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*Warnings: The fic of origin isn't Legendary for nothing... let's just say it's NSFW. That's a nice catch-all term. *sighs* What have I agreed to?*

"Well, here we are." Rina looked around Ardgarten Forest and sighed. "*Rose Potter and the Goblet of Fire*. Joy." She frowned. "Did we skip the first chapter?"

Two hundred miles away, in the darkened Glen of a lush green forest, an unclothed girl called Rose Potter woke with a start.

"Yeah." Zeb put the remote activator away. "I didn't see any changes from canon save for pronouns in reference to Rose, so I took us ahead."

"Hey, I'm not complaining." Rina rolled her eyes as Rose gave another overly-urple description of her nude body. "It's nice to know some things never change, isn't it?"

The second chapter was just Rose giving a rundown on what had happened in *Prisoner of Azkaban*, complete with bragging about her golden Patronus. Rina and Zeb decided to skip past it and into chapter three, "The Portal", which opened with Rose going to meet Ginny, who was bathing in a pool, and giving a very vivid description of her body as well. Rose decided to surprise Ginny by sneaking into the pool and coming at her from under the water.

With fast pulling motions I got us both above water again, I had Ginny in a lifesavers grip from behind, my arm snaking under her armpits and over her chest.

"Keep in mind that despite this and all her showers with the Chaser girls, she is not a lesbian, and if you suggest that, she will carve words into your forehead," Rina said brightly.

Zeb laughed, but stopped when Rina didn't join in. "You're kidding, right?"

"Oh, hey, look, Ginny's training to become a **shape-shifter**," Rina said loudly, avoiding the question. She noted the charge as the story moved forward to Rose eating breakfast in the Glen. Suddenly, **I felt the ambient magic potential in the air increase as in the centre of the small gale a blue oval shape roughly the length of which was the size of a tall man spring into existence.**

Rina and Zeb stared at the portal that had opened in the middle of the Glen. It looked very similar to the ones the PPC used. As they watched, Cerelian ran through into the clearing.

“So...” Zeb said slowly, “the Druids use portals now?”

“Yep,” Rina said. “Well, actually, that’s Portal-capital-P, but yes.”

Cerelian explained that Druids don’t use Apparation because it goes against their beliefs. Rose caught on to this, saying **“Ah, we were given two legs by the Creator for a reason, Apparition diminishes that.”** But Portals were different because it simply created a shortening of space.

“Wait, wouldn’t that still technically go against their beliefs since it doesn’t require the use of their legs or whatever?” Zeb pointed out.

“You would think so,” Rina said, frowning. “Then again, we really ought to stop asking for logic here.”

Cerelian motioned for Rose to follow her through the Portal. Zeb pulled out the remote activator and punched the ‘Home in on Sue’ button. The agents were deposited in a place called ‘Weston Forest’.

“Pretty sure that’s not a real place,” Rina said, pulling out her phone. “Yeah, Google’s just giving me results for a distribution company.” She smiled and put her phone away. “*Excellent*, we can burn this one down, too!”

“How did you manage to get reception out here?” Zeb asked, raising an eyebrow.

Rina grinned. “Having a brother in the DoSAT has its perks, I’ll say that much. I can get internet access in just about every continuum, even if there’s no connection. Plotholes come in handy, don’t they?”

Zeb nodded and scanned the Words to get an idea of why they were there, but the narrative wasn’t giving anything away yet. Cerelian was busy explaining that Weston was the only place in the world where mallorn trees grew. The trees suddenly became smooth and silvery at her words.

Rina’s jaw dropped. “Wow, I totally forgot she ripped off *Lord of the Rings*, too,” she said, shaking her head and writing it down. “I know the fic was stupid before, but this is just ridiculous.”

Zeb gave a noncommittal grunt.

They followed Rose and Cerelian at a reasonable distance, reading the Words to see what Cerelian was saying. Apparently, she was taking Rose to witness **a type of 'Rites of Passage'**, mentioning Druidesses had to be at least sixteen in order to go through said rites. When she read that, Rina stopped dead in her tracks.

"What's wrong?" Zeb asked, stopping as well.

"This..." Rina took a deep breath. "Okay, um, Zeb? Rose is basically being taken to see a sex ritual."

Zeb stared at her. "I'm sorry, a what?"

"You heard me." Rina rubbed her forehead. "I really don't want to go see this, but I think we might have to."

Zeb swallowed and nodded. "Alright, but I can't promise I'll be much help..."

They followed along, the uneasy silence between them so thick it was nearly palpable. Rose and Cerelian arrived in yet another Glen, Rina and Zeb hiding just within the treeline to watch what was going on.

Rose gave the audience a description of all the naked women in the Glen, then turned her attention (and descriptions) to the Druidess who would be undertaking the ritual. Standing beside her was the only male to be seen, and Rose wasted no time in examining his 'manhood'.

Rina had to stuff a fist in her mouth to muffle her giggles. "Sorry," she whispered to a bemused Zeb.

"Druidess Jaina," said the elder in firm but loud voice that carried across the Glen with power behind it. "You have elected to undergo the Rites of Passage befitting your future needs in our community, the *Puella Postestas*."

"Girl Power?" Rina whispered, raising an eyebrow. "Subtle. She spelled it wrong, too."

"What exactly will this ritual entail?" Zeb asked nervously. "They're not going to sacrifice that Druid or anything, are they?"

"That might be the more merciful option," Rina said darkly.

I instantly noticed that some sort of spell must have been cast on Talor. His eyes had a look almost as if his conscious self had taken a backseat and was no more in control of his own actions, Jaina was.

A moment later, Jaina had taken Talor, lain him on the ground, and begun the ritual. Rina and Zeb averted their eyes, though all the Druidesses in the Glen were watching with rapt attention. Rose got very horny watching the whole spectacle, mentioning that everyone else seemed to be affected as well.

Rina, at least, could close her eyes and cover her ears, but even breathing through his mouth, Zeb could smell what was happening, and it made him feel sick to his stomach. It was a great relief when Rina tapped him, indicating they could leave.

Cerelian and Rose Portaled back to Rose's Glen, Rina and Zeb following and hiding behind trees to watch. Cerelian told Rose that she was going to become such a powerful Druidess that **the ritual of Puella Postenstas is childsplay** compared to what she would be doing for her own rite. **Cerelian left, leaving me to my confused thoughts.**

"OUCH!" I said a few moments later.

Pigwidgeon suddenly popped into existence beside Rose's head, bearing the letter from Ron saying he had the tickets for the Quidditch World Cup, and the story jumped forward into the next chapter.

Rina and Zeb were dumped unceremoniously in Ottery St. Catchpole and they had to scramble to hide when Rose and Ginny arrived with a literal BANG on the Knight Bus. After the Sues got off the bus, Rose Teleported them the rest of the way to the Burrow. Since the agents were in no hurry to catch up, they decided to walk instead of portaling.

Rose was introduced to Bill and Charlie and immediately began gushing over Bill's hotness.

"Yeah, I'm really glad we don't have to see that firsthand," Rina said, making a face.

Mr. Weasley Apparated into the kitchen, shouting **"That *wasn't* funny, Fred! What on earth did you give that Muggle boy?"**

"Don't tell me they went to the Dursleys'," Zeb sighed, pinching his nose.

"They did," Rina said, rolling her eyes. "Just as part of a 'check up', my ass."

Canon then took over for a few pages, though Ron was, unsurprisingly, replaced with Ginny. When Rose ran into Percy on the stairs, they got into a gushing conversation about cauldron thickness that made Rina want to bash her head against a wall. "See, it's to show how much more *intellectual* she is," she said instead.

Rina and Zeb finally arrived at the Burrow just as Rose, Ginny, and Hermione were going into Ginny's bedroom, discussing Rose and Ginny's Druidism; a moment later, they were back in the

kitchen, then out the door to watch Bill and Charlie have their table fight. The agents hid around the corner to watch.

A lack of a transition caused time to surge forward to evening, and Rose and the canons were suddenly sitting down to dinner. Mr. Weasley's mention of Bertha Jorkins caused Rose to do a spit-take. **A memory had suddenly surfaced in my mind...Bertha Jorkins...Voldemort...Wormtail...she was the woman, they had killed her...they had extracted some sort of useful information out of her.**

The lack of spacing after the ellipses caused the world to run together, shapes blurring and pressing in on each other. Rina clutched at her head, trying to block it out, while Zeb lay down, his head in his hands. And then, just as fast as it happened, everything went back to normal.

"I *hate* formatting errors," Zeb groaned.

"Did I ever tell you about a fic my old partner and I sporked a while back with a team from the APD?" Rina asked, helping him up. "It was a *My Little Pony* fic where the entire thing was centered. That was a nightmare."

Zeb made a face. "That sounds horrible."

"Yeah, well, I'd do it a hundred times over if I could get out of this mission."

Dinner finished up as canon dictated and time jumped forward again to later in the evening. Rose, Ginny, and Hermione briefly discussed the Bertha Jorkins issue and the fact that Rose's scar had hurt, then they immediately fell asleep.

"I think we can skip chapter five," Zeb said, pulling out the remote. "There's only an uncanon line from Rose, but it doesn't look very chargeworthy except for some bad commas."

Rina nodded and followed him through, stopping short when she realized they'd arrived in the middle of the campsite. Tents stretched out as far as the eye could see, row upon row of canvas and silk. In the distance, purple sparks were shooting twenty feet in the air, probably from the purple fire mentioned in the books.

"This," Zeb said, his eyes huge, "is really cool."

Rina nodded wordlessly.

They set off, pointing out the magical additions the wizards had made to their tents: a koi pond here, a chimney there, a large pair of rosebushes, a crackling green fire.

Rose and company, meanwhile, were already exploring their tents, which nearly caused Rina to make another *Doctor Who* joke— but Zeb beat her to the punch.

“They’re bigger on the inside!” he said.

“I’m so proud of you!” Rina said, high-fiving him. “Man, I can’t wait to go home so you can start watching that.”

“Me neither,” Zeb said. “But then again, I think anyone would be ready to leave by this point. At least we get to watch the World Cup match.”

“Aw yeah, that’ll be awesome!” Rina cried, doing a little dance.

There wasn’t anything to charge for a while, so Rina and Zeb wandered around the campsite, drinking in all the sights. Even Rose couldn’t dampen the sheer energy that was the pre-game excitement. However, they eventually had to make their way back to listen in. They hid behind the boys’ tent to watch Rose bully Barty Crouch Sr.

“Ah yes, a pleasure to meet you as well, Ms Potter,” said Mr Crouch without a flinch, he made to let go of my hand by I tightened my grip suddenly.

“Yes, rather infamous you were for many things,” I felt my anger suddenly come to the fore and my grip went even tighter, “including sending my godfather Sirius Black to Azkaban for twelve years without the benefit...or should I say...courtesy of a trial.”

I heard everyone around me gasp and Mr Weasley stood up to stand next to me. To his credit Mr Crouch had not so much as flinched, winced or done anything but tolerate his hand slowly being crushed.

“The best part?” Rina whispered when Mr. Weasley pulled Rose away. “Nobody scolds her for this. Not even a little bit.”

“Lovely.”

After Mr. Crouch left, Percy started gushing over him, but was quickly silenced by Rose’s sneering.

Rina and Zeb moved on, portaling to the next chapter and claiming seats in the stands opposite the Top Box. Rina fiddled with the D.O.R.K.S. so she was sporting a large green shamrock hat. When Zeb gave her a look, she grinned and altered his disguise as well.

