

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose A Wicked Bet

Harry stared at his face in the mirror. "Remind me never to make a bet with Fred and George again," he said.

"That's funny, I was just about to say the same thing to you." Draco shook his head irritably. "How do girls stand having this much hair?"

"They get used to it. At least you don't have to wear the makeup."

"Excuse me?" Draco gestured at his blue eyelids, his triple-length-and-thickness eyelashes, his rosy cheeks and lips.

Harry glared back. Speech was unnecessary.

"All right, you're wearing more than I am," Draco conceded after a moment. "Matches your eyes, though."

"If you weren't always off snogging Luna, I'd start wondering about you," Harry muttered.

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In the drawing room of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, the Weasley twins had set up a small stage, and were now standing in front of it, rigged out in moth-eaten dress robes they'd found in the upstairs closets. "Ladies and gentlemen," Fred said into his wand.

"For your delectation and delight," George took over smoothly.

"And because they can't help it..."

"Mr. Harry Potter..."

"And Mr. Draco Black..."

"Are proud to present..."

"A piece from the latest magical musical..."

"Which may not reach the Muggle world for years, if ever..."

"Which is a shame, since it's so good..."

"The story of one of our most famous literary brethren..."

The twins swung their wands upwards, and a poster unrolled from the ceiling, done in green, black, and white. "*Wicked*," they said in unison.

The small audience, most of the Order of the Phoenix, applauded.

"They will be singing 'What Is This Feeling?'" Fred announced.

"With Harry in the role of Elphaba," George finished. "And Draco taking the part of Galinda."

Aletha snorted. Molly Weasley frowned and leaned over to Danger. "Those sound like girls' names," she said.

"I think that's the point," said Danger as the curtains parted.

Harry glowered at the audience from one side of the stage. His face was painted green, his hair was in a thick braid over one shoulder, and he wore full black robes and a hat. Draco, on the other side, wore a sleeveless dress of white and cream, setting off his shimmering fall of wavy blond hair. He posed, looking demure, then blew a kiss to the twins, now sitting in the front row. "Dearest darlingest Momsie and Popsical..." he falsettoed.

Harry sucked air through his teeth. "My dear father..." he said without bothering to alter his voice.

Music came up from under, and both boys began to sing, Draco returning to his usual tenor range.

There's been some confusion over rooming here at Shiz

Harry looked sidelong at Draco.

But of course, I'll get around it

Draco twirled on a toe.

But of course, I'll rise above it

Their voices combined again.

For I know that's how you'd want me to respond

Yes

There's been some confusion

For you see, my roommate is...

Draco stepped closer to the audience, hiding his mouth from Harry with one hand.

Unusually and exceedingly peculiar and altogether quite impossible to describe...

Harry looked straight at Draco.

"Blonde."

The music played a little trill, then picked up speed. Draco turned exaggeratedly to Harry.

What is this feeling

So sudden and new

Harry stared at Draco.

I felt the moment

I laid eyes on you

Draco clapped a hand to his chest.

My pulse is rushing

Harry clutched his temples.

My head is reeling

Draco placed his hands on his cheeks, opening his eyes very wide.

My face is flushing

Both boys dropped their affectations and faced each other squarely.

What is this feeling?

Fervid as a flame

Does it have a name?

The two closed in on each other as the music grew in intensity.

Yes!

They were face to face.

Loathing

The audience howled.

Unadulterated loathing

Draco pouted, running a finger down his own cheek.

For your face

Harry stuck his fingers in his ears.

Your voice

Draco touched Harry's robes with a fingertip and jerked back, appalled.

Your clothing

Both boys faced front.

Let's just say –

On the beat, they looked at each other with faces full of hate, then turned back to the audience.

I loathe it all!

They spun and began to stalk around one another in a circle.

Every little trait, however small

Makes my very flesh begin to crawl

With simple utter loathing

Harry stepped away, leaning towards the audience as if telling a secret.

There's a strange exhilaration

Draco copied him on the other side of the stage.

In such total detestation

They turned towards one another again on the held note.

It's so pure, so strong

Step by step, they closed the gap again.

Though I do admit, it came on fast

Still, I do believe that it can last

They sang the last two lines into one another's faces.

And I will be loathing

Loathing you my whole life long

Harry twisted away as the rest of the Pride poured out from backstage, surrounding Draco and cooing over him in song. Hermione patted her twin's shoulder.

Dear Galinda, you are just too good

Meghan had her fingers against her mouth in horror.

How do you stand it? I don't think I could

Luna shook her finger at Harry.

She's a terror, she's a tartar

Ron and Neville scuffled for a moment over who should hold Draco's hand.

We don't mean to show a bias

They settled on one for each side, while Ginny pressed her hand to her chest in sympathy pain.

