

Chapter 5

A Mission

Monica, and Charlie followed McGonagall into the study; the rest of the Order was here, and every face was grave.

“You’re in!” Tonks blurted, and the other members sighed.

“So the evil-half-breed Dark wizard gets a chance does she?” Monica demanded.

“It would seem so,” McGonagall answered, and Monica smirked.

“Good; I was hoping that you all had some sense.” she replied, and Mad Eye disapprovingly scowled.

“Don’t thank us yet, girlie,” he said, and Monica’s smirk became more malicious.

“You will be spying in the werewolf village; Remus will be your Secret Keeper.” McGonagall said. “You leave next week.”

Monica’s eyes blazed. “What?” she demanded.

“Your father is the ‘pack’s’ leader, and thus you are in a wonderful position to aid the Order,” McGonagall said, and Monica glared.

“What in Merlin’s beard makes you believe that I’ll go there?” she asked.

“If you truly want to be in the Order,” McGonagall threatened.

“Fine; I’ll do it.” Monica snapped, and McGonagall nodded.

“Good,” she said.

“I have one condition,” Monica said.

“What is it?” McGonagall questioned.

“In the war, Fenrir Greyback is mine.” Monica said; everyone went silent except-

“Done,” Mad Eye answered, and McGonagall gaped, but then realizing it shut her mouth.

“Wonderful,” Monica said with false-pleasantness. “I knew that we could reach an agreement.”

Before another word could be said a filthy, and seemingly rogue house-elf came in, and shrieked in delight upon seeing Monica.

“Mistress Le Fay! Oh the honor Kreacher’s mistress would feel if she knew you were here!” the house-elf said, and lowly bowed.

“Get up!” Monica snarled. “What do you mean Mistress Le Fay?”

“Kreacher did not mean to offend the Lady Morgan! Kreacher will punish himself most severely!” Kreacher shrieked, and shoved his hands in the study’s fire; Tonks grabbed him out with a spell.

“Oh her; she’s my many-greats-ago grandmother, and while our resemblance is great, I’m not her.” Monica said.

“You’re directly related to Morgan Le Fay?” Hestia asked.

“Merlin’s beard!” Tonks quietly exclaimed.

“Yes, is that a problem?” Monica asked.

“No, it’s just curious; I didn’t know of any modern descendants from her.” Hestia said.

“Obviously you were wrong,” Monica said. “Before my mother married her father her name was Morgana Le Fay.”

Hestia’s eyes widened in delight. “That’s one of the Ministry’s mysteries solved, but after all they’ve done I’ll let them figure it out on their own.” she said, and Monica laughed.

“The gits deserve worse, but every bit counts,” Monica said, and the Order exchanged looks again. Whenever Monica mentioned the magical government, her father, or any other of the Order’s enemies they all became jittery.

“I’m sure they do.” Hestia said, and smiled politely. Monica’s eyes flashed, but she held her tongue.

“Yes, they deserve to be in Azkaban; if you really want my opinion, but back to the point. Will I have to speak to my father?” she demanded.

“Of course!” McGonagall said. “He is in the highest position of power, and holds the knowledge that we need.”

Monica grimaced, "I thought so," she muttered.

"What dear?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"I said it's my lucky day!" Monica exclaimed. Charlie snickered, and Monica fought back the urge to hit him.

"It won't be for long; we're on the verge of victory." Mrs. Weasley replied.

"Yes; I'm sure that's true." Monica said with a smirk.

"Have you got somewhere better to go?" Charlie demanded. "If you do, then why aren't you there?"

"I'm in, and I won't be going; too bad for you." Monica replied, and Charlie muttered a curse.

"Charles Weasley! Upstairs now!" Mrs. Weasley shouted; Charlie began to argue, but a glance at his mother's face changed his mind. Thus scolded he stormed up the stairs; slamming a door shut behind him.

"That boy!" Mrs. Weasley cried, and ran after him.

The door slammed again, and with a sigh Tonks turned to Monica.

"See what you're in for?" she asked; barely able to suppress a laugh.

"Yes, I do," Monica replied. "Don't worry though; I've seen worse."

Tonks laughed, and said, "Thank goodness; although I find that hard to believe at times. Which Quidditch teams do you go for? A lame question perhaps, but it's all I've got."

"Holyhead Harpies, Durmstrang, and Bulgaria. You?" Monica asked.

"Holyhead Harpies, the Chudley Cannons, Ireland, and England." Tonks said, and Monica made a derisive noise.

"The Cannons haven't won in ages!" she thought.

"You said that you root for Durmstrang, but I don't understand what you mean," Tonks said. "Don't you root for your house?"

"We play other schools as well as between houses; does that answer your question all right?" Monica replied.

“It does,” Tonks answered. “I didn’t know about inter-school matches; sounds deadly! I wonder why Hogwarts doesn’t do it?”

“I don’t know,” Monica said. “Too bad you can’t ask Dumbledore.”

Monica saw Tonks’ face fall as she spoke of the late headmaster; why had she said that?

“Yeah; it’s a pity. Unfortunately that’s what happens in war.” Tonks said as she walked away.

Monica watched her go; knowing that she’d hurt Tonks, but unwilling to apologize she stayed silent. In her mind, Tonks was only being kind out of naiveté, or because the Metamorphmagus thought there was something to gain.