“This is gonna be fun,” Rina said happily, snagging a program from a nearby bit character and thumbing through it. Zeb pulled out his *Animorphs* book and picked up where he’d left off.

Over the next hour, Rose met Winky, then the Malfoys showed up and Rose and Draco **exchanged sneers**. There was very little changed from canon, so the agents could just relax and enjoy the atmosphere.

When Ludo Bagman's voice boomed out over the stadium, Rina and Zeb put away their reading material and sat forward eagerly to watch. Bagman introduced the Bulgarian mascots, and Rina and Zeb watched interestedly as the Veela came out onto the field.

The Veela began to dance, and Zeb realized too late that he'd forgotten to put his fingers in his ears— but the Veela didn't seem to be affecting him. It might have had something to do with his being a Pokémon at heart, but he didn't have time to dwell on it, because Rina had climbed out of her seat and was leaning dangerously far over the railing. Zeb grabbed her by the back of her robes and snapped his fingers under her nose.

Rina blinked and shook her head, seemed to realize what just happened, and clapped her hands over her ears, mouthing "Thank you" at him. When the Veela finished their dance, she lowered her hands. "I didn't realize they'd affect me," she said sheepishly. "How'd you avoid getting spellbound?"

"Dunno, probably because I'm a Pokémon," Zeb said, shrugging. Rina shrugged as well.

The leprechauns then swooped out to do their show, raining gold upon the spectators. Rina and Zeb, accustomed to having to duck falling punctuation, managed to avoid getting hit by the falling fake Galleons. Once the leprechauns left the field, the teams were introduced. Rina and Zeb cheered wildly as the players came onto the pitch. The referee was introduced, and the game began.

Aside from Rose breaking the flow to brag about how she could use her Void sense to follow the game perfectly, canon proceeded as normal and the agents were treated to a fully-fledged Quidditch World Cup. When the game finally ended, they portaled out, grinning like mad.

"Okay, that might not have made up for having to mission this series," Rina began, "but this was definitely one of the best things about this job."

"Very awesome," Zeb agreed. "Getting to see the Wronski Feint in person was *amazing!* Did you see the *size* of the trench Lynch made?"

"You could have put spikes at the bottom!" Rina said, chuckling. "And the formation of the Irish Chasers? Beautiful!"

Still talking animatedly about the match, they portaled ahead and waited in the woods, knowing Rose and company would come by eventually during the Death Eater attack. They could already hear the screams and bangs coming from the campsite.

Rose, Ginny, Ron, and Hermione eventually got into the woods, passing by the agents without even noticing them.

After getting past the scene with Malfoy, Rose discovered her wand was missing and cast a wandless *Lumos*, getting a dumb stare from Ron. Rina gritted her teeth and noted the charge as best she could in the dark. It was a good thing Zeb was able to see just fine, because they couldn't risk Rina casting her own *Lumos* and drawing Rose's attention.

The agents gave the Veela surrounded by admirers a wide berth and caught up to Rose near the site where the Dark Mark would be cast. Rina and Zeb crouched behind some bushes, making sure they were low enough that the upcoming barrage of Stunning Spells would pass safely overhead.

The Dark Mark was sent into the sky, and wizards Apparated in, wands raised. Rose used her Void powers to pull Ginny and Hermione to the ground and kicked Ron's legs out from under him. Stunning Spells were fired, flying away into the darkness and bouncing off trees. Zeb pressed his face into the dirt, feeling a spell ruffle his hair as it passed inches overhead.

Mr. Weasley Apparated into the clearing and canon took over for a while. Rina and Zeb remained motionless on the ground, hardly daring to breathe lest they be heard by Rose.

"Amos, think who you're talking to!" said Mr Weasley, very angrily. "Is Rosey Potter likely to conjure the Dark Mark?"

"Yes," both agents muttered in unison.

Rose brought up the fact that Winky had apparently been struggling to run away from the Death Eaters, and immediately guessed someone invisible had been pulling Winky in the other direction. This was not at all contrived. Finally, Rose and everyone else left to go back to their tents. Rina and Zeb portaled after them and sat outside the tent to listen to Rose bully Percy.

"Yes, Percy," I interrupted scathingly. "I'm sure if you were told to stand in front of the oncoming Hogwarts Express by Mr Crouch...you would stay put too."

"How dare you!" shouted Percy standing up indignantly.

"I'm sorry if you took offence, Percy," I said, my eyes glittering. "But that is what Mr Crouch was asking Winky to do by staying put. She would have been trampled or even killed had she not moved and ran away. Are you denying her right to live?"

"Careful, Percy, she might curse you," Rina murmured.

A few lines later, Rose mentioned Voldemort and made special note of the fact that Hermione didn't flinch at the name.

"Did she just take away a major characterization moment in *Order of the Phoenix*?" Zeb hissed, sparks shooting from his ears when Rose proceeded to steal several of Hermione's lines. Despite her earlier knowledge of the Dark Mark, she had no idea what the Death Eaters were.

"Aaand charge for Bad Logic as well," Rina said, scribbling in her notebook. She and Zeb moved around to the back of the tent when Rose, Ginny, and Hermione came out to go to the girls' tent.

I was startled though as a head popped up in the darkness.

"Rosey?" said Ginny's voice in a whisper from the head.

"Hmm," I murmured.

"Can I sleep up here with you, big sis...I don't think I'll..." she stammered. I considered it for a moment and turned on my side and scooted a bit backwards. Ginny climbed up and lay on her right side, with her back to me in a spooning position. I hugged her briefly and let my arm hang over her side, my hand hovering over her belly.

The story smoothly transitioned into the next chapter.

Hermione woke us the next morning, with an amused expression on her face.

"I don't think Mr Weasley would like to find you both like this," she said, her eyes twinkling, and she grinning mischievously; obviously referring to the fact that Ginny and I were both naked and in the same bed in a rather intimate position.

"Just remember that Rose Potter is most definitely and one hundred percent not a lesbian," Rina said, rolling her eyes and writing 'more implications of underage carnal relations'.

Zeb opened a portal back to the Burrow, where Sirius was waiting for Rose. **His smooth long black hair was trimmed to his shoulders and he was looking even better than I saw him last, he was now truly healthy and strong looking. I could tell this easily... as he was a druid as well and only wore a druidic amulet around his waist.**

Rina and Zeb made a face when Rose jumped into his lap for a hug. Rose then introduced **Gred and Forge** to Sirius, introducing him as Padfoot. The twins fell over themselves groveling at Sirius' feet.

Rina scowled and wrote some more in the notebook while Zeb watched, his mouth hanging open slightly.

Rose pulled Sirius away and they went up to Ginny's bedroom to talk privately. Rose then told Sirius all about Bertha Jorkins, the Dark Mark, Winky, and basically everything she needed to piece the plot together. Then she decided she needed a wand holster and immediately wrote to Ollivander to order one, requesting at Sirius' insistence that she get one **resistant to Summoning and Disarming**.

"If that were a thing in canon, I'd think more people would use them," Zeb said, pinching his nose.

Rose and Sirius went on to talk about Sirius' harem and McGonagall. Rose mentioned **I had now had probably four parental figures in my life, five if you count Mrs Weasley**.

"If— *if* you count Mrs. Weasley?" Rina sputtered. "She was the first real mother figure Harry could remember! And you're just going to dismiss her like that?!"

Rose and Sirius had a good chortlefest and headed back to the kitchen, where, aside from Sirius occasionally butting in to say random lines, canon took over again.

Time surged forward suddenly, leaving the agents reeling. Rose mentioned she'd got her wand holster and gave a very descriptive paragraph about it: **It was made out of black dragon hide and had straps that were truly multi-purpose; I could affix it around my forearms, legs, and even my back. I preferred to keep it around my inner left forearm. In this position I could just give a flick of my wrist and my wand would jump out and into my hand.**

"Oh, yes, you're very Speshul, aren't you?" Rina snarled.

"It's just a wand holster, calm down," Zeb said, edging away when she gave him a murderous glare.

Time jumped forward again to Rose, Ginny, and Hermione in Ginny's bedroom, where Rose and Hermione found boxes on their beds. Upon opening the box on her bed, Rose treated everyone to a description of her dress robes. **It was a bottle green halterneck gown with a front curved slit that would run between my breasts then curved towards my left hip where a small strap held the rest of the dress together while the slit continued and even widened further, it would expose my entire left leg.**

Rina and Zeb were able to see the dress very clearly through the window. It wasn't in the slightest appropriate for most anyone to wear, and it seemed to be held together by little more than Rose's description. Rose made a special point that Hermione's robes were much more prudish.

"I just realized we're gonna have to dress up for the Yule Ball," Rina said, making a face. "Greeeat..."

"I thought you'd be excited about this," Zeb said, somewhat surprised. "I mean, from what I've gathered, girls like that... sort of... thing..." He quailed under the look Rina was giving him. "Um."

"And here I thought you didn't follow stereotypes," Rina sighed, shaking her head. "Surprise surprise, but not all girls get excited about dances. You know what I did for prom? I skipped it in favor of staying home and running Siege of Orgrimmar. Turns out that was the right idea, because there was a drug bust that night and apparently someone spiked the punch bowl with vodka. And the playlist was nothing but rap music."

Zeb couldn't tell if she was joking or not; her face remained expressionless.

They skipped past the journey to King's Cross, though Rina did note down the part where Rose grabbed Crookshanks by the scruff of his neck and shook him when he wouldn't calm down. On the train, Rina and Zeb slipped into the compartment next to Rose's and made themselves comfortable.

Rose got talking on the subject of the Dark Arts, saying **"Durmstrang does not teach the Dark Arts, they teach Dark Magic, there is a big difference."**

"There's no difference between the Dark Arts and Dark Magic," retorted Ron. "They both do the same things don't they?"

I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Try this...do you think a levitation spell is Dark Arts?"

"Of course not," said Ron. "That's first-year stuff."

"All right, say I use a levitation spell and fling you off a cliff, what then?" I asked. Ron looked confused for a moment and then started to say something but stopped himself. "See what I mean? Go to library and read a Magical Philosophy book, you need to make up your own mind about it."

"I'm not even gonna get into the stupidity of the Dark Arts versus Dark Magic thing, so I'm just gonna say, 'Yes, Ron, you need to make up your own mind about it as long as you agree with my views'," Rina said, scowling. "Gods, I hate Rose Potter."

"I think we're about to be given another reason to hate her," Zeb said, eyeing the Words.
"Cedric's come by for a visit."

Cedric asked if he could have a word with Rose, and led her to the end of the train to an empty compartment. Rose warded it and began to flirt mercilessly with Cedric. Cedric, now very flustered, asked Rose if she would accompany him to the 'formal event' later in the year. What followed was the least romantic exchange that was very clearly meant to be romantic, but mostly just came across as Rose being manipulative. **I carefully considered it; most girls would give anything to be in my position.** She then gave Cedric a kiss, considered snogging, and left to go back to her own compartment, thinking **[s]omehow, I just felt that it was not the time to tell Ron, or anyone else for that matter. I might tell Ginny or Hermione later.**

"...I'm beginning to see what you mean by 'let's exclude Ron from all the things'," Zeb said, slouching in his seat.

Rose mentioned that the next person likely to be made captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team would be Alicia Spinnet due to her seniority.

