

The PPC is not my creation; that honor goes to Jay and Acacia. Harry Potter is the property of the amazing J.K. Rowling, while Harry Potter and the Tails of Change belongs to Karou WindStalker of fanfiction.net and I want to make it very clear that it is theirs. Agent Rina, however, is mine, and Agent Randa is the property of a friend who has allowed me to use her as a partner.

Rina finished typing up the mission report for 'The Marauderette' and submitted it, then glanced over her shoulder at Randa.

"So, what did you think of our first mission?" Rina asked, blinking hard in a futile effort to dispel her headache.

"Aside from you going batcrap crazy, it was pretty fun," Randa said. She glanced warily at the mini-Aragog in the corner, who was busy spinning a web near the ceiling. "I still don't see why you had to bring home a mini, though."

"Hobbitses will learn to like us soon enough, preciousss," McGonagoll hissed, his eight eyes blinking simultaneously. Randa shuddered and edged her chair away from the spider.

"Hey, could you toss me some Bleeprin?" Rina asked, pointing to the bottle on the table next to Randa's chair.

[BEEEEEP!]

"Never mind," Rina muttered, punching the button and leaning forward to read the report. "Oh, lovely. **It's the end of the third year and Harry's home for the holidays. The Dursley's are on holiday and Harry is studying over the summer, doing research on Animagus transformations. In this story, Tonks is two years younger than Canon. Rated M for Caution. This story is AU, and will include F/F relations, so be warned.** Apparently we have the possibility of dealing with a Stu-wraith...Why do people feel the need to write this stuff?"

"But didn't you once write a fifth Marauder self-insert fic where Remus—?" Randa's sentence was cut short when she was forced to dodge the pillow thrown her way.

"I thought I told you to never mention that. *Ever*," Rina growled.

Randa just sniggered.

Rina chose to ignore her friend in favor of grabbing a copy of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*. "Don't bother with disguises," she said over her shoulder. "The fic's set during the summer and there aren't any non-cansons, so we can just go like this." She gestured down at her jeans and t-shirt.

“Oh, thank God,” Randa said. “The robes were such a pain!” She caught Rina’s look and grimaced. “Yeah, yeah, I know I’ll need to get used to it.” Randa hit a few buttons on the console, opening a portal to what looked like Privet Drive on an early morning. She moved to step through.

“Wait.”

Randa paused, one foot in the portal. “Yeah?”

Rina shrugged. “Well, Harry’s still a canon character, isn’t he? We can just pop into his bedroom and sit in the corner while he does... whatever.” At Randa’s dubious look, she added, “It’s not like he’s going to see us. Remember when I killed that author’s note? None of the Marauders even blinked.”

“Okay, fair enough.” Randa fiddled with the controls, resetting the portal for Harry’s bedroom. “Better?”

“Much. *Allons-y!*” Rina jumped past Randa through the portal, hitting the floor with a barely-audible *thud*. Randa rolled her eyes and followed, though her landing wasn’t quite as graceful or quiet.

“*Allons-y?*” Randa whispered as she used the Remote Activator to close the portal behind them.

“It’s French. For ‘let’s go’,” Rina whispered, mimicking a British accent.

Randa swatted her. “I know what it means,” she hissed. “I just thought you’d want to save that for if—sorry, when—we get sent to a *Doctor Who* badfic.”

Rina bit back a reply when the fic proper began.

Harry struggled awake, fighting with the thin sheets that covered his bed.

“Well, at least the opening sentence is okay,” Randa said. “Now let’s see how long it keeps up.”

Finally freeing himself, he checked the time, the old, much abused digital clock showed the time to be eight am.

“Spoke too soon,” Randa mumbled, dropping her head to her arms.

“I blame you,” Rina muttered. Her eyes glazed over as she read the Words. “Ohhhh... no... Randa, have you seen the author’s note?”

Randa squinted at the Words. "Oh jeez."

This is a work of fiction, and I have altered reality from how JKR wrote things. First off, Nymphadora Tonks is a 6th year when Harry is in his first. Second, this story starts off in the summer between Harry's third and fourth years, so he has met Sirius, and knows he's innocent. Third, I'm having Harry be just a wee bit more intelligent,

Rina made a small noise of disgust.

and have something more of a backbone by this time in his life. This story may include relations between two consenting females, so if that doesn't float your boat, you have been warned here, and can take appropriate action.

"Oh, I can't *wait* to see a more intelligent Harry," Rina muttered, running a thumb over the cover of *Goblet of Fire*. "If the report was right and we'll have a Stu-wraith on our hands, I call dibs on hitting Harry with this."

"Hey!" Randa protested. "You got to kill Ordellya! Let me have a turn!"

Rina made a slashing motion with her hands, making Randa fall silent. "We can take turns, okay?" Rina whispered. "But shh—you'll draw attention if you're any louder."

"Sorry."

While the girls had been arguing, Harry had started reading a book on Animagi. Apparently, Professor McGonagall had given him an essay for extra credit on the subject, and also loaned Harry a few books on becoming an Animagus.

"Oh, hello there, Plot Convenience," Rina said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

Harry was quite intrigued by the possibility that he might be an Animagus, and what his form could be. His father, godfather, and the person who ultimately betrayed the trust he was shown, all had become Animagi in their fifth year, all to help their mutual friend with his 'furry little problem'.

"But you have to *become* an Animagus, don't you?" Randa groaned and sank back against the wall. "I hate this already."

They watched as Harry browsed through his potions books and began gathering the ingredients for a should-be complicated potion that just happened to use student-regulation ingredients.

He checked through his potions supplies and took out each ingredient he had, finding that, for once, he was completely prepared to do this thing. Taking his time to prepare the

ingredients properly, Harry set about carefully brewing the potion, adding the ingredients at the right time and stirring in the correct fashion. “Add the essence of violets and stir three times clockwise for every four times counterclockwise for three minutes.” read the second to last step in the instructions. Harry made sure to stir correctly, watching the cauldron’s contents turn an odd sickly green, which is what the textbook said it would look like.

“Wait,” Randa interrupted, “Why is Harry brewing the potion in his bedroom?”

“Here’s a better question: Why did the Dursleys let Harry have a stove in his bedroom?” Rina rolled her eyes. “Hooray for terrible description.”

Suddenly Harry was lying flat on his back on his bed, going into a trance. Rina sighed and let her eyes slide out of focus so she could see what Harry was seeing.

“So what is it?”

“He’s in a forest that is a **dark, black, ancient forest, older and more rooted in mysticism than the Forbidden Forest,**” Rina quoted. “He...”

She trailed off, her eyebrows knitting together. “Randa?”

“What?”

