner, doll,” Pennywise kissed her nose and winked, his amber eyes flickering heatedly like a bonfire, “I need you like this… with plenty of places to grip while I fill you with my thick cock and plug you on my knot… C’mon, Hermione,” he poked her side teasingly, “You know you love it.”

Hermione blushed now, as though she hadn’t been screwed by the eldritch a hundred times over, “R-really? You don’t mind? I’ve just felt… heavier lately and I’m sorry for taking that out on y—”

The rest of her sentence was halted by her lolling breasts dripping more milk between their connected bodies. Pennywise chuckled, bending his neck to suck on one briefly before doing the same to the other one, “They’re ready to be milked again, I think.”

Hermione moved to say something, her mouth opening and closing a bit like a fish. Her mate noticed immediately. “You don’t like it?” the clown prompted, slouching in sadness at the idea of Hermione stopping his little habit earlier than he had planned.
Her eyes snapped to his immediately, “No! I do! I… I really do like it! I like how it feels,” she palmed her sore mounds delicately, checking for any strains.

Pennywise frowned, “I’m sensing a ‘but.’” Hermione nodded sadly.

“It’s… It’s so… demeaning?” Hermione floundered, trying to give her confused mate an explanation to the conflict she felt, “but I love it…”

Pennywise massaged the nape of her neck, understanding what she was feeling. Of course, she didn’t know about her impending motherhood, so she hadn’t adopted the maternal context yet. When this happened, the milking act would stop feeling demeaning, and instead feel like providing for their young with his assistance, and he was all too ready to assist her with feeding them. Milking her like a cow seemed to be the most efficient way to let his children eat at the same time. Some of them would have to be bottle-fed at each meal, but that’s what happens when their mother only has two teats.

The clown could give her the necessary additional breasts to feed them, but he had a feeling Hermione wouldn’t enjoy that. It would likely make her feel more like a demeaned broodmare then she was feeling now.

“I have never tried to demean you, especially like this…” he cradled her mounds in his hands, capturing the surprisingly small cherry-like nipples in between his thumbs and rubbing them around slowly.

“You taste wonderful, on every part of your body, but this is only one of two places where it would be safe enough to sample your fluids whenever I want to. Your milk is so sweet and delicious that I will never get tired of drinking it. You have given me everything, Hermione. The least I can do is relieve you of the burden of keeping it inside,” he sucked a large hickey on the side of her neck.

“Never feel demeaned, my love. Never feel inadequate. If anyone needs to feel inadequate in this relationship, it’s me,” he chuckled against her ear, tickling it with warm exhales.

Hermione was tearing up now, her lower lip beginning to blubber at the beautiful words coming from her mate’s mouth, “Where is all of this coming from, Penn?”

The clown paused, leaning back a bit to press their foreheads together, “It comes from this space in my chest that seems to be growing bigger every time I so much as look at you.”

Hermione laughed now, the bell-like tone breathlessly ringing from her throat, “Okay, Mr. Grinch…” Pennywise scowled at her despite the mirth dancing in his amber eyes.

“I love Christmas! Just for that, I’m expecting a big present from you this year,” he hinted, knowing full well that with the rate of their children’s gestation, they’ll be arriving around the gift-giving holiday.

“Fine!” Hermione teased, “I’ll make sure it’s extra special…” Pennywise purred giddily now, understanding that meant that he’d be getting two amazing gifts instead of just… hmm… How many children are there?

The little telepath had been reluctant to reveal that bit of information, only telling him that she wanted it to be a surprise. He’d nearly poked and prodded another vomiting session out of his mate before Hermione had swatted his probing digits away and curled protectively into her stomach.

Now, rubbing his little mate’s tell-tale bump, he was satisfied to notice a firmness that wasn’t there before. She would soon begin to swell even more noticeably and he couldn’t wait to see her clothes stretch around her middle, even forcing the hems of her shirts up so she had no choice but to reveal
her belly to him. Hermione would be irresistible then, not that she wasn’t already, but he wouldn’t want to keep his hands off of her. He likely wouldn’t even need penetrative sex then. Just the idea of coming over that round bump would be enough.

The curly-haired witch jolted as the knotting toy was promptly removed from her snatch and immediately shoved into her arsehole. Luckily, the toy was slick with her juices and had no issues sliding in. Pennywise seemed to agree, as he kissed her lips, maneuvering her onto her back and sliding into her vacant hole with a depraved squishing sound. She yelped when both cocks began thrusting in time with each other. Her hands couldn’t figure out where to go, in the sheets, in his hair, on his shoulders clawing at his back. He ended up deciding for her, bracketing the woman’s wrists in his hands and pushing them into the bed.

It was exhilarating to watch his light sweaty hips move, it drew attention to his shaded pelvis and genitals where they were pressed snugly against her. Hermione could feel his balls slapping her bum with each thrust, making them turn a bit red aside from the toy slowly swelling inside her anus. The object began struggling to fit in and out, wrenching some pained thrusts against his stuttering hips. As if he knew the cause, he forced the toy back into her ass and let it tie her, releasing a cartridge of fake ejaculate into her rectum.

She cried out at the feeling, clenching her walls and triggering her own orgasm which caused the clown to speed uncontrollably towards his own. He could tell when he was close. His eyes rolled back into his head and he sped up his thrusts, growling lowly until he climaxed with a full animalistic snarl, filling her up with his scalding seed. It was so hot, like it was heating her from the inside, a little fire. Again, she noticed Pennywise’s hands on her stomach, feeling the warmth he’d brought to her insides.

Slowly, he grabbed one of her hands and brought it to his face, scenting the blood pumping quickly though her wrist. Her palm cupped his face and he kissed the multitude of veins he felt where her hand met her arm.

“...Beautiful,” he repeated, looking down at his flushed yet sated mate with lidded eyes.

Hermione nodded exasperatedly, “Yeah, yeah, I get it… I love you too, you manipulative ass.”

“Aww!” Pennywise chirped haughtily, “You know me so well!”

He almost didn’t catch the pillow she swung at his face.

August 20th, 1989

“Shit!” Hermione cursed, kicking the wall in anger and ultimately causing herself more pain by stubbing her toe, “Bloody— Fuck!”

She rubbed the sore appendage delicately, sitting on the sofa with its part-time cushions underneath her sore butt. The paper that caused her initial fury was now crumpled in her white-knuckled fist and threatening to fall apart under her harsh grip. No matter how many times she’d read the letter, she found herself more and more at a loss of what to do.

When she’d noticed Elvira at her window again, she became anxious, sneaking out of bed despite her mate’s absence so as to not shoo the large owl away. The gold seal of MACUSA reflected in the glass and she let out a low groan, running downstairs to get an owl treat for her boss’s pet. Hermione
opened the window hesitantly upon returning upstairs, taking the offered letter with shaky hands. The other female merely raised a nonexistent eyebrow, grabbed the treat, and flew off, leaving the witch to her inner turmoil.

Three hours later, she was still sulking about the letter’s contents. In short, it was a joint letter from MACUSA and the FBI, reminding her that she would be leaving Derry the first week of September, likely to go on another dangerous mission that required her expertise. What really bothered the witch about the whole ordeal was Pennywise. She was mated now, and had to basically babysit him so he wouldn’t get into anything he shouldn’t. Bringing him along on her missions was dangerous, as he could either be injured or accidentally reveal himself in his attempts to hide her away. Leaving him at her New York MACUSA apartment like a fisherman’s wife was an even worse prospect. The entire area around him was an all-you-can-eat-buffet, which was right next to some very well-trained people who would kill him if they found out exactly who and what he was.

Perturbed, she strolled into the kitchen to make herself some peppermint tea. Her stomach’s condition still wasn’t improving, which added another scary layer to her entire dilemma. She would definitely have to refuse any field missions if she was indeed pregnant. A large part of her was blaming stress and a poor diet on the daily puking, but the other side of her was growing in influence, whispering its little hints into her brain like they usually did when she was onto something during a case.

There would be so many questions, including the obvious “How are you pregnant?!”. Those that knew about Bill, like her friends in Wizarding England, would immediately know who was responsible and be happy for her. Luckily, no one else knew about his terrifying counterpart besides the Losers Club, the friends that she would be required to obliviate before she left Derry.

It would also be completely unprofessional. Granted, what she did during her off-hours was no one’s business, but it didn’t exactly look good to have a female agent sent on a mission only for her to come back waving the Missio Silentum Clause like a white flag and toting a pregnancy bump. Adding the two plus two in this scenario made people assume one of two things. Either she was raped by the culprit and tortured into submission, or she willingly had sex with the culprit and later found out the truth but was now stuck with a murderer’s child growing inside her.

While the latter would be true if she was pregnant, it still made her a bit shameful to think about the judgemental stares and pitying looks she’d receive upon the rumor mill getting ahold of her situation. The thought made her left temple pulse with stress. Sipping her tea forlornly, she stepped into the living room and chucked the crumpled letter into the fireplace. Then, the witch blankly brought her wand out from her pocket and threw a controlled incendio at the paper and watched, her face pensive as the spell slowly consumed the paper, leaving nothing but black ash behind. Vanishing the small pile, she laid back on the couch tiredly.

She was glad to be rid of the letter despite the problem not going away. It only helped in the sense that she was able to delay Pennywise from finding out their impending departure. On top of everything, the last thing she needed was a melodramatic eldritch tantrum.

August 21st, 1989

The feeling of her belly being rubbed soothingly brought her out of consciousness enough that she wasn’t sure if she was still dreaming or not. However, Pennywise licked her stomach repeatedly, completely waking her up with the tickling sensation. He then rubbed his face along the wet spot like a cat nuzzling its owner. Speaking of which, Hermione glanced over to her armchair, noting
Crookshanks exaggerated eye-roll at the clown’s behavior before he fell back asleep. She moved to do the same, but then Pennywise began talking.

Well, not really talking, but making little chittering coos and purrs at her stomach while tapping it in certain spots as if to feel something underneath. The doubt that she’d been hoarding away possessively seemed to suddenly vanish, forcing her to see the truth. His gestures were a dead giveaway, the vomiting was a dead giveaway, the cravings, the crying, the urges, the nostalgia. Hermione Jean Granger, war-heroine, top of her class, first-rate detective, was pregnant, but it didn’t stop there. Hermione Jean Granger was pregnant with her human-eating mate’s baby.

The sweet nothings coming from his painted mouth increased in volume as he realized that she was awake. It was such a high contrast from when she’d been holding Eddie in the Neibolt House, fearing for his life as the clown had advanced on them. Now, he was infinitely more docile, petting her stomach as if it were a skittish animal. Granted, she was one in that moment.

“What’cha doin’ there, Penn?” she murmured at him, leaning up on her elbows to survey his reaction.

Pennywise didn’t move to make eye-contact, but instead laid protectively with his arms around her middle, “You know exactly what I’m doin’, doll. Remember, I can smell everything,” he stared blankly at her stomach.

He wasn’t angry. At the most, he was annoyed, which was a relief. Looking down her body, she took note of the things she’d noticed previously in a new light. She wasn’t fat, she was pregnant. Her stomach was firmer now, beginning to round out with the gestation, putting her about three weeks along even though she looked to be about six weeks along. Either the baby was just really big, which made sense considering its father, or there was more than one, an equally daunting concept.

“Well, at least he seems content with the situation,” she pondered, watching him rub her stomach soothingly and purr against the skin. Sighing, she cracked her neck as many times as she could before turning back to him. He was watching her warily now, she might even describe the look in his eyes as nervous.

“Did you plan this?” she stated more than asked, already coming to the answer, but just wanting to hear him say it, Just say it, you cheeky fuck!

“Yes,” he spoke through his nervously gritted teeth, you bloody bastard!

“When do you think—” she moved to ask but he interrupted her with the answer.

“You were pregnant after that first time. You were in heat, we fucked so many times over those two days, but the deed was already done by the time the first drops of my seed hit your eggs,” the clown’s pleasure was muted, happy to relive his ‘honeymoon,’ but worried about her stiff reaction.

“How long have you wanted this?” she whispered, and Pennywise crawled up her body to lay his head against her collarbone, arsehole...

“Since you left me alone for those few days…” he rubbed his bare hand along her arm, “I went crazy, doll. I couldn’t think of anything but finding a way to get you back and keep you here. It was different… I was different then,” he murmured, kissing the base of her neck.

Hermione moved to speak, but she could tell he wasn’t finished, “I began to see you as my mate after that, and so I became Bill Gray to get closer to you, to court you… After you left for those three days, I began having fantasies of mating you, of breeding you… I’m sorry if that makes you feel…
objectified?” the clown supplied, unsure if he was using the correct word, “but I can’t change what I felt back then. How we feel now is the most important, and I love you more than anything in the Macroverse.”

She brought a hand up to card through his red tufts as silent tears began floating up to the ceiling from his eyes, “I know you do, love. I love you too, Pennywise… Do you know anything about it,” she looked towards her stomach.

“Them,” Pennywise countered hesitantly, “there’s… there’s more than one…”

“How many more?” Hermione jolted at the vague answer, panic beginning to set into her frame and making her feel a bit woozy, Merlin! I can’t take much more of this...

Pennywise lamented at the worry he was instilling in his mate, trying to calm her down with rubbing and purring before his young began freaking out too, “I don’t know, Hermione. She wanted to keep it a surprise!”

Hermione froze, “She?”

Pennywise smiled shyly, nodding against her neck, “Yes… We have a daughter, Hermione. She’s a talented little witch who will be a great telepath, just like me,” he boasted giddily.

The witch couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t move. She couldn’t even speak. A daughter… Hermione tested the phrase out in her mind, immediately taking to it like she seemed destined to. It felt so right, and that startled her. Their daughter was a witch, which was... good. It’s good that she’s like me. Her fears of demon-children began to fade at the reveal.

They could raise a witch. Other than the magical aspect, she’d be just like a normal baby. However, she would be a telepath as well, but it would only be a bit harder to hide things from her and teach her to control her power. Of course, these were just little bridges that they’d cross when they got to them. She’ll be good… they’ll be good… Hermione suddenly remembered what Maturin had told her during their last meeting.

“You need not worry for your children. They shall resemble you more and more with each moment from what I can see.”

He knew… He’d even told her without Hermione even noticing, “Thank you, Maturin…”

“What,” Pennywise stated rather than asked and Hermione gasped, realizing she’d relayed her gratitude out loud.

“Oh! Uhh… Maturin told me not to worry about them, as they would be more like me…”

“Pfft,” the clown scoffed, “Meddling old toad…” he pouted, burying his head into her breasts, “He won’t fucking leave us alone,” he spoke into her skin, his voice sounding muffled.

Hermione smacked him upside the head, “Maturin is nice! Stop being so mean!”

Pennywise’s head snapped up and he growled, “He imprisoned me in Derry!”

“He put you in a time out like the child you are!” Hermione countered, sitting up to put her face about an inch from his.

Anger flashed in his eyes for little more than a moment, but then a different kind of heat filled his eyes, “Yes, Mommy… That mean old turtle put me in here because I was being a bad, bad, boy,” he
chirped childishly, sounding like he did while regenerating.

Hermione balked at the title. It usually meant something a lot more perverted when it was said in the tone her mate just used, however, he seemed to be using it in it’s more traditional role. Pennywise spread her legs, hooking them loosely around his hips and unintentionally drawing attention to the obscenely large tent in his sleep pants. He lowered himself slowly, perching his lower half along her lingerie bottoms and rubbing along the silky fabric.

The witch trembled when his fingers lifted the fabric up and pulled it down her legs. When her panties were free, the clown snatched them up off the mattress, brought them to his nose, and inhaled. He looked high. His eyes were lolling and reddened, contrasting with the blissful grin gracing his features. Purring contentedly, he undid her top and sucked on her full breasts, gulping down her milk expertly.

“Ooh~ Daddy!” Hermione moaned jokingly at the feeling but also played along with his newly-discovered fetish, making Pennywise choke and spit liquid all over the bed in a spit-take, “Eww! Penn! What did you do that for!?”

Suddenly she was on her stomach with her arse in the air, being humped from behind by the dazed clown acting like a rutting dog. His eyes were diverging and unfocused, rolling into his head and making his eyes look ghostly white. Her clit began to swell with the repeated contact from his persistent dick, enough so that she unconsciously pushed her hips back and began meeting his distracting thrusts. She shrugged off the sleep top to give him easier access to her naked body, and he growled happily at the motion, grabbing onto her exposed hips and thrusting at a better angle. As if she couldn’t stop, she continued to use the word that set him off in the first place, sending him further into his blind rut. Nothing but getting off could snap him out of it now.

“Oh, Daddy! Please give Mummy more babies! I want you to fill me up, Daddy!”

Hermione’s orgasm was very quiet, nearly unnoticeable compared to her mate’s. The witch squealed quietly, hunkering down to ride out the waves of pleasure smacking into the sides of her channel. Pennywise, on the other hand, growled, groaned, snarled, panted, and howled, but not in that particular order. He was all animal, completely trained on her scent and her scent alone. When she orgasmed, he immediately smelled the sweet nectar coming from her feminine hive. It made him drool, the liquid dripping onto the round globes of her arse.

Hopping off of her, he forced himself to forget his erection, only focusing on getting the clear fluid leaking out of her onto his tongue. He cleaned her thoroughly, inside and out, even wrangling another broken spurt from her hole. When he was through, he flipped her onto her back and resumed rutting against her thigh. Hermione’s spent body squirmed against his, trying to turn away from him, but his hands held her hips firmly, keeping her where she laid.

The top half of his member was sticking out of the slot of his sleep-pants, dripping black pre onto her skin. Its mushroom-like head was dark purple, showing his desperation to get off. It sputtered and shook, seemingly vibrating at the end. His knot swelled, showing his heaving bollocks from inside his pants. Pennywise was panting raggedly now, his tongue lolling out of his mouth like a dead fish and dripping drool onto her swollen stomach. Out of nowhere, he was coming, spraying inky slick onto her lower half and breasts, even getting a wayward stripe of it on her face and up into her hair.

It was warm, but it began to cool quickly, making everything feel sticky. The eldritch was hunched over his knees, looking very much blissed out of his mind. A little snore came from his nose, signalling that he’d passed out. Oh, poor baby, Hermione cooed mentally, I guess I went a bit too hard on him… Talk about trigger words…
Maneuvering his sleeping body into a lying position was surprisingly easy, given his size and unconsciousness. She’d curled into his stomach afterwards and put his arm around her so it could be on her small bump. When this happened, he’d twitched in his sleep, tightening his hold on her and pulling her closer to put his nose into her hair. A purr began emitting from his chest, making her more and more content with sleeping the day away.

Even though she was content with the idea of being pregnant, especially now that she knew about it and knew more about her children. It seemed like it would be a wonderful step to take with Pennywise, as he seemed more eager about it than she was. Raising children would teach him responsibility and build on his good habits rather than reinforce his bad ones. Rewarding his behavior could be fun too, however, she would have to take extra precautions to make sure the reward didn’t result in another litter.

Speaking of which, she needed to immediately stop taking birth control, as it clearly didn’t work in the first place and would only harm the babies in the long run. That, and she needed to start taking vitamins and eat healthier. The witch smiled, imagining Pennywise holding their babies, kissing them, helping her feed them, playing with them. From observing him with James, she knew he would be great at being a supportive parent. Still, Hermione resolved to get him back for keeping the development from her. Mmmh, I’ll kick his arse and be angry later… Now, I’m just tired.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I hoped you liked it.

I was going to include the freakout part of the 'finding out' arc, but the chapter was already getting too long, so I decided to put in in the agenda for next chapter. Idk, it felt better to have her in shock and for Penn to take advantage of that and manipulate her into sex. Well, as we saw, that kinda backfired. Lol, it was funny to write him passing out from an orgasm.

Also, sorry about the Mommy/Daddy kink if it made you cringe a bit. It certainly made me cringe, but I know some of you like the Daddywise stuff, so I thought I’d include it a bit here in a way that wasn't really cringy.
Hey guys, I'm so sorry I've been gone for so long! The life of a full time college art student is both vastly busy and stressful. But, luckily for both you and me, I'm going on break very soon, which means I'll be cranking out chapters like I did back in August. My plan is to finish this story in the next few weeks, which is such a crazy thing to think about, but that's life for you... Anywho, I was going to include more in this chapter, but I felt like I was keeping you all waiting for far too long. If you're still here, waiting for me to add more to this long-ass story, just know that I apologize for taking some time off of it, and I'll definitely have a more eventful chapter for you next time, hopefully in the next week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 21st, 1989

Pennywise woke up about two hours after he passed out, following what had been one of the best orgasms he'd ever experienced, and that's saying a lot, considering how many he's had over his time with Hermione. She was snuggled warmly into his side, or so he thought. The witch had actually crawled out of his clutches an hour earlier in search of food to eat. After all, she had wasn't just eating for herself anymore.

In hindsight, he thought she seemed to be taking the pregnancy news a bit too well, a notion that was rather suspicious considering her usual temperament to such forced changes. He knew she tended to lash out when he did things to her body without her permission, her delightfully lactating breasts being one of those things, but other than that, she was such a sweet little mate, always taking his cock with little complaints, carrying his pups with grace and elegance, and overall just being a great person to share his infinite life with—

His slender arm squeezed the pillow he had underneath his arm before freezing. That wasn't Hermione. Hermione wasn’t that squishy. Cracking his right amber eye open groggily, he looked underneath the covers and noticed the long pillow that his mate had transfigured to be about her size. Clever little minx… I suppose I ought to sniff you out…

The clown didn’t need to go far, only down a floor. Hermione was sitting on the couch finishing up a large plate of waffles and fruit. Inwardly, he purred, happily watching his mate feed herself and their children. From the angle he was looking at her, he could see her baby bump starting to show through her tight tank top. As always with those sorts of thoughts, his member began to harden. She must have noticed him staring, because she immediately began to scowl.

“I know that look, you bloody wanker, and the answer is no. I’m still mad at you! Be grateful I got you off earlier, because it won’t happen again anytime soon,” she spat at him, holding her body protectively as she finished the last piece of fruit. His non-existent eyebrows went up into his odd hairline.

“What? Wait, doll! What is this all about?!” Hermione ignored him, grabbing her wand and changing
into a very conservative-looking black-lace nightgown that covered everything but her head and hands. Even her bump was lost in the ebony folds of fabric, and that made him panic.

“Don’t touch me,” she glared at him, “That’s what this is about.”

While still flattering to her figure, it would be very difficult to remove without magic, something that Pennywise unfortunately had a form of. He strode over to her seated form and reached his hands out to pick her up, expecting her to continue fussing at him. The eldritch certainly did not expect her to attack him.

Hermione lunged at him with a small snarl, not very quickly in comparison to his usual speed, but enough to catch him off-guard. The noise would have been cute if she hadn’t been trying to hurt him, but alas, she was. Her small hands punched his chest and pounded on his back as her knees and feet tried to catch him in the groin. Not knowing what had come over her, he gently clasped her to his chest, keeping her arms and legs captive while he walked them back upstairs.

“You bastard! How dare you get me pregnant on purpose! You didn’t even tell me! I had to find out for myself! When were you going to say something!? When I was in labor?! ‘Oh, yeah! Sorry, doll. I forgot to tell you that you’re going to be pushing out my children in a few hours, so get ready for that.’ Are you even listening to me?!”

She bit him harshly about halfway up the steps when she could tell he clearly wasn’t listening to her angry unintelligible yelling. It wouldn’t have hurt him if she’d still had regular teeth, but her sharp fangs had returned, or had they never left, he couldn’t remember anymore. He just knew they were back and they were much more painful. Blood seeped from the shallow wound, trickling up his neck and into his hair. Great... now I need to bathe again...

“Ow! You stop that!” he protested as he set her down in the bedroom after locking the door behind him, keeping a solid surface between his pissed mate and her wand.

“And another thing, you selfish prick—!”

Hermione looked behind him, realizing what he’d done. Then she was lunging at him again, intending to put a few blunt-nailed scratches in his face and tear out a few chunks of his hair. Pennywise yelped, rapidly grabbing her arms, shoving them down, and grabbing a blanket to trap her inside.

“Argh! You fucking let me go right now, you arsehole. You can’t just keep me in here. I am my own person, and you can’t bloody make choices for me!” she was crying now, the anger beginning to leave her as she grew limp in his grasp, “Did you ask me? No! Nevermind the fact that I actually want children, but…”

The rest of her lament was nearly incomprehensible as she tried to voice her emotional turmoil and frustration. Sometimes Pennywise would catch words or phrases that slowly ate at him, making him both love and hate the fact that he couldn’t hear everything, because he believed that the entire monologue would break him from the inside. As it was, Pennywise’s heart wilted upon seeing her in emotional pain. She was right, of course. Hermione was her own person, and that was one of his favorite things about her. His mate wasn’t afraid to be her own person. Yet, he had made the choice to get her pregnant without her consent. It was his responsibility to help her through his rash decision.

Picking up the weeping witch, he walked over to the bed and cradled her bundled form to his chest, purring quietly to calm her down, “I’m sorry, Hermione… I should have asked,” he breathed an awkward chuckle, “I guess the pregnancy hormones are a real thing, huh?”
The answering watery glare made him wish he’d just kept his mouth shut.

“Do you want me to leave you alone?” he nuzzled her ear helplessly, unsure what she wanted, or didn’t want, from him.

Hermione made a noise indicating negative and he smiled shyly, laying her down on her side and draping her along his chest so she could cuddle him in her sleep. He laid on his back, happy to let her sleep on his chest. Her hands were still trapped, but she seemed to find comfort in being swaddled. His red lips pecked a small kiss in her forehead as she began to doze off again. The last thing he heard from her kept him awake for the rest of the day.

“Next time you pull this shit, I’ll castrate you myself.”

August 22nd, 1989

Hermione was startled awake by her protective ward being breached. Luckily, whoever it was wasn’t a wizard, or the alarm would have gone off rather than just the sudden pull on her magic. Awake whisky eyes flared open, an attribute to the woman’s battle reflexes. She could feel Pennywise stirring next to her, catching the tensing muscles and differed breathing. The witch turned over to face him and noticed an eerie smile creeping across his face, his jagged teeth catching the moonlight coming through the window and glinting sinisterly towards the bedroom door.

“Go back to sleep, doll…” he pat her head and kissed her forehead lovingly, “I won’t pass up free food, but I don’t want you getting hurt.”

Hermione pouted, hating the feeling of being babied, but understanding that she couldn’t needlessly put herself in danger anymore. She was a mother now, and her children’s safety was of utmost importance. However, she was as impatient as she was stubborn.

“I’ll give you ten minutes, and then I’m coming down to clean up after you. Got it?” she poked his chest and he smirked sheepishly, scratching his head as he backed towards the door.

His skin receded, leaving an ever growing mesh of fur sprouting from his body. Pennywise fell forward on all fours, becoming an enormous red-haired wolf. Hermione rolled her eyes and sat back against the headboard as her “guard dog” went downstairs to deal with the muggle intruders. She heard only a single surprised scream before she put up a sound barrier, unable to handle hearing the sounds of gory death.

When the ten minutes were up, she went downstairs as promised. The sight that greeted her was a bit of a surprise. Pennywise was scrubbing at a red stain on the carpet while wearing a girly pink apron, one of hers, and yellow rubber gloves. She nearly giggled at the sight if it weren’t for the state of the rest of the room.

Blood practically painted the walls, leaving multiple trails that bled down into the floor. Furniture was knocked over, broken glass littered the floor from the shattered lights and television. A large man-sized dent in the wall was evidence enough that Pennywise had thrown someone rather forcefully into the plastered surface. The clown himself had blood all over his face, signalling a successful feeding.

The demolished corpses of two grown men laid near the entryway, leaking blood onto the tiles and into the carpet. They were flayed open, revealing a lack of internal organs. Hermione retched at the
sight, but the smell nearly did her in. Casting a quick air-freshening spell, she began the slow process of cleaning up in an attempt to ward off her PTSD.

Turning her back to Pennywise, she set about cleaning the wall, conjuring some supplies and chemicals to scrub the surface with until it showed no sign that anything gory had occurred. Her wand made the broken glass and furniture come back together and the clown watched in awe. It looked like the shattered pieces were going back in time. The dent in the wall seemed to pop back out in reverse, and the lights came back on, illuminated with restored light bulbs. Only the blood on the floor and other surfaces remained.

“Beautiful…” he rasped, looking at his mate with adoration, “I would kiss you right now, but I don’t want to get you sick. One of those fuckers was… uhh... HIV positive?” he shook his head sheepishly, pointing to the blood around his lips with an equally bloody hand, “an interesting flavor, I must say…”

Hermione tilted her head understandably, “But you’re above all that, aren’t you? Doesn’t your body just eat the virus?”

The clown simply nodded before motioning to the bodies lying on the tiles, “I’ll be sure to eat, or clean, everything, just so we don’t have the chance of any of you getting sick.”

She grimaced, curling in on herself protectively, “Well, you’re certainly dressed for it…” she tried to joke and Pennywise laughed, even though it was more so for her benefit.

The apron was very much out of place on the tall pajama-clad clown, but she thought the gesture was cute, as it did make her less anxious. Only reaching mid-thigh, she almost imagined what it would be like for him to just wear the apron… maybe for Valentine’s Day… Drool began to trail down her chin and Pennywise giggled lustfully at the sight, smelling her delicious hormones.

“Young libido seems to be on my side now, doll… Even covered in blood, I’m still appealing to you.” he stepped back playfully, keeping a solid distance between them.

“Now… I want you to hurry your sexy little ass back upstairs,” he pointed hungrily, “and stay there so I can clean the rest of this,” the dead corpses stared glassily back at them, “up, before I lose control… Got it?”

Hermione nodded too quickly for her to seem disinterested, her legs feeling like jelly due to the commanding tone he rarely adopted. She stumbled over to the stairs, narrowly missing a puddle of blood on the carpet. Then, the witch nearly tripped up the stairs twice in her rush to get back to the bedroom before Pennywise could finish eating. Sounds of crunching and tearing met her ears before she quickly put up a silencing charm.

Her body shook, her heart nearly vibrating in her chest with the adrenaline and anxiety of having some of the usual things from her wartime days except for the whole “threatening” parts. She crouched down and sat in the corner furthest from the door. Tears of what she hoped was relief fell down her eerily blank face. Soon enough, her hands were in her hair and cradling her head as if to protect it from some unseen enemy.

Hermione didn’t even hear Pennywise come in. He even startled her by placing his clean dark hand on her shoulder. The warmth soaked through to her soul and she finally broke free, letting all of the frustration and relief she’d been holding in for the last day, the last month, the last twenty-five years. His arms encircled her compressed form and pulled her into his chest. Belatedly, she could smell the scent of clean laundry and candy-scented soap.
He undid the collar of her nightgown and narrowed in on the black mark on her shoulder. His mouth closed around the scarred flesh and began sucking slowly, comfortingly. Hermione’s body shuddered once before falling still, and a long strain of his purrs quelled her sobs. She was hiccuping now, so Pennywise promptly handed her a conjured glass of water and began rubbing her back.

It was emotionally painful to see her like this. He felt inadequate, that he’d failed in keeping his mate happy. There was such a blurred line between real emotions and these pregnancy-hormone-fueled episodes. His eyes were teary as well, the side effect of their bond. Looking down at Hermione, he lamented at how simultaneously miserable and relieved she looked.

“I’ve caused you so much pain… I’m so sorry…” Hermione squeezed his arm comfortingly as he continued, “You have and you will go through so many changes over your infinite time with me, but I wish to let you make those choices from now on. In return, I will protect us from anything that opposes us, or our family,” he rubbed her belly proudly, “You are my Macroverse, Hermione…”

“I think the phrase is actually ‘world,’ Penn…” she croaked with a half smile and he shook his head as if her words insulted him.

“Too small,” he spat humorously, picking her up and laying her slowly on the bed, “You are worth much more to me than a mere planet,” Pennywise kissed her forehead, nose, and cheeks.

A quiet giggle bubbled up out of Hermione’s throat and he smiled happily, bringing out a large and unfamiliar duffle bag, “Those idiots had this on them,” he explained, unzipping the top and revealing the contents of the seemingly heavy bag.

Money, lots of money, enough to make Hermione wheeze in surprise, a product made from a simultaneous gasp and squeak. Pennywise chuckled at the sound, kissing his mate on the cheek as she began mentally counting how many green bills were in the bag. Her hand reached out but stopped short.

If I take this money, I am no better than the people who stole it… Pennywise had definitely been expecting her behavior, as he immediately brought the hesitant hand to the paper, rubbing it across as if making her stroke a cat.

“It’s ours now, doll… If you tried to turn it in, you would be investigated…” he pointedly rubbed her abdomen, “We would be investigated… Give it a rest, my love, my beautifully sexy mate,” the clown growled into her mating bite, making Hermione shiver, “Take the gift… it will help us raise our first clutch… After all, I’m no breadwinner, doll.”

Hermione did crack a smirk at that. The idea of Pennywise holding a job was just such a foreign concept that it was as disastrous as it was laughable. While picturing Bill Gray as a circus carnie or a sewer technician was entertaining, and even a bit sexy, it was her visions of him as a stay-at-home dad that were like a Cupid’s arrow to her heart. Her whisky eyes glazed over as she re-lived a few of her daydreams as she unknowingly began falling back asleep while sitting against her mate’s side.

“Hey, love! How was work today,” Pennywise turned around, holding a steaming hot pie, “I made pie…” he smiled shyly, setting the dessert down and wrapping his arms around her. His tongue curled around the shell of her ear and he purred.

“I missed you…” Hermione moaned against him, feeling the warmth through his apron, “and I think you missed me too… unless that’s just a metal bar in your pants,” she chuckled quietly, running her fingernail along the bulge and earning a gasping hiss out of her mate.

“Oh yes, doll… I did,” Pennywise growled, “I also just put the kids to bed a half hour ago…” he
wiggled his eyebrows at her, “but now it’s your turn, as it seems you’ve woken up Little Pennywise.”

Hermione giggled louder and swatted her hand at his shoulder, unable to hold it back any longer, “You are such a dork!”

“Yes,” the clown chirped, stripping off his apron and booping her on the nose, “but I am your dork…”

“Hermione?” Pennywise snapped his fingers in her face, and smirked as she wasn’t too quick to leave her little fantasy.

“Yes…?” she drooled, her eyes focusing on him, but also looking through him, “Leave it on… You look sexy like that…” the corners of her mouth dropped in a childish pout.

“I think you need to go back to bed. You’re lucid dreaming, doll,” he placated her pouting expression.

“Can you make love to me first? Then I want some of that pie…” she murmured into his neck as he cradled her head to his shoulder while he moved her up the bed and tucked them in.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, ‘Mione… You’d hate me when you woke up,” he whispered quietly in her ear, spooning her from behind and feeling for the ever-growing bump.

“Hmm… “ Hermione huffed quietly, nearly asleep, “I’ll never hate you… I love your big cock… ‘sides, It’s not like I can get more pregnant,” Pennywise nearly snorted at her sarcasm, petting his mate in the hope that she’ll say more in her delirium.

“What kind of pie did you want, Hermione?” he grinned humorously.

“I dunno… apple? Leave me alone, Penn… I’m trying to sleep.”

Pennywise raised a single brow and snuggled closer to her, eager to finally enter his newest food coma.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, I apologize if you found this chapter to be boring as hell, but there will definitely be be more notable events in the next chapter.

Also, a brief shoutout to RoseDixon! Thank you for checking in on me to make sure I was still alive! XD
Those of you who have also been here waiting are the real fans! Thank you so much! XD XD
Hermione's Kids Are Alright

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry again for the delay. I was having a bit of a writer's block on this one, just because I wasn't sure how to approach Hermione reconnecting with the Losers. I hope it doesn't happen again, especially now that we only have 5 chapters left. That's all! Of course, that is my little estimate, but there is always a possibility of extending chapters into 2-3 parts depending on how much time I want to spend on them.
Anyway, here's Chapter 73...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 22nd, 1989

Hermione woke up feeling cleansed, both emotionally and mentally. Physically, she felt in need of a shower, but that was an easy fix. Aside from this, however, she felt completely at peace. It felt like a good day to speak to the Losers after basically ignoring them for so long. Any other day, the witch wouldn’t feel nearly as confident and ready, but today felt different somehow. She wanted to tell them more about the pendant and the other items that came from the book, *Surprise Weapons for Those In Need*. She also wanted to see them again, to make sure that they were doing well with their personal struggles.

Putting a hand to her stomach and making sure she didn’t accidentally disturb her mate’s enveloping grasp, Hermione rubbed along her distended belly thoughtfully. She hoped her own children wouldn’t have such hard lives. Maybe having loving parents would be enough, even though one of them used to murder other children and eat them. It would be heartbreaking to see one or many of them inherit that particular dietary urge and have to cope with the fact that they were half-cannibal.

Hermione shivered sadly, her shoulders shaking with worry. Pennywise seemed to unconsciously catch onto her unease, waking slowly as he began sleepily purring and rubbing his free arm along her bared shoulders. The witch’s breath left her raggedly and the clown eased her further by pulling her hair aside and kissing her nape. He licked soothingly along her neck, and she relaxed fully into his bare chest.

Pennywise rarely wore any shirt to bed anymore because he loved their skin-on-skin contact so much. It was soothing to him in an odd sort of way. Her body temperature ran cooler than his, which seemed to make their young a bit jittery, as theirs probably ran somewhere in between both of their parents’. Having her laying on his warmer body heated their chilled amniotic fluid enough for them to sleep much more deeply than they would otherwise.

Rolling the small pregnant woman over onto her back, he perched atop her thighs and leaned over, putting them face-to-face. Looking down at her took only a little bit of effort, only enough to get his lazy eyes to focus on her nervous expression.

“What’s wrong, dove?” he muttered sleepily, blinking dazedly at her with a small frown splitting his face.
“Dove?” Huh... that’s a new one.

“Mmm…” he hummed contentedly, tweaking her nipple where it was visible below her shirt, “You know… Doll… Love… Dove… It’s about time I combined them, don’t you think?”

“I suppose so…” Hermione whimpered at his sharp yanks on her cherry nubs, and she nearly cried out when he abruptly stopped.

“So, what’s wrong?” he prompted patiently, content to just be surrounded by her skin, her belly, and her smell.

“I’m just worried they’ll want to eat like you did… eating other children...” Hermione bit her lip worriedly and put her hands on her stomach, indicating to whom she was referring to.

Pennywise tilted his head sadly, rubbing his cheek along the distended area of her middle to feel for his young. “I won’t let them,” he murmured, “I’ll feed them my own kills if I must… but I will not let them go down that path… I promise,” he trailed his index finger, minus the claw, down the side of her stomach, following their daughter as she swirled around the edge of her mother’s womb.

Soon enough, he’d be able to physically see and feel her kicking and punching his mate from the inside, wanting to demonstrate her discomfort with the shrinking space. Pennywise lovingly kissed the spot where he could sense the little one resting and pulled his head up to see Hermione’s face. She was looking at him expectantly and he froze.

“Did you say something just now? I was checking on our daughter… Sorry…” he sighed sheepishly and Hermione smiled slightly at the reason for his distracted ears.

“Yes, Penn… I want to meet up with the Losers today, to set things straight with them. We sort of went our separate ways without checking up on one another, and...” Now it was her turn to look sheepish, “I want you to stay here… at the house...”

Pennywise pouted worriedly, holding her stomach in his protective hands as he crouched back down to scent her belly with a layer of his saliva, “I don’t want to leave you alone… You mean too much to me…” he rested his face on her hip, pressing a kiss to her now wet side.

Hermione’s hand came down to card through her mate’s ginger tufts and he purred quietly, “I know… but you can’t be seen, and while I love your possessiveness, you would just be too tempted to not reveal yourself, even accidentally.”

The clown’s lip tilted down at the accuracy of her statement. She was right. He would lash out at the sight of seeing her little friends hugging her. While he wouldn’t kill them, he would definitely try to take his mate home by all means necessary.

“Just stay home, Penn… Please… and when I return, you can scent and bathe me as much as you want tonight,” Hermione offered knowingly, smiling when a lustful smirk took over his features, “Oh yes, love… What you’re thinking is exactly what I have in mind,” she crooned seductively and he crawled up the bed to press a sinfully delicious kiss to her lips.

“Wait!” the witch keened as the eldritch began reaching for the buttons on her pajama top, “I want to do this later…” Pennywise whined lowly, but acquiesced, laying down beside her on his stomach and ignoring his aching balls and hard cock.

I’ll show you what happens later tonight when you leave me wanting, doll...

Looking at her expectantly, Hermione’s eyes met his as she awkwardly changed the subject. “How
are they doing? I still know less than you about all that...” she wondered aloud, rubbing her belly once more.

Pennywise settled down fully now, his member completely limp from it’s half-hard state a few moments ago. He purred happily, nudging his mating mark like a large cat, “They’re fine. I can hear their heartbeats, even though I can’t tell how many there are. Our daughter seems to like swimming around your womb...” Hermione giggled at that, rubbing around the whole swell and wishing she could feel what he felt.

“I hope she doesn’t tangle up their umbilical cords...” Hermione muttered nervously and Pennywise shook his head in the negative.

“She’s careful, don’t worry... I can introduce you... if you want,” the clown held his hand out and placed the other on her stomach.

“Yes... sure,” Hermione replied shockedly, shakily reaching her hand over to hold his outstretched one.

The moment their fingers made contact, her vision went dark and she floundered, panicking. There was a familiar blackness, and it felt much like when she was with Maturin, but this felt different, much more internal. Suddenly a larger red glowing blob filled her vision, and she immediately knew that soul anywhere.

Pennywise was floating towards her, the tattered dark edges of his aura falling behind him like a jellyfish’s tentacles. His core was an array of beautiful golden orbs, his deadlights. So this is what he meant when he said he would be able to tell if our children had deadlights...

Flanking her mate’s soul was a much smaller one. This one was a light baby pink, a perfect color for her daughter. After all, what other color would you get after combining a red and white soul? The little one seemed to jump upon seeing her floating in front of her father. Darting around his larger mass, she gained speed quickly before launching herself into her mother’s soul. Luckily, Hermione knew how to stretch her aural’s tendrils to hold her baby girl to what the witch supposed was the equivalent of her chest. Pennywise reached them soon after, wrapping his own “arms” around them and holding them close.

Hi, Mommy... a tiny feminine voice whispered to her and Hermione’s soul seemed to glow brighter at the words.

Hi, Baby... Hermione leaned her soul’s face down to press a kiss to her soul’s head and the child seemed to giggle in delight, her soul bubbling up and pooling out of her mother’s now panicking arms before coming back down into a mostly solidified shape. Pennywise purred at their antics, rubbing a thin tendril along his daughter’s chin, tilting it up towards his soul’s face.

Now that we’re both here, do you think you could tell us how many siblings you have?

If a soul could look impish, the little telepath had found a way, and Hermione was immediately reminded of those moments when her mate had been flirtatious around her when they’d first dated, both as Bill and as Pennywise. Oh, she’s good...

Nope... Sorry, Daddy... They want to be a surprise... You’ll find when you go to the doctor and see us... the telepath nudged her father’s tendril aside and pressed her face into Hermione’s stomach.

Are they like you? Little witches and wizards? The witch asked quietly.

Yes... and no... I don’t know... They aren’t done growing yet... their daughter sulked in a cute little
pout, and Hermione’s bubbling laughter comforted them both.

*Neither are you, sweet pea. Just because you have both magic and the Shining, doesn’t mean you aren’t still just a teeny-tiny embryo…* Hermione reminded her, pecking tiny kisses along her face. Pennywise chuckled, rubbing the little one’s back.

*Your mother’s right, my little bug. You are only the size of a pea right now, but we are both here to protect you,* he purred when she turned around to give him a big hug, complete with tiny bud-like arms that popped out of her sou

*I love you, Daddy…* she turned around to hug Hermione again, *I love you too, Mommy…* The witch was speechless, about ready to cry from both the cuteness and the endearment, so luckily, Pennywise was able to take over, beginning to lead the child back the way they came. *Bye, Baby…* she whispered so quietly, she didn’t think anyone could hear it, but her daughter seemed to, as she turned around one last time to wave one of her tiny budded arms at her in farewell.

She returned to reality a few moments later, and Pennywise was there to catch her happy tears and shaking frame. While he felt a bit guilty about exposing her so soon to their child, he was glad that he did. Hermione cried on him for a few minutes, and he kissed her tears away, even tasting her lips every few pecks. When she calmed down enough to go call her friends, she hugged her mate tightly, even partially cutting off his redundant air-supply.

“Pennywise… Thank you…”

★★★

“So… uhh… Hi, guys…” Hermione waved awkwardly and approached the small group of pre-teens who were sitting on a long park bench, waiting for her.

She’d called them earlier that morning, and was surprised to actually have everyone agree to meet. Their illuminating grins and bright eyes upon seeing her made her feel a bit more at ease. Clearly they didn’t feel the same was as she did but were also happy to see her again. Beverly was the first to jump up and greet her with a hug, which the witch returned swiftly after. The second was Eddie, just because he was closest to her. Otherwise, that distinction would have gone to Bill, who was quick to squish the smaller boy in between them.

