

# Monkey Business

by SCWLC

Forty-two women, three monkeys and Harry's scar. This is supposed to be silly. You have been warned.

## N/A

Chapter 1 of 1

Forty-two women, three monkeys and Harry's scar. This is supposed to be silly. You have been warned.

Disclaimer: If I owned these characters or this fictional concept, I would not still be living with my parents.

Author's Notes: Okay, one, thanks to the HP lexicon for providing a list of names; the two characters first mentioned in HBP are pretty much the only reference to HBP. Also, this story was inspired by this quote from the author's notes of "Spiritus Crystalus," chapter 7, "There are plenty of stories where Harry attacks Voldemort via his link by doing everything from playing rock music to having sex with 42 women and three monkeys."

Feedback: Always welcome.

Harry sat in the Gryffindor common room, staring into the fire. It was two in the morning, and he was exhausted, but he didn't want to sleep. Couldn't really, between the nightmares of those he had failed to save and those he had killed over the last seven years in Hogwarts, and the vision nightmares induced by Voldemort whenever Harry got a little lax in his Occlumency shielding. What little sleep he got that wasn't plagued by those was full of the ordinary dreams that most teenaged boys both long for and dread. Wet dreams featuring the various girls around the castle in various states of undress doing whatever things Harry's unconscious mind could dream up, so to speak. Ultimately, even though he needed sleep and hadn't slept at all well in more than a year, Harry would rather stay awake and contemplate his role in the second war against Voldemort.

In point of fact, everyone was on tenterhooks, waiting for the day that Harry succeeded or failed to kill Lord Thingy. He snorted softly to himself. It was inadvertent on Fudge's part, but that was one of the best nicknames he'd ever heard for Tom Riddle. In any event, things had reached the point where even the dimmest of wizards had figured out that Harry was the one scripted to defeat Voldemort. Prophecy aside, it was obvious.

In the midst of the chaos surrounding him, Harry had wondered why he got no girly action. He was the sexiest teen wizard in England, according to Witch Weekly and half a dozen girls around the school that he had overheard while on jaunts in his invisibility cloak. He was slated to be the next great hero of the wizarding world, so why was it that the first, last and only thing he'd had that was even close to a good snog was that one tear-drenched kiss from Cho Chang back in fifth year? Sometimes, life was not fair.

His contemplation was cut short by the door to the common room swinging open and Hermione rushing in waving parchment over her head in what was clearly triumph and success, followed immediately thereafter by Ron.

Over the course of the last year, Hermione had set herself the task of determining what 'the power the Dark Lord knows not' was. She'd managed to eliminate a great many possibilities through trial and error, including empathy, telepathy, telekinesis, animagus capabilities, metamorphmagus capabilities, magical creature heritage, clairvoyancy, inheritance from one of the four founders of Hogwarts and a partridge in a pear tree, as far as Harry could determine. But this time Hermione looked like she was completely sure.

"This is it!" she cried, "I'm sure of it!" She hurried over, sitting down next to Harry, while Ron perched on a nearby ottoman and gazed intently at Hermione. "You know how Dumbledore said that it was your love of Sirius that drove him out of your mind when he possessed you at the Department of Mysteries?"

Not trusting himself to speak, Harry nodded.

Seemingly this was enough as Hermione continued. "Well, I hadn't really considered it, but Dumbledore is right, your power Voldemort doesn't have is love!" At this she stopped as though the practical application of love ought to be completely obvious from what she'd just said. Harry and Ron just stared blankly at her.

Finally Hermione seemed to get the message that the two boys before her were waiting for a more detailed explanation. She sighed the sigh of the long suffering and explained further. "You do remember how, when you thought of Sirius you injured Voldemort?" she asked Harry. When he nodded she continued. "Well, what if you were to press that further? To be together with and experiencing love with someone you felt even more strongly for than Sirius. Like the way I love Ron. It would injure him, probably even kill him!"

Masterfully resisting the urge to ask when, in the last four hours, Hermione had decided that she loved Ron, Harry simply stared. It wasn't that the concept of Hermione loving Ron was so odd, so much as that it seemed to be a rather dramatic turnaround from only a few hours before when Hermione had declared firmly that she and Ron would never be more than friends

Taking his blank look to mean that he didn't understand what she was saying about love hurting Voldemort, Hermione began to expound on the various theories that had led to her conclusion. "MacGillivray's theories of mental skills such as empathy or occlumency indicate that the work done by Matthias in the fifteenth century on emotional attacks . . ." Harry tuned her out in favour of watching Ron stare at Hermione with the look of a chocoholic confronted with a Lindt factory and about to get free rein within.

Harry checked back in with Hermione, who was saying, "Of course, this does contradict the dialogues of Hui and Leung, but the bases of Western and Eastern traditions are such that the works published by . . ." Having determined that Hermione still had a ways to go before she said anything that was of practical value to Harry, he returned to contemplating and conjecturing on Ron and Hermione's sudden change of heart. He was brought out of his ruminations by the fact that Hermione was reaching the point.

