

# Draco's Find

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Draco finds something as he patrols the corridor.

## one shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco finds something as he patrols the corridor.

Disclaimer: Not mine, no money, all that.

This was written for luvsev during the Saturday night Potter Place Drabbles chat. See end for details.

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Draco strode down the corridor proudly with his chest puffed out. As head of the Inquisitorial Squad, he could do anything he wanted. Not even Harry bloody Potter could stop him now. Umbridge coming to Hogwarts was the best thing the Ministry had done in years.

He'd seen Ginny Weasley walking down this way and would use her to set an example as to what happened when someone messed with him now. He planned to humiliate her and take a load of points from Gryffindor. That should get Potty and the Weasel to start their protesting, and he'd take points for that as well. Maybe even the Mudblood would say something in their defense. For that filth, it would be detention with Filch.

Something glinted in the candlelight. He bent over and flicked his wand to illuminate it. "A ring, gold by the looks of it."

Some idiot had lost her jewelry. He picked it up. "Heavy. Looks like quality." He pocketed it, knowing he might be able to use it to make his own deal at Borgin and Burkes as he'd seen his father do in the past. However, he hadn't taken two steps before he felt it vibrate in his pocket. Quickly, he took it out and looked at it. Nothing seemed amiss.

Then suddenly, the ring seemed to dissolve... or melt right into his skin.

"Fucking hell!" he yelled, shaking his hand in an attempt to rid himself of it. But there was nothing for it. The deed had been done. Only the tingling on his palm proved that a ring had even been there. He'd have to write to his father about this.

His heart pounded as he thought this. His father would be disappointed that he'd handled something unfamiliar without properly checking it for hexes. He froze mid-stride as he glanced again at his hand. Where the ring had been... he had feathers growing.

A look at his other hand showed the same there. He could feel them forming everywhere—even on his crotch! Feathers.

"Noooooo!" he yelled as he sprinted off down the corridor, wanting to see Madam Pomfrey immediately, calls of "Look at the chicken run!" and "Cock-a-doodle-doo" rang out behind him. He couldn't prove it, but he was almost certain the voices belonged to the horrid Weasley twins! "Wankers," he muttered, thankful he didn't cluck like a chicken. They'd pay for this... one day.

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AN: luvsev's prompt was:

Draco, ring, and feathers