The others followed soon after, leading to a large group hug with Hermione at the center. Tears threatened to fall from her watery whisky eyes, but her eyelashes held stubborn, blinking away the offending moisture. Luckily, they seemed to unconsciously avoid her belly, even when it was hidden under a ruffled top, and she allowed herself to let go of her fears and finally giggle with her friends.

“Jeez! It’s about time we saw you again! Three weeks and nothing!” Richie scolded lightly when they all parted, mimicking the voice of who she assumed was his mother.

“Yeah, Hermione! We thought you’d been kidnapped or something!” Eddie added, clinging onto Richie in a way that was highly adorable.

“But then Beverly saw you in the diner, and we knew… well…” Bill trailed off, his stutter miraculously absent.
“You’re fine. Aren’t you?” Stanley asked curiously, tilting his head at her like he was trying to figure something out.

“Yeah… You seem… different… somehow?” Ben agreed, mimicking Stan’s movement and scratching the back of his neck.

Mike said nothing, but he could see a flash of confused recognition in his eyes, as though he noticed what was different, but was unsure why she was different. Her mind flashed back to Pennywise and his unease about the Losers finding out about her pregnancy. Of course, she could always say that it was Bill Gray’s child, if anyone asked. It wasn’t like she was really keeping Penn’s human persona a secret. Hell, the Losers had already met him.

“I’m not sure what you mean, but I’m so happy to see you all again. It has been too long…” she giggled, reaching around her shoulder to pull a box of food out of her backpack, “I brought snacks if anyone wants anything.”

“Yes!” Bill hooted, remembering when Hermione made an amazing breakfast for him, “Thanks, Hermione!”

The others were confused until they’d each had a bite of Hermione’s homemade food.

★★★

“Ohhh~” Richie moaned, “These are sooo good… I’m firing my mom!” he looked over at Hermione’s grinning expression, cream cheese and what was likely raspberry juice smeared over the lower half of his face, “You’re my mom now!” he declared, pointing a red-stained finger at her.

His teasing expression told the witch that he was only joking, but she was flattered nonetheless. The others agreed with him, going along with the joke and all declaring her as their mother. Stan shook his head at the dark-haired boy’s antics and Mike cracked a rare smile. Bill, who was sitting next to Hermione and Beverly, turned to the older woman with a wistful smile.

“Thank you for letting us keep our objects. I can unlock any door now!” he grinned proudly, showing Hermione his magical key by pulling it out from underneath his shirt.

Taking a closer look at it, she realized it was in a small bronze-colored form attached to a thin string which looped around Bill’s neck, “It’s the key to my house right now, but it can be anything I want.”

“Oh,” Hermione nodded awedly, not knowing about that particular feature. She just figured the key turned into whatever needed unlocking during the owner’s designated “mission,” but she also supposed that anything could be classified as a mission, even simply getting through a locked door.

“Yeah! I use mine to scare my cousin. He thinks I’m a demon and…” Ben choked back a laugh, “He ran away once using a bible and cross on me didn’t work.”

Hermione tilted her head and Richie explained, “He lives with his aunt’s family and they’re big Christians.”

“Oh,” the witch nodded in understanding, “that makes more sense now.”

They all shrugged in agreement and Beverly perked up, “Where did all these come from? Bill said
they were in a book…”

Now it was Hermione’s turn to perk up, turning around to grab *Surprise Weapons for Those In Need* out of her bag, “Oh? You mean this book?”

Bill nodded vehemently in agreement, “Yeah, that’s the one!”

Hermione set the empty tome in her lap, settling down to tell her small tale of how the book came to be in her possession.

“After I graduated from Hogwarts, I traveled a lot. At this point in my life, I had lived through a war, and that war had come and gone, leaving me feeling a bit… lost,” she added belatedly, finally finding the right word.

“Before, I never knew if I’d live to see the next day. It was hard to plan your future back then…” Bill placed his hand on her knee and Stan did the same on her other side.

Hermione shook herself out of the rippling memory, “Anyway, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life, but I *did* know that I wanted to help people. So, I got out there, doing anything I could to help those who were plagued by magical problems. I went around Europe and South America for a long while, just… wandering from town to town. It was pretty fun, seeing everything, I mean. When I was younger, I used to think everything I needed could be found in a book, but actually experiencing it…” she sighed blissfully, looking at the tweens in front of her, “It’s so much better… Travel when you’re older, if you can!”

The witch nodded in acknowledgement, “Sorry, I’m getting a bit off-track. These people I helped were mostly muggles, but occasionally, I would come across a fellow witch or wizard, or even something else entirely. One of these others was a vampire named Virgil, who had helped me while I was investigating a căpăun sighting—”

“Sorry, Hermione…” Beverly interrupted, “but what’s a căpăun?”

“Oh! Right, sorry! A căpăun is basically a troll with a dog’s head and four eyes. They kidnap children and young women, but they cannibalize, so what they do with their captives is unknown. Luckily, I was able to save the women and children who were taken, with Virgil and his clan’s help, of course,” Hermione explained.

“As a parting gift, Virgil gave me the key and four amulets and briefly explained that the amulets were made by forest elves that wanted their creations to go to noble mortals who would take care of them and not abuse their power. The key was made by Virgil’s sire, an older vampire by the name of Haemon, which means “bloody” in Ancient Greek. Ironic, isn’t it?” she giggled and the others nodded humorously, urging her to continue.

“The gloves were made by my friends’ brother, who works on a dragon preserve and needed a way to be able to work more closely with dragons without worrying about getting crushed or burned alive.”

“What about the Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder?” Richie piped up from the back of the group and Hermione smirked.

“Sorry, Richie! I nearly forgot! The powder was made my by friends’ other brothers. They run a magical joke shop, you see, and they make prank supplies. You’d really be able to relate to them, I think.” Hermione finished and Richie sulked, muttering about how much he hated that he wasn’t a wizard. The others laughed at that and Hermione threw her arms around the boy, suffocating him in
between her breasts.

“You know, I’m glad you aren’t a wizard,” she giggled, “You’d cause so much damage that way!” Hermione parted from the now blushing boy as he tilted his glasses back to normal and avoided eye-contact with everyone.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I get it, Mom!” he threw out accidentally and blushed harder.

“Alright, I think we’ve bullied Richie enough,” Eddie nudged the tomato-looking boy’s shoulder, “Did you bring anything to do in that bag of yours?” he looked to Hermione who nodded, pulling out a frisbee as the others grinned eagerly at the blue plastic glinting in the afternoon sun.

★★★

“So… uhh… Congratulations,” the statement was nearly whispered to her while the others were busy chasing each other around in an impromptu game of tag.

Hermione had been watching from the sidelines, blissfully thinking about her own children playing tag in the next few years. She hadn’t even noticed when Mike sat down next to her and watched along with her for a few minutes. His words broke her out of her reverie and she stiffened, turning towards her younger friend with a nervous expression.

“How did you… How did you figure it out?” she whispered to him, putting a protective hand discreetly on her belly.

“I work on my grandad’s farm. He taught me how to spot when the ewe are pregnant, just so I don’t accidentally kill them… Err… I’m sorry… That came out wrong… It’s a very subtle difference, let me tell you…” he smiled slightly, trying to diffuse the light tension, “I don’t think anyone else noticed… I won’t tell anyone…”

“Yeah?” Hermione asked and he nodded.

She hugged him then, happy that he was willing to help keep her secret, “Thank you, Mike. It means a lot to me…”

“I have to ask, though…” Mike added sheepishly, remembering the circumstances down in the sewers three weeks ago, “It’s not IT’s , is it?”

Hermione blanched, turning obscenely white at the question, but luckily, Mike seemed to misread her expression, “Sorry, Hermione! Are you okay? I didn’t mean to scar you for life at the idea…” he pat her back until her color returned to normal.

“No! It’s alright! It’s my boyfriend’s baby. It’s too big for that to be true!” she placated the younger boy, putting her hands up in a soothing gesture while she felt terrified on the inside.

★★★

That evening, when she finally returned home from her outing with the Losers, Pennywise was
waiting for her. She hadn’t even touched the doorknob before the heavy wood came swinging inwards. Long arms pulled her inside and wrapped possessively around her torso, lifting her up off the ground and pressing her impatiently against the door. His tongue was hot against her neck and shoulders, but left cool trails in its wake. Sharpening teeth left their marks along her throat, threatening to draw blood from her arteries.

“It’s time to pay the Piper, doll… And he’s been waiting all day...” he purred wantonly against her pricked ear and Hermione moaned at the multitude of sensations.

Chuckling darkly, he corralled her form against his chest and practically sprinted up the stairs, shredding her clothes off in an array of ribbons that trailed behind them like streamers. It was a good thing she had magic, otherwise the clothing would be completely unfixable. The clown likewise shucked off his pants, leaving gaping holes where his claws were a bit too eager. Hermione whimpered at this behavior, worrying about what he would do to her body with his claws.

“Shh, shh, shh,” he rubbed her arse soothingly with a declawed hand, “I’m not going to hurt you, Hermione, my beautiful treasure of a mate, my witch, the mother of my children, the dam of my—” Hermione cut him off with a screech when one of his fingers entered her wet cavern.

Her entire body went slack, draping itself over her mate’s shoulder like an animal carcass. His left shoulder dug into her lower back, but she didn’t care. Pennywise smirked at her panting mouth and heated face, watching her hips roll against his finger and her belly trying its best to keep her torso pressed down. It was even better when he replaced the one finger with three.

Drool fell from Hermione’s lolling tongue and her eyes threatened to roll back into her head while he battered her g-spot over and over again. As though he was playing a game, he continuously poked the sensitive area with the tips of his fingers and rubbed. The witch’s hips increased their tempo and he could feel her heartbeat flutter harshly against her breasts from the inside. Her feminine hive quivered, dripping sweet nectar from her sultry flower. Pennywise’s thumb pet the little pearl at the apex of her nether lips and he was rewarded with another onset of nectar. He barely even realized he’d been standing still in the witch’s bedroom for at least five minutes. An eager huff escaped his smirk as he strode over to the second exit, his twitching mate in tow.

Opening the bathroom door, he finally revealed what he’d created for his mate. Peeking around over his bicep, Hermione gasped shocked at the sight that met her eyes.

“I thought it was my turn to re-decorate, and I hope you’ll like it,” the eldritch purred against the witch’s sweaty torso, lapping at a few droplets of moisture that gathered along her navel, “Don’t worry, love… Everything is just an illusion.”

It wasn’t her bathroom anymore… not when the water glowed green like radioactive sludge and secreted a sweet-smelling fog that made the room steamy. The rest of the room was odd too, as though they were in space, floating around with asteroids and comets. Little remnants from the room remained, like a sink inside one of the floating rocks, and little orange candles sitting along the tub’s edge, and a mirror floating above the sink. However, the bathtub looked much more like a giant jacuzzi imbedded into another much larger asteroid.

Pennywise walked solidly along the floor, showing his nervous mate that it was merely an illusion without any actual anti-gravity ‘fun’. He set her down in the tub and delighted in her loud moan as she stepped ever closer to her orgasm. He climbed in after her, sitting on an underwater ledge and pulling his wanton mate onto his lap. She shivered against him, practically vibrating against his cock, which hardened even further at her actions. When the head sunk in between her labia, Hermione began panting, dripping drool down her chin and making cute little gasps against his ears.
“P-Please!” she whined, “Put it in and stop teasing me!”

Pennywise smirked against her trembling lips, trailing his painted nose along her collarbone and tweaking her cherry-red nipples with his teeth and tongue. A bit of milk spilt out after the harsh treatment, but he was quick to clean her up. He reclined back against the smooth stone of the asteroid, spreading his legs and allowing his ebony tentacles to guide his member to Hermione’s clenching hole. As payback for leaving him alone for most of the day, he took every inch slowly, gratifying in the impatient, frustrated look in her teary eyes.

“Aww… Poor Hermione…” he murmured mockingly against her lips where her upper teeth were busy biting her lower lip, “Is someone feeling frustrated? That’s just too bad…”

The clown pressed his lips to hers and tangled their tongues into a frenzy of rubs and grapples, washing her body all the while. Getting the scent of the younger boys off of her was satisfyingly easy, which meant that they hadn’t touched her aside from the obligatory greeting and farewell hugs that were shared among friends. His Hermione would be spared punishment that night...

He bottomed out, his swollen balls pressed against her arse while her clit mingled with his tentacles, creating a plethora of squeals and mewls from Hermione’s throat. They increased in volume when he abruptly began thrusting harshly into her hips, being careful to avoid her swollen belly. She didn’t seem to care, blissfully bouncing on his member enough times to make her breasts drip copiously from gravity’s milking. The eldritch pressed his mouth to her right bud, cleaning her skin and working diligently to drain the off-white liquid from her breast. Her left mound was given the exact same treatment, leaving the witch knocking dazedly into his chest with each thrust into her core.

“Penn… Help me, please… I can’t… I can’t get off,” she sobbed now, looking down at her puffy nether lips and how his tentacles only teased her skin rather than helped her get off.

Pennywise cackled, finally driving himself into her g-spot once more and continuing to do so until he felt her channel constrict and coax a few releases from his tortured cock. His knot kept them together, even when Hermione slumped against him after he added his third load into her womb. Leaning around his witch’s bulk, he watched his balls churn beneath them, pushing more and more cum through his knotting member and into her cervix.

The sight made him hard once more, and Hermione keened tiredly when he simply teleported them to their bedroom and flipped her onto her hands and knees so he could mount and hump her like a rutting beast. His shallow thrusts brought the witch through at least two more orgasms before she finally collapsed and Pennywise had to finish with his pelvis thrusting slowly into her exhausted body.

As he laid with her even later, she woke slightly, enough to cuddle into him and place his arm protectively around her belly before falling back asleep again. Unbeknownst to the other, each had the same little smile on their face.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. I ended up splitting this chapter into 2 parts, so the next part will get more time to blossom in my brain and on my laptop. It will be a bit of a twist, but it will be a nice twist for me to write, as I’ve been waiting for this for a while now...

As always, leave kudos, bookmarks, and more importantly, comments! They keep me going.
Also, is there anything you all want to see in the epilogue? There will be the birth, but anything else around that time in the story is fair game.
The Scapegoat

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, Happy New Years 2019!!

I had hoped to get this out to you sooner, even before the clock struck midnight, but alas, it is now 1:38 am as I'm writing this. It is a new year, and my resolution is to finish this story before I go back to school at the end of the month. Meanwhile, I've got a WinTerm class to get through, and I'm supposed to be spending at least 4-6 hours a day on it. Sheesh! I guess that's what I get for accidentally picking a junior/senior level course. :/ 

Anyway, enough about me and my situation. Enjoy this extra-long chapter! I hope you've had a Happy New Year.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 23rd, 1989

It was a rare occurrence that Hermione was up early enough to watch the sun climb above the treetops, and an even rarer occurrence for the witch to be completely awake. It was an enigma to be sure. However, the witch herself didn’t mind in the slightest. She just made a cup of energizing herbal tea, grabbed a blanket, and strode out onto the back deck to sit with the morning newspaper. This time, the paper showed Derry’s news in addition to the usual Wizarding American news, a product of an accidental delivery by a paper boy who wasn’t nearly as wide awake as she was.

Pennywise was still sleeping soundly thanks to her little trick of putting a long pillow underneath his arm and slipping out from behind. He certainly was cute when he simply hugged the pillow tighter against him and purred, falling back asleep easily. She had tucked the covers back up over his shoulders and left the room, tiptoeing down the hallway and down the stairs.

Steam continued to rise from the cup, tickling Hermione’s nose with its ginger and orange peel scent. The birds and bugs chirped while the squirrels played tag along the tree branches. Watching the spectacle, she leaned her head back and looked at the cotton candy clouds changing from blue to pink. It wasn’t often that she was able to enjoy nature thusly, especially now that she was mated to Pennywise. He had a specific aura about him that drove all of the animals away. No wonder the Neibolt house was so decrepit and desolate-looking. Although… I suppose that has more to do with the fact that he used to sleep for twenty-seven years at a time, and simply couldn’t keep up with the deterioration of his lair, even if he did care about how it looked. Shrugging offhandedly, the witch flipped open the newspaper and she nearly dropped it upon seeing the headline and accompanying image.

Local Sixteen-Year-Old Charged With Derry’s Murders
The image showed a soaking wet Henry Bowers being led away by police with a glinting pair of handcuffs on his blurred, most likely shaking, hands. His expression was frozen with clarity, the undeniable flat affect suggesting immense shock, complete with bulging eyes and a clenched jaw. He reminded her of herself, in a sad sort of way. When the Battle of Hogwarts ended, she, without any single doubt in her mind, held the exact same expression for a while afterwards.

Hermione shut her eyes to hold in her tears. She knew about the murders, all of them. She would have been blind to not notice Oscar Bower’s absence around Derry, nor the Bower’s gang, as seldom as she’d seen them. Also, the Losers had said nothing about them when she’d met with them the previous day. The older gang had been at least half of what her friends used to talk about. Frankly, it would have been suspicious if she believed that the Losers could hide anything like that from her.

Opening her eyes, she focused on the article despite knowing it contained only a grain of truth in its sea of lies. Hermione wanted to find it, as she wanted to find the poor boy that hadn’t had a shred of kindness given to him his entire life. He was broken, and she was determined to fix him. She had to leave Derry in a week and a half or less, just to keep up appearances for her work colleagues, but that was just the beginning of what she had to do in the coming months before she gave birth.

Hermione needed to set down roots, but not in Derry. She could return to London, but it was too crowded, and she’d be too easily recognizable. Given who she was to the English Wizarding community, the last thing she needed was publicity when she had a supernatural mate and possibly-supernatural children. So, if not back home, then where could she take her family. She could go south to Salem, Massachusetts. There was a small wizarding community there. She could work as a healer at their hospital to keep up with their financial ruse. Pennywise could stay at home with their children until she returned, and then he could go hunting along the coast if needed, picking up criminals and throwing the remains along the beaches. Sharks could take the blame, as they most often did for these criminals’ activities anyway.

*I’m getting a bit ahead of myself here, but what to do about Henry…* she thought pensively.

She knew her mate would put up a fight about bringing the boy with them, or even having him in the house, but it was mostly his fault that Henry was in the situation he was in. Sure, he could have snapped later, but her mate had just accelerated the inevitable chain of events. Besides, Henry couldn’t stay in Derry either, for obvious reasons. He deserved to come with them and leave his horrid past behind. *A fresh start could do him some good…*

Scanning the article, she picked up a few things that solidified her idea while trying to find out where Henry was being kept. He hadn’t protested to the charges placed against him, and the doctors had decided that the murders were a result of the boy’s “decaying mental state.” Henry was also deemed mentally incompetent to stand trial… *so where are you?* Hermione tsked at the lack of information about what led up to the remaining police finding him in the Barrens. Finally, in the last sentence of the article, the piece of information she’d been looking for was revealed.

*“This troubled young man has been placed in the Juniper Hill Asylum until he is deemed sane enough to stand on trial.”*

In the heat of the rising sun, Hermione crumpled the newspaper, a determined expression stretching across her features. Her teeth grit and her shoulders rose in a hostile position. She held her wand in a death drip and waved it, sending the crumpled paper flying into the small fire pit that sat abandoned in the corner of the yard. Then, the paper burst into flames and quickly died out once there was nothing left but black ashes, scattering to the winds at the first ray of sunlight upon the witch’s vanishing feet.
Henry Bowers was exhausted. Nightmares plagued him at night while his despicably pasty white surroundings plagued him during the day. The windows were large and his room was too small. He felt claustrophobic and agoraphobic at the same time. It was too bright and his eyes hurt. There were no places to hide, no darkness to take solitude in, not that he really wanted to take solitude anywhere, not where It could be lurking, waiting, waiting to eat him whole for failing to kill the Losers’ Club.

He was surrounded by loons... nuts... psychos... and freaks. These people kept their distance, thinking that he would lash out one day, and maybe he would, given how he felt. They thought he murdered all those people even though he didn’t know half of them. One of his supposed victims was a two-year-old boy he didn’t even know existed… but he didn’t say that. In fact, he said nothing at all, which was fine by everyone else. No one came close enough to converse with him. Unlike before, his thoughts were his own, and he needed to exercise control over that fact.

“You have the right to remain silent…” Damn straight I do, fucker…

He needed to be silent, he needed to prove to himself that he had control, that he was sane, that he was the only sane person in a place full of insane people. However, he couldn’t, because a sane person wouldn’t murder his own father and the only two people he could consider friends. He couldn’t blame the clown on the television like most parents blamed video game violence for their temperamental children.

If he was seeing killer clowns and the ghosts of his murders behind his eyes late at night, perhaps he did belong here with the loonies, perhaps he was one. He was the one who took the switchblade and raised it to do wrong. Their screams… Oh, God… Their screams…

They pleaded for him to stop, asking what they did to piss him off, asking why he wanted them to die. He saw them nightly now, over and over again, as though his brain was trying to catch every little detail and kept missing the main point so it had to rewind the memory until it was satisfied, but it was never satisfied.

His shoulders shook as he laid curled up in his tiny uncomfortable bed, the metal springs creaking loudly with each miniscule movement. The bleach-scented white covers covered his head, blocking out the morning sun. Henry didn’t want to face another day. He couldn’t, not again.

No more burnt toast with moldy bread and cold chunky butter. No more horse pills and freezing-cold showers. No more sitting silently during group therapy, nor listening to the others’ inane drabble about their hallucinations and relatives that never came to visit anymore. No more sitting alone during recreational hours and watching one patient talk to a wall while another chewed her hair and rocked back and forth impatiently. No more listening to the nightly “screamers” that shook the depths of his core, sounding so much like his friends as they died on his blade. Not even his Donald Duck night light could spare him from them.

However, it was the dead-eyed corpses whom the other patients called “vegetables” that scared him the most. They were alive, at least physically, but they could have fooled him. If anyone thought he had a flat affect, then they needed to look at these men and women who were confined to beds and wheelchairs, comatose, and unmoved by the world around them no matter how exciting it was, but it wasn’t, and he didn’t blame them.
Henry jerked under his blanket when he heard the loud creak of his cell door opening, but instead of the nurse harshly yanking the covers away, he felt a delicate touch against his shoulder. Curiously, he raised his blanket subtly to get a look at the one who was trying to carefully rouse him from sleep.

The person didn’t seem to notice, continuing to nudge his covered back. Henry was surprised to see a solidly round stomach. None of the nurses were pregnant as far as he knew, and were never out of their white uniforms. This woman wore a tight-fitting dark tank top and an old pair of jeans. What the hell?

★★★

Hermione squeaked when Henry abruptly threw his covers off, revealing his bed-headed mullet and bloodshot eyes. The shabby hospital-issue pajamas he wore were obviously too baggy as the pant legs hid his presumably bare feet. He was also thinner than she remembered, not that he wasn’t as thin as a twig before. Now, he was just skin and bones. Her heart sank when he curled up defensively in a reflexive move. However, he was quick to relax after recognizing her.

“Hermione? What are you doing here?” the teen spoke slowly, his voice croaking from disuse. He reached a shaking hand out to touch her arm where it was held out a bit towards him, “Are you even here?”

Carefully so as not to startle him, Hermione sat on the bed and took his cold, thin fingers in her hands and held them together, “I’m real,” she reassured him, “and I came to get you out of here.”

His blue orbs darted back and forth from the heavy metal door to their conjoined hands, and then to the witch’s face. Henry gulped nervously, his Adam’s apple bobbing, “… shouldn’t leave… I deserve to be here… I killed them…” he shook harder with dry sobs threatening to erupt from his croaking throat.

Hermione’s face became sad and Henry felt awful for causing it to be so. Wasn’t it basically a sin to make an angel cry? She had to be one, especially with her healing power and ability to turn invisible. He broke away from his thoughts when the curly-haired woman spoke again.

“You were under the influence of a dangerous entity, I don’t think you could have escaped no matter how hard you tried…” she looked to the door and then back to him, as though checking to make sure they were alone, “The clown was real, Henry, and he made you kill them. You are not crazy, and what you deserve is a good home, some people to care for you, and some decent food, none of which you will receive here no matter what they tell you. I can try to help as much as I can, but I can only do so if you let me…”

Hermione stood from the bed, her curls swaying with her movement. He stood too, worrying that she was going to leave without giving him a chance to decide what he wanted. Bending over while keeping Hermione in his line of sight, he detached the Donald Duck night light, his only salvation in this sterile prison, from the wall and held it to his chest in a death grip. The witch sighed sadly, slowly walking over and standing in front of him.

While he was five inches taller than her, she still was comfortable enough to wipe his silent tears away with her gentle thumb. Henry breathed sharply inwards. He hadn’t even realized he was crying. Arms slowly encircled him and he let them, feeling safer than he had in years, his whole life even. His trembling began to stop, and he could feel Hermione’s warmth surrounding him. It had
been so long since he’d felt warm. Even now, he could still feel the coldness of the graywater that had seeped into his bones and marked them so that he’d have a reminder of what he’d done, even in death.

“P-please,” he begged in a whisper, “Help me...” Hermione hugged him tighter and he could feel her nod against his shoulder before pulling back to stare into his watery eyes with her own.

“I will,” she promised sternly, grasping his left hand tightly in her right one, “Do you have anything else you need from either here or your old house?”

Henry bulked, turning pale at the mere idea of going back into his house, “No,” he jerked erratically, “I just need this,” the teen held up his light, “and I don’t really have anything at… my house… that I care about… except for one thing...”

While sad, but true, he didn’t have many possessions. His dad didn’t make much money, and he didn’t work. They just didn’t have anything nice, not when Oscar “Butch” Bowers drank most of his paycheck away. However, he did manage to keep a bit of money from when his dad was miraculously feeling generous and asked him to go buy a pack of beer and gave him too much cash.

One evening, he’d come up with a half-baked plan to run away from home and take a bus down south, just to escape from his life in Derry. The saved bills were wadded up in an old shoe-polish can which sat at the bottom of a small suitcase underneath his bed. Among the can, there were also clothes and a few pictures of him and his mother, who’d left when he was eleven. Perhaps he could find her, let her know that his father couldn’t hurt anyone anymore, including them.

“There is a suitcase… under my bed… It has money and clothes… but I can’t go back in there… not where I…” he trailed off, his lip trembling at the memory.

Hermione ran her fingers through his hair to make it look a bit more presentable as well as calm him down, “You don’t have to, Henry. I will find it, I promise…” she stepped away from him and then was gone, a small pop signalling her departure.

The boy blinked rapidly, trying to clear his vision of any lingering sleep. She was gone… Hermione had left him alone… Henry shook his head at his paranoia, the long hairs of his mullet swinging back and forth to tickle his neck. He knew she would return. She was just getting his suitcase.

Not a minute later, the witch literally popped back into the room, carrying his small tattered suitcase in her left hand and what looked like a dark wooden stick in the other. She marched up to him and gave him the case before grabbing his right hand tightly.

“Are you ready to leave? We’ve been here too long as it is…” Hermione blinked, tilting her head at him comfortingly.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Henry breathed nervously and the older woman sighed.

“It’ll be alright,” she promised, and then they were gone, the floor of the dingy cell falling away as he could see and feel the wormhole Hermione was taking them through.

The sensation only lasted a second, but he ended up being thrown to the ground by the vertigo. His stomach seized violently, causing him to vomit up his meal from the night before. Henry dry-heaved a bit more, but nothing else came up. Getting up on his knees, he surveyed his surroundings while Hermione got rid of his mess with a swish of her wand.

“Are you alright, Henry? I should have warned you, and I’m sorry about that... Most people vomit the first time they appariate...” she pat and rubbed his back soothingly, helping him to his feet and
urging him into the house, “Come on inside. I’ve even got a spare room for you to use before we leave town in a week and a half.”

Henry was surprised. How was she so generous, especially when she barely knew him, and he barely knew her? There had to be a catch, there always was one. But until he could figure it out, he would give Hermione the benefit of the doubt. Besides, she’d seemed sincere in helping him. Hell, she’d gotten him out of Juniper Hill, and that was just about good enough for him.

The curly-haired woman brought him upstairs and deposited his suitcase in the first bedroom at the top of the steps. Henry walked into the room and was satisfied to see how calm it was. There weren’t many furnishings, but he would have been overwhelmed if there were. Her hand pat his shoulder and she moved to walk down the hall.

“I know it’s not much, but I’ll leave you to get situated. Thank you for accepting my help… Oh! I’ll make breakfast and come get you when it’s ready, alright?” she said in a near whisper, backing out of the room and closing the door before Henry could get a word in.

Shrugging, he turned to his suitcase sitting by the door and began unpacking the clothing and photos with care. He placed the photos on the top of the dresser and put his tattered-looking clothes in the vacant drawers. The Donald Duck light even found a spot in one of the outlets. Lastly, he took out his money, turning it around in his hands and counting it multiple times so he knew the exact amount he had. With what he saw in this little blue room, he could start over, and with Hermione’s help, he could move on. However, it was the being currently arguing with the witch down the hall that might throw a figurative wrench in his plan.

★★★

After putting up a silencing barrier between the spare bedroom and the rest of the house, she turned around to go downstairs but instead almost ran into Pennywise who was standing right behind her. His eyes were an angry red color, and his chest heaved with silent breaths which escaped through his enraged snarl. Dark hands balled into fists at his sides while he struggled with not simply taking his mate into their bedroom, locking her inside, killing and eating the boy, and fucking her until she finally understood who she belonged to.

“Oh, don’t mind me, doll,” he spat, tilting his head down to hers, “go use your motherly wiles on little Henry, and maybe you can fuck his trauma away. Or maybe not, because I won’t fucking let you!” he finally lunged, grabbing her arms and yanking the terrified witch into their room.

The door slammed loudly, sending shockwaves through her adrenaline glands and consequently making the eldritch’s mouth water at the scent. She was glad there were a few silencing charms between the two rooms, because it seemed like things were going to get loud. Hermione moved away from the door and towards the bed, trying to send the subconscious message of passivity and loyalty to him. On the other hand, she held her belly protectively just in case Pennywise lost control.

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“Penn… please—” she whimpered and his steps thundered over to where she was practically kneeling beside the large bed.

He snarled over her pleas, unceremoniously picking her up and sprawling her along the mattress and crawling in between her legs. The clowns teeth were sharp against her neck while he sniffed for any sign of infidelity. She positively reeked of the boy, telling him that she at least hugged him a few
times. If she’d done anything more, Henry Bowers was as good as dead.

Pennywise threw her legs over each of his shoulders, nearly splitting Hermione in half as he lowered himself to get in her face. His glare was darkly mirthful, as though he was enjoying torturing her despite his death grip on her wrists telling her otherwise.

“Who is your mate? Who do you belong to?” he spat against her mating bite and she wept, shaking in his grasp.

“You are! Merlin! Penn, you are my mate!” she sobbed, tears falling down her face as he continued to intensely interrogate her.

“Who sired this clutch?! Heh!” he pushed their faces together so they were nose to nose.

“You did! There is no one else but you!” Hermione rasped, yelping when her pants were suddenly ripped off and a finger ran itself between her legs, collecting a copious amount of her nectar on its tip.

“You’re mine, dollface, just as these are mine,” Pennywise clutched her belly with one large hand and tickled her clit once more with the other, “and this is mine. You’re wet for me!” the eldritch collected the fluid as it emerged from her hole.

“What is he doing here, doll?” the clown growled irritatedly, beginning to dip his naked pulsing phallus into her clenching cavern, “Do I not satisfy you?”

“No! I mean, yes!” she sputtered at Pennywise’s glower of disapproval, “I couldn’t let him take the fall for your crimes! I couldn’t let him be a scapegoat! Ahh~” he was rutting into her core now, his biology urging him to stake his claim so the other male would learn his place as the beta male who doesn’t fucking go near the alpha’s mate.

His knot popped into her snatch, locking them together for a few moments. The reddened flesh of his genitals gently slapping her nethers while he snuck a few sips of her milk while she laid passively beneath him, sighing pleasurably with each thrust.

“I wasn’t trying to intimidate you, and I certainly wasn’t going to cheat on you with a child, a boy,” she said afterwards, facing away from him and glaring out of the corner of her eye, “I’m pregnant with your children, how much more of a visual claim do you want? A brand? A collar?”

Pennywise grinned deviously at her suggestion and Hermione swatted at his wandering hands that had come up to her neck, likely imagining what collaring her would look like, “No! Back off, you pervert!”

★★★

Henry was downstairs waiting for her by the time the two of them finished making themselves presentable for their guest. Pennywise was a bit disappointed she didn’t smell thoroughly fucked anymore after her quick shower, but he was satisfied with the tight-fitting shirt she wore, as it showed off her belly and made for easy access if he wanted to feel for his young without any cloth barriers. She also wore joggers, which accentuated her bum, but that was from his view, and what a lovely view it was.
Hermione was peeved that she hadn’t even been able to begin cooking. Pennywise had his little jealous spat and felt the need to prove his relationship to her in the only way he knew how, and that was fucking her until he knotted her sore pussy. Now, she had a hungry teen downstairs, and a bundle of hungry embryos inside her. Aside from that, she hadn’t eaten anything that morning either, and that was making her even more cranky.

“Hey, Henry,” Hermione smiled at the boy who smiled shyly in return, “This is my boyfriend, Bill,” she gestured to the disguised clown where he was coming down the stairs behind her, “Bill, this is Henry.”

The boy looked over her shoulder and spotted the much taller man, his eyes widening at the stern expression in his gaze. He didn’t look particularly pleased that Henry was there, but there was a touch of smugness in his cobalt eyes as he stood aside to watch Hermione putter around the kitchen while periodically looking back to him as though he was a threat. Honestly, he didn’t blame Bill for seeing him that way, especially around his pregnant girlfriend. For all he knew, Henry could murder them at any moment if the mood struck him.

Of course, this wasn’t true, and Pennywise knew it, but that didn’t stop his posturing touches to his mate’s belly and exposed skin. He even kissed her neck a few times while she was standing over the stove so that they would both get the message. The hickey’s he’d given her in the bedroom were delightfully obvious against her skin, the red bites harsh against their paler canvas of skin. Pennywise was half-tempted to hump her rear against the counter, but he knew she would get angry with him, and he didn’t want that. He just wanted the boy to keep his distance, and he did for the duration of the meal, to the clown’s delight.

★★★

Later that night, Hermione brought Henry up to his room and closed the door behind them, all to Pennywise’s irritation. Once they were alone, she cast another silencing charm on the room, just so he couldn’t eavesdrop. All the while, the boy looked at her confusedly, wondering what she was doing with her stick. When she was done soundproofing, she turned around and indicated for Henry to sit on the bed, which he did slowly. Taking a seat in the rocking chair, the witch leaned forward to look into his blue eyes.

“As I’m sure you’ve noticed, I am a witch,” she smiled shyly and he returned the sentiment, shaking his head.

“I thought you were an angel, but then I noticed your uhh... magic wand,” he blushed quietly, remembering how much he’d hero-worshipped Hermione about a month prior.

Hermione laughed, waving her arm offhandedly, “Not quite, but I’m flattered… My point is that you shouldn’t tell anyone about my… secret… of sorts, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Henry agreed instantly, “I won’t. Hell, I don’t even know who I would tell even if I wanted to, and no one would believe me… I’m a wanted psychopath now, remember?”

“Yeah,” Henry agreed instantly, “I won’t. Hell, I don’t even know who I would tell even if I wanted to, and no one would believe me… I’m a wanted psychopath now, remember?”

Hermione sighed, closing her eyes momentarily, “To this town? Sure… but not to yourself, and most certainly not to me… I don’t see darkness inside you, Henry. I see hardship... and loss, pain and suffering, and fear... and self-loathing… None of these are guaranteed to make you a psychopath, but Pennywise has his influence, and that is what drove you over the edge… He is a different being
Henry was confused, “Pennywise? Who is Pennywise?” he tilted his head questioningly at the woman who had tilted back in her chair to rock slowly, the chair creaking in the silence of the room.

“The clown… who else, Henry?” she whispered slowly, watching his eyes for any sign of a breakdown.

“What do you mean? How to you know him? Is he like you? Magical?” Henry whispered tensely, desperately wanting to know more about the thing that enslaved his mind and body.

“Pennywise has magic, but not the same kind of magic that I have. It’s about as different from mine as we are different from each other. He isn’t human, but rather something alien, or not of this world. I got to know more about him during my stay here in Derry. He was very sneaky at first, but I could sense him sometimes, even when he was invisible, and I think he could see me too. We sort of danced around each other, he and I. I helped the Losers’ Club and he continued to keep tabs on us all, even you, I suspect.”

She looked down at her hands, wringing them thoughtfully before continuing, “I began dating Bill in the middle of June, just after I began to notice that Pennywise was stalking me. I saw him everywhere: on TV, in old photos, in person… and I was scared, as anyone would be… but I was also curious. I wanted to know who and what he was, and what he was doing in a small town like this. He would give me hints every now and then, because I think he was, and still is, and impatient wanker,” she chuckled slightly, “After that, my boyfriend and I began to hit it off, but the clown wouldn’t be ignored. He would sneak into my house sometimes, much like a stray cat just coming home to eat or sleep peacefully. I began leaving different kinds of meat in the fridge in hope that I could spare a child from being eaten, and he did eat them, if that counts for anything…”

“You sound like you… cared about him,” Henry wrung his hands at the mere idea, unconsciously paralleling the witch earlier action. Who could ever care about a fucking horrible monster clown who eats people?

“Well,” Hermione shook her head, “I kinda have to, because I’m basically married to the bloody bastard,” she tried to laugh, but Henry’s expression made her choke back the noise.

He looked like he was going to be sick, and just about jumped a whole two feet in the air when Crookshanks crawled out from under the bed, fluffing his ginger tail up and marching over to where Hermione was sitting.

She pet him gratefully and she cooed, “So this is where you’ve been hiding… I haven’t seen you in a while. I suppose Bill and I have been pretty noisy lately…” Henry blushed loudly at her last ramble. Fucking stupid idiot, how else would she get pregnant?!

“Sorry, for startling you… This is my cat, Crookshanks— Oh! Are you allergic? I’ll keep him away if you are. Wouldn’t want you puffing up while living with us…” she fussled worriedly, picking the elderly cat up and holding him away from Henry in fear that he would break out in hives from his proximity to Crookshanks.

“What do you mean by ‘married’?” the boy muttered, still stuck on their previous exchange, and Hermione sighed dramatically, pulling her collar aside until a black bite mark was visible on her shoulder.

“This is a mating bite, and as far as I know, it’s permanent. So, it’s like a wedding ring that I can’t remove, but I get to live as long as he does, I can’t get sick, and… Well, I’m sure there’s more, but
that’s all I can remember…” she replied pensively, as though weighing her options.

“Why are you telling me all of this?” Henry leaned forward worriedly, unsure where this was all going.

Hermione sighed tiredly now, rubbing her temple, “Well, If you’re going to be living with us for the foreseeable future, you need to know the truth, and the truth is… that Bill and Pennywise… are the same person.

★★★

Henry scratched the insides of his ears frantically, his eyes bulging at the reveal. Perhaps he still had graywater in his ears and it was slowly eroding away his ability to hear things correctly.

“I’m sorry, what?” his eyes darted to the door and back to her frantically, wishing that she would just tell him that she was joking, but her eyes were serious.

“That man you just met,” Hermione spoke slower this time, “the one downstairs…” she pointed down, as though he were a child, “is Pennywise, the same clown who was controlling your mind.”

Henry suddenly stood up, a spark of rage igniting in his gut as he nearly stomped over to the door, yelling, “That son of a bitch!”

Hermione squeaked, grabbing his arms not unlike how Pennywise grabbed her earlier and pushing the angry teen against the door with a strength she didn’t know she had. Henry gazed down at her owlishly, his surprised eyes like plates against his reddened face.

“Listen, Henry Bowers,” Hermione nearly growled at him and any retort he had on the tip of his tongue evaporated away from the heat of her glare, “I didn’t tell you my story so you would go downstairs to pick a fight with an immortal celestial being who eats kids like you for breakfast. Do you really think you could win against him?” she hissed, poking him in the chest.

Hermione closed her eyes, diffusing her anger into a cooler rational mindset, “Look beyond your wrath and thirst for revenge. I’m trying to keep you safe…” she pushed away from the teen when she knew he was calm enough to act civilly.

Meanwhile, Henry adjusted his outfit and hair where it looked more than a bit disheveled. Then, he zeroed in on her distended stomach, finally making the connection. He blushed loudly, pointing Shakily to her belly, “So… uhh… hmm…” he coughed awkwardly, not sure how to voice his question.

Hermione took it in stride, laughing and shaking her head, “Yeah… uhh, hmm happened… In fact, too many uhh hmms happened for my taste, but he is quite persistent.”

Henry’s nose wrinkled in disgust and Hermione giggled harder. When she calmed down, she sat down on the bed, rubbing her belly peacefully, “He doesn’t eat children anymore. I got him to quit, but in return, I had to quit drinking coffee, and let me tell you… it wasn’t an easy decision,” she joked humorously.

“What does he eat now?” Henry rasped, his earlier worry coming back with a vengeance.
Hermione shrugged, “Criminals, pedophiles, rapists… whichever human scumbag he happens to find. There are enough out there, so he hasn’t complained to me. You’re under my protection, even when you’re older, if that’s what you’re worried about...” she peered at him inquisitively, crossing her arms and legs in stubbornness.

“Yeah…” Henry trailed off, unsure about what to say.

Hermione smiled slightly, standing up and walking past him to the door, “Well, I’ll leave you here to think things over. You don’t have to stay here if you don’t want to, but I can guarantee your safety if you do…” she finished, opening the door.

Bill Gray was right there, glaring down at Hermione with glowing yellow eyes. The witch didn’t seem to be phased, reaching her dainty hand up to grab the man’s ear and pull it down to her level. Pennywise grunted at the slight discomfort he felt, hissing dangerously at her.

“Oh, shut it, you ass!” Hermione flicked his nose and he yelped at the abrupt feeling, scrunching up the offended skin before she could attempt to injure it further, “I’ve had enough of your posturing and displays of dominance. How many times do I have to tell you that you don’t have to fight for me?” he cupped his face in the hand that didn’t have a grip on his right ear.

He cursed under his breath, and Hermione glowered at him, “Now, I want you to apologize for traumatizing this poor boy.”

Pennywise huffed defiantly, gritting his teeth with irritation, but stopping upon seeing Hermione’s angry tears beginning to fall down her face, “What if he was one of ours,” she whimpered, “If you can’t apologize to him, then how could you ever apologize to our own kids?”

His own face fell at that, the bond between them sharing the feeling between the two mates. He sighed, turning his head to look Henry in the eyes before his own tears began floating to the ceiling, “I’m… sorry, kid,” Bill frowned, looking back to Hermione, who let him go immediately so he could wipe his eyes on his shirt sleeve.

“I can erase the memories, if you want me to…” he began walking towards Henry, who took two large steps back in fear, looking like he’d been electrocuted. Hermione put her hand on his shoulder, stopping her mate before he traumatized the boy again.

“Maybe later, Penn… While your gesture may be appreciated, we’ve overwhelmed him enough for today,” she began to corral the disguised clown over to the open door, “I’ll bring breakfast and a few things to keep you entertained up in a little bit, alright?”

Henry nodded mutely, and she shut the door behind them. The silence was comforting, given the noisiness of his mind at the moment. Now, more than ever, he noticed the dramatic change in his personality. Before, the old Henry Bowers wouldn’t have hesitated in trying to murder the man, no matter what Hermione had said. He would have truthfully pled guilty to the crimes he was accused of. He also would have left this house when Hermione and Bill weren’t watching. The old Henry Bowers was a loner, a hot-headed maniac who was desperate to prove that he wasn’t a “lily-livered little shit” like his father made him feel like and told him he was.

Now, all that was stripped away by the sandpaper and salted lemon juice experience he’d been through over the last month. He was quiet, nervous, and yet, he didn’t feel fake, like he was trying to play the part for another’s satisfaction. Perhaps this is what young adults felt like after leaving their parents and going off into the world to be themselves. Hermione seemed to have no expectations, and for that, he was grateful. She seemed like she genuinely wanted to help him despite her “mate” crowding them with his painful reminders and reluctant acceptance of his stay in their house.
He wasn’t stupid, nor was he blind. The clown didn’t want him there, and that was all but said in the way his horrifying eyes followed his every move while he was close to Hermione, as though he was fully expecting him to either hurt or make a move on her, neither of which he planned on doing during his stay with the couple.

Sighing with his head in his hands, he finally stood up, striding to the door and walking down to where he smelled delicious food coming from. Henry walked around the living room to where he presumed the kitchen was. Crookshanks, Hermione’s cat, was curled up into a fuzzball on the couch. He blinked his crimson orbs at him once before falling back asleep.

Tiptoeing around the corner, he immediately saw the clown, Pennywise, at the kitchen table, reclining back in his chair with his dark-clawed feet propped up on the kitchen table. He caught the faint smell of blood and nearly gagged, realizing that the smell was coming from the suspicious-looking slabs of meat that were stacked on a dinner plate in the being’s lap. Blood coated his lips as he feasted eagerly. He was too shocked into watching that he hadn’t even noticed Hermione coming up behind him.

