Hermione would miss them all so much when she returned to Hogwarts, where she truly belonged. "Please, stay. Don't leave like she did." "I'll never leave you." It wasn't what she was going to say but her heart broke as she looked upon Tarrant's tear streaked face, and she couldn't bring herself to regret the words she had just spoken.
Chapter 1

I know another story but I totally fell in love with this story and plot idea and was like why aren't there more of these around. I feel it is in my best personal interest to correct this and hopefully inspire other writers to create more stories like this as well.

Summary: She had lived through a lot of crazy mad and completely loony situations, but when the Hatter was involved she couldn't help but anticipate them.

Harry Potter x Alice in Wonderland Crossover

Pairing: Hermione Granger x Mad Hatter/Tarrant Hightopp.

…

There were quite a few things Hermione noticed as she ran into the maze like forest.

First there was no way in hell, the surrounding foliage was normal, and that was saying something considering normal plant life to her was Devil's Snare and Gillyweed and even Mimbulus Mimbletonia. These seemed to grow up and inward towards her as if keeping her encased within their walls encouraging her to move forward into her current imprisonment. That theory was only confirmed when she was foolhardy enough to look back to see nothing but hedges where she once stood. She did not dare look back again as roots grew and entangled themselves beneath her feet in order for the young witch to trip.

Secondly she was a complete and utter idiot, she had no idea how she could have been so stupid as to actually follow that damned rabbit into this place, she should have known better, the war was over though it didn't mean all of the Death Eaters had been caught yet. Kingsley's brilliant idea to allow the Triwizard Tournament to indeed be hosted once more at Hogwarts to promote different school unities had been rather idiotic so soon after the war. Though there really wasn't much to be done as The Salem Witch's Institute, an American magical school located in Massachusetts and Mahoutokoro an all magical school located somewhere in Japan, both readily agreed to offer champions from there school. Back to the main focus of her second point she had no idea how she could be so stupid to actually follow some white rabbit into the magical maze they would soon use in the first task, she just couldn't help but feel she needed to follow it, that it would lead her to somewhere important.

At last, she found the little rodent, sitting there at the end of the maze and- 'The end of the maze! The little arse actually brought me to the end of the maze. How the bloody hell am I supposed to get back into Hogwarts now?' panicked Hermione stopped chasing the animal to take in her surroundings. The little thing turned around and stared at her deeply, almost knowing what she was thinking, before speaking

"You are not Alice but she can no longer return, though it shouldn't matter you have much muchness. More than enough to help us. Now come on silly girl or we're going to be late. Very, very late!" spoke the rabbit as Hermione barely had time to catch up to his words

"What the- how are you talking?" asked the now perplexed girl startled as the rabbit grabbed onto her arm and dragged her towards the tree he was standing near earlier.

"By sounding out my words. You might not be Alice but you're just as strange as she. Now come on we must go to se Absolem. He'll be able to explain everything to you now come on." he replied and before she could utter a word was pushed quite literally down the rabbit hole.
This is what happens when people allow a bored authoress to watch Tim Burton's Alice in Wonderland followed by Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows. It's like this crossover was begging to be written lol.

So considering this is a pretty new genre for me to write and not a lot of people even thought to create this crossover let alone read one so hopefully I'll do a good job writing this to not turn you guys against this crossover and pairing forever. So considering this please try to review and/or pm me with your ideas and thoughts about this story.


Dark Lunar Love
The Test

Tea Time Chapter 2

Summary: Hatter knew that after entering this world which was completely new to her that she didn't particularly like it when he tricked her and she ended up in the middle of one of his tea parties filled with fun and mischief. But surely she liked it a whole lot more than she claimed, for even she couldn't hide the mirth and delight her eyes held when she had a cuppa with him.

