

# Vampire!Severus 5: Buckaroo

*by MHaydn*

What evil lurks in the hearts of a team of writers?

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Will you write another prologue for us? You do it so well," said Cho.

Theo agreed even though he thought he was succumbing to flattery. He yearned to produce some romantic or adventurous climax. As he took up his pen, however, Cho tentatively placed her hands on his shoulders.

"You'll stay and help, won't you?" he asked.

The Dark Stranger was sitting under a shade tree, and he and the two girls were sampling a special brew of coffee when the two ranchers strode up.

"Did you kill that varmint?" asked the first rancher.

"Did you bring us his head?" asked the second.

"We came to an arrangement," said the Dark Stranger. "You should lose no more cattle or only an occasional few."

"That wasn't our agreement," said the first rancher.

"You owe us," said the second.

"There was no agreement. There was no remuneration. I offered to help, and I did," said the Dark Stranger. "You can go after the werewolf if you want, but be prepared to lose half a dozen men and perhaps your own lives."

As the two ranchers left, Parvati spoke up. "I like what you did."

"Yes," said Pansy. "We've been afraid of you, afraid you're a killer."

"I usually am," said the Dark Stranger. "It must be the influence of the present company."

"You've got to come see us this afternoon," said the two girls.

"We have cookies."

At the same time, Hermione was approaching the Malfoys who appeared to be in an intense discussion.

"Am I interrupting a financial argument?" she asked.

"We're debating whether or not to carry guns," said Lucius.

"We want to present ourselves as businessmen coming to gentlemanly arrangements," said Draco, "but if those bounty hunters return, we don't want others to do our fighting for us."

Thinking of gentlemanly stuff, Hermione felt embarrassed that she was wearing overalls and a plaid shirt. What a sight she must be. But Lucius and Draco asked what she was about and offered to help her make her deliveries of milk and eggs.

Meanwhile, the gang-of-six, who could ride and shoot like a hundred, had spent the previous evening getting juiced up with bagpipe war chants and were thundering through Skull Gulch to their appointment with fate.

Biff looked at the prologue with dismay. This was carrying the demand for sensitivity too far.

The girls had brought in coffee and a tray of cookies before joining the Dark Stranger on the couch. He felt like a basalt column between two rose bushes.

Parvati broke off a piece of oatmeal cookie and fed it to him.

She said, "Pay the price."

She was leaning toward him. Her face looked as inviting as a butterscotch pudding to someone who hadn't had dessert in months. A shock went through him as her warm and soft lips connected with his.

"Oh, that was good," said Parvati. "You deserve a second bite."

"We're to take turns," said Pansy, offering him the second bite.

Pansy was a pale visage framed by raven hair. The light in her eyes offered him a way out of a long, dark tunnel.

During subsequent rounds, their breast brushed against him as they collected the cookie toll. They were flushed.

"Don't worry, sweetie, we have lots of cookies," they told him, "plus coffee made with our special roast."

He felt like a basalt column between two ivies, English ivies with their tendrils gripping his rough surface and covering his sharp edges with tenderness.

Meanwhile, a posse of hard cases was galloping across Widow Mesa.

The editor was thinking the other writers had left the most difficult passage for her, and she was thinking she should temper her anger with the thought that it was a compliment.

How does one begin to tell the tale of a wondrous episode, a marvelous unfolding of events, while knowing, despite their splendor, that not all readers will be able to overcome their preconceptions, their shallow prejudices, and appreciate what transpired when Lucius and Draco, after helping the farmer's daughter with her deliveries did, in full sincerity, deliver their own high opinion of the young maiden, and woe to those among us who cannot have sympathy for a young girl receiving such heartfelt and, at the time, seemingly innocent comments on her character that soon turned to her attractiveness that could not be concealed even though she wore but a flannel shirt and patched overalls, and certainly, it was only her maiden sense of modesty that caused her to take them in hand and lead them behind the haystack where they could whisper intimate suggestions in her ear without them being overheard by crass louts who could never understand the refined sentiments that fired her soul as their welcome caresses enflamed her corporeal self until her inner being was vibrating like the ground under the hooves of the desperados charging through Dead Man Pass.

Cho prepared herself for the challenge; she was determined not to let Theo down.

It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon with families gathering for dinner, spooning couples picnicking by the river, and Lucius with some good old boys admiring the recent shipment of vintage brandy in The Ram and The Puma. Hermione had just accepted Draco's gracious offer to help her off her buckboard when the peace was broken by the gang-of-six, who could ride and shoot like a hundred, thundering into town. The only person in sight was a young lady crossing the street that the gang felt bad about running down, but business was business.

"Yahoo," went the head-bounty-hunter, "we caught them with their pants down."

Pants may have been down, but the young lady's skirts were up.

The gang-of-six, treated to a sight they had not expected to see outside a bordello, failed to notice the glint of metal that appeared in the young lady's hand. Neither did they notice a golden-skinned lady running into the street trying to untangle something.

"You can't have him!" yelled Pansy.

"Get down," shouted Hermione, grabbing Draco and pulling him to the ground as a spray of bullets reinforced Pansy's declaration.

Several whizzed overhead where Draco had been, several more tore through the front axle of the buckboard, and a few more perforated the water trough in front of the General Store.

As Pansy clicked in another magazine, the gang-of-six, who could ride and shoot like a hundred, were recovering from a glimpse of the best pair of ankles north of the Rio Grande and were turning their horses around when another burst took out the church's stained glass windows and destroyed the consignment of vintage brandy. A final round zipped through the front door of the bed-and-breakfast, flew past the customers cowering under the tables, and sent sparks flying in the kitchen.

Parvati had finally untangled her lace bra from the M79's firing mechanism.

"BHAGAVAGITA!"

The crump of the grenade and the thunder of fleeing hooves were followed by silence. The cook for the bed-and-breakfast began putting out the fires, the last bit of water gurgled out of the horse trough, and the left front wheel of the buckboard broke away from the axle, spilling the contents of the carriage into the street. In The Ram and The Puma, Lucius was sitting in the middle of shattered brandy bottles, weeping.

Draco let out his breath. "Pansy's out of ammo, I hope."

Hermione shook her head in admiration. "She's the most feared gun in all the West."

Cho and the editor were grinning. Let the boys top that.