

Redeeming His Father

by karelia

Redemption in the conservatory

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Chapter 1 of 1

Redemption in the conservatory

"Dead. He dead. Won't come back." Large tears ran down Winky's cheeks as she rocked back and forth, holding on for dear life to Dobby's old, worn tea cozy. Several empty bottles of butterbeer surrounded the floor in the little-known conservatory off the Hogwarts kitchen.

Someone popped into existence in front of her, but she did not look up. "Winky," the voice said sternly, "pull yourself together. This is not how a good house-elf should behave!"

"I... I... I..." Violent sobs interrupted her speech, and she grabbed the tissue held in front of her to blow her nose noisily. "I admires him and never told him. The first really free house-elf." Again, she succumbed to sobs that simply wouldn't stop.

A hand—a very pale, long-fingered, human hand—gently pulled her up. "Winky, would you like to be a free house-elf? On the same terms as Dobby worked at Hogwarts?"

Winky's eyes widened as she looked into the human's face. She found none of the expected malicious expression there. "Yes?"

"I have... the urge to make good for my father. Would you like to be my house-elf, a paid house-elf? One Galleon per week, and as many socks as you like. Handbags, too." Draco Malfoy offered his hand.

Winky, still wide-eyed, offered him a shy smile. "Yes, sir, Mr Draco," she said and shook his hand, signing the deal.

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