Pairings: Mad Hatter/ Tarrant Hightopp x Hermione Granger

Rated: M

Previously:

"By sounding out my words. You might not be Alice but you're just as strange as she. Now come on we must go to see Absolem. He'll be able to explain everything to you now come on." he replied and before she could utter a word was pushed quite literally down the rabbit hole.

Now:

It had been quite a few months since Hermione had heard herself scream but she definitely recognized the sound for what it was, as the hole she was rudely pushed into grew larger and larger the farther into it she fell. What shocked her most though, despite the live in furniture that was there, the white rabbit that pushed her into the hole was missing.

Her thoughts of the sneak were immediately wiped from her memory as she landed roughly on a bed that she did not think would have made her bounce from it as high as it did though it wasn't as bad as she thought when she noticed her slowed momentum. This thoughts too were short lived as she noticed a grand piano head towards her much smaller body. She was sure that pianos were not meant to dwarf over her so much though she mentally let out a sigh of relief noticing the thing slowed almost as if the laws of gravity didn't affect it at all and it floated away from her sight.

As soon as it disappeared, she roughly landed on the bottom of the hole which as she noticed almost immediately as she opened her eyes was that she was laying on tiled flooring something she was sure should not be found at the bottom of some mangy hole. Magical or not.

'Magic! Oh bloody hell, my wand!' she thought desperately though as she felt for her wand she couldn't help but choke back a gasp as three different pieces of wood touched her fingers.

'Okay I don't have my wand but that doesn't mean I'm entirely helpless does it?' she thought painstakingly looking around the almost empty room as though it would spit forth the answers she seeks.

"Do you think she'll figure it out? It's not like she's Alice?" asked a squeaky voice doubtful of the young woman

"I do recall you saying the exact same thing about Alice last year, Mallymkun." spoke the White Rabbit as he continued watching the girl, who besides the curly nearing bushy hair resembled Alice nothing in the slightest.
Hermione took in the small table and once more looked around the room for what had to have been the fifth time in the past minute, though this time a small door which she could've sworn was not there the last time her eyes swept the room along with a key and a small bottle of some liquid with a tag reading 'Drink Me' tied around it.

She quickly pocketed the key and picked up the bottle examining it closely, "It could be poison." she reasoned out loud before continuing, "Though I doubt a rabbit would've gone through all this trouble just to kill me. And I'm obviously not getting through that door anytime soon." as soon as she finished the sentence her head was tilted back and she was taking a couple sips of the drink which she soon realized, was stronger than butterbeer but not quite as powerful as firewhisky which confused her immensely as she didn't taste a hint of alcohol in the liquid.

She gently placed the bottle down and felt a tightening throughout her entire body and as she looked up she realized with fascination she was quickly shrinking, either that or the door which still stood tall in front of her was growing, either way she was pretty sure she found her way out.

"See that." spoke a childlike voice

"Yes. Yes I did. This is her first time here too." said another identical sound

"And she took the key with her!" answered the first voice in surprised yet approving shock.

"So she took the key. That doesn't prove anything." replied a now very haughty Mallymkun in defense.

The more Hermione shrunk and she did so until she was smaller than the door ahead of her did she realize her clothes did not shrink with her much to her embarrassment. She looked down expecting to find her naked chilled flesh, though was surprised to find that a light pink dress the same color as the tank top she was wearing before she shrunk now adorned her flesh.

Though whoever thought the dress up certainly had taste she found she did not particularly like the Victorian styled dress nor the small white heels that she was currently sporting. Fighting through a war and being on the run for a little over a year made her a little more conscious of exactly what she wore, how she spoke and of course what she did. Though if this is what she was given especially if the other option was running around this place naked she wouldn't speak out, against the gift.

She quickly moved herself towards the pocket of her now overly large jeans and was pleased to note that the key was still the perfect size for the lock on the door and as soon as she had a grip on the cold piece of metal she made her way over to the wooden door and with a quick flick of the key and twist of the knob the door swung open and she was greeted by the sight of two large boys that in a way reminded her of Harry's cousin, Dudley. A small mouse, what should be an extinct species of bird and finally that damned rabbit.

