

# Oh, My Darling, Bellatrix

*by MHaydn*

The wandfight at the OK Corral. Somewhat AU.

## *Chapter 1 of 1*

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Three weary cowblokes topped the ridge and looked down on the sleepy town.

The setting sun cast their shadows from the end of Main Street to the swinging doors of The Hound and The Goose where they tied their horses and strolled in.

"A pint of bitters."

"A glass of sherry."

"A butterbeer."

"And who might you be ma'm?" they asked the lady serving the drinks.

"The name's Bellatrix La Starre, the owner of this here place, but don't go to a' houndin' me or a' goosin' me 'cause I'm with that man in the corner shufflin' cards, and he's already riled 'cause he's just back from deliverin' a foal and a grandson to Old Man Malfoy."

"Mighty convenient timing."

"He don't see it that way," said La Starre, "and he'll shoot a man quicker'n he'd pull his back molar."

"Them back molars are frightful hard to get out, ma'am."

The trio sauntered over to the corner table.

"Howdy Strangers, I'm Doc Severday.

"Virgil Weasley."

"Neville Longhorn."

"Harry Earp."

"God bless you. You shouldn't drink your sherry so fast," said Doc.

"Earp, not urp."

"I beg your pardon," said Doc. "Care to join me in a game?"

"What brings you to town?" asked Doc after he had dealt the cards.

"We're looking for the bounders what nicked our herd of snorkacks," said Harry.

"Snorkacks? Why'd anyone want to rustle them? They're mean and ornery and hardly an ounce of meat on them."

"It was dark," said Neville.

"Do you know any low-downs who might have taken them?" asked Virgil.

"When I arrived at Old Man Malfoy's, all his boys were gone," said Doc, "but just before I left, they arrived looking sneaky, and they had some secret news for Old Man Malfoy."

He leaned closer. "But watch yourselves. I think Belle is in cahoots with them slimy gits."

They watched as Belle called a young boy over, slipped him a tip, and sent him off with a message.

The next day, as Neville, Virgil, and Harry were tucking into their bangers and mash, a youngster ran into The Hound and The Goose shouting, "The Malfoys are coming. The Malfoys are coming."

"Where's Doc?" asked Harry.

"Upstairs playing The Starre and The Geese," suggested Neville.

The four finally gathered and met the Malfoy bunch by the OK Corral.

"You be accusing me and my kind of be taking your stinking snorkacks," said Old Man Malfoy.

"The circumstances are suspicious," said Doc.

"You be stickin' your nose where it be not wanted," said Old Man Malfoy. "It be a big target, and it be easy to shoot off."

"We only want the snorkacks back," said Harry.

"I no be seeing no snorkacks," said Old Man Malfoy.

"Paleface speak with forked tongue," accused Virgil, and the battle was on.

The first to strike was Deadeye Draco who fired his dreaded limp-dick hex at Neville, but Longhorn saved himself and his name by twisting to the side. The dastardly spell, however, struck him in the hip, and he went down. He is now out of the battle.

Unknown to Quickdraw McNair, his wand had a splinter, and when he yelled his badass spell and tried to draw at the same time, it stuck in his back pocket and he blew his own bad ass off. He yelled again and ran to the water trough in front of the The Hound and The Goose. He is now out of the battle.

"Yoo hoo, Doc," cried La Starre, stepping out of the alley and flashing her skirt. Mesmerized by a glimpse of ankle, Doc did not see Rowdy Rudolphus take deadly aim at his waistcoat. The spell struck, and a pack of playing cards scattered into the wind.

"Go! darn, Belle, that was my best deck," said Doc as he flung his unfastening spell. Famous was he throughout the land for his intimate hexes. Belle's bloomers fell to the street. She screeched.

"You ... you ... polecat," she hurled at him as she ducked back into the alley. She is now out of the battle.

Seeing one of the cards float to the ground beside him, Old Man Malfoy smirked at Doc. "I be marking this," he said as he be stomping on a Joker.

"That be my favorite wild card," growled Doc as he be once again flinging his favorite hex. Old Man Malfoy's trousers and pants be falling to the ground.

Old Man Malfoy be hopping out of sight behind the nearest shed, be pausing to shake his fist at Doc, and be shouting, "That be no fittin' way for a man to be fightin'." He be now out of the battle.

Deadeye and Rowdy, facing two-to-three odds, slowly backed away. "I just happened to see a herd of snorkacks in Knockturn Gulch," said Deadeye before the two turned and dashed out of sight.

"A likely story," Virgil shouted after him, but the battle was over.

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Prompt from ladyinthecloak: Potter characters in a Western setting.