

What's Up, Doc?

by pokeystar

Patronus trouble for Draco.

Winner of Round 1, Challenge 4 at lj community dramione_idws

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco curled protectively around his petrified partner, trying not to panic. His team was ambushed during a routine sweep of Knockturn Alley. Their attackers had either wounded or immobilized most of his fellow Aurors, and a chill crawled up his spine as he realized why they hadn't killed his comrades outright. *Dementors*. He struggled against the vivid flashes of horrific memory: Bellatrix torturing Hermione, Lucius killing his mother, Crabbe devoured by Fiendfyre – and concentrated on his happiest moments: catching the Snitch, his ghostly mother watching him receive the Order of Merlin, the instant he realized he loved Hermione – as the tip of his wand glowed with a brilliant light. He cradled the curly haired head nestled under his chin and raising his other arm up, yelled, “*Expecto Patronum!*”

The beam of light shot toward the ghoulish specters, forcing them backwards, as it solidified into... a fluffy bunny.

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Draco tucked the towel around his lower body and ambled down the hall of the Training Academy dormitory toward the room he shared with Zabini. The shower had relaxed him after a hard day of physical conditioning, but as he approached his dresser, his body became tense again. Three weeks had passed since the simulation, and his fellow cadets hadn't let up. His standard issue pajamas featured frolicking Peters and Flopsies. Every meal was shaped like carrots – even the oatmeal – *how was that possible?* On one memorable occasion he coughed up a Cadbury egg. Only the thought of Hermione's disapproval kept him from hexing everyone in sight, particularly Fred, who had, Draco was certain, instigated the rabbit pranks. He finished dressing and carefully checked his appearance in the mirror, banishing a fluffy tail from the seat of his trousers with a sigh.

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He headed to the lounge for movie night, giving himself a pep talk as he walked. *Remember what Hermione said at lunch. They wouldn't tease you if they didn't respect you. These pranks are a sign of acceptance.* He grabbed some popcorn and plopped onto the couch next to Hermione, who gave him a little smile while rolling her eyes. They both otherwise ignored the bunny ears decorating everyone else's heads.

Films, Draco had to admit, were absolutely brilliant. Almost as good as magic. Tonight's offering, chosen by Hermione, was incredibly funny, and he quickly managed to forget his embarrassed pride as he watched the flickering images with glee. Until a little white bunny hopped out the mouth of that forbidding cavern. *Et tu, Granger?* He'd

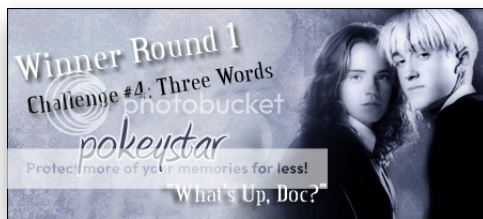
tried to shrug off the constant stings to his dignity, but this mockery – her derision – was the final straw. Just as he pushed off the sofa, her arm reached out and pulled him back down. Suddenly, on the screen, the bunny transformed into a rabid killing machine. The lounge erupted in laughter as blood gushed everywhere amidst cries of retreat.

“Point taken, Granger,” quipped Fred wryly, while Hermione squeezed his arm.

The next morning his carrot-shaped eggs were topped with a garish spray of ketchup.

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A/N: Movie is Monty Python and the Holy Grail.



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Round 4 prompt: A color, An animal, A spell.

If you like drabbles, you are invited to come read and vote! Drabbles posted every Thursday; voting usually closes on Friday night.