“Isn’t a kitsune a Japanese fox spirit or someth- OW!”

Randa’s nails suddenly dug into Rina’s knee. “Yeah.” Her teeth were bared in a silent snarl. “It’s basically a Japanese trickster spirit that looks like a fox with multiple tails. The more tails they have, the more powerful they are.”

“But...” Rina held her head in her hands. “All the Animagi we’ve seen in canon aren’t magical creatures, and *they don’t exist in the Potterverse!*”

Randa shushed her partner before she could start ranting, though it was a major effort on her part. “Goddamn weaboos; might as well be using honorifics and saying random Japanese words every five seconds,” she muttered.

“I don’t think this is a weaboo fic,” Rina said slowly, “since the only Japanese reference I can see is that stupid fox spirit.”

“Whatever you say, Rina-senpai.” Randa grinned and ducked Rina’s halfhearted swipe.

{There was another rustle in the bushes as another being came out of the darkness. This one was more of a surprise than the first. What appeared before Harry appeared at first to be a wolf, but built more along the lines of a panther. Taking in the 'wolf' more carefully, Harry noticed more and more things which made him think the animal was a blending of feline and lupine.}

"That is one hideous creature," Randa said. Rina had to agree; the panther/wolf combination didn't happen in nature for a reason. There was something about the creature in Harry's dream that made both girls' skin crawl.

{Harry looked between the two beings, "Are you saying that I have two forms?"}

Rina and Randa looked at each other.

"What."

"Even."

The Wolf/Cat nodded, then a sort of communication was broadcast by the kitsune in his lap. -Yes, little one. We are both your Animagus forms. A lot of Wizards don't brew the potion as exactly as you did and only discover their first form.-

"Yes, because Harry is *known* for his 'mad potions skillz'." Rina buried her face in her hands.

The agents groaned when Harry said, **"I can't wait to tell Sirius about this."**}

{Both animals grinned at Harry's enthusiasm

Randa snorted. "What is this, Pixar? That's just freaky."

then slowly began to 'pour' themselves into his body and fade from existence as he began to wake up from the potion.}

Rina and Randa scrambled out of Harry's way as he got off the bed and made his way to his desk. He took out a piece of parchment and a quill and began to write, unaware of the agents leaning over his shoulders to read the letter.

Dearest Padfoot,

Rina glanced at her partner, sticking a finger in her mouth. "Bleagh."

You wouldn't believe what I just discovered! Professor McGonagall assigned me an essay on Animagi and how to recognize them.

Randa facepalmed. "You *can't* recognize Animagi! If you could, there wouldn't have been a plot for *Prisoner of Azkaban*!"

"Don't question the badfic logic, remember?" Rina said, putting a hand on Randa's shoulder. Her eyes widened. "Uh, hey, Randa? Don't move."

"Why?" Randa stifled a shriek when Rina carefully plucked a mini-Aragog off of Randa's shirt.

"Hey, little guy. What's your name?"

"We's named animagus, preciousss," the mini hissed.

"We are *not* keeping that one," Randa said, eyeing the mini like it was about to jump on her face. She fumbled for the remote activator, not willing to take her eyes off the mini. "Where do the minis go?"

"Mini-Aragogs go to the Hogwarts Fanfiction Academy," Rina said. She held out a hand for the remote activator. After fiddling with the coordinates for a moment, she finally got a portal working. "You be careful, okay?" She placed the mini on the other side of the portal and killed the connection. She sighed. "Mcgonagoll is probably going to get lonely while we're gone, you know," she said pointedly.

"No."

Rina sighed, but decided it would be best to let the matter die. For now.

The rest of the letter wasn't too terrible (aside from the topic of double Animagus forms), so Randa decided to portal to a later time.

Reading the descriptions of what could go wrong if the transformation was rushed, Harry silently vowed to take each step carefully and with due care. He then started concentrating on the first joint of the fingers on his right hand, envisioning them becoming the first joint of a fox' paw. He blinked when he seemed to get it after just a few tries.

"CoughStucough!" Rina said, her lip curling.

Emboldened by this success, Harry tried to change the next joints, picturing in his mind the shift from human to fox. Half an hour later, Harry was able to change his entire right hand to a fox's paw and back almost instantaneously.

"Aren't you glad we skipped that part?" Randa asked.

"I never said I wasn't—"

They jumped when Harry suddenly spoke. **"I wonder what mischief I can manage while no one is aware of the fact I can become a fox. Perhaps I can even prank the Twins!"**

"That's gotta be a charge," Randa said, glancing sideways at Rina for confirmation. Rina nodded curtly, not taking her eyes off of Harry. Randa jotted the charge down on her notepad.

A sudden bout of swearing issued from the front yard.

"Sounded sort of like that Trainee Auror, Tonks. I know she just graduated this past term and was under the guidance of Moody."

"Okay, Harry thinking out loud all the time had better not be a thing in this fic," Rina muttered.

"Oooh, just a bit vindictive, weren't you, godfather? Though, I can't say I blame you, as Senior was the bloke who tossed your arse in Azkaban without as much as a pretense to a trial."

"Dammit."

"Wha—wait! Rina, look at the Words! Look at what led to that!" Randa groaned. "Two paragraphs after the first comment," she said when Rina seemed slow to react. While Rina read, Randa swatted Mad Eye and Bartemious Crouch Jr the mini-Aragogs off the windowsill and sent them after animagus.

Moody, also known as 'Mad Eye' was now sequestered at Hogwarts after an unsuccessful attempt by a Death Eater to overcome the man and take his place at the school. Thankfully the Death Eater in question, one Bartemious Crouch Jr decided to attempt his attack when both Dumbledore and Flitwick were visiting Moody.

"If Barty Crouch, Jr. was *that* stupid, there's no way *Goblet of Fire's* plot would have been possible," Rina snarled.

Harry leaned out the window and called to Tonks, who proceeded to vocalize her own thoughts. Rina sighed and rubbed her temples, cursing everything from the badfic to her growing migraine.

Harry headed out to the garden to talk to Tonks; Rina and Randa leaned out the window to watch. There wasn't much to comment on other than Sirius being referred to as Tonks' uncle.

Rina slowly pulled Randa away from the window and shut it, then buried her face in Harry's mattress and screamed.

After a long moment, Randa hesitantly put a hand on her partner's shoulder. "What's wrong this time?"

"Cousin. *Cousin*," Rina growled, her fists clenching. "Second cousins, to be exact. *Not* uncle."

Randa held up her pad questioningly. "Charge?"

"Definitely."

There was a rustle of feathers behind them. Rina slowly turned and found herself face to face with—

"Fawkes?" she sputtered.

