

# Stakeout

by sunny33

Mad-Eye Moody and Bill Weasley are working together.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Still not mine.

"Merlin, Alastor, you could have warned me this one was going to be so bloody boring." The striking redhead sighed and fiddled with the fang in his earlobe.

"Constant vigilance, me lad. Constant vigilance. You won't catch any Death Eater scum by sitting around at home putting your feet up," the grizzled Auror replied. "We've had teams of Aurors staking out this pub for a week since we received a tip that they were seen here. Nothing so far. Not even a hint. Although it did seem odd – not the type of place you would expect to see your average Muggle-hating Death Eater."

"I suppose there are certain...*rewards*," replied the younger man, admiring the curvaceous blonde who was standing by the bar. "I'm getting another drink... want one?" He stood and made his way to the side of the young woman. Her smile as he approached was as inviting as her bountiful cleavage. "Well, hello, gorgeous. Where have I been all of your life?"

"Waiting for a real woman, I would imagine," she drawled. "Mine's a Long Slow Screw Against the Wall. What's yours?"

"Er..." Bill Weasley's cognitive processes came to a halt as his imagination took over. "Mmmm. I'd like one of those." He handed the money over to the barman and turned back to the embodiment of all his fantasies. She was leaning forward doing something with her boot, conveniently affording him an even better view of her prodigious assets. "Here, let me help."

He swiftly kneeled and helped refasten the red, knee-length boots. As he looked up, he found himself face to groin with a distinctive bulge which had no business being found in a woman's pants. Swallowing hard, he stood and took his drink from the smirking barman. "I... er... need to return to my table. Um... can't trust the old man alone too long."

"What's the point of that fancy magical eye if you didn't see a man dressed as a bloody woman!" he ranted at his companion once the Auror's laughter had died down.

Mad-Eye whirled the prosthesis in question and grinned evilly. "Who said I didn't?"

Bill decided there and then it was the last time he phoned in a fake report of a Death Eater sighting in a Muggle pub. The joy of an evening spent watching sweet young things in brief skirts and even briefer tops had just palled considerably.

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A/N: Saturday night drabble for Severely Lupine's prompt: Something involving Mad-Eye and Bill doing something together. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for betaing.