But Galinda, you're a martyr

Draco stepped forward, pulling away from both Ron and Neville, and spoke to the audience. "Well—" He adopted his high falsetto again.

These things are sent to try us!

The Pride began to circle Draco, singing and casting revolted glances at Harry.

Poor Galinda, forced to reside

With someone so disgustified

They formed up behind him, on the other side of the stage from Harry.

We just want to tell you – we're all on your side!

They continued to sing, while Harry and Draco took their own melody.

We share your loathing

What is this feeling, so sudden and new

Unadulterated loathing

I felt the moment I laid eyes on you

Harry and Draco returned to their circle, and the Pride formed a larger circle around them, the two circles revolving in opposite directions.

For her face

Her voice

Her clothing

My pulse is rushing, my head is reeling

Let's just say –

Both circles stopped, and everyone faced the audience.

We loathe it all!

Oh, what is this feeling?

The Pride backed up into a line across the stage, while Harry and Draco moved to the corners nearest the audience.

Every little trait, however small

Does it have a name?

Makes our very flesh begin to crawl

Yes...

Both groups joined in a wordless swell of song, and then the word...

Loathing!

The Pride repeated it, while Harry and Draco kept singing their own parts.

There's a strange exhilaration

In such total detestation

It's so pure, so strong

Harry and Draco began to walk as the Pride echoed them.

So strong!

The boys eyed each other distrustfully as they changed corners.

Though I do admit, it came on fast

Still, I do believe that it can last

And I will be loathing

For forever loathing

Truly deeply

Loathing you

The Pride joined them in harmony.

Loathing you

Harry and Draco raised their hands to the audience.

My whole life long!

The Pride began to bunch up near the center of the back.

Loathing, unadulterated loathing...

Harry whirled suddenly. "Boo!" he shouted, half at Draco, half at the Pride.

Draco squeaked, and everyone broke and ran as the music ended.

The audience applauded wildly. Draco skidded to a halt and ran back out on stage to take his bows alongside Harry. They split to let the Pride come forward and bow, then bowed again together. Then...

"Get 'em!" Harry yelled.

The audience was treated to a second show, as the twins sprang to their feet and spun around, only to panic as they realized they were still where they'd started. They barely made it out of the room ahead of Wolf's and Snow Fox's teeth.

"You know, we could have just stopped this, instead of what Harry and Draco asked us to do," Remus remarked.

"Nah," Sirius disagreed. "They made the bet, they have to pay. Besides, putting Anti-Disapparition on the twins and letting the four of them fight it out is more fun."

Somewhere down the hall, a twin yelped in pain. Various crashes and bangs, Wolf's startled howl, and another human yell followed.

"More fun, is it?" Aletha inquired. "And how much fun will it be cleaning up whatever they've just broken?"

"On my way," Sirius said hastily, rising.

Danger chuckled. **I notice you're in no hurry.**

Remus leaned back in his chair. **Why should I be? Boys are boys, love. No magic can change that.**

Oh, I don't know. Draco makes a pretty convincing girl...

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose The King Has Left the Building

Clop-a-clop, clop-a-clop, clop-a-clop, clop-a-clop...

At first Harry thought he was imagining the hoofbeats. But when other people started turning their heads and murmuring about it, he knew he wasn't. "What's that?" he asked.

"A horse," said Hermione, turning to look the way the sound was coming. "Either that, or coconuts..."

"I don't believe this," said Ron, shaking his head and joining Hermione in staring down the passageway. "I don't bloody believe this."

"Believe what?" asked Draco, peering down the passage himself. His eyes widened. "Oh no."

Before Harry could ask "oh no what," the answer came into view. Two red-haired figures in medieval garb, one dressed as a knight, the other as a squire. The knight was galloping along, one hand raised as if on his reins, while the squire provided the hoofbeats with the coconut halves. The emblem on their chests was a golden sun, and the knight wore a crown.

Along with glasses and a sour expression.

Every student in the courtyard sat transfixed as knight and squire galloped through and off towards the lake.

"Let's go," said Harry, shutting his book.

"How the hell did they get him to do that?" Draco asked as they ran.

"Probably found his *Playwizard* collection," said Ron.

"He reads *Playwizard*?" said Hermione incredulously.

"Maybe he's a prat, but he's still a boy, Hermione." Ron groaned at the sight of the crowd by the lake. "Damn it, we'll never be able to see."

Meghan popped out of the side of the crowd and waved at them. "Come on, come on, Ginny saved us spots right up front!"

"Did she know about this?" Ron asked Meghan as they wormed their way through the crowd, to the accompaniment of clashing swords.

Meghan smiled sweetly. "She helped plan it."