"Oh no. No, no no no no!" Randa reached for the phoenix, but Fawkes screeched and flapped his wings. "Okay, you can stay there." Randa looked at Rina. "How are we gonna fix this?"

Instead of replying, Rina grabbed Randa's arm and pulled her into a corner a moment before Harry burst in.

"Hedwig! You made that trip a lot faster than I expected!" Harry exclaimed. Hedwig turned her head to Fawkes, drawing Harry's attention to the visitor.

"Fawkes? What are you doing here?" The magnificent bird gave a happy call and poked a bundle toward Harry. He picked it up and then looked at Hedwig, **"You had Fawkes deliver my note?"**

Rina and Randa facepalmed simultaneously, though for different reasons.

"Fawkes is running errands for Sirius?" Randa said.

"Remus was left in charge of a potion? **The Marauders were a bit rushed when we did it ourselves, as we miscalculated the day of the Full Moon and Moony was the one watching the potion.**" Rina quoted Sirius' letter. She sighed and sank down to the floor. "At least he's not being lusted after by another Sue..." She thought about her words for a moment before quickly knocking on the wooden floorboards.

Randa scrambled out of Godrick's way and opened a portal to the HFA.

After an obnoxious, but mostly pointless, conversation via mirror with 'Uncle Siri' where Harry was called 'pup' *ad nauseam*, Harry proceeded to contact Lupin.

"Heya pup, good to finally be able to talk without using notes."

Rina gripped her head. "Make it STAHP," she wailed. Randa shushed her, but not before Harry looked around.

"Did you hear something, Moony?"

Lupin's reply was too muffled to make out. Rina and Randa stayed very still, praying Harry wasn't about to notice them.

He didn't seem to see them, since the fic continued as scheduled. Finally, Harry fell back asleep, even though only about two hours had passed since the start of the story.

Rina crept to Harry's bedside table and snatched the mirror. "Cool. Since these work differently from the canon mirrors, we can take 'em."

"We're still missing the ones Sirius and Lupin have," Randa reminded her.

"Not a problem. They don't use the mirrors again and without the badfic focused on them, they won't try to stop us from taking their stuff."

Randa opened her mouth.

"No, you can't take all of their socks."

"Aww, man!"

After a quick portal to snatch the remaining two mirrors, Randa took them forward to chapter three.

They appeared in the kitchen, where Harry was being told by Tonks that his aunt, uncle, and cousin had been killed in a terrorist attack.

"Why would the Dursleys be targets of a terrorist attack?" Randa asked. "If the author wanted to get rid of them that easily, shouldn't it have been Death Eaters? It would make a helluva lot more sense!"

For Harry's safety, he was to be moved to a 'secure house'.

"I never fully unpacked my trunk, just in case I had to scamper or hide the stuff. All my homework's done too, gonna surprise Hermione when she reads my next letter." He then looked at Tonks, "Where're we headed, Tonks?"

"Putting my curiosity to know that aside," Rina began.

"Since when does Harry get his homework done early?" Randa finished. She shook her head. "Harry Potter, welcome to Way-the-Hey-Out-of-Character Land."

Harry and Tonks took an unauthorized Portkey to the mystery location. Randa sighed and set the RA's coordinates to home in on the Stu.

Nymphadora Tonks lives at 69 Wyndham Lane.

"Heh heh, 69," Rina sniggered. Randa rolled her eyes, but quickly joined Rina in her fit of giggling.

Their laughter quickly stopped when Tonks said, **"Part of what my mum managed to keep, despite being disowned by her family for marrying a Muggle."**

"Charge it," Rina said unnecessarily. Randa was already scribbling on the notepad. When Harry kissed Tonks on the cheek, there was a sharp *snap* as the pencil broke in half in her clenched fist.

"Oi!" Rina protested. "I only have one more in my pocket!"

Randa shook out her hand and grinned apologetically. Rina sighed and handed Randa the other pencil.

"You're getting me backups when we get back to HQ," Rina said, shoving her hands in her pockets. "Anyway, we should probably stay out here for now. This is the part where the major OOC-ness seems to kick in, and I don't want Harry or Tonks to see us if they get possessed."

"Agreed." Randa squinted, trying to bring the Words into focus. "Oh, great. Now Tonks has a house-elf?"

The elf giggled then said, "Mistress is telling Vilma that you is needed in the dining hall for dinner."

"The poor elf deserves better," Randa said quietly. She glanced slyly at her partner.

"Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?" Rina asked.

"Eyup!" Randa grinned.

While Harry let Vilma lead him down to the dining room, Rina and Randa positioned themselves under the dining room's window so they could peer inside.

Laughing as he enters the dining room, Harry smiles when he sees a small round table for two set up, Tonks already seated, he smiles at the pretty Auror Trainee before sitting down across from her and surveying what's on the table already.

The sudden change from past to present tense hit the agents like a battering ram. They fell away from the window, clutching at their heads.

"Son of a werechihuahua," Rina groaned, "I don't care how long we do this crap, I'll never get used to tense shifts."

Randa was too busy retching to reply.

"Oh no," Rina said, glaring at the Words. "Oh, you did not—Randa! The Weasley twins got hit."

The images running through his head less than innocent, remembering the one time that the Twins had pranked the young witch, causing her to have to streak to her House, which was halfway across the school from where the prefects showers were.

"You write—bleagh—it down—urk—for me," Randa gasped.

He had innocently stumbled across the scene, under his Invisibility Cloak, when he was wandering the halls past curfew.

He had taken pity on the young woman, seeing her state of agitation, and had left his school cloak where she could find it easily. He did, however, keep an eye on her on her way to the Hufflepuff common room, watching her back just in case someone tried to cause her trouble.

Randa wiped her mouth and took the notepad back from Rina before risking a look back in the house. Harry and Tonks had already started eating. Despite her barely-finished yarfing, Randa's stomach rumbled at the sight of the food.

As they ate and traded glances, both Harry and Tonks had similar thoughts running through their heads, mostly along the lines of: I wonder what they're thinking? And : I wonder if they're thinking about me.

When they had finished up their desserts, Harry got up and went around the table to help Tonks up, smiling at her. When their hands connected a bright golden glow surrounded

both of them, a 'snap' of air heard as the magic took hold of them for a brief moment, laying traces of a powerful bond, based on magic, souls, and hearts.

"I think I'm gonna puke again," Randa said dully.

"They're soul bonded," Rina said, her voice equally flat.

They ducked back below the window, staring at each other. They winced when Harry's voice reached their ears.

"What the bloody blue blazes was that? Why do I feel the need to hold you close? Why do I feel your magic twining with mine?"