Rina facepalmed. "Okay, in Harry's first year, Alicia was also new to the team; she was a reserve the year before! And Harry gets made team captain in sixth year even though Katie Bell's still around, so seniority has nothing to do with it!"

"Rina, you're asking for logic when there is none to be found," Zeb said tiredly. "May I go back to my book, please?"

Rina huffed but fell silent.

The rest of the train ride passed according to canon, so Rina and Zeb took advantage of the lull to relax. When the Hogwarts Express pulled into Hogsmeade, they skipped past the torrential downpour and straight into the castle. Of course, that was when Peeves promptly dropped a water balloon on Rina's head before swooping away, cackling, to assault the other students.

"He can't even see me and I *still* got wet!" Rina groused, wringing water from her hair and shaking her head. Zeb put up a hand to shield his face from flying water droplets.

McGonagall **discreetly** gave Rose a Time-Turner, and Rose **discreetly** put it in her invisible pocket. Rose and company headed into the Great Hall, Rina and Zeb letting the crowd push them along. They slid onto the benches at the Gryffindor table, looking wistfully at the empty plates.

Zeb was forced to open a portal under the table for Sinastra the mini-Aragog a few pages after sitting down. "I don't remember having any minis since Eyelops," he said, closing the portal.

"Consider ourselves lucky, then."

After the Sorting Hat sang its song (Rina was forced to dodge a stray quotation mark) and the first years were all Sorted, the feast finally appeared. The agents wasted no time helping themselves.

After the feast, Mad-Eye Moody was introduced; interestingly, Rose didn't immediately pick up on the fact that he was an imposter. Then it was time for bed. Rina and Zeb followed the Gryffindors up to the seventh floor, waited near the Fat Lady's portrait long enough to collect the mini-Aragog Moran, then headed to the Room of Requirement for some well-deserved sleep.

The next morning, they headed down to the Great Hall for food, and, of course, to spy on Rose. Apparently Cedric had sent a note via owl, asking Rose to meet him by the lake after classes were over. A quick scan of the Words revealed there were practically no changes to canon for a while save for Rose walloping Ron upside the head for his Uranus joke, so they portaled ahead, Rina scribbling furiously in her notebook for the literal Ron bashing.

They arrived outside the Ancient Runes class, where the students were attempting to make a wooden block resistant to damage. **"*Perscribo!*" I muttered and using my wand, drew the two part rune on one side of the wooden block. Oddly enough, my rune had the same fiery visual effect Tom Riddle's had.**

"Tom Riddle Junior Junior!" Zeb whispered. "You were right about the similarities between her and Voldemort—"

Rina held up a hand. "Wait for it," she said.

"Notice that none of your runes are the same in colour," said Professor Vector. "The colour is unique to the rune scribe; it is like a signature, if you will, of the caster."

Zeb backpedaled from the door. "*Arceus!*" he cried, and clapped a hand over his mouth. It was a good thing Male!Vector was still talking.

At the end of the class, Male!Vector went around testing everyone's blocks to see how well the students had enchanted them. He neglected to test Rose's, and Hermione made a big deal out of it. Male!Vector asked Rose to stay behind after class. He then demonstrated why he'd refused to test the block in class; when he hit it, there was a *BANG* like a cannon and a bright flash of light.

Zeb yelped and jumped back, clutching at his chest. His heart was pounding, and for a moment, it was like he was back in the cave on Iron Island. It was a long time before he could relax.

Rina was watching him anxiously, arms half-raised like she wanted to hug him. “You okay?” she asked.

Zeb took a deep, shuddering breath. “Y-yeah,” he finally stammered. He took out the remote activator with a shaking hand. “Let’s move on, shall we?” He ducked through the portal, refusing to meet Rina’s gaze.

They waited by the lake under the beech tree, watching Cedric standing around with his jaw slightly open. A thin stream of drool hung from his chin.

“Ugh, it’s horrible what she does to the canon characters,” Rina said, glaring at Rose when she came sprinting down to meet her boyfriend. She and Cedric exchanged some sappy words, talked blandly about their day, and Rose suddenly got very horny. **“I really hope you don’t mind me doing this,” I said suddenly breathless and leaned up a bit and we shared chaste kiss that felt like something electric was lancing through my brain and back.**

“I could send something electric lancing through her brain and back if she wants the real deal,” Zeb said hopefully, holding out his hands. Tiny bolts of lightning were arcing between his fingers.

Rina stifled a laugh and shook her head.

A scene break dragged the agents into the entrance hall, where students were waiting outside the doors to the Great Hall for dinner. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were standing around, Malfoy holding the newspaper about Mr. Weasley’s encounter with Muggle policemen. Malfoy and Rose exchanged words, Rose speaking **with a nasty smirk**, then she turned around and Malfoy attempted to curse her. **I instinctively ducked and felt something white hot pass over the top of my head – with a flick of my wrist, my wand was in hand and I whirled around, bringing it to bear.**

“She just can’t resist the opportunity to show off, can she?” Zeb muttered to Rina as Moody came storming into the scene to Transfigure Malfoy into a ferret. The agents were at least treated to the canon scene of ferret!Malfoy’s bouncing.

There wasn’t anything left to charge for the rest of the chapter, so they portaled ahead to the Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson, taking seats in the back of the classroom just before the bell rang. Moody came in and did his introduction, then got out his spider to demonstrate the Unforgivables, starting with the Imperius Curse.

Everyone around me was laughing – I wasn’t and neither was Moody.

“Just to remind us that she’s Speshul,” Rina muttered, watching with a horrified fascination as the spider began tap-dancing across the desk. Moody finally lifted the curse, barked “CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” at the class (Zeb nearly jumped out of his seat), and then asked Neville for another Unforgivable, to which Neville replied the Cruciatus Curse. Rina and Zeb had to look away when the spider began twitching; reading about it was bad enough, but seeing it in person was a totally different experience.

It was a bit of a relief when Moody lifted the curse, asking for the final Unforgivable. Rose **heaved a heavy sigh and raised [her] hand** and hogged the spotlight by answering this time. **[A] sadness fell on my heart as a ton of weight.**

After Moody killed the spider, Rose launched into an inner monologue, wangsting about how Voldemort had killed her parents. Then the lesson ended and she gave Neville what she claimed to be a reassuring hug, but it looked and sounded very false to the agents. They decided to leave when Moody showed up to invite Neville to tea.

“Well, that was certainly... interesting,” Rina finally said as they ducked around a corner to portal to the next part.

They arrived in the Gryffindor common room, where they got to watch Ron make up his tragic Divination predictions while Rose bashed him for not doing it ‘properly’ like she was. When Hermione came in, she gushed over Rose for doing her homework properly and belittled Ron for not being more like Rose.

“The blatant favoritism is just sickening,” Rina muttered, clenching her fists.

“I just can’t get over the fact that Hermione’s treating Ron like some sort of simpleton,” Zeb said, frowning as Hermione proceeded to pull out her S.P.E.W. badges.

Rina decided to try to cheer him up. “You know, there was a Harry Potter parody I contributed a few years ago. I got to come up with some new acronyms for S.P.E.W. Wanna hear them?”

“Sure,” Zeb said, looking away from Hermione handing out badges.

Rina stifled a giggle. “Okay, here’s one. Bringing Our Nation Elf Rights.”

Zeb gave her a blank look.

“House-Elf Rights and Promoters of Equality in Society?” Rina said desperately. “Come on, I put a lot of work into these!”

“Sorry, Rina, but I don’t get it,” Zeb said apologetically.

Rina sighed. "Never mind." She suddenly perked up. "How about this? Promoting Elf Nations In Society."

Zeb felt his mouth twitch. "I suppose the others were similar?"

"Yep!"

Zeb shook his head. "Only you..."

"Oh, please, anyone could have come up with those."

"I suppose— oh, what is she doing *now*?"

Rose just stated that **house-elves are an ancient product of magically assisted cross-breeding** and all but said Hermione was stupid for trying to free them. When she finished with her lecture, she stormed up to her dormitory like she was the insulted one.

The story yanked the agents into the Glen, where Rose and Ginny were 'practicing'. Ginny was working on her shape-shifting while Rose **did a Kata Dante; a Kata from the Ninjitsu branch of the martial arts out of Japan.**

"Introducing the Rose Potter drinking game!" Rina said. "Whenever Rose mentions she's a ninja or a Druidess, take a shot. When she stares at girls' boobs or pubic hair, that's two shots. And whenever she replaces Ron for someone else, derails the plot, or bashes any characters, that's three shots." She paused. "Nah, that's a bad idea. Even if it was just one shot for everything and you were using water, you'd be dead halfway through the first book."

"Shot? Like, with a gun?"

"No, 'shot' in this case refers to an alcoholic drink of some sort, served in a glass about this size." Rina motioned with her hands. "Though, speaking of guns, Rose does get herself a nice magic gun in the sixth book."

Zeb stared at her, then shook his head. "Right, need to stop asking for logic," he muttered.

Rose and Ginny carried on their conversation in the background, which seemed to mostly consist of Ginny asking Rose if Cedric was a good kisser. Then Rose compared Cedric to Hermione and had the nerve to say Cedric was smarter.

"Anyway, Rose's private lesson with Dumbledore is next," Rina said hastily when Zeb's eye began to twitch. "Want to move on? It's a bit of a doozy, but I promise there's no Hermione bashing."

Zeb whipped out the remote and had a portal open in seconds. They appeared in the **Time Classroom** and hunkered down behind a pair of pillars to watch.

Dumbledore and Rose discussed the Unforgivable Curses for a little while, Dumbledore saying, **“You will also note that the translation of the incantation for the Killing curse is in modern English ‘*Destroy all things that are in my path.*’”**

“No, it’s not,” Rina muttered to Zeb. “It’s ‘let the thing be destroyed’, jeez!”

Zeb wasn’t really listening, though; his mouth had fallen open at Dumbledore’s and Rose’s next few lines.

“The defending wizard could animate a physical object in his surroundings and then ironically enough use the Imperius curse on it and order it to move in front of the curse. That way the object takes the curse and not the wizard.”

“Is that what you would do?” I asked suspiciously.

“Not would, have done, I have successfully defended myself that way in the past,” said Professor Dumbledore with a smile.

“What part of Dumbledore being too noble to use the Unforgivables did this Sue miss?” Zeb hissed, forcing his sparks to stay under control. “And the Imperius Curse only works on living creatures!”

“Told you it was a doozy,” Rina muttered. There was a full-blown twitch under her left eye. “At least it’s now one hundred percent, without a doubt, a Dumbledore replacement.” Her words were emphasized by the replacement saying not a moment later that he would teach Rose how to animate things, as well as cast the Imperius Curse.

Rose skipped several hours into the future, where she was already successfully animating objects despite her claim that it was fifth-year level spellwork. Dumbledore then asked to see her golden Patronus, so Rose stripped off her amulet.

“Eugh,” Zeb whispered, and took them into the next chapter, “Beauxbatons and Durmstrang”.

“Wow, this is going by a lot faster than I thought,” Rina said, raising an eyebrow.

Rose skipped the next two weeks, bragging that she had mastered animation and would walk by the lake with Cedric every evening and snog him senseless. Canon took over for quite a long while, save for some minor Ron and Hermione bashing and Rose mentioning her naked body

again. Then there was an annoying section where Rose and Dumbledore practiced the Imperius Curse on each other, but there wasn't much to remark on other than the chargeability.

