

Narcissa's Saga

by Amita

A tale of Narcissa Malfoy nee Black.

Chapter 1 of 1

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What was the beginning,
or how did things start?

What was there before?

There was a woman called Narcissa the fairest daughter of Cygnus surnamed Black who amassed property in the city. Narcissa had two sisters: Bellatrix a vixen on wheels and Andromeda a devoted grandmother. Narcissa's great great grandfather was Phineus the Learned. His great grandfather was Flossi, a spiteful man who tried to reintroduce snakes into Ireland. Flossi was a descendant of the renowned Guthren who brought mead to the Isles and fought trolls.

Now the story shifts to the East where Pierre the Stout won the contest but offended his hosts by the prodigious feat of consuming a barrel of Sauvignon Blanc at a great feast in Paris while forgetting to first salute the guest of honor. Pierre fled across the channel, taking the chest of prize money and a few other trinkets that were lying around loose. His great grandson Hrakir took the surname Malfoy. Hrakir Malfoy crushed apples to ferment into cider and his lifelong friend was Erik 'Skull Splitter' Jones whose descendant's tale is told in the Indiana Saga. From this humble beginning and the inherited ability to acquire loose trinkets, the family prospered until the only decent match for Lucius Malfoy was the fair Narcissa.

Narcissa and Lucius married and lived happily until the fateful day that Harry 'Receiver of Gifts' Potter struck down Tom 'Thief of Death' Riddle as told in Phoenix Saga. Harry is now out of the story. So is the Thief of Death.

But the period of celebration was short.

"Only a short while is a hand glad of the blow," said Lucius.

Narcissa was caught in the doldrums that follow any war even though she and her family emerged almost unscathed. She moped about the house.

"Sorrow is lightened by being brought out openly," said Lucius.

She told him of her boredom and her longing for human interaction and her desire to see her countrymen cheerful again, but she was afraid he would find her plans frivolous. She did not want to be seen as a woman of no substance.

"Festivals are a time of fortune," said Lucius.

Then she went to work with a will, contacting comely persons of both sexes who, by the fickle hand of fate, found themselves alone when the conflict had ended. They would provide gay and attractive companionship at important gatherings, and they could grace the arms and reputation of those who had paid a small fee for the service. With her husband's advice, she immediately adopted a 'nom de procureess.'

"Forethought is better than afterthought," said Lucius.

An initial triumph was enlisting the Weasleys who had figured prominently in the Phoenix Saga but who had gone their separate ways. Hermione escorted state officials and entertained them with ancient tales and castle lore while Ronald accompanied impressionable young women who basked in his presence. Narcissa never inquired what happened after the official event.

"Many a trifle happens at eve," said Lucius.

Not every effort was a success. She hunted down Percy Weasley and tempted him with large and frequent fees since she knew that many witches would pay handsomely to have such a handsome prodigal son as an escort. The lucky witches could also enjoy the consequent rumors that perhaps they had enticed the most famous prig of the age into improper behavior. Percy angrily refused and continued to sulk.

"There are few more certain tokens of ill than not to know how to accept the good," said Lucius.

Narcissa began to lament the absence of the most notorious witch of the age. Her oldest sister would have been a sensation on the circuit, but her helpmate cut off her gloomy thoughts.

"Ill it is to sit lamenting for what cannot be had," said Lucius

While she was riding the wave of success, her husband suggested she visit her older sister and attempt amends. Andromeda not only gave her a friendly greeting but lamented that she needed a social life. Narcissa had a suggestion. Her stately sister was much sought after because of her beauty and the air of dignity she had because of her melancholy over her losses during the war.

"Bare is the back without a brother," said Lucius.

Narcissa, however, misinterpreted his sympathetic comment as a double quip about their family's misfortune and her sister's sexual preferences. There was coolness between them for a while. He made it up to her by recruiting Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil who proved extremely popular because of their happy dispositions and their inventiveness in the late hours.

"Many a fair skin hides a foul mind," said Lucius.

As time passed, Miss Brown and Miss Patil, instead of running out of ideas and becoming fatigued, were becoming more creative and energetic. Narcissa started to worry they were not waiting a decent interval after the official event before fulfilling all the implied promises to the customers.

"Idlers wait until evening," said Lucius.

Feeling daring and noticing the two fair damsels were succeeding, Narcissa recruited Macnair when he was released from prison to attend the more jaded ladies of the court.

"He was a beast by day even if he again became a man at night," said Lucius.

Seeing all the money passing through her hands, Narcissa naturally wanted to keep the lioness's share, but she was counseled to pay her escorts well and not inquire about any extra tips they might receive. Her business prospered.

"Luck follows generosity," said Lucius.

From a prompt by MuseAmusant: A bored Narcissa acquires a business.

The comments by Lucius are quotes from Icelandic sagas.