

The Other Spy

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Wild electricity shattered the sky for an instant, followed almost immediately by the rumble of thunder. In that brief period of illumination, she saw what used to be her broom, now in a hundred unrecognisable pieces.

"Damn you!" Screaming at the sky above did nothing to improve her situation, but provided some much-needed stress relief. Becoming stranded in the most violent thunderstorm in documented history had not been in her plan for the evening, after all.

After a brief period of sulking, she gathered her composure piece by scattered piece and withdrew her wand. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on her destination and spun on one heel.

"It won't work, you know. Too much electricity in the air – interferes with one's magic."

The voice sounded friendly, almost conversational. As she picked herself up off the ground, she turned to find the source in the thready light of a barely held *Lumos*.

"You!" The wavy, blond hair, not so immaculate now drenched, forget-me-not blue eyes, and the overly decorative robes could only belong to one wizard. A wizard who was supposedly locked up in the Janus Thickey ward at St Mungos.

"I believe so, although I may be somebody else. I can't be sure. And you are, Miss...?"

"Weasley... Ginny."

"Well, Miss Weasley, it appears we have both misjudged the force of this storm."

The next flash of lightning struck uncomfortably close to their position, providing distinctly unwelcome illumination of a cliff face to their backs and a rapidly rising river before them with no apparent route of escape.

Lockhart had also seen the danger. Without warning, he shrugged off his robes, leaving a rapidly soaked white shirt clinging to a rather well-muscled chest. "Stop gawping, woman, and follow me!"

Reaching into his boot, Lockhart pulled out a small Muggle device. Aiming it at the cliff face, he pulled the trigger. A fine cable shot out of the barrel, lodging firmly in the rock just above a small ledge. Before Ginny could voice her disbelief, a strong arm caught her around the waist and the pair was hauled by the retracting cable to safety.

"What? How? Lockhart?"

"The name's Harte. Roy Harte. Deep cover agent for MI-7: Wizarding Division. Sorry about the tomfoolery before; Gilderoy is my cover. Much easier to work unhindered when everyone thinks I'm a gibbering idiot practising my joined-up writing at St Mungos. We should be safe here for now." He pulled out a tiny package and pulled a tab, expanding it into a waterproof shelter. A wandless, wordless charm dried and warmed them.

"Chocolate?"

"Er. Thanks. I thought you said..."

"Special training. Can't Apparate though."

"So, the books, the outfits, the hair care products?"

"Fake, I'm afraid. Had to keep an eye on young Harry."

"And the memory loss?"

"Unfortunately real, albeit temporary. Was planning to get you out myself until your brother's wand misfired."

...

Such a shame, Harte decided later as, with a perfectly executed *Obliviate*, Gilderoy returned.

A/N: This week's prompt was 'Wicked weather lands two travellers in an extremely awkward situation. Thanks to my beta XXX.