Obliviate! She hissed mentally, taking satisfaction as the last few moments of the boy’s memory erased themselves from his mind. Immediately afterwards, she helped him back into the living room and sat him down on the couch so he didn’t accidentally lose his balance.

“Hey, Henry… sorry about Penn… He’s still a bit of a brute even though he’s getting better. Food should be ready soon, but feel free to watch something on the TV…” she smiled, patting Henry’s forearm before walking back into the dining room and silencing it.

“Seriously?!” she squeaked at him, her shrill voice making him wince as he continued to scarf down his slabs of human meat, “What the bloody hell is wrong with you?!”

“Whaa?” Pennywise whined, “I’m ‘ungry,” he spoke defensively, blood spewing from his open mouth as he tried to speak with his mouth full.

“Fine! Fine!” Hermione dug her fingers into her scalp frantically, “Just stop getting blood everywhere! Ugh!” she thundered back into the kitchen to finish making a plate of normal human breakfast for Henry and one for herself.

Pennywise pouted minutely, pushing away his still-full plate and walking over to where his mate was in the kitchen. Vanishing the blood that coated the table, his clothes, and his skin, he hugged the witch from behind, purring into her neck, “You’re so high-strung, dear… I could help with that, you know…”

Hermione smiled slightly, tilting her head into his, “Oh, I know… I know all too well,” she brought one of his hands to the swell of her stomach, “but this is what happens when you try to “help” me like that…” Pennywise chuckled, rubbing his thumb around her belly button.

“Hmm…” he purred happily, “but I wouldn’t have it any other way…”

The witch snorted, “You say that now… Human babies are a lot of work, love,” she carded her fingers through his hair and he purred louder.

“Then it’s a good thing they’ll have the best mother on this planet, maybe even the whole Macroverse,” he reasoned and Hermione laughed, swatting his arm.

“Well, now you’re just trying to flatter me,” she giggled, dislodging herself from his grasp, “Come on, now… I need to bring Henry some breakfast before it gets cold and he starves.”
Pennywise leaned against the sink, seemingly contemplating something behind his beautifully bright blue eyes before standing at her side. He beckoned her forward and she looked at him questioningly, but the eldritch said nothing.

She walked out into the living room, the half-transformed clown in tow. Henry took the food gratefully, more hungry than traumatized as he began to shovel eggs and sausages into his mouth. Hermione conjured a glass of orange juice for him and he guzzled that down quickly as well. When the boy was done, he looked over to see Bill sitting in the armchair with the witch sitting primly on his lap, reading a book.

Gathering up his courage, Henry cleared his throat in hope that his voice would reach louder than a whisper, “Umm… After… well…” he waved his arms in a wide gesture, “everything… I’ve decided to stay…”

Hermione’s head snapped up and she crawled off the man’s legs, hobbling over to pull him into a big hug. Henry, unused to being hugged, returned the motion stiffly. Once again, the warmth he felt from her filled him. He felt whole again, even with the clown sitting a few feet away from him. Pennywise rolled his eyes at his mate’s hysterics, getting up at a more leisurely pace to where her hand was reaching for him behind her.

He figured she wanted him to hug the boy, which would have been highly involuntary on both of their parts with him being too stubborn and Henry being too scared, so instead, he skirted around his mate and held out his hand for him to shake. Hermione looked at him sheepishly, realizing her misjudgement with both of their attitudes.

Henry looked at Pennywise’s hand as though it wanted to bite him. The fact that he could make it do so was beside the point. His human-like hand startled the boy, reminding him that Bill Gray was simply a ruse, and a good one at that. He was convincing as both human and monster. Shaking hands with the human persona felt like shaking hands with someone who was lying through his teeth.

The clown seemed to sense this, and changed his hand into it’s slightly more natural blackened form. Careful to avoid his claws, Henry grasped his hand confidently, leading the handshake as Pennywise wasn’t used to making the motion.

“You know,” Pennywise spoke after letting go of his hand, “even though I am who I am… I’d bet I’m still a better ‘father-figure’ than your real father.”

Henry chuckled, shocked that he was even laughing with the being who haunted his nightmares, “Somehow, I think you’re right…”

Chapter End Notes

Well, there it is...
I’d been waiting to bring Henry back in for a while now. I felt so bad for him and his situation, and I know that Hermione would never leave him high and dry up in Juniper Hill when he was mostly innocent. However, I felt like he was getting to be a bit OOC here, and I wasn't sure what to do about it other than just try to muscle through it. Henry is just a tough character to write, just because he is almost a complete dick in every version of IT. Lol, I just realized that rhymed. Since he doesn't really have much more of a character than the traumatized boy who
was pushed too far and became Pennywise's bitch, I really had to take a lot of liberties
with him. So, what I'm trying to say is that I'm sorry if he's a bit too separated from the
source material for your liking.
He's more than a bit in shock right now, and should mellow out back into his jerky teen
attitude before I wrap this story up and bid you all farewell for a while, but more on that
later...
For now, I'll see you in the next chapter... ;D
August 24th, 1989

Hermione woke up to a loud and desperate pecking at her window. Groaning, she rolled over to see if she could spot what it was, but the dark curtains on her window obscured her view. Her whisky eyes adjusted further, taking in the shadows of the room. The morning light shone along the floor, illuminating the old wooden floorboards in the encompassing darkness.

When she set her foot down on the surface, it scrunched up a bit at the cold before relaxing. Hermione slid out of bed slowly, trying not to wake up her sleeping mate as he moved over to where she’d been before. She smiled shyly at his unconscious action of trying to find her warmth and seeking her out even when asleep. It was ungodly clingy of him, but what else was new? Although, she’d rather not encourage it… but it’s just so cute when he does that...

Approaching the window, Hermione reached a pale hand forward and parted the dark blue fabric, revealing her boss’s big black and white feathered owl, Elvira. Immediately, she opened the window, and the bird practically spat the letter at her before flying off as though she were being chased, leaving a trail of salt-and-pepper-shaded feathers behind her. Turning around, she caught Pennywise’s glowing eyes blinking sleepily at her and she giggled, shutting the window and re-encasing the room in darkness.

“Animals just don’t like you, Penn,” she scratched his head and he purred quietly, curling into her as she got back into bed, “Why is that?”

The eldritch grumbled with a small scowl, not wanting to make conversation right away after awakening, “They just don’t like my aura, I guess. Let me sleep, doll, and let our young sleep. The telepath is being loud,” he groaned, turning away from her and putting an extra cushion over his head, “When she’s born, she can get her own damn waffles…”

“Okay, love,” Hermione giggled at his grumbles, “I’ll leave you alone,” she pat his exposed shoulder and got up to go make breakfast for her and Henry.

The boy was still sleeping, his light snores audible from outside the closed door as she passed by. Hermione nodded satisfactorily, her bare feet padding along the hall carpet. At least he actually was sleeping, and that was definitely a good start. Another few hearty meals would get his weight and mood up, and hopefully just experiencing life as a normal kid in a healthy, non-abusive home would straighten him out and righten a few of the wrongs he’d been dealt by his father and just about everyone else around him.
Getting to the bottom of the stairs, she set the letter on the kitchen counter and went to prepare the rather small yet diverse meal of hash browns, eggs, bacon, and toast. Putting on her dainty-looking apron, she got to work, cooking each item simultaneously on three stove burners and the toaster. Hermione stirred the food absently, losing herself in her thoughts as to what was likely in the white envelope bearing the MACUSA insignia.

Steam rose from the hot pans, warming her face in the chilly area. Clearly the weather outdoors was colder than she thought, or perhaps she’d turned the thermostat down too far. She’d been getting odd heat flashes lately, but some part of her knew that it was all part of the pregnancy, as Penn’s supernatural blood ran hotter than hers and, logically, their children’s had to be somewhere in between.

Unconsciously, she looked back to the letter before pointedly shaking her head and going back to her task. It would change everything, but in a good way. She’d be able to work in a safe environment, send their children to a nice school, magical or otherwise depending on their genes, and come home to a happy family. While it plagued her that she wouldn’t get to interact with her babies as much as Pennywise, she would rather be the one to sacrifice that time and hold a steady job so they could all live well-off.

The witch figured the letter was President Vesta’s response to her letter of resignation she’d sent in a few days previously, just before going to meet with the Losers. Sending her own letter had been difficult, especially because she hadn’t really disclosed why she was quitting MACUSA, other than “personal reasons,” which wasn’t exactly a lie. Her life had changed too much in the last three months for her to just go on another dangerous mission after completing this one. Hermione just hated having to lie to her boss.

The older woman cared for her, like a daughter, and she knew it, but she felt safer with little to no one knowing about her children’s existence. Pennywise, Mike, and now Henry were the only ones who knew she was expecting, and Hermione hoped to keep it that way, with the exception of the ‘to be determined’ doctor who was going to be monitoring and delivering them. Speaking of which... the curly-haired woman pondered, I also need to put in an application for that hospital in Salem...

She puttered around the kitchen for a few more minutes, making sure everything was the same temperature before putting about half of each item on a big plate and levitating it up the stairs along with a glass of orange juice and a glass of water. In her opinion, Henry should drink both. He seemed like he could use more Vitamin C and extra hydration to help flush out whatever unnecessary drugs they might have had him on up in Juniper Hill.

Hermione knocked quietly on the door before letting herself in. The boy seemed to jerk awake at the creaking door, but relaxed upon seeing her, his eyes becoming less bloodshot and more tired-looking. Coming closer, she transfigured a table out of the nightstand and magically moved it in front of where Henry was. Using her wand once more, she brought the food and drinks over and set them down on the table.

“Good Morning, Henry. I hope you slept well,” she smiled cheerfully, wiping her hands on her apron, “I noticed you weren’t up yet, so I brought you breakfast in bed. Enjoy!” Henry returned the smile shyly and thanked her, beginning to devour his food with gusto.

“You can just... bring the dishes down when you’re done. Alright?” she shut the door behind her, finally deciding to go downstairs and read the letter that sat forebodingly on her counter.

Even from the living room, she could see how the insignia caught the light and reflected a golden shine across the ivory paper. Hermione would have thought it beautiful had it not been for its contents. Shuffling closer, it felt like each step was taking an hour for her to make. She both did and
didn’t want to read it, but she the anticipation was killing her. It was important for taking the next step in her new life. The curly-haired woman reached for the envelope with trembling fingers and nearly ripped it in half with how jerkily she went about opening it. Unfolding the letter was rapid, the paper making a loud snap at the strain. Hermione put her face as close to the text as she could without blurring it and began to read.

Each word filtered through her brain quickly, too quickly for her to fully grasp it the first time. She read it and re-read it, over and over again, taking in the scripted lines customary of any MACUSA agent that decided to resign their post. These lines were only read once, as they did not matter aside from giving her the approval to quit her job and assurance of any references for future career-seeking opportunities. Although, it wasn’t like she necessarily needed such a reference when she was rather well-known in the Wizarding World, but the added backup would all but secure her a position in whichever place she wanted to work in.

Below the printed text, there was a rather short message stuck to the official-looking document. In dark blue ink, President Vesta, Enoch, and Alison had all written notes of support and requests to keep in touch with them while getting adjusted to “civilian life,” as Enoch put it. There was even a short one from Director Hughes. Tears rolled down her cheeks, but they were happy tears. Of course, she’d miss working with them and going on missions, but she was even more happy about her impending motherhood.

Footsteps creaked on the stairs, and she sniffed loudly, trying to make herself look a bit less like she was about ready to start crying. Luckily, it was only Henry coming down to put the dishes in the sink. When he saw her standing by the counter, cheeks red and wet with slightly-puffy eyes, he froze. The witch could practically see the gears in his mind processing the information his eyes were giving him. Abruptly, he shook his head to break out of his thoughts and strode over to her. His arms wrapped around her awkwardly as he tried to not crush the dishes in between them. Hermione belatedly remembered doing this to him the previous day as well as during the nineteen-twenties night when she’d asked him to dance with her. Such a sweet broken boy...

Her right hand came up to card through his coffee-hued mullet and she sighed, relaxing into his comforting grip. The boy’s bony shoulders shook with his own tears, and Hermione awkwardly pat his back, mostly inexperienced with comforting people. That was always more of Ginny’s thing, having grown up with such an expressively caring mother. It wasn’t that Hermione didn’t have that kind of role-model in her own mother, but her own personality tended to come off as more brusque and blunt in comparison. She was also a bit closer to her father despite the both of them having been equally busy during her childhood. Nevertheless, they always made time for her.

Letting go of Henry, she made to grab the open letter and burn it in the fireplace, but a certain soot-colored hand beat her to the paper on the counter. Curious amber eyes scanned the letter, becoming gradually defensive and uncertain with each second. She didn’t know how much of the text he understood, but it clearly was enough. When he was done, he craned his neck to look her in the eyes.

“You quit your job… but why? Not that I’m sad you did, but what are we going to do now?” Pennywise glanced at her worriedly, hoping that she wouldn’t expect him to take on a human job instead. He didn’t think he could take her disappointment when he was ultimately fired.

Hermione sighed, wishing that she didn’t have to have this conversation with the eldritch at this particular moment where he was fearful, she was clutching Henry to her in a protective manner, and the boy himself looked like he wanted to be anywhere else. Letting go of him, he quickly left the room and ran up the stairs, sounding like a demon was chasing him. Turning to fully face her growling mate, she walked closer, standing on the opposite side of the counter.
“My job is dangerous, and you know this. So, I decided to quit. You were my last mission, and I have until the first week in September to tie up loose ends here and find somewhere else to settle, according to my contract.” Hermione sheepishly looked down at her feet, glad she was able to still see them despite her growing belly, “You need to understand… I can’t stay much longer… We can’t stay much longer… People will get suspicious, and that means they will look into my life, and they… They’ll find you… and they’ll find us,” she pat her stomach sadly, “Henry will be coming with, as he is too easy to identify here, and so are you, at least to my friends. Also, this town is wicked, and plagued by ruin and loss. It is not somewhere I want to raise our children, Pennywise… Come with us… please,” she looked up slowly, jumping terrifiedly at the horrible scowl screwing up his painted face.

His eyes burned crimson with rage and his jaw was titanium-tight. Dark hands were balled into fists at his side and the crumpled letter inside one of them spontaneously combusted, threatening to set off the fire alarm as the clown began to smoke, heat rising from his steaming head. He said nothing, and Hermione couldn’t decide if she preferred that to him yelling at her. Scared and sad tears fell now, warming her face and cooling on her stiff cheeks. She blubbered incoherently, taking steps back in fear.

Pennywise didn’t follow her, preferring to stand still and wear scorch marks into the hardwood floor. He looked betrayed and hurt, like he also wanted to cry, but didn’t want to feel anything other than anger at the present moment. Behind the eldritch, she noticed Henry peeking around the entrance to the living room, concern written all over his face. Abruptly, the clown snarled loudly, stepping in front of her line of sight so the boy wasn’t visible to her anymore. Hermione sobbed, the constant torrent of tears and mucus making it hard for her to breathe. She thought about the future, her children growing up without Pennywise, or worse, growing up with a resentful Pennywise who wanted to stay in Derry with his past rather than with her and their future.

There was too much history in Derry, too much bad blood between Derry’s citizens and her mate. If they were going to move on from the past, they needed to leave, just as Hermione left after graduating from Hogwarts. There were too many memories of gore and loss in that place. She’d needed to get out, and so she did. Now she needed to do so again, but this time, she wasn’t planning to go far.

Pennywise didn’t even give her a chance to explain any of this, spinning around to walk away, even pushing Henry harshly against the wall on his way out the front door. He didn’t even look back, set in his angered mindset. The front door slamming was deafening, causing Hermione’s knees to give out. She collapsed on the tiled floor, sobbing her heart out. A crack of thunder shook her soul and she heard rain begin to pelt against the roof. Numbly, she felt Henry embrace her again, and she put her hand on top of his in appreciation.

Slowly, he helped her to her feet, and she gratefully let him walk her to the living room couch. They sat down silently, tuning into whatever program appeared after the box was turned on. While mostly numb, she still remembered her companion’s sharp intake of breath upon hitting the wall not a minute earlier. Hermione probed Henry’s spine over his shirt, feeling for any places that made him flinch. Meanwhile, Henry was silent.

“Are you alright?” she asked hesitantly, feeling worse for the wear herself.

“Yeah, ‘m fine,” he sighed, putting his head down to scratch his scalp, “I’ve had worse… much worse…” the boy whispered, and Hermione wondered if he meant to say that out loud.

Determinedly, with tears shining in her eyes once more, she cuddled closer to him, her smaller form fitting along his side. It was a bit awkward, as there wasn’t nearly the same size difference there was...
between her and Pennywise, but she still made it work. Resting her head on his shoulder, she zoned out, even dozing off for a little while when the flow of tears became a slow trickle. Hermione knew Pennywise didn’t leave her for good, but he was extremely angry with her. That was evident enough when he stormed off rather than stayed to confront her about her decision.

It felt like deja vu. First, Pennywise hid the truth about her pregnancy, and now she hid the truth about her plans for the next few months. In a cruel way, it was fair, but at the same time, it just showed how sloppy they could both be about communication. That and it was very clear that neither of them wanted to offend the other. But this time, it was unrealistic to expect Pennywise to leave his home, the place he’d lived in for billions of years. Sniffing morosely with her newly-shed tears, she turned to Henry.

“You’re still leaving with us, right? I wouldn’t want you to get caught again,” she rasped, looking him in his blue eyes.

“Where are we going?” he replied nervously, wondering what she was thinking but not yet saying.

“I was thinking Salem, only about a four hour drive from here…” she explained, feeling a bit better once she fell into her ‘Professor Granger’ mode.

“Salem? Like the witch trials? Isn’t that bad for you?” Hermione laughed at his ignorance.

“Henry Bowers, that was hundreds of years ago. It’s a perfectly safe wizarding community now. We’ll just have to pass you off as a squib, but I’m sure you’ll fit in just fine. I’ve heard they’re actually very welcoming, definitely not like the colonists from back then…”

Henry pondered the information, “I suppose I’ve got nowhere else to go,” he responded aloofly, “I guess I’ll give it a shot and hope I don’t get burned at the stake.”

“I told you,” Hermione huffed amusedly, glad he was finally cracking jokes even if they were morbid, “they don’t do that anymore.”

Henry laughed now, the witch’s laugher becoming contagious. Soon enough, the two of them were cackling like hyenas, “W-w-why are you laughing!? I thought you were sad because Penny wide left you?!” Henry wheezed.

“It’s Penny wise !” Hermione giggled.

“Not with that big-ass forehead!” Henry’s voice cracked and he lost it, laughing more than he had in a long time, even more than when Belch’s pants split down the middle during gym class.

“He does look ridiculous, doesn’t he?!”

Hermione wheezed too, her diaphragm seizing harshly and causing her to hiccup loudly. Slapping her hands over her mouth, she giggled quieter, surprised at the abrupt body malfunction. Henry continued to laugh, but stopped short when an impish smile crept across his face. This ought to be good… Hermione grinned behind her hands, but the thought was stopped short by her stomach heaving. The boy froze too, watching her face go from beet red to sickly pale-green in under five seconds.

“Hermione? Are you okay—?” his question was answered when she promptly vomited up last night’s dinner all over herself.

It was a good thing she hadn’t eaten yet, otherwise it would have been a lot worse. The curly-haired woman panicked, quickly cleaning herself nonverbally with her wand and sprinting to the bathroom.
before she threw up again. Henry followed her, standing behind her and holding her hair back as she continued to puke her guts out. High-pitched dry heaves and heavy groans escaped her lips as she frantically pawed at his arm, asking for water to get rid of the taste on her mushy-feeling tongue.

He quickly ran to fetch some, pouring the clear liquid into a plastic cup in case she accidentally dropped it. Again, he heard the tell-tale sounds of vomiting, and he just about copied them in the sink, but he knew he needed to stay strong. Rifling through a drawer, he found a wooden clothespin and promptly stuck it on his nose so he couldn’t smell anything anymore. The sick feeling he had lessened. Looking out the window, he hoped the clown would return soon, because there was something very wrong with his mate.

★★★

It was all too easy to throw a frustration-induced tantrum without feeling guilty about it once he’d blocked his link to Hermione. His untidy lair welcomed him with many more rat droppings and human bones than there were before. The little menaces skittered away, but an unlucky dozen found themselves in his clawed hands, and even fewer found themselves within his razor-toothed mouth. What could he say? He ate when he was upset.

Pennywise stomped around his toppling trophy pile, kicking things that were in his way, and breaking the more fragile things he came across. Porcelain dolls were shattered, and fabric was ripped from old security blankets, puppets, and moldy stuffed animals. He took a grim satisfaction in taking apart his once-coveted treasures, bit by bit. Soon enough, his massive tower was reduced to a more widespread mound, like a giant had squished it into a pancake. The clown breathed heavily, tilting his head up towards the sound of thunder rumbling. Belatedly, he could feel cold water dripping onto his face, but when opened his eyes, he noticed two trickles of water going upwards. He hadn’t even noticed he’d started crying.

Rain fell from the storm drains, sending a noisy stream down to his current location. He watched as the flood fell deeper into the very hole he escaped down when the Losers’ Club had attempted to finish him off. Pennywise shook his head, getting the rainwater and greywater out of his hair like a dog. Thinking about those brats meant thinking about Hermione, and thinking about Hermione made his chest hurt.

Crouching down, he picked up a small bone, a broken yet curved piece of a child’s rib. Holding it in his large hand, he realized how small the little one had been, how easy it had been for him to end its life. While he didn’t kill children anymore, the thought made his blood run cold... because he did kill children, not two months ago, and that fact wasn’t about to change.

Unabashedly, his thoughts returned to Hermione, and the void in his heart made itself apparent. She was right, as she almost always was. When he should have been grateful, happy even, that she’d quit her dangerous job to be with him, he’d felt nothing but rage over the fact that she was trying to leave Derry, leave him. Pennywise purposefully hit his head on the side of his trailer. No! She wasn’t going to leave me, because I can go with her now... but he was Derry. Derry was within him, just as he was within Derry. The town was cruel and wicked, but perhaps that was only because he made it so. Could it be possible that no matter where they go, that same cruelty and wickedness would follow? Would running away from Derry make anything better, no matter how much he’d changed?

They had to protect their young, and the boy, but he didn’t think he could bear leaving his mate, but she needed to leave Derry for them to stay hidden and safe. Another part of him was terrified of the
outside world that had grown around the little town that had barely changed in centuries. Could he protect his family from the monsters on Earth? Could he protect his family from the monsters outside of Earth? Pennywise didn’t even want to think of it, but he also didn’t want his young to be born and raised in this hellhole where the citizens were unstable assholes just waiting to torture their children because there was nothing better to do. The sad thing was that he’d loved it not two months ago. Now he saw Derry for what it really was.

It was a dog-eat-dog town, where those who escaped the ridiculing adults, the bullying kids, and the lackluster environment could become successful. That was what he wanted, where his children didn’t have to fight to have a normal childhood. He’d seen the Losers, and if those were the best of the children in Derry… tears flowed once more, warming his face as he looked down at the broken rib again. An idea came to him, and it was unbelievably crazy, but it was the right thing to do.

Sitting in the middle of the pile of broken objects, he willed his deadlights to spread out to every expanse of his skin and vibrate. The tiny destructive atoms rubbed against each other, even humping in some cases. Once again, his body began to steam, smoke billowing from his orifices like there was a fire in his gut, which wasn’t too far from the truth. Thinking of Maturin set him ablaze, literally. The self-combustion startled him at first, but in the end, that was exactly what he wanted. Pointing his arms out towards his first targets, he expelled the fueled fire, and then the fragments were on fire, the flames consuming everything they touched.

The clown only assisted on the particularly damp patches, but for the most part, he just watched the destruction with melancholy eyes. Some of the sewer gas exploded before the fire was done, but he just moved over, letting his hair get a bit burnt off. When all that was left were ashes, he kicked some of the black powder around, getting his white and red boots dirty. He didn't mind as much as he thought he would. In fact, he felt better, cleansed even, like his past history was erased before his eyes, and it was.

A tickle against his mind lulled him into the sort of “astral realm.” He saw Maturin nod at him, a rather stupid grin on his large face as he led large group of small multicolored orbs away towards a light. Then, he was back in the sewers, only slightly understanding what he'd seen. Pennywise sighed, looking skyward once more, a carefree smile on his face. It was time to go home. He had a mate to apologize to.

When he popped back into the house, he was immediately assaulted by the smell of bile, and it was very strong. Frantically, he ran upstairs to Hermione’s bathroom and there was no one there. Then, he heard vomiting from the floor below, and he ran back down, nearly tripping on the way down and nearly slamming into the wall on his way around to the main floor’s bathroom. Henry was standing over Hermione’s crouching form as she continued to dry heave into the toilet bowl. Snapping his neck in the clown’s direction, the boy’s bloodshot blue orbs met his.

“She won’t stop puking…” he muttered, completely in shock at the traumatizing experience of listening to someone throw up for the better part of two hours. Pennywise nodded anxiously, his head threatening to pop off as he strode over and took the boy’s position.

Hermione’s head and neck were sweaty, but it was a cold sweat. Her hands were white-knuckled and felt like ice. She was shivering uncontrollably, and there was no registration in her dulled whisky eyes when she looked at him, even when her pupils threatened to swallow her irises. Blood dripped between her teeth and down her chin, causing her to cough more into the bowl before another round of vomit climbed into her esophagus. Pennywise felt around for their children, but even the telepath was silent.

He was startled when the witch seized in his grasp, hurling once more into the basin before slumping
against it, as still as a dead fish. Both males gasped in shock, and before Henry knew what was happening, both Hermione and Pennywise were gone with a pop.

★★★

Hermione woke up to a bright light and a man in a white lab coat and lower face mask leaning over her. Upon noticing her staring at him, she had yet another light in her eyes as the doctor monitoring her was making sure her eyes were working properly. Groaning, she unconsciously moved to cover her eyes, but her arms were pushed back onto the cushioned surface beneath her.

“Whoa, whoa, Miss... Granger! Take it easy... you’re alright. You’re at the Eastern Maine Medical Center, and you’re going to be just fine... Here,” the older man moved to help her sit up and she blushed upon realizing she was in a rather drafty hospital gown.

Looking around the small room, she noticed Bill Gray sitting in one of the two chairs other than the doctor’s, looking more than worse for wear. However, upon seeing her looking at him and looking mostly fine, he perked up relievedly. The doctor chuckled at their nonverbal exchange.

“You might want to thank your young man for carrying you here. I’ve never seen it before... how he carried you through the doors and up the stairs, not even bothering to wait for a gurney. It was truly inspirational for us all, so we needed to make sure you were going to make it...” he complimented Bill who shrugged, muttering something about it being his duty before the doctor’s kind focus was on her.

“Now... from your,” he looked at her sheet for her marital status and blinked slowly, which Pennywise noticed, before returning his eyes to hers, “friend’s description, you were vomiting excessively and then vomiting blood... is this right?” Hermione nodded fervently.

“Yes, sir. I was vomiting for a long time, and I don’t know what really happened after that...” she curled in on herself sheepishly, careful not to expose her genitals in the short gown.

“Have you been drinking a ton of water, eating healthy, eating at all?” he asked customarily, reading from his clipboard with his pen ready to mark her answers.

“I suppose I haven’t,” Hermione gaped, surprised at her own lack of attention to something so simple.

“How about drinking, recreational drugs, food poisoning... anything like that?”

“Absolutely not,” she spat outraged, and the doctor nodded.

“Good. How about stress and sleeping?” Hermione stared blankly at Pennywise, who attempted to make himself smaller by curling into himself and his chair.

Turning back to the doctor, she replied blandly, “I’ve been sleeping fine, but my job is stressful, but I’m about to be going into a new line of work soon enough.”

“But transitioning in itself is a stressful situation,” the doctor reminded her and she nodded.

“Hmm,” the doctor shrugged, the situation being obvious enough to him. “Well, whatever the case, you had severe morning sickness, or what we professionals call Hyperemesis Gravidarum. This is
what caused your short bout of hematemesis, or blood vomit. You see, you tore a part of your esophagus lining and that started to bleed. Luckily, you didn’t lose too much blood, so we didn’t need to give a blood transfusion or do surgery on you. However, we did need to give you fluids intravenously, which were mostly supplements, vitamins, and saline water,” Hermione nodded gratefully before setting a hand on her stomach.

“What about—” she began but the doctor shot up from his seat embarrassedly.

“Ah! Yes, I was just getting to that. Would you like me to perform an ultrasound? I thought better to ask while you were conscious before doing so.”

Hermione paused, looking to Bill and back before nodding. She was ready to see her little ones, and Pennywise was trying to hide his giddy and shy smile behind the back of his hand. The doctor nodded satisfiedly at the couple, informing them that he’d return in a few minutes before shutting the door behind him, leaving the previously quarrelling couple alone.

“I thought I was going to lose you… Don’t you ever do that to me again!” he spat, showing Hermione the fear that he hid earlier that morning.

“Well, it’s not like I wanted to almost die! You were the one that left! Don’t you ever do that to me again!” she blubbered, similarly upset and threatening to cry again.

Suddenly, he was out of his seat and holding her on his lap, sitting where she’d been. His nose trailed along her neck and he could smell the wounds the doctor mentioned. Sniffing sadly, he nuzzled her mating bite and felt a bit better, as he could feel Hermione’s assurance that she was fine. He turned her face towards his and licked up the salty tears before kissing her pale lips.

“I won’t, ever,” Pennywise promised, magically dressing her in her bra and underwear, “You’re my mate, remember?”

“I’ll never forget,” she kissed his cheek gratefully and pulled him into a hug, holding him until the doctor returned with his supplies to perform an ultrasound.

“Alright, I’m back,” the older man pushed the machine into the room and plugged it into the wall, “Let’s have a look-see here…”

Pennywise moved so Hermione could lay down on the bed and the man assisted her in raising the bottom of her gown. The witch was thanking Merlin that her mate thought to put her in some underwear, otherwise this situation would be even more awkward than it already was. It was already embarrassing enough that she had to admit her poor nutrition habits, but it would have mortified her if he caught sight of what got her into this mess to begin with.

The cold and wet goo snapped her out of her embarrassment, her body jerking at both the sensation and the temperature. Pennywise was at her side instantly and she held his hand when he sat beside her. There was so much concern in his cobalt eyes that she wanted to bottle it up and save it for when she was feeling particularly down. His hand in his Bill Gray form was the same temperature as hers was, for once, which told her that they were still very chilly.

“It’s okay, love… it’s just cold,” the disguised clown hummed in agreement, squeezing her hand once before continuing to hold it limply.

“Okay,” the doctor began, “how far along did you say you were?” he asked confusedly, trying to get a better look at the screen.

“Umm… We don’t know… Uhh, three weeks? Why?” Hermione mumbled nervously and
Pennywise murmured his agreement defensively, agitated by his mate’s fear.

“Well, it looks more like six weeks to me…” the doctor explained, “see for yourself…” he tilted the large screen towards them, and they both gasped at where he was pointing with his blue pen.

There, shown as a little bundle of pixels on the screen, was a tiny little foetus, one of their little ones. Probing around the child, the gray-haired doctor pointed out the little bud-like arms and feet along with the small head, the eye which was somehow staring at them, and, oddly enough, the little tail that all human embryos had at this stage. The child seemed to be curled in on itself and its umbilical cord, but looked as content as it could be.

Then, the doctor noticed something else, moving the wand to where he noticed the abnormality and finding another small embryo waving its bud arms in greeting. Reeling back, the doctor looked to the couple and congratulated them on having twins. However, he resumed his work, citing that he wanted to make sure he didn’t miss anything. Tilting the monitor in his direction so only he could see it, he continued his search. Not a minute later, he found yet another foetus close to the opening of the woman’s womb and yet another at the top. Turning to Hermione and Pennywise, he gulped, tweaking the collar of his shirt to loosen his tie a smidge.

“Miss Granger, I’m not sure how to tell you this, but it appears that you will be eating for… five, now. Congrats to the both of you!” he beamed at the awestruck look on their faces, tilting the monitor back to them so they could see each foetus, “Look at them, you two! They’ve ingeniously divided your womb into fourths, and each of them has secured a quadrant. How peculiar…” he marveled at the images on the screen.

Hermione eagerly looked between her goo-covered stomach and the monitor, trying to connect the two in her mind. Four… four babies… she wasn’t sure she could handle it, but luckily, the witch wasn’t alone. Pennywise would be a great father, and she knew it, even if he wasn’t so sure. Four children would be nice, as they could divide feeding into two halves and the children could play games with two sides against each other. Oh! They’ll be so cute!

She looked to the monitor again and gasped. The babies had all met in the middle of her womb, waving their arms frantically to get into what looked like a planned position for a photo. The doctor noticed this as well, snapping the photo and joyfully running off to make a copy for Pennywise.

Snatching up the wand, she completely forgot about her suddenly mute mate as she continued to watch the foetuses on the screen. After their picture was taken, they’d immediately went back to their respective areas, pushing off each other to propel themselves faster. Well, that explains how they got to the middle so fast…

The doctor returned, holding two of the same photo, “I have one for each of you, now! Oh! Hey, buddy,” he tilted his head at Pennywise, “you don’t look so good…”

Hermione turned around to see the clown’s thankfully blue eyes roll back into his dark-haired head as he passed out on the hospital bed, “seriously?!” she exclaimed indignantly.

Chapter End Notes

Whelp, there it is.

Four smol beans, *sings to tune of Three Blind Mice* Lol, I'm just joking around... ;)

So, now we have a definite number of babies for this first clutch. Someone was asking
me about the number and the number they had in mind was in the double digits, which really threw me off, as that would probably kill Hermione if she did try having 10-12 human babies for full terms. There would have been foetal deaths, and that would have broken my heart. (also, don't look up great white foetal cannibalism unless you want to give yourself some lovely nightmare fuel... It was a BIG mistake)

In other news, I can officially count the number of remaining chapters on my hand, which is a regular five-digit one if any of you were wondering. Sorry... It's really late where I am, and I can't help but ramble...

As always, your kudos, bookmarks, and most especially your comments are much appreciated... I've been so lonely in my vacant inbox, so feel free to ask any questions you have, and I'll see you all in the next chapter! :D
All The Right Steps, But In The Wrong Order

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry this took so long. I was dealing with my winter class, some writers block, and just a general feeling of not wanting to work on this fic because it is so close to being done and wanting to make the ending as perfect as I can get it to be. It's hard, but we've only got three more chapters and then the epilogue. Then, as I've said before, I'm going to be taking a break from this series to work on a few smaller projects. Anyway, here is Chapter 76! I hope you enjoy it, as it is a bit longer than usual.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 24th, 1989

Pennywise groaned, rubbing his head as he came out of unconsciousness. The blaring light of the hospital room was gone, otherwise his eyes would have been assaulted upon waking up. He could feel the soft comfy sheets of Hermione’s bed beneath his fingers and he purred, happy to be back home. Sitting up, he shook off his stiff joints and moved to leave the bed, but the door opened just before he could.

Hermione’s petite curly-haired silhouette stood in the doorway, her arms holding a plate of food, which was mostly summer sausage, cheese, and crackers. Silently, she crept closer, careful not to spill the plate’s contents. With his glowing amber eyes, he could see her clearly. She wasn’t angry with him, she was happy.

“Hey, love… You were sleeping for a few hours… how are you?” she murmured, sitting down on ‘her’ side of the bed and beginning to eat the food on the plate.

“I’m better now that you’re here, doll,” he teased, rolling over to nibble Hermione’s hip where it peeked out of the gap between her pajama pants and tank top. “I’m always happier when you come back to me…” Pennywise whispered into her hip, poking it with his tongue as he spoke.

She squealed at the feeling, seizing up so hard she nearly spilled her plate’s contents, “Stop that! I’m ticklish there!”

“Fine, I’ll stop,” he spoke alluringly with an impish smirk creeping across his face, indicating that he would, in fact, leave that spot alone, for now… “What happened while I slept?”

“Well,” Hermione put her fingers on her chin in a thinking posture, “The doctor told me all these things to eat, things to do so I wouldn’t get so sick again, and he gave me some special vitamins and medication to help with that. Then I erased the his memory and apparated us back home.”

Pennywise hummed, watching as she continued eating with a gradual contentedness, “What kind of things are you supposed to do?” he prompted, putting his hands under his chin in a mock-contemplation pose.

“Oh… eat more ginger, eat frequent smaller meals, drink plenty of fluids, no more spicy or fatty
foods, eat high-protein snacks, and definitely no hanging around triggering sensory stimuli,” she smirked slightly, “That means no more sewer-hopping for you, big boy,” she poked his nose and he sighed sadly, laying on his back. At Hermione’s immediate confusion, he reluctantly decided to elaborate.

“I burned everything in the sewers today… everything,” he muttered, nearly inaudible.

Then Hermione was straddling him and looking into his downcast eyes. She bent down and kissed him as though he were simultaneously fragile and unbreakable. There was so much passion in her movements, but he could tell it was restrained as though she didn’t want to push him too hard.

“I’m so proud of you,” she finally said, her voice full of adoration as she cupped his numb cheek in her warm hand, “I know how hard it is for you, my mate, but I’ll stand by your side, always… Err… most times…” she added reluctantly, grabbing the last pieces of food and shoveling them into her mouth with a knowing shy smile.

Pennywise purred slightly nonetheless, glad she used the honorific when she rarely did, “Anything else from the human doctor?” his wandering hands trailed up her supple thighs.

“Umm…” Hermione squeaked, “I should definitely be drinking more water… and fruit juice, and doing prenatal yoga,” she broke off with another hesitant moan as his fingers snuck under her top to feel her middle.

Pennywise stilled, a wide grin spreading across his face, “Yoga? Oh, doll… You best be careful I don’t interrupt, or you might find yourself confined to ‘bed rest’ for the foreseeable future,” he leaned up to nip at her soft lips, “but I wouldn’t worry too much… I’m sure I can find a few ways to keep you ‘exercising’.”

“Oh, stop it!” she giggled at his waggling brows, somewhat aroused at the idea, “and if you were wondering, which you should be, the doctor told me we could keep having sex— oof!”

Pennywise chuckled darkly after rolling her underneath him, “Good, because I don’t think I could stop myself from fucking you until the sun comes up,” Hermione moaned, reaching confident fingers up to undress the human-looking male from his button-down shirt and jeans. At the same time, his chilled fingers eagerly pulled off the witch’s tank top and nearly ripped the old pajama pants off of her legs.

When they were both naked, the clown sat back on his knees, just looking at her and analyzing how much she’d changed over the last month alone, “Look at you,” he purred awedly, leaning in to kiss and nip at her throat, “so, beautiful, and perfect… Our unborn clutch is growing twice as fast as normal human young, which is good, because I can’t wait eight more months to see you become fully round with my seed.”

Hermione blushed, knowing that he was right, “But, I’ll be the size of a bloody house…”

Unfazed by her protest he grinned, rubbing her distended belly, “and what a perfect house it will be… perfect for our tiny brood to live in for nearly five months… Now, doll, let’s make a little mess out of their home,” Pennywise struck, bending unnaturally to suck eagerly at her clit.

Hermione squawked, arching her back towards the ceiling when he made a gurgling cackle that sent vibrations along her nether region. The clown squeezed her hips in praise before coercing her back down to the soft bed, pressing red-lipped kisses up her bare thighs and nibbling at the sensitive flesh to make her moan. His right hand was busy unfurling her sweet flower while his left was slowly coaxing milk from her sensitive nubs.
When his nose began bumping her clit and his long, dark, and sinful tongue replaced his bony fingers, she came with a low cry, sounding like a dying animal before slumping back against their pillows. Hermione whimpered and huddled into herself, feeling chilly in their room. Her crunched position made the clown smirk ferally, as she was unconsciously prompting him to bend her in half and rut into her with her legs over his shoulders.

He clucked predatorily at his small mate, “Oh, don’t cry, little doll… C’mere and let ole’ Pennywise get you nice and warm…”

Crowding her space easily, she looked up at him nervously with her huge whisky “doe eyes,” and he was struck by how much like a nubile forest nymph she was. Pennywise struck quickly, reaching under her bum to lift her up into his groin. When she cried out surprisedly and flailed, his tentacles unfurled from his member to hold her lower body to his, even assisting him by inserting his drooling appendage into her heated snatch.

“Shh, shh, shh,” he hushed her comfortingly, even curling her head into his shoulder while she gripped his upper back with a frantic grip, “I’ve got you, mate… “ the clown raised the covers and crawled underneath them, carrying his mate underneath him and depositing her on the warmer sheets while he situated the top covers over his shoulders and Hermione’s knees.

His hips began a slow circular thrusting and he busied his mouth with drinking every last drop from Hermione’s sore breasts.

The witch was sensitive on every inch of her body. Her skin hummed with a million nerve endings coming alive with each pass of his fingers, lips, or tongue. His playful tentacles were no help either, as they worked her clit up over and over, but never followed through. Each time they did this, she wept, and Pennywise licked her frustrated tears away. Looking down her crunched body, she whimpered at the sight of his knot beginning to swell at the base of his cock and the mixture of fluids painting the swollen red organ a filmy white and inky black with each thrust into her hot cavern.

When he finally sped himself up, it came out of nowhere and she was overwhelmed by the eldritch’s touches, his sexually-charged aura, and most of all, his words. He spoke in a low baritone, a growl that vibrated against her heaving throat. His knot was now playing its usual game of popping in and out of her battered hole, as though deciding whether or not it wanted to be inside of her, or if it wanted to remain outside. Her nipples were nearly drained, but the clown was stubbornly refusing to let her very sensitive nubs be.

They simultaneously came with a shout, swallowing their noises by biting each other’s shoulders. Pennywise’s knot had popped in, sealing them together for the immediate future. His tentacles kissed her clit happily and she moaned, covering herself in what blankets she could before her nipples became hard, a sight that would kick start another round if she didn’t warm them immediately. However, he was satisfied with playing with her belly.

“How fertile little minx… taking my seed so well… just like our first time…” he cooed, a blissed-out smile on his face as he kneeled back to rub her further-distended stomach.

Bending over to press his face to her bump, he cackled quietly, “They really hate me right now, doll… but they like the warmth I brought… even if it’s my seed,” he winked pervertedly at his mate.

“That’s disgusting,” she spat, her entire face and chest flushing crimson at his implications, “You’re traumatizing them!”

Pennywise simply shrugged, “They best get used to it if they’re going to be where it goes, doll,” he rationalized with another dark chuckle, “Besides, it’s a good way for them to get my scent from
inside. Right now, I'm just a voice and an aura, but now… I’m more to them…”

“Yeah, more disgusting,” Hermione wrinkled her nose and he pressed a dark fingertip down to poke it.

“You love it,” he smiled toothily at her and rolled them on their respective sides of the bed to wait out the remainder of his knot.

The witch smiled but shook her head in the negative, letting out a bemused sigh, “How did you never even notice three other embryos in here?” she pondered, reaching towards her nightstand to grab her picture of the ultrasound. Looking at it in the dim lamplight, she looked to see if any of the little c-shaped blobs could easily be their little telepath.

Pennywise huffed, rolling her partially underneath him so he could look at the photo as well, “I don’t know. Our youngest kept them hidden from even my view…”

“Youngest?” Hermione tilted her head confusedly at the new information.

The clown nodded, “The telepath… She’s the youngest…”

The witch squinted at the photo again and his eyes followed hers, “How can you tell that?” she turned the photo as though it would help her see better, “They’re all the same size…”

Pennywise rolled his amber eyes fondly, pointing at the embryo that had been at the bottom of her womb, “That’s her. She’s brighter and clearer to see in this picture because she was closer to the outside while the others were further back, making her look bigger… and she told me so before I… passed out.”

Hermione snorted, her eyelids at half-mast, “I’ll have to do a few more of these visits before they’re born… Will I be able to bring you with, or are you going to just faint like an old lady when you see them again?

“I didn’t know how many there were! It was a shock!” he nearly shouted and she giggled quietly, putting the photo away in her nightstand.

“An eldritch who eats people for sustenance was “shocked” at seeing how many babies we are going to have? You are such an enigma, Penn…” she sighed peacefully, slipping into unconsciousness as she felt his knot coming loose. He pulled out of her right before she fell asleep, leaving him to his thoughts.

For the first time in a while, he was actually tired emotionally, physically, and mentally. Passing out had been rather embarrassing to the ancient being who’d seen just about everything over his immense lifespan, but he couldn’t exactly blame himself for that reason. He’d never seen his young before, and he’d never seen hybrid eldritch embryos before.

Clearly, they were going to take after their dam, which was ideal, as he’d considered before. The fact made him excited to see little clones of his mate waddling around their comfy new home, wherever that would be. He definitely had no better place in his mind than to be with his children for most of his days moving forward. Hermione would be great in her future career, as she was great at everything. Hell, she’d tamed him, and that was no small feat.

This emergency visit to the human doctor just solidified his impending fatherhood in ways he’d never thought possible. *Four little bugs…* he pondered, rubbing along Hermione’s stomach and taking pleasure in hearing her moan as she curled into him further. *Hmm…* he paused, remembering the look the doctor sent him during their visit. It made him feel inadequate, like he was doing
something wrong, and the last thing he wanted to do to Hermione was something wrong.

