

Beware Your Own Suggestion

by Rose of the West

Upon reflection, it was a really stupid idea. Written in honor of Talk Like a Pirate Day.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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They weren't the "Marauders" as such any more. The addition of Lily made a difference that they all felt. The group went to Weymouth for the last of their Easter Holidays. They wanted to spend some time near the sea and relax. By day, they walked along the beach and sunbathed. The boys kicked sand into Lily's books so that she couldn't study as she sunned herself, and they generally behaved like fools. She had long since stopped remonstrating with them. *Boys will be boys*, she decided.

By night they went to the various bars. On this particular night they were at an establishment called "The Salty Dog." The boys hooted at all the pirate-themed décor while Lily sipped her mineral water.

"All right, Peter," said Sirius, "there's one who looks like she'll do. Just say it the way you practiced, and you'll hook your fish."

Peter stood and took one careful step before looking back at James and Remus, hoping for a reprieve. "Step lively, me hearty!" laughed James.

Peter worked his way over to the short but pretty girl with brown curls all around her heart-shaped face. She looked at him expectantly. "P—p—pardon me, but I'd love to drop anchor in your lagoon."

She looked at him kindly—the kiss of death, the other boys knew—and said, "I'm sorry, but no." She turned and continued talking with her friend.

"Ouch!" said Remus.

"Well, you go do it, then!" said an embarrassed and irritated Peter.

"Yes, do, Moony," laughed Sirius around his long-neck.

"All right then, I will," he said. He walked up to a quiet, dark-haired girl and whispered into her ear. A moment later he and the girl were going through the door, each holding a fresh bottle.

Sirius stopped him as they passed. "What did you say?" he asked.

"I said, 'Prepare to be boarded,'" he answered. "Good luck, Padfoot." No one saw that the fingers of the hand Remus used to hold his beer were crossed.

Sirius said to James, "I'm going to try my luck with that blonde one. Watch my drink." He swaggered toward the girl in question and whispered into her ear.

Crack!

Peter sighed in gratification as Sirius brought his slapped face back to the table. Lily couldn't tell if James was choking or laughing. He seemed to be doing both.

"I thought it would work," said Sirius. "I just whispered, 'I see you're drinking a Salty Dog. How'd you like to try the real thing?' I don't understand why she wouldn't like it."

Lily stood up with a determined look on her face. "I'm going to try."

"Lil! You can't!" James was aghast.

"Why not?" She shrugged a shoulder. "I'll just ask that tall guy to 'shiver me timbers.' I deserve a little fun too, don't you think?"

"No, I do not think... LILY!" he hissed in desperation as she walked across the room.

"Excuse me?" she tapped the man's arm.

"Yes?" He looked at her appreciatively.

"How would you like to really annoy the young man over there wearing the glasses?"

"I'm always happy to help a lady."

"All you have to do is walk out of here with me."

"Sure," he said, signaling for his bill.

James watched as Lily walked out of the bar with the tall stranger. "She wouldn't really do it, would she?" he asked Sirius, worry marking his face. "I mean, really, would she? She wouldn't, Padfoot."

He looked at the now empty doorway. "*Could* she?"

A/N: Thanks to the Lady Karelia for the rapid beta read and Brit-pick. This was written in honor of Talk Like a Pirate Day.