"All we have to do, then, is find your soulmate, and you can . . . erm . . ." Hermione flushed, trying to find a delicate way of saying what she was about to say. Ron rescued her by taking on the humiliation himself.

"Mione thinks you ought to get a list of the girls you think could be your soulmate and shag 'em."

Silence. Then Harry spoke. "You . . . I . . . what?"

"Honestly, Ron!" The witch glared at her erstwhile true love and turned to Harry. "When a witch or wizard sleeps with his or her soulmate, there is usually a magical reaction between the two that is even visible to others," she explained. "We don't have time for you to work it out the ordinary way, if we want to keep Voldemort from killing too many people. So, we'll get a list together of all the possibilities and you can..."

"Shag 'em," Ron said helpfully before Hermione could pause again. She glared.

"Yes. Well, that way you'll find her most quickly, and while you're . . . making love," she said quickly to forestall Ron, "you'll open your mind and let Voldemort feel the love you're feeling for her, and it should do the trick."

With that Hermione chivvied them off to see the headmaster, despite the early (or late) hour. Harry rather thought Hermione had become a great deal more confident than she was before, ever since she had bested Dumbledore in an impromptu competition involving arithmantic calculations applied to transformative potions that require runic charms to reach full potency. Or something generally along those lines. Anyhow, having beaten Dumbledore, Hermione had then discovered the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth uses for dragon's blood and was generally considered the greatest mind around. Therefore, everyone assumed she could not be wrong. Harry was counted among everyone, however, and went along with her plan.

When Dumbledore produced a list, Harry was suitably impressed with the man's spy network and how it always managed to allow him to appear ever more omniscient. That done, he examined the list.

Hannah Abbot (*Hufflepuff, nice, pretty, in the DA*, Harry thought to himself.)

Katie Bell (Harry allowed himself to contemplate the lovely figure under her Quidditch robes.)

Susan Bones (*Nice enough, Hufflepuff and also part of the DA. Likes Quidditch*)

Mandy Brocklehurst (*Ravenclaw, very smart, wears those tank tops with the Union Jacks right over her* . . . Hermione's loud throat clearing knocked him out of his daydream about her assets.)

Lavender Brown (*Very pretty if a little ditzy. Very ditzy. Also hates Quidditch*)

Cho Chang (*If only she hadn't been weeping over Cedric all the time. And what does she see in that Corner bloke?*)

Tracey Davis (*Slytherin. The one with the complete Harpies collection*)

Fleur Delacour (*Hmm. Veela. Nice.*)

Gabrielle Delacour

That brought Harry out of contemplation and into the real world. "Wouldn't she be a little young?" Harry inquired.

"Oh, Harry. If you paid any attention at all in class, you'd know that veela remain physically immature longer and then have a sudden growth period when they enter puberty fully. She's only a year younger than you." Hermione said this quite disapprovingly.

Harry shrugged it off and returned to his list.

Marietta Edgecombe

"Marietta? She doesn't even like me! I don't like her!" Harry protested instantly.

Dumbledore responded this time. "Harry, we all change and grow over time. Did you ever think you would become friends with Professor Snape as you have otherwise?"

Harry struggled not to gape in shock at that. They weren't friends. They hated each other. He had simply found out that he and Snape were both Wimbourne Wasps fans. And since then had been considering switching teams just to avoid being like Snape. He resolutely turned back to his list.

Sandra Fawcett (*Hufflepuff? Ravenclaw? Can't remember.*)

Victoria Frobisher (*Well, she has nice legs. And she likes Quidditch*, Harry mused.)

Daphne Greengrass (*If nothing else, she's got big . . .* Hermione interrupted his thoughts again. It was like she had a naughty thought radar.)

Angelina Johnson (*I did have that crush on her back in second year*)

Luna Lovegood (*She's very understanding, I suppose.* Hermione sniffed as though she'd heard Harry's thoughts again.)

Morag McDougal (*I know her. Which house is she in, anyhow?*)

Eloise Midgen (*Very pretty since she cleared up. Likes Quidditch*)

Parvati Patil (*Who still doesn't like me since I was a berk at the Yule Ball fourth year*)

Padma Patil (*Who still doesn't like me since Ron was a berk at the Yule Ball fourth year*)

Sally-Ann Perks (*I thought she fell into that cupboard and no one had seen her since?*)

Demelza Robins (*I never even considered it. Really?*)

Patricia Stimpson (*She's got really, really big . . .* Hermione cleared her throat again, and Harry was now convinced she could read his mind.)

Nymphadora Tonks (*Metamorphmagus . . . Mmmm*)

"Ow, Hermione! What was that for?"

"I slipped."

Harry went back to his list.