The doctor had called her "Miss," and he didn’t necessarily see the problem with it. Perhaps the boy could be useful to me after all...

August 25th, 1989

Henry Bowers was a fool to think that the peaceful reprieve would last. After Hermione and... Pennywise returned later in the afternoon, she’d magically levitated the taller male up the stairs and tucked him into bed before saying anything to him. He had hated being in the small house by himself. It was too quiet, and it smelled intensely of vomit, like a shroud of grisly death was hanging in the air around him. The silence was the worst of it, but luckily Crookshanks had re-emerged from his secret hiding spot to keep him company while asking to be stroked.

At first, the ginger feline was wary of him, keeping out of arm’s reach and sniffing the air for deceit. Henry stayed still, not wanting to spook the elderly cat. By the time Hermione and Pennywise returned, they were snuggled together on the couch which had been pushed towards an open window in the living room. The vomit smell was mostly gone, but Hermione easily cleansed the air of what little there was left.

After getting things settled and cleaned, Hermione sat down next to him and pulled him into another hug. Unsure, he returned the gesture. That was when she broke the news to him, and he was both happy for the older woman, but also deeply disturbed because his mind inevitably wandered to the circumstances which led to four hybrid embryos growing in her womb.

“How the fuck do you find him that appealing?” he’d muttered in response, his eyes glazed over with unbidden images of things he really didn’t want to think about.

Hermione had smirked behind her hand, not wanting to offend the poor boy, “Well, ‘the heart wants what it wants’ and all... also, he’s a shapeshifter, so he can look however he bloody wants to look. I fell in love with both the human man and the clown, so I don’t have a preference...” Henry had groaned, rubbing the heels of his palms into his eyes to erase his scarred mind’s eye of the traumatic idea.

Now, sitting at the kitchen table, the teen focused on the food sitting on his plate as he slowly brought the excellent meal to his mouth bite by bite. Unbeknownst to him, the disguised eldritch sat in the living room, watching impatiently as Henry seemed to examine his food, and reexamine, and wait, and reexamine... Just eat it, you little shit... He had to stop himself from visibly tapping his foot in an obvious way that would alert the boy to his presence. However, my watching him would likely get him moving faster... Stretching visibly, Pennywise watched the teen’s eyes dart nervously to meet his fiery orbs before he started practically shoveling the food into his mouth with a speed that definitely hadn’t been there before. A chuckle nearly escaped the handsome male at the sight alone. Finally... I've got shit to do today... he nearly broke his silence after he cracked his knuckles loudly and Henry actually whimpered at him.

The boy was about to further choke on his breakfast in his haste to finish his breakfast and escape the human-looking Pennywise when Hermione came down the stairs and strode into the kitchen to pile the leftovers onto another huge plate and sit down to have another meal in addition to her first one less than an hour previously. Sighing at Henry’s behavior, she set the plate down on the table and went over to chastise her mate.
“Penn,” she huffed, weaving her hair into a long braid which pooled over her right breast, “You’re being rude,” Bill pouted, “Please leave him alone…” The man seemed to raise an eyebrow passively before he was suddenly on his feet and pulling her around to press her back against the wall.

“We seem to have unfinished business, doll… the boy and I,” he smirked at her nervous yet angry eyes, “No, no… nothing like that. You always think the worst of me,” he tugged pointedly at her earlobe with his teeth and she let out a quiet moan, “I just need to ask him a few things, that’s all... because I think I missed something important…”

Hermione tilted her head suspiciously, her braid swaying slightly at the motion, “Missed something…? Like what?”

Bill chuckled at her, reaching the free hand that wasn’t around her waist down to rub her belly, a motion that made his mate lean into his touch and away from the wall, “Nothing you need to worry your pretty little head over, my mate.”

Hermione frowned and moved to speak but the disguised eldritch pressed a solitary finger to her plump lips, “I’ll let you know if I missed something... by tonight…” he promised, “By the way, I can feel all four of our young now, and they’re very hungry.”

Spinning her around and walking her back into the kitchen where Henry was just finishing up, he lightly swatted her arse, “So, I think you should feed them again…”

Hermione blushed and Henry choked on his last bite of food at the sight. Pennywise chuckled darkly, stepping over to Henry who tried to bolt for the living room until he was grabbed by the shoulder and hauled into something resembling a headlock, “We’ll be back in a few hours,” he spoke alluringly, “so try not to have too much fun while we’re gone.”

“Wait, what?” Hermione jumped as both males vanished before her eyes.

★★★

Henry nearly wet himself when they appeared on top of the towering Standpipe. Attempting to death-roll himself out of the eldritch’s tight grip but only succeeding in losing his footing and landing flat on his back with the eldritch perched over his lower half while his upper half leaned dangerously off the roof, Henry began to hyperventilate while trying to get his upper half back onto the metal..

“You only brought this on yourself, Henry,” Pennywise noted humorously, “and while I’m loyal to my mate, your humping against my cock is a bit distracting…” he cackled at Henry’s mortified expression.

The teen moaned in embarrassment and self loathing, going limp underneath the transforming Bill Gray and consequently sliding further down the sloped roof. However, dark hands grabbed his hips and pulled him fully back onto the surface. Effectively sitting on the human boy, the eldritch leaned over him close enough that Henry could smell the deep scent of blood so ingrained in the creature above him that it would never wash out no matter how hard he tried. Warm drool dripped onto his chin and neck, making the mullet-haired teen squirm against the hot metal roof. To Pennywise, he looked like a piece of bacon sizzling on a metal pan. Delicious... Wait... No, I’ve got shit to ask of the human whelp.

“I know we have unfinished business, Henry Bowers, and we will get to it later, but now, I have a
few questions for you. Keep in mind that I will know when you lie to me, and for every lie, I will eat one of your fingers. Got it?”

Henry didn’t need to be asked twice, “Y-y-yes!”

“Good!” Pennywise smirked darkly before his face turned serious, “When I brought Hermione to your human doctor, he seemed very… disappointed, or surprised at something on his… piece of paper,” he huffed, frustrated and unsure how to explain his confusion, “He called her ‘Miss Granger,’ and I don’t understand why that’s wrong…” he spat finally, glaring down at Henry who gulped nervously at being stuck on the business end of the alien’s wrath.

“W-well, It sounds like the doctor was more… traditional, and wasn’t very… happy,” his voice cracked embarrassingly, “that you and Hermione… fucked,” Henry’s face turned tomato-red as he continued, looking away from the pensive clown, “while not being married… which is something most couples do before the… wife… gets knocked-up.”

Pennywise was silent, staring down at him with his lazy amber eyes, but it felt like the older male was staring through him, “It’s not a bad thing! There are plenty of couples that don’t wait anymore. You and Hermione don’t attend church, or whatever, and that’s really the reason why women wait to have sex until their wedding night,” he blushed loudly at the thought, “So what if some think your children are illegitimate!” he froze when a ring of red slowly overtook the amber and the eyes dialed back onto his face, “Don’t shoot the messenger! I don’t believe in that shit! I’m just telling you what you want to know!” he frantically spoke any excuse that he could think of until the clown covered his mouth with his inky black hand.

“I’m not going to kill you, Henry. You told the truth, and Hermione would be very upset with me if I did… So,” he tilted his head curiously, nearly bending it unnaturally, “Hermione is still unclaimed by human standards, even if we are mated…”

“You mean like animals?” the teen winced at the slightly offended look in the eldritch’s eyes.

“Explain, but choose your words very carefully… I am superior to humans in every way,” he hissed darkly at him and Henry wished Hermione could come help him so her… mate didn’t revert back into this seemingly-animalistic self and eat him.

“Most animals on Earth… I think humans might be the only ones that don’t really do this, but most animals follow mating cycles, and choose mates for life, or for the season. They mate and breed unofficially, because sometimes the couple will never mate again. I accidentally saw two cats mating once… It was…” Henry winced, blushing intensely at his embarrassment, “uncomfortable.”

“Hmm…” the clown paced his eyes back and forth, his hand on his chin in a contemplative gesture, “So, for humans to accept mine and Hermione’s mating, we must be ‘married.’”

“Yes,” Henry nodded, “otherwise people will think that you aren’t serious about your relationship with her, or think that your children are accidents,” he wheezed the last word, realizing that the eldritch’s glare had returned.

“I am completely serious about our mating,” he spat haughtily, “and I purposely seeded Hermione with the intent of breeding a clutch… Stupid humans…”

“Well, a ring looks better than a cattle brand…” Henry trailed off, muttering, and Pennywise’s eyes lit up intriguingly.

“A ring, you say? So I just get a ring for her and that’s it? Everyone knows she’s mine?”
Henry put his hands up defensively, “No… and yes… There’s more to it than that! You get her an engagement ring, and then you ask her to marry you. After that, you both plan a wedding and invite friends and family to it. You stand in front of an official, or whatever, and then you are deemed married. You kiss in front of everyone, and then there is a reception with food and cake. Then, after that, the bride and groom, which is the married couple, leave the party and go on a honeymoon.”

“A honeymoon?” the clown murmured giddily.

Henry’s blush returned with a vengeance, “You two go on a vacation just to fuck and make babies…”

Pennywise’s eyes lit up with recognition, “Oh! We already did that, and that meddling old toad was the ‘official, or whatever.’”

“Huh?” Henry squinted at the older being confusedly, “I don’t think that counts as a human wedding…”

Pennywise sighed resignedly, “Fine, I’ll do this... wedding thing, for my mate,” he scratched his head and stood up before offering a human hand to the teen, “Thank you, for answering my questions. My mate was right to help you, even if I didn’t believe her at first. You are a good one, Henry.”

“Err... Where is this coming from?” Henry balked at the sudden friendliness coming from the human-like male.

Pennywise snorted, “I have to practice for my own young, so don’t get any ideas, you little shit.”

Henry laughed more so out of disbelief than humor, “I think Hermione is good for you.”

“Oh, yes, she is…” he hummed arousedly, a guttural purr rumbling out of his chest before stopping, “If you’re going to be outside, you need to look a bit differently…” Pennywise explained, advancing slowly on the teen and pulling him into an abrupt hug before sinking his teeth into his bared arm.

Henry yelled, attempting to land a few hits on the other male until he realized that Pennywise was injecting something into his body that was making his body change. The initial bite hurt like a bitch, but it wasn’t so bad afterwards. Now, he felt a lack of hair on his neck, his eyes were a bit groggy, and his entire body shape, even down to his cheekbones, was more fit. He looked like he worked out on a regular basis, or maybe ate a more balanced diet.

“Don’t let it go to your head. It’s temporary, maybe even a couple of hours worth,” Bill Gray rolled his cobalt eyes at the teen’s obvious admiration of his disguise.

“So, now what?” an identical set of blue eyes looked to him, and he offered his forearm.

“You said something about an engagement ring?” Henry nodded in affirmation, and they were gone, leaving the metal standpike as if they’d never been there at all.

★★★

After going to the very limited amount of jewelry stores in Derry, Pennywise came to the conclusion that none of the rings would suit as either an engagement ring, or even a wedding ring. So,
Pennywise dropped his new dashing younger brother, Thomas Gray, back off at Hermione’s home where she proceeded to fret over him like he was a broken teacup. Jealously, he slunk back outside, reluctantly thanking the teen for giving his mate the distraction he needed while he rummaged around in his secret room in the Niebolt house in his search to find rings to act as an engagement ring, a bridal ring, and a ring for him to wear as well.

Luckily, he was quick to find a few precious gems and some spare silver and quickly got to work making his own rings. His ended up being a simple silver and obsidian band with red cursive script on the inside spelling out “Eternally Yours.” Hermione’s had an identical sentiment on the inside, but her set was broken into two rings rather than just one. The engagement ring was a thinner silver band with little diamonds imbedded inside, but the wedding ring was more obsidian than silver with little diamonds in a small path leading up to a larger blood-red garnet gemstone which perfectly matched the necklace he’d given her long ago. The garnet reminded him of one of his balloons, and that made him happier.

Popping back to Hermione’s little home, he washed his hands of the gem dust and sweat he’d worked up while heating the metal to his liking. Then, he changed his outfit into a fancier suit. Henry sat watching T.V. in the living room, but sat up upon seeing him standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Silently, he pointed upwards and Pennywise nodded striding up the stairs and walking into their bedroom. Hermione was fast asleep in her armchair, Crookshanks curled up on her lap. Carefully, he moved the elderly cat to the bed and turned around to address his mate. Her head tilted backwards, exposing her beautiful pale throat littered with countless bite marks from their previous trysts. To him, she was angelic. He leaned forward and pressed her lips to his, licking along her teeth and tongue until her eyes opened with pupils blaring wide, “Penn, what are you—”

“Have you eaten yet?” he panted against her lips, his hot breath tickling her face.

“Dinner? No, I haven’t… Why? Eee!” she squealed when the clown picked her up and teleported them out of the house and into a dark alley.

“Oops, sorry, doll…” he waved his hand, and Hermione looked down to find that she was now wearing a long red dress and her hair was styled into beautiful ringlets that flowed down her neck and shoulders like little waterfalls.

“What are you doing?” Hermione tilted her head confusingly and he tsked at her question.

“It’s a surprise…” he smirked, taking her hand in his and walking them out of the alleyway and into the second fancy restaurant in Derry.

Soon enough, they’d ordered, eaten, and were nearly done paying for their delicious meal when Bill Gray finally decided to put his plan into action. Hermione had been a bit nervous the entire time, wondering what her mate had possibly planned or found out and wasn’t telling her. Pennywise, on the other hand, had been eager for his mate to finish eating so he could take her to the place where they first met and he could finally “pop the question,” as Henry had explained it. He’d been twitching and fidgeting in his seat enough for Hermione to nudge his leg under the table in a light reprimand. Sulking apologetically, he instead decided to hold her other hand while she ate her meal and half of his, as he was too excited to really be hungry. Besides, he’d been more satisfied that his children were going to get more to eat.

As soon as the meal was paid for, he was hustling Hermione out into the summer’s eve air and picking her up again, only to teleport them to their second to last destination for the night. Upon seeing the vacant and quiet bridge around them, Hermione finally burst out in indignation.

“What the bloody hell is wrong with you?! You’ve been acting weird all day! What are you hiding
from me?” she stepped back defensively at his fiery amber eyes and he closed the distance, trapping her against the old wooden wall of the dark tunnel they were inside.

“I apologize for the secrecy, my beautiful little mate, but I was informed that this was the way it was done…” he kissed her lips comfortably.

“How *what* was done?” Hermione asked nervously.

Pennywise sighed, reverting back to his usual form and rubbing her tense shoulders and stomach with his hands, “I provided you with food, and I’ve brought you here—”

“To ‘The Kissing Bridge’?” she tilted her head confusingly and he booped her nose exactly how he’d done it when he’d first held her to his taller form.

“This was where we first met, doll. I thought for sure you’d remember how we’d kissed…” he pressed his lips to hers once more, mimicking his previous harsh yet passionate movements.

Hermione moaned into his mouth and he pressed her further into the wood. Her arms sought purchase around his shoulders, her nails digging into his upper back as her hips began their tantalizing rhythm against his hardening member. However, he had something to do before he celebrated their engagement with more hot sex.

Kneeling down in front of his mate, he stopped Hermione as she moved to put her leg over his shoulder in preparation for being eaten out. Frowning at him, she watched silently as he cleared his throat pointedly and began trailing his hands up her legs from her toes upward.

“Hermione Jean Granger;” he began and the witch’s eye went wide, “my most precious treasure, my most tantalizingly beautiful and sexy mate, mother of my children, my eternal one… I have wronged you, and I’m sorry,” he pressed his face to her bare thigh and breathed against her chilled skin, “I should have paid better attention to human customs, and now I will fix my mistake, even though it seems rather stupid coming from me…” Hermione sighed knowingly, reaching a hand down to cup his cheek and tilt his face towards hers.

“Go on, love;” she cooed at him.

Pennywise sighed, “We’ve done all the right steps, but in the wrong order, and that’s alright with me. So, I’m asking you now… Will you marry me?” he smiled shyly, holding out the thin engagement band.

“I’d thought you’d never ask. Of course I will!” she giggled, bending down to pull the clown into a big hug while he stood up to wrap her bared legs around his waist, “Now, can you take me home? I’ve wanted your cock since seeing you in that suit…” Hermione pouted against his neck and he chuckled lustfully, teleporting them back to their bedroom to give her exactly what she asked for.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there it is. Now we have a little wedding on the table. Between that, moving out of Derry, being pregnant with quads, and just dealing with Pennywise on a day-to-day basis, I just don't know how she does it. As always, comments in my inbox are appreciated, as they keep me going. They are also super helpful to me for these last few chapters because I don't want to miss anything you all might want to see before the story
ends, for now. Thank you to all who are still here and supporting this story! You guys are the best.
Hey, guys. Sorry for the long wait. I’ve been busy heading back into school, and it was a bit hectic, but I hope to make it up to you all with a 6,000+ word chapter. I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**August 26th, 1989**

“So… you said having this… ‘wedding’ thing at a church is a bit… uhh… hypocritical of the both of us. Right, love?” Pennywise tilted his head where it rested on Hermione’s shoulder so he could take a closer look at his new fiance’s wedding reception notes.

Her delicate script danced across the page, creating beautiful lettering despite its mundane purpose. He could easily spot a few places where she fumbled slightly, her mind likely on the things she was writing down rather than focusing on the words themselves. She also had gone back to absently cross her t’s and dot her i’s, even making a few of the dots into hearts. Pennywise found it cute in a rather strange way.

To him, many things were “cute” about his mate. Her little habits tended to be his favorite. The way she bit her lower lip into a pout when she was concentrating... the way her expressive whisky eyes revealed just about every emotion running through her and even gave him a glimpse of her mind’s cogs working through the problem or sensation at hand… the way her nose scrunched up either before she sneezed or she smelled something she liked… the way she curled up into a little ball when she was reading a particularly captivating book… All of these thing and more were what he adored about Hermione.

Now, however, her current state and foreseeable pregnancy body towered above all of his other favorite cute characteristics. She had already been beautifully curvy when he met her, but now she was going to be both curvier, and more soft, something he’d been excited about after noting exactly how thin every part of her was. From what he knew, she’d gone through a time where she couldn’t always eat, a fact that made him want to go back in time and feed her so she isn’t still suffering because of it.

He’d caught her hoarding before, much like an animal going into hibernation. It wasn’t excessive or anything overly concerning to him, but enough that he could tell that Hermione was doing it. When he’d questioned her about it, she looked at him genuinely surprised before glancing back at the pantry full of enough food that not even she could eat by herself. She’d turned back to him, a blush creeping across her face, and mumbled something about “an old habit” before retreating upstairs.

Now, the witch nodded, reaching her free hand up to card through his hair, “Yes, so that leaves us with a few options…” Pennywise remained silent so she could elaborate, allowing his hands to come up and encircle her waist, “We could just go to the little courthouse here in Derry and just sign the license in front of an official and some witnesses, or we could do something a bit more… lavish… and have a small reception in the park. We could have it in the gazebo… possibly…” she trailed off
thoughtfully, “I hope it would be sunny if we decide to do that…” Hermione muttered, speaking around the pen that she clicked open and closed absently with her teeth during the silence.

“I like that idea, doll,” Pennywise nipped her shoulder with his blunt teeth, berating her abuse of the writing utensil and for generally being annoying by making the clicking noise, “It seems a bit more ceremonial, and official… not to mention more fun,” he poked her side and she squeaked in surprise, dropping the pen onto the comforter beneath them.

“Watch those fingers, Penn…” she grumbled, leaning over to grab the pen before jolting back up suddenly, “We need to come up with a guest list, in that case! Let’s see… umm… who do you want to invite?”

“Psh,” he scoffed, “I’m sure you want your little Losers’ Club to come?”

Hermione pouted, turning around to look at him, “Of course I do. Oh, no… I can’t ask Harry and the others to fly all the way back out here on such short notice… I suppose I could invite my boss and my two work friends… and Seth—”

“Who is Seth ?” Pennywise hissed dangerously, his tongue snaking out to press pointedly against her mating bite as a reminder.

Hermione winced, feeling her erogenous zones tingling at the motion, “He works at the music shop in town here, and I’m trying to set him up with one of those work friends,” she pouted momentarily before looking at him at another angle, tilting her head in acknowledgement, “I thought for sure I’d fucked that possessiveness of yours into submission by now,” she chuckled wryly, pulling on the ginger hair at the nape of his neck.

“Never,” he purred in response, moving to push her out of his lap and onto the bed in a perfect mounting position, “never, ever.”

“Stop it!” she giggled, thrusting her bum back down onto his lap and accidentally feeling his half-hard at her back, “I have to get these thoughts out before I forget, especially if we’re doing this thing in exactly a week, and we are moving out on the same day.”

Pennywise huffed, wrapping his arms around her again, “Fine, doll… So, the Losers’ Club, your boss, your two friends, Seth ,” he said the musician’s name with disgust, “and… Henry! He’ll be my guest…”

“Okay, that’s fair,” Hermione shrugged, not about to fight him for having the younger boy on her side of the wedding when he’d then have no one, “He could pretend to be your younger brother, just to make your disguise more believable,” Pennywise hummed in response.

“Damn!” Hermione swore, startling her mate, “Sorry, but we have so much to do! We need a dress and a suit, flowers, a cake, photos, a gift registry for my other friends, food, music, balloons—” she began panicking, hyperventilating as her list got longer and longer.

“Shh, shh, shh,” Pennywise hushed her, rubbing her belly and curling himself further into her back, “Too much stress is bad for the little ones… Calm down, mate… We will find everything in time, and we can do many things for ourselves, you know…” he purred against her slowing pulse, “We will go out today and look for these things, and I don’t believe we will have much of an issue finding them…”

“What makes you say that?” the curly-haired woman wiped a stray tear from her cheek.

“What makes you think that many people are getting married in Derry, Maine… at any time of the
year?” he stated bluntly and Hermione blushed, muttering something incoherent under her breath.

Pennywise continued nonetheless, “We can find suitable garments for both of us, and Henry and… Beverly.”

“Beverly?” she tilted her head confusingly.

“For our best man and maid of honor,” he smirked, “Surely you haven’t forgotten, doll.”

Hermione groaned putting her head in her hands, “How do you remember all of this?”

“Because I’m better than any human male,” he puffed his chest out pompously, “That’s why.”

“No need to be so humble, love,” she grinned sardonically at him, “I just love a man who brags about his many feats. I would say you’re compensating for something, but I know you’re not.”

Pennywise chittered happily with a loud purr, “You love me!”

“Psh!” she mimicked his earlier noise, “Fine, I love you,” he wrapped his arms around her tighter, “...and your cock.”

★★★

“Right, so…” Hermione mumbled over her lengthy list of things to do before the wedding, “Since we already know the date, September 2nd, I suppose we could… hmm…” she flipped the paper over, even looking at it askance as though it was hiding something from her.

“Hmm?” Pennywise mocked her and she lightly swatted his arm where it was next to her.

“Shut up, I’m thinking,” she responded absently, holding the paper up to the afternoon sun and squinting at it, “We can check the gift registry off our list, as well as looking for a banquet meal, a wedding photographer, and an official… They seemed nice didn’t they?” Pennywise shrugged, uncaring of the two elderly males they’d chosen for the two tasks.

The white-haired gentlemen were assigned to them by a bored receptionist in the small wedding supply store and catering shop. Both were dedicated to their work in officiating and photographing, even pulling out individual scrapbooks showing their “best work.” Pennywise left Hermione to entertain the two while he scoped out the present black and white balloons, sneering at each one in disdain. After doing this for a few minutes, he did the same thing to the overly lavish wedding cakes in the display cases. Eventually he pulled his mate aside and inquired as to why the cakes were so fancy even though they were meant to be eaten.

She just shook her head in the way he knew meant that she had no idea and then promised that they wouldn’t buy something so fancy. Hermione was sure she could make something even better, albeit simpler and smaller. When she explained her idea to Pennywise, he nodded eagerly, thinking that making their own cake made it even more special to them. However, she insisted on having the caterers on the other side of the store make their wedding banquet. While they were on the catering side of the building, they picked out a very small one to have for after the ceremony. The chefs even looked a bit pitying when they informed them to only cook enough for about twenty people. Both of them just shrugged it off, making the excuse that they wanted a small wedding with close friends and family only.
Now, sitting on one of the many benches in Derry’s park, Hermione continued to putter around her list, pacing endlessly in her mind.

“I sent invites to my Boss, Enoch, and Alison... Let’s see... We still need flowers, a wedding cake, music, and balloons,” the clown leveled a blunt disdainful glare at her, “What?” Hermione responded confusedly, immediately knowing what he meant by his expression afterwards, “Oh, I’m terribly sorry. Will no other balloons do? Must they be yours? You are so high-maintenance, your highness, my King of the Sewers,” she giggled as he frowned at her.

Then his frown became a smirk, “What does that make you? Queen of the Sewers?”

“Oh, okay, I get it. I’ll stop,” the witch stuck her tongue out disgustedly and moved to get up from the park bench, surveying the small white gazebo in front of them, “Do you think this will be fine? It is big enough?”

The disguised eldritch made an incredulous noise in the back of his throat, but nonetheless stood up with her and walked around the space, hand in hand, “Well, most of our guests are children, and we are only inviting four adults... Including us, we are only having fourteen people, the photographer, and the official in here, so we should all be able to fit,” he reasoned, making a note of the thirty-foot distance from the main entrance to the back of the gazebo. Hermione still looked unsure and he sighed, wrapping his arms around her from behind and pulling her earlobe into his mouth for a moment, “You worry too much, mate.”

The curly-haired woman sulked sadly, “I know... but I just want everything to be there, you know? But it can’t be with the little time we have to throw this wedding together, and move down to Salem on the same day...”

Pennywise hummed comfortingly, trailing his hands down to wrap around her stomach, “I know, Hermione, but we can still fake the things you want. A little birdie told me you wanted an ice sculpture...” he poked her abdomen humorously and Hermione gasped in mock outrage.

“What else did she tell you?” she bit her lip nervously, shifting in her mate’s grasp, “She’s going to traumatize herself one of the times she happens upon one of our ‘private moments,’” the witch muttered sadly, knowing that the telepath wouldn’t hold her mental innocence for long, both with having them as her parents, and her seemingly unstoppable curiosity.

“Oh, just the usual things... how you’re feeling physically, emotionally, sexually ... Do you know what she says to me when you’re ‘in the mood’?”

“N-no,” Hermione replied, mortified that their daughter seems to be on her father’s side without even being born yet, “Why would she tell you about that?”

Pennywise ignored her, tickling her ear with his tongue and speaking in what she guessed was his interpretation of their daughter’s voice, “She says, ‘Daddy, mommy feels warm and happy, but she wants more hugs and kisses so she can be warm inside, too.’”

Hermione groaned loudly and put her head in her hands, “That’s so bloody precious...”

Pennywise’s human hands which had been slowly rubbing along her distended abdomen suddenly froze. Then, he abruptly bent down in front of his mate, pulled her shirt up, and breathed deeply into her skin, a confused frown and widened eyes pulling at his features.

“Penn! We’re in public! What are you doing?!” she nearly screeched at him, trying to wrench him back to his feet and simultaneously push her shirt back down.
Then he was hugging her, picking her up so her feet reached his knees and he was able to spin her around for a moment. Dizzy, she felt Pennywise’s lips against hers and he clutched her tight to his human-like body. The world was still spinning as he whispered into her mildly ringing ear.

“They’re making sex hormones, doll. So I can finally smell their genders…” he rasped giddily, as though revealing a huge secret, which she supposed it was.

“So? Don’t leave me in suspense, you ninny!” she shook his arms loosely, stepping away so she could look at his face, “We already have one girl, so what about the others?”

“We are having another girl, and two boys!” he smirked at her proudly, “Two and two…”

Hermione smiled shyly, thinking of the little boys and hoping at least one would look like her mate in any possible way, “At least they’ll be able to have a playmate for games with two teams…” she voiced instead.

“Hmm…” Pennywise hummed, holding her hands and working to pull her closer so he could gently scold her for her little coverup, “I think—”

“Hey, Hermione!—Oh!” a masculine voice nearly shouted from about twenty meters away, and she spun around, seeing Seth standing embarrassedly near one of the far pillars, “I didn’t see you there, sir. You must be the boyfriend?” the music store employee jerked his hand out impulsively and Pennywise simply stared at the hand before belatedly shaking it.

“Bill Gray,” the disguised clown ground out blankly, too busy sizing up the other male to follow the usual societal cues. Hermione sighed nervously and stepped around her frozen mate to pull Seth into a hug. Unbeknownst to her, the man’s eyes widened at the feeling of her now-obvious pregnancy belly and Pennywise looked equally shocked as she hugged him.

“It’s so good to see you again, Seth. Say…” Hermione brightened up, getting an idea aside from simply inviting the punk rocker to her wedding, “What are you doing from about noon to three o’clock on September 2nd?” she prompted her friend, keeping her mate’s twitching ones within her own behind her back.

Seth blinked surprisedly, “Oh, uhh…” he scratched his head, ruffling his semi-mohawk even more so than it already was, “I have off that day, so I don’t think I’m doing anything. Why?”

“Well,” Hermione began, indicating to Bill and showing him her engagement band, “Bill and I are getting married on the second, and I was wondering if you could come… Also,” the curly-haired woman winced, now wondering if Seth would be up for doing what she was about to ask him, “I need someone to provide the music for, well… everything. I’m sorry it’s on such short notice. You don’t have to if you don’t want to!” she nearly yelled as her nerves threatened to take over.

Cool ocean blue eyes blinked at her as the other man processed the information, even glancing at Bill, who now stood tensely behind Hermione with his arms crossed impatiently. After a moment of silence, Seth opened his mouth, giving the couple a quick glance at his tongue piercing before he began speaking.

“I’ll do it,” he smiled shyly at her, clutching at his jean jacket, “because you’re my friend, and because I have literally nothing else to do in this rinky-dink town,” he winked at her, his usual bravado beginning to come back.

“Good!” Hermione giggled, abruptly gasping, “We’ll pay you! How much do you want?!” Seth held up his hands, eyes widening at her sudden panic.
“Chill out, Granger! No need to flip out…” he began, “I don’t want your money, but I do want you to introduce me to your friend.”

Hermione grinned wolfishly at Seth, putting her hand out in an exaggerated way, “Deal!”

He shook her hand and stepped back, ruffling his clothing until it was more comfortable on his more bulky frame, “So, noon on September 2nd?”

“Noon on September 2nd,” she confirmed with a nod, painfully elbowing Bill in the side.

“Fu— Thank you, Seth,” Pennywise bit out, holding his side with one hand and glancing at Hermione in shock, “We’ll see you back here then…”

Seth glanced between them suspiciously, but saw nothing else than their closed off yet polite smiles, “Yeah… I’ll bring everything over about an hour beforehand, okay?”

“Sure,” Hermione chirped, “Oh! Just one more thing… You wouldn’t happen to know a good florist around here? Muggle or otherwise?” Seth tilted his head as he stepped away, hand on his chin in a contemplative pose.

“Try Graves’ down on 3rd Street…” he walked down the gazebo steps, “They mostly deal with funeral floral arrangements, but I’ve seen them do weddings too. They’re also the best in town for what you’re looking for,” he waved his hand over his shoulder at them, not even looking back, “See you in a week!”

They watched him go with differing reactions, Hermione’s being satisfaction and eagerness while Bill’s was pensive and stormy. She turned to him once she couldn’t see Seth anymore, “Thank you for using your manners, love… You did so well,” she hugged him and he loosely wrapped his arms around her.

He huffed at her praise, “He still craves you, in a way…” he growled in the direction they saw the dark-haired man leave from.

“Yeah, well… I’m hoping to change that,” she sighed, “Enoch’s going to climb him like a tree… little spider-monkey, twink nymph… Sorry, Seth…” she apologized despite not regretting anything thus far in setting the two of them up. Let Seth find out about Enoch’s touch-starved behavior on his own. Who was she to spoil it for him?

Bill finally chuckled, “You don’t sound sorry,” he hummed against her nape, licking the small beads of sweat dotting along it from the summer heat, “…We’re using my balloons,” Pennywise asserted roughly, threatening to growl should he not get his way.

“That’s fair,” she shrugged, “but they can’t all be red. It’s too obvious, and it would clash with the wedding colors,” he frowned, but acquiesced to his mate’s sound argument.

“Fine,” he hummed, “I’ll make white, black, and silver ones, too.”

“Good boy,” she giggled at the resulting scowl the words caused to spread across his face.

August 27th, 1989
“Okay, Hermione… You can do this… They’re your friends, and they’ve been through shit with you. If they can do that, then they can accept you getting married…” she dialed in the first number while finishing up her mental pep talk.

“Hello?” a nasally older woman’s voice on the other end asked delicately.

“Hi, may I speak to Beverly Marsh? She informed me I could contact her with this number. My name is Hermione.”

“Oh! Beverly has told me about you. My name is Pamela Geiger. I’m an old family friend who’s taking care of Beverly until she leaves for Portland in about a week,” the woman chirped upon hearing who she was, “Bah, but I’ll let Beverly fill you in! Here she is now!”

Hermione could hear the phone being exchanged and the flighty older female stepping away and presumably out of earshot, “Hey, Hermione! What’s up?”

“Well,” the witch chuckled dryly, “It seem you’re not the only one leaving in a week or so. Portland?”

“Yeah,” Beverly sighed and Hermione could easily picture the ginger-haired girl tousling her short curls uncomfortably, “After everything that’s happened, I’m going to Oregon to live with my aunt. I know it’s far, but anywhere’s better than here,” she whispered the last sentiment, and the older curly-haired woman hearing a similar sentiment about Privet Drive from Harry when they were her age.

“I can understand that… Still… we can’t doubt that those boys will miss us. What ever will they do without us?”

“Where are you going?” the question was nearly missed as Hermione processed the fact that Beverly was leaving.

“Oh!” she finally voiced belatedly, “I’m not going too far, just a few hours south to Salem, Massachusetts. My business in Derry is finished, as you know, so I’m leaving on September 2nd after…”

“After what?” Beverly prompted curiously.

“I’m getting married that day,” she was immensely glad that her voice didn’t even waver when she dropped the news on her friend.

“Wait, what?” the younger woman breathed in shock, “Married to whom?”

“Bill, my boyfriend... You know...” she hummed tensely, worried that the teen wouldn’t approve as the silence seemed to drag on and on.

“Huh,” Beverly finally voiced, her inflection filled with disbelief, “I’m happy for you, of course, but…” she paused, “Are you sure about this? Something just didn’t feel right about him…”

Hermione released a nervous breath, hoping the distortion over the phone made it sound more like one of humor, “You probably just caught him in an off mood. I thought we went over this…”

“You’re right, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t criticize your happiness and be happy that you actually found a decent person in this town apart from us,” Beverly sighed, likely looking into something beyond her immediate sight.

“Aww!” the witch teased, “That was very mature of you, Beverly. I’m glad I’ve chosen you as my
maid of honor,” she laughed upon hearing the phone crash to the floor, a muffled curse, and a shuffling as the phone was picked back up.

“Really?” Beverly choked on her breath, “You want me to stand up there with you? Wow…” she breathed.

“So, you’ll do it,” Hermione guessed knowingly, unable to keep the smirk out of her voice.

“Of course I will! I’ve got nothing to do until I leave the next day.”

“Oh, good,” the witch smiled, “Would you be able to help me find dresses for the both of us, tomorrow?”

“Uhh, sure,” Beverly scratched her nape, “What are you thinking?”

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“Hello?” a dissatisfied droning-toned voice answered after the first ring.

“Hey, Bill? It’s Hermione,” she greeted upon hearing the younger boy answer on the other end.

“Hermione! Hey!” Bill Denbrough piped up immediately, his voice turning a one-eighty from it’s tone before, “Sorry about that… my mom’s making me fold laundry… What’s up?”

“Well,” she began, “I’m getting married on the 2nd, and I was hoping you’d be able to attend.”

“Uhh…” Bill’s voice cracked in surprise, “S-sure! I can come, no problem!”

“Okay, great! It will start at noon in the park,” she nearly jumped upon seeing her mate walk into the room, “See you there!” she nearly yelled before hanging up, not hearing if the boy responded.

Pennywise chuckled, coming around to sit next to her on the bed, “Two of seven?” he kissed the side of her neck and caught a miniscule bead of sweat in its track down the pale column, “Nervous, doll?”

“Yes,” she stated honestly, turning to look at him, “They’ll suspect something… We haven’t been together for long, and I swear I’m growing significantly bigger every day! If they don’t suspect who you are, then they’ll likely catch onto us … I can’t wear a dress that would hide this!”

The clown lowered his gaze and took in the delicious view of her obviously-distended stomach. Her hips cradled the bulge, but it now rounded outwards, almost surpassing her breasts from where they rounded out on her chest, “You’re right,” he acknowledged reluctantly, “which is why we will use our magic to hide them. How could you forget what we can do?”

Hermione smiled, “I have a constant reminder for the next few months of exactly what ‘we can do,’ thanks.”

He grinned smugly at her and she stuck her tongue out at him, slapping his arm as it threatened to push her down on the bed for a mid-morning tryst between the sheets.

“No!” she yelped, standing up quickly, “I have five more kids to call, so if you excuse me,” Hermione turned around to reach for the phone and punch in the next set of numbers on her small
Pennywise watched her, laying his head on her thighs, pushing his face into her stomach and closing his eyes. He seemed to relax, falling into a familiar-looking trance. Presumably, he was seeking out their fully-sentient child. Meanwhile, the other end of the phone picked up, revealing a small, yet self-confident voice.

“Hello?”

“Eddie? Is that you?” Hermione chirped happily, proud that Eddie seemed to have become much more self-assured than when they’d met.

“Hermione? How are you?” he whispered, equally happy to hear her voice.

His mother was likely in the room, given his lowered volume, “I know I just saw you a few days ago, but I’m getting married on the 2nd, which is in about a week, and I was hoping you’d be able to come.”

“Whoa, really? Congratulations!” Eddie gasped, adjusting the phone to his other hand so he could write himself a note reminding him of the things he needed to do beforehand, “I’ll be there! I promise! What time, and where?”

“Thank you, Eddie! You’re so sweet!” Hermione gushed, “It will be at noon in the park. You know the little gazebo? That’s where it will be.”

“Yeah, I know that place… Are the others coming too?” he asked.

“I haven’t asked everyone yet, but I’ve asked Bill and Beverly, and they said they were coming,” Hermione explained and Eddie made a noise of understanding before turning away from the phone and muttering something to his mother who was just out of earshot.

“Okay, I’ll probably just go with the others. I’ve gotta go. My mom’s trying to talk to me. See you then!”

“Alright! Bye, Eddie,” she hung up and set the phone aside to comb her fingers through Pennywise’s hair.

He was still immersed in his conversation with their child, or children, for all she knew, so she decided to call up another of her younger friends. Punching in the numbers, she waited for the usual rings, but was surprised when not even one passed before she was listening to a tired woman rasping an unenthusiastic greeting through the connection.

“Hello? Arlene Hanscom, speaking…” the matronly woman sighed.

“Hi, Arlene,” the witch began politely, “My name is Hermione Granger. I’m a friend of your son, Ben. Would you mind if I talked to him for a moment?”

Ben’s mother made a non-committal sound, but nonetheless raised her voice to call for him. From the other end, Hermione could hear the boy approach his mother and inquire about what she needed from him before the phone was exchanged and Arlene made a passing comment about going to bed.

“Sorry about that, Hermione. My mom’s working nights now, and gets a bit… cranky during the morning. What’s up?” Ben explained briefly, setting down the book he’d been reading before his mother called him down and told him Hermione was calling.
“Well, the ‘what’s up’ is that I’m getting married…” she spoke slowly, trying to not catch him off-guard because she knew his smart mind wouldn’t have foreseen that turn of events.

“Oh!” Ben exclaimed, blushing visibly and happy that the witch couldn’t actually see him, “Oh,” he tried again, more stoically, “Congratulations. I’m happy for you.”

“Why, thank you, Ben!” she giggled, “That’s a nice thing for you to say… The reason I’m telling you now is so that I can ask you if you would be available to come to the wedding as one of my guests. It’s on September 2nd from noon to around three in the park at the gazebo,” Hermione listed, beginning to develop a memorized version of her announcement.

“Uhh…” Ben froze slightly, still blushing, “Y-yeah, I can come… Is Beverly coming?”

“Well, yeah,” Hermione answered as though it were obvious, “She’s my maid of honor, so of course she’s coming.”

“Oh,” he replied belatedly, “Then I assume the others are coming too?”

“I haven’t asked Richie, Stan, and Mike yet, but the others are coming.”

“Good, I’ll be there,” he repeated, “Take care, Hermione!”

The witch didn’t even get a chance to reply as the awkward boy immediately hung up on her. She giggled, “That lovesick boy… how adorable…”

Hermione transitioned the phone into her non-dominant hand so she could punch in the next numbers, ready to put up with the next boy. Pennywise was still unresponsive, which meant he wouldn’t likely make a fuss when Richie began spewing out the usual jokes and sexual references.

“Hello? You’ve reached the home of a future comedian, actor, and playboy, how may I help you?” the spectacled boy answered the phone.

“Well, well,” she giggled, “I was just calling to—”

“Yeah, yeah! I’ve heard it from Eddie, Hermione!” Richie scoffed.

“Oh! So then, will you be able to come?” she prompted, wondering why he seemed so defensive all of a sudden.

“Hmm… I don’t know…” he sighed, “I might be able to forgive you for not telling me first, but I can hardly forgive you for stringing me along since we’ve met this summer. I mean…” he let out a fake sob, “I’m just a man, Hermione…”

Hermione laughed now, “Alright, ‘future actor,’ you need to work on your delivery, and I assume you’ll be coming?”

“Of course I will! It’s not a party without your’s truly!” Richie exclaimed, his previous demeanor completely gone.

“Okay, then I guess I’ll see you there,” she made to hang up, but the boy replied before she did.

“If he hurts you, I’ll beat him into next year,” he stated, deadly serious.

Well, well, well… Richie Tozier’s true nature is revealed, she giggled as he tried to sound menacing when his voice’s pitch hadn’t even lowered yet.
“Bye, Richie,” she hung up, only to see Pennywise’s amber orbs glinting humorously at her.

“I see you’ve heard,” she hummed, leaning over to kiss his forehead.

Her mate purred in response and sat up, stretching his back and moving over to sit in her chair. Crookshanks whined lowly about the clown’s approach, but Pennywise scoffed, picked the elderly cat up, and sat down in the chair, putting him on his lap and petting him until he settled back down. He even wagged a few of his fingers above the ginger-haired feline’s face, which were approached with wide slitted eyes and furious paws. Smiling at the sight, she called up the more serious member of the Losers’ Club.

“Hello?” a terse voice answered after the second ring, a respectful time after calling, “Stanley Uris, speaking,” he added.

“Oh! Hi, Stan! You sound so grown up,” she smiled and she could almost see the shy grin on her friend’s face as he puffed up at her compliment, “I was wondering if you could come to my wedding, at noon, on the 2nd of September.”

“Oh,” he stated, “I… uhh… Could you say that again?” Stan floundered, much like Ben in the sense that he was completely unprepared for such news and needed a moment for his brain to restart.

“Sure, Stanley… I am getting married next week on the 2nd of September at noon, and I want you to be there along with the others. Can you come?”

“This is… I’ll come! But, I… Who are you getting married to?” he tried to fill in the blanks of her story and she sighed, putting the phone away from her mouth so he couldn’t hear the full extent of it.

“Bill Gray is my fiance… I think you’ve met him once… when I left Derry for a few days and he didn’t know where I was,” she scratched her head worriedly.

That was such a dreadful first impression. They’ll think I’m marrying a lunatic. I mean… they’re right, but still…

“Oh, I do remember him. Are you sure about this?” he prompted, wanting the best for his friend despite being ignorant to everything behind the scenes of her life.

“Yes, I am, Stanley, but thank you for your support,” Hermione replied blithely, mimicking his formal tone.

“No problem… See you next week?” he murmured, emotive enough that she could hear the smile breaking through his inflection.

“Yes, see you,” she murmured in reply, belatedly coming to the conclusion that he likely wasn’t alone while speaking to her.

She knew his father was strict, and she could assume his mother was either the same way, or was completely pliant and allowed her husband to be so controlling. So, to sound mature while on the phone was one way for him to show his father that he could be successful while making his own decisions. Shaking her head at the absurdity of it all, she called the final member of the Losers’ Club.

“Hello?” Mike answered immediately, seemingly waiting for her.

“Hey, Mike. Did one of the others call you?” she prompted, wondering if she’d have to do her little spiel again. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her mate get up out of the chair and walk out of the room.

“Yeah, you’re getting married on the 2nd, right?” the boy answered gruffly.
“That’s correct, Mike,” she hummed, happy that she didn’t need to repeat herself for the seventh time, “Are you going with the others?”

“Yeah, I probably will, but… You… You’re not doing this because of… well… you know…” he trailed off, mumbling with a blush spreading across his face.