The agents finally arrived in what looked like a good spot: the night the foreign schools would be arriving. They slipped in among the seventh years, watching the sky for the first sign of the flying carriage. Rose, mercifully, refrained from interfering with the arrival of both schools, so the agents got to watch both the Beauxbatons carriage and the Durmstrang ship arrive in true canon fashion.

The chapter ended and moved into the next, carrying the agents with it, straight into the Great Hall. They quickly sat down at the Gryffindor table, Rina swiping one of the bouillabaisse dishes so Zeb could send it back to their response center for McGonagoll.

When Fleur approached the table, Rose used her Druidess powers on her to find out she was part Veela. **The girl looked rather startled at my gaze for a moment, it seemed she could partly sense my druidic power as well, but as she didn't know what to make of it, shrugged it off.**

"So she's implying Veela are, I don't know, beasts?" Zeb asked, frowning. "I mean, she can sense werewolves, and now Veela, but it's never mentioned she can sense regular humans." He paused. "You know, I find it rather interesting Rose only uses her powers when the person she's examining is guaranteed to be a magical creature of some sort."

"Uh?" Rina asked, staring at Fleur.

Zeb gave her a static shock.

"Ow!"

Rina wasn't the only one staring; nearly every boy turned their head to watch Fleur as she went past. Even some girls were staring.

Rose's declaration that **"They make them okay at Hogwarts"** sent Rina into a giggling fit. "Seriously, how can she expect people to think she's *not* a lesbian with comments like that?"

Canon took over again for most of the chapter; Dumbledore introduced the heads of the schools and how the Triwizard champions would be selected, yadda yadda yadda. After the feast, Rose ditched her friends to wait for Cedric in the entrance hall.

"Meet me at Hagrid's hut [tomorrow] then," I said, the room was suddenly very hot. "He'll keep mum, if I ask him to."

Cedric's eyes were twinkling at me. "That's my clever girl." I never failed to get thrill of pleasure when he addressed me in that way. I suddenly felt a pure determination in me.

"Follow me," I whispered and guided him surreptitiously up the marble staircase to the third floor and into a dusty unused classroom. I had barely warded the door closed when I was already in Cedric's arms.

"How she's still a virgin by the fifth book, I have *no* idea," Rina said, shaking her head.

"Even *I* didn't miss the implications," Zeb said, making a face. A thought struck him. "Rina, didn't you say it was inappropriate for human adolescents to participate in this sort of activity?"

"Yeah, and the fact that Cedric's a legal adult by wizarding standards, he could be arrested for it," Rina said, making a face. She pulled out her notebook, flipped back several pages, and underlined 'More implications of underage carnal relations'. Then she underlined it again. "Poor Cedric is acting so massively OOC, it's sickening."

The story jumped forward to the scene with the age line. Rina and Zeb hung out on the edge of the small crowd that had gathered to watch students submit their names. Rose showed off by casting a spell to take a look at what enchantments had been used to create the Age Line, then spouted some nonsense about how the age line measured mental age rather than physical age. The Weasley twins then showed up to try their hand, and were, of course, sent off to the Hospital Wing sporting magnificent beards while Rose gloated about how she'd tried to warn them.

Rose and company headed into the Great Hall, which was decorated for Halloween. Rina and Zeb, of course, followed.

Dean Thomas mentioned he'd heard a rumor that Warrington from Slytherin had put his name in the Goblet, which caused Rose to exclaim that they couldn't have a Slytherin champion. But when Seamus Finnegan started deriding Cedric, Rose wouldn't stand for it. **"It's not polite to just jump into conclusions about people based on what you see, Seamus," I said, my eyes flashing. "Judge them on their actions and choices."**

Rina gave a great cough that sounded like "Hypocrite!" as Seamus edged away from Rose.

Rose bullied Seamus some more, but other than that, canon took over for a while, and Rose, Ron, and Hermione headed to Hagrid's hut. Rina and Zeb followed, sitting against the wall of the hut to listen in. When Ron and Hermione finally left, Rose stayed behind to talk to Hagrid about 'borrowing' his hut for a **private spot**. Hagrid, in a fit of OOCness, agreed, then immediately asked Rose to give him dating advice for Madame Maxime. His speech was littered with dropped letters and random apostrophes, and Rose's 'advice' was very condescending.

Rina and Zeb scrambled to hide around the hut when Rose came bursting out to get Cedric for some of that private time, and then the story lurched forward, dumping the agents in the Great Hall to watch the champions be selected. Rina groaned at the sudden time compression and helped Zeb over to the Gryffindor table.

Several pages worth of canon meant the agents could skip ahead to the room where the champions were waiting. Rose was already in the middle of bullying more characters.

“Oh yeah!” I interrupted, rounding on her. “There is the difference between me and you. I have not been hoping to compete in the Tournament for weeks and weeks! Has it not occurred to anyone that the age limit was imposed for a reason! I’m only in fourth year, and I haven’t learnt enough to compete properly...why would I submit my own name...when chances are I would be in mortal peril in performing the Tasks!” I was steadily advancing on Fleur, who was stepping back nervously with an expression of fear on her face.

After the characters argued for a while, they finally left, and Rose rounded on Dumbledore, saying, **“Professor Dumbledore, with all due respect to the stations those people hold, they couldn’t think their way out of a wet paper bag!”** To the agents’ disgust, Dumbledore agreed. Rose then told Dumbledore about her dreams, effectively piecing the plot together because she was Just That Good.

“Have I mentioned that I hate Rose Potter?” Rina whispered, her lip curling when Dumbledore mentioned it was a good thing cheating was a traditional part of the Tournament.

“Yes, you have. Multiple times,” Zeb said, opening a portal. They skipped past an uncanon, but fairly harmless, scene in the girls’ dorm with Rose, Ginny, and Hermione discussing the Tournament, then past a scene of Rose and Hermione learning *Stupefy*; at one point, Rose mentioned they could potentially travel up to twelve hours in the past with her Time-Turner, which sent Rina into a spitting rage.

“No! No, the limit is five hours! Dammit!”

“Come on, Rina, stop asking for logic,” Zeb said tiredly, scanning the Words. “Wow, I think that’s... another twenty pages we can skip? Seriously, go ahead and charge for more plagiarism. This is just getting ridiculous.” He sighed and opened another portal.

“On the bright side, that means less work for us to do,” Rina said, ducking through the portal and into the scene where the Slytherins were showing off their POTTER STINKS badges. “Here I was, thinking *Goblet of Fire* was going to take forever, and *Order of the Phoenix* even more so, but look at us! We’re nearly halfway through the story already! If things continue the way they have been, we might finish earlier than I’d hoped.” She thought about this for a moment before lightly knocking on a nearby wooden door.

Zeb grinned at her, but the grin slid off his face when Rose and Malfoy tried to curse each other.

“Terreo,” I whispered the spell in an undertone but with force.

“Densaugeo!” screamed Malfoy.

A jet of angry red light shot out of my wand, while a white one shot from Malfoy’s. The spells hit each other in mid-air, and ricocheted off at angles – mine hit Goyle in the face, and Malfoy’s hit Hermione. Goyle suddenly got the most complete expression of fear on his face I had ever seen on anyone and he turned around screaming, knocking people out of his way as he ran away from the class. The spell I had used on him was in a way similar to what a Boggart did. Goyle would see his worst fear coming towards him and chase after him.

Snape showed up, let Rose get away with hexing Goyle, then gave Hermione his infamous line of “I see no difference.” Rose didn’t bother to call her precious Potions Master out on his behavior, though he did give Malfoy a detention and let Rose get away with her own behavior.

There was a quiet cough from Zeb’s bag, and a faint smell of acrid smoke reached their noses. Zeb opened his bag to find a leftover scrap of litmus strip smoking feebly at the bottom. He gingerly plucked it out and tossed it on the floor, then stomped on it until it finally went out.

“I can’t believe it waited this long to go off,” Rina said, staring at it.

“The multiverse is a weird place,” Zeb decided.

Rose decided she absolutely loved her uncanon Terror Curse, then Colin Creevey showed up to take Rose to have her wand weighed. When she got to the room (the agents were forced to portal to keep up), Rita Skeeter tried to drag Rose away for an interview. **[H]er scarlet-taloned fingers had my upper-arm in a surprisingly strong grip, I just reacted, and grabbed her fingers and twisted, stepping back against her own momentum. She grunted in pain and let go of me instantly.** For some reason, Rose allowed Rita to take her to the broom cupboard anyway. **I knew I could hardly tell her the real truth, what use was the truth when no one wanted to believe it anyway...or didn’t want to hear...it was the one thing I had learned in the days since Halloween.**

“So basically,” Rina said, one ear pressed to the cupboard door, “Rose decides to lie, but gets mad at Rita when she prints said lies. Methinks this Sue is bipolar.”

Footsteps could be heard coming along the corridor, and Rina and Zeb beat a hasty retreat before the Dumbledore imposter could come along and spot them.

"I am not looking forward to killing him," Rina muttered, as she and Zeb appeared in Hogsmeade in chapter eighteen.

Rita Skeeter's article had been published, and apparently, it painted Rose and Hermione as star-crossed lovers, which got Rose all riled up, yelling, "**I am not a lesbian!**"

"Keep telling yourself that, darling," Rina muttered, shivering in the suddenly chilly breeze. She fumbled for the D.O.R.K.S. and dressed herself and Zeb in thick cloaks, then they set off to follow Rose and Cedric on their date. Rose went under the Invisibility Cloak so she and Cedric wouldn't be seen together, but for some odd reason, Cedric, as popular as he'd been in canon, wasn't mobbed by anyone the whole time he was in Hogsmeade. Indeed, when he sat down at a table in the Three Broomsticks, he was miraculously left alone.

"That doesn't make any sense!" Zeb complained as he and Rina sat down at a table on the other end of the room. "It worked for Hermione and Harry in canon because Hermione's not very popular, but here it's just contrived!"

"I know," Rina said rubbing her forehead. "Want a Butterbeer?"

"Sure."

Rina got up and went to the counter to order while Zeb got out his book.

"Cheers," Rina said when she finally returned. She handed Zeb one of the tankards and took a long draft from her own, belched, wiped her mouth, and set the tankard on the table. Zeb opted to take a more polite sip instead.

"So, how do you want to kill Rose this time around?" Rina asked conversationally.

"Bit early to be thinking about that, isn't it?"

"I don't see why not. If we plan early, it minimizes the risk of being surprised," Rina said, shrugging.

"Erm, okay. Well, there's always the scene in the graveyard," Zeb offered. "I could hit Rose with a Thunder Wave so she can't dodge Voldemort's attacks and just let him finish her for us."

"Ooh, now there's an idea," Rina mused, clicking the tankard against her teeth. "And we'll have lots of tombstones to hide behind, too... I like it. I really like it."

"Got any idea for how to dispose of the body?"

"We could always just dump her somewhere for a critter to find or something."

"I suppose that could work."

"Yay, we have a plan!" Rina lifted her tankard and held it up. After a moment, she motioned for Zeb to do the same. "Cheers!"

That was when they found out the hard way what happened to agents who didn't pay attention to the Words. The story skipped to late in the evening when Rose was on her way to Hagrid's hut to see the dragons, using a horizontal rule to show the passage of time. Caught completely off-guard, the agents were thrown against the solid wall. Zeb slopped Butterbeer down his front, but he had bigger problems to deal with, like not vomiting up what he'd already consumed and making sure he hadn't broken anything. Rina wasn't quite as lucky; she'd been smashed face-first into the wall.