Lisa Turpin (*Ravenclaw, doesn't like Quidditch, but has a good sense of humour*)

Romilda Vane (*No. Brrr. No nonononononono.*)

Ginevra Weasley (*Maybe everyone is right. Maybe we are meant for each other. Certainly be convenient that way.*)

There were more on the list, and Harry read all the way through, stunned at the thought of getting to shag that many girls. Or women. Something like that. He wasn't sure whether to let his happy hormones have the day or go with being all mature and appalled at the emotionally disconnected sex that was going to happen.

When Hannah Abbot showed up the next day following the group school briefing, Harry decided to go with it and enjoy it. Forty-two days and forty-two members of the opposite sex later, Harry had discovered that Lisa Turpin was dynamite in the sack, Romilda Vane would do anything he asked of her, Morag McDougal had some truly fascinating body art and working as an Auror had given Nymphadora Tonks muscles in places Harry hadn't been aware would have muscles. Not that he was complaining about that. His roommates were unbearably jealous, except for Ron, whom Harry had discovered was soulmates with Hermione. A fact the pair had found out in the same way Harry was supposed to find his own.

Unfortunately, said soulmate was nowhere to be found. Hermione had vanished into the library and hadn't been seen since. Harry and Ron were just getting ready to file a missing persons report when Hermione reappeared with the most beautiful, sexy example of the female species Harry had ever seen. Her name was Caroline, and she had blue eyes, blonde hair and looked like a goddess fallen to earth. They fell into bed in no time. That was as good as she looked too. She was smart, funny, and agreed with Harry about everything.

It was unbelievably dull. Once the novelty of having someone around who thought he was always right wore off, Harry couldn't stand her. Hermione came up to them silently, pulled Caroline away and vanished into the library again. She was gone for a shorter period this time and returned with Leila. The new girl was as beautiful as Caroline, but was also exotically dark-skinned. Clearly of Middle Eastern descent, she was just as fantastic in bed, but disagreed with Harry on everything. She hated Quidditch, couldn't even compromise and was dragged off by Hermione before Harry even had to bring it up.

He couldn't help but wonder where these girls were coming from, since it was clear Hermione was getting in contact with them somehow. The third time Hermione returned from wherever she was going, she brought back Rachel. Brown hair, lightly freckled skin and eyes that Harry thought were like melted chocolate. He took a couple steps forward and, unable to help himself, kissed her. It was love at first sight. She was perfect. They agreed about all the fundamentals, but they supported different Quidditch teams. She thought Lockhart may have been a jerk but it didn't mean his books were useless while Harry thought they should all be burned on principle.

When they made love, a warm magical glow erupted off of them, and Harry understood why it was so obvious when you found your soulmate. He remembered to open his link to Voldemort, but was so caught up in the perfection that was Rachel right after that, he simply wasn't aware when his nemesis kicked the bucket.

The wizarding world naturally burst into exuberant celebrations the moment the news reached the masses. Harry was watching those celebrations in the Gryffindor common room and contemplating whether to elope with Rachel now or have a family wedding with the Weasleys there. Or both. Hermione took his arm and pulled him upstairs looking rather serious. "Hermione? What's wrong?" he asked.

She just pushed him into his dorm room where Rachel was standing, closed the door behind them and threw several privacy spells at the door. Finally, she spoke. "Harry, I . . . I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to show you. I'm so sorry." Before he could ask what she was on about, Hermione turned, pointed her wand at the girl Harry was madly in love with and said, "*Finite incantatem.*"

A moment later there was a monkey on the floor.

"What?" Harry said. "What just . . . how . . . who . . . I . . ." He looked helplessly at his friend.

Taking in a shuddering breath, Hermione explained. "I'd found a spell to determine who your soulmate was," she told him. "I cast it and everything. But there was no result. It seems like you don't have one." She quickly corrected herself. "Didn't have one." She brought out the other two monkeys and explained about the complex and borderline legal transfigurations she'd done to create the perfect girl for Harry. About how she couldn't leave the monkeys as girls because she would have been arrested for it.

Harry was furious. "How could you do that! How could you . . ." He broke off with a sob. "Rachel was . . ." Another sob interrupted him and he turned away.

"I said I was sorry, Harry. I can't turn her permanently. For that kind of change, you have to have the express permission of the subject. And I can't ask a monkey for permission." She looked at him compassionately, but Harry suddenly had a look of determination in his eyes.

"But you could get my permission," he said slowly.

Momentarily confused his friend frowned. "You can't act on her behalf . . ." She trailed off as she realised what he was saying. "Harry, no. That's . . . You can't."

But he prevailed, and several moments later there was a fourth monkey on the floor. He made his way over to the monkey-that-was-Rachel and snuggled up to her.

Hermione smiled through her tears. He seemed happy, she just had to go break the news to everyone else. The Boy-Who-Lived was now The-Monkey-Who-Was-The-Boy-Who-Lived.

\*\*\*\*\*

Harry woke up with a stifled shout. "Harry? Mate? You all right?" Ron asked sleepily from the next bed over.

"Yeah, Ron. Just have to remember not to eat Ginny's midnight-snack burritos ever again."

The End