Hermione blushed too, remembering how much Mike already knew, “Well, yes and no… Yes, because he asked me after finding out about it, and no because he wanted to marry me before we… uhh… made it…” she tried to explain while struggling to find the right words without becoming remotely graphic.

“Oh,” Mike replied, nearly inaudible in comparison to who was likely Mike’s grandfather outside yelling for him to wrap up his conversation, “I guess that makes sense… Anyway, I’ve been away from my job long enough, so I’ll see you next week, yeah?”

“Yeah,” she replied before hanging up.

Laying back on her bed, she looked over to Crookshanks, who had reclaimed his spot on her armchair, “I suppose you have better things to do than to attend my wedding?” she crooned patronizingly and he mewed tiredly in response, curling up so his face was buried into the cushions and clearly shutting her out, “I thought so…”

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Pennywise walked down the stairs, only to see Henry spread out on the couch with a large bag of chips in between his legs. The teen’s hands were covered in the artificially-colored yet addicting dust from the chips and his eyes were glued to the television. Upon glancing away from the screen, he spotted the eldritch lurking at the bottom of the stairs and he froze. Nodding satisfiedly at the younger male’s visible fear, he walked over to stand next to the T.V.

He cleared his throat, “As you know, Hermione and I are getting married, and I’ve chosen you as my ‘best man.’”

Henry nervously gulped down the mouthful of chewed-up chips that he’d been eating, “Uhh… okay,” he responded, trying not to hold up the large bag like a shield.

“Good,” Pennywise tilted his head, “You’ll be my brother as you were before when we went looking for the rings, but know this…” he added sternly, narrowing his eyes and stepping closer to him until the collar of his shirt was within grabbing-distance.

Smirking, he forced the teen to lean forward by yanking on said shirt collar, “If you fail us in any way, I will break your limbs and face before my dear fiance could even stop me… Got it?”

“Y-yes…” he gaped at the clown standing over him.

“Good!” he chirped happily, letting Henry fall back onto the couch like a dead fish before walking into the kitchen to make a large meal for his mate and their guest, “I just knew you’d understand,” Pennywise added as though he hadn’t just threatened him, plucking a large skillet from one of the cupboards.

Henry made a noise of agreement, his brain still trying to work through what just happened. He
focused again on the television, pointlessly trying to figure out how he’d gotten into this situation by tracing an unstable path back through his entire life, “Well, shit…” he finally spoke after a few minutes, “I feel like that’s exactly what an older brother of mine would say.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there is... Seventy-seven down, three more to go. Sorry if that was a bit boring for you all, but I needed to get the wedding planning stage out of the way. The next chapter will be similar, but I think there will be a bit more fluff, amongst Hermione, Penn, and Henry getting ready to move out of Derry.

Thanks again for still being here, and I’m looking forward to seeing what the ending holds, apart from my vague outline. ;D
Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm back.
First of all, I've been struck with a mid-winter cold, and it's a bad one, too. So, I'm unsure when I'll be feeling well enough to work on the next chapter. Hopefully I'll be feeling better next week and can post sometime the following week.
Second of all, I hope you enjoy this next chapter, as it it much longer than usual.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 28th, 1989

“Hmm… I don’t know about this one…” Beverly finally answered after a minute of Hermione strutting around the dressing room area in yet another alabaster gown.
The witch huffed, getting a bit impatient, “You’ve said that for the last ten dresses…”
Beverly shrugged off the remark, stuck in her thoughts, “Well, since you ruled out form-fitting dresses, and I still think you’re nuts for doing that, it’s a bit hard to find something that doesn’t look like you’re either wearing an elegant potato sack, or drowning in so much fabric that your boobs look absolutely tiny.”
The witch blushed loudly, covering her breasts. Looking down, she noticed that her younger friend was correct. The dress she currently wore covered the bump, no problem, but it certainly didn’t do her any favors in showing off any of her other ‘assets.’ She sighed, “You’re right… I look like a bloody cupcake… Definitely too much fabric…”

“Well, at least you look better in this one than in that horrible lacy one that made you look like an old woman,” both females laughed at that.

“I suppose you’re right,” Hermione acquiesced, walking over to another rack of dresses and wincing at the sound of her chosen heels clicking across the marbled floor, “Ugh… I like these shoes, but they can be a bit of a bother…”

“Wear them at your wedding,” Beverly stated rather than requested, her face serious, “From what I remember, Bill is really tall, so you’ll need all the help you can get,” she added, walking over to another rack and eyeing the simple four-inch silver sandal heels, “Plus, they’re simple, and perfect for a summer wedding.”

Hermione grimaced at her height comment, but nodded at her afterthought, “I see your points, but that still leaves us with the dress problem, and don’t forget that you’re next,” she replied, a sinister undertone in her voice. A foot-and-a-half difference isn’t that bad!

Beverly gulped, running a nervous hand through her short red curls, “Hey, now…” she stopped, grasping something in her other hand that she hadn’t even considered before in their previous choices, “Wait a second…” she whispered, “Try this one!” she practically tossed her choice at the
curly-haired witch.

“Uhh… okay…” Hermione tilted her head curiously before going back behind the curtain to change.

A moment later, she emerged, looking… well… amazing. While a little self-conscious, Hermione strutted out of the little changing area and towards Beverly, who was nodding frantically, “Yes! This is my choice, and I suggest you take it!”

Hermione frowned momentarily, but walked to the side to survey her reflection in the mirror. Her curls hung prettily along her shoulders and back, spilling across the wispy translucent piece of fabric functioning as the dress’s single shoulder. There was a beautiful yet solid arrangement of intricate and small folds of fabric about her breasts, which both cradled them and emphasized them. A little shine of glitter along the top drew one’s eyes even more, which she hoped her mate wouldn’t make a huge fuss about. The rest of her dress was an array of smooth vertical folds all the way down to her toes, which effectively hid her bump enough that it looked like a trick of the mind and only required a bit of her magic to hide the rest of it.

This way, only having to use a bit of her magic for a lengthy amount of time wouldn’t make her tire out as easily. However, she was getting married to Pennywise, which would be tiring enough as she would have to make sure he didn’t mess anything up by acting wrongly or saying anything weird.

“Well, I’m not usually one for an empire-waist style, but I can’t help but agree with you. Also, the single shoulder thing is really doing it for me, and my figure looks great from all sides,” Hermione gushed awedly, turning back to Beverly who was now back to sitting on the cushioned couch in the middle of the room.

“Well, good… I guess it’s my turn now…” she sighed resignedly, motioning for Hermione to go change back into her normal clothes and bring the dress up to the front desk for the employees to hang onto until they’d found Beverly’s maid-of-honor dress.

“Just warning you… the theme is red, black, white, and silver, and I’m taking the white, the black would be nice... for a funeral, and the red would clash with your hair,” the witch nearly shouted from the other side of the curtain, “So, basically I’m telling you to find something silver…”

Beverly huffed sadly, mentally saying goodbye to the beautiful green gowns in the other section of the bridal area in the store, “Fine... but keep in mind, this will also be my prom dress in a few years,” she sassed back, reminding Hermione of the fact that she’d have a nearly-unwearable dress after the next week.

“Don’t worry, Beverly! You’ll look nice in silver. It’ll bring out both your hair color and eyes,” Hermione reasoned and Beverly made a noise of agreement.

The witch emerged from behind the curtain, her purse and new dress in hand, “C’mon, I’ll show you…” she walked past her and Beverly quickly gathered her things to catch up.

When they reached the front counter, the young receptionist grinned at them, “Find everything alright?

“Nearly,” Hermione shook her head towards Beverly, “We just need to find my maid of honor a dress... Something silver, if possible…”

The employee tapped her manicured nail erratically on the counter, thinking if there were any that would fit Beverly’s tomboyish figure, “I think we might have a few that would fit that criteria…” she came around the counter, leading them in the direction of a far corner of the bridal section of the
store, “They’d be somewhere around… Here! Found ‘em!”

Before they knew it, Beverly’s arms were being weighed down by at least eight silver dresses and the woman was ushering them back to the changing area. Sitting down, Hermione carded through the choices while the younger woman stated her opinion.

“The straps are too thin…” Hermione moved to the next one, “Definitely too much glitter,” they both chuckled, and looked at the one underneath it, “Too revealing, and wouldn’t help me emphasize what I already don’t have…”

“Oh, don’t be daft,” Hermione pouted, “You’re only thirteen, for Merlin’s sake… You’ll grow… Oh!” she gaped at the next dress, a beautiful flowing silver toga, “Try this one on!”

“Oh,” Beverly looked at the fabric curiously, walking behind the curtain, “At least this one feels soft…”

Hermione hummed, waiting for her to re-emerge when she was suddenly approached from behind. Smirking, she turned to see a tuxedo-clad Bill Gray with a much more awkward Thomas Gray fiddling with his tie behind him, “Well, well… It’s a good thing you weren’t here about ten minutes ago… You know it’s bad luck to see the bride’s dress before the wedding, and it’s especially bad luck to see the bride twenty-four hours before the wedding.”

Bill frowned at that, but Henry nodded, “She’s right…” he murmured, becoming silent again when amber eyes flashed at him angrily in warning.

“Stupid superstitious human tradition…” he fumed quietly, turning back to his mate, who was watching the exchange with concern.

“Hen— Thomas!” she corrected herself upon seeing the males’ panicked expressions, “Come here, please…”

Henry tiptoed around Pennywise and moved to stand by her. She tsked at his poor excuse for a necktie and quickly unraveled it from its crude knot, “Believe it or not, one of my friends was even more hopeless than you at this…” she clucked, thinking of how Ron forgot the spell to tie his tie and attempted to do it manually.

Hermione swiftly fixed it for him and then motioned for him to sit down. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her mate huff and pointedly sit down on her other side. Wrapping his arm around her, he practically dragged her onto his lap, “Hey, would you quit that?” she hissed at him and Pennywise had the bloody nerve to look offended, “What did you do? Drag him out of bed? His hair really is awful…” she turned away from him, reaching for Henry’s now dark brown hair where it was sticking up.

“No,” Pennywise said the same time the younger male said, “Yes.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes and spun around to berate him, “What is wrong with you!?”

“It’s not my fault he slept in late!” Bill whined.

“You never told me when we were leaving…” Henry spat back, fidgeting where the witch was running a small comb through his knotted hair, “He just burst into my room, fucking bit me, and then we were here,” he added angrily, the adrenaline within him finally reaching its limit.

“Well how else was I to disguise him effectively?” the eldritch glared at Henry, who had now realized that he’d actually started picking a fight and now tried to hide behind Hermione, who was
nearly finished fixing his hair.

“Listen to me, love.” Hermione jabbed him in the chest with her finger, “We are going to finish our business here with these two, and then you are going home. I’ll take… Thomas to find something for him to eat before he passes out from starvation.”

Henry shivered, remembering what had happened to Hermione when she’d done that, “Please do…” he responded meekly.

The argument between them was halted when Beverly stepped out of the changing room, looking like a beautiful Greek goddess. Her dress fit beautifully, exposing her neckline and stopping just above where her breasts were underneath cascading folds that led to a belt around her waist and even more folding all the way down to her feet, just like Hermione’s. She felt beautiful, and by the look the older woman was giving her, Hermione thought so too.

“Woah, Beverly! You look bloody amazing!” Beverly grinned shyly, wandering over to them on unsteady feet.

“No, no! It’s fine…” she refused vehemently, not wanting her to go out of her way. Hermione was busy enough as it was, “I don’t need you to do anything— Woah!” About five feet away from the couple, Beverly accidentally stepped on the hem of the dress and nearly face-planted on the floor. Luckily, someone caught her.

Looking up, she noticed a pair of shocked blue eyes looking down into her green ones. The boy who’d saved her from becoming reacquainted with the ground must not have been much older than her, as he seemed shy in the only way that puberty could illustrate. Meanwhile, Henry had reached for Beverly out of reflex, but now that he was basically holding her upper half up, he realized how pretty she really was.

Before, he only knew Beverly Marsh as their school’s… well… slut, but then he saw her as the single girl in the Losers’ Club. Now, he realized that wasn’t true. Her eyes were too innocent for her to be as the rumors said, a depraved sex-addicted whore. Also, Hermione was in the Losers’ Club too, and he knew that those boys would be dead if the witch was anything like that either.

However, before he could further ruminate on his observations, he noticed something else. His left hand was… on her right breast. Freezing, he sucked in a short breath and watched her dazzling crystal-like eyes as they came to the same conclusion. Shit… What the hell do I do? Let her fall on the floor?

Now the two teens were both blushing and Hermione was sending them a pitying look while Bill was trying very hard not to laugh. Henry coughed awkwardly, taking the offending hand off of her chest and instead grabbing her upper arm so he could pull her to her feet. Saying nothing, Beverly looked at him and reached a hand up to brush a piece of his hair out of his eyes. Then, the hand was gone and Beverly looked startled that she’d even done that.

Turning to Hermione, she muttered a request to have the dress shortened and the witch beckoned her back into the dressing room, even holding up the hem so she wouldn’t fall a second time. Behind the curtain, Beverly undressed quickly and redressed in her other clothes. After gathering her things, she lingered for a reason unknown to her. Looking through a small gap in the blood-red fabric, she eyed
the teen who’d accidentally groped her.

Somehow, he seemed familiar, but also completely different. This boy looked a lot like Bill, who was likely his older brother. They shared many of the same features, but it was obvious that Bill was immensely more self-confident. Even now, the elder Gray was lounging on the small couch like he owned the place while his brother dejectedly sat on the furthest arm, looking anywhere but at where she was. She wanted to find out more about him, because there was something nagging at her, other than the fact that he already seemed to be familiar with her, even though they’d never met before.

Emerging from behind the curtain, dress in hand, she followed after Hermione, who’d gotten up and was already walking over to the receptionist to pay for their dresses, and the suits, once they decided to take them off. When the witch said as much to them, they sheepishly went back over to their side of the store to change back into their other clothes.

Upon returning, the males set their outfits down with the womens’ and stood aside while Hermione paid for them. Meanwhile, Beverly and Henry were sneaking looks at each other while they thought the other wasn’t looking. Pennywise huffed in amusement, reminding himself to endlessly tease the boy about his “horrid attempt at initiating a mating.”

“You two are free to leave,” Hermione smiled at the two teens upon leaving the store, “We,” she indicated to her and Bill, “have something else to do before we head home. Thank you so much Beverly,” the witch pulled the younger woman into a big hug, “I had fun today,” she whispered and the girl nearly teared up.

“Me too…” she replied, parting from her, “Well, I guess I’ll see you next week…” she trailed off, walking down the street.

The setting sun made her hair nearly glow bright orange and her tanned skin shimmer. A small gust of wind ruffled her curls and made her sundress take on a life of its own. Henry sucked in another sharp gasp, noticing again how pretty she was. He didn’t know what to do. What he looked like now wasn’t who he really was, and he’d been nothing but cruel to her in the past. What he’d said to her before that dumb ‘rock war’ was something that he never should have said. They’d been on different sides, but even that wasn’t true. There were never sides, not when the real war was between the children of Derry and Pennywise.

He’d let fear rule his life, making him unbearably paranoid. Of course, not all of it was his fault. His father definitely had a hand in it, as did his outcast gang of delinquents he surrounded himself with. It was easy pretending to be tough when he had nothing to lose other than a reputation. He didn’t fear pain, and he didn’t fear causing it. He’d felt nothing for the longest time.

Henry was pulled out of his grim thoughts by Hermione clearing her throat, “You know,” she grinned at him, “You could at least go apologize... and not many girls would turn down free food,” the witch winked, fishing through her purse and pulling out a twenty-dollar bill.

Pennywise, meanwhile grinned wolfishly, slapping him on the back forcefully in the direction of the departing female, “Yeah, go get her, tiger, before she gets away... and don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” he shouted after him as the teen took off in a jog to catch up to the girl, but also to escape the disguised clown’s attempt to relate to him.

Hermione scoffed, “I think in your case, it’s ‘Don’t do anything I would do.’”

Pennywise smirked, shaking his head, “You know me so well... C’mon, where did you want to go?”
“Oh, you’ll see…” she grinned shyly, rolling her eyes when clear lust entered his eyes, “It’s not a place like that, you satyromaniac! Merlin! Get your bloody head out of the gutter!” he merely chuckled darkly at her outburst.

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“Oh, look! Hermione!” Pennywise held up a tiny pair of shoes, “They’re so small!”

The witch took the infant footwear from him and held them up for examination, “I’m not sure how much walking they’d do at that age, but I like your enthusiasm,” she smiled wryly, happy that he was entertained by such simple things. It would definitely make his future glorified-house-arrest much easier for him to cope with.

Bill ignored her sarcasm, preferring to instead move onto the baby powder and shampoo. He was immediately overwhelmed by each citrus, sweet, and clean smell, so much so that he sneezed loudly, making Hermione jolt where she was standing a few meters away. “Damn,” the eldritch cursed, his volume at a whisper, “That’s fucking strong,” he hissed, holding his nose protectively.

“You better get used to it,” Hermione remarked dryly, “We’re having four babies at once, remember.”

The disguised clown moaned at the idea of how much agony his nose would go through before immediately running over to look at the mobiles hanging near the far wall, his nasal plight entirely forgotten. “I remember this…” he tapped one of the mobiles, a plush-looking one with little black and white sheep, and it begun to spin slowly, “Your friends had one of these for their child.”

“Oh, right! James did have one on his crib…” she giggled at how he still hadn’t taken his eyes off of the spinning sheep, drool beginning to trickle from his mouth as he became more and more entranced, “You done?”

Pennywise shook his head out the slight stupor, “Yes,” he blushed, leading her over to the various cribs and surveying them with… concern.

“How will we find a large enough one for four newborns? All of these are for only one child…” the male pouted, hating the thought of depriving his young of sleeping next to each other and keeping each other warm during the night when he, himself, was sleeping.

He’d never had that as a child, him being the only one in the clutch, as far as he knew. His father hadn’t been a very warm being, emotionally of course, no matter how much he was physically warm. Aside from that, allowing his young to sleep next to each other, or even in a pile once they could arrange themselves, built up the familial bonds between the siblings, made them emotionally closer to each other, boosted their social skills, and helped him and Hermione keep a better track of them as a group. They’d be far less likely to stray if they wanted to be in a group. Hell, in his mind, he could easily picture them climbing out of their cribs, only to climb into their siblings’ no matter how crowded they’d be.

Hermione sighed, “We might just have to go with two of the “twin-sized” ones and put the boys in one and the girls in the other one, or whichever ones in whatever crib. That aspect doesn’t matter, and I know that look. You better not build one yourself. There are regulations and rules we must follow so our children won’t get hurt from their own crib,” Pennywise pouted again, hating the idea
of separating their young, but his mate was right. He didn’t even know how to build a crib, let alone make it fit the regulations.

“I know that now, doll,” he teased sadly, “but I think it’s important to allow them to sleep in the same crib. They’d be warmer and they’d be easier to manage…”

Hermione bit her lip, feeling bad, “I’ll tell you what…” she began, looking to a crib with hard plastic slats and running her smooth digits along them, “We should get two twin cradles, but I’ll just use my magic to put them together,” she offered, reaching down to feel the small mattress pad on the bottom, “I sometimes forget that babies don’t need pillows…”

“Hmm…” her mate hummed, suspiciously eyeing up the small jars of mushy baby food where it was next to them on the shelves by the cribs and high chairs, “What is this?”

Hermione giggled, noticing his vague disgust, “That’s baby food,” Bill was full-on frowning now, snapping his face to hers so he could gauge whether or not she was lying.

“No it’s not… You’re making it up,” he shook his head, “It looks like shit and vomit,” he stuck his tongue out, “Besides, we both know you make their food naturally, so we have no need for this… literal shit…” the disguised clown grimaced, “‘Strained Fruit’ and… Blegh! This is supposed to be turkey?”

Hermione huffed at his behavior, thankful that there wasn’t anyone else in the store, taking the small jars from him, she put them back on the shelves, “First of all, I’m not making it up. There is a sign right there that says ‘Baby Food.’ Secondly, I will be able to feed them until they grow teeth. I think you remember what happened during your regeneration…”

“I bit you… badly,” Pennywise muttered, finally understanding what she was talking about.

“Yeah, you did,” she replied, lightly patting the area that still bore the scarred teeth marks, “but you didn’t know, so I forgave you.”

The eldritch shook his head sadly, “I still bit you…”

Hermione sighed tiredly, “I know, Penn, but we need to move on from this… Here, let’s go back to the clothes… I wanted to look at the onesies.”

“Onesies?” he tilted his head at the foreign-sounding word, “What are you talking about?”

“They’re like full-body pajamas, everything in one item…” she trailed off at his confusion, “I’ll show you,” Hermione huffed, pulling Pennywise by his hand over to the tiny clothing.

“Here,” she picked a simple baby-blue-striped one up and threw it at him.

He caught the garment swiftly, turning it over for his examination. Clearly, it was pajamas, like his mate said, but there seemed to be socks attached somehow. If a baby wore this, only its head, neck, and hands would be exposed. However, the eldritch could understand that they wouldn’t have to track down individual tops, bottoms, and socks when they could easily put their young into these things.

Setting down the incredibly soft onesie, he immediately noticed another kind, one that didn’t have the ‘built-in socks.’ This kind would be much more fun because he could tickle his children’s toes freely without the cloth barriers, but he also wanted them to be warm, so having the socks seemed like the better option. The next kind he came across were the onesies with only a top and underwear, leaving the eventual child’s legs completely naked. These would clearly be used on warm nights, or
when the child began to move more frequently. Lastly, he found ones that were meant for sleeping, as the bottoms were like a dress, but even longer. Clearly, these were combined with blankets, giving the baby enough room to kick and wiggle while still staying warm. *I guess humans are good with these things after all...*

About ten minutes after looking at more of the newborn onesies, even finding a few that he figured his young would look cute wearing, Pennywise came across one that had an actual default name stitched into it. Flipping it over, he ran his hand across the unbelievably soft cotton fabric, trying to imagine the weight of a child underneath it. Looking around, he realized that there were a bunch of them, all bearing different albeit generic names. *Is this how humans name their young? Do they just pick a name that they find?*

“Hermione?” he murmured quietly, beckoning her over quietly.

“What is it?” she looked around him and noticed the array of stitched names on the souvenir onesies, “Oh, those are cute! What about them?”

“Do we have to choose four of these? Is that how naming them works?” he questioned shyly, hating that he truly didn’t know. In all his years, he never gave a shit as to what a child’s name was or how it got it, only that they tasted good.

Hermione began to laugh but suppressed it behind her hand, “Absolutely not! These are here for children who are already named. You don’t buy these until after a name is decided.”

“When do you decide?” he replied curiously, glad there wasn’t anyone else around to mock him.

“Oh…” Hermione began… “Anytime before the child’s first birthday at the latest, but many decide on at least a few names before the baby is born. Sometimes, those ultrasounds aren’t correct, and the baby comes out as a girl when it was thought to be a boy. So, it’s good to have a few ideas,” Pennywise moved to speak, “and not everyone has a telepathic baby to tell us what’s what inside my womb.”

He grinned, rubbing her cheek with his knuckles, “I suppose not… but when do *you* want to start thinking of ideas? What more are we waiting for?”

Hermione chuckled at his impatience, “Love, we have months to decide on ideas… Besides… I’m not very creative…”

“Oh? Really?” he snickered at her, “Why do you say that?”

The witch shrugged self-consciously, “I just never have been that kind of creative… but… My middle name is my mother’s name, so maybe one of the girls could have my name as their middle name,” she elbowed him timidly, “Just to carry on the tradition… Oh! We could do that for one of the boys, too. However, it would have to be ‘William’ for your Bill Gray persona…”

“Middle name?” he tilted his head curiously, *Does this mean we will need to come up with eight names?*

“Yeah, my full name is ‘Hermione Jean Granger.’ ‘Jean’ is my mother’s name, and she named me ‘Hermione’ after a character in one of her favorite Shakespeare plays…”

“Oh…” the clown considered, “I never thought about that…”

“Well… now you know,” Hermione smiled at him, clasping his hand in hers and looking at the baby-pink-colored onesie currently in his other hand, “Hmm… What a coincidence…” she hummed,
taking the fabric from him and laying it out on the table, “I’ve always liked the name ‘Rose,’ and with your preferred hair, I think it would suit one of our daughters, should she inherit that fluffy red hair of yours… If not, I still think it’s pretty,” she cooed, setting it down and looking up to her mate, who was looking at her with that lovestruck expression that was hard to ignore.

“Yes,” he finally spoke, “It would suit either of them if they are anything like us.”

“So… So far, we’ve got a ‘Rose Hermione Gray,’ and… what about one of the boys?”

“Hmm…” Pennywise hummed, looking towards the names but instead stopping short and turning back to her, “Robert.”

“Robert?” Hermione parroted, wondering what made him decide on that one.

“You know…” he looked away, “Rob, Bob, Bobby, Robbie, err… Bobert?… There are many varieties, just like my shape-shifting, and… the name reminds me of my father…”

Hermione’s hand cupped his cheek, tilting it back towards her. His eyes were vulnerable and somewhat lost. “Robert Gray…” Hermione sampled the name, “I like the sound of that,” she teased, leaning on his arm when he rewarded her with a half-grin and a chaste kiss on her lips.

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As soon as they stepped foot into the empty house, Hermione shut the front door behind them, leaning over her mate to do so. However, he was quick to snatch her up right after. The curly-haired woman’s feet dangled about a foot off of the ground. She squealed as he grooped her arse, leading to his signature belting laughter to echo throughout the silent household. Clearly, Henry was still out, which meant they had until he returned to have a little fun, or so the clown thought.

“Wait!” the witch interjected, nearly slapping his back until he set her back down on her feet, “For the telepath, I… uhh…” Hermione muttered something he couldn’t quite hear, blushing adorably and pressing the tips of her pointer fingers together next to him.

“What was that?” he chirped, leaning forward and wanting her to repeat herself without speaking into her shoulder.

“I want to name the telepath ‘Penelope,’ and call her ‘Penny,’” the curly-haired woman grinned sheepishly at Pennywise’s blank expression, “It’s stupid, but I think she’ll be a lot like you…”

Hermione was unprepared for the near-suffocating hug she received for her idea, but she was even more unprepared for the feeling of wet tears trailing up her neck and dampening her hair.

“It’s not stupid, mate,” the clown growled, trying to keep his voice coherent, “Please… I want this…” he began to shake with the happy tears leaking from him.

Hermione wanted to name their child, his little bug, after him, a monster who’d eaten hundreds, if not thousands, of children during his time on Earth. He didn’t understand. Sure, he was better now, but that wasn’t even a blink in comparison to the rest of his life beforehand. Either his mate was really cruel to their child for wishing to curse her with such a name, or she was entirely too trusting. Since his witch didn’t seem to have a single cruel bone in her body, the latter had to be true.
Nevertheless, he was deeply flattered and ecstatic that Hermione trusted him so much. It spoke of the bond between them, and the proof that he wasn’t explicitly a destroyer. He had the ability to create something good, or even better than himself. Of course, he could always credit Hermione’s genes for any good that came out of them, and credit himself for the bad. How easy it would be to blame the eldritch sides of them whenever they misbehaved? The eldritch could just see it now, but he would change as he always did.

He would play the part of a human for their children until they were old enough to understand who and what he was, and who and what they are. Until then… well… Pennywise and his other forms would be exclusively for his mate.

The tears continued to fall upwards, and Hermione combed through his hair comfortingly, “I’m sorry…” she whispered pityingly, “I didn’t mean to shock you.”

“No,” he rasped quickly, his voice faltering significantly, “I love the name, I love her, and I love you,” the clown wheezed, hugging her tighter.

“Good,” Hermione chirped awkwardly, patting his back until he stopped shaking, “Are you alright now?” she prompted hesitantly, wondering if she’d be safe stepping away.

He gave her a curt nod and allowed her some room to breathe while also keeping his arms around her. The witch gave him a questioning look but then realization dawned on her when she looked between her mate’s blushing face and… for lack of a better term… his angst-bonner.

“What is wrong with you?!” she nearly shouted after him as he bolted up the stairs upon seeing her shocked look, mistaking it for revulsion.

Apparating in front of his path, she grasped his arms and leaned it to lick his ear as he often did to her, “Poor, poor Pennywise,” she crooned seductively, “I’m dreadfully sorry I startled him. He hasn’t had sex in three days, you see, and now he’s getting hard for random things.

Boldly, she reached down his pants to stroke him and he whined in the back of his throat, “Shh…” she hushed him, coercing him to the bedroom, “It’s okay, love... you’re not going to hurt the babies if that’s what you’re worried about…” he jumped in her hand at the thought, reminding her of a skittish animal, “Just let me take care of you,” and she did, until Henry returned home, none the wiser to the explicit actions happening two doors down from him.

August 1st, 1989

“Alright,” Hermione announced, from her spot in the middle of the nearly-empty living room, “The basement and my office are completely packed up, as is everything else aside from our beds and any breakfast food left in the kitchen. For those things, we will need to pack them first thing tomorrow morning before we leave for the park,” she added, motioning to the magical suitcases near the wall.

Both males had been fascinated by them, enough that they wanted to go inside and see where everything was going. She’d rolled her eyes and brought them down, only for them to see a plain wooden room with plain carpet and enough space to fit half of the house inside it. Henry mused that he could make a hideout in a place like this, making Hermione laugh and nod, allowing the boy to do so once they were unpacked at their new house, which was a nice little cottage near the sea and away from the main part of Salem.
“Mmm…” Henry scrunched his face slightly, “I don’t like this… It feels… naked, somehow,” Pennywise would have laughed had he not been feeling the same way.

He’d thought he was ready for the future changes happening in his life, but now that they were here, he wasn’t so sure. Hell, he was getting married tomorrow, and that was the least of his concerns. It was easy to play the eager groom to the small crowd of their guests, but actually stepping foot outside of Derry to possibly never return was immensely more daunting.

Coming back to himself, he noticed Hermione reaching for him and he let her. Feeling her made everything better. She gingerly hugged around his taller frame, pressing her face into his chest. It was times like this where he fully realized their difference in height. Henry was only a few inches taller than her, and he would likely grow even more before he finished his schooling.

Tilting his head towards the boy, he noticed that he looked rather forlorn. Perhaps he was feeling the same way. Hermione seemed to notice him as well, reaching an arm out to pull him into the other half embrace. Henry wasn’t too eager to hug him, which was evident in his general awkwardness and reluctance to touch him anywhere. While they were no longer enemies, it was still difficult to move past what had happened before. Although, they had been more civil and agreeable to one another lately, but that could easily because the younger male knew he’d break his face if he didn’t agree.

“It’ll be alright,” Hermione whispered to both of them, “I promise, you two,” she detached herself from them and went outside to toss the rotten remnants of the little neglected garden into the green compost bucket near the side of the house.

The sun beat down on her back as she continued to pull dead roots and sprouts from the dirt, mildly tilling as she went down the sparse rows. A few minutes later, Hermione heard footsteps approaching, but the birds were still chirping and the bugs were still buzzing around her. Smiling sadly, she turned around.

“Hello, Henry,” she smiled slightly, “I’m sure you’re wondering what you’re going to do once we’re in Salem.”

The boy looked down at her, taken aback. He hadn’t even considered what he was going to do after the summer was over in a few days, “I… uhh… Yes, but I was just going to say that I want to help, with your children, I mean.”

Hermione shook her head, “Your education is more important. You have two years left, and then you’ll be completely free to do whatever you wish. I don’t want you to have to give that up. Besides… Penn will be home almost always to watch them, and I’m afraid you’ll drive each other mad,” she chuckled before stopping, “Why the sudden urge to babysit?”

“I… I don’t know,” Henry shrugged embarrassedly, “When I met with Beverly a few days ago, I still felt horrible for what I’d done to her and her friends… I just thought that if I help with your children, I would… fix or make up for… before.”

Hermione shook her head humorously and rubbed the teen’s cheek maternally.

Henry’s lip tilted up in a shy smile and Hermione shook her head, “There’s a reason why they call it ‘the terrible twos.'”
Standing up, she looked towards the house, “Would you mind finishing picking out these plants and putting them into the compost over there?” she pointed over to the aforementioned white plastic bucket, “I’ve got a bigger baby to take care of, and I don’t want you getting caught in the middle of his tantrum…” she called out from the deck and slid the back door open.

Walking into the cool, yet near-empty house, she took off her gardening gloves, “Tantrum?” a low voice muttered irritatedly behind her.

“Oh!” she jumped, whirling around to see Pennywise leaning on the wall just by the door, “I didn’t see you there.”

She’d walked past him and didn’t even notice. His eyes shimmere like a cat’s in the shade of the darkened room. He glared at her with tightly pressed fire-engine red lips, an eyebrow raised conceitedly as he tried to portray a veil of aloofness. However, the near silent swish of his sharp claws scratching against each other and his crossed arms gave him away.

“I only meant that you get irritable when you’re unsure about new things,” Hermione shrugged, walking towards the living room in order to head upstairs.

“I do not,” he growled after he took in the reality that he actually did, snarling when she just kept walking away, “Hey!”

Pushing off from the wall, he stomped thunderously after her, reaching the bedroom just in time to see Hermione nearly naked. Stunned into silence, he tilted his head in confusion at the sight of his mate wearing a bright red lacy bra and panties, complete with a sheer coverup that was only draped on, a product of the short time she had to undress and make herself look sexier.

“What—” he drooled confusedly as she walked towards him, letting her hair loose from its bun.

The dark locks fell, wafting her intoxicating scents towards him. He had to step out, otherwise he’d forget what he was angry about. Hermione continued to walk towards him and he backed up, unintentionally shutting the door with his back. She purred at him, reaching out with her hands to cradle his face. Licking her bitten lips, she stood on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear.

“We both know you won’t open up until after you regain perceived control over me, okay?” she rasped, stepping away, leaving him panting frustratedly, “You know… I have something even better for our wedding night, so I suggest you be a good boy until then, alright?”

“Hnnn…” he groaned angrily, and sucked in a breath upon seeing her bare temptatious arse bobbing behind her, “Mate…” he warned, feeling his teeth and nails sharpening.

“Oh? You don’t like thongs?” she tilted her head innocently, “That’s alright… I’ll just take it off,” she hummed, shedding the tiny layer and revealing her puffy nether lips to him.

“Better?” she smirked, hopping up to stand on the bed with her hands on her hips.

Pennywise’s brain was too fried to produce coherent English, so instead, he tackled her to the mattress, ensuring that she didn’t either hit her head, nor land on her stomach. He rumbled at her, humping her clit erratically through his costume. Hermione moaned and bucked at the roughness, but helped him to slow down.

“Shh… shh… You’ve got me, you’ve got us… Your clutch grows inside me everyday, my love, my mate… There’s no one else here…” she cooed as she felt his thrusting slow enough that she could undress him with her wand.
Both naked now, she jumped and squeaked when her mate’s tentacles found her snatch, guiding his red and purple member inside her walls and wrapping around her thighs so they could play with her clít and arsehole. His pumps were quiet, only broken by muffled grunts and moans. She, on the other hand, was happy to whine, moan, and cry his name with each drastic movement.

He grit his teeth and held her hips tightly in his hands, looking down at the swollen belly between his legs. Soon enough, they’ll be here, and he’ll be ready… as soon as he gets over his irrational fear of moving to a new home. His climax seemed to sneak up on him, leading to an abrupt spill of his dark-colored seed into her already-occupied womb. Her belly swelled even further now, and that made him happy for the first time since they started packing.

Of course, his knot and tentacles held firm, forcing him to roll over and pull a sexy Hermione onto her side. She whined at the pull of the knot and push of the tentacles in their mission to coax another climax from her. Red lace still covered her chest, which he immediately removed and replaced with his tongue and lips, sucking and licking her sweet milk straight from its source.

After a few minutes, Hermione opened her eyes and looked at him, her eyes filled with lazy satisfaction, “You ready to tell me what’s wrong?”

Pennywise frowned, looking away, “Fine… I am… concerned about moving. There could be dangers to you and our young that I do not know of… but I know we can’t stay…”

“You are right, love, but moving is nothing to be so broken up about. We are together, so we will get through it together, and after we’ve gotten settled, we’ll be able to welcome our babies into the world.”

“I didn’t think about it like that…” he murmured, feeling his genitals relax and slip away from her, “I want to explore around the house, make sure nothing could possibly attack us.”

“I’ll set up wards,” Hermione promised, kissing him fully, “and you can explore as much as you want… got it?”

He purred now, cuddling closer to pull her into a naked and sweaty hug, “Ughh…” Hermione groaned, “I need a shower,” she winced when Pennywise’s head snapped up and he looked at her slyly, “No! You fucking me got me into this situation, and you fucking me in the shower would be counterproductive.”

“Aww… but doll…” he crooned, helping her stand up, “I just want to wash you, nothing else…”

Hermione groaned, knowing full-well that he would just follow her inside anyway, “Bloody arsehole…” she muttered as she saw his eyes grow even more lustful as he stared at her naked body. Merlin… Bloody satyromaniac...

Chapter End Notes

So, there it is... The next chapter will be the wedding and their departure from Derry. The last chapter will be the epilogue, which will take place around Christmas of 1989, so if anyone has any ideas for holiday traditions that would be funny to see Pennywise try (and possibly fail at), let me know. See you all in the next chapter, whenever I’m feeling better.
Mr. and Mrs. Gray

Chapter Notes

Hey, whoever is still checking in!

I'm so sorry for being on hiatus. These last two months have been very busy for me and I hope to make it up to you all with the longest chapter I've ever written for this fic. It's almost 13,000 words! I was going to split it into two parts, but that didn't seem quite right for what I was going for. I wanted to wrap up loose ends and finish this fic with the ending it deserves. There will be one last chapter (epilogue), but that will officially be the end of it. I received a request to do a Henry/Penn one-shot from this series and I will write that as well after the epilogue, but it will be separate and semi-cannon. Basically, if you want to believe it is part of the main story, then go for it, but it won't make or break anything if you don't.

After that, I will be taking a BIG break away from writing fanfiction because I've found out that I will be writing an actual novel as a part of my program. I will be working on it for about a year and I hope to publish it once I'm finished, complete with illustrations by myself as well, but that is still a long ways away. I might possibly be writing some other one-shots if anyone requests anything specific. Forgive me for any errors you find in the text. It is long and I was the only one reading it through.

Thank you all for sticking with me throughout this last year. I wished I would have had something to post for the 1 year anniversary. You have been great readers and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for being so supportive. Enjoy chapter 79!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

September 2nd, 1989

The small gazebo was filled with light music and cheer as the wedding party prepared for the bride-to-be to walk down the aisle. Beautiful flowers and balloons lined each of the pillars and railings, morphing the mid-day sun into multi-colored strips of light along the wooden floor of the structure. As always with the eldritch’s proximity, the wildlife remained ever-silent, creating an oddly tense atmosphere apart from Seth thankfully playing tunes from the makeshift DJ-stand in the back and the occasional breeze rustling the trees around them.

Pennywise was nearly vibrating with the incredible amount of nervous energy circling through his entire transfigured body. *What if she says no? What if she unveils his true form in front of everyone?* His eyes threatened to flicker amber-red as his head twitched, ears catching little pieces of conversation amongst the wedding guests. Many had their eyes on him at a time, so he could do nothing but stand there, looking tightly coiled and slightly nervous. He felt like he could snap into a blood-filled outburst at any moment. Hermione’s calm and seductive words from earlier echoed through his mind, calming him slightly.

“You’re overthinking it, Penn. This is just a formality. I’m already yours for all eternity, remember? Think of later tonight when you get me all to yourself...” She’d kissed his cheek and pushed him out
of the house, warding it behind her so she and Beverly could get ready without the chance of him sneaking a peek at her before she walked down the aisle.

Their hired officiant was dutifully reading his rehearsed introduction which consisted of his thoughts about marriage and what it meant to be married, something the eldritch had been tuning out for the last ten minutes. He shuffled his feet, picking a piece of imaginary fuzz off of his tux. There was no reason for him to be so nervous, but yet the feeling lingered.

Perhaps it was because of the six male members of the Losers’ Club sitting in front of him. They seemed bored from the oration, yet determined to see it through. Ben and Bill couldn’t stop their shy glances over at the beautifully-dressed Beverly, standing awkwardly on Hermione’s side of the platform. Even from here, he could sense her reluctance at being focused on thusly. Eddie sat on the edge of his seat while Richie, who sat next to him, seemed to melt into the back of his own seat. Mike and Stanley unnerved him, because he caught them staring a few times throughout the speech. They seemed curious, even if there was a bit of suspicious hostility lurking behind their brown eyes.

Henry stood at his side, rigid as a board yet still looking the part of the non-existent brother of the equally non-existent Bill Gray. He also shot a few glances over to the young woman, who gave him, as well as the other boys, a small smile, telling them that she was fine. Pennywise watched the scene with vicarious content. He remembered when Hermione acted thusly around him, a shy little dove drawn to his Bill Gray persona. They’d come a long way since then.

Pennywise felt a rather painful jab in his side, and he turned around to glare at Henry but the younger man was looking towards the back of the gazebo. He must have missed the part where the officiator announced the arrival of the bride because Hermione was walking slowly towards him. A quiet gasp escaped his slackened jaw.

She looked heavenly, like a supernova clothed in glowing white starlight. Between the sunlight outside and the shade in the pavilion, Hermione’s new silhouette never lost this light as she stepped under the shadow. His ears belatedly caught Seth playing an old recording of “Here Comes the Bride,” but all he could hear were her light sighs as she struggled with walking in her heels, wearing such a long dress and not tripping, and stressing over her impending marriage to him in front of her little friends. However, the clown’s worries fell away upon looking at the stunning grin on her eager, if not a bit nervous, face.

The witch passed everyone in their seats, her head held high. Seth gave her a thumbs up from the DJ booth, something Enoch unknowingly mirrored, to her delight. Alison and President Vesta waved from their spot in the back row. She winked at the Losers’ Club sitting in the front row and they perked up upon seeing her. Hermione looked down, concentrating on getting up on the platform with Beverly. She succeeded without anyone suspecting her inexperience in heels. Now standing in position, she turned to focus on her mate and promptly froze upon seeing him.

The light of the sun bathed his normally handsome face in its warm glow, making his more rugged gaunt edges fuller. If she thought he was handsome before, then she’d been mostly wrong until now. It was peculiar because there was nothing different about them aside from different fine clothes and makeup on Hermione’s part, but he also was looking at her as though seeing her for the first time.

He grabbed her hands, holding them in his deceptively strong grip. Hermione rubbed the insides of his wrists comfortably and he eased his clenched hands apologetically. The officiator continued his speech about love and marriage, but the bride and groom only had eyes for each other. Their daughter hummed quietly through their connected skin, mumbling something about being hungry and wondering why Hermione was taking so long to eat. Pennywise hardly kept from chuckling at her impatience and ignorance as to what was going on.
Your mother and I are getting married, little bug. I’m afraid you’ll just have to wait.

The little one was silent in response, allowing him to tune back into the exact moment where he was supposed to speak. He and Hermione decided to just speak plain vows, because they both felt that their mating meant so much more to them, that to even attempt to find words that could describe their connection would prove fruitless. That, and Pennywise didn’t want to expose his weakness to the Losers’ Club. Hermione understood his reluctance and reasoned that making their own vows would take time away from other things, namely planning the rest of their moving, wedding, and parenthood.

“William Gray, will you take Hermione Granger to be your lawful wedded wife? Will you love her, honor, and cherish her in sickness, and in health, and forsaking all others keep only unto her so long as you both shall live?” the physically older man looked to him and Pennywise breathed in deeply, promising his mate the entire Macroverse and more with a single glance of gleaming cobalt.

“I will,” he paused, allowing the rehearsed lines to flow through his lips as he’d secretly practiced for many hours leading up to the ceremony, “I, William Gray, take you, Hermione Granger, to be my lawful wedded wife, to have, and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health while we both shall live.” Forever, and ever.... Pennywise added in his mind.

Now, the officiant turned to Hermione, who was trying not to let her makeup run from the happy tears leaking from her eyes. He simply smiled at her, and she nodded back, urging him to continue.

“Will you take William Gray to be your lawful wedded husband, will you love him, honor, and cherish him in sickness, and in health, and forsaking all others keep only unto him so long as you both shall live?”

Hermione’s eyes were dilated, looking into his eyes and even beyond them. Her mouth laid poised around her words. She could see their future in that moment, their eternal bond speckled with the lives of their children. It took her a moment to refocus her whisky orbs, but no time had passed despite feeling eons in that single moment. The witch breathed, tightening her fingers in her mate’s equally tight grip.

“I will,” Hermione promised resolutely, nearly melting under Pennywise’s sudden dazzlingly perfect smile, “I, Hermione Granger, take you, William Gray, to be my lawful wedded husband, to have, and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health while we both shall live.”

Their hands shook as they fumbled to get their obsidian, silver, diamond, and garnet rings on each other’s fingers. Bill nearly put hers on her opposite hand, but luckily, Hermione clasped theirs together with her opposite hand and slid his ring on his longer digit while he did the same to hers. She gasped at the sight of her wedding ring enveloping her engagement ring, the shiny gemstones and obsidian complimenting the smaller band perfectly. Pennywise did the same to his, tracing a single finger along his monochrome band, knowing full well of the crimson inscription on the inside.

