

Dwerzilburgs

by Aislyn

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Only

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Draco Malfoy spent years after the war keeping as busy as possible with the far-reaching affairs of Malfoy Industries. He ran from the judgment he saw seated in the eyes of his contemporaries until he realized it was a reflection of his own self-recrimination. He returned home older, more worldly, and haunted.

Restlessness had driven him out of the Manor early today, and he wandered through Diagon Alley, dazed and reeling from the familiarity of the place, but amazed by the differences. A coffee shop now brightly occupied the storefront where Ollivander's wand shop had always been. Elegant looping script proclaimed Furzeling Dwerzilburg's Bistro open for business.

A strong cup of coffee would bring welcome fortitude. The Manor's house-elves were painfully incapable of brewing a decent cuppa. Steeling himself against unwanted memories that might assail him, Draco straightened his shoulders and stepped inside. He was immediately seduced by the aroma of dark, rich coffee and chocolate pastries. A counter girl took his order, and Draco deposited himself at a table with a view of the storefront window. The passersby occupied his thoughts so much that he was startled by the arrival of his house blend and scone. He glanced up, expecting to see the girl from the order counter, and instead found Luna Lovegood. He froze in astonishment and agony.

"Draco, you look well," Luna said softly.

"Luna, I—"

"Do you like my shop?" she asked lightly.

"Your shop? I-I had no idea," Draco stammered.

"Oh, yes. You see—" Luna paused and nudged the chair next to him out and perched delicately on the edge of the seat before continuing, "Mr. Ollivander and I had a game we played to keep our spirits up. We talked about what we would like to eat when we had our first opportunity after we got out of the dungeons." Luna's tone carried no recrimination, just an implied intimacy that Draco would understand her reference without her having to explain further. "I wanted plum pudding, and he wanted hot cocoa. When we did get out and had the chance, I made him plum pudding and we drank hot cocoa and it was the best meal I have ever had. When he passed away he left me his store, and I couldn't think of anything else I'd rather spend my days doing than being here and making the things we dreamt about."

Draco's eyes begged a thousand pardons, but his throat was too constricted to let him speak.

"Draco, you were a prisoner there as much as we were. And no one came to rescue you. I know you came down to look in on us. On me."

Draco remembered how he had found Luna sleeping on the stone floor. He hadn't been able to still his hand from touching her hair or stop his tears as he had silently begged for her forgiveness.

Leaning forward, Luna kissed Draco's cheek and whispered, "Thank you for that."