

Master of All

by MiHnn

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Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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It wasn't supposed to be like this.

They were supposed to question him and his family, believe their story of seeking for repentance, and give them praise for standing against the Dark Lord and aligning themselves with Potter's childish raid. The Ministry was supposed to be fair and understanding - the opposite of the power hungry menace that threatened the lives of wizards and witches for decades. For Merlin's sake, they were supposed to be grateful. Grateful for the help that his mother provided by declaring the Boy Who Lived as dead. Grateful for him not saying that he recognized the pesky Gryffindors who came into the Manor and challenged his loyalty. Yes! The Ministry should be grateful.

On some subconscious level, he might have expected praise. Failing which, a grudging respect or even the neutrality of a passing glare. But not this. Never this.

He never expected to be grabbed by several Aurors the moment the Dark Lord fell, falling to his knees as his hands were wrenched violently behind him, his wand instantly confiscated by a sneering wizard. He never expected to be dragged mercilessly away from the ruins of his old school only to be forced into Side-Along-Apparition and then thrown into the holding cells within the Ministry. He never expected to be taken into custody along with his parents for the years serving the mad man who they saw fall to his death. He never expected to be denied of a fair trial and simply incarcerated amongst the other Death Eaters - the lower level scum - while they waited for the judgment of the Minister. The Minister, who was out congratulating the fallen troops, tending to the injured and recovering the bodies of the dead. This might have all happened to his surprise, but nothing surprised him more than the look he received from the all too perfect Potter.

He could have said something. Draco *expected* him to say something. He was the Boy Who Lived, the boy who cheated death so many bloody times that his mortality should be questioned. Draco knew of what he and his mother had done that ultimately led to the Chosen One's precious victory. It was their contribution to the bloody battle, and he didn't even stop the Aurors from grabbing them. He had simply watched, his eyes guarded as he held his best friends, while the person who pretended not to know him when his own life was on the line, was dragged away. At that brief moment, their eyes had met and he told Potter in no uncertain terms through the sneer in his face and the utter disgust in his gaze *exactly* what he thought of him.

They were kept in the holding cells for hours. He paced back and forth in agitation along the tiny cell while his father stayed silent, convinced of his own demise by the Dementor's Kiss. His mother sat primly while speaking soft words of encouragement and hope, almost as if her own voice might calm her nerves. When they were finally visited by a Ministry official, it was only to receive the news that judgment had been passed. His mother was to be released with her wand snapped and magic prohibited, while he and his father were to occupy Azkaban with all the other supporters who bore the Dark Mark. His imprisonment was to be five years long, while his father had been given a lifelong sentence with no Dementor's Kiss. His father had looked at him with hollow eyes then, and he knew that the man he always looked up to preferred

death at the hands of the Dark Lord over this pathetic existence. His hope truly dwindled then.

It was the first time he was separated from his family since his father's escape from Azkaban. The irony of serving the next five years behind bars wasn't lost on him. He had gone from being a prisoner of Malfoy Manor to a prisoner on a remote island, expected to spend his days with the other Death Eaters who ate meals with him and his family.

He was given filthy striped robes before he was shoved unceremoniously into the cell that was to be his home for half a decade. The initial smell of filth and decay did nothing to improve his mood. There was one small window that let in light, but it was too high to offer any distraction. He could hear the waves as they crashed against the rocks and smell the distinct scent of the salted ocean, but he would never be able to see it. He was to spend his days watching the dark walls that made up his eight by five foot cell. He briefly wondered if he would go mad within a few months. Maybe that would be better than sanely counting down the days until he was to be released.

The loud slam of the prison door shook him out of his reverie. This was it then. This was his home.