

Intervention

by IrishEspressoGirl

Blaise gets some inside information.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Zabini, follow me," I hear a soft voice command.

I turn to find Parkinson looking at me demandingly, and when she walks down a stone corridor, I obey. It takes me only a few long strides to catch up with her, and when I do, she doesn't face me. She's all business.

"You're going to have to make a move and stop flirting," she says.

I stop, astounded. I don't recall ever flirting with Parkinson. Last I heard, she and Malfoy were an item.

"Not me, Zabini," she says, laughing as her eyes sweep over me appraisingly. She presses her lips together tightly, obviously refraining herself.

Wordlessly, she hands me a rolled-up piece of parchment. "Unless you're as dense as Crabbe and Goyle, you'll know how to handle the situation."

I unfurl the parchment and immediately recognize Daphne's loopy handwriting.

Pansy—

I need your help! Something must be done about the dark wizard. I feel like I might go mad if he doesn't leave me alone. It seems that no matter where I am, he is there. I can't escape!

I'm not sure who this "dark wizard" is, but when I ask, Pansy is gone. Hoping to find out, I turn back to the private note.

Whenever he's around, I can feel his eyes on me, and when I look up, he doesn't look away--even if I shoot death glares at him! I can't read him, Pansy. He doesn't look at me with disgusting lovesick Cruppy eyes; if that were it, I'd simply hex him into next week and be done with him.

I'm not sure what dope has made her so uncomfortable, but I'm certainly glad she hasn't sent any hexes flying in my direction.

Instead, it's like he's studying me--certainly more than he studies History of Magic. His eyes make me feel like he knows me, like he's figured me out, and the sensation is incredibly frustrating!

Last week when we were leaving Professor Binns's class, his hand brushed mine, and it felt hot--on fire, even. When I turned to confront him about the burning charm that he'd cast on me, he only looked down at me and glowered, his eyes blacker than usual. I was so unnerved that I said nothing; I rushed to the girls' lavatory to run cool water

over my hand. With the look of his eyes blazing in my recent memory, I couldn't think straight enough to cast a cooling charm, though now that I think about it, perhaps he actually cast a Confundus Charm on me.

My fingers burn as I clench the parchment. Macmillan--the only other bloke in Binns's class. He's going to be the one with hexes flying towards him if he doesn't leave Daphne alone.

With all of the less-than-friendly comments that we shoot at each other, I would think he'd just go away, but he seems to enjoy getting the cold shoulder from me! When I learned that he'd signed up for N.E.W.T.-level History of Magic--a class that he most definitely thinks dull--I questioned him about the strange choice, and he gave me some bull about finding the subject "pleasing." Can you believe he actually used that word to describe History of Magic? Anyway, he leaned close to me with this odd look on his face when he said it. I don't remember exactly what I did, but I know I called him a few choice words and stalked out of the Great Hall--and he stared behind me with some silly smirk on his face!

The image of an enchanting witch swishing away in the Great Hall floats into my mind, and I realize that the wizard she's referring to isn't MacMillan at all! Greedily, I turn my eyes back to the letter, curious to see what else she writes about me.

It's like that all the time! I'm annoyed and sarcastic, and he's mysterious and snarky. I don't get it, and I don't think I can take anymore without some explanation.

Seriously, Pansy. If you can make him go away, I would be indebted to you forever.

Yours,

Daphne

It's as if the breath has been stolen from my lungs. I know she finds our verbal sparring frustrating sometimes, but annoying?

I hate even to think it, but I know that Pansy is right; I've got to stop circling and dive in. Quickly, I move towards the Great Hall, a plan to make my intentions clear forming in my mind.

Author's Notes: The Daphne and Blaise portrayed here are from my story *Changing Her Mind*, which is unfinished. They're in their seventh year at Hogwarts, so it's a bit AU after HPDH.

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Intervention was originally written for Romancing the Wizard's Challenge Seventeen: Messages From The Heart. The story had to be 750 words, incorporate the idea of the prompt "read between the lines," some magic, and a message written from the heart. *Intervention* was the recipient of an Enchanted Quill for this challenge.