Rina peeled herself away from the wall, unable to keep herself from crying. "Ouch," she managed. "I ting by nose is brogen." She gingerly felt her face, wiping away the tears. Her hands came away bloody when she touched her nose. "Zeb, you ogay?"

"Yeah," Zeb gasped, wiping his mouth. "That Butterbeer stung my nose something awful though—are you alright?"

"Gonsiderig by nose hurts lige a bitgh, I'b bleeding everywhere, and I gan't talg right, what do you ting?"

"Can't you just cast *Episkey*?"

"I gan't do nonverbal magig and I gan't pronounce *Episgy*, so no," Rina said, muffling a cry when she prodded gingerly at her nose, which looked to be smashed to one side.

Zeb winced. "I, uh, I could try it," he said. "Muggle-use wands aren't like normal wands, right? I'll be able to use yours without any problem?"

"Yeah." Rina dug out her wand and handed it to him. "Seriously, dough, please be careful."

Zeb took the wand, swallowed, and pointed it at her face. *Deep breaths*, he told himself, forcing his hand to stay steady. "*Episkey*," he said.

Rina's nose shot back into place. She felt it gingerly. "Much better, thanks," she said, casting the horizontal rule a nasty look. She took her wand back and smiled at Zeb. The effect was slightly less than reassuring with blood all over her face. "Lucky it wasn't anything worse than a broken nose, huh?"

"Yeah," Zeb agreed, letting out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. He was just glad it had worked. He retrieved the remote and opened a portal past the line break.

They arrived in the Forbidden Forest, where the four dragons were breathing fire everywhere and, according to Rose, **shouting occasionally in Beastspeak.**

"Rose doesn't, I don't know, ride the Hungarian Horntail during the task, does she? Or later get her own dragon and tame it?" Zeb asked, leaping back when the Chinese Fireball snorted a mushroom-shaped blast of fire in their general direction.

"No, she doesn't, mercifully," Rina said, her eyes watering when the superheated air blew past them, ruffling their hair.

Charlie Weasley acted as a merciful distraction when he began talking about his mother, saying, **"She even lets go of the fact that Rosey apparently is Hermione's girlfriend. She's normally a frightful Victorian about such things."**

"Okay, there was never any indication in the books that the Weasleys were homophobic, but they're generally really accepting people!" Rina said, getting riled up. "I mean, they were friendly towards Remus when we saw them interacting, and you know how most wizards are towards werewolves!"

"Rose is leaving," Zeb said, prodding his partner to get her attention. "Looks like she's heading to Dumbledore's office to meet with Sirius."

"Fine, fine, we can go," Rina muttered, following him through a portal. The agents sat on the spiral staircase, just outside the door to Dumbledore's office, listening in as Rose described to Dumbledore and Sirius how she'd found out about the dragons, then she and the two adults began planning out her strategy for getting past the dragons. Somehow, the planning turned to Sirius and Rose giggling over Cedric.

"Since when did Sirius act like a teenage girl?" Rina asked, a look of horror on her face.

"I thought we already established this wasn't the real Sirius," Zeb said tiredly.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Sirius," I said frowning. "I have not done that with him. And neither would he, even if I asked him too. He's too much of a gentleman, and besides you know my obligations as a druidess."

"Uh-huh, I'm so sure," Rina said, rolling her eyes and making a face. "And don't get me started on those 'obligations', eugh..."

“Rose is going to the common room soon,” Zeb said in an effort to not think about what Rina had just said. When Rina paled, Zeb suddenly had a very nasty feeling in his gut. “What happens next?” he asked, pausing with his finger on the remote’s trigger.

“Let’s just get it over with,” Rina said, very obviously avoiding the question.

Zeb swallowed, but opened a portal to the Gryffindor common room. Rina pulled him to the floor behind one of the sofas when they spotted Ron there. Rose Teleported to the girls’ dorm, put away her cloak, and went down to the common room.

What happened next was so horrible, neither agent would ever be able to forget about it.

“Why don’t you go back to your girlfriend upstairs?” said Ron. “I’m sure she’s cold now without you in bed.”

That was it! I couldn’t take it any more. Ron had crossed a line that was set in stone in my books! Jealousy was one thing, this was totally different. My wrist flicked out my wand and with a single gesture of it, I threw a Disarming Charm at Ron. I had so much anger coursing through me, that I had unwittingly channelled that emotion into the spell. A huge blue rush of light hit Ron from behind and flung him up into the air. I totally ignored his wand hitting me.

With another flick of my wand I had paused his flight in mid-air; otherwise he would have been bodily smashed against the wall above the fireplace. I walked around the chair he had been sitting at, breathing heavily and turned to look him in his terrified face, as he was hovering about five feet above the ground. I reared a hand back and slapped him across the cheek with such force that spittle flew out of his mouth as his head jerked to one side. An angry red imprint of my hand was also clearly visible and would turn blue sooner or later.

I then stopped, thinking about what I could do more when I saw a POTTER REALLY STINKS badge across the room. The Creevey brothers had been trying to bewitch it earlier to read something different, but clearly had not been successful. But it gave me an idea. “So Ronald Weasley, you’re jealous are you?” I hissed angrily. “You want my fame or rather infamy? You want my scar? Well you shall have it then!”

‘*Cicatrix Perscribo!*’ I snarled. And traced the words POTTER REALLY STINKS in the air in fiery letters and gave them a furious wave and the letters shot to Ron’s forehead and inscribed themselves on it in the form of scarred letters.

“You have words to say to me, Ron, you know what they are... when you same them and mean them...I will remove your lovely new scars, only I can remove them, so don’t bother going to Madam Pomfrey...have fun.” I patted him on the head.

Zeb was fighting to keep from jumping up and blasting Rose with a lightning bolt; as it was, sparks were shooting from his fingers, his hair, and his ears. It was all he could do to keep them under control. Rina had both hands over her mouth, tears streaming down her cheeks. The image of Ron hanging, helpless in the air, bright red words carved into his forehead and a look of pure terror on his face would haunt them forever.

Rose stormed up to the stairs where she met an angry-looking Hermione, who **looked fit to give Ron an own piece of her mind**. She didn't seem in the least bit concerned for her so-called 'friend'.

"That was horrible," Zeb choked out when Rose and Hermione went back to their dorm. "How can anyone think anyone else deserves *that?!?*"

Rina wiped her eyes on her sleeve and went over to Ron, who had regressed into a mindless stupor. She hugged him tightly, but he was too far gone to notice. "I'm so sorry," she said, sniffing. "I promise we'll get her for this."

"We *will*," Zeb repeated. He touched Ron's shoulder gently, but a stray spark jumped from his fingertip to Ron's skin. Ron started and looked up at them, his eyes suddenly no longer glazed over.

"H-help me," he gasped, reaching out and grabbing Rina by the arms. "Rose— you gotta stop her! She keeps taking over my mind and I can't f-fight it... and I don't know what she did to Harry, but it can't be good..."

"We're doing our best," Rina whispered, gripping Ron's hands. He nodded, his head jerking a few times before his eyes glazed over again. Zombielike, he got up and stumbled away to the boys' dorm.

The agents were silent when they portaled back to the Room of Requirement. Rina dropped their disguises and they climbed into bed, but they both stayed wide awake, the scene from earlier replaying in their heads.

"Rina? Are you asleep?" Zeb whispered several hours later.

"No," Rina said, shifting around restlessly. "I don't think I'll be able to sleep again after that." She sighed. "I still remember what Link looked like, after Randa and I rescued him from *My Inner Life*, how broken he was. And now the same thing's happened to Ron..." She realized she was crying again and angrily wiped away her tears.

"What scares me so much," Zeb said, his ears flattening against his head, "is that we're supposed to *like* Rose for what she did. We're supposed to be *glad* she finally put Ron in his

place.” He felt dirty just saying that. “I mean, you get your villains who do horrible things to people all the time, but it’s okay because you know the hero’s going to come and save the day and avenge all the people the villain hurt, but what are you supposed to do when it’s the so-called ‘hero’ who’s doing all the bad stuff?”

“We kill her,” Rina said simply. “We kill her and set things right. And then we kill her again, and again. It’s what we do.”

Zeb sighed. It seemed far from the ideal solution, but she was right. They had a job to do, and he couldn’t perform his best if he didn’t get any sleep. “Good night, Rina.”

“Night, Zeb.”

Neither of them slept that night.

The next morning, they got up and headed to the Great Hall, neither mentioning the dark circles under the other’s eyes. They ate, Rina noting the charge of the Weasley twins congratulating Rose for what she’d done to their brother.

“At this point, I’m starting to think it would be easier to just rescue the canons who haven’t been replaced and then firebomb this continuum,” Rina muttered, biting listlessly into a muffin. It tasted bland despite all the sugar in it.

“That would be rather satisfying,” Zeb agreed, stifling a yawn. He nearly put his elbow in the sausage platter when he started to nod off.

Rina jabbed him in the ribs with her own elbow, which helped wake him slightly, and they snuck out of the Great Hall to portal ahead, yawning hugely as they skipped past an uncanon but fairly well-written training session between Rose and Hermione, then past a large chunk of canon that was largely uninterrupted save for some more Rose gloatingly describing the results of her carving words into Ron’s forehead. They eventually arrived in the stands for the first task.

“Woah, deja vu,” Rina said, yawning again.

They would have been treated to the sight of Fleur, Cedric, and Krum fighting their dragons, but they kept dozing off and missed quite a bit of it.

“Accio Firebolt!” they heard Rose shout, and jolted awake.

“Aw man, did we miss it?” Rina asked, rubbing her eyes and peering down into the arena, where Rose stood, yammering internally about how her mind was now in Void.

Rose's capture of the egg happened almost exactly as Harry's had in canon, except she kept undermining her own awesomeness by stating she wouldn't have been able to do it without Void, despite having advantages such as her Flame-Freezing Charm. She still managed to get gouged on the shoulder by the dragon's spiked tail. Once she'd captured the egg, she was herded away to the first-aid tent. Zeb prodded Rina awake and they portaled to outside the tent to listen in.

Ron and Hermione showed up, and Ron fell over himself apologizing to Rose for his horrible treatment of her. It was sickening, to say the least.

When Rita Skeeter finally showed up to try and interview Rose, she blew the reporter off and headed up to the castle with Ron.

"Umm, Rosey...can you take off these scars now please?" Ron asked as the final line of the chapter.

Rina blinked rapidly, digging a finger into her ear to be sure she'd heard that right. "Okay, unless I'm reading this wrong, that sounded like a very tasteless attempt at a humorous ending," she snarled, nearly falling over when the next chapter began.

There was a massive chunk of plagiarized canon to skip past (the only thing to note was that Rose had apparently discovered an uncanon **Stunning Hex** that was effective against the Blast-Ended Skrewts); in fact, the entire chapter of "The House-Elf Liberation Front" was copied almost word-for-word from canon, so the agents went straight into "The Not So Unexpected Task".

"There was no point in changing the title," Zeb complained, swaying a little in place. "And I guess all the drama about trying to find a date for the Yule Ball will be cut out, too..."

After McGonagall announced the Yule Ball to the Gryffindors, Rose approached her to ask if she could teach Rose and Cedric how to waltz. And then McGonagall mentioned that Professor Sprout might be able to help with dance lessons, saying **"[S]he was quite proficient in the various forms of tango in her youth."** No, really.

