

Vampire!Severus 3: Bounty Hunters

by MHaydn

They ride and shoot like a hundred.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"What can I get for you?"

After serving two sherries, the barkeep of The Ram and The Puma asked what brought the two to Hamlet-on-Prairie-Edge.

"We're selling insurance," said Lucius.

"I've heard of that," said the barkeep. "Isn't that like the numbers game they play in New York City?"

"It's similar," said Draco, "only the numbers game is more fun."

"We could use some fun around here," said the barkeep.

"What would you bet on?" asked Lucius.

"There's how long the farmer's daughter remains a virgin," suggested the barkeep.

"I appreciate your rustic sense of humor," said Lucius. "Speaking of which, isn't that her driving into town with a wagon load of hay?"

Running a comb through his freshly washed hair, Draco announced that he could go help her unload the bales.

"*Giuoco Piano*," exclaimed the editor, looking over Theo's latest effort. "Those boys shouldn't be let near a plot development."

How often it is that we of the gentler souls do hope for a good outcome even though an indifferent world seems intent on bruising our already damaged psyches, and thus it was that the innocent daughter of a farmer was enjoying the company of a young man who had helped her stack the bales of hay in the shed adjoining the stable and who was now revealing himself to be of chivalric nature by carrying the goods bought at the General Store back to her wagon, and she was admiring his cleanliness and the free flowing strands of his freshly washed hair, for we of the weaker frame do know that that such outward signs often indicate one of refined spirit, and it was in this state of mind that our earnest maiden was surprised by his declaring that she must be sweeter than the jar of molasses he was toting – are not our heads commonly turned by these clever remarks so adroitly dropped into an ordinary routine – and so overwhelmed was she by this lofty sentiment that she hardly noticed his placing the jug on top of the bales and taking her hand to lead her behind the stack where he might pay more attention to her charms that had been so long ignored, but the cruel universe took a hand when a thunder of hooves interrupted an interlude that all of us of the kind disposition believe does not occur as regularly as it should.

"You'll have to carry on from here, Cho," said the editor. "Try to keep up the tension I've created."

Many pairs of eyes looked up as a group of horsemen thundered into town.

"It's Bounty Killers, Inc.," said Hermione.

"There're only six of them," said Draco.

"But they ride and shoot like a hundred," said Hermione. "We better get behind the bales of hay."

Unfortunately, the first round from the bounty hunters cracked the jug of molasses which poured over Draco's blond locks. A second burst shattered most of the windows in the buildings and one of the bales. Straw and dirt settled over the younger Malfoy. Anger welled up in the youth as he thought unspeakable thoughts.

The invaders had gathered in front of the pub.

"Send out the Vampire," yelled the chief-bounty-hunter.

"We ain't got 'im," yelled back the barkeep.

"We mean business," yelled the deputy-chief-bounty-hunter.

"We still ain't got 'im," yelled back Lucius

In response, the weapons-bounty-hunter fired a mortar through the swinging doors of The Ram and The Puma. The patrons ducked for cover.

The bystanders, however, did not remain uninvolved.

Hermione pulled out a long barreled Colt 45 and began plunking away at the unwelcome visitors.

Where was she hiding that? wondered Draco.

Pansy, from the second story window at the hotel, reached under her petticoats, grabbed an Uzi, and emptied a magazine in the general direction of the intruders.

Parvati, meanwhile, had dug beneath her cache of support bras and found her M79 grenade launcher. She sent a shell into the middle of the town square.

"They're scaring our horses," said the deputy-chief-bounty-hunter.

The bounty hunters mounted and rode out of town, but not before the chief-bounty-hunter had shaken his fist at the inhabitants and declared, "We'll be back."

Biff, examined the efforts of Cho and the editor, made a sympathetic sigh, and said, "The poor dears have exhausted themselves writing an action sequence. Well, the least I can do is to try and wrap things up."

The Dark Stranger strolled back into the wreckage of Hamlet-on-Prairie-Edge like a tourist visiting a capital city after a coup d'etat.

Taking in the damage, he did what any sensible person would do and headed for the pub where the rest of the citizens had gathered. They were sitting at tables and discussing the hole in the floor left by the mortar round as intently as a crowd reviewing a ball game that the home team had narrowly lost.

He sat at an empty table, but before he could order, he was joined by two women.

"Where have you been?" they asked.

"Gathering wild strawberries," said the Dark Stranger. "Did I miss something?"

"Not much," said the two women. "You certainly picked a lot of berries."

"I got carried away," said the Dark Stranger.

"Care for some sugar on your berries?" asked Parvati.

"And sweet cream?" added Pansy.

Theo gave the senior writer a sensitive thumbs-up as Biff gratefully laid down his pen.

From a prompt from MuseAmusant: Freshly washed hair, wild strawberries, a bale of hay.

Author's Note: apologies for the late submission, but Saturday night was elsewhere.