

Vampire!Severus 2: Rides Again

by MHaydn

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The blond stranger rode like a sun-drenched messiah down the Main Street of Hamlet-on-Prairie-Edge with an air of soon possessing everything he saw and with his grey eyes promising an end to maidenhood for every filly in the valley. His son, riding beside him, was even blonder and taller and perhaps quicker on the draw. There was little to choose between them.

The farmer's daughter, watching from the doorway of the Post Office, was temporarily distracted from thoughts of the Dark Stranger.

"Not bad," said the editor.

Cho beamed.

"Of course, it needs a bit more emotional depth," said the editor, "But that's nothing a first-class writer can't accomplish after she's had her morning coffee or three."

Upon which, the two sashayed over to the Caffeine Palace, leaving the manuscript to be discovered by the other team players.

"I wonder what the editor will drop into this," said Theo.

"After she's tanked on cappuccino?" asked Biff. "I shudder to think."

"But we can help her out," said Theo. "At the moment, there's only this smart and independent-minded lady. A little more variety in the witch department should offer more emotional possibilities."

"Unless she wants to write a feminine fantasy about an intelligent woman being pursued by three sex gods," said Biff.

"I'm certain she's more of a writer than a woman," said Theo.

"That's been my experience," said Biff.

"Then she'll welcome any literary opportunities we offer," said Theo. "We should provide something that stirs Cho's soul, too."

"A character named Zing Yi Zang of raven hair and smoldering eyes?" asked Biff. "No, that's too stereotyped. But it's still a good idea to make a sympathetic offering to show them we're not the heartless purveyors of adventure they believe us to be. Let me give it a try."

Pansy and Parvati, ladies from across the great waters, sat in the corner of The Ram and The Puma, nursing their port and walnuts and looking as tempting

and dangerous as two gold nuggets in a nest of rattlers. A miner, fresh in from the hills, full of sherry, and feeling as lonely as a Vicar in Dartmoor on Easter Sunday approached them as curious and cautious as a coyote approaching a brand new outhouse.

Theo skimmed through what Biff had written. "Dang, that's good."

Biff leaned back with a sigh of relief. "You know, being sensitive really takes it out of a bloke."

"We deserve an espresso," said Theo.

"Dang tootin', we do," agreed Biff. "We deserve more than that. Let's grab some port and walnuts at The Ram and The Puma."

"That's the pub in the story," said Theo.

"I keep forgetting," said Biff.

An hour later, a third pair of eyes skimmed over the narrative.

"Forsooth," said Cho, contemplating the arc of the story. "If the boys think they are the only ones who can be both sensitive and adventurous, they have another think coming."

It didn't take long for Pansy and Parvati to notice the Dark Stranger and conclude he may have had something to do with the rumored disappearance of the Court House records. It didn't take long for Lucius and Draco to notice that Pansy and Parvati were eyeing the Dark Stranger with something besides romance on their mind. It didn't take any of them long to notice the farmer's daughter eyeing the Dark Stranger.

"He must have hid the records in Hermione's boudoir," said Lucius to Draco.

"He probably concealed the deeds in milady's chambers," said Pansy to Parvati.

"Tonight is the dark of the moon," said Draco.

"Tonight will be overcast," said Parvati.

It didn't take long for the Dark Stranger to notice the newcomers noticing everything, and he, too, knew it would be a dark and stormy night.

As the clouds obscured the stars and everything became black, Parvati had a bright idea. "Everyone will think we're girls and too timid to charge straight into the fray. We can surprise them all and gain the upper hand by being bold."

"Good plan," said Pansy.

Draco had also given the matter some thought. "Everyone will think that we think that everyone will think that we're audacious and charge straight into a fray, and everyone will then think that we think we can fool everyone by being circumspect. Hence, we can out think everyone by being daring."

"Good plan," said Lucius.

From his hiding place in the bushes, the Dark Stranger watched two pairs fearlessly charge into the fray only to collide with the other pair.

"Get out of the way!"

"Get off my foot!"

There was a flash of illumination and an instant of recognition, followed by four bodies diving for cover.

Flashes from the wands joined the flashes from the lightning as all four beat a retreat, leaving the Dark Stranger to wonder what had happened.

The editor was thinking the tale needed a bit of deep reflection for a proper balance.

How rewarding it would be to an author to relate that the harrowing escapade from which our protagonists barely escaped did touch the more reflective parts of their intellect and infuse the fiber of their being in such a manner that it brought about a more rational assessment of the situation they were all in and a realization that a modicum of good faith and cooperation would net all of them more of what they desired than the devious schemes they were all now planning, which, all of them were certain, were based on their own superior skill and cunning and which, all of them were certain, would garner them the lion's share of the spoils, and which, all of them presumed, would leave their competitors no viable recourse, even though the lesson of history was that no opposing group was ever completely vanquished, and while the winner assumed the victory was due to his skill, the ones left behind argued that it was simply luck, and with this disparity of outlook, the woe visited upon all by those fighting for both revenge and a rightful place under the sun far outweighed any temporary gain by those who once thought themselves on top.

Biff was shaking his head. "We can't end like that, but I'm all used up in the sensitivity department. What about you, Theo? Can you give it a try?"

The next morning, a sleepy Hermione arrived in town and went straight to the Caffeine Palace where she joined a yawning Dark Stranger.

"Did the storm keep you up, too?" she asked. "That was the most ferocious display of lightning I've ever tried to sleep through."

"Disturbances are in the air," said the Dark Stranger.

The farmer's daughter was thinking that city slickers never said anything that made sense.

Author's Note: from readers' requests to see the blond wizards.