Rina and Zeb finally decided to head back to the Room of Requirement to sleep rather than listen to Lavender, Parvati, and Moran the bit character squeal over Rose's dress for the ball. When the agents woke up, they realized that Rose had greatly compressed time to the point where it was already Christmas break.

"Wow, I knew I was a heavy sleeper, but several weeks is quite a stretch," Rina said when she and Zeb were back in the story proper. They headed to the Gryffindor common room, where Rose and Hermione were giving Ron a very condescending explanation of how sound waves

traveled differently through various materials. Rose then immediately figured out she needed to take a bath with the egg, which nearly caused Rina to slam her head against the wall.

There was a line break, but the agents were ready this time and portaled past it, avoiding any broken noses. They skipped past Rose taking a bath with her golden egg, past her going to the girls' dormitory where **Hermione had thoroughly shut her curtains and even warded it with a spell** ("TMI!" Rina cried, grabbing the remote from Zeb and taking them ahead), past Rose figuring out that she'd have to find merpeople, past Rose bragging about the boys that were falling over themselves to ask her to the ball and how she'd **graciously declined them all**, and past another huge chunk of plagiarized canon.

When they finally found a good place to stop, it was already the next chapter, in the middle of Christmas morning. Aside from Neville having told Rose about Gillyweed, they hadn't missed much.

Rose exclaimed over her presents, one of which was **a copy of the Metamorph guild book**, and a present from Cedric: **a thin silver armband, fashioned in the form of ornate wreathed leaves, which was worn just above the bicep of my arm[,] charmed to fit itself snugly to the wearer, so there was no chance of it falling off.** Rose gushed over the present, noting that she **had given him a wide gleaming silver wristband with a few runes inscribed and empowered on it coupled with a few protection spells, courtesy of Professor Dumbledore.**

"Gag me with a spork," Zeb muttered, trying out one of Rina's favorite phrases.

"I think I have one in here, actually," Rina said, plunging her arm into her pocket. After a bit of rummaging, she gave up. "Eh, it's probably at the bottom anyway; it'd take too long to find."

They skipped past another large chunk which mostly involved the girls fawning over Rose and doing her hair and makeup for the Yule Ball.

Rina sighed and retrieved the D.O.R.K.S. "Here we go," she muttered, pointing it at Zeb. A bright flash of light and some odd noises later, he looked down at himself to see he was dressed in sky blue dress robes accented with gold embroidery on the sleeves. When he raised a hand to his head, he found his hair seemed to have been gelled into neat spikes. Rina gave herself spring green robes with tiny blue flowers along the hem, and reluctantly made her hair lie flat. It wouldn't do to go to a ball with bedhead.

"I guess this'll do," she grumbled, hiking up her skirts and making a face at her high-heeled shoes. "Actually, screw this." She pointed the D.O.R.K.S. at her shoes and changed them back to her ratty Converse. "Much better," she said, tucking the D.O.R.K.S. in a hidden pocket of her dress robes and letting her skirts fall back to the floor. "Let's get this over with."

They headed down to the entrance hall, blending in easily with the rest of the students already there, keeping a wary eye on Rose and Cedric, who were making out in the corner. Rose was all but wrapped around Cedric's waist. Rose mentioned to the audience that her 'real' Christmas gift to Cedric was that he would be allowed to swear on her amulet and see her naked all the time.

"Poor boy won't be able to go anywhere with her," Rina murmured.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!"

The Champions and their dates lined up to go into the Great Hall, then everyone else followed behind them. Rina rolled her eyes and linked her arm through Zeb's. "Congratulations, you're my date for the evening," she said as they fell into line.

"Oh gosh, aren't I lucky," Zeb teased. Rina stuck her tongue out at him.

The Great Hall really did look magnificent, with garlands of mistletoe and ivy crisscrossing over the ceiling, which was showing a clear sky filled with hundreds of twinkling stars. Every surface seemed to glitter with frost.

Rina and Zeb tore their eyes away from the scenery and sat at one of the small tables that was already mostly occupied by bit characters.

While they ate, Cedric and Rose gossiped about Fleur, Cedric calling her a **little hellion** and mentioning she'd tried to charm him earlier.

Rose giggled. **"The benefits of being loved by a druidess, Ced. She can no more charm you than she can charm a girl. My power protects you."**

"I call bullshit!" Rina said in a sing-song voice.

Once everyone had finished eating, the Champions went out onto the dance floor to start the evening of dancing. Cedric and Rose, of course, hogged all the attention while it was just the Champions on the floor. After a while, other students started joining in.

Zeb glanced at Rina. "Do you want—?"

"No."

Zeb shrugged and turned his attention back to the dancers when McGonagall caught his eye. She had approached the Weird Sisters to ask for a tune so Rose and Cedric could show off their

tango skills. Due to the very revealing nature of Rose's dress, she ended up giving everyone quite the show.

Zeb grabbed his Bleeprin bottle and swallowed a handful of pills while Rina grabbed for a glass of sparkling cider. She downed the entire thing in one gulp, coughing violently from the carbonation and scrubbing at her eyes in an effort to make the mental image go away.

"Right," Rina said, still coughing, "charging for that, big time."

Mercifully, there wasn't much left to charge for the rest of the night save for Rose and Cedric going outside for some fresh air, rather than Rose and Ron. Sure, Rose and Cedric returned to dance another four tangos, but neither agent wanted to stick around to watch that. They went to the Gryffindor common room in time to watch Ron and Hermione quarreling, skipping past Rose telling Cedric to meet her in the Great Hall the next morning to **celebrate Boxers Day and I could give him his true Christmas gift.**

"I've heard of Boxing Day, but not Boxers Day," Rina remarked, gingerly picking up the pair of underpants that appeared in front of them and tossing it on the fire.

Rose showed up and broke up the fight, then said **solemnly** to Ron, **"All I will say to you on the matter is this, Ron, [s]omething is right in front of you, but you can't see it, because it is too bright, you are blind to it, I personally look forward to when you gain your sight."**

"Thank you, Confucius!" Rina said in an overly-bright voice, sighing with relief when the chapter ended. Then she glanced at the words and nearly vomited.

Zeb noticed her expression and reluctantly took them ahead, eyes widening when he realized that they were outside the Room of Requirement. "Don't tell me Rose found it a year early," he groaned.

"Technically, Cedric did, but I know," Rina said, making a face and pulling out the D.O.R.K.S. She opened the door a crack— Cedric hadn't requested the Room keep anyone out, so it opened easily— and stepped aside for Zeb to look.

His jaw dropped when he saw **a vast expanse of nature, the door opened a few feet away from a majestic waterfall that cascaded down a sheer mountainside into a large pool and flowed into a river beyond to [the] left, with majestic trees beyond that. The sky was sparkling and had shades of pink purple and a bright sun. Near the pool of the waterfall on a very convenient dry spot of green grass there was a red blanket laid out [with] various foods for breakfast on it.**

"What does she think she's doing?" Zeb whispered in horror. "The Room of Requirement doesn't work like this!"

“Since when does Rose care?” Rina whispered bitterly. “But shh; it just gets worse.”

“I swear my eternal love for you, Rosey Potter,” said Cedric in a clear voice and his breath hitched afterwards.

“I swear my eternal love for you Cedric Diggory,” I said, my heart felt like it would explode.

“And there you have it,” Rina said, shutting the door as Rose’s amulet flashed and she and Cedric began snogging. “Now they’re soul-bound to each other, ain’t it lovely?”

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Rina and Zeb ducked out of the way as fifteen ones thundered down around them to indicate a scene change.

“I know I’ve been complaining about her plagiarism,” Rina said, kicking a one out of the way, “but I think I prefer that to *this*.”

Zeb nodded in agreement, skipped past a plagiarised section, taking them past the Care of Magical Creatures lesson on unicorns with Professor Grubbly-Plank. (Rose, of course, got the special treatment from the unicorn, which actually offered her the chance to ride it.) They passed a Hogsmeade visit that, aside from Cedric’s presence and a bit of Rose bullying Rita Skeeter, remained untouched, and found themselves in the next chapter.

“Never mind, I take back what I said,” Rina sighed, looking around and sighing again when she saw they were in the dungeons outside the Potions classroom. “This is just ridiculous. How many chapters have we flat-out skipped now?”

“Four, I think,” Zeb said, stowing his remote in his bag. He sniffed the air curiously. “I smell Wolfsbane.”

“Yeah, Rose dearest finally managed to brew it successfully,” Rina said darkly.

Snape suddenly looked up, ordered Rose to stay where she was, and ran out of the room.

Rose heard a loud bang and ran after Snape to his private stores. She found him lying unconscious on the floor. **‘Enervate!’** Rose said. Zeb sighed and nudged *Enervate* through a portal to the HFA.

Apparently, someone had broken into Snape’s private stores, setting off several security jinxes, and when Snape went to investigate, had been knocked unconscious.

“Yay for more proof that we’re dealing with a replacement,” Rina whispered. “The real Snape would have been more careful; he wouldn’t have gone running in and getting ambushed like an idiot.”

Snape then handed Rose a list of the store room’s inventory so she could see if anything had been stolen while he went to get Dumbledore. Rose, in the meantime, discovered boomslang skin and Bicorn horn had gone missing, which she noted instantly as suspicious due to those being the main ingredients for Polyjuice Potion. She, Dumbledore, and Snape instantly figured out there was a spy in the castle... and evidently decided to do nothing about it, since the scene changed to Rose sitting on her bed, examining the Marauder’s Map.

Rose cast some sort of spell on the Map, causing it to rewind in time. Rina and Zeb looked at each other in horror.

By the time I saw a dot speeding in reverse towards the storage room, the ink was so faint that I had to squint to make it out.

Both agents breathed a sigh of relief; Rose was so fixated on Barty Crouch Jr.’s dot that she didn’t even notice the two tiny dots labeled ‘Sabrina Dives’ and ‘Zeb’ standing a little ways down the corridor.

The story rolled over into the next chapter, and the agents portaled to the stairs outside Dumbledore’s office, where Rose was meeting with Sirius and his wives. They had come to deliver some Gillyweed to Rose, saying that some Druids off the coast of Greece had collected it just for her.

“Rosey, there is just a little complication for you to use Gillyweed, with respect to the fact you are a druidess,” said Sirius with a sigh.

“Oh?” I asked, nervously, closing the pouch.

“Due to your inherent intimacy with nature and the druidic power that goes with it, the Gillyweed will have a much more marked effect on you than if a normal witch or wizard were to eat it,” said Shaleena.

“Basically, Rosey, when you eat Gillyweed, you’ll turn into a mermaid for an hour,” said Leah.

Zeb stared at the Words. “She’s joking, right?” he said faintly.

Rina snorted. “I wish. Not only does she turn into a mermaid, she turns into a *pretty* mermaid.” She paused. “Oh, *that’s* why she got the Greece-harvested Gillyweed.” At Zeb’s look, she said,

"Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them says the merpeople in the lake are a subspecies called selkies. The merpeople from Greece are sirens and much prettier. Because gods forbid Rose ever become ugly. I'm not entirely sure that's how Gillyweed ought to work, though, even for those Speshul Druids."

Zeb began to beat his head against the wall. "I'm so done," he said, grabbing the remote and opening a portal to the lake, skipping past another huge chunk of canon, along with a twenty-three exclamation point scene divider followed shortly by twenty-five exclamation points. The only major change was that it was Ginny instead of Ron who would be the thing Rose missed most.

