

# The Secret Life of Scorpius H. Malfoy

*by pokeystar*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

His fantasy girl was just a daydream away...

"You think you can defeat me, boy?" Grindelwald's eyes flashed with contempt in the low candlelight as he leveled his wand at the young man before him. "I shall enjoy defiling your true love on a bed made from your bones." He cackled with malicious glee at the horrified gasp Rosalina uttered. The candlelight played over her wild russet curls and highlighted the freckles sprinkled like faerie dust across her pale skin. She struggled weakly against the tight bonds holding her to the Dark Wizard's throne-like chair, her movements dislodging the grotesque travesty of a diadem perched on her head. "She'll be yours," Scorpius refuted calmly, "Over my dead body." Grindelwald bared his teeth in a horrible facsimile of a grin and replied, "That would rather be the point, whelp." The villain raised his wand hand and cast a murky green bolt of light at Scorpius, who did not flinch. Rosalina screamed in terror, unable to turn away or close her eyes. A split-second before the nefarious green bolt found its target, he Conjured an impenetrable mirror, which bounced the killing curse back on the evil that begat it. "Perhaps this will help you see the error of your ways, Grindelwald," Scorpius intoned...

"Did you have a question, Mr. Malfoy?"

Scorpius looked up to find the entire History of Magic class staring at him. Professor Zabini was patiently waiting for a reply. Suppressing a groan, he wondered, not for the first time, why he had so many subjects with Gryffindors. Especially one Gryffindor in particular. He cleared his throat awkwardly.

"I, uh, wanted to know if Grindelwald ever saw the error of his ways."

"That, young Master Malfoy, is a very good question," replied the professor. He turned to the blackboard, charming the chalk into position. "Students of History, hear me well. You will write a fifty inch essay on Grindelwald's philosophies. Please enumerate all salient points and refute or defend them as you see fit. I will expect your essays with references properly cited on my desk first thing Monday morning."

Every student, excepting Scorpius, moaned in protest and gathered up their things when the bell rang. He dawdled, preferring to exit once the majority of his classmates had vacated the room. Unfortunately, others were lagging as well, and he couldn't afford to be late to Care of Magical Creatures again...Professor Lovegood had threatened him with detention the last time. He ended up walking into the hall right behind Rose and Albus.

Rose was highly agitated. She glared at her cousin as she asked, "Why does your Head of House always assign these papers on Quidditch weekends?"

"I hope you are not accusing Professor Zabini of trying to influence the match?" Albus inquired placidly.

Rose rolled her eyes. "Of course I am, Albus. You're the only sixth-year Slytherin taking History of Magic and you don't play. Why did Scorpius have to say anything? He's so weird sometimes."

"Come on, we'll be late for Muggle Studies." Albus put a comforting arm around her shoulders and squeezed as they walked. "You know what my Dad says. Ravenclaws can be odd, but they're the smartest people you'll ever know. Maybe you can ask him for his research notes..." his voice faded abruptly as the duo turned the corner into another corridor.

Scorpius hurried along toward the front doors, passing the Tri-Wizard Champion trophy cabinet on his way. He looked for Teddy's name on the Cup, as he always did. His cousin had represented Hogwarts in France for the championship of 2014. His skill as a Metamorphmagus had given him an unbeatable edge in the competition, but more importantly, Teddy was a great guy and a consummate sportsman...

"Can I borrow that copy of Defensive Spells from the Renaissance? All the others are checked out." Rosie leaned over his shoulder, eyeing the tome in question. He pushed it closer to her. "Go right ahead. I've finished with it for now. In fact, if you'd like, my research notes are just there...I've listed all the spells of interest in dragon's blood ink." She nodded, deep in thought. "Because spells of the Renaissance tend to activate when written as well as spoken and the dragon's blood inhabits that from happening?" He beamed at her, grateful not to need to explain himself for once. "Yep." She blushed and sat down beside him. "It's awfully nice of you to share this information with me. I don't know if I would be that kind," she said biting her lip. His eyes fixed on the plump pink flesh caught by an even row of pretty white teeth, he replied distractedly, "You would be. We are competing in the same school's honor, after all." "Yes, but still, against each other. Don't you think it's odd, Scorpius, that they decided to hold the tournament a year ahead of schedule?" He tore his eyes away from her mouth and nodded in bemusement. "And that both our names came out of the Goblet." Rosie picked up his notes and started reading, careful not to say anything out loud. "This school is so weird sometimes," she murmured and he hummed in agreement...