"Typical," Ron said darkly, shouldering between two large Hufflepuffs to reach the front. "They never tell me anything."

"Maybe when you learn to do good Spurters, they will," Ginny said from her place beside Luna. "Shh, it's starting."

King Arthur and his squire were watching a knight in black armor fighting a ferocious battle with a knight in green armor. The black knight had just skewered his opponent's head with his oversized sword. The green knight, after spewing copious amounts of blood, fell lifelessly to the ground, and the black knight took up a position guarding a bridge across one of the tiny streams which flowed into the Hogwarts lake.

King Arthur glanced at Patsy. Patsy waved him forward, grinning. The King scowled at his squire, then moved forward and faced the Black Knight. "You fight with the strength of many men, good sir knight," he said woodenly, as if he were reciting.

The Black Knight did not answer.

The King tried again. "I am Arthur, King of the Britons."

The Black Knight did not answer.

The King was getting impatient now, and his words were becoming more natural. "I seek the finest and the bravest knights in the land to join me in my Court of Camelot."

The Black Knight did not answer.

The King made a first, but restrained himself. "You have proved yourself worthy; will you join me?"

The Black Knight did not answer.

The King sighed. "You make me sad. So be it. Come, Patsy."

The squire stepped forward, but the Black Knight spoke in a deep and rumbling voice. "None shall pass."

"What?" The King whipped around to face the Knight.

"None shall pass."

The King looked nonplussed. "I have no quarrel with you, good Sir Knight, but I must cross this bridge."

"Then you shall die."

The King swelled with indignation. "I command you, as King of the Britons, to stand aside!"

"I move for no man."

The King drew his sword. "So be it!"

They began to fight. A few parries, and the King swiped his sword at the Black Knight's left arm –

And cut it off. A wave of gasps and shrieks went through the crowd as the limb fell to the ground, the stump spurting blood copiously. The King stepped back, looking quite satisfied. "Now stand aside, worthy adversary," he commanded.

"'Tis but a scratch," said the Black Knight contemptuously.

The King spluttered. "A scratch? Your arm's off!"

"No it isn't."

"Well, what's that then?" demanded the King, pointing at the arm lying on the ground.

The Black Knight looked at the arm, then back at the King. "I've had worse."

"You lie!"

"Come on, you pansy!" taunted the Black Knight.

The two men fought once more. A few more passes, and the Knight's right arm fell to the ground. Blood spurted out again, making the crowd of students waver backwards to keep from getting sprayed.

"Victory is mine!" The King knelt, grounding his sword and bowing his head. "We thank thee, Lord, that in thy merc–"

The students gasped and laughed as the Black Knight kicked the King, knocking him over. "Come on then," said the armless Knight, jumping up and down.

"What?" The King picked himself up, staring at the Knight.

"Have at you!"

The King gathered himself proudly. "You are indeed brave, Sir Knight, but the fight is mine."

"Oh, had enough, eh?"

The King was turning redder by the second. "Look, you stupid bastard, you've got no arms left."

"Yes I have."

"Look!" insisted the King, pointing wildly with his sword.

The Knight looked, then shrugged. "Just a flesh wound." He kicked the King in the leg.

"Look, stop that," said the King, moving away.

"Chicken!" taunted the Knight. "Chicken!"

"Look, I'll have your leg."

The Knight kicked him again.

"Right," said the King, and slashed the Black Knight's leg off. It fell to the ground like the arms, the stump spurting blood everywhere.

"Right!" screamed the Knight angrily. "I'll do you for that!"

"You'll what?"

“Come ‘ere!”

The King stared at his armless, one-legged opponent. “What are you going to do, bleed on me?”

“I’m invincible!”

“You’re a loony.”

“The Black Knight always wins! Have at you!” The Knight hurled himself bodily at the King.

Who cut off his other leg.

The Knight landed on the ground, looking about him in some confusion. “All right,” he said from his position around the King’s waist. “We’ll call it a draw.”

The King sheathed his sword. “Come, Patsy,” he said, and his squire came out of hiding and began to clop the coconuts together as they galloped over the bridge and out of sight, the enraged Black Knight yelling after them.

“Oh, oh, I see, running away then. You yellow bastards! Come back here and take what’s coming to you. I’ll bite your legs off!”

The assembled students clapped and cheered as the green knight came back to life and removed his helmet, revealing Lee Jordan. He bowed, then waved his wand at the Black Knight, whose arms and legs immediately revealed themselves, as did the hole he’d been standing in. King Arthur and Patsy came galloping back, and Patsy and the Black Knight took a bow, the Knight removing his helmet to show his face identical to the squire’s. Finally, King Arthur bowed, an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure on his face as he took in the laughing, applauding crowd.

Percy Weasley’s image had just changed forever.