"At least she had the decency to change that," Rina muttered. "If she'd tried to say Ron would be the thing she missed most, after how she's been treating him?" She cracked her knuckles. "Anyway, how do merpeople sound to you?" she asked, looking out over the lake.

"Huh?"

"Well, how else do you propose we keep an eye on Rose underwater? Come on!" Rina grabbed Zeb's hand and pulled him over to the water's edge. They waded in, gasping at the frigid water. Rina activated the D.O.R.K.S. and Zeb felt his legs give out when they were replaced with a thick silver fish tail. He fell face-first into the water with a yell. A moment later, a mermaid with a tightly woven lakeweed bag fell next to him.

"Well, this is certainly interesting," Rina said, her voice oddly melodious. She grinned at him with crooked yellow teeth.

"Interesting? More like weird! I have gills!" Zeb said, gesturing with a webbed hand at said gills. His own voice had changed as well, taking on a strange echoing quality. He looked down at himself and saw he also had a bag.

"I know, innit cool?" Rina flicked her tail and sped away, yelling, *"Come on, lessgo!"*

Zeb copied her movement and gave his tail an experimental swish; he shot forward, bubbles escaping from his mouth as he laughed.

They waited until Rose had gotten a bit of a head start before following her at a safe distance. They watched as she deftly fought off Grindylows, encountered Moaning Myrtle, and at long last made it to the merpeople village. Rina and Zeb darted around to the side to watch as Rose approached the statue where the hostages were tied.

Rose gave another description of Ginny's naked body, then stated that Cedric's hostage was some Generic Hufflepuff boy.

"At least she had the foresight to change that," Rina murmured, her yellow eyes narrowing.

Rose tried to rescue Hermione, but the merpeople pulled her away. She began yelling at them in Beastspeak, which they apparently understood.

Zeb glanced at Rina. *"So much for Mermish, huh?"*

"I'm sure the merpeople would love to know they're considered 'beasts' by Rose," Rina said. *"I mean, technically, they are, but that's only because they rejected being classified as 'beings' by the Ministry. Didn't want to share with vampires and hags."*

Rose waited by the statue as Champions came and left, but Fleur never showed. Fed up, she decided to try and rescue Gabrielle anyway.

"Get out of the way!"

The mermen stopped laughing instantly, and they looked scared, raising my hands I let a large section of the lake floor under the mermen, start to rumble with earthquake tremors, which caused severe shockwaves to shoot through the water.

Rina and Zeb shuddered when the shockwave hit them and looked around in horror; several of the merpeople's houses had cracked or outright crumbled from the underwater earthquake Rose had caused.

Rose ignored this and grabbed Ginny and Gabrielle, dragging them up to the surface. Rina and Zeb glanced at each other; Rina rolled her eyes and headed up to the surface, Zeb right behind her. They watched, noses just below the water, as Rose dragged the girls to the shore and everyone was bundled up in blankets. Fleur fussed over her sister for a little bit before turning to Rose.

"Zis is a sign of sisterhoo' amo' Veela," said Fleur and bent down, raised her hand toward me, indicating with her eyes that I should do the same. I awkwardly squirmed my left arm out of the tightly wrapped blanket and she pressed her palm against my hand, her ring and middle fingers stayed together, while her pinkie and forefinger spread apart – forcing my fingers to do the same. **"ank yu sister,"** she said solemnly with a serious tone.

"So, the sign of the Veela is the reverse 'live long and prosper'?" Rina muttered. *"I do hope it means 'die fast and painfully'."*

Zeb snorted, causing water bubbles to pop in his face.

Nothing else happened for the rest of the chapter, so they decided to move ahead. Rina lifted her bag out of the water and carefully rummaged around, retrieving the D.O.R.K.S. Zeb did the same with the remote activator. They appeared outside the Room of Requirement, flopping about in a puddle of water until Rina managed to change them back to normal. They lay on the floor, drenched to the bone and shivering violently.

"M-maybe that w-wasn't the b-best id-dea," Rina said through chattering teeth.

"N-no, it wasn't," Zeb agreed, shaking himself and spraying water everywhere. His hair lay limply against his neck. "L-let's raid the H-Hospital Wing while everyone's aw-way."

They portaled to the Hospital Wing and grabbed several bottles of Pepperup Potion before going back to the Room of Requirement, which provided some lovely warm towels for them.

"N-never ag-gain," Rina vowed after she and Zeb had started to warm up. She took a sip of Pepperup Potion, steam billowing from her ears. "This is the l-last time I d-do underwat-ter jobs. That was w-worse than N-New York!"

"W-what happened in N-New York?" Zeb asked, sneezing and taking a sip as well.

"J-just some d-drunk agent I h-helped his p-partner find," Rina said. She and Zeb both shivered harder when the story progressed to the next chapter. It was mercifully almost completely canon (though there was a very loud thundering noise outside the Room of Requirement when no less than forty-seven exclamation points landed outside). For some reason, Rose and company (Cedric included) still had to meet with Sirius in the cave outside of Hogsmeade, but that issue was never addressed.

The characters somehow came to the conclusion that Crouch Sr. was Imperiused, then the chapter ended. It was a good thing there wasn't really much to remark on in the next chapter, either, since neither agent had the energy at the moment to go following Rose all over the castle. Rina didn't even bother to charge for using five, and two times later, six exclamation points as a scene divider.

However, they eventually had to leave the warmth of the Room to watch the end of "The Madness of Mr. Crouch", so they reluctantly threw off their blankets, Rina got dressed in dry clothes, and they headed out to watch Rose, Krum, and Cedric leaving the Quidditch pitch that was undergoing its transformation into a hedge maze.

Krum asked Rose if she and Hermione were, or ever had been, a couple, and Rose responded by enthusiastically shoving her tongue down Cedric's throat.

Rina gagged at the thought and looked away until Rose and Cedric finally came up for air. Then there was a bit of canon when Mr. Crouch showed up, alternating between his delirium of talking

to a tree and his desperate pleas to see Dumbledore. Rose judo-threw Mr. Crouch onto the ground and pinned him there to keep him from escaping, then ordered Cedric to get Dumbledore.

“Oh, that’s nice,” Zeb muttered, wincing when Rose pressed harder against Mr. Crouch, shoving his face into the dirt. “He’s practically harmless; she’s just bullying him to show off her ninja skills!”

“Sick, isn’t it?” Rina said quietly, wincing as well. She tilted her head to the side. “Wait a second, what the heck is a **corridid artery**?” She asked as Rose claimed to press it to cut off blood flow to Crouch’s brain. “The only arteries I know of in the neck are the carotids.”

Zeb shrugged. His knowledge of human anatomy was ‘two arms, two legs, neck, head, torso, major internal organs that were good stabbing places, and naughty bits’.

When Cedric ran off to get Dumbledore, Rose decided she was bored and Stunned Crouch so she wouldn’t have to bother keeping him pinned.

“Yu are provisiient in Muggle dooling,” said Krum.

“Winner of the Captain Obvious award, right there,” Rina said, pulling out her notebook and charging for ‘abusing a helpless old man and butchering Krum’s accent’.

When Crouch Jr. sent a Stunner at Krum, dropping him, Rina and Zeb threw themselves to the ground.

“Talk about deja vu again!” Rina said as spells flew inches overhead. “It’s just like the Quidditch World Cup!”

“Yeah, great,” Zeb grouched, flinching when a jet of green light exploded against the dirt inches from his face.

Rose got into a badly-described firefight with Crouch Jr., and the Death Eater apparently decided he had better things to do than duel a Sue. He *Avada Kedavra*’d his father and Stunned Rose. She fell into unconsciousness and threw another seven exclamation points around before coming back to consciousness with Cedric sobbing uncontrollably over her body. After Dumbledore did some spellwork to determine what spells had been cast, Hagrid showed up with a missing quotation mark, Moody and Karkaroff not far behind. Then **Dumbledorem** apparently conjured a stretcher for Rose, because a moment later, she was lying on one with no explanation as to where it had come from.

“This is just all kinds of ridiculous,” Zeb said, opening a portal to the HFA for Dumbledorem.

Cedric took Rose to the Hospital Wing and the chapter ended.

The agents portaled to the next chapter and into the Hospital Wing, hiding behind some bed curtains to watch Rose, Ron, and Hermione talk about what just happened. Rose decided that Mr. Crouch's death must have been karma for sticking Sirius in Azkaban without a trial.

"Karma?" said Ron blankly.

"If all that you give to the world is evil, death, greed, ambition, all the negative actions you take, it will eventually come back to hurt you in very bad ways," I said with a small smile.

Rina gave a feral grin, not at all pleased by Rose's continued treatment of Ron. "Funny how the world works, innit, Rosie-posey?"

Madam Pomfrey showed up to check on Rose and was amazed at the speed Rose had healed.

Zeb gave an odd cough that sounded like "Speshul!" and opened a portal past another chunk of canon, passing over another few clusters of exclamation points.

The agents arrived in chapter twenty-nine to find Rose had already had the vision of Voldemort and Pettigrew talking and was now waiting in Dumbledore's office, talking with Fawkes, who was once again OOC and blabbering about Rose possessing a thing he called **Farsight**. They waited until Rose stuck her nose in the Pensieve to portal into the memory before portaling ahead.

Rose immediately figured out that she was in a memory, but instead of trying to leave, she just sat there and decided to wait, watching as memory!Karkaroff was dragged in by a pair of dementors.

I knew Dementors could not touch me inside a memory, but I remembered their unnatural power only too well, and I felt an unwavering determination to destroy them all and wipe their existence from the face of this world.

"Okay, I agree the world would be a better place without dementors," Rina whispered, "but her overwhelming desire to commit genocide is just a wee bit disturbing."

"Next thing you know, she'll be going after anyone who's not a Druid," Zeb whispered back.

They watched and waited, but nothing else happened until the end of the memory sequence, when Dumbledore appeared to take Rose out. He apparently startled her so badly that she'd whipped out her wand and had nearly cursed him.

"Veeery trigger happy, isn't she?" Rina muttered as Zeb opened a portal. The rest of the chapter was canon save for Rose demanding that Dumbledore teach her how to make her own Pensieve.

"Seriously, what is with all these stupid line breaks?!" Rina cried when they arrived in their next selected scene to see a small pile of exclamation points on the ground. She kicked at the punctuation and they dissolved. "Stupid stupid stupid!"

"Oh, this is lovely," Zeb said, eyeing the Words. "Rose has **further perfected [her] rather lethal Piercing curse by emotionally enhancing it.** Great."

"Looks like she's added a few more uncanon spells to her repertoire, too," Rina said. "Why she felt the need to make up a **Tempus Jinx** when there's Impedimenta, I have no idea. They do basically the same thing."

"It's so she can show off with a jinx that has a cool name," Zeb said, like it should be obvious.

While Rose, Ron, and Hermione were practicing their uncanon spells, Rose suddenly decided to extend her Druid-y senses to the grounds, where she sensed Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, along with an Animagus of some sort. She and Hermione went to the window to look, but of course, the Animagus in question being Rita Skeeter, they saw nobody.

Suddenly, space warped and swirled around the agents and they found themselves standing in the library.

"What just—urk—happened?" Zeb asked, putting a hand to his mouth.