"Now that there aren't any more holes to push me through can you please explain to me what it is I'm here for?" asked Hermione glaring quite smartly at the bunny, she didn't dare say it aloud but she would bet Harry's Nimbulus 3000 that he would take that little nickname with great insult and she did not feel one hundred percent about testing her limits without knowing there intentions despite the fact most of them were animals.

"Yes of course, a thousand apologies Miss. But we needed help and your muchness called to Underland much like Alice's did last year and nine years prior to that."
"That was my Grams' name." mused Hermione out loud before shaking her head to clear herself from unnecessary thoughts, "What does this Alice have to do with me?"

"I thought I answered that already? No. Well then no matter, Absolem will be able to explain better than me anyway. Come on now all of you we're going to be late!" yelled the rabbit taking lead of the little ragtag group.

All except the two boys followed behind instead they went over to Hermione each both grabbing a hand gently before the one on her left began speaking.

"Hi there! I'm Tweedledum and he's Tweedledee."

"No, no you introduced us wrong. See he's Tweedledee and I'm Tweedledum."

"Pleasure." Hermione nodded to both in turn, "My name's Hermione."

"Wow. Don't get a lot of Hermiones around here. We've had a lot of Alices before though." spoke Tweedledee with a thoughtful look on his face while Tweedledum merely shook his head negatively and spoke.

"We haven't had that many and even if we had, Hermiones seem just as interesting."

"Should I be double interesting then?" asked Hermione earning her curious looks which she just blushed under, "Well my middle name is Alice. After my Grams."

"She said Grams again." spoke Tweedledum

"Wonder what that is?" agreed Tweedledee

"She's my great-grandmother. Grams is just for short. She's where I get my hair from. Well at least the texture, I have my father's hair color." she finished lamely

"Alice had hair like this too." spoke one of the boys Hermione at this point completely giving up on telling the two apart. They were even more confusing than Fred and George.

"Hers was yellow though." agreed the second once more. The three of them almost running into the Door Mouse, the Dodo Bird and the White Rabbit all coming to a harsh stop.

"That would be because she is her Grams' great-granddaughter." spoke a slowly drawn out voice, smoke soon covered her entire being and she was once more coughing to restore air into her lungs. Once the colorful smoke cleared and she could somewhat breath again she looked upon a giant caterpillar surrounded by flowers with faces on them.

"You know my Grams?" asked Hermione quietly

"The real question my dear girl is, do you?" asked Absolem as though he were speaking to a child.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione as the caterpillar raised an invisible brow in question of the young witch

"Your Grams is in fact our Alice, though she failed to keep her promise to the Hatter. She never returned. I am not one to doubt Underland but there was a reason she doesn't return and that would have to be you."

"Tweedledee and Tweedledum said that they saw my Grams last year though, how is that
"How are a lot of things possible?" countered Absolem, "You my dear girl are a Magic much like the White and Red Queen. You should know the answers you seek better than I. And if those answers elude you they shan't for long." answered Absolem

"A Magic?"

"Did he say that correctly?"

"She's a Magic just like her Majesty and she's one of Alice's daughters!"

"She must be so powerful!"

"You'll have to forgive the flowers they go nutters for a piece of gossip." answered the Door Mouse loudly marching up to Hermione whom bent down to try to meet her halfway.

"Sounds like a pair of friends I have." mused Hermione happily, "I'm Hermione and we have yet to be properly introduced."

"Mallymkun the Doormouse at your service Hermione." replied the little mouse happily brandishing her sword and all.

"Well your services aren't needed at the moment. So could I perhaps interest you in a ride?" asked Hermione politely who at Mallymkun's eager nod placed said mouse on her shoulder before walking up to the White Rabbit.