Tonks responded, her voice equally dramatic. **"Something almost unheard of happened, Harry. When you touched me, a Magical Bond formed. I think I need to talk to Albus about this."**

"Why?" Harry asked. **"What do you think happened?"**

Rina gingerly peeked back into the dining room, resisting the urge to bang her head against the window. **The young Witch shook her head, "I don't want to speculate. But if I'm right, you'll come into your inheritance now, instead of at seventeen."**

"Oh, just wonderful," Rina said. She glanced ahead at the Words and grabbed the windowsill. "Tense shift incoming!"

She gets up and strides over to the fireplace, all evidence of clumsiness gone, she then grabs a pinch of Floo Powder and, casting it into the flames, says, "Headmaster's Quarters."

Rina sank back onto the grass, burying her face in her hands. "Okay, so basically Tonks goes to Dumbledore and finds out that she and Harry are now magically married. She says... oh, screw it. Just open a portal so we can see."

Randa mentally braced herself before setting the coordinates.

Dumbledore was in the middle of telling Tonks what had just transpired in the dining room.

"Nymphadora, according to my records, you and young Harry are Married... What it says here is that this type of Bond hasn't occurred since the Founders."

Randa only barely managed to keep from snapping the second pencil.

Tonks' image goes pale, "I'm married to Harry? Not that I mind, but this is quite sudden." She then looks at Albus, "Anything else you can tell me, Albus?"

Randa slowly handed the notepad to Rina before slowly and methodically starting to shred the patch of grass in front of her.

Rina almost immediately threw the pad on the ground when **[t]he old Wizard shook his head, resignedly, "Nothing, except that it appears as though there might be another Witch involved in the Bond, but her name hasn't appeared yet." He then looks at Tonks and says, "You and Harry are going to have to come to terms with what this Bond means." He stroked his beard, "You will probably be able to use some, if not all, of his Gifts, and visa versa. And your Magic will be boosted, if you can complete the Bond..."**

Rina and Randa exchanged horrified looks.

"This is even worse than we thought," Rina said quietly. "Let's go ahead and get Vilma. There's nothing but cheesy, gross—"

"Sappy—"

"Sappy dialogue between Harry and Tonks anyway. Portal?"

"On it."

The portal dropped the girls in the middle of the drawing room, where Vilma was busily dusting the shelves. At their sudden entrance, she squeaked and hid behind the room's piano.

"Vilma, wait, we're not here to hurt you," Rina said before the elf could alert Harry and Tonks. "Please just give us a minute to talk."

The elf peeked nervously around the piano at the intruders. "You is not here to be thieving?"

"Nope." Randa slowly inched toward Vilma, her hands out. "We're here to help you. Please, just give me five minutes to explain..."

"Vilma is listening," Vilma said uncertainly.

"When did you start working for Tonks' family?" Rina asked. Vilma's tiny brow furrowed.

"Vilma is not understanding the question."

"Just think," Rina urged her. "How did Andromeda Black manage to keep this house even after she got disowned?"

"Oh, logic," Randa murmured, nodding to herself. "Good idea, Rina."

Vilma's frown deepened. "Vilma is not quite sure..."

Rina sighed in relief. This was going to work—maybe. "Vilma, I'm going to tell you a lot of stuff that's probably gonna seem crazy, but please hear me out..."

She proceeded to quickly outline the basics of the PPC and why she and Randa were intruding in Vilma's home. The whole time, Vilma listened attentively, her large ears quivering the longer Rina talked.

"So Mistress and Harry Potter aren't actually Mistress and Harry Potter?" Vilma finally said.

Randa bit her lip. "Not only that, but... Vilma, once we get them back to themselves, I don't think you'll stay around. That's why we want you to come with us."

Vilma looked at the rug, scuffing her bony toes against the fine weave. "Vilma is always thinking Vilma has lived here, but if what Miss says is true, Vilma has never lived before a few hours ago? It be lots to think about."

Rina smiled. "Try falling out of bed into a secret organization where pretty much every story you've heard about is actually true." She held out a hand. "What do you say, Vilma?"

Slowly, the elf took Rina's hand. "Vilma is coming with Miss, if Miss doesn't mind."

Rina and Randa both hugged Vilma. "Don't worry, Vilma. You've got a lot to look forward to." Rina paused. "There is, uh, one other thing..." She grimaced. "You're probably going to want to change your name. You're not a part of this badfic now, you know."

Vilma was silent for a long moment. Finally, she said, "Vilma is liking the name Mindy, Miss..."

"Mindy it is, then. But don't call me Miss. We're all equals at the PPC. Well, aside from the Flowers." Rina smiled at Mindy. "You ready to help us restore balance to your home world?"

"Vil... Mindy is ready." Mindy nodded enthusiastically, her ears flapping about her head. "If Mindy might ask—"

"Wait." Rina held up a hand, her eyes going unfocused again as she read the Words. She groaned. "Harry just got a letter from Gringotts," she said. "Also, apparently familiars are a thing in this fic. Charge."

Dear Lord Potter

We at Gringotts wish to congratulate you on your successful Bonding and Marriage. You may now access your Family Vault, and the monies stored in your Trust Vault have already been transferred to said Vault. We require your presence shortly to hear the reading of your parent's will, which we found in the Vault.

Randa's pencil was practically flying across the paper as she scribbled down the charges. Mindy looked aghast.

"Harry Potter is not hearing of his parents' will until just now?" she asked.

"Looks like it," Rina said. She sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Merlin, I hate this fic."

"It could be worse," Randa reminded her, looking up from the charge list. "We could be dealing with another Ordellya."

"...true."

We also wish to speak to you about your True Inheritance and will be providing a Heritage Scroll to determine if you truly are the Heir to the Vaults which recently activated.

Yours in Fellowship,

Ragnok, Chief Goblin at Gringotts, London

"If Harry inherits Hogwarts and turns out to be pureblooded, I'm going to strangle someone," Rina said darkly. Randa and Mindy edged away from her slowly. This didn't escape Rina's notice. "What?" she said. "It happens more than you'd think. Besides, if I'm gonna strangle anyone, it'd be Replacement Harry."

Tonks looked at the letter, her eyebrows raising to meet her hairline, "Harry ... It looks as if you might have more titles than you know about."

Rina's face was slowly turning an alarming shade of red. "I swear, this had better not—" she was cut off by a sudden bout of spluttering when she came across a particular gem of a line:

"Being a horny teen, I would very much like to see you naked, as yourself, and learn how to be the very best partner I can be for you," Harry was saying to Tonks.