"Well, Rose decided that she wanted to go to the library to research Animagi and forgot to put in a transition, so here we are," Rina said. "Oh, this is just great. She thinks Uric the Oddball had *two* Animagus forms. It wasn't said anywhere he even had *one*! And I doubt a guy who showed up to present research findings naked save for a dead badger toupee would be able to become an Animagus, anyway." She rubbed her temples. "Man, this brings back memories. One of my earliest missions was a Stu!Harry who had two magical forms."

Zeb eyed her. "I was about to ask if you were kidding, but I think I know better by now."

They dodged another two sets of punctuation and arrived the morning of the Third Task, where Malfoy and his Slytherin friends were reading the latest Skeeter article. Rina and Zeb sat down to eat while Rose and her followers looked over the article. "**Now I'm an attention seeking girl who resorts to the Dark Arts to get what I want.**" Rose complained.

"I'd say that just about sums her up," Zeb murmured to Rina, who nearly choked on her pumpkin juice.

McGonagall showed up to tell Rose that her family was waiting in the side chamber, and Rose ran off to see Mrs. Weasley, Bill, and Sirius had turned up to watch the Third Task. After chatting with them for a bit, she left them in favor of meeting Cedric's parents.

“I’ve got a bet with her that if I win, I get to choose what the Room of Requirement changes into for whole of next year,” said Cedric, his eyes twinkling in mirth at me.

“Hey,” I said indignantly. “That’s not for parental ears.”

Mrs Diggory giggled and Mr Diggory laughed heartily.

Rina nearly spat out her pumpkin juice again. “I did *not* need to know that,” she gasped.

“From your reaction, I guess this has to do with Rose’s inappropriate interactions with Cedric?” Zeb asked, popping a sausage into his mouth.

“You have no idea,” Rina muttered. She scanned the Words. “I don’t see anything that happens between now and the Third Task, and we can’t really watch what happens in the maze. I say we go ahead and go to the graveyard and just watch the Words from there.”

“You want to sit in a graveyard for several hours until Rose shows up?” Zeb asked, giving her a look. “That sounds... boring.”

“Well, it’ll be distinctly less boring when Rose shows up,” Rina said. “Come on, the sooner we go, the sooner we get this over with.”

Zeb sighed, but opened a portal.

Since the Third Task was slated to begin in the evening, it was already dark out, giving the graveyard a gloomy atmosphere. The massive cauldron set at the base of Tom Riddle Sr.’s headstone didn’t exactly make things any better.

The agents headed to a rather large monument and sat behind it; Rina leaned back and made herself comfortable, closing her eyes, but Zeb sat rigidly, nose twitching like crazy when he smelled Pettigrew and Voldefetus.

Rina cracked one eye open. “Relax, it’s not like they can see us, and even if they could, without Rose here, they’re just zombies.”

“Oh, you just *had* to use the zombie word in the middle of a graveyard,” Zeb muttered.

Rina just grinned. “Braaaaains...”

Zeb swatted her.

Other than Rose and Cedric sharing a **quick passionate kiss** at the beginning, the Third Task went mostly according to canon, with Rose encountering the same obstacles as Harry. The only difference was that her method of beating said obstacles was 'better'.

'Sopor Irrationalis!' I bellowed, thinking of the emotion that blossomed in me whenever Cedric and I shared a kiss. The advanced stunning spell that shot out of wand came out in a huge missile of blue magic and shot towards the Skrewt. It smashed into it with such force that it was picked up in the air and flung back several feet, and with a limp puff it fell to the ground, motionless.

"Charge for easily beating a Blast-Ended Skrewt," Rina muttered, jotting it down in her notebook, which was nearly full at this point.

"A seven-syllable spell seems a bit impractical for dueling," Zeb remarked. "I'd rather use *Stupefy*; three syllables, I could potentially fire off several of those in the space it takes to cast that whatever-it-was."

The Task dragged on. Rose finally encountered the sphinx, and solved the entire riddle in a much shorter time than it had taken Harry. At this point, neither agent was paying attention; they were impatient for this part of their mission to be done and were bored out of their minds, reading their respective books with the help of some flashlights Rina produced from her pockets when Rose and Cedric finally reached the Triwizard Cup only to begin arguing over who should take it.

"Dammit, Ced, stop being so noble," I said irritably. "Just take it, then we can get out of here, you can show me that wonderful Prefect's bathroom you mentioned." I ended the sentence in seductive tone. Cedric blushed, but remained unmoving as I walked closer to him.

"Little slut," Rina muttered, putting her book away and shutting off her flashlight. Zeb did the same. "Well, all that's left of the chapter is the Bonding ceremony—" she shuddered. "—and then they'll be here."

"Do I even want to know?" Zeb asked tiredly, rubbing his eyes and scanning the Words. His eyebrows shot up when he saw what she meant.

"I could think of nothing better, than sharing this with you Rosey, and perhaps even sharing the rest of our lives together..." he said, blushing furiously, not being able to hold my eyes for long. I felt... indescribable...I had no words. My decision was made, I hardly needed a second to think about it, it was one that would change my life forever. I took my

wand and slashed small cuts on both our palms. We joined hands over the cuts so our blood co-mingled.

“Would thee accept thy Witches’ Pledge from me?” I asked, my chest heaving with emotion.

“I do,” said Cedric breathlessly. “Would thee accept thy Wizards’ Pledge from me?” he said.

“I do,” I said, tears running from my eyes. Our hands glowed a brilliant white, a white so pure that it almost blinded us both. What we had just done was a pledge that would eventually lead to marriage as soon we both declared ourselves ready. I looked at my hands and saw the cuts were gone. We then kissed with a passion we usually reserved for the privacy of the Room of Requirement.

“Barfaroni with cheese,” Rina said, sticking her tongue out.

Rose and Cedric finally stopped necking and grabbed the Triwizard Cup, ending the chapter. Rina and Zeb peered around the tombstone to see Rose and Cedric appear in the middle of the graveyard. The Sue and her boy toy whipped out their wands and stood back-to-back, Rose’s Druid senses reaching out to feel Voldefetus. Pettigrew tried to *Avada Kedavra* Cedric, but Cedric just vanished, thrown through a plothole. No explanation was given as to what happened.

Pettigrew tied Rose to the tombstone. Rose, instead of Teleporting away, or at least over to the Portkey, talked about how **instinctually I knew that resistance now would tip my hand too soon, I had to wait for the perfect moment...**

“Hey, dumbass, you’re being tied to a tombstone by someone you know is more than happy to kill you! I think resistance now would be a great idea!” Rina whispered, banging her head against the tombstone that concealed the agents. She sighed and rested her head against the marble. “I guess I can’t complain, since she was so dumb as to let us do the same thing in the last fic...”

Pettigrew carried out the ritual to bring Voldemort back, which was mercifully canon, and the story jumped into the next chapter.

Rose began taunting Voldemort, and his **eyes flashed in anger, and for a moment he seemed as if he was about to curse** her. But he simply turned away and delivered his canon lines, summoning the Death Eaters to him.

“Oh, great, he’s monologuing,” Rina moaned, leaning against the tombstone and resisting the urge to beat her head against it again. “At least it’s just canon...”

Finally, Voldemort had Rose released for their duel.

There was a split second, perhaps, when I considered merely Teleporting away and leaving Voldemort and his Death Eaters limp and unfulfilled, it was certainly appealing, but a statement and a point had to be made here. Voldemort said he was all powerful...hah...pathetic...he was nothing compared to the very power of creation in which he himself resided, which he sought to defy.

“That... is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard,” Zeb whispered. “Here she was, freaking out about the Tournament because it had challenges she claimed were ‘way above her level’, and now she wants to duel the most dangerous wizard of the time to *prove a point*?”

“Disgusting, isn’t it?” Rina muttered, her lip curling when Rose continued to taunt Voldemort. The Dark Lord all but stamped his foot and demanded she stop. “Poor Voldemort. I never thought I’d say this, but I feel bad for the guy,” she said as Voldemort and Rose began their duel. “She’s basically lobotomized him! Dancing around like a pansy instead of going on the offensive like in canon? Ugh!”

Voldemort retaliated with the next Unforgivable, the Imperius curse, which I purposefully let hit me.

Zeb and Rina stared at the Words, Zeb barely noticing when Voldemort popped into existence on his head.

“She... deliberately let him hit her...” Zeb said faintly.

“Oh, it just gets better,” Rina said grimly.

“My turn if that’s how you want to play it...” I quickly flicked my wand at a Death Eater. ‘Imperio!’

“What?” said Voldemort in surprise. He had to turn his attention away from me though as ‘Avada Kedavra!’ echoed through the air from the Death Eater I knew to be Crabbe, and who I had cast the Imperius curse on. The green light shot from Crabbe straight at Voldemort, who was forced to Apparate away as the speeding rush of green death passed the spot that he had just occupied.

Zeb’s mouth fell open. “She just—!”

“Yep.”

“And then she—!”

“Sick, isn’t it?”

“I can’t *believe* this!” Zeb raised his hands, which were crackling with electricity. “That’s it, Rose Potter needs to die, *now*.” He narrowed his eyes.

“What are you waiting for?” Rina hissed when Zeb took a while to respond. “Zap her already!”

“Wait for it,” Zeb murmured, taking aim. “Wait for it...” He released a Thunder Wave, the electricity hitting Rose just as she fired a Piercing Curse, albeit with a different incantation. She tried to dodge Voldemort’s next Killing Curse, but found she couldn’t move. The green jet of light hit her right in the chest, and she crumpled like a rag doll. The nice thing about this particular method of disposal was that, since Sues had no souls, Rose had no chance of surviving, unlike Harry.

Voldemort remained poised, ready to strike should his enemy get back up. Then he began to laugh, a high, cruel noise that made the hairs on the back of both agents’ necks stand on end. “At long last, Rose Potter is dead! Lord Voldemort has won!”

“You’re welcome,” Rina muttered. “Right, um, retroactive charges.” She pulled out her notebook and flipped through the pages for the major charges. “Fucking with canon, planning on fucking with Cedric, carving up Ron’s head, lobotomizing Voldemort, otherwise possessing and/or replacing canon characters, bad spelling/grammar, plagiarism, Druidess, ninja, shape-shifter, being a complete and utter bitch, blah blah blah.” She shoved the notebook back in her jacket, then pulled out her neuralyzer, stepping forward into the middle of the Death Eaters.

“My lord?” she called.

Voldemort stopped gloating over Rose’s body and turned to look at her, red eyes narrowed. “Who dares to interrupt Lord Voldemort in his moment of triumph?”

Rina squeezed her eyes shut and activated the neuralyzer. “Sorry, but you never killed Rose Potter, or Harry Potter, or any other kind of Potter except Lily and James, and maybe any wizard potters.” She grabbed Rose’s body and slung it over her shoulder. “Have a nice day!”

She and Zeb portaled to the Forbidden Forest and dumped the body for some lucky creature to find, then looked at each other and laughed.

“We’re almost done!” Rina cried, dancing on the spot. “Just two more to kill and we can go home!”

Zeb smiled so broadly his face felt like it would split. "I can't wait," he said, opening a portal to *Rose Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*. "But... this is going to be a long one." He sighed.

"On the bright side, once we get past *Order of the Phoenix*, it'll be smooth sailing from there on out," Rina said. "*Half-Blood Prince* is only seven chapters long, after all." She followed Zeb through the portal, resisting the urge to say, "What could possibly go wrong?"