

The Forgotten Vow

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A Bet

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus' eyes nearly bugged out of his head. He couldn't believe Lucius was serious, but it had been an Unbreakable Vow, after all. It didn't matter if they were twelve or that it was a completely inappropriate bet, but there it was, and the deadline was in two weeks.

Actually, he was glad Lucius had reminded him of it. The repercussions were quite serious for something so stupid. If Narcissa hadn't found Lucius' box of old journals, they would have all forgotten about it, and he'd be a dead man.

He looked at the clock before sighing deeply. He snatched up his finest black cloak and threw a handful of Floo Powder into his fireplace.

"Malfoy Manor!"

There was no way he was going to do this without Lucius. It was his fault, anyway.

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"I despise you; you know that, don't you?" Severus growled under his breath.

"Not even that could bother me right now," Lucius said happily. "Now remember! No magic!"

Severus whipped a deflated beach ball out from under his robes. Lucius' eyebrows went up as Severus blew it up and stuck it under his cloak. He hunched over it and began wobbling towards the Muggle grocer, Lucius' borrowed walking stick in his grasp.

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"Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Lucius asked as they walked up the drive to the Manor, a frozen turkey in Severus' arms.

"I had to hunt all over for a place without cameras," Severus snorted. "And the stock-boy was paying attention to a young lady who was trying to entice him into coming over for a home-cooked meal after his shift was over."

"Lucky you." Lucius smirked. "But if I remember correctly it was a two-part bet."

"I hate you," Severus grumbled.

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Lucius waited on a hillside, cloaked in darkness and shadow. A twig snapped to his right, and he whipped his head around to see another figure. It lowered the hood of its cloak, and Lucius winced.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Minerva McGonagall asked, drawing her slim figure up to her full height.

"Uh..." Lucius fumbled.

"Shh!" She shushed him. "There he goes!"

Lucius kept quiet, but still looked bewildered. He turned to look out at the field and heard Minerva beside him, trying to muffle her giggles.

A small flock of sheep milled about the field; a figure in a badly transfigured sheep costume crept towards them.

Lucius barked out a laugh, but McGonagall quickly slapped a hand over his mouth.

They watched the figure approach, only to have the flock scatter. It seemed to pantomime grazing, and after some time, the flock formed again and the figure was once again on the move.

This happened several times before the sheep got used to him. He crept closer, and suddenly, one of the sheep began glowing pink.

Lucius and Minerva squealed as quietly as they could as the rest of the sheep began glowing, one by one.

Finally, there was a flash of light, and the sheep once again scattered. The figure left the field quickly, dragging an unconscious—dead?—sheep by its back legs towards a small grove of trees.

Minerva and Lucius scrambled from their lookout to where they saw Severus disappear. They met him halfway, and Lucius chuckled to see the sheep levitating behind Severus.

"No one ever said anything about magic when regarding the sheep." Severus sniffed.

Lucius and Minerva both snickered as they began the trek back to Hogsmede.

"All that over a childhood bet?" Minerva sighed and raised an eyebrow at them.

"We wanted to try an Unbreakable Vow and that's what we came up with," Lucius laughed.

"We figured with graduation a few years away it would just happen naturally at some point." Severus winced.

Minerva shook her head at them. "Take your stolen goods to the house elves. They'll make something out of this preposterousness, I'm sure."

The men looked chagrined, but continued the walk to the school, leaving Minerva to walk in the direction of the town pub.

"We did one for you, too!" Severus remembered as they walked down the gravel road. "What was it?"

"I think I had to kiss all of the Black girls and be publicly seen in a dress." Lucius snickered.

Severus snorted. "Stag night and the day of your wedding. Lucky bastard."

"It's not like I plan it," Lucius said casually. "It just always ends up that way."

The sound of Severus' grumbling echoed through the area as they marched up to Hogwarts to turn over their ill-gotten goods.

-- For Linlawless and Saturday Night Drabbles --

a frozen turkey, a sheep, and theft