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy. Delighted you could make it on time," called out Professor Lovegood, having spotted him approaching the paddock. "We're covering the care and feeding of Blast-Ended Skrewts today."

The class of Ravenclaws and Slytherins picked up their protective gear with alacrity and few complaints. Blast-Ended Skrewts had been considered a dangerous engineered hybrid and completely worthless to boot.

Until it was discovered, quite by accident, that Blast-Ended Skrewt leavings produced very delicious yet spicy vegetables when added to compost. Wizarding children everywhere had learned to love broccoli in particular. The demand for Skrewt scat was so high, an enterprising student could run a healthy business on the side and fund a college degree in the process.

The hour passed quickly and without fatal incident. Scorpius was very careful to pay attention during Care of Magical Creatures. He stripped off the protective gear, glad to note an absence of burns and singed eyebrows...Harry Macmillan hadn't been so lucky...and trailed behind the students trudging up to the castle for lunch...

They ran between the magically constructed hedges like the very devil was on their tails, hurtling over a Blast-Ended Skrewt and dodging the creeping vines of Venomous Tentacula together. They skidded around another corner of verdant green, indistinguishable from the hundreds they had passed before, when a tinkling noise caught their ears and they veered past yet another dead end, the pleasant bell-like sound leading them to a gleaming cup made of gold. They jerked to a stop, panting heavily. "You... you should take it, Rose huffed out. "I wouldn't have gotten this far without you." He shook his head, too winded to speak. He motioned her toward it. She crossed her arms over her heaving chest and bit down on her lip. He would have moaned if he'd had the breath for it. "Let's both grab it, then." She took his hand and together they reached for the Tri-Wizard Cup...

"Woo-hoo! Scorpius! Pass the pumpkin juice, please!" exclaimed Harriet Smith. "Where are you, cloucduckooland?"

Across the table, Harry Benson and Harry Rogers snickered at him. He passed the gleaming pitcher of juice to Harriet and picked at his ham butt, absently listening to the chatter swirling around him.

"The Yule Ball is coming up," remarked Belinda Jones as she leafed through Witch Weekly's annual party fashion issue.

"Not for another eight weeks!" exclaimed Harriet.

"It's never too soon to plan what you're wearing," Daphne Pucey sing-songed. It was one of her mother's most revered commandments; right below 'always keep the jewelry.'

"What if no one asks you to go?" questioned Lizbeth Perkins in a squeaky voice. She idolized Daphne to the point of mania.

Daphne merely tossed her silky black hair and snorted delicately. The suggestion was utterly inconceivable and therefore, not worthy of consideration.

"There's always Scorpius Malfoy," whispered Belinda. Her "whispers" always carried farther than a banshee's wail. The group of girls gave the glassy-eyed Malfoy heir a thoroughly dismissive look-over.

"I'd rather marry the Giant Squid," drawled Harriet and the girls cackled with spite-filled glee.

"We'd better swish and flick if we want to make it to Defense on time, witches," said Belinda after she got her breath back.

"Evil doesn't take tea breaks," parroted Lizbeth in a fair imitation of Professor Potter. And the gaggle of girls floated away from the table on a wave of merry titters...