"And what should I call you? Unless you prefer White Rabbit or is Bunny your surname?" Hermione teased lightly. Her back still hurt from falling through that damn hole and if she had to blame someone it would definitely have to be the little bugger who pushed her in in the first place.

"McTwisp." he replied tightly checking his watch again. "Now that Absolem has proven you are who we need here and proving you're related to our Alice we must get you to Marmoreal as quickly as possible." answered McTwisp.

She had no time to question what the hell Marmoreal was before a loud explosion went off and red cards began flowing from the direction they just came from. They quickly charged at them and before she could think to run a card had hit her on her neck, a scream was let out and then all was dark.

...
The Oraculum

Tea Time Chapter 3

Pairings: Mad Hatter/ Tarrant Hightopp x Hermione Granger

Summary: Alice Kingsleigh was a woman of many secrets, but as Hermione flipped through the pages of her Gram's old journal a lot of those secrets were ones Hermione herself now shared and felt. Her muchness was vastly growing as were her feelings for Tarrant.

Rated: M

…

Previously:

…

She had no time to question what the hell Marmoreal was before a loud explosion went off and red cards began flowing from the direction they just came from. They quickly charged at them and before she could think to run a card had hit her on her neck, a scream was let out and then all was dark.

…

Now:

…

“Well it's such a relief to see that you are of a normal size.” those had been the first words Hermione heard upon entering Marmoreal.
That was three days ago, and Hermione still felt the urge to roll her eyes at the exuberance Mirana seemed to pour out from her very being, though she could not fault the young queen. In ways she was heartbreakingly reminded of Luna Lovegood. The older girl's platinum blonde hair almost white in color was a remarkable resemblance to the one Hermione remembered from back home. Hermione herself had to stop herself several times from calling out Luna's name when in Mirana's presence.

She had taken the hobby of wondering the castle grounds. They were large enough she was able to avoid anyone should they take the same route as she did. The one person though whom she could not seem to get away from however was her Grams. Despite having died when Hermione was six years old the castle had several pictures of a very younger Alice Kingsleigh Bennett. Though, Hermione mused, to most of the people in Underland she was simply known as Alice, Alice Kingsleigh to those she was closer to.

The other hobby she grew accustomed to was strolling to the garden where she was sure to find Tarrant. The Mad Hatter as she soon learned upon hearing the whispers of the other castle folk. It was however with great annoyance Mirana was found here today as she passed the arch leading towards the table set up specifically for Tarrant. Hermione's eyes adjusted to the pale white that was the Queen's attire and politely announced her presence for the two.

“Hermione, thank goodness you're here. Tarrant and I were just discussing you.” Hermione noted that Mirana's lips curved upward at her declaration.

“Yes well I've taken to having a cuppa with Tarrant since we've arrived here.” That was putting it mildly though for even though she vehemently denied it, she had lived through a lot of crazy, mad and completely loony situations, but when the Hatter was involved she couldn't help but anticipate them. She was just as sure to deny his claims of her actually being fond of there discussions as she was sure he knew she was lying.

“Yes, I've noticed.” spoke the White Queen haughtily, “There's something I need of you though Hermione. It appears that Iracebeth and Stayne have come to a happy understanding.” at Tarrant's confused look she elaborated. “The knave has cut his hand off, it appears that he has also replaced it with some sort of prosthetic appendage. They have turned the Outlands into a new kingdom instead of the limbo it was created as. They are ruling there together and as we speak there are whispers that they both seek revenge and plan to attempt a coup on Marmoreal.”

“With all due respect, 'Majesty'.” Hermione used the title very loosely much to the pale woman's annoyance, “What does this have to do with me?”

“The Oraculum.” she answered as if that answered everything.
“Sorry, what?”

...

Falling fast into an endless abyss with fleeting surreal images. A lush but off-kilter landscape, strange misshapen people, a blue caterpillar floating in a smoky mist, the wry smile of a man in a top hat, a weeping turtle, an egg man on a fence, a griffon and the silhouette of a huge headed woman screaming.

