

Bright Light

by pokeystar

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The firelight danced over the prone figures lying on the ground, highlighting shapely legs bound together at the ankle and lush, young bosoms heaving deliciously in fear. With their arms tied together at the wrist and their heads covered in burlap sacks, it was difficult to tell that all of the figures on the forest floor were young Muggle-born witches. But they were. His Lord would be pleased that the Hallow's Eve raid on the village of Hogsmeade had gone so well, yet Voldemort's pleasure was not what concerned Lucius at present.

Ever since his aborted confrontation with Dumbledore, Draco had been equal parts sullen, dismissive and withdrawn. Lucius had the distinct feeling his son did not idolise him anymore. He longed for that bright light to return to Draco's eyes and for his expression to be open and welcoming of him. Snape had once said to him, his eyes neutral—almost flat, 'You never appreciate what you have until it is gone.'

How right he was. And so, Lucius was anxious, for possibly the second time in his life—the first being when Draco was born—waiting to see if his son appreciated his gift in the spirit it would be given.

"Gather near, initiatessss..." intoned the Dark Lord, motioning the small group of young men, including Draco, closer. He smiled widely, in a ghastly imitation of benediction. "You are achieving true majority tonight, burning childhood away by taking my Mark and bonding yourself to me through a single marvelousssssss act of brutality. I welcome you to our ssssselect little sssssociety as men."

One by one, the initiates knelt before the Dark Lord and offered him their unblemished forearms, expressions schooled to indifference, as the scent of magically burning flesh filled the air.

When the last had received his Mark, the initiates rose and turned as one to accept their newly-fashioned masks from their official sponsors. Draco bent his head slightly so that his aunt Bellatrix could place it over his face.

As she completed her duty, the Dark Lord clapped in command. "Let the Revels begin!"

Lucius himself led the initiates over to the captured witches lined up neatly before the bonfire and positioned each of them in front of a prone figure. He stood behind one of the witches, facing Draco, and signaled to the other Death Eaters standing with him. Lucius watched his son's eyes avidly as he levitated the witch in front of him to an upright position and stripped the burlap sack from her bushy-haired head. She whimpered in delectable terror, a sound Lucius would never forget, as he saw the longed for light flood his son's eyes.

Draco looked like a wizardling in Honeyduke's shop.

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Prompt: Like a kid in a candy shop