“Hermione and William, you have expressed your love to one another through the commitment and promises you have just made,” the officiator drew their attention away from each other and back to him, smiling knowingly at the two of them and raising his hands up to draw emphasis to his incoming conclusion.

“It is with these in mind that I pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride,” he indicated to Pennywise, who immediately grasped her ivory-covered waist and pulled her to him.
Hermione’s hand clutched at her new husband’s shirt-collar, skewing his red bowtie as she grappled for leverage in their kiss. The disguised clown, meanwhile, tilted her neck back with a hand at her nape and another around her waist. He leaned over her, pressing his soft lips chastely to hers. After all, she wasn’t wanting to give this particular audience, or any audience, a further demonstration or hint of their rather depraved love-life. Even so, Pennywise still held their kiss for a little longer than was usually acceptable.

When they pulled apart, the eldritch could easily see that Hermione’s cheeks were flushed embarrassingly, something certainly not helped by a rather enthusiastic whistle from Richie Tozier amongst the cheers and applause of everyone else present. Pennywise looked perfectly fine apart from the dazed pallor in his eyes, a detail Hermione took great satisfaction with. He tilted her towards their audience with a hand cradling her hip from behind, grinning disarmingly at her before turning that same charm on everyone else around them.

“We wanted to thank you all for coming on such short notice. This is a big day for us and so, to have you here means the world to us,” Pennywise announced, nudging Hermione forward to add to his impromptu speech of gratitude.

“Yes!” the witch nearly shouted, “Thank you so much! None of you have known me for a long time, but I still consider each and every one of you among the greatest people in my life,” she teared up at the sentiment, looking over at Beverly, who was trying hard not to ruin her eyeliner with the tears threatening to escape her rapidly-blinking orbs, “Before me, I see an ember…”


“But those titles are not what singularly define you, just as ‘husband’ and ‘wife’ don’t singularly define us…” Hermione paused, gathering her next thoughts, “Our bond runs deeper than words, than these rings, than just about anything I can think of. Being married today solidified this bond, and for you all as witnesses, I can not thank you enough for being here to make it true,” the bride’s pearly-white smile widened as she huffed a laugh, “Now then, let’s eat before I say anything more sentimental. I saw that yawn, Richie Tozier!”

Pennywise chuckled at her indignation and moved to help set up the tables for their small banquet. He could nearly hear his wife’s stomach growling from where she stood next to him.

★★★

Hermione felt her mate’s hand at her hip and noted how much it almost felt like a shackle holding her to his side. She could understand his reluctance to let her stray too far from him and leave him socially floundering in front of her co-workers and friends, but that didn’t mean she wanted his hand cradling her rounded stomach to the point where he was basically drawing attention to it. At the same time, the witch huffed under her breath, he looks so happy...

A bright flash whited their visions as the photographer puttered around them and their small group of guests, taking photos of whoever would stand still for long enough. Hermione chuckled upon noticing that Richie made a small yet cruel game of evading the old man just as he was about to capture him in a photo. The other Losers laughed at their friend’s antics before walking over to join the newlyweds.
“Shitty first impressions aside, I’m glad you’re not as creepy as I thought,” Richie remarked bluntly, addressing Pennywise, who was trying to not lose his composure and laugh at his ignorance. Beep, beep, Richie… How little you know....

“Err… Thanks,” he said instead and Hermione squeezed his hand in gratitude.

“Please, excuse him, William,” Stan spoke tersely at Richie, bristling at the latter’s uncouth actions. “We usually let him run outside until he calms down, but we were in a bit of a rush,” the other Losers chuckled at the visible redness creeping onto Richie’s cheeks. The embarrassed boy mumbled something under his breath as the others began speaking again.

“No worries,” Pennywise fought back a wince as Richie immediately went over to snap the beak off of the ice-sculpture swan and place it in a plastic cup of fruit punch before returning to the group, drink in hand, “‘Reminds me of myself as a kid, and, please, call me ‘Bill,’ yeah? Any friend of Hermione’s is a friend of mine...”

Stan nodded firmly, a polite smile brightening his face as he shook the eldritch’s hand. Hermione tilted her head curiously at the action. Not long ago had they all been fighting, yet here they all were now, friends again despite the scars that would likely haunt their minds until death, or until the witch at the other side of the gazebo decided to finally erase their minds of both Hermione and her magic, as was standard protocol for any mission involving No-Maj.

She looked down the line, catching each Loser and attempting to hang onto every detail about them so she wouldn’t forget them either. When she got to Eddie, the witch noticed his right hand twitching periodically, much like a former addict unused to sobriety. He quickly noticed her concern, as he discreetly shuffled around the group to stand next to her. The conversation continued around them and he was quiet, but just as the witch began to get pulled back into the discussion, Eddie finally spoke.

“I used to use my inhaler a lot on days like this, for pollen, asthma, and stress… My hands don’t seem to understand that they were placebos…” he shrugged, a far-away look in his eyes as he sadly stared ahead.

Hermione nodded sympathetically, “It becomes a reflex… but she was trying to protect you, as misguided as your mother was...”

Eddie mirrored her nod before pausing, “I know the usual next step after marriage is… uhh… you know,” the younger male made an indecipherable gesture and blushed, “What I’m trying to say is that if you have kids anytime soon, I know you won’t be anything like my mom,” he affirmed, crossing his arms self-assuredly and looking at the others, “and you won’t be like their moms, either.”

“Thanks, Eddie,” Hermione smiled, “That was rather sweet of you to say.”

Pennywise subtly squeezed her hand, indicating that he’d been listening and approved of Eddie’s words. Tuning back in, she observed the discussion of films the group had seen over the last year, but she then noticed Bill staring oddly into space, seemingly right beside her head. Turning around, she caught sight of one of the red balloons she tried and failed to keep out of the decorations because her mate was too dedicated to the color to be inconspicuous. Luckily, he shook his head to dispel himself out of his thoughts and caught her look of apology. He nodded at her but began to swivel his head around, as though searching for Pennywise’s clown form or Georgie hiding amongst the small number of guests. Hermione sighed. She couldn’t blame him for his paranoia. Hell, if she wasn’t mated and now married to him, unaware of his immediate location and calm demeanor, she’d be the same way if not more manic. However, the way Pennywise was smirking at Bill’s discomfort made
her want to slap him.

“Hey, I think the food is ready,” Mike hinted as he noticed one of the caterers approaching their group.

“Ugh! Finally!” Richie moaned in relief, and the others shook their heads as he began helping himself to the food.

“What? It’s not getting any warmer. C’mon, Hermione!”

The witch facepalmed yet moved to grab food and Pennywise chuckled, rubbing her held hand with his thumb, “I almost regret wanting to kill them,” he whispered into her ear as the others joined Richie at the buffet, “They make surprisingly good conversation.”

“Well, it’s good to see you making an effort,” she hummed, pulling him along with her, “Now, I’m going to get some food before I almost regret wanting to eat you,” Hermione immediately groaned at the wolfish grin creeping into his expression, “That’s not what I meant!”

“Ohh, doll…” he smirked, “You know you can eat me whenever you want,” the eldritch chuckled as Hermione huffed embarrassedly and marched towards the food like a charging bull.

★★★

Henry tried to keep his breathing calm as he sat at the crudely-dubbed “Kiddie Table.” Jesus Christ, I’m sixteen! I shouldn’t have to sit here with a bunch of twelve-year-olds… he muttered, feeling uneasy about sitting with the Losers’ Club and trying not to think about what he’d nearly done to them, what he had done to them.

“So… Thomas…” Richie tilted his head pseudo-suspiciously at him from the opposite end of the table, putting his feet up like a mob boss who owned the entire town, “Where are you from? How old are you? What is your opinion on Hermione marrying your brother?”

“Huh?” Henry said in response to the volley of questions pelting him, “Err… I’m from Salem, Massachusetts,” he lied, “My family moved there when I was born, but Bill grew up here in Derry, I think… There’s at least ten years in between us, so I’m not entirely sure… We’re moving back today,” he floundered at the others’ rapt attention, “I’m sixteen, and I do think Hermione is good for… my brother. I’m glad they found each other and I hope they’ll be very happy together.”

“Hmm… I see…” Richie rubbed his chin between his fingers like he was considering something.

“I’m sorry, Thomas,” Ben piped up from his spot next to Stan, who daintily ate the rest of his food, “You seem familiar, but I can’t figure out why…” Mike tilted his head, squinting at him and nodding.

“No apology necessary!” he voiced loudly and winced at his volume, “But, I’m sure you just see my b-brother in me. We look so much alike…” Henry’s left hand nervously gripped the chair underneath him, his palms beginning to sweat. Damn that clown bastard for not disguiseing me better!

“I don’t think that’s it…” Mike supplied unsurely, “but then again, maybe it is…”

Henry accidentally caught Beverly’s eye and she frowned at him, caught in a similar state of thought.
where she sat between Bill and Ben. Luckily, he was diverted away from confronting the younger teens’ looks by the adults moving over to the dessert table to watch Hermione and Bill Gray cut the wedding cake.

The sight was nearly sensuous as the tall man drifted behind the curly-haired woman and held her hands in his, guiding them to pick up the knife and make the first forceful cut into the beautifully-decorated and home-made cake. Richie, Eddie, and Bill especially got fired up upon finding out that Hermione made the cake herself. Henry rolled his fake cobalt eyes, finally realizing that he was being scared of the Losers for no reason. They were just kids. Sure, he regretted what he’d done and they’d probably never forgive him, but that didn’t mean he needed to fear them, not like Pennywise seemed to.

Oh, yes… he’d caught those fearful and skittish glances the eldritch had been making towards the younger teens and nearly laughed at the drastic shift in power dynamics between the two sides. Something big must have happened down in the sewers after he fell through the pipe and was spat back out like a black watermelon seed. He wished he could have been there, if only to see Pennywise get his ass handed to him. He’d also wondered what the clown’s lair was like, but now he’d never know because the other male had allegedly burned the whole thing down. How no one noticed the sewers on fucking fire… he had no idea.

Henry sat back down in his spot and cut into his cake with the side of his fork, lifting the marbled piece up for inspection before closing his teeth and lips around the utensil. He nearly moaned upon tasting the sweet vanilla and chocolate flavors. It was so good. No shit… his mind reminded him, Hermione made it…

Looking at the Losers’ Club once more, he noticed Richie running up to get a second, or third, helping and he shook his head exasperatedly at the other’s dramatic mannerisms. Meanwhile, Stan ate his slowly, sampling each taste as it deserved: careful consideration and appreciation. Eddie cut his into big chunks and barely held back his moans of appreciation as he surprisingly fit each section into his mouth. Henry winced and looked away at the unbidden thoughts of other contexts concerning Eddie and his mouth quickly entering and leaving his mind. He likely does lean that way, but he’s too young, and definitely not my type. Maybe Tozier’s, though… Mike, Ben, Bill, and Beverly ate their cake like normal people, with the exception of Beverly eating the frosting off of hers first and then eating the rest, not that Henry cared how the younger woman ate cake…

Hermione smiled at Henry from the dessert table, catching his eye as he finished eating his piece. She non-verbally gestured to the rest of the cake and the boy shook his head in the negative at the offer for more cake. Nodding, she resumed her work, or letting Pennywise use her hands to cut more pieces to give to the caterers, the officiator, and the photographer, who had decided to take a break from snapping photos until the dancing began.

“You know, I can cut a cake by myself. I think the hand holding is really just for that first cut,” Pennywise nuzzled her ear from where his certain “lower anatomy” was snug between her arse.

“I know,” his tongue snuck out to tap her ear once before retreating with a sharp click, “I just like having you in my arms,” he whispered to her as the last of the guests took their seats with their cake. Pennywise smirked against her neck as he used her arms to cut one more slice. She was turned to the side and he came around to stand in front of her, plate and cake in hand. With a fork, he sliced a small chunk off and held it to her lips, indicating for her to eat it by smiling at her.

As soon as her lips came down over the frosting, the fork was pulled out, making frosting leak out of her slightly-open lips, “Oops…” he said unapologetically and Hermione pouted at him, “Oh, don’t do that, my dearest wife, I’ll fix it,” he leaned forward and kissed her soundly, simultaneously
licking the rest of the frosting away.

“Excuse me, lovebirds,” a smug maternal voice chimed near them and the witch reluctantly put some reasonable distance between her and her new husband. Hermione looked over and noticed that President Vesta and Alison were standing next to them, “I must borrow Mrs. Gray for a moment. There is a certain tradition that she must partake in…” she indicated to Alison, who handed Hermione her bouquet as though it were a prized possession to be worshipped.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped, “It’s a bit silly, considering only you and Beverly would really count for this… but if you insist, you superstitious numpty…”

“That’s the spirit!” Alison replied eagerly, ignoring the barb, “Now, turn around so I know you aren’t cheating, and cover your eyes!” she then turned and nearly shouted at everyone, “Hermione’s throwing the bouquet, so heads’ up!”

Doing as she asked, the witch forcefully threw the flowers behind her, audibly hitting someone across the gazebo based on the muffled cry of surprise she heard afterwards. Immediately turning around and dialing in on the bouquet, she realized who’d caught it. Giddily, Hermione cackled at the sight of a mildly drunk Enoch confusedly looking at the bouquet held in his hands, a red tinge in his cheeks as he took in what catching the bouquet meant.

“Aww!” Alison whined from her spot in front of the green-haired auror, “Did you have to throw it so damn high? It went right over me,” she turned around to face Enoch, “I can’t wait for your wedding, Enoch,” she teased the embarrassed man further, “Now you’ve just got to find someone to marry.”

“I-It’s not like you’re in any better position, Alison,” he countered heatedly and everyone else just resumed eating, understanding that the two were going to go at this for a while.

Meanwhile, President Vesta pulled Hermione aside once more, miraculously getting her away from Pennywise, who was now engaged in a conversation with Seth as the latter eyed Enoch with a look that promised fantastic sex. She’d be jealous if Pennywise hadn’t been planning on doing the same to her later in the evening after getting settled into their new little house in Salem.

“I wanted to give you my congratulations, and tell you that you can keep your MG. It was going to be scrapped upon your return anyway, so no worries on it being missed,” the older woman explained.

“Well, when you put it so enticingly…” she replied sarcastically, masking her utter surprise “That’s better than any wedding gift I’ve gotten so far,” both women laughed.

“One last thing,” the older woman gestured to the Losers and Hermione’s heart sunk into her gut, Here it comes…

“I have decided to let them keep their memories. After all, they have been chosen by your special artifacts, have they not?”

Hermione followed President Vesta’s eyes and caught sight of the four amulets twinkling in the sunlight, their owners showing them off to Henry, who marveled at their color and ability as Stan made a rock fly into his hand, Mike froze his drink, Beverly held a flame on her finger and didn’t burn herself, and Eddie made a tiny tornado float around the table. Ben showed off his gloves and Richie almost dropped one of the Peruvian Instant-Darkness Powder capsules, but luckily Bill was able to grab it before it knocked into the table or hit the floor.
“The wand chooses the wizard…” Hermione realized breathlessly.

“Indeed, Mrs. Gray,” Austeria Vesta smiled, at the flush that spread across Hermione’s cheeks at the title, “So, I feel there is no reason to take away their memories.”

“Thank you,” Hermione was nearly in tears. Her friends would remember her after all.

★★★★

Enoch watched wistfully from the back of the gazebo as Bill Gray led Hermione around the small dance floor, dodging the younger kids dancing and the humorous unexpected love-triangle between the Madam President, the photographer, and the officiator. How he wished he could find what his friend had found in her new husband. The fact that the bouquet had literally smacked him in the face had kept that subject on his mind for the majority of the reception. He certainly wasn’t getting any younger and it would only get harder to find a partner who would be willing to be with him. Most males of his liking had begun settling down with women and suppressed their desire for what they truly wanted. Enoch Hawkins would rather die before he did the same, but that didn’t mean living presently in society was a walk in the park, either.

He’d seen the worst in people, those who looked down on him for what sex he preferred. He’d been on missions that became awkward when he had to explain why he wasn’t taking the flirtatious bait of young women, or why sirens always appeared male to him. Most people never looked at him the same afterwards, as though he was now a completely different person who was entirely foreign to them.

A pair of slender hands curled around his hips and twisted him around, accidentally knocking his rear into the side of the railing. Green eyes widened at the man he’d been keeping in the back of his mind all afternoon.

Damn! Where are my auror reflexes when I need them? Oh, right… I’m drunk, you idiot, he scolded himself mentally.

“Hey,” a smooth tenor flowed from soft-looking lips and he had to catch himself from swooning in his light drunken stupor.

“Hey yourself, dude,” Enoch shoulders drooped, his attempt on making himself smaller. He’s probably just looking for the nearest restroom… Just don’t get distracted by those beautiful dark eyes… and rough, calloused hands… Damn it...

“Hermione forgot to introduce us, but I don’t blame her. I’m Seth,” the Adonis impersonator stuck his hand out for Enoch to shake, his teeth practically sparkling in the early-evening sun.

“Enoch Hawkins, nice to meet you,” he replied unsurely when Seth didn’t let go of his hand.

“Would you care to dance?” Seth nodded towards the slow music playing from the small speakers and the relatively odd couples dancing.

“Err…” he hesitated and Seth saw the familiar shameful look in his eyes, jerking his thumb towards the small crowd.

“If they can dance without feeling guilty,” he pointed out Richie and Eddie jokingly slow dancing while the other Losers were doing the same, “Then so can we… yeah?”
Enoch considered Seth for a moment and shook his head exasperatedly at himself, “I’m not drunk enough for this, but I’ll do it.”

“Bullshit,” Seth hissed, equally exasperatedly, “No one will judge you, and… well… I want you to remember this dance after today,” he added, pulling him into the fray of slow music and couples, “We’ll fit in just as well as everyone else here, honestly.”

With that, Enoch allowed Seth to lead him around the floor a few times, only parting to momentarily switch the songs. Neither could dance particularly well, but that didn’t really seem to be the point. They shared personal details and complemented each other’s appearances. Seth revealed his squib status and Enoch revealed that his vivid green hair was actually natural.

“It gives you personality. I like it,” Seth led him away from the dance floor and sat down at his seat at the turntables. He used his foot to drag another chair up next to it, dragging the auror by his hand and nearly pushing him down into it. Thankfully, there were a few bushed around them so they could have a bit of privacy should things go the way Seth was hoping for.

“Thank you,” Enoch shrugged as the other man unabashedly reached a hand up to explore the green locks of his semi-undercut, “Keep doing that and you’ll put me to sleep,” he slurred tiredly.

The hand immediately went away and he fought the urge to whimper at the loss, “Well, we wouldn’t want that,” Seth practically purred at the sight of Enoch’s drooping green eyes, panting soft mouth, and deliciously spread legs, “I was going to offer you to stay at my place for the night, lest you attempt a portkey jump while intoxicated and wind up injured. I don’t think I could forgive myself if something like that happened to you.”

“You move quite fast, you know that, right?” Enoch sat up, as sober as he could be in this moment, “and yet I want to do many things to you, and let you do many things to me,” he murmured, making sure no one else could hear them in their little secluded corner.

“So, what’s stopping you?” Seth leaned back curiously, purposely letting his hips shift in a small pseudo thrust that regained Enoch’s attention.

“I don’t know… I… don’t know,” the green-haired male whined, jerking his head down and worrying his fingers.

“I think you do,” Seth replied passively, reaching forward to lift Enoch’s shocked and surprised body onto his lap. He squirmed restlessly at his new straddling position but froze at the intense lust emanating from the man beneath him. He could smell stronger whisky on his breath, and Enoch realized that Seth had likely been sipping on a secret flask throughout the reception, and was consequently a bit drunk, himself.

“I’m scared,” he whispered, unconsciously kneading the musician’s shoulders with his restless fists, “We’ve only just met and already I feel drawn to you more than anyone I’ve ever been drawn to, in my whole life! You’re too good to be true! I feel like I’m going to open myself to you and there will be something you won’t like.”

Seth frowned at him before leaning up and pecking a kiss to his rosy-red cheek, “Hermione showed me your picture about a week ago, and she told me you like music. I work at a record shop here in Derry and she came into the store looking for some albums. I play many instruments myself and would be honored to play for you sometime.”

Enoch’s resulting moan sounded entirely strangled, “Stop saying things that will make me like you!”
Seth only laughed, sitting up straighter and opening his legs so Enoch would have fallen through them if it weren’t for the former’s fingers’ grips on his belt loops, “I think you are the most beautiful creature I’ve ever met,” he slurred, the alcohol beginning to affect him further, “Why would I stop saying things that will make you like me?”

“Because I barely know you and…” the rest of Enoch’s words were swallowed by his sweaty shirt collar.

“What was that?” Seth smirked.

“I said that ‘you’re out of my league,’ okay!” the auror was tearing up now, overwhelmed at his intense feelings of embarrassment, inadequacy, lust, longing, fear, loneliness.

“Oh, Enoch,” Seth crooned sympathetically, his previous smirk long gone, “Let me have you this night,” he lightly squeezed Enoch’s arse with promise as the latter jolted up in surprise, “and let me prove to you how much you’re wrong.”

“Tonight? Only tonight?” Enoch surprised himself at the amount of disappointment, rather than sarcasm, in his voice.

“You caught the bouquet. You tell me,” Seth replied conspiratorially, bringing Enoch’s hands up to his face and kissing the little bruises from where the green-haired auror had worried them too hard, “I’m willing to see where this goes if you are, and if you need more of an incentive… I have nine body piercings, and saying ‘yes’ will involve finding them, but don’t worry. They’re not hard to find,” he waggled his eyebrows at the stunned green-haired male, delighting in the drool escaping his slack-jawed mouth.

“Er… I… guh… Yes,” he struggled to get out, his inebriation and lust overriding his ability to speak.

“Good choice, babe,” he leaned Enoch back in his lap and pressed their lips together, massaging his teeth with his pierced tongue, the latter evoking an odd clicking and rattling sound befitting wind chimes or a xylophone rather than the human body and metal.

“Now, what say we sneak out of here?” Seth panted into the auror’s ear as the other moaned quietly in agreement.

“Not without saying goodbye, you’re not!” both men jumped at the sound of Hermione’s voice and clacking heels striding around the secluded bushes.

She was panting too by the time she stood in front of them, or rather Seth, who had Enoch clinging to him like a baby koala, his tuxedo-clad legs wrapped around the former’s hips, “Well, well, well…” Seth regained his composure the quickest, “If it isn’t Mrs. Hermione Gray. Congratulations!,” he teased, “Care to have a threesome with us? It’s only fair for us to thank you for bringing us together.”

Hermione giggled, “I’m flattered, but I’m going to have to pass on your offer. Bill can be a bit possessive… I should really be congratulating you, Seth. I don’t think I’ve ever seen Enoch this quiet. He’s usually so chatty when he gets drunk, or horny…” she looked curiously at the green-haired auror who’s eyes darted between them but never said a word.

Seth shrugged, adjusting his hold on Enoch so the other bounced once in his grip. The latter made a small cry, “I only confessed that I would marry him if he asked, not even in those words, and he went all limp on me,” his tone of sympathy gained an aroused edge to it, “I’m going to take him home and examine him to make sure nothing’s wrong.
Hermione smirked at the innuendo and nodded, “Well, go on, you too. Take it away from the children. They don’t need to see that. I can handle the music with the little boombox I brought exactly for this outcome,” she winked at them now, “Be careful with him, Seth. I know for a fact that it’s been a long time since he’s taken anything up there. He likes getting his toes sucked, and he’s also one who likes it a bit rough, so be safe.” she nearly cackled when Enoch’s eyes went wide, “It was great to see both of you!” she hurried back to Pennywise, hoping she didn’t smell like their sex hormones.

“Hey! That’s not true— Oh!” Enoch shouted at her retreating back but cut himself off when Seth discreetly fondled the sweet spot behind his ear.

“Hush, Enoch,” he green-haired man shook in the rocker’s grasp, gasping as Seth bit harshly into his ear, “Would you mind packing up my stuff for me. I’d rather not put you down until you’re sitting on my bike with my cock between your ass,” Seth smirked against his neck as the wizard followed his orders, swishing his wand shakily yet precise, “Thank you, babe. Now, let’s get out of here…”

★★★

Henry froze when a cool hand enveloped his in a halting, immovable grasp. His fingers twitched in surprise, but that only made the hand clamp down tighter, more desperately. Slowly, the disguised teen turned his head to see who had him bracketed at the wrist. Where he expected a tall, smartly-dressed Bill Gray, he was instead met with Beverly’s silvery bridesmaid ensemble, green doe eyes, and tufty ginger curls. She was looking at him in surprise, as though she’d grabbed him without thinking it through, as though she’d done so on a limb. What’s that look for? Henry bristled, You’re the one who grabbed me!

“Sorry,” the young woman dropped his hand as though it was on fire, “I didn’t mean to startle you. I… I noticed you were getting ready to leave, and I wanted to say goodbye,” she blushed slightly, looking askance at the ground.

Henry tilted his head to match hers, nose scrunching up in confusion, “You wanted to say goodbye? To me?”

Beverly bristled now, standing up straight and looking into his cobalt eyes with a strength he’d sorely forgotten she had, “Yes, and I wanted to thank you for the other day.”

Henry thought back to when the two of them awkwardly sat across from each other in a crowded diner as Hermione and Pennywise had gone and done who knows what. Nearly no dialogue had been shared between them, Beverly still embarrassed from when he’d accidentally groped her. He’d apologized profusely, offering to pay for her food, which she begrudgingly accepted on account of his dejected demeanor. Throughout their meal, she snuck glances at him, trying to figure out why he seemed to familiar, as though she’d known him for years rather than just a few hours.

Beverly had though on the younger Gray sibling for a long time after that, and it wasn’t until she thought about how he would act if he had more confidence that the realization finally hit her. She knew him, just as she thought, but his mannerisms were so unlike what she was used to coming from him. He was polite, mature, quiet, nothing that she ever thought of him as.

She hadn’t forgiven him, and perhaps she never really would, but she also couldn’t ignore his one-eighty personality shift. It made her curious, and his downtrodden eyes seemed lonely. He likely
didn’t have any friends other than Hermione if the news of Belch’s and Vic’s demises were to be trusted.

“I only bought you food, and it was Hermione’s money anyway, so you should be thanking her,” he mumbled evasively, ducking out of the way of her concerned hands.

Beverly tilted her head at his behavior, “Whatever happened to Henry Bowers?”

Now, that made him freeze, “W-what? H-How did you find out?” his eyes darted to the other Losers for any indication that they also knew who he really was.

“It wasn’t hard. You’re still the same height. You still have the same vocal patterns. I’ll bet you look the same underneath this disguise,” she looked the shocked teen up and down, mentally subtracting Pennywise’s handiwork, “but you’re not the same inside, are you?”

“No,” Henry sighed, twitching at the thought of the things he’d done since fully interacting with her as Thomas Gray, “Fuck, no,” he shook his head, allowing a few dark hairs to fall into his eyes. It had been the Rock War. He’d insinuated things, things he wished to take back now more than ever.

Beverly stepped closer to him and pat his shoulder soothingly, “Hey,” she snapped her fingers to pull him out of his memories, “This change isn’t entirely a bad thing. I think I actually prefer you like this, but with a bit more confidence. It’s like your candle burned at both ends until there was nothing left. Yet… you seem… new… somehow.”

“I don’t understand what you mean, but thanks,” he tilted his head in acquiescence, unsure of what else to say.

“No need,” she nodded towards Hermione, changing the subject, “Hermione take you in?”

“Who else?” Henry hissed detachedly, “We both know she is the only one who would in Derry. Everyone else thinks I’m a deranged murderer. They weren’t wrong, if that means anything,” he trailed off.

Beverly nodded solemnly, “It does, but I can see your remorse, and that says a lot, too,” she stepped forward and pressed a crumpled piece of paper into his sweaty right hand.

“My new address,” she indicated to the delicately-written script within the creases, “just in case you want to talk about… well… any of this. It fucked us all up, and the last thing we should do is let It win by wallowing in our memories all alone. Consider yourself an unofficial member of the Losers’ Club, Henry Bowers,” Beverly smiled slightly wider and Henry was quick to grab her by the shoulders as she went to move away.

“No one else can know! I’m supposed to be hiding, Marsh,” the young woman shook her head.

“I won’t tell. I promise,” she vowed, placing a hand on her heart, “Send me a letter sometime, Thomas,” she teased now, slowly walking away and leaving him in nervousness, unsure if her knowing who he was now was better or worse.

“Was that Beverly?” Hermione’s voice prompted from right behind him, causing Henry to jump slightly.

“Yes,” he croaked, his mouth dry with tension.

“You really shouldn’t worry, Henry,” the witch pat his shoulder, coercing him along to the car where Bill was practically shoving everything into the car in his eagerness to get to their new house and
thoroughly ravage his new wife, “You’ve both been through a lot, and aren’t remotely the same people you were at the beginning of the summer. She’s let people into her life and made friends in the Losers’ Club. Their pain brought them together, and I think you would fit in with them, too. We all need friends. Keep that in mind, won’t you?” she squeezed his hand once before climbing into the driver’s seat, careful not to catch her dress in the door.

Henry climbed in behind her, looking over at the gazebo where the rest of the Losers were eating the rest of the food and chatting amongst themselves. Beverly caught his eye and waved, a big smile on her face. The others followed suit, waving and cheering at the departing trio. He looked down at the piece of paper in his hand, realizing that there wasn’t just one address written down, but seven addresses all written in different script.

For the first time in a while, Henry Bowers felt genuinely hopeful.

★★★

After the party was cleaned up and there was no more food for Richie and the others to sink their teeth into, Beverly brought them to the small marshy area downstream from the Barrens and next to the Kissing Bridge, intent on informing them of what she knew. She was leaving soon, and she needed to tell them when they were all still together.

The sun shone down on their little circle as they all took seats on the rough-textured rocks, listening to the water flow underneath the bridge and out of Derry. Green and tan grass blew against their dress pants and shiny dark shoes, remnants of the party they’d left behind to revert to their normal pastime of being outside in nature.

“I can only remember parts… but… I thought I was dead,” Beverly began, remembering the feeling of weightlessness and darkness within the void of the deadlights she and Hermione were forced into, “That’s what it felt like,” she rubbed her hands in front of her as though she could still feel the cold and not the warm summer sun above them.

Eddie fidgeted, a shiver running down his spine at the words. The others looked at her grimly before looking away, haunted by their own memories. Richie grit his teeth, leaning forward where he was next to Bill.

“I saw us,” Beverly continued, rasping each word, “all of us together back in the cistern, but we were older,” she looked to the others as if they possibly knew the answers to the questions she had.

“Like, our parents’ ages,” she elaborated, looking to Eddie, who only looked away at the implications of her vision.

“Wh-What were we all doing there?” Bill perked up, nervousness sinking back into his bones as he asked the question the others didn’t want to ask.

“I just remember how we felt… how scared we were… I don’t think I can ever forget that…” she trailed off, her voice a mere whisper as she leaned forward, almost putting her head into her uneasy hands.

Bill breathed in sharply, causing the rest of the group to jump and land their focus on him. He leaned down, snatching a piece of broken glass from the ground. It glinted in the sunlight, the milky green color of the old bottle shard showing its weathered status. Everyone raised their heads to look at him
as he stood, the glass clutched in his grasp. The boy breathed again, “Swear it,” he pointed with the glass, “Swear… if It isn’t dead, if It ever comes back, we’ll come back, too,” his voice caught on the last words, already dreading the idea of facing off against Pennywise again. They’d barely made it through last time.

The others looked uneasy, but there was a determined glint in each of their eyes. They looked to each other and back to Bill, their impromptu leader. Wordlessly, they all stood up, indicating that they would do what the stuttering suit-clad boy asked of them, as reluctant as they all were. Mike breathed out long and hard at the sight of the glass inching closer to Bill’s palm.

When the slightly-dulled glass sunk into the meat of Bill’s hand, a small squish was heard amongst the boy’s heavy breathing. His mouth was open, but no agonized cry escaped. He sighed in relief when he pulled the green glass away from his bloodied cut, moving to Richie, who grit his teeth as Bill proceeded to do the same. The glasses-wearing tween only let out a gasp once he teeth could hold back anymore silence. He shook his hand up and down in an attempt to rid himself of any more pain.

Eddie looked away, but kept his hand held out dutifully in front of him as Bill ran over the palm with the glass. He gasped as well, wrenching his head around at the sting. Richie pat the younger boy’s arm as the latter’s wrist-watch began beeping, bringing Eddie back to that day when he first saw It as the leper.

Bill quickly moved to Mike, pressing the shard down into his hand. The farm-hand grit his teeth at the pain, and his opposite hand jolted to grasp his wrist. He leveled a short glare at Bill, as though he were asking, “Was that really necessary?” Feeling that he made the wound too deep, Mike grit his teeth harder and reminded himself that he’d felt worse.

Stanley hunched in on himself yet kept his hand out until Bill had run the glass through it. He then cradled the wounded hand closer to his chest, encapsulating the cut within his closed fists. His lips wavered, threatening to let expletives and whimpers leak from them much like the tears threatening to escape his watery eyes.

Bill was quick with Ben, simply gliding the blade through his hand. The larger boy gasped in pain, but was quick to silence himself, jerking his head towards Stan once before looking back to the cut and examining it with clinical fascination. Bill noticed this, but didn’t linger on it, figuring the other boy was wondering if the cut would get infected.

When he stood in front of Beverly, the circle of Losers nearly complete, he gently took her fingers in his and ran the bottle shard down her palm towards him, catching it on the top of her palm. She stood rigid as he did so, her left eyelid twitching was the only sign that it possibly hurt at all. Bill leaned his head up, looking her in the eye as he stepped aside and took her bloody hand within his right one and grasped Richie’s with his left. He could feel blood drip between them, falling to the long grass underneath their feet.

A sense of togetherness washed over the group as the rest of the Losers’ Club interlocked hands as well. Each of them winced at the aggravation to their new cuts, but it wasn’t nearly enough to ruin the emotions washing over them. They looked at each other, feeling the weight of all they’d experienced and survived in that single moment: all of the hardships of their childhoods and the torment brought by the eldritch. There was nothing quite like it, feeling lighter than air yet stubborn as the toughest stone. The wind blew right through them, ruffling their hair and chilling their skin underneath their wedding attire. After some time, they simultaneously dropped their hands.

“I gotta go,” Stan broke the silence, looking to Bill with an unreadable expression, “I hate you.”
Bill looked offended, hardening his gaze until Stanley couldn’t hold in his smile anymore. It bubbled across his face, emphasizing the dimples in his cheeks. The others felt the contagious effects of the grin wash over them as they chuckled quietly, any previous animosity between them long gone. The curly-haired boy shook his head, recapturing his serene yet stoic expression.

“I’ll see you later,” he added awkwardly, wandering away towards the bridge and the road leading back into town.

“Bye, Stan,” Bill nodded after him.

Eddie and Richie shared a hug, the latter slapping the other’s back good-naturedly, “Bye, guys,” the smaller boy said, following Stan, where he was walking into the treeline.

The others followed suit, Mike leaving the group third with a mumbled, “See you later, Losers,” followed by Beverly’s “Bye, Mike.”

“See you around, Bill,” Richie left next.

“See you, Rich,” Bill nodded at the other’s retreating form.

“See you guys later,” Ben added quietly, making his own exit.

“Bye, Ben” Beverly murmured, watching him go with a sad glance that neither Bill nor Ben saw.

The clearing was even quieter now, the remaining two Losers sitting side by side on a single rock, looking out towards the stream and taking in each reflection of light hitting the water and the wet rocks. It was a beautiful day, and Beverly knew it wouldn’t quite be the same in Oregon no matter how many streams or trees or rocks there were. This was her home, the Losers’ Club was her home.

She knew she couldn’t stay in Derry, and she didn’t even want to ever again at this point, but if what she saw in the deadlights before she found Hermione was true, then Derry, Maine wasn’t quite done with them, yet.

“Y-You-You all packed for Portland?” Bill’s quiet voice broke her out of her thoughts.

Beverly looked to him and nodded once, her curls bouncing slightly at the motion, “Yeah, pretty much,” she answered solemnly, “I’m going tomorrow morning.”

“How long will you be gone?” Bill gulped subtly, looking once at her lips before darting his eyes back up to hers.

“My aunt, she says I can stay for as long as I want, so…” Bill looked at her with a stony expression, keeping everything behind his concerned and sad green eyes. He moved to look back at the water, but Beverly continued speaking.

“Just so you know…” she brought her eyes up from the ground to look into his once more, “I never felt like a loser when I was with all of you.”

Bill gulped once more, looking to the water and bobbing his head slowly up and down, trying to think of a good-enough response to say to her.

He seemed to take too long as Beverly looked away and moved restlessly, getting up from the bench with a quickly-voiced, “See you around.”

Bill’s head darted back to see her beginning to walk away, his lower jaw unhinging once, twice like
a suffocating fish. He blinked quickly. There was so much he wanted to say to her, but there was no
time. The fidgety boy looked to the grass in front of him, sighting harshly and breathing quicker.
Before he realized what was happening, his legs had him jumping up and sprinting to catch up to
Beverly where she was walking away and fiddling with her necklace.

She stopped upon hearing his footsteps, turning to face his panting expression. Then he was surging
forward, locking their lips together with his hands behind her back. The kiss was only for a few
seconds, but it felt much longer. He reluctantly parted from her, wanting to know if she felt the same.
Beverly had frozen, her hand was limp between them, still dripping blood onto the drying grass
below them. Her green eyes were dazed, looking at his face in shock.

Then she brought her hand down slightly, only to bring it back up and cup his right cheek, a smile
slowly spreading across her features. Beverly leaned forward, kissing Bill fully. Her hand moved
upwards, his ear between her middle and ring fingers, their tips grazing his short brown hair. She
was making him bloody, but neither of them cared. He was likely doing the same to her silver dress.

Bill kept his eyes open as she ended the kiss, softly tapping their lips together a few times in a show
of reluctant farewell. It was his turn to look dazed, his mouth falling open slightly as she grinned at
him once more, her voice raspy.

“Bye,” she tapped his temple with her finger, drawing her hand down his face and accidentally
smearing the blood further.

Beverly didn’t look back as she walked away, but Bill didn’t mind so much. He already knew how
she felt, given their kisses moments before. The wind blew around him, ruffling his hair and drying
the crimson liquid on his cheek and neck. A shy grin encompassed his awe. His breathing was
staggered as her elegantly-dressed form disappeared behind the trees.

His second kiss. Their second kiss.

★★★

The ocean waves curled along the unbelievably soft sand, covering her feet in their cold embrace.
Hermione breathed inwards, allowing the sea breeze to fill her lungs, and then leave just as quickly.
Seagulls squawked from a little rocky outcropping further out, fighting over a large fish that one of
them had presumably caught. She could almost smell the blood from where she stood. Perhaps
Pennywise would behave similarly, laying his kills out on the rocks while he feasted in the comfort
of their property. She shivered, wondering what the future had in store for her.

It was nearly sunset by the time they’d arrived in Salem, moved their beds in, and began exploring
their new home. They planned to fully unpack the next day, just because it was a bit late to be doing
so at that time. Henry parted from the newlyweds, muttering something about checking out the front
yard and then going to bed. After all, he knew full well what Hermione and Pennywise would be
doing while “checking out the backyard.”

Pennywise had nearly banged her head on the doorframe while partaking in the tradition of carrying
his wife through the threshold after the teen had practically ran away from them, not wanting to see
anything else. He clucked over her cranium afterwards, making sure she wasn’t injured before taking
her hand and walking them through the rest of the house. Hermione gasped in awe at the simple yet
fancy wooden furnishings, feeling the magic already running through the house. She had a feeling
President Vesta had some hand in helping her snag this wonderful property and such fine preset furniture and decor. After all, her war-heroine status only got her so far.

Their new house was also surprisingly larger than what Hermione thought, ensuring the fact that there was going to be a huge ‘thank you’ card in her previous employer’s future. There were four bedrooms, one for her and Pennywise, one for Henry, and two for her children as they got older and required being split up by gender to avoid any later awkwardness. One of the bathrooms had a jacuzzi tub, to her surprise. Pennywise had growled hungrily at the sight, rubbing her arse promisingly through her gown. She had slapped his hand away, promising him sex once they’d seen the rest of their home and yard.

Hermione nearly screeched upon seeing the well-endowed kitchen. There was just about everything they’d ever need for their large family. A stove, dishwasher, microwave, sink, a huge fridge and freezer, and so many cabinets she didn’t even know what she’d put in them. There was even a small closet for cleaning supplies and the rubbish bins. A nearby door led to the basement, and to their surprise, there was a sitting area with a large fireplace, and another door that led to a laundry room, and yet another door that led to an empty storage room.

On the third, and final floor, there was entirely open attic with a large circular window looking out onto the ocean. When Hermione saw it, she walked over and kneeled down, resting her head on the sill, leaning into Pennywise, who had kneeled down next to her and held her in his arms. Turning her head towards him, she had cupped his pale cheek in her hand and kissed him, hearing the waves crashing through the window as he opened it for her. When they parted, she shut the window and stood up, pulling his dazed body along as they climbed down the two flights of stairs.

Hermione nearly ran out the back door, throwing her shoes behind her in her haste to get down to the beach at the end of their yard. Her bare feet ran through the cool green grass, mingling with the decorative fairy-rings of mushrooms and flower beds filled with countless types of flowers. Spinning around, she caught sight of the house’s pale stone exterior and delighted in the numerous window boxes and shutters along the outside of the house.

Tall bushes and shrubs enveloped them in privacy, casting shade along most of the yard due to the dying sunlight. The back of the yard was open, a small cobblestone and rosebush-lined path leading down some old wooden stairs to the small inlaid beach. A large swing sat off to the side, perfect for her and her mate to lay in during the remaining warm summer days before the fall really set in.

Hermione could see her new family living here. She could see her children running around the yard, messing around in the flowerbeds and getting themselves covered in dirt. She could see herself reading bedtime stories to four enraptured children by the large window, Pennywise lingering in the doorway to listen as well, maybe even getting closer and having one or two of their young sitting in his lap. The witch wondered if they would fall asleep on his chest, lulled by his purring breaths. Maybe they would make little kitten purrs, too.

Once their cute little cherubs were asleep, Hermione could see them making love so tenderly in the many places they’d discover together. She had visions of him having her outside in many areas of their property. Even now, as she gazed across the infinite expanse of salt-water, she waited for her mate to catch up. She panted, her hands eagerly reaching behind her to undo her simple wedding dress. It pooled at her feet and she quickly snatched it up and set it on the railing of the stairs so it didn’t get all wet.

Yellow, orange, and red light caught the sheer fabric of the cover up she’d wore underneath the dress, revealing the tantalizing silhouette of her soft body underneath like a butterfly cocoon held up to a light. It was enough to make the eldritch stop at the bottom of the stairs and gasp at the sight.
Hermione’s hands were in her hair and undoing each hair charm with a sensual grace that had his pants tightening in an uncomfortable way. She turned to look at him and the amount of love and lust in her eyes was enough to make him shiver.

Hermione beckoned him closer with a crooked finger and he did, stumbling towards her as he simultaneously tried to rid himself of his pants and tuxedo suit-coat. When the panting eldritch stood before her, only clad in his dress-shirt with his Bill Gray persona frayed at the edges by the wild look in his expression, she pulled him into a sweet chaste kiss. He growled wantonly into her mouth at the motion and whined when she parted from him. Pennywise moved to embrace her, but she stopped him with a hand out in front of her and a sly grin on her face.

“Not so fast, husband,” she looked down and thrust her thigh out, “There is one more tradition I wish to partake in before we officially consummate our marriage.”

The disguised clown followed her eye down to her upper right thigh and Hermione tugged the sheer fabric of her cover-up to her hip so he could see the band of lacy fabric around her skin. Confused, Pennywise looked back up into her Whisky eyes, delighting in the adoring and loving emotions he found there, her lust writhing beneath the surface.

“Pull it off of me,” she explained vaguely, “No tearing it off, and no using your hands unless you’re holding me up.”

Pennywise’s grin was absolutely feral as he knelt down and yanked her to him by his hands cupping her arse. She gasped and shivered, but said nothing else when he yanked the cover-up off her shoulders. Exposed to the air, Hermione’s skin erupted in goosebumps while her inside were aflame with passionate heat. The way he was looking at her increased the feeling, his amber-red eyes searing her with their untold devotion.

She jumped when he immediately sucked on her clit through her moist white thong, his tongue drenching the fabric and making it see-through. Hermione moaned, pointedly bucking once against his face before he got the message and planted kisses on his path to the ivory garter around her thigh. His teeth pricked her leg as he took the fabric between them and slowly brought it down her bent limb. It drove her insane when he seemed to keep slowing, planting kisses along his trail and biting hickeys into the meat of her thighs.

By the time the garter reached her ankle, Hermione was twitching with need and Pennywise had stopped to lick the bottom of her foot, periodically spitting the sand out before going back to finally remove the garter. He set it aside, throwing it haphazardly in the direction of their clothes. Then, he turned his attention back to her and sucked her big toe into his mouth where it had been near his face already. Hermione whimpered at the wet vacuum sensation, but couldn’t do anything lest she lose her balance.