He found it virtually impossible to tear his eyes away from his date this evening, which was saying quite a lot, considering the lengths the decorating committee had gone to. The Yule Ball was a smashing success due to their efforts. A multitude of faerie lights hovered over the dancers' heads, bathing the Great Hall in a twinkling iridescent glow. A glow that highlighted the sumptuous use of magically Conjured clouds and rare cuckoo feathers that covered nearly every stationary surface. But for Scorpius, all the glorious décor merely served as a setting for the absolutely beautiful diamond he held in his arms as they danced. Her gown was made of something diaphanous, glittering and gold; a gold so bright and pure, it brought out the fire in her soft, fragrant hair and the freckles on her pale, silky skin appeared to be wandering sparks from those uncontrollable flames. The effect drew him like a moth caught in a net of allure tied up with a pretty deep blue ribbon. Like the pretty deep blue ribbon nestled in her hair. The color matched her eyes...which had mysterious depths he longed to sink into, not unlike the murky lake south of the castle. He hoped with a helpless anticipation that the ribbon also signified an allegiance to Ravenclaw, and therefore, a claim on him. The possibility took his breath away, causing his mouth to dry out and turning his brain to mush. He was incapable of intelligent discourse. Fortunately, she kept up a steady commentary that masked his dazed silence and seemed not to require any response. "Who would've thought inter-species regulations allowed for that? I mean, I'm all for love, but *Harriet* and the *Giant Squid*? Still, it's a gorgeous ring. I've never seen a pearl that enormous, have you? And it was awfully nice of Professor Flitwick to shrink him so that Harriet could attend the Ball with her fiancée. I suppose it's a lucky thing her Bubble-Head Charms are up to snuff..."

"... up to snuff. That's why today's class, as well as every Thursday session until the end of the year will be a dueling practical in which you all will endeavor to perfect the spells you have been learning this year. Evil does not take tea breaks, so you need to be ready for it," Professor Potter said. "In the words of a great wizard: 'Constant Vigilance!'"

At least half the class jumped at the sudden bark in her tone.

"So stand up and pair off," she continued as she Vanished the desks and all of their bags floated into a corner of the room, leaving the floor entirely cleared. "I'm just now casting a Cushioning Charm on the floor and I'm expert at first aid spells...with six brothers and three children, not to mention a husband that attracts trouble like a Niffler seeks gold, I'd need to be, wouldn't I?" She grinned at her nervously tittering students. "So there's no need to fear permanent injury."

Chaos ensued, though it was quickly sorted out, due to the class rules. Students paired across house lines and not with friends. It should've been easy for Scorpius to find a partner under those conditions, but he always seemed to be passed over. He had learned to stand quietly until it dawned on some unlucky soul there was no other alternative to be had.

Today's unlucky soul was Harry Chang Flint, a small Eurasian fellow who regarded him dubiously while gripping the wand in his pocket. At first, most of the Ravensclaws had been dismissive of their Hufflepuff classmates. Everyone knew Hufflepuffs excelled at Herbology or Divination and little else. That attitude had been summarily dispelled when the Puffs revealed a determined tenaciousness that knocked the Claws on their collective arses within a week. Scorpius returned the dubious regard in spades.

The pairs arranged, and floor space divvied up, Professor Potter charmed her long red hair out of the way and signaled the start of practice.

