

St. Anger

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Title comes from a song by Metallica

A/N: Written for Welcome to My Nightmare: dramionedrabble's Halloween Challenge 2008. Day six: If you do one thing I don't approve of while I'm gone, the LEAST little thing, mind you... I'll show you what horror means! -- *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

"If you do one thing I don't approve of while I'm gone, the LEAST little thing, mind you... I'll show you what horror means!"

Hermione heard Draco's shouting even though her office at the Ministry was on the other end of the hallway and the doors were closed. Sighing, she grabbed her wand and got up from her desk. She stepped out of her office just in time to see Draco exit his own. Hermione caught one glimpse of Draco's crying secretary before he slammed the door shut behind him.

"It's half past eleven, Malfoy," Hermione remarked lightly. "Don't you think it's a little early to be tyrannising the staff?"

"Out of my way, Granger. I'm going to lunch," Draco barked, pushing past Hermione and walking quickly to the elevators. Hermione followed.

"Oh good, I'm feeling a little hungry myself," she said, stepping next to Draco in the lift.

"Granger, are you high?" Draco asked. Hermione saw the tension in his shoulders and the rage in his eyes. He was barely controlling his anger. She thought it wise not to answer.

The elevator stopped on several floors; however, once the waiting people saw Draco's face, they opted to use the staircase. When they finally reached the atrium, Draco left the elevator before the doors were fully opened.

He roughly pushed his way through the crowd, veering towards the visitors' entrance while Hermione ran to catch up with him, smiling apologetically at the disgruntled Ministry employees Draco had left in his wake.

"Quit following me," Draco snapped when Hermione squeezed into the telephone booth beside him.

"Well, somebody will have to make sure you don't kill anyone, considering the mood you're in," she replied dryly.

Draco snorted disgustedly and began to ignore her. Once the telephone booth had risen to street level, he hastened out into Muggle London, walking through the streets blindly. Hermione followed quietly, gripping her wand in the pocket of her cloak, prepared to keep everyone out of harm's way—including Draco—should the need arise. Draco continued walking.

"I thought you wanted to get lunch," Hermione said, trying to distract Draco from his bad mood. She grabbed the back of his robes, pulled him into the nearest fast food restaurant before he had the opportunity to complain and ordered fish and chips to-go for the both of them.

Draco cursed Hermione for being annoyingly pushy, but remained in the restaurant while they waited for their food. Once they had picked up their order, Draco and Hermione left again, and Draco resumed his angry march. He took one bite of his fish and chips and then threw them away.

"Muggle food is disgusting," he grumbled and continued walking at a brisk pace. Hermione followed, eating her food and keeping a watchful eye out for any unsuspecting Muggles who could get in Draco's way. Luckily, the cold November weather didn't allow for many pedestrians.

Once they reached St. James's Park, it began raining—first only a slight drizzle, which quickly turned into a downpour. Seeing that the park was completely empty, Hermione cast a shielding charm to protect herself from the rain and the cold.

Draco didn't even seem to have noticed the change in weather. He followed a path that circled around the lake in the middle of St. James's Park, although Hermione doubted that Draco cared where he was going. His eyes were downcast, and he continued swearing under his breath while he trudged on, his clothes getting completely drenched by the rain.

While thankfully no Muggles were present, the park animals didn't seem to mind the cold or the rain. Hermione saw several squirrels dashing up and down the trees and even a family of ducks, a mother and three little ducklings, crossing the path in front of them. Malfoy aimed a kick at the closest duck, only missing it because Hermione pulled him back in the last second.

"Now really, Malfoy," she admonished. "The poor duckling hasn't done anything to you."

Malfoy jerked free of her grasp and continued walking.

"Do you know what day it is?" he asked.

"Yeah, I do," Hermione answered quietly. It was the third of November, the anniversary of Narcissa Malfoy's death. Draco's mother had been killed the same year that Harry defeated Voldemort. Not all of the Death Eaters had been captured during the battle of Hogwarts, and the few Death Eaters still at large had quickly figured out that Narcissa Malfoy must have lied when she had proclaimed Harry Potter dead. Narcissa's murder had been their revenge.

When Draco began to slow down, Hermione sat on one of the benches near the lake and continued to eat her fish and chips, trying to give Draco some space. Draco stared out on the lake, unseeingly.

"The night before her murder, I was supposed to have dinner with my parents. Only I cancelled because I had better plans," he mumbled.

Not sure whether he was talking to her or himself, Hermione waited.

"It would have been my last opportunity to see her," Draco hissed angrily.

"You couldn't have known," Hermione offered, but Draco didn't seem to hear her.

"The bloody cowards hit her in the back. She didn't even see them coming."

Loosing what little control he had left, Draco began swearing loudly and kicked the edge of the park bench upon which Hermione was sitting—repeatedly—desperately trying to find an outlet for some of his anger. Hermione calmly cast a cushioning charm on the bench so he wouldn't hurt himself.

"This is so fucking unfair," Draco screamed. "She didn't deserve this."

It took a long time until he finally calmed down enough to stop abusing the park bench, but eventually Draco ceased kicking and shouting. Breathing hard, he stood in the rain, his back turned to Hermione, looking out on the lake once more.

"I'm sorry, Malfoy," Hermione said. Draco looked back at her, blinking, as if he had forgotten that she was there.

"Why do you care?" he asked derisively.

"Your mother saved Harry's life that day of the battle," Hermione replied simply.

"She did it to save me," Draco said, and Hermione could see him shudder.

"Yeah, I know. Harry told me."

Draco sat down on the bench beside Hermione, shoulders slumped. The fight seemed to have completely gone out of him. Hermione extended her shielding charm around Draco as well and magically dried his soaked clothes, so he wouldn't get sick.

"It's just not fair," Draco muttered. Hermione remained quietly sitting by his side.

"You might want to give your secretary a raise if she hasn't quit by tomorrow," Hermione finally said when Draco stayed silent. He snorted.

"She gets one every November."

Hermione smiled.

"Want some?" she asked, offering her half-eaten fish and chips.

"Thanks, Granger."

The End

A/N: Reviews are love. I promise no ducklings have been harmed during the writing of this drabble. :)