“P-please,” she begged prettily, tears threatening to fall from her eyes, “I need you, now.”

Hermione blamed the pregnancy hormones for her emotional behavior, crying out in bliss as her mate paused in his assault on her toe and brought her down to his level by gripping her knees.

“Shh…” Pennywise hushed her, humor in his voice at the sight of her desperation, “I’ve got you, wife,” he clicked his tongue at her, “but I think you need to cool off a bit,” he finished, wrapping her shaky legs around his slim waist and walking straight into the the cold sea.

The colder water curled around them as he walked further in, only stopping once he could see through her white bra. Looking back up to her blue-tinged lips, he undid the fabric and threw it back to the shore, surprisingly getting it near her hanging dress. She puffed a breath at the accuracy and
shivered more, holding onto him like a baby koala. He kissed her soundly then, warming her up with his body heat.

He allowed the transformation to overtake him: red hair replacing brown, white painted skin replacing pale flesh, amber-red replacing cobalt. Hermione sighed as the water around them became a bit warmer. Wordlessly, he reached down between their bodies and undid the string holding her underwear together. Smirking at her, he sharply yanked the fabric up, causing his mate to yelp at the sensation of a string running through her sensitive nether region. Another feral grin enveloped his features as he held the wet fabric in his hand and promptly made it vanish.

Hermione’s eyes widened, “Where—?”

Pennywise put a finger to her lips, “Nowhere you need to know now, dearest wife… Now then,” he lined himself up and pushed in, making Hermione cry out in a screeching gasp.

Even now, the spongy texture of her snatch enveloped him perfectly, making a snug and soft fit for his red and purple cock. Hermione’s whisky eyes widened, her mouth open in shock at the abrupt entrance. Sea water had plastered her hair to the sides of her face, and he wasted no time in tucking the wet locks behind her ears. He pulled out until he only had the tip in, making his witch mewl in frustration until he sunk her back down further than she was before.

The eldritch bottomed out in no time, feeling her soft flesh against his balls as his tentacles unfurled to wrap tightly around her thighs. Little suction cups latched onto and played with the skin on her arse and snatch, pulling sinfully at her clit while he wreaked havoc on her upper half. Her breasts were enveloped quickly, his mouth and hand making quick work of milking her in time with his short thrusts. Warm beads trickled down the back of his hand, lost to the water around them while his mouth lapped up the creamy liquid from her other breast. He then switched nipples, sucking the opposite one while his other hand played with the spent breast.

Pennywise unlatched from her with a slick ‘pop’ when every single drop was drained from her breasts, his wet hair dangling in front of his face. Hermione parted it with a breathless chuckle and slicked it back for him. Shaking his head fondly at her, he moved to re-open her mating bite, but she stopped him by covering it up. He growled at her, but the sound died in his throat at the nervous and paranoid expression in her features.

“There could be sharks in here… they’d be drawn here by the blood…” he shook his head exasperatedly at her admission, sending an inhuman aura of danger and dominance through the water. Now, not even the little nearshore fish would come anywhere near them, let alone the deepwater sharks prowling around further out. The animals would learn, much like the ones in Derry. They would learn that he and his family were not to be messed with.

“Not anymore,” Pennywise resumed his causal thrusting, a devious smile nibbling against her neck, “The only thing allowed to take a bite out of you is me.”

Hermione moaned, feeling close to orgasming. She clutched him closer and he welcomed it by finally biting down on her and triggering her release. A taller wave of water washed over her as her back arched, splashing her and Pennywise. Embarrassingly, she went boneless against him and he held her up with his hands on her arse.

“There we go,” he cooed, rubbing her back, “All ashore…” he joked, massaging her skin and teasing her anus with his appendages.

Pennywise waded through the ocean water, wandering back to the beach. Little groans and growls escaped his clenched teeth as he raised and lowered her with each step, humping her with his cock.
still red and purple inside her hole. Her slick ran down his legs, making them a bit slicker than before. The witch whined when he continued sucking hickeys into her neck, lamenting on the future awkwardness of staring Henry in the face with the evidence of their activities on her skin.

With a grace Hermione didn’t know Pennywise had, he laid her down in the wet sand and enveloped her body underneath his. She wriggled around as much as she could, uncomfortable with the feeling of the sand stuck to her skin. Sea water crawled up her legs and retreated quickly with the motion of the waves, making her squirm even more because of the temperature. The eldritch purred at her, looking like the cat who got the canary, and she supposed he had, in a way.

“That’s it, my little mate… little dove,” Pennywise groaned and tilted his head back as her walls began clenching around him further, “Wiggle for me,” he ordered with a pointed harsh thrust.

Hermione yelped yet did as he asked, rolling her hips down into the sand and bucking up into his as she came back up, “Yessss….” he hissed, gripping her hips tightly between his hands and using his thumbs to rub her round belly as he continued thrusting, “Perfect, all for me…”

His tentacles got bolder, probing her arse and traversing inside. Their girth wasn’t excessively large, but she also wasn’t exactly used to the stretch of anal sex. Nevertheless, she cried out as the largest tentacle entered her and began thrusting in time with their owner’s cock. The double penetration had completely snuck up on her, yet it was really inching her closer and closer to her second release. Hermione could feel her mate’s pre pooling in her channel, so she could feel that he wasn’t far off either.

“She’s pregnant, my mate, my wife, mother of my pups…” he recounted to her, reaching his clawed black hand down to tickle her clit, “Come for me.”

Her back thrust up so hard that she surprised herself. The passionate scream that left her mouth was unmatched by any of their previous sexual encounters. It made Pennywise pop his knot, panicking to push the large bulb inside her pussy so he could paint her already-pregnant insides with his dark seed. He bellowed his climax to the surrounding plants and beach, letting every animal lurking around their yard know that he’d just claimed his wife, and that he’d brutally kill anyone who would attempt to mate or hurt her.

Both witch and eldritch panted, laying side by side and looking up at the setting sun falling behind the horizon line. The water looked like it was on fire, reflecting the sun’s beautifully warm colors. Hermione cuddled up closer to her mate, allowing him to wrap his arm around her and bring her into his heat once more. She looked up, delighting in the unrestricted vision of the stars overtaking the sunset. Pennywise looked skyward as well, grumbling at the awed look on her face and thinking back on what was lurking out there in the cosmos.

He rubbed her swollen belly thoughtfully before running his hand lower. Black tar-like liquid dribbled from her spent hole and he hummed contentedly, thumbing the fluid and flesh playfully. Hermione groaned at the feeling, batting his hands away and sighing. She curled into him further, practically pushing him over onto his back and straddling his torso. Pennywise purred as she draped herself along him and laid her head down, warmed by his body heat and unbothered by the summer evening chill that began traveling through the air. His hand reached back over to rub her stomach again and her hand fell atop his, allowing him to lead her around.

“How do you feel?” he asked of her, tilting her chin up to press a chaste kiss to her tired lips. She looked seconds away from sleep, her eyes already drooping with exhaustion and sexual satisfaction.

Her head drooped down and she closed her whisky eyes, lulled by the sound of the sea and the evening breeze. Hermione always looked so peaceful in sleep, her childhood hardships and trauma
falling away and leaving behind the bright young woman he knew she was behind her walls and shows of maturity. If their young ended up even a smidge like her, he would be the proudest father imaginable. She was smart, and oh so kind, kinder than anyone he’d ever met. She’d been willing to look beyond his performances and take him on as who and what he really was. Not that she had a choice in the matter at first, he’d definitely made sure of that, but as each day passed, he realized that he was the one who was enraptured with her and not the other way around. He looked to her belly again and rubbed it, the witch mewling quietly at the sensation and evidently still awake based on the lazy blink of her eyes as they struggled to stay awake.

The last of the sun and its vibrant warm colors faded from view, destined to return tomorrow morning. It would be a new day and like the sun, he and his family would rise to meet it. Hermione spoke then. It was a mumbled word, a quiet word, but it held so much weight, perhaps too much in comparison to how close she was to crossing the threshold into sleep. Nevertheless, he’d never forget what she said to him in that moment when all was right between them, when all was peaceful and quiet. He’d asked her how she felt before, and her answer was murmured in the most secret of whispers.

“... Home.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope it wasn't too long for you all. There will be one chapter left, as I said before. If there is anything that you want to see with Hermione, Penn, and their newborn half-eldritchs before I officially wrap this huge fic up, let me know. Thanks again for sticking with this fic to the end!
Epilogue I: One Last Time

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,

Sorry for the month long hiatus again, but I'm back for the big finale!
As I was finishing this epilogue, I came to realize that it is simply much too long to have as a single chapter, so I decided to split it into thirds, leaving the second part as the birth scene, and the final third part as the little surprise piece that will lead into the eventual sequel I hope to write someday. So, over the next few hours, I will be editing and finishing the three-part epilogue and putting each part up one by one. As always, I thank you for your support and I hope some of you are still out there reading this and haven't abandoned it quite yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

December 24th, 1989

(Christmas Eve)

Hermione was curled up in the large living room, stirring her hot cocoa absently as she watched the flickering embers fizzle and pop inside the fireplace. Shadows danced across the walls, moving with the flames. Little candles peppered the large living space, giving the room a subdued romantic atmosphere. The highly-decorated and ornamented Christmas tree stood tall in the far corner, surrounded by the many presents from the curly-haired woman’s ginger friends. Cute little Christmas cards sat on the mantle, some moving, others not. Nevertheless, they all displayed each of her closest friends, or at least most of them.

There was one from each of the Losers, which were all nice to see aside from their lackluster parents (and Mike’s grandfather) standing behind their children in a mockery of loving gestures. Enoch and Seth were in another, holding hands and wearing matching leather jackets at a concert. Alison was still single, so her card was simply her in multiple outfits. Hermione jokingly informed her that she looked like she’d sent out her senior high school pictures instead.

Hermione shrugged out of her musings, looking towards the large stockings hanging precariously on the fireplace mantle, packed to the brim with different candies and trinkets to entertain their owners with during the following day. If they were lucky, some of the small puzzles would last her through the New Year.

Aside from that, the rest of the living room was decked out in silver tinsel, conjured holly plants, and charmed jingle bells that only rang when cued by Christmas carols. It was peaceful to say the least, but the witch couldn’t exactly enjoy it when she was balancing hot and cold flashes, sore joints, and toting around an extra sixty pounds on top of her poor organs. She couldn’t even see her feet anymore, and that made her feel even worse. In addition to all that, she was also hosting the Weasleys for the holidays.

Of course, it was no surprise to anyone that they’d been furious with her upon finding out that she’d
gotten married about a week after the fact. Her pregnancy, cautiously announced many weeks later, just added fuel to the fire, aside from Ginny and Lavender, whose tempers seemed to actually cool a bit at that particular piece of information and the implied things that her and her new husband had gotten up to in order for that outcome to occur. So, to patch things up, she agreed for the Weasleys to come stay with them over the week of Christmas and New Years.

Upon their arrival, they were all amazed to see how big she was, much to her dismay. When she explained that she was having multiple children, there was a sudden burst of excitement from them and then she was in a full cocoon of red-haired wizards that crushed her until she could barely breathe. Pennywise had cautiously lingered nearby, donning his Bill Gray persona and playing the perfect host by preparing plates of food and showing everyone their sleeping arrangements.

Oh, yeah... He’d actually amazed her by planning out where everyone would sleep, so much so that she had to pinch herself to make sure she wasn’t dreaming. He put Ron and Lavender in the room next to theirs, and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley next to Henry’s room. In the attic, she expertly walled off and magically enlarged the open space into a few separated rooms for Fred, George, Percy, and their current girlfriends. Lastly, he’d decided to put Harry and Ginny in the nursery, just so they could have access to many of the things they still needed for James, who was now almost seven months old.

Just as before, Pennywise doted on the little boy. James was even more vocal than before, babbling and smiling at everyone. He even knew a few words by now. The disguised clown listened intently to each noise, curious as to the process of learning to speak. However, he was unfamiliar to the infant, and so James was relatively fearful around Pennywise and Hermione. It took a couple of days for that to change, but she could tell that her mate was saddened by the child’s fearful and confused demeanor, likely wondering if their children would see him the same way.

However, the real surprise was how much the ginger-haired clan welcomed Henry into their fray. Mrs. Weasley even knitted him a sweater with a large ‘H’ on the front. Upon receiving it, the teenager shed a few tears and hugged the older woman. He told everyone about his long torturous story, of course leaving out the pieces about Pennywise’s influence, and Harry clapped him on the back in sympathy, sharing a bit of his own childhood before the two men were enveloped by Ginny and Hermione.

Later that night, they had a Christmas Eve feast and everyone but Hermione stuffed themselves full. Something felt off to the witch. Her insides were thrumming and she didn’t feel like eating very much. Bill fretted over her lackluster appetite until she reminded him that she was already stuffed full and that her stomach was now likely the size of a thimble. Still, he didn’t leave her alone until she finished a few bites of turkey and potatoes. Feeling like a child, she did as he requested, even knocking back her prenatal vitamins with a sip of water while glaring at his smug expression.

Hermione shook her head at herself from a few hours earlier, taking a small sip of her hot chocolate. A bubbling sensation inside her drew her attention to her stomach and she lifted the hem of her sweater to see what all the commotion was about. Just as she suspected, little ripples bounced across the expanse of her distended belly, signaling one of the babies’ disagreement with its cramped conditions. Little nubs appeared and disappeared with the pressure: her children’s feet and hands making themselves known.

“Everyone’s asleep, little doll, and I think it’s about time you were too…” her mate piped up from the living room entryway, breaking her out of her observations and striding over to sit right next to her, “Can’t sleep?”

Hermione tilted her head in agreement, looking into weary amber eyes, “I feel… restless and
jittery… These little gremlins aren’t being very helpful either… Although, I would be kicking in protest, too, if I was stuck in a cramped womb with three other babies,” she admitted tiredly, setting her hot chocolate aside and fully facing her mate, “Have I ever told you how undeniably sexy you look in that jumper?”

Pennywise clicked his tongue at her in a mock scold, shaking his head, “Oh, yes,” he scooted closer until their thighs touched, “many times, and so do you, love… but stop changing the subject…”

A warm sweater cradled her nervous form, courtesy of Mrs. Weasley’s fretting around her heavily-pregnant body. No matter how warm and cozy it was, her body didn’t flatter it at all. Nonetheless, she propped her head up on her hand and spread her legs, letting her huge belly fall between them and make room for her mate’s wandering hands.

“Ughh… I feel like a beached whale,” Hermione muttered, easing into his ministrations.

The clown hummed a tune softly, reaching his hands along her legs and up her distended torso to peel down her sweatpants and further expose her stretch mark-laden belly. Immediately, a flurry of little flutters and bumps rippled across the mass of her skin, trying their best to tap their father’s roaming hands as he rubbed them down soothingly as though he were playing a slow game of Whack-a-Mole.

“Ooh…” he chuckled nervously when a particularly powerful kick caught his palm, “won’t be long now, Hermione. They’re ready to meet us.”

“Good,” Hermione suddenly wheezed when one of the fetuses began crushing her organs, “Someone is sitting on my bladder.”

Pennywise frowned, leaning over to help her up off the couch, “Is there anything I can do?”

Hermione winced, grasping his hand tighter as he led her over to the small bathroom on the main floor and simultaneously mulling his question over, “Would you be averse to fucking me into labor? I mean, it was fucking that got us into this situation, so it could possibly get us out of it as well— Don’t stop now! I still have to pee, arsehole!” she hissed at him when suddenly he stopped walking, completely shocked at her suggestion.

Sure, they’d taken things slow as her pregnancy progressed, but even Hermione noticed that Pennywise had surprisingly become more and more hesitant to have sex. At first, she thought he’d been lying to her about his pregnancy kink, but she was proved wrong when he’d practically thrown her onto their bed and ate her out like it was the last time he ever would again. After that, their penetrative sex was achingly slow until the clown’s fingers busied themselves with her clit and she climaxed. Her own orgasm triggered his, and that’s how it was from then on.

That was a two months ago, and Hermione was ready to go back to being a thin sexy witch that could look down the bed and actually see her husband doing unspeakable things to her lower half, and nor have to lecture him multiple times that he wasn’t hurting her and that the babies couldn’t even feel him. Is that too much to ask? She groaned at the thought, grinding her thighs together and thinking about how long it had been since he last indulged her in that way.

Pennywise’s nose flared sharply and he slapped his hand up to block the scent, but his pupils still dilated, showing her that it would only be a matter of time before he cracked. Leveling a knowing wink at him, she shut herself in the bathroom to relieve her now compressed bladder and probe a few teasing fingers against her swollen clit. Her scent crawled under the door and into the hall, assaulting him with its fertile creamy ripeness.
“You’re playing with fire, little doll,” Pennywise hissed in the near-silent hallway, his ears searching for any indication that any of their guests were also awake.

“Maybe I want to get burned one last time before you can’t fuck me for a few weeks. Did you ever think about that?” she hummed demurely, washing her hands and drying them off.

When she re-emerged, a heavily-breathing Bill Gray with sharp teeth and amber-red eyes grabbed her and suddenly they were teleported onto their bed. He tore at her clothes, his sharp dark claws coming out to play. When she was naked and writhing against the pillows, he stopped. Pennywise was suddenly at the foot of the bed, breathing harsh little growls as he stared between her legs where her scent beckoned him closer. He closed his eyes and grit his teeth, forcing himself back into his smaller human form.

“You really want this?” Pennywise rasped, opening his heated amber eyes to look into hers, “They’re so close to being ready… I don’t wanna hurt you, love.”

“Yes,” she whispered, reaching for him with one hand and holding her stomach with the other, “I want this…” Hermione panted, “Please… I can’t take it!” she whined, raising her hips needily.

Silently, he crawled over her and assisted her in tucking the scraps of cloth into the makeshift nest they were sitting in and Hermione purred at the helpful gesture, nipping the eldritch’s ear with her sharpened teeth. She’d become more like her mate in the months since she’d become pregnant. First, she began with craving raw meat, then the next thing she knew, she was gathering their soft clothing and pillows, placing them on their bed and begging him to fuck her into them so their scents would be nearly permanent on the fabrics. There was even a time where she caught him off-guard, pinned him on the floor, and rode him until she climaxed, taking complete control and giving him none, just like the females of his species. Embarrassingly enough, he came no less than three times during that coupling but luckily she was perfect at hiding these newfound instincts from others, even Henry, who was barely home as it was, taking to the shores of Salem like a metaphorical fish to the literal water when he wasn’t at school.

Now, he couldn’t help but sitting back on his haunches, admiring her distended stomach, swollen folds, and enlarged leaking breasts. Stretch marks riddled the surface of her pale skin and they’d quickly become Pennywise’s new favorite thing to trace with his tongue, whereas before, it was the constellation of sparse freckles spanning along her entire body.

He knew she was self-conscious about them, so each time he licked over each new fissure, he kissed her ear and told her how beautiful and fertile she looked. Some days, she nearly glowed, her hair gaining new volume and skin turning softer as her body became plumper and cuddlier, and ohhh how he cuddled her.

Anytime after they orgasmed, Pennywise would gather her into his arms, mostly on her side, and rub gentle fingers into her sweaty frame, easing her leftover tension and interacting extensively with her abdomen. He nearly cried when he first felt their children kicking at him from inside Hermione’s womb. Stubbornly, he was able to keep the moisture in until his mate began pressing caring and passionate kisses to his face.

“Penn! Please!” Hermione whined, grateful that there were silencing charms in place, “Why can’t you just fuck me already? You’ve seen my body nearly every day since we’ve mated! You don’t need to examine it each time you see it!” she sobbed, her hormones getting the better of her, “I’m sorry! I’m being awful to you. I don’t mean it… Please… help me…” she wept and the eldritch whimpered guilty.

“No, dearest mate,” he flipped her over onto her hands and knees, lining his drooling red and purple
member up, sliding into her welcoming snatch, and feeling her spongy walls sucking greedily on him, “You are creating our young, and sometimes I lose myself in how you change each time I get you naked and on my cock,” he rumbled satisfiedly, bottoming out inside her cramped channel, “You are the most wonderful, loving, and sexy mate that I could ask for, and you are carrying my clutch within your beautiful life-giving womb. They'll be here very soon, and they'll be worth every second of your anger and frustration with me,” he rubbed her stomach, trying to feel his member from the outside, “So, you deserve to be bitchy and whiny every once in a while.”

Hermione curled into his grip, the last of her tears falling onto the blankets underneath them. His tentacles rubbed soothingly into her thighs, wrapping themselves around her limbs and tickling her spread folds. Bobbing in and out of her, the eldritch wrapped an arm around her stomach where it nearly reached the bed and one in between her breasts, clutching her left shoulder with his right hand and rubbing her clit with his left. Pleasure overwhelmed the sensitive witch and she couldn’t stop herself from grinding her bottom lip between her teeth, accidentally nicking herself on a particularly sharp canine.

The small drop of blood on her lip caused her mate to growl loudly and forcefully turn her head so he could attack her lips with his own. Hermione moaned sweetly, feeling her mate become more spurred on. Pennywise clutched her right hip harshly and attempted to press himself further into her backside as he continued his erratic pace of pushing his thick bumpy phallus in and out of her hole. The unpredictable pace making her hornier by reminding her of their impromptu trysts among the flowering bushes and crashing waves of their property. There was a sense of urgency and possibility of getting caught that got her off in some twisted way. In all honesty, she blamed him for corrupting her normal sexual standards. Now, she craved an aspect of danger to spice up their sex life.

“Come back to me, dove. If your mind is floating away from me than I am not doing my job correctly,” he grunted humorously, leaning back so he wasn’t bearing over her.

Suddenly, both of his hands found her breasts, leaving her to mostly collapse onto the duvet if not for his elbows jutting under her belly to hold her lower half up. Then, she noticed the familiar tin pail underneath her leaking nipples. Impatiently, Hermione bucked back into mate’s enlarging cock, remembering how he teased her with her sex toys while milking her. Pennywise merely chuckled, crudely squeezing her flesh and delighting in the large flood of ivory milk from her captive breasts. The witch gasped at the treatment, feeling the fire inside her loins burning brighter as he began squeezing and pulling at her sensitive mounds. Milk poured from her now, quickly trickling between the eldritch’s dexterous fingers and into the pail. That familiar little tinkling noise that came with each drop waned once the bottom was covered by the liquid, instead becoming the familiar sound of raindrops in a puddle.

“You’re being so good for me,” Pennywise cooed at her low mews and moans, running a smooth dark hand over her shivering form, “We can bottle this up,” the clown flicked the metal bucket with a sharp ‘tink,’ “and our clutch will be able to feed on it… and don’t worry, my little doll… I’ll be sure to take care of any leftovers,” he lapped at her ear with his tongue, breathing each word hotly against her sensitive skin, “Oh, doll… Look how much you’ve made for our young. All of our preparation is paying off...”

Hermione nodded dazedly, her drooling tongue lolling out of her mouth as Pennywise continued to thrust into her snatch and coerce milk from her enlarged breasts. Looking down, she realized that she’d nearly reached the halfway point to the three-quart sized bucket. Gasping, she leaned up while her mate discreetly put the pail on the floor and slowly lowered them onto their sides. Smirking at her stunned expression, he slid out of her, only to flip himself onto her other side.

Yanking her leg up onto his hip, his tentacles all but shoved his hard and thick member back into her
channel so he could return to his smug quick-thrusted pace. He hugged her close to him, taking delight in her wiggling form. She could feel his dark swollen bollocks thumping harshly against her arse with their familiar fleshy slaps. The witch could almost see them when Pennywise momentarily pushed himself away from her, his inhuman genitals standing out against the pale yet flushed pallor of his human-looking skin. His clown form was emerging despite his efforts to hold it inside his smaller humanoid form.

Hermione could feel herself getting closer and closer to her climax, and from the look in her mate’s blown amber-red eyes, he was too. She watched his tongue trail down her neck, peppering little kisses on his quest to reach her messy breasts. Dutifully, he lapped up the stray droplets and creamy trails with his slick dark tongue. Then, he surprised her by abruptly latching onto her left nipple and sneaking a quick slurp of her milk before mimicking the action on her opposite breast. The curly-haired woman cried out at the urgent stimulation, feeling so close to orgasm that she was nearly crying out in frustration.

Pennywise’s thrusts were beginning to become shallower yet faster, his knot inflating rapidly and locking them together. Hermione cried out and flailed passionately at the tight feeling, and he snarled at her, yanking her sweaty bouncing hair to the side and biting down onto her blackened mating bite, triggering her orgasm with a screech. He thrust brokenly a few more times and with a single jab to her g-spot, both were climaxing. Hermione’s vision whited out for a moment before a sharp feeling erupted in her lower abdomen.

“Ah!” Hermione felt something inside of her pop, followed by an even sharper pain in her lower back, “Hurghh!” she groaned in agony. *Oh, Merlin! They’re coming!* 

Chapter End Notes

So, there's Part I,
The next chapter is a pretty graphic erotic birth scene, so I can understand if you want to skip it. I'll detail the children in the comments on that chapter if that stuff weirds you out.
Epilogue II: Eight Little Feet

Chapter Notes

Hello again,
I just wanted to give a warning for the graphic, long, and drawn-out erotic birth scene that makes up the majority of this chapter. There are some fluffy moments in here as well, but I can definitely understand if anyone feels uncomfortable reading it. So, I am going to detail my notes on the babies in the end notes. Remember: Read at Your Own Risk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

December 24th, 1989

(Christmas Eve)

“Doll…” the witch snapped to look up at her concerned mate.

Pennywise’s eyes were back to their usual cobalt blue, but there was a subtle hint of nervousness in them. He rubbed his hands up and down her arms, cradling her further into his arms and experimentally tugging on his thick knot which was stubborn and unyielding at the moment and would be for the next half hour, at least. Biting his own lip, he brought their foreheads together and purred, trying to keep his mate in a placated state of comfort while they waited. He, on the other hand, was trying not to panic. His clutch wanted out and his troublesome knot was blocking their way.

“It’ll be alright,” he pressed a chaste kiss to her lips, tasting a bit of the silent tears that flowed down her face, “I’ll be right here with you, I promise.”

“Please, Penn,” she rasped, grabbing his hands in hers and looking down at her large belly, “I still don’t want to go to the hospital. I’m scared that they’ll come out looking inhuman at first and I don’t want them to be taken away from me for even a moment…” she let out a watery breathless laugh, “I wish I could have something to go off of for all this… a home birth still seems dangerous…”

Pennywise snorted quietly, “Well, doll… It’s not like we can exactly practice this, and I think your body has adapted enough that you’ll be safe despite the pain and…” he trailed off, the last of his words mumbled under his breath.

“What?” Hermione peered at him and he coughed, looking at her with a harsher flush to his cheeks than before.

“You might get horny again… during the birth. In my species, it stops the father from getting eaten immediately during or after the clutch is layed… I think? It’s strange to just feel that instinct so much that you just know it without seeing it...”

“Wait… did you say ‘layed’?” she began to breathe heavily and Pennywise shushed her.
“No! No, no, no… Calm down, Hermione. You saw the little picture, remember? They’re going to be little human-looking newborns, not eggs. They got that from you, dear,” he crooned at her, rubbing her arms until she stopped shaking.

Hermione smiled a bit despite her unease, allowing herself to think about their young and what they’d be like. They hadn’t visited another hospital in the time since they’d gone after Hermione passed out, not wanting to risk any doctor seeing anything suspicious with the fetuses or taking any interest in their family. After all, quadruplets were a marvel in themselves, let alone hybrid interspecies quadruplets.

“I hope at least one has your eyes,” he murmured softly, lost in his own musings as he rubbed her large belly, “and your hair,” a hesitant dark-fingered hand came up to brush a piece of said hair out of her eyes.

“Well, that’s too bad, because I want them to have pretty baby blues, and anyone would be cursed to get stuck with this hair,” Hermione chuckled at his offended expression but winced when another contraction spread through her lower region.

“Ooh…” she grunted, sharply gripping onto Pennywise’s wrist as she rode out the pain.

“I’m so sorry, doll…” he sighed sadly at the sight of her in pain, “I could feel that, too,” his knot began to loosen before finally slipping free when Hermione’s contraction ended.

Sighing in relief at no longer blocking his children from leaving their mother’s body, he gathered her up into his arms and strode into the bathroom connected to their room, not pulling out of her until they stood in their large shower. When he did so, a surge of inky black cum mixed with clear and pink discharge leaked out of her, making Hermione blush and hide her face in embarrassment.

“Eww…” she whined, blindly reaching around him to turn on the water.

Pennywise hummed satisfiedly, tucking her further into his side as the shower began to grow steamy, fogging the air around them and washing the sweat and fluids from their skin. He made himself busy with lathering soap between his hands and rubbing it into every inch of her body, even in between her toes, an action that made her giggle madly. She otherwise moaned at his ministrations, feeling every tense spot on her back fading away, only to return about every fifteen minutes. By the end of their shower, every inch of their bodies from head to toe was clean.

Upon stepping out of their bathroom, Hermione realized that her contractions began a little over an hour-and-a-half ago, and they hadn’t prepared anything yet. Of course, they likely had another hour at least, but her contractions were coming sooner each time. The quick labor was beginning to concern her, but perhaps that was the nature of eldritch pregnancies. Pennywise emerged from the bathroom behind her, rubbing his hair with a towel yet wearing nothing on his hips. Luckily, his interwoven tentacles covered him up, showing his lack of arousal with his current mindset.

“Penn?” she called over to him softly, reaching her hand out for him to take.

He strode over to her quickly, checking her over for any pain before grasping her hand in his, “Can you go get those dark red towels from the basement? And put a large bowl next to the bathroom sink for warm water? I have a set of clamps, a suction bulb, and clean scissors in my work bag. Can you grab those, too?” he nodded at her orders and moved to leave the room, completely naked.

Oh, my… mmmm.

“Penn?” she giggled just as he touched the doorknob, “If you’re going to walk around like that, can you at least keep everyone asleep? I…” her smile faltered, “I don’t want them to see me like this…”
When they wake up, I want them to think that we snuck off to the hospital and back without them.”

Pennywise frowned momentarily before pressing his aura to encompass the entire house within a deep sleep, leaving he and his mate the only ones unaffected. Wordlessly, he leveled Hermione’s moonlit form with a look of absolute devotion, shutting the door behind him. Alone in the hallway, he swallowed, a giddy nervous feeling on his tongue. We’re going to have babies...

December 25th, 1989
(Christmas Day)

When Pennywise returned with everything Hermione requested as well as some food, water, and a fan, she was kneeling on their bed near the headboard, her arms cradling her belly and her hips canting back and forth in a tantalizing cycle. He moaned lowly in a primal greeting, setting everything down next to the bed aside from the large bowl, which was hastily set on the bathroom counter. She hissed warningly as he approached her once more, and he got down on his own knees and crawled the rest of the way to her, slowly climbing into her nest.

An abrupt shriek filled with pain erupted out of Hermione’s fanged mouth as she worked through an even harsher contraction, thrusting her hips faster as though trying to fuck the pressure out of her innards. Bubble teardrops flowed down her cheeks, flushing her skin and undoing a bit of his hard work. Looking down at her clenching nethers, he noticed that her channel was widening, nearly six centimeters now. His mate’s breathing slowed as her contraction faded and she let out a quiet and breathless sigh.

Pennywise groaned at the sight of her hips humping the air. Hermione was getting ready to give birth and he couldn’t help but be turned on by her efforts to push their offspring out of her womb before she was meant to. He hadn’t thought she’d been so sexy since they’d consummated their mating, but today, it seemed that he was to be proven wrong. If she hadn’t wanted him to stay, he would have bet money that he would have holed himself up in the bathroom and tugged at his rock-hard member to the memory of this moment until he covered the entirety of the shower in thick black tar.

However, she needed him in front of her, and she needed him lucid. Pennywise just hoped he’d be able to stay focused once Hermione actually started birthing and making even more erotic noises and movements. The image of Hermione writhing on their bed, trapped in the throes of pained pleasure with their firstborn halfway out of her might just be his undoing.

Purring, he cuddled up to his hurting naked mate and began rubbing her lower back where he could sense most of the pain coming from. She hissed warningly at his persistent fingers and glared at his cock where it began to emerge from the writhing tentacles around his genitals, filling with blood and looking to sink back inside her widening snatch.

“My sweet mate, is there anything else I can do for you?” he cooed at her wincing expression and her eyes softened.

“Penn,” she whined, “Just rub my back… Ah!”

Hermione whimpered through another contraction, more tears falling down her face. The tense muscles in her legs were beginning to cramp and she was too tense to move them into a better position. She felt nauseous, knowing full well that her children were likely kicking at her stomach...
and uncomfortably displacing the acid inside. Above all else, however, she could feel her overly stretched womb contracting and tightening inside her, and it didn’t feel very nice, especially to the little ones putting up a fuss as their living space shrank more and more.

Pennywise had kneeled in front of her, wrapping his long arms around her gravid torso and pressing both of his palms to the bottom of her back. A slow circus hum filled her ears as he kneaded her skin, lulling her into as much of a trance as she could take before he accidentally pulled her into his deadlights.

“That’s it, Hermione… let me take your pain away. Save your strength for pushing out our young,” he rasped against her ear, feeling her body sag backwards.

He laid her down on her back, propping her up against the mountain of pillows at her back. Hermione’s eyes were at half-mast, but he could see the clarity in them. Her pain was dulled, but only enough to get her to the birth. Looking along her twitching body, he noticed that she was now roughly eight centimeters in diameter. Curiously, he pressed a few of his fingers inside, feeling the copious mostly-clear liquid coating her channel. A smug smirk crept across his stony expression.

“You’re so wet, little doll. Don’t tell me you’ve been hiding your pleasure from me,” he slowly brought her back to sobriety until the constant pain she felt was dulled.

The eldritch moved to stick his fingers back inside her, but she hissed at him and would have landed a smack on his hand if not for her belly sitting in the way, “Stop it, Penn! It’s too much! Hurts…” she whined, feeling how tender her cervix was now.

Pennywise pouted, defiantly circling a finger around her gaping entrance, “You’re about eight centimeters,” he stated, feeling tempted to lick her juices off with his tongue, but he wanted to stay focused, so he refrained from doing so.

“Already?!” Hermione wheezed, frantically trying to readjust herself into a better position, “Quick!” the witch pawed at his grasping hands, “Go get the warm water and bring it in here! We don’t have much ti—Fuck! Oww! Go now!” she cried out as another contraction hit her.

Pennywise practically sprinted to the bathroom to fill the bowl with water. After nearly dumping it on the floor, he stumbled back into the room. Hermione was still struggling to bunch up into a semi-sitting position, her legs bending next to her rippling belly. She breathed harshly as he came to stand in front of her, his pale hands becoming darker as he nervously reverted to his usual form.

The witch tried to remember what she’d read about breathing exercises, but couldn’t help but panic at her situation. This contraction felt so much worse than the others, and she could feel one of the children moving down. Hermione closed her eyes and breathed once, twice. This is it, Hermione… You can do this!

“Penn,” she grimaced sternly at his nervous form standing at the foot of the bed, “I can feel one getting ready… Can you please bunch up a few of those pillows behind my back?” she indicated to a few outliers that had fallen from the nest during their previous coupling.

Pennywise nodded at her, choking on his words as he grabbed the pillows for her and made quick work of making sure her back was supported. When he moved to crawl off the bed and stand where he was before, she snatched his hands before he could. Bringing them up to her mouth, she nibbled on his knuckles before kissing each one. Confusedly, he let her dote on his digits until she let them go.

“Thank you, love,” she murmured, feeling every bit of the calm before the storm, “I am so proud of
you, and I am so excited to meet our children,” happy tears began falling from her tired whisky eyes and he rubbed her stomach soothingly through her smaller contractions, wanting to touch her for as long as possible.

The split-second moment seemed to last for hours, but it was ultimately broken by the surprising twinge of pleasure as their firstborn entered the witch’s birth canal. Hermione gasped, looking down at her mate, who had his head tilted in fascination as he watched her insides clenching and unclenching. He looked every bit as giddy and aroused as he did while impregnating her and that made her utter a flabbergasted huff.

“Penn?” she moaned, snapping him out of his observations.

The eldritch drooled visibly, the clear liquid dripping onto the bed as his nose twitched periodically, interested in the surfacing smells of new blood and purity.

“Peaches…” he muttered absently, looking guiltily at her.

“Check me, please,” she whimpered, “I feel one coming… Oh!” she yelped when her mate crudely stuck his fingers into her opening.

Pennywise gasped, his amber eyes widening in anxious awe, “I can feel a head,” he leaned closer to see what he was feeling, noticing the soft fuzz on whatever he was feeling, “Yes!” he grinned toothily, “It’s a head!”

The eldritch pulled his fingers out of her channel and scrambled to get the supplies she had asked for and place them on the bed next to his mate. Hermione moaned as the child crept closer to her entrance, but nonetheless reached for a dark marker and the watch sitting on her nightstand, ready to write their birth times on her arm. Pennywise continued to fret over her, pacing in front of the bed and snapping his head to her each time she exhaled.

“Pennywise!” she snapped his full name and he froze, guiltily looking at her once more, “Calm down, love,” she regained a bit of her calm demeanor despite the immense pain she felt, “You’re not helping me by wearing a hole in the carpet,” she protested weakly and he sighed, climbing back on the bed to sit in front of her.

“I’m sorry, doll… I just want to do this right…” he sighed and she nodded, humming the same tune he did for her earlier.

“Hey, that’s my job,” he chuckled.

“No, your job is to watch my birth canal, then your job is to cut their cords and clean them, and then , your job is to put them to bed after I feed them,” he smiled, drawing his attention to the two cribs on the other side of the room, each big enough for two babies. Soon, their young would be asleep there, even in a few hour’s time.

“It seems like I’ll have a lot of work to do then, but I can’t help but notice how short your list is,” he joked absently, his eyes locked on the cribs and picturing the little ones that would soon occupy them.

“Don’t even get me started, you bloody—Ohh~” she moaned loudly, breaking him out of his thoughts and swivelling his head around unnaturally with a sickening crack. If he’d been human, he would have snapped his neck.

The look on Hermione’s face was definitely one of lust. Her eyes were blown wide and her tongue was lolling out, dripping drool onto her leaking chest. Looking down at her feet, he noticed that the
witch’s toes were practically curling in pleasure. A bright red flush enveloped her skin as she looked
to be having the most intense orgasm in her life. Hell, he would have been jealous had he not been
feeling similar. Watching her like this was stimulating enough.

“Ohh, Penn~” she mewled at him from where he was at the edge of the bed and he crawled to her,
staring intently at her hole, “Ohh, Penn~ It’s so… big!”

The eldritch raised an eyebrow, now feeling a bit jealous despite himself. The last time he heard her
say that was when she was sitting plugged on his knot and feeling her walls clench around the
weight of her insides and his rock-hard cock.

“Fuck! It’s happening!” she screeched, grabbing onto her shins and pulling them up into her belly.
As the contraction climaxed, she bore down with another loud shriek.

Pennywise ignored the pain in his sensitive ears to place one of the fluffy red towels down where the
baby would emerge and wet a smaller cloth with some of the warm water. Carefully, he placed the
wet cloth against her swelled hole, hoping she wouldn’t tear during any of the births. She likely
wouldn’t, given her adapted form and immortality, but he knew the firstborn was usually the largest
of the brood, and he wanted to take as many precautions as he could. As soon as Hermione’s
contraction ended, another quickly began, urging her to push again.

“Hermione, you’re almost there… Keep going,” he kissed her knee, noticing the dazed look in her
tired eyes. The stress was beginning to wear her down.

Suddenly, Pennywise could feel something pressing against his hand through the towel and he pulled
his hand away, only to gasp excitedly at the sight of the large bloody shape forging its way out of his
mate. He allowed his dark shaky fingers to brush over it, feeling the same soft wet fuzz from before.
He nearly cried, feeling a single tear leave his left lid and splatter against the ceiling.

“Oh, Merlin!” Hermione moaned, feeling the baby beginning to crown, “I… Oh! Penn~ This feels
bloody… Ahh~ ...amazing,” the curly-haired woman slurred, canting her hips up and down and
moaning with each push. Her low moans got more and more high pitched as the baby continued
pushing out of her. "Penn!” she cried out in surprise, not expecting such a sudden orgasm.

Luckily, Pennywise was paying attention, as the baby suddenly popped out, a flood of amniotic fluid
and the witch’s sexual juices following immediately after. They soaked the bed, but neither cared,
only having eyes for the tiny being held in the eldritch’s large hands. Hermione’s body still twitched
from her orgasm, but she hardly noticed it, wanting to see every aspect of her baby.

Taking another wet cloth, he wiped most of the blood off of its skin, even sneaking a few licks with
his tongue to primally establish his scent and a physical bond with their firstborn. Meanwhile, the
little one squealed, cried, and coughed, angry with its father’s probing fingers, tongue, and cloths.
Hermione smiled at the noises and began weeping happily again. One down, three to go… she cried
silently.

The naked clown purred at the short brown fuzz along the baby’s head, immediately knowing which
of its parents passed those curly locks down, and it certainly wasn’t him. Giggle, he clamped and
cut the cord, wrapping the thoroughly-clean baby in another towel and placing it on Hermione’s
chest. She smiled down at the literal bundle of joy, tears continuing to flow down her cheeks as
Pennywise curled up into her side to watch their little one squirm in its new confines.

“Did you even check which one it was?” her watery voice piped up, parting the blankets to peek at
the baby’s lower half, “Oh! It’s a girl! Is it the—”
Pennywise shook his head in the negative, rubbing her belly where their other daughter waited for her turn to leave, “No, doll. The telepath is still in there. This is the other daughter, and the first pup conceived,” he remarked nostalgically, reaching up to nuzzle the brown peach fuzz hair with his thankfully-clean thumb, “We made her that first night after you took pity on me and decided to be mine…”

“Ooh~” Hermione breathed, remembering that night all too well, “Can you reach under the bed and pull out that red box? I made something for today, and before you open it, I apologize for my poor sewing skills.”

Pennywise rolled his eyes at her doubts, reaching under the bed for the aforementioned red cardboard box. It was kinda small, but he suspected that. Upon opening it, he noticed four different soft cotton fabrics.

“Oh! Don’t look at the others yet! I want the pink onesie for this little one.”

Gingerly, he pulled the baby pastel pink one out and turned it over in his grasp, feeling every bit of softness that he wanted for his child’s first onesie. There was even a name patch stitched in cursive on the front. *Rosalind Hermione Gray*

“Little Rose,” Hermione added, “I’ve always liked the name, and I think you will, too. As for the middle name, I wanted to follow my mum’s tradition.”

Pennywise halted her explanation by kissing her soundly, only stopping to dress Rose in her slightly-too-big onesie. He was surprised to watch it magically shrink to fit her smaller size, but ultimately smiled at his mate’s ingenuity.

Now free, the baby renewed her efforts to reach her mother’s closest nipple, crying out even louder when she began sliding back down Hermione’s distended stomach. The witch tutted at her efforts, feeling guilty for ignoring her hungry daughter.

“Come here, little love,” she raised her cradling arm up over her belly, allowing Rose to lay on her side while she fed.

Luckily for both of them, she latched on instantly, greedily sucking up whatever milk she could reach. As quiet as a mouse, the only sounds coming from her were periodic suckling noises that made her smile happily. Her little eyes drooped in contentment and tiredness, and Pennywise trailed his knuckles down her soft cheek, feeling the texture and relishing in its softness. There was nothing else like watching his child feed from his mate, a child that they’d made on the very mattress they were currently laying on. It was delightfully ironic now that he thought about it.

Turning back to his little family, he noticed that Rose had fallen asleep, her head tucked into Hermione’s chest and still mouthing at her mother’s skin despite her closed eyelids. Pennywise purred at the sight, gently extracting her from Hermione and swaddling her back up into her towel and placing her across the room inside the first crib. Leaning over the side, he pecked her little forehead with his lips, “Sleep tight, little bug,” he murmured, silently striding back over to his mate, who was wincing at the feeling of another contraction passing through her tired frame.

Her hand wavered as she documented Rose’s time of birth on a separate piece of paper so she could sneak their children into a hospital’s records at a later date. When she was done, Pennywise gently took her marker and paper from her, draping himself along her body and kissing every inch of sweaty skin he could reach, “She’s so beautiful, Hermione. She’ll look just like you. I can tell,” he cooed, lapping at the mess of milk their daughter had made on her mother’s breasts, “I told you we’d make beautiful babies together.”
Hermione hummed, shutting her eyes to get a bit of rest before her next contractions got too bad to let her sleep. After all, it was nearly two o’clock in the morning. Meanwhile, Pennywise busied himself with cleaning the bed around her, which included changing the warm water and bloody towel underneath her entrance. Once again, he lapped at the blood on the fabrics and wished not for the first time that he could sample it from its source. However, she was tired and wouldn’t let him near her hole until she was ready to birth their next child. Lastly, he threw those towels into the laundry bin by the door, content with his productivity while his mate got the rest she deserved.