Randa stared at the Words, dumbstruck. "No way. There is no way Harry Potter would ever say that. *Ever.*"

Almost at the same time, the smell of charred denim and melted plastic reached their noses. Rina reached into her jacket pocket and pulled out a smoking, twisted lump of plastic. "CAD's broken again." She sighed and shoved it back in her pocket. "Let's go downstairs. I want to see what's going on; the Words are making my headache worse," she said. "But stay out of Harry and Tonks' sight. If we're dealing with replacements, there's no way they won't notice us standing in the corner of the room. Mindy, could you—?"

The elf grabbed Rina's and Randa's wrists and, with a *crack!*, transported them to the room adjacent to Harry and Tonks. The three peered around the corner, though the agents quickly reeled back from the sudden tense change. When they managed to recover, both immediately wished the tenses would continue switching back and forth. It would have been preferable to what they witnessed.

[Tonks] then closes her eyes, briefly, her features slowly blurring until they shift back to her natural self; her hair lengthening until it reaches her ass, the color of her hair shifting to a natural strawberry blonde, her facial features gaining an edge of the beauty that is present in her aunt, her shirt tightening significantly as her bosom swells, her eyes shifting in color until they're a soft violet in color, and finally her figure becomes more hourglass in shape, the work out that she undergoes during her training definitely adding beauty to her already attractive figure.

Opening her eyes, she gazes at Harry, then smiles as she notices his blush, "This is the natural me, Harry."

"Do you want to tell us all that is wrong with this picture?" Randa asked.

Rina simply shook her head, her mouth slightly agape. "Bwzuh?"

"Is Miss feeling okay?" Mindy waved a tiny hand in front of Rina's face.

"Don't worry about it," Randa said, pushing Mindy's hand away. "She gets like this a lot."

"Nngh," Rina grunted, closing her eyes and lying down. She waved vaguely in the direction of the next room. Randa took this to mean 'keep an eye on the characters' and peered around the corner again, only to immediately duck back.

"They're snogging," she reported, looking queasy.

"I don't see much else to comment on for the rest of the chapter, anyway," Rina said faintly, still lying flat on her back. "Next chapter, please."

"Gladly." Randa opened another portal and helped a reluctant Rina stand up. Mindy eyed the shimmering circle like it would bite her, but followed the agents through.

The portal took them to Harry's closet; since Harry was acting more and more like he'd been replaced, Rina and Randa couldn't risk being spotted. Mindy snapped her fingers, causing the door to silently open about an inch.

Harry was busily writing letters to the Weasleys, Hermione, Luna Lovegood (for some inexplicable reason), and Professor McGonagall, the last requesting a change from Divination to Ancient Runes.

"Yeah, because changing into Ancient Runes after missing an entire year is a *brilliant* idea," Rina said. "Mini incoming."

Slitheryn fell through a portal to the HFA the instant he spawned. Randa shuddered.

"Seriously, can we do a continuum where the minis *aren't* giant tarantulas?" she asked.

"They're actually mini acromantulas," Rina began, but after catching Randa's look, she fell silent.

Once each letter is sealed, a hunch having him place Luna's in with the Weasley's, he looks up and notices Hedwig perched on the scone between two lamps, watching as he wrote the letters. He shook his head, "Should have known you'd know there was mail to be delivered, girl."

Hedwig ruffled her feathers, then gave a pleased sounding bark, before descending to the table, and proffering her right leg for the letters to be attached to.

"Hedwig... barks," Rina said faintly.

"Even Mindy is knowing owls is not supposed to make that sound," Mindy squeaked, shaking her head.

Hedwig barked what sounded like laughter, then took off through the window that was spelled to allow post owls like her easy access to the house.

"There is something wrong with Hedwig."

Harry called out, "Vilma? Could you help me a moment?"

Rina and Randa looked at each other, horrified.

"What are we gonna do?" Rina's eyes were wide. "I thought Mindy wasn't going to be in the story any more—"

With a soft ‘pop’, the House Elf appeared, “Master Harry Potter has need of Min- of Vilma? What can Vilma do for the Great Harry Potter, sir?”

Shaking his head at the House Elf’s antics, “First off, please just refer to me as ‘Harry’, if you can, if you need more formality, sir is okay. Second, could you tell me where my wife is?”

Rina facepalmed. “Harry is barely fourteen and he’s already calling Tonks his wife. There’s so much wrongness right there I can’t even...”

“At least the tense shifts aren’t so bad now,” Randa said, trying to cheer up her partner. “I mean, since they’re happening every paragraph or so now, we can anticipate them better so they’re not as jarring, right?”

Rina just grunted.

Vilma blinks, then curtseys, “Harry Potter sir is very humble, me thinks Harry Potter is deserving of being called ‘Master’.” She then closes her eyes for a moment, “Mistress be gathering clothes that be easy to alter to fit Master for his trip to Gringotts, Vilma be using elf magic to make clothes fit Harry Potter, sir.”

Harry nods, “Thank you, Vilma. ‘Dora is definitely wise to get things ready, as I don’t have anything worthy of appearing in any situation where appearances are important.”

Her role in the scene completed, Mindy popped back beside the agents.

“Harry Potter is not quite like Dobby is saying him to be,” she said quietly.

“You know, that’s another thing I hate about this,” Rina said, “apparently all house-elves know each other. Or know Dobby. Why?”

Randa shrugged. “Small world in fanfiction, you know?”

Rina grinned. “True. I mean, the authors only have a handful of characters to pick from.” She frowned suddenly. “You know, I really hope we didn’t almost screw up with anything else like we did with Mindy.”

“What is you saying?”

“Well, I thought you’d fulfilled your role in the story, so we went ahead and talked to you. If there’s something I missed when I scanned through the Words—”

“Vilma? Could you bring me the mirror in my trunk, please?” He utters to thin air.

Rina winced and handed Mindy Harry’s mirror. While the elf hurried to bring Harry the mirror, Randa opened a portal to return the other two.

“Maybe next time, we should wait until near the end of a mission to nick anything,” Randa said sheepishly.

The conversation between Harry and Sirius was rather sickening; Sirius’ only response to the news that Harry and Tonks were ‘Soul Bonded’ was to blink and shake his head. **“Potter luck strikes again,”** Sirius said to Harry. **“Your dad told me a tale of how according to legend, his great grandfather met his wife in a similar fashion, and that it seemed all Potters fell hard for their intended spouse.”**

There were no words between the agents; looks of horror and disgust were all the dialogue they needed.

Feeling a presence behind him, he turns and sees ‘Dora studying him, giggling at the news she’d just heard, “So, Husband, it seems we’re not the only ones with news.” She then snuggled into the chair beside him, “Perhaps we should question Junior to see if he knows where the Rat might be?”