“Off with her head! Off with her head!”

...

“You keep looking out the window. What’s troubling you?” the White Queen steadily made her way towards the distraught Alice.

“I’m worried about the Hatter.”

“Tarrant Hightopp?”

“I don’t know what’s become of him. Your sister ordered his execution.”

The Queen can see the love there.

“Tarrant is very resourceful. You must trust him. If there is a way out, he will find it.”

Alice nods and takes a deep breath. The Queen sneaks a look out the window.

“Now you’re the one looking out the window.”
“You caught me.” Mirana let out a small laugh.

“You champion will come.” Alice assured her.

“Yes I am sure of it.” she consented after a moment’s pause.

…

“Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe. All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths outgrabe.”

“Now where in the world do you suppose that …”

“Uh … loose something?”

The look of shock on Alice’s face was all too apparent as she looked at the Cheshire Cat for the first time.

“Oh! Hehe, Oh uhhh … hehe … I- I was … no, no, I- I- I- I mean, I uhh … I was just wondering ...

“Oh, uhh, that’s quite all right! Oh, hrmmm, one moment please … Oh! Second chorus … “Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe …”

“Why, why you're a cat!” exclaimed Alice as Ches disappeared and reappeared before her.

“A Cheshire Cat. All mimsy were the borogoves …”

“Oh, wait! Don't go, please!” cried out the eight year old frantically

“Very well. Third chorus …”
“Oh no no no ... thank you, but – but I just wanted to ask you which way I ought to go.”

“Well, that depends on where you want to get to.”

“Oh, it really doesn't matter, as long as I g ...”

“Then it really doesn't matter which way you go! Ah-hmm ... and the momeraths outgrabe ... Oh by the way, if you'd really like to know, he went that way.” interrupted Ches

“Who did?”

“The White Rabbit.”

“He did?”

“He did what?”

“Went that way?”

“Who did?” smiled the cat insanely

“The White Rabbit!”

“What Rabbit?”

“But didn't you just say ... I mean ... oh dear!”

“Can you stand on your head?” asked Ches noticing the girl's distress
“Oh!”

“However, if I were looking for a white rabbit, I’d ask the Mad Hatter.”

...

The Hatter grabs Alice and kisses her passionately. Chessur can be seen in the background, putting a comforting arm around the disappointed Mallymkn.

The White Queen leans down to the still bleeding neck of the Jabberwocky to catch a drop of its blood into a vial.

“And the blood of the Jabberwocky.” She approaches Alice, continuing her speech, “Alice. You have our everlasting gratitude. And for your efforts on our behalf.” The Queen hands the young woman the vial.

“Is this the way home?”

“Drink.”

Alice lifts the glass container to her lips, but before she can do as Mirana instructed, Tarrant’s voice is heard.

“Don’t.”

“What?”

“Stay with us.”

She gasps at the idea. The crazy mad idea. She looks at him and her gaze travels to the strange wonderful beings she's met in this strange and wonderful place. But then, thoughts of her mother and sister and unfinished business intrude her fantasy.
“I wish I could. But there are questions I have to answer.” she glances at the White Rabbit, “And things I'm late for doing.” and before she loses her nerve, she drinks the potion, shuddering at the taste.

“You won't remember me.” Tarrant had never looked so defeated before.

“I will!” she denies happily before she is pulled into another kiss one last time.

“Fairfarren, Alice.” he whispers as he lets her go.

“Fairfarren, Tarrant.”

“Fairfarren all.” she whispers raising her hand, as she struggles with her emotions.

…

Tea Time Chapter 3.

I forgot how much fun it is to write an Alice in Wonderland story lol. I hope this chapter makes up for the wait since the last update.

The ending memories will be explained the beginning of the next chapter, and were taken from the original scripts of the 1951 and 2010 versions of AiW.

Dark Lunar Love.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!