After about a half hour, Hermione began to breathe heavily, the contractions beginning to amp up their severity. The eldritch noticed the uncomfortable twinge in her expression and rubbed her lower back in wide circles in an attempt to coerce their remaining three children into moving faster. His mate was panting now, beginning to buck her hips back against his hands as she woke up groggily from her slumber.

“Mmmm…” she moaned, mirroring his movements on her slightly smaller belly, intrigued that her skin wasn’t quite as loose as she’d heard horror stories about when it came to multiple pregnancies. Of course, she was still holding three of their four quadruplets inside her, so she couldn’t be sure yet.

Pennywise moved in front of Hermione again, pressing his inky black fingers inside and abruptly feeling the tell-tale hard mass entering her birth canal. He moved to say something, but then realized that it would be redundant, instead wondering if Rose stretched her so far that the next births would be easier. Once again, the witch’s expression morphed from pained to pleasure and then back to pain, always fluctuating from moment to moment. This time, she seemed to be in more pleasure, even when she was moaning curses under her breath.

“Bloody hell… Penn… Fitting a bloody peach through a straw over here… Holy fucking shit, you twat bastard…” he raised a brow at the last one, having never thought she’d utter those words together in that way.

Nevertheless, he loved how she cursed when she was being pleasured. She didn’t do it often, which made it a novelty, and she also was rather embarrassed by doing it, which made unraveling her tight lipped vocabulary even more fun to him. So, the fact that his member began to re-emerge from their tentacled shelter was entirely brought on by his own unintentional conditioning apart from the obvious stimulation of Hermione’s moans and movements. Even watching her breathe at this stage was giving him a hard-on.

"This one feels larger. It’s like having your thick knot inside me, but sooo much deeper. I swear it’s pushing on my insides...” Hermione moaned long and loud, thrusting her hips against the air as she bore down with each contraction, “Oh!” she cried out in a high pitched yelp, “It’s coming!”

Just as before, the baby’s head began to part her nether lips, and Hermione was back to moaning and groaning her pleasure to the rest of the room, grateful for silencing charms and the fact that her friends were comatose for the time being. Pennywise looked down when his mate made another high-pitched whimper, his amber eyes dialing on the second baby’s head.

“Keep going, doll. He’s almost here,” he crooned excitedly, reaching forward to assist if needed.

“Mmm...” the witch huffed, bearing down with frustration “You think I can’t feel that?!” she yelped when a stab of pain momentarily eclipsed her pleasure.

“You’re doing so well. Oh, ho, I wish you could see this,” his smile stretched from ear to ear, “I put this pup inside your womb, and now it wants out. Our eldest son…”

Hermione nodded, her breaths coming in rapid pants as she renewed thrusting her hips against the
blanket, “This might just— Ah! Be the hysteria talking— Hurgh! But, I feel so good right n— Ooh!” she howled into the pillow by her face. “I want you to impregnate me again. I want more! Ahh!”

Pennywise growled at her request, humping the blanket underneath him while pushing Hermione’s legs up so they cradled her belly as they did while she gave birth to Rose. Then, because he couldn’t help himself anymore, he bent down to her pussy and lapped at the stretched skin around their son’s head. The first thing he could taste was Peaches, especially on the little one, but also on her labia. Sweat, slick, and cum blended together afterwards, creating another unique sweet flavor that quenched his curiosity. Overall, however, the raindrop and earth scent of new life won him over, making him wish he could just bottle it up and save it as a seasoning to garnish over his feasts of criminals and human scum.

With a lingering tongue-licking kiss to her folds, he groaned, feeling the baby move once more, “Oh! Get ready!” Hermione wheezed high and breathlessly, grabbing the bedsheets and fabrics between her white-knuckled fists and pushing hard.

To her surprise, the little one actually wiggled around inside her, attempting to keep himself in while she was trying to force him out, “He’s moving, Penn! Feels so good, but he doesn’t want to come out!” she cried now, beginning to panic as the baby’s fists began pushing against her walls.

Pennywise kept licking at her skin, hoping that his numbing saliva would take some of her pain away. She hadn’t torn yet, but from her description, she might soon. He pulled his face back so he could watch his wife work, “You’re going to be such a great mother. That’s it,” he hummed at her visible pushing, “Push him out, doll. You look so sexy being so stuffed full of my brood,” the eldritch drooled, dripping cool droplets on her heated skin, “Feels good?”

Hermione nodded erratically, her face turning crimson at how hard she was pushing, “Penn!” she burst after a moment, crying out frustratedly, “He keeps sliding back in and he won’t come out,” she babbled, feeling immense pleasure at the feeling but getting tired quickly. The last thing she wanted was to lose all her energy and trap her baby inside her birth canal.

“Help,” she whined when the baby slid back further in retaliation, his head nearly getting swallowed back up by her flesh, “Penn, please!” she pleaded helplessly at her frozen mate, reaching down for him with shaking hands.

Coming back to himself, the clown pushed his two index fingers into her numb passage, hooking them around their son’s soft head. Abruptly, another contraction struck Hermione and she pushed with it, bellowing her frustration to the entire room as he struggled to pull. It wasn’t quite enough. He hadn’t realized that this baby was a quite a bit larger than his eldest sister. So, the eldritch reached the rest of his fingers in one by one while Hermione was distracted and cupped the little head with both hands and pulled, feeling the little one’s body finally move with him. Hermione pushed again with the next contraction and the head began crowning once more, Pennywise’s fingers adding to the width in a way that made her moan again.

“Ooh~ Penn! That feels wonderful,” she slurred, feeling the wide stretch even through her numbness.

The clown grinned ferally at her sounds, giving one last tug while she pushed. Hermione’s contraction peaked and she let loose a loud moan that became something resembling a hoarse scream. In that moment, the baby’s head and body slid out of her, accompanied by more amniotic fluid and slick. She laid there shaking, fumbling for her watch and etching the time on her sweaty arm with the marker.

“3:15 am,” Hermione wheezed, collapsing back on her drooping pile of pillows and closing her eyes.
Meanwhile, Pennywise held the larger baby in his hands after clipping the cord and clamping the remaining stub. The little boy whimpered and whined once at him, but otherwise stayed silent, opening and closing his mouth like a fish. He raised an eyebrow suspiciously at his behavior, tentatively lapping his tongue along the newborn’s skin to clean him off. His tiny fists flailed at him as he began to cry loudly. Pennywise chuckled lowly, “There’re those lungs, pup. You can’t play dead with me…” he licked the rest of the blood and fluids off of his son before turning to Hermione, who was watching him with tired half-lidded eyes.

“I thought you were going to eat him,” she muttered amusedly at his horrified expression, pointing to the little red box, “I think the dark blue one will suit him.”

The eldritch smiled at her, reaching for the navy blue patterned onesie with clean fingers. Slowly, he rolled the boy over and slipped his arms and legs through the appropriate sleeves and buttoned him up, only then looking at the embroidered name patch surrounded by little spell books, cauldrons, and quills patterned all over the dark cloth. Hugo William Gray

Pennywise froze, looking back to Hermione, who nodded, a shy smile creeping onto his face, “You… named him after me?”

“Yes, I couldn’t name one after me and not let you have the same thing, remember? Now could you please put him down? He’s getting cranky,” she pouted when her mate smirked at her, pointing his finger in Hugo’s face and laughing as his blurry dark eyes attempted to follow it and failed.

“You’re short, you’re belly button sticks out too far, and you’re a terrible burden on your poor mother,” Pennywise quoted proudly, remembering that date many months ago. He chuckled as their son paused in his fussing before kicking up an even bigger fuss when his father began pecking little kisses to his face, muttering his apologies.

“That’s not what I mea— Ghostbusters 2? Really?” Hermione sighed as the onesie shrank to fit little Hugo, “Would it be so hard to have one with red hair and baby blues?” she lamented absently, noting that their second child was to also be cursed with her thick curly brown hair, “Not that I’m mad with you, little love! Come here, my little baby boy… Ooh, you’re a bit bigger than your sister, aren’t you?” she took the now blubbering Hugo from Pennywise and held him to her chest, only having to assist a little bit before he latched on with a small purr.

“Oh! Did you hear that?” the curly-haired woman visibly brightened at the noise and looked to her mate, “He purred!” she craned her neck to press her ear closer.

Sure enough, he was still making the quiet little kitten purr deep within his small chest. Pennywise grinned widely at the noise, coming closer to nuzzle Hugo’s little head with his red-colored nose. A particular persistent suck from him pulled a moan out of Hermione as her mate watched her feed their son for the first time. Like with Rose, his first reaction wasn’t one of sexual desire. Although... He looked down at his half-hard member, She’s still sexy even when she’s feeding our young. His thoughts flitted to how fantastic of a mother she would be. Even now, she was doting and cooing over their second born, and he was now even more excited to raise their children together.

Soon enough, Hugo’s noisy eating slowed until he too fell asleep. Pennywise took him from Hermione and wrapped him up in another red towel and set him next to Rose, who was still somehow fast asleep in the crib across the room. Curious, he turned back to Hermione.

“Is there a silencing spell on these?” he asked, indicating to the two cradles and she nodded.

“Yeah, but they’re only one-way. They can’t hear us from inside, but we can hear them,” Ah… so that explains it…
Pennywise nodded, “Two down, two to go…” he kissed Hermione passionately on the lips, trailing his tongue down her neck and nipping fiercely at her mating bite, “I’m going to miss your body for the next few weeks… Are you sure we can’t—”

“No!” she nearly shouted at him, in pain at the very idea of sticking anything up her sore hole in the foreseeable future, “Despite what I say in labor, my answer is no,” he pouted at her and she sighed apologetically, “You’ll just have to get used to this, love,” she crooned, thumbing the drop of pre leaking from his exposed cock.

Just when he thought she’d get him off using only her hands, she moved to get off the bed, rolling onto her side and sliding off. Jumping in front of her, he caught her weakened body before she instantly collapsed on the floor.

“What are you—?” Pennywise tilted his head at her, but she batted him away, trying to stand on her own.

“I’m going to try walking around the room a bit. The pressure isn’t coming very fast like it was before. These last two need a bit of coercing,” she rubbed her belly and he wrapped her other arm around his shoulder as he shrunk back down into his Bill Gray form to assist her.

“Okay, love, but you’re holding onto me,” he cradled her waist from behind as he led her around the enlarged space, pressing little kisses and nips to her nape.

Right away, Pennywise led his waddling mate over to the occupied crib, checking in to see that Rose and Hugo were still fast asleep, but they had gotten much closer in the few minutes they’d been together. Now, Rose was curled into her younger brother, nearly spooning him despite his larger size.

“Look at them, Penn,” she leaned into him with a happy sigh, still very much as naked as he was, “They’re so tiny,” she whispered excitedly, gushing when Hugo began sucking on his fingers.

Pennywise purred, nuzzling the shell of her ear and delighting in her little shivers at his action, “Yes, they are… They’re gonna be just like you. A little witch and wizard with your cute curly hair… Perfect little bugs…”


Suddenly doubling over, Hermione’s legs collapsed from underneath her. Pain had erupted across her lower back and the ripplings of angry hands and feet punching her from the inside hit her lower belly. Hermione panted raggedly, stumbling back to the bed with her mate hot on her heels. Once again, as with each contraction, her hips began to thrust, but this time the pattern was unstable and erratic. Her pained moans became louder as the renewed contractions got worse and worse.

She squatted painfully on the bed, feeling an agonizing stretch in her thighs even around her smaller belly. Oddly enough, it looked like she’d been that size the entire time rather than shrinking down after two births. Her skin wasn’t flabby in any way. That thought registered in Hermione’s mind but she couldn’t remotely focus on it when she felt something even larger than Hugo sliding into her birth canal.

“Penn!” she cried, “It’s really big! It’s too big!”

Even when the pleasurable part of the birth began, their third child’s size stretched her channel in a way that was almost too far, ensuring that she felt much more pain than she did with the other two babies combined. Aside from that, this little one was putting up an even bigger fight than his older
brother, pushing and resisting his emergence by pressing his arms and legs against her constricting walls to purposefully slow himself down.

Nevertheless, he was slippery, and even Hermione could feel that. Pennywise kneeled beside her and felt around inside her reddened entrance. The baby’s head was sliding into his grasp, slowly pushing against his fingers as it continued to struggle. However, it felt off, and he couldn’t feel hair on the mound but instead felt something slick and almost silky. Oh, shit...

Placing a new towel beneath Hermione’s jolting pelvis, he readied his scissors in one hand and turned his other hand into a mass of writhing tentacles, prepared to grab their third child and yank it out before it did any damage to his mate’s body.

“Hermione?” the eldritch felt guilt at the visible pain and fear in her expression when she looked at him in that moment, “When you feel ready, push. I’ll take care of the rest... This one is different,” he tried to smile at her, but he wasn’t sure what to expect.

Shaking his head, he got back into his spot by Hermione’s feet after helping her back into her previous crunched sitting position. The witch’s low moaning upped into a loud crescendo, and he knew that he needed to be ready to latch onto the little one when she couldn’t push it any further. Luckily, she seemed to be doing well and he began to doubt his previous concerns. He pressed his palm to her hole and felt the baby pressing out against him, that same odd texture covering it.

“I can feel it, love,” he let out a half laugh, encouraging her, “You’re doing so well.”

Hermione shook her head absently at him, closing her eyes in pain and cursing angrily under her breath when the head finally popped out. Pennywise gaped, now seeing what was happening. Their third child was covered in what looked like a smaller amniotic sac, an egg sac, his mind supplied instinctually. Inside the dark film, he could see the little one struggling to breathe. His own breath caught in his throat and he moved to rub his palms along his mate’s spine.

Hermione gasped and the eldritch’s hand fell back down between her legs, expecting to feel the trapped baby slide into his waiting arms, but it didn’t. It’s mouth continued to open and close where the head was still sticking out, the fluid beginning to leak from the sac and slowly cutting off its method of breathing.

“Penn!” Hermione panicked, “It’s too big and my contractions aren’t helping! Ahh!”

“You just need to push one more time,” he assured her calmly, just as worried as she was, “It’s trying to breathe.”

“No! Merlin! I’m killing it! It can’t breathe! No, no, no… Ahhggh!” Hermione screamed as another contraction hit her quickly and she bore down as hard as she could while bloody tears made twin trails down her cheeks.

Pennywise held the baby’s head, ready to catch it. The witch moaned in agony as the shoulders stretched her and passed through. Immediately, she felt the pleasure once again as it continued to wiggle out of her. Gravity assisted with the rest and soon the large newborn landed safely in her mate’s arms.

Quickly, he cut the thin cord holding the dark inky sac to her insides and used a careful claw to cut into the filmy shell and extract their third child from its amniotic fluid. Amazingly, the baby looked human, all the way down to its biologically-accurate fingers and toes. It’s skin was a bit pale, but it was recently deprived of oxygen, so it could easily change. Curiously, Pennywise licked him clean, visibly sighing in relief when the little one began crying once he carefully extracted the fluid from its
lungs. Good, good… four limbs, ten fingers, ten toes, two eyes, one nose, one tongue— What the…

Inching the little one’s screaming mouth open further, he caught sight of something that made his heart sink. In the back of his child’s throat, there were three little glowing orbs, twinkling like faraway suns in the vacuum of space. A shock of red hair atop the boy’s head sealed the deal, but the moment the little one’s eyes opened stunned him.

They were a furious red, just like his when he was overly enraged, and it made him want to cry. To him, it was one thing to have children. Hugo and Rose had more of Hermione in them than this one. They’d be able to thrive with the rest of humanity while this one… For this one, he’d damned him to walk the same path as he did, to live the same way he did: hiding, feasting on the frightened flesh of animals. So, with tears drifting in a heady stream to the ceiling, he protectively cradled his second son to his chest and looked to Hermione, who was watching his movements carefully, three sets of numbers now drawn on her arm.

“The red one, if you please…” she broke the silence quietly, a melancholy tone in her voice.

Numbly, he dressed his little Pennywise carbon-copy in the crimson-colored onesie and brought him back over to his expectant mate who cradled him with no less love and happiness than the others, the ignored red tears still leaking from her eyes. Robert Henry Gray

“Burst blood vessels,” she elaborated after he licked her face clean and healed her eyes. She would have fixed them herself if not for the unpredictability of her magic at this phase.

“Penn?” she grabbed his chin and yanked his head so he had no choice but to look at her, “Don’t you dare believe that this child is doomed, or cursed, or wrong in any way. He is our son, eldritch or not. He might have a harder life ahead of him than Hugo and Rose, but at least he has you to guide him when you had no one…” she paused, looking at Robert’s onesie before letting out a genuine laugh, “I remember taking care of you in this. You had regenerated and needed clothes, but you were so small, so I made you wear this onesie. I stitched the name into it about a month ago and thought nothing else of it. Who knew it would fit so well?”

Pennywise smiled at her, leaning down to press a kiss to his son’s tiny ginger tufts. Hermione was right, he nodded, He’ll be just fine… She moved to turn Robert towards her but he still had his mouth wide open. Striking, he covered her eyes with his hand and she yelped in surprise, tightening her grip on the baby and making him squawk in the middle of his tantrum.

“He has… deadlights,” the eldritch reminded her carefully and she nodded.

“I want to see what happens,” she replied sternly, moving his hand so she could focus on her baby, “Pull me out if you need to.”

Looking down, she caught the warm glow in Robert’s mouth, “C’mere Bobby,” she cooed, “You must be very hungry,” she began moving him up to her breasts when she saw the three orbs at the back of his throat and… nothing.

Nothing happened. She was still conscious and she was looking right at the little one’s deadlights. They still burned brightly, lighting up the rest of his gummy mouth like little stars. Hermione smiled at her son, leaning down to kiss his scrunched nose. Pennywise watched her dumbfoundedly, wondering why nothing was happening. He tilted his head at her, looking into her lucid whisky eyes. Perhaps he wasn’t old enough to pull people into them yet, or maybe it was because of Hermione’s lingering eldritch characteristics that would fade after she finished giving birth. Either way, she was completely fine.
Meanwhile, Robert needed no assistance in latching onto his mother's leaking nipple, and he was quite forceful in his feasting, a trait passed down by his father, no doubt. Instead of being aroused by it, however, she giggled. The vibration in her diaphragm was uncomfortable at the moment, but she couldn't help it. He was tickling her. Tilting her own head to survey the little one's face, she noticed his focused eyes change from fiery red to the familiar light cobalt blue that both Bill Gray and Pennywise shared. Hermione began to cry once more, and Pennywise rubbed her arms, “Hey… Hermione, dove, what’s wrong?” he probed her back carefully and she shook her head.

“He’s so cute, Penn. He has your beautiful baby blues, and your peach-fuzzy red hair,” Hermione blubbered, petting the tufts of her son’s hair down so it looked more slicked back, “I love him so much!” she sobbed, holding him tighter to her chest.

The large eldritch purred, placing his hands on her stomach while their second son drank his fill of milk for the night, “He does, doll… It seems we both got what we wanted, hmm?”

Hermione nodded, feeling another small contraction and spreading her legs accordingly, “One more,” she breathed happily, handing Robert over to his father and watching as he bundled him up in a matching red towel and placed him in the vacant crib.

The witch sighed, feeling a few of her joints crack from the stress they’d been under in the last few hours. She loved being pregnant, but she’d been ready for a break from all the pains and inconveniences pregnancy came with. Soon enough, she’d be her own self again, and maybe even sooner than she thought. Looking at her belly, Hermione was amazed at how elastic her skin seemed. She was down to at least a quarter of the size she’d been before, but her skin seemed to shrink according to the size she was at. Well, at least I’m not going to have to worry about working out to lose the postpartum weight… Ginny is going to hate me…

Pennywise wandered back over to her, propping her legs up with pillows to keep them bent and out of her way. He re-cleaned the supplies and situated himself back in his spot in front of her, waiting. While they both waited, he got to appreciate how amazing Hermione looked to him, covered in sweat, slick, and amniotic fluid. She was impeccably calm as she laid amongst the mountain of cushions, pillows, and fabrics, looking every bit like a goddess of fertility as she focused on bringing their next child into the world. Her hair hung in damp ringlets, framing her leaking breasts that trailed sweet off-white milk onto her smaller distended stomach riddled with stretch marks. Those beautiful dainty hands of hers were rubbing circles over her belly as the contractions became closer together and more intense. Her hips canted, bobbing back and forth to an unknown biological rhythm. Little moans began to leave her mouth, each one going straight to his dick. Damn… he hissed lustfully, barely holding himself back. If she hadn’t been giving birth, he would have gladly bent her over and fucked her until passed out from overstimulation.

Hermione looked down at her stomach and made a flabbergasted scoff, feeling the slight pressure of the last baby in her cervix, pressing into her birth canal. The little telepath was so tiny, maybe even smaller than Rose. Birthing her would be easy. Nonetheless, she panted when their littlest one pushed through her first barrier into her channel and practically rode down it like a slide.

“Oh!” she jumped in surprise at the rapid movement, realizing exactly how far their son stretched her, “She’s coming right now, Penn!”

Pennywise nodded, getting into position and readying himself to catch their telepath. Hermione moaned, giving into her contractions and pushing into the climax of a harsher one. Quickly, the baby made her way through her, almost reaching the spot her father was pressing against.

“Come on, my littlest love,” Hermione rolled her hips, “Come on out…” she breathed through her exhaustion, rubbing her belly some more and letting out long breaths that calmed her significantly.
Bearing down once more, she could feel it when the baby met her opening and she moaned happily, meeting her mate’s satisfied gaze, “She’s here…” he nodded absently, watching her lower half.

“I know. I feel her… I want to do this again…” her words shocked both of them and he snapped his gaze up to hers.

“What?” he shook his head warily and she giggled.

“Not now, but perhaps in a few years when these ones are a bit older. We’ve got all of eternity to have more, remember?

Before Pennywise could answer, the baby began to crown and Hermione threw her head back in pleasure, shouting more sinfully delicious words that went right to his groin, “Oh, Penn! Do you like watching me push your babies out of me? It feels sooo good. I want more of them…”

“Yessss,” he hissed, his black tongue splitting like a snake’s while he stared hungrily at her contorting entrance.

It stretched around the baby’s head, pulsing and bulging red with Hermione’s concentrated blood. The witch rocked her hips down, weakly rutting against the mattress and feeling the baby grind into her sensitive walls, “Ooh… Penn… Fuck!”

Hermione’s movements quickened as yet another contraction gripped her middle. She pawed at the sheets beneath her, moaning like a bitch in heat and making it very difficult for her mate to focus on the baby as he watched her.

"Ahh~ Oh, oh! Fuck! Yes, Penn! She’s coming! Ahh!" the curly-haired woman screeched, orgasming so hard that a white sheen swam across her vision.

The baby slid out smoothly, every bit of the telepath’s five pounds landing right in her father’s large left hand. Shaking himself out of his arousal, he busied himself with licking his smallest child clean of bloody amniotic fluid and bundling her up in the last onesie and red towel.

Penelope Ginevra Gray

“Penny…” he grinned at his blissed out mate and her cleverness, “I think it suits you, my little bug,” chuckling at her scrubbed-up expression and ginger-tufted hair, “Oh, yes. You’re going to look like your brother, huh? I might just start calling him ‘Junior.’ Do you think he’d like that?"

Penny yawned, giving her father a glimpse of the back of her throat. Upon seeing nothing but a tiny uvula, he smiled, pressing his forehead to hers. Suddenly, he caught a flash of hunger, even seeing an image of Hermione’s soft leaking breasts winking across his mind’s eye. Looking down at his youngest daughter, he noticed that her eyes were open and she was watching him silently, waiting expectantly.

His frame shook with laughter, “Alright, princess, your wish is my command,” he mock saluted her with his free hand and brought her over to Hermione, who was exhausted yet somehow still awake.

The witch took her from him with shaky hands, cradling her in unstable arms. Sensing her tiredness, Pennywise laid down beside her and wrapped his long arm around hers, effectively holding Penny to her breasts. It took a few tries, but luckily their little telepath was a quick learner and was able to latch on in no time.

“It’s wonderful to meet you, Penny,” Hermione rasped, rubbing her knuckle against the little one’s bulging and hollowing cheeks, cleaning up the little bit of milky drool that slipped free of her lips before moving to brush aside the few tufts of ginger on top of her head, “Aww… You’ve got
Daddy’s hair, don’t you?” she cooed teasingly but gasped when the child’s hair became a vibrant bright green, “What the…”

Pennywise frowned confusedly, suddenly walking over to the cradles and lifting one of their other children out. He didn’t even have to walk over to show off the little brown puppy in his grasp. Suddenly, the puppy shifted form, turning back into their eldest daughter. The clown confusedly bundled her back up, only to notice that Hugo had an extra eye in the middle of his forehead that blinked away before he could even show Hermione. Chancing a glance over at Bobby, he observed the boy’s newfound scaly skin with a raised eyebrow, looking into his amber eyes with his own, “Well, at least I expected this from you…” the little eldritch smiled with a toothless grin, changing form to look like his father all the way down to his neck ruffles and pom-pommed boots.

“That’s my boy,” he snickered proudly, ruffling the newborn’s hair and looking back to his siblings, only to see two more mini-Pennywises, “Ah!” he yelped in surprise.

“Uhh… Penn…” Hermione’s hesitant voice broke through his hysteria and he looked back at her, only to see that the telepath was also following her siblings’ new trend, “I think I gave birth to metamorphmagi,” she spoke slowly, a note of disbelief in her tone, “At least Teddy won’t be all alone…”

Abruptly, another contraction hit her, urging her to pass the afterbirth and she numbly went along with it, expelling the bloody clumped mess of nerves before passing out from her understandable exhaustion.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there we are. Seriously, I felt like I gave birth after writing this monster of a chapter. Of course, I pulled ideas from other fics, as I’d never written a scene like this before, but I tried to do my own spin on it. I hope it was successful, either way.

If you chose not to read this chapter, then here are the little notes about Hermione and Penn's four newborns. As for all of them, they inherited their father's seamless shape shifting abilities, so they are officially metamorphmagi like Tonks and Teddy Lupin.

-Rosalind “Rose” Hermione Gray
Brown curly hair, brown eyes, mini Hermione
Godparents are Enoch and Alison
May look like Hermione, but will be more outgoing and joking
Total Daddy’s Girl
Firstborn

-Hugo William Gray
Brown curly hair, brown eyes
Godparents are Ron and Lavender
Avid learner, bookworm, etc. Hermione in personality
Second Born

-Robert “Bobby/Robbie” Henry Gray
Red hair, cobalt eyes, mini Pennywise
Godparents are Henry Bowers and Beverly Marsh
A bit more feral than his siblings
Almost entirely an Eldritch
May be called PJ (Pennywise Junior) or referred to as Robert II
Third Born

-Penelope “Penny” Ginevra Gray
Red hair, cobalt eyes
Runt of the litter
Godparents are Harry and Ginny
"The Little Telepath"
Fourth Born

There is one more part to the epilogue left and I hope to have it up in a little bit. Thank you all so much for your patience! :D
December 25th, 1989

(Christmas Day)

When Hermione regained consciousness later, the sun was just beginning to rise and she was laying on her back amongst freshly clean blankets and pillows. Slowly sitting up, she noticed Pennywise laying on his side next to her, watching her like a hawk with a sly grin on his face. Startled, Hermione jolted away from him and he fretted over bringing her back down into a lying position, “Merry Christma—” she cut him off immediately.

“Babies?” she asked quickly.

“Clean, fed, and sleeping for the last five hours,” he kissed her neck slowly, as though breathing her in.

“My friends?”

“Still sleeping, and will be asleep for another two hours.”

“Bloody cloths, sheets, and pillows?”

“In the laundry,” he answered proudly, visibly preening at the look of approval in her whisky orbs.

“Good boy,” she patted his hair and the eldritch moved to kiss her again but she held up her hand, “Now for the hard questions… Where’s that bucket of milk you wrangled from me last night?”

“Err… What they didn’t drink, I bottled up and put in the fridge in the basement…” at his guilt-laced expression, she narrowed her eyes, “and I may have sipped a little… a lot… What do you want me to say?! It’s so good!” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“And my placenta?” she stated rather than asked and his face went whiter than it already was.

“The what?” he asked dumbly, finding the pillow she was laying on suddenly very interesting.

“The afterbirth. You know? That stuff that came out of me before I passed out.”

“Ohh…” he laughed nervously, “That… Well you see… It smelled so delicious…”

“You didn’t,” Hermione narrowed her eyes even further and he rolled away from her slightly.

“I figured that you didn’t need it anymore… and I thought that one lick wouldn’t hurt anyone…” he worried his fingers, trying to talk himself out of the hole he was digging himself into.

“You did,” she corrected her previous statement, the expression on her face growing dangerous.
“It was taunting me with its juicy scent… I have no regrets…” he grinned smugly, showing off his blood-stained teeth with smug relish.

“You bloody bastard! You fucking ate my placenta! It was inside me!”

“What was I supposed to do?!?”

“How about not eat my placenta!” she shouted at him and he ignored her, peppering little kisses along her skin until she surrendered to his ministrations, “Mmm… no… stop it… I wanted to make it into pills to help me return my hormones to normal, and no thanks to you, I can’t;” she whined, trying not to laugh when he began lapping at her ticklish spots with his tongue.

“C’mon, Hermione, you don’t need that shit… I’m sorry, Hermione…” Pennywise nipped the sensitive skin on her shoulder and she twitched, “Hermione… Hermione…” the clown hummed against her ear, molding himself to her side, “Hermione… Hermione… Hermione…” he chanted until she finally looked at him.

“We need to pick godparents, Penn… In case we somehow die in the next few years,” Hermione stated absently, ignoring his needy behavior, getting out of bed, and marveling at her completely mobile and painless body movements.

“I don’t care… It won’t happen,” he huffed, coming up behind her to touch her newly flattened stomach, “Do you feel how your body has changed to birth my young over, and over, and over again. Your womb may be barren again, but it will be fertile forever,” he hissed in pleasure and Hermione slapped his hands away, walking away to check on her slumbering little cherubs and delighting in their fluctuating forms as they slept.

“I think Enoch and Alison could be Rose’s godparents, and Ron and Lavender could be Hugo’s, Henry and Beverly could take care of Bobby, and Harry and Ginny could be Penny’s godparents…” she reasoned, naming off her friends easily, “Although, that’s just planning for the worst, right my little ones? Gah!” the witch turned to look back at her children, only to see four smaller versions of her in the cribs, “Ohh… I can see why you freaked out last night.”

Pennywise simply smiled at her from across the room and she tried not to be aroused by that, “Seriously? You ate my afterbirth and you think you deserve sexual relief after that?”

January 1st, 1990

Hermione Gray was not having a good year so far. Her little Robert had begun crying early the previous morning, and he hadn’t stopped since, only pausing to drink from her breasts. His little bloodshot eyes were flushed along with their angry red irises, making him look demonic and sickly. He hadn’t even slept, and neither did she for as much as she was up all night worrying about him. Pennywise had tried forcing her to sleep, and he got a half-hearted exhausted slap in the face in return before he decided to leave her alone for a while. She then turned to Penelope for help, pleading for her to explain why her brother was sobbing his heart out when he was only eight days old and showing no signs of being sick.

The little telepath only gave her the images of her workplace, the maternity ward, and a particular graphic one of her and Pennywise kissing. Great, more soulmate eldritch bullshit… she concluded tiredly, happy for her son finding the one meant for him yet also too tired to care all that much in that
moment aside from getting some decent sleep. So, she determinedly snuck out of the house with a silenced Robert in tow, leaving Pennywise and Henry to fend off the Weasley’s remaining goodbye hugs as they left for their portkeys.

Exhausted and likely looking like a frizzy-haired screaming banshee, Hermione stumbled into the main entrance to the hospital, making a beeline to the maternity ward and walking into the area with all of the newborns from the last few days. Gingerly, she untucked Robert from his sling and held him to her chest, unsilencing him. A few whimperes escaped his blubbering mouth, but he was thankfully silent. She made a mental note to do something nice for Penny once they returned home.

The area was suspiciously quiet. In fact, she hadn’t run into any nurses, doctors, security guards, or anyone else on her way in. Something was afoot, and she couldn’t sense what it was.

“Okay, baby boy…” she looked down at Robert who was wiggling in her grasp and beginning to get fussy again at her stillness, “Your sister thinks your soulmate is in here… and that they’re why you’re so cranky… So, do you see anyone you like?” she halfheartedly teased her son, leading him around to the different cradles and allowing him to see each baby, “Ooh… This one has such pretty brown eyes… How about this one?” Robert merely grunted, making the same noise he usually did before she needed to change his nappy.

“This is so bloody wierd…” she finally sighed exasperatedly when Robert seemed to dismiss each newborn with an irritated amber glare. Hermione didn’t think his squishy little face could look so mean, and yet… he was his father’s son.

When they’d seen just about every baby in the main area, Hermione moved to leave the room, but Robert began to cry loudly once more, lurching so harshly in her hold that she nearly dropped him, “What the hell?! Robert! You almost made Mommy drop you!”

The little boy ignored her, continuing to wiggle and sob into her shoulder. Groaning, Hermione stepped back in the room and Robert quieted down. Struggling but ultimately succeeding in poking his head up and breathing heavily through his little nose, the breath whistling with each exhale.

“Aww!” Hermione cooed at the sound, “You have a little nose whistle! That’s so precious!”

Robert began to grunt in response to his mother’s stillness, pushing angrily against her, “Okay, okay, Merlin…” she frowned, “I’m gonna try something else…”

Humming, Hermione cradled her antsy son in the crook of her arm, letting him look out at the rest of the room, “Alright, Bobby… I’m gonna point in a direction, and you show me those baby blues if I’m getting closer to them, okay?”

The baby gurgled in response, dripping drool onto his blanket, “Hey now! I swear you are worse than your father…” she cleaned his face up, muttering all the while, “Okay, here we go… how about this way?” she pointed to her left hand side at a group of plastic bassinets and Robert’s eyes flashed red. Guess not...

“Here?” she pointed to the middle and was once again met with a red-eyed glare.

Hermione huffed, pointing to the last group of bassinets and her son’s eyes remained yellow, “Aha!” she burst triumphantly, walking over to the small group and surveying his eyes once more, only to see him flash red again, “What?!! Ugh….” she rubbed her face for a solid fifteen seconds, “You better not be leading me on a wild goose chase…”

Robert huffed where he was, sniffing like a little puppy and abruptly sneezing. His eyes suddenly
flashed blue and Hermione looked around them, knowing that something was missing. There was a side door near them, but it was a side area for supplies and transitory babies with unique circumstances. Looking down at her son’s watery blue eyes and wavering lower lip, she sighed, “The things I’ll do for you…”

Striding over to the storeroom door, she unlocked the heavy metal door and was met with near darkness upon opening it. Eerie mechanical sounds hummed around them and Hermione’s hand reached for the light switch. Flipping it on, the long narrow area lit up, bathing the room in a warm creamy light. Her footsteps echoed along the floor and she immediately heard shuffling. Looking around her feet, she immediately thought of rats and clutched Robert closer to her chest.

He was gurgling again as they passed a few extra empty bassinets and crates filled with diapers, blankets, and formula. His eyes stayed blue, even growing less bloodshot as they approached the back of the room. There seemed to be no sign of life aside from the small noise she heard before, and it was enough to make her suspicious. Upon reaching the back of the room, she nearly turned back around after noticing nothing remarkable about the space but stopped short, noticing movement coming from a topless cardboard box in the corner.

Hermione approached the box cautiously, unsure of what was inside. She leaned Robert away from it in case it was a rat or some other creature hiding out in this seldom-used room. Peering inside, she gasped. It was another baby, and this one looked like it was literally born yesterday.

Bundled in dark blankets, the sleeping newborn’s alabaster skin stood out shockingly against them, almost reminding her of… No… That’s not possible… Robert fussed in her grasp, angry with her for keeping him from his other half. Hesitantly, she placed her hand on the baby’s raven-colored fuzz and her vision was immediately assaulted by darkness.

“Maybe he murdered Myrtle; that would’ve done everyone a favor. . . .”

“Now as you know, each and every one of you was searched upon your arrival here tonight and you have the right to know why. Once there was a young man, who like you, sat in this very hall, walked this castle's corridors, slept under its roofs. He seemed to all the world a student like any other. His name........ Today, of course, he's known all over the world by another name, which is why, as I stand looking out upon you all tonight, I'm reminded of a sobering fact: Every day, every hour, this very minute, perhaps, dark forces attempt to penetrate this castle's walls... But in the end, their greatest weapon... is you.”

Moonlight enveloped the battlefield, unveiling the demonic deeds of His followers, the devils clad in wretched tattered cloaks and corroded silver masks that display their burning eyes. Left and right, innocent students in their blood-stained jumpers and multicolored ties fell at their feet, their lights snuffed out much too soon. At the center of it all was her best friend, Harry James Potter, the boy who lived, and Him, clad in Death’s tortured guise and holding Death’s wand, dearly forgetting that pride comes before the fall. Lord Voldemort.

No, she remembered, Tom Marvolo Riddle

“Curious, isn’t it?” an old serene voice remarked amusedly from behind her, causing the witch to jump and spin around, her old enemy forgotten.

A large leathery green head loomed over the trio and she realized that she was still in her mind. The inside of the giant turtle shell became illuminated around her and she tightened her grip on Robert so he didn’t float off into the antigravity void of space. Meanwhile, the cardboard box floated next to them, the baby inside still sleeping silently. Maturin’s three sets of eyelids blinked slowly, shifting between crimson and ebony every few seconds.
“Maturin?” she gaped at his yawning beak, wondering how he managed to reach her while she wasn’t fully asleep.

The ancient turtle nodded with another yawn, “Yes, it is I, but I shall not bore you with how I came to you while fully conscious, as my time here is vastly limited, but I wanted to show you this little one…” he indicated to the silent baby in the box, “The Other has been busy, indeed. Forces are in motion, and I’m afraid to say that this is just the beginning…”

“The beginning of what?” Hermione prompted the ancient being nervously and he only shook his head sadly.

“I cannot say… for to tell you would change the possible outcomes… For now, I can tell you this… The first time around, this little one lived without love and compassion in his heart. Dear girl, you can nurture him, care for him in the way no one ever did. You can change him for the better, as can your little one here,” he indicated to Robert, who was watching the turtle with a suspicious pout on his little squishy face, “You are so much like your father, yet there is much of your mother in you, too,” he bent down to glance at her son and chuckled as the little boy began to fuss, burrowing himself into her chest to hide from Maturin’s knowing gaze.

Hermione shushed him patiently and turned back to face Maturin again, only to be met with the nearly empty room, “Damn it!” she cursed, now much more confused than before.

The curly-haired witch snatched her shaking hand away from where it had been resting before, cradling Robert to her side and hiding him away from the yawning hellspawn in the box. He began to cry and she followed suit, looking at the ground in anguish. Not only was the Dark Lord resurrected again, but he was a helpless baby.

“I can’t kill a baby… and Robert… I can’t kill his soulmate…

Looking over at the newborn in the box, she walked over to him and set Robert down beside Tom. Immediately the former began to purr loudly, closing his eyes and immediately falling asleep.

Hermione smiled at her son before dropping the expression and tensely turning to view Tom’s dark gray eyes, yet undecided but unlikely to turn red anytime soon.

So The Other decided to make Robert and Tom soulmates? This just seems like a match made in Hell…

“Hello, Tom,” she began awkwardly, “I don’t think we’ve ever met, but my name is Hermione.”

Gingerly, she stuck her pointer finger into the box and the boy’s hand immediately grasped it, leading her into a small handshake, “Good,” Hermione nodded, curiously “You’re a polite little fella, aren’t you? Do you remember anything from before?”

The baby just stared blankly at her before looking over to Robert’s sleeping face, trying to decipher the blurry shapes in front of him. Hermione shrugged, gathering up the box in her arms and moving to walk out the door, “I don’t suppose you could tell me even if you did, but either way, you’re coming home with me… Oh, and by the way… If you break his heart, I’ll make you regret it,” she cooed sourly at the dark haired baby, walking out the door and turning around.

“Huh,” she breathed, noticing the building’s windows and everyone walking behind them, “Thanks for throwing me into your weird pocket dimension and throwing a baby version of a deceased dictator at me. It was fun… Now can I please get some sleep?” she muttered to herself, scowling when Tom began to cry.
“Oh, this falls under multiple levels of bloody insane situations,” Hermione muttered to herself as she held Tom to her chest, the tiny newborn crying frustratedly and wiggling his arms upon being placed in a soft onesie and blanket to match Robert’s, “I hope you don’t remember anything from your previous life… Otherwise this will be rather awkward…” she warned, tugging her shirt down to expose her plump leaking breasts.

Gingerly, Hermione stroked his cheek to trigger his reflexes and immediately, Tom reached for her and closed his little mouth around her right nipple, beginning to suckle. His wiggling motions eventually calmed immediately and his eyes drooped tiredly as he continued to feed. She smoothed his dark hair back comfortingly and he seemed to grab onto her chest with both hands, as though he was afraid she was going to leave him alone. Leaning down, she pressed a lingering kiss to his squishy forehead before scooting back into her mountain of pillows to get more comfortable.

Not ten seconds after she finally got settled, Pennywise poked his head over the side of the mattress, scaring the everloving shit out of her. It was as if time had slowed exponentially. She noticed his face go through a range of emotions, starting at hesitant and going through lustful, confused, and finally, anger. He rushed forward from where he appeared at the end of the bed and she intercepted him with her foot, watching him run head-first into it and stopping in his tracks. The angry eldritch growled at her and she smacked him on the back of the head in retaliation, shielding Tom away from her mate’s rage.

“Have you gone completely mad!?” Hermione shouted at him before hushing the baby in her arms after he began crying at his jostling.

“What is that?” Pennywise hissed darkly, ignoring her completely, “It’s not my pup,” he flashed his sharp teeth at the small bundle in her arms.

“No,” she agreed calmly, “he’s not… He is the reincarnation of the man who took over most of Wizarding England and tried to have me and my friends killed… He killed many many innocent people in the name of blood purity and cut down anyone who stood in his way… but Maturin said that Robert is his soulmate because life is a bloody fucking joke!” she was shouting by the end of her tirade and Pennywise winced, dropping his hostile behavior to tend to his crying mate, “I’m terrified, Penn… but I can’t lose our son.”

As if on cue, the little ginger-haired boy began to wail in his crib and Hermione began to cry harder. Pennywise sighed apologetically, striding over to retrieve Robert from his crib and bring him over to the bed. Setting the larger baby in her free arm, he attempted to assist her by angling her breast into their son’s mouth, but the newborn wouldn’t latch on, instead reaching for Tom, who was still crying against her heaving chest.

“C’mere, Junior,” Pennywise finally mumbled, taking Robert from Hermione and setting him down on the blankets and doing the same with Tom, angling their bodies so the former was spooning the latter.

Both immediately quieted and Robert fell back asleep, clutching the whimpering Tom like a teddy bear. Hermione sighed at the little one’s nervousness, getting up to retrieve a bottle and filling it with her milk on the way back. Crouching down on the floor next to the bed, she resumed feeding Tom where he was, internally delighting when the little wizard ceased whimpering and closed his eyes once more as he fell asleep.

“Mmm… Their bond is strong… Maybe even stronger than ours…” Pennywise commented curiously, brushing back Robert’s ginger tufts, “They’re so young, so it’s hard to tell…”
Hermione exhaled raggedly as her mate picked up the two boys and set them back in their crib, “How are we supposed to deal with this?” she asked nervously.

Pennywise looked over to her, an equally nervous expression creeping across his features, “One day at a time.”

Hermione came up to stand by him as they gazed at the five little newborns under their loving and watchful care. Each had opened their eyes, almost as if in unison, gazing at their parents. A few wiggled their arms and kicked their legs in a request to be changed or picked up while another yawned and began sucking his fingers. Pennywise leaned down and pressed a kiss to each one’s head, even Tom’s, and greeted them with a single word.

“Hello.”

★★★ Fin ★★★
To put it simply, this fic has been one of the biggest personal projects I've ever undertaken. There were so many times where I would start a story yet never finish it. There was never ever an instance while writing this story where I felt that way. Of course, there were bumps in the writing and there are still a few places that I'll never be completely satisfied with, but from what I've learned over the last year and two months, I know that I simply must keep moving forward, wherever that will be. I want to promise that I will come back to this storyline and write a sequel, but I am very unsure when or if that will even happen. For now, I will be writing another novel that I hope to publish sometime next year, an actual original content novel. I'm so excited to begin this project, but I'll most definitely miss pouring over my notes for this story and fitting each piece together in a way that just barely makes sense. Everyone who has read this story since I began publishing it has been a great motivator for me, and everyone who has sent me messages to my inbox has given me the specific words and encouragement to draw me back to my laptop when I needed it. With that being said, I will still check my mail in case anyone wants to reach me. The reason I bring it up is because I will periodically update a small "Wingardium Leviosa oneshot collection" made entirely from any mailed recommendations that I receive. Ask and ye shall receive! Once again, I want to thank you all for your kudos, comments, bookmarks, and even glances at this fic. There are endless works on this site and others, and the fact that you chose mine over others makes me incredibly grateful. :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!