“What? Junior?” Rina frowned, then facepalmed. “Oh. Barty Crouch, Jr. Don’t you just love how specific the narrative is about that?”

She then gets out of her way and says, “Expecto Patronum!” When her Patronus is revealed, it takes the form of a female centaur,

“Jackrabbit, not centaur. Charge,” Rina spat out. Randa looked at her.

“How d’you know what her Patronus used to be? It never said in canon...”

“Pottermore.”

somewhat of a counterpart to his stag, she then says to it, “Go to Amelia and ask her if anyone’s had a chance to ask Junior any questions about fellow Death Eaters. I have a couple to add, if they haven’t.” The patronus nods, then gallops through the nearest wall.

“Say what you want about Ordellya,” Randa said, opening a portal for the silvery mini, “but at least she only had one giant spider in her story.”

Lupin, at least, responded to the news of the Soul Bond with a startled ‘What?’, but the subject was glossed over so quickly, they might as well have been talking about the weather. After

bidding Lupin farewell, Harry was greeted by Hedwig, who had somehow already managed to complete her deliveries.

“There is definitely something wrong with Hedwig,” Rina said sullenly. “Flying faster than should be possible, barking like a dog... Huh, Dogwig wouldn’t be a half-bad name...”

“Mindy can capture Harry Potter’s owl if Miss would like,” Mindy said, sounding almost hopeful.

“No, Mindy, that’s okay—” Rina said.

“Wait,” Randa interrupted, “if Harry’s been replaced like we think, Dogwig could be considered a Cute Animal Friend, couldn’t she?”

“So that’s Harry, Tonks, and now *Hedwig* we have to rescue?” Rina said, ticking them off on her fingers. “This oughta be fun.”

Hedwig dropped a letter for Harry on a bed that suddenly appeared in the dining room. Mindy yelped and jumped back.

“Don’t worry, Mindy,” Randa said, glaring at the bed. “It’s just the result of the author forgetting to change the setting.”

Lord Potter,

I was pleased by your prompt response to our letter and wish to set up a meeting to go over everything. If 9:00AM today is good, please respond by placing a drop of blood on the corner of this parchment.

You are also requested to bring your bonded mate along, as certain aspects of this bond have triggered discoveries which must be discussed privately.

I look forward to our meeting, Lord Potter.

May your gold never decrease, and may your enemies never succeed.

~Lord Ragnok

“Uh...” Rina said slowly, “correct me if I’m wrong, but weren’t Tonks and Harry eating dessert just last chapter before Tonks told Harry to write to his friends?”

“Yeah? So?” Randa said, shrugging.

“So,” Rina said, her eyebrows drawing together, “why is it now almost nine in the morning?”

The ground suddenly trembled and lurched sideways, throwing all three across the floor. The sky outside swirled in a mass of light and midnight blue as day and night tried to correct themselves.

“Make it stop!” Randa yelled, trying to stand only to be thrown against the far wall.

Rina grabbed hold of a doorway to keep from being tossed about. *“Now, with the sun newly risen and the mist lifting,”* she yelled, *“they could see the city of tents that stretched in every direction.”* The pitching of the ground seemed to become less violent at her invoking of canon. *“They made their way slowly through the rows, staring eagerly around. It was only just dawning on Harry how many witches and wizards there must be in the world; he had never really thought much about those in other countries.”*

The sky swirled and slowly settled on a bright morning and the floor stilled. Rina let go of the doorway and helped Randa and Mindy back to their feet. She risked a peek back in the dining room; the fic resumed itself as though nothing had happened, though Lord Potter glanced suspiciously out the window before he left to shower.

“What gave you the idea to use canon?” Randa asked, pushing her bangs out of her face. “That was brilliant!”

“It wasn’t my idea—it’s been done before,” Rina said, her face going pink. “This was just the first morning transition that I could think of.”

~~Meanwhile, halfway across the country~~

“Oh shi—”

Randa’s curse was cut off when the story jerked the agents through space, dropping them in front of the Burrow. They landed in a heap, Randa’s considerably greater mass trapping Rina on the ground.

“Ow! Ow, my head! Jesus!” Rina struggled to push Randa off her. “This is all your fault!”

“Sorry, but come on—we need to get to the Quidditch orchard!” Randa rolled off of Rina and helped her stand. They sprinted around the Burrow to the orchard where the Weasley children liked to practice their Quidditch over the summer.

“I mean,” Rina said when she and Randa were safely hidden behind a tree, “it’s your fault I have a headache. You knocked me out and I’m stuck with a headache that just keeps getting worse—where’s Mindy?”

"I think that since she's still recognized as part of the fic, she wasn't affected by the transition," Randa said thoughtfully. "Hey, is that Luna?"

The Ravenclaw girl approached the orchard from the side opposite the agents, her eyes fixed on the flying Weasleys. Her eyes suddenly flickered to ground level and for a moment, Rina and Randa could have sworn the canon could see them. Luna simply shrugged and shook herself before refocusing her gaze on Ginny.

Suddenly, Ginny heard a whistling sound, then quickly dove and caught Luna up in her arms, moving her several meters away as the practice Bludger smacked into the fence where Luna had been leaning.

Luna blinked at Ginny, then kissed the red head full on her lips, then shrieked, "That was too close! The Xaqtly Fairies must have been nesting close for that to happen!"

"Well, at least we know the lesbian pairing for the story," Rina said, sighing. "At least this one's semi-plausible. You know, if it weren't for the fact that both Ginny and Luna married guys."

"Hey, look! A flying dog!" Randa pointed to the sky at Dogwig, who had a large bundle of letters clutched in her talons.

"And we have another bad transition for the record," Rina said. She sighed again. "'Meanwhile'? More like 'earlier', but then again, if Dogwig can fly 'halfway across the country' in a few minutes, why am I complaining?"

"Beats me." Randa held up the RA. "Want to portal back after the next transition so we don't get dragged halfway across the country again? It doesn't look like much happens for the rest of the scene."

"Let's swing by Number 69—" Rina paused to snigger. "—and get Mindy first."

After a quick explanation for the panicked house-elf, the three portaled to the end of chapter four.

As Harry and 'Dora arrive at Gringotts, they're greeted by a familiar Goblin, "Lord Potter, Lady Potter, glad you could make it."

"Oh, gag me with a spork," Rina muttered, leaning against the marble column that was acting as their hiding place.

Griphook led Lord and Lady Potter into the room and Rina fell silent.

After introducing Lord Potter to Ragnok in the ‘Goblin tongue’ (“Gobbledegook, it’s called Gobbledegook,” Rina hissed.), Griphook stepped aside so Lord Potter and Ragnok could begin discovering Lord Potter’s legacy.