Scorpius flung another non-verbal curse at the enemy. A deep nagging terror gave the Furnunculus extra strength and the Death Eater was blown back into the high steel shelves, knocking a shower of prophecies to the ground. *Where is she?* he thought, desperately trying to spot her through the haze of blazing spell-light. She was here somewhere, he was sure of it. He knew with every fiber of his being that vision had been no dream. His compatriots shifted closer, and as one, they decided to run for it. If Rose wasn't in the Hall of Prophecy, she must be in another section of the Department of Mysteries. He raced down the aisles and then through strange and eerie rooms, followed closely by Macmillan, Smith, Benson, Rogers, Perkins, and Jones. The crash of glass and cacophony of shouts let them know their pursuers were not far behind. They skidded into a chamber lined on every side with doors and came to an abrupt halt. Voldemort stood before them, eyes glowing red, the green scaly skin of one hand wrapped around Rose's throat, the other pressing an ebony wand to her temple. "One more step," he hissed, stroking Rose's nape almost lovingly, "And the pretty young witch dies. Hand over the prophecy, whelp. I know you have it in your robe pocket. Do not attempt to lie to Lord Voldemort." "Why do you want it?" Scorpius asked in a bid for time to think. "That is none of your concern, you insolent pup. Now, quit these childish delay tactics, or..." "Or what?" a new voice rang out. "You'll natter on about how incredibly evil you are and bore us all to death?" Potter's glasses glinted with the flickering flames of the candles floating overhead. It was as if the devil's hound had followed Voldemort straight out of hell. "Let her go, you putrescent puling snake-snogger," Weasley added, "Or you'll find out why my wife was called the brightest witch of her age. The hard way." Ron and Hermione flanked their best friend in identical dueling stances. The very room appeared to hold its breath. No one dared to blink in the tense silence that seemed to stretch outward to eternity. Then Voldemort's wand hand twitched and all hell broke loose. Spells flew in all directions, hitting Death Eaters and fighters for the Light alike. Scorpius leapt over Macmillan's Petrified body, trying to reach Rose, who was being pulled back to an unknown doorway by a now less confident reptilian fiend. Voldemort released her neck to turn the doorknob and she ducked, just as Scorpius shouted out mightily, "ACCIO WAND..."

Every wand in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom came clattering at him in one fell swoop. Professor Potter immediately retrieved hers with a non-verbal command and sent her doe Patronus galloping toward the Infirmary. Her skills were formidable, but few bystanders had escaped the ricochet of curses that resulted from Malfoy's outburst. This disaster would take not only Madam Pomfrey, but also possibly the staff at St. Mungo's to sort out. She spared a harried glance at Scorpius as she reattached Flint's nose to his face.

"Were you daydreaming again, Mr. Malfoy?" she asked stoically.

He couldn't look at her, couldn't look around the room. "I was," he replied in a very small voice.

"Go to the Headmistress at once," she pronounced with an air of finality. "This is quite beyond mere detention."

He trudged out of the classroom and down the hall. He would retrieve his bag later. If there were a reason to retrieve it at all. He was sure to be expelled over this.

He climbed a moving staircase so slowly, he might as well have been going backwards. His father would be furious. The senior Malfoy was already thoroughly disgusted with him; he even blamed his receding hairline on Scorpius's overactive woolgathering. Peeves suddenly flew through the wall next to him, bouncing in mid-air over his head.

"Hurry, burry Mal-boy," he cackled while doing loop-de-loops. "Headmissy is waiting for you. Fuzzy lumpkin brains in clouds go to Azzy-ka-banny." His translucent bow-tie twirled like a whirligig and he spun off, blowing a raspberry that echoed down to the first floor.

Azkaban. He gulped. Surely it wasn't that bad. Peeves must be having him on. Still, he was grateful to remember there weren't such things as Dementors anymore. Professor Longbottom's description had sounded positively horrifying...

Prisoner Malfoy walked down the corridor with his head held high, looking neither to his right nor to his left. He was flanked by warmly-garbed Aurors and his hands were bound behind his back. It was never sunny at Azkaban. He missed the sky, as blue as her shining eyes, most of all. Still, it was worth it to know she was free and out of harm's way. He would face the Kiss willingly and with courage to keep her that way. He politely declined the cigarette one of the guards offered him and stepped onto the rotating staircase. As it brought him upwards, within reach of his certain fate, his last thoughts were of the happiest he had ever been; the times he had simply been near her. A ghost of a smile graced his lips as the ghoulish skeleton-like creature enveloped in molding black rags drew closer...

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A/N:

Multi-Harry/Harriets borrowed from "This Year's Love" by hollycomb. Though this author (with a very popular first name) likes to flatter herself that she would have thought of it eventually.

If this story sounded familiar at all, there's a reason. Both the premise and structure were flagrantly hijacked from the comedic brilliance that is "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" by James Thurber. You may have also noticed some resemblance to a series by J.K. Rowling. Be assured that was intended, but not for profit...just amusement.

Many thanks to my beta somandalicious...she knows she's the butter on my bread.

Original prompt was Hogwarts, a ribbon, and sweet...not too melodramatic.