The short of it was mostly like Rina had suspected: Lord Potter, it turned out, was heir to the Potter, Peverell, Evans, and Black estates, and was heir to Gryffindor on his father’s side, Slytherin due to a ‘Conquest Legacy’ from defeating Voldemort, and—

“His mother was Ravenclaw’s heir?” Rina made a violent gesture. *“I can’t believe this!”*

Randa barely looked up from sending Lilly to the HFA. “You should know better than to tempt fate by now,” she said tiredly. “What I don’t get is this bit...”

Magical Inheritances

Potions: Prodigy (Blocked- APBWD)- Maternal Legacy

Transfiguration: Prodigy (Blocked- APBWD)- Paternal Legacy

Charms: Prodigy (Blocked- APBWD)- Maternal Legacy

DADA: Prodigy (Block partially broken- APBWD)- Paternal/Maternal Legacy

Ancient Runes: Achievable- Maternal Legacy

Arithmancy: Achievable- Maternal Legacy

“Oh, that’s just Bad Logic for you,” Rina said dismissively. “If Harry’s parents were good at something, then *he* has to be good at it, too!”

“No, I mean the APBWD. What does that stand for?”

Rina scooped a mini-Aragog off the floor. “I think it’s supposed to be Dumbledore’s initials, only the author got the Wulfric Brian backwards. Am I right, little guy?”

“We is APBWD, preciousess,” the mini hissed. “We is not Wulfric Brian—”

“Good enough.” Rina lightly tossed the mini through the portal Randa opened. “It figures Dumbledore is a bad guy,” she said. “If the Weasleys aren’t being bashed like the piñata at my sixth birthday party, it’s Dumbledore. Sometimes both, but at least that’s not the case here.”

“So, the whole point of this scene is to demonstrate that Lord Potter is a ~speshul snowflake~ and nothing else?” Randa clarified, somehow managing to put the fancy symbols in her voice.

“Yup. Oh, hey, you’ll get a kick out of this. Apparently, Harry’s been doing magic at only twenty-five percent of his full power.”

Randa could only gape at her partner.

“Seventy-five if he was stressed.”

Randa let her head fall against the pillar with a *thunk*. “Can’t we just go ahead and kill him? We’ve got enough charges!”

“Not yet,” Rina started, but Mindy grabbed her arm.

“Miss cannot be killing Harry Potter! Harry Potter is a great wizard and is not himself right now! That is what Miss said!”

“Shh, Mindy, it’s okay, I promise,” Rina said quickly, leaning down. “I know I said that Harry wasn’t acting like he should, and I was right—but that’s a full-out replacement, not possession. Once the fake Harry is out of the way, we can look for the real one. Tonks and Hedwig, too.”

Mindy didn’t look convinced, but she nodded and let go of Rina’s arm.

“Anyway, I was saying—we don’t want to go after Lord and Lady Potter until next chapter when they go to Ollivanders. Harry gives his wand to Ollivander to get it ‘upgraded’ and that’s when we’ll get them. I don’t want to take on both Lord *and* Lady Potter at the same time unless one of them’s defenseless.”

Randa squinted at the Words. “Do you want to see Lord Potter’s magic growth spurt, or what?”

Rina sighed and rubbed her face. “Not really, but we probably should, shouldn’t we?”

The portal only took them to the next room, but what happened in there might as well have been happening in another universe.

“Lord Potter, if you wouldn’t mind, could you leave as much clothing as you’re comfortable taking off right by the doorway you came in? The less clothing you have on, the less time this will take.”

“That’s so what she said,” Randa said, giggling. Rina smacked her upside the head.

“I did *not* need that mental image, thank you,” Rina muttered.

Harry nods, then lifting an eyebrow at his Bonded, he quickly divests himself of everything he has on, save a pair of Gryffindor red speedos, which allow just enough detail to make ‘Dora think: Damn, I’m going to be a happy woman once we complete the Bond.

The agents and Mindy wrinkled their noses, though for different reasons.

“Ew,” was all Randa had to say.

“Ew indeed,” agreed Rina.

“Why would Harry Potter’s speedo’s details make Mistress happy?” Mindy asked.

Rina and Randa exchanged looks. “Uh, I don’t know,” Rina said. “Hey, is the ritual starting?”

There were lots of flashy lights and a goblin healer chanting in what might have been a Gobbledegook version of mangled Latin, so it was probably safe to say that, yes, the ritual had started.

Lord Potter groaned and sat up. **Healing did a lot of good, hmm my wife?”**

‘Dora nods, then blinks, “Harry, I loved you before, but now you’re more of a hunk than I truly could have imagined.”

“God, anyone want some wine with all of this cheese?”

Harry blushes, then stands up, blinking as he realizes the reasoning for ‘Dora’s words. Whereas before he would have had trouble topping five foot, he is now a comfortable five foot two inches tall, and while still thin, his body shows a lot more definition than before, being muscled rather than malnourished, he can now look ‘Dora right in the eyes, unlike before where she was the taller of the two.

“Let’s get out of here. I think I’m gonna puke again,” Randa said, getting the RA ready. “Next chapter?”

“Yes. And then we can go home and take a nap.” Rina yawned and scrubbed at the dirt on her face from the Burrow. “And maybe a shower.”

They portaled to the interior of Madam Malkin’s and hid behind a rack of long robes. There wasn’t much interesting to comment on until Katie Bell—as in, *the* Katie Bell, Chaser for the Gryffindor Quidditch Team- showed up.

‘Dora blushes at how Harry introduced her, “Could we get my stud muffin of a husband

The rest of her sentence was lost on Rina, who buried her face in the robes to muffle her snorts of laughter.

“It’s not that funny,” Randa whispered.

“*Stud muffin!*” Rina gasped, dissolving into another fit of giggles.

"Miss is rather odd," Mindy said, patting Rina's elbow.

"Yeah, she is. Everyone in the PPC is." Randa shifted some robes aside to get a look at Lord and Lady Potter. "Oh, yuck. Apparently, all three Chasers wanted to bang Lord Potter at one point or another and the locker room showers are *completely* communal." She pulled out the RA. "Screw this, we're getting out of here before Katie starts feeling him up."

Rina was too busy laughing to protest when Randa dragged her through the portal to the back room of Ollivander's shop.

They were just in time to see Mr. Ollivander leave the room to greet Lord and Lady Potter.

Mr. Ollivander shakes his head then turns his attention to Harry, "It is good news, just very odd. I need to add three cores to your wand, and a jewel to the outside." He places Harry's wand on a cushion, before looking at Harry, "Fortunately for you, young man, I have all three ingredients at hand, or I'd have to keep your wand until I found them."

The younger Wizard nods, "And what are these three cores, sir?"

Rina made a noise like a dying cat.

"What's wrong?" Randa asked, but Rina held up a hand for silence.

The Wand maker smiles, "The tail hair from a White Kitsune, a crushed claw of an Arctic Nundu, and a hair from your bonded wife's head. The jewel is an Emerald, which should fit right above where you hold your wand."

"The Nundu," Rina said, breathing heavily through her nose, "Is a Category Five beast in the *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*. 'This East African beast is arguably the most dangerous in the world. A gigantic leopard that moves silently despite its size and whose breath causes disease virulent enough to eliminate entire villages, it has never been subdued by fewer than a hundred skilled wizards working together.' Does *that* sound like something Ollivander would just happen to have a claw of sitting around to go into a wand, regardless of the fact that there isn't an Arctic subspecies? Besides, the three main ingredients for wand cores are dragon heartstring, phoenix feather, and unicorn tail hair. The only ones we know of that are different in modern times are Fleur's veela-hair core and the Elder Wand's thestral hair core."

"Ollivander's coming," Randa warned, getting her yo-yo ready. Rina pulled her crowbar from her belt.

"Wait for it," Rina breathed, staying very still as Ollivander brought Lord Potter's wand into the back room. They watched as the wandmaker began modifying the wand; barely a few moments

passed until he held it up, a tacky Emerald (because a lower-case gemstone wasn't good enough for Lord Potter) glued to the handle.

"Mindy? Restrain him, please," Randa said. The little elf snapped her fingers and Ollivander went completely still, the wand slipping from his hand. Rina stooped and caught it before it hit the floor.

"Sweet, a trophy!"

"That'll look great on our wall," Randa said, twisting the yo-yo cord between her fingers. "Ready?"

"Ready."

Rina charged through the door, dodged what looked like a stunning spell, and tackled Lady Potter to the ground, knocking her wand out of her hand before she could fire off another curse. Lord Potter rushed at the agent, only to present the back of his head as a target for Randa's yo-yo. With Lord Potter unconscious, she hurried to tie him up while Rina dealt with Lady Potter. One swing of her crowbar and suddenly, both Sue and Stu were out cold.

"Well," Rina said, panting, "That wasn't too—"

CRACK!

Both agents jumped as Mindy appeared in the middle of the room, holding an unconscious Dogwig in her arms.

"Misses were saying you is needing her?" Mindy said, holding up the limp bird.

"Thanks, Mindy, but what about Ollivander?" Randa asked, taking the owl.

"He is not going anywhere soon," Mindy promised. "How is we getting back the real Mistress and Harry Potter?"

"They've probably been dumped in plotoles around the story," Rina said, kicking Lord Potter in the shin. "Let's get rid of these guys and find them. Randa? Since I took care of Ordellya, how about you decide this time?"

Randa grinned. "Well, you know how much wealth Lord Potter seems to have acquired?" She opened a portal to what looked like a bottomless pit that was spanned by railroad tracks... or...

"Gringotts," Randa said proudly. "He can say good-bye to all his wealth as he falls to his death."

"I like it." Rina dragged Lord and Lady Potter through the portal and dumped them on the edge of the pit. She slapped them both across the face several times until they woke up.

"Lord and Lady Potter," she began, glancing through the notepad Randa had been writing on, "You have both been charged with impersonating canon characters, namely Harry Potter and Nymphadora Tonks; being Soul-Bonded or whatever the crap stupid bond you have, and being heirs to estates that neither of you should be heirs to."

"You're also charged with multiple accounts of an ungodly number of tense shifts and space/time distortions and making me puke all over your poor rhododendron bush," Randa continued. "Also capitalisation of random words, *not* capitalising words that ought to be capitalised, and spawning an army of mini-Aragogs and scaring me half to death."

"Also for containing enough improper dialogue formats and pluralpostrophes to make even *My Immortal* look halfway decent." Rina rubbed her face. "Actually, never mind. I don't think anything could make *My Immortal* look halfway decent."

"Do not worry, my Beloved," Lord Potter said, struggling against Randa's yo-yo cord. "I have fought more nefarious Villain's than these teenagers before."

"Finally," Rina said, raising her voice, "Not only did you have two Animagus forms and were planning on making your friends into the next generation of the Marauders, have three two-way mirrors—we really need to get those, actually—you also created the Arctic Nundu and dragged kitsune into the Potterverse. Oh, and for the record, Lady Potter, Tonks' natural hair color is a mousy brown and her Patronus used to be a jackrabbit before she fell in love with Lupin. *Who she is supposed to be with*. And why the fuck are your eyes violet? Don't you people realize that's not a natural eye color?"

"But it *is* my Natural eye color!"

"Whatever." Randa untied the yo-yo and kicked Lord Potter over the edge of the pit. "Rest in pieces!" she called gleefully as Lady Potter was sent tumbling after her husband.

Rina looked at Dogwig. "Randa, I don't want to get rid of her."

Randa gaped at Rina. "But she's a Cute Animal Friend!"

"So? I bet I can train her. Besides," Rina added sarcastically, "maybe she'll eat McGonagoll." She held out her hand. "Yo-yo, please?"

Randa handed it over and watched as Rina carefully tied Dogwig's wings down. "We'll have to watch out for the talons—500psi of razor-sharp flesh-tearing instruments aren't something you want to get close to."

"Fine, but only as long as you *swear* this is the last pet you'll bring back to the RC!"

"Cross my heart, hope to fly, stick a cupcake in my eye," Rina said, doing the motions. "Now let's go rescue the canons."

Harry, Tonks, and Hedwig, it turned out, were crammed into a plothole located in Number 69's attic. After wiping their memories and sending them back to their proper places in the story (and getting the three two-way mirrors), Randa opened the last portal of the day.

She almost accidentally killed the connection when Rina stepped through with Mindy right behind her. "God, I'm tired," she said, yawning hugely for emphasis.

Rina rolled her eyes. "Go ahead and get some sleep. I've gotta take Mindy to FicPsych and get some stuff for Dogwig, anyway." She glanced up at McGonagoll's nest. "Hey, bud. You miss us?"

"Hobbittses thinks we missed them, precioussss?" McGonagoll made a hissing noise that almost could have passed for laughter. "Hobbittses have another think coming, then!"

"Right, no bouillabaisse for you, mister," Rina said, walking to the door. It slid open, *a la Star Trek* style, and she stepped out into the hall.

"Which way is you headed, Miss?" Mindy asked, gripping Rina's hand. Rina laughed.

"Any way you want, Mindy. We'll get there eventually."