

Veelantine Surprise

by unseenlibrarian

After sharing a New Year's Eve kiss with Hermione Granger, Draco Malfoy begins a journey of self-discovery. Who knew a male Veela would suffer such trials and tribulations as he pursues his mate?

Happy New Year

Chapter 1 of 1

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"There is no surprise more magical than the surprise of being loved." Charles Morgan

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Contrary to common belief, Veela are not exclusively female. Male Veela do exist, though they are quite uncommon, one being born only every few decades. Female Veela occasionally have sons, and once in a very great while a male will be born to a witch with Veela ancestry in her or her husband's bloodline. Full-blooded male Veela are extremely rare and are closely guarded by the Veela community. In the wizarding world, any Veela-like male you encounter will be a human-Veela hybrid. The young man may not even be aware of his ancestry until his Veela genes are awakened and his physical appearance changes. When this occurs, it is usually in a sudden, dramatic fashion.

– from The Care, Feeding, and Breeding of Veela, by Prof. W. Grubbly-Plank

Sunday, January 1, 2006

Blaise,

What in the hell did you put in the punch at the Ministry's New Year's Eve party last night? I've got the mother of all headaches and it's making me see things. Come to my flat, pronto.

Your best friend, Draco

P.S. Give Archimedes some owl treats, would you? Goyle's eaten all of our stash again.

P. P. S. Happy Freakin' New Year.

X~~~X

Dear BFF Draco,

Seriously? No. I'm staying right here. Unlike you, I persuaded some willing women to accompany me home after the party. The Patil twins 'slept' over last night and we still have some New Year's Resolutions to break.

I didn't put anything in the punch. You always drink too much at these events; if you're hungover or still pissed, it's your own damn fault.

Your otherwise-engaged best friend, Blaise

P. S. Archie is gorging himself on owl treats as I write this. When's the last time you fed him? You owe me twenty Galleons for what he's eating.

P. P. S. It is a happy new year, bro; I'm surrounded by girl flesh.

X~~~X

Auror Zabini –

Get over here, now. It's more than a hangover. I would like your opinion on something. Immediately. I am your superior; this is an order.

Auror Malfoy

P. S. My owl's name is *Archimedes*. No Malfoy in the world would go by such a base name as 'Archie.'

P. P. S. You still owe me twenty-five Gs for the Wasps-Harpies match last week. Call it even.

X~~~X

Malfoy the Inferior,

So you qualified as an Auror one month before I did. Big deal. I can produce a corporeal Patronus, something which you, my friend, have failed to do for, like, ever.

I outrank you by virtue of skill alone, both as an Auror and as a lover.

Go away. I'm busy. Naughty Parvati needs a good spanking.

Top trumps at Auroring and at loving, Zabini

P. S. What the fuck's wrong with your roommates' opinions?

P. P. S. I'll call your owl whatever the hell I want as long as I'm keeping him alive.

X~~~X

BZab,

"Auroring" isn't even a word, you git.

Nott's busy making multiple sacrifices to the Porcelain God and Goyle only came out of his room long enough to grab the owl treats from the kitchen. He's locked himself in and keeps giggling. He'd better not be laughing at me or I'll Jinx him.

I think I'll Jinx him anyway. Berk.

Look, get your arse over here. Don't make me ask again.

DM

X~X

X~X

X~X

~ p ~ DAMN IT, ZABINI, WHERE ARE YOU? I OWLED YOU THIRTY MINUTES AGO! ~ p ~

X~~~X

~ p ~ SALAZAR'S SOUL PATCH, MALFOY, ARE YOU ACTUALLY SUMMONING ME BY PATRONUS? CONGRATULATIONS ON FINALLY PRODUCING ONE. TOO BAD IT TAKES SUCH A LAME FORM.

FINE. I'LL FLOO RIGHT OVER. ~ p ~

X~~~X

FLOOMMPH

"It's about time!"

"Cripes, Draco, why are you *naked*? You know I don't swing that way."

"Shut up. I just need your opinion, that's why. This is serious."

"It had better be. I had one twin on the trapeze and the other in the swing. Can you imagine their disappointment when I told them I was leaving to answer your sissy summons?"

"Not really. It sounds like they will have plenty of fun on their own. What do they need you for?"

"I was holding the reins."

"..."

"Anyway, to appease them I sent them off to do some lingerie shopping at *Barely There Witch's Wear*. Told them to put it on your store account; I know you've got one."

"... whatever. Uh, thanks for coming."

"Oh, don't worry; I'll be doing more of that later. I wouldn't be here at all except for your pathetic Patronus. It piqued my curiosity."

"Knock it off, my Patronus is NOT pathetic."

"Ha! Patronuses reflect our inner selves, Draco. Did you see mine? A freakin' huge stallion, just like me. What does *arotter* say about you?"

"Obviously, it shows that I'm mischievous, agile, clever, and cute."

"Huh, I'd have said it meant you are all wet and smell of raw fish. At least it isn't a ferret."

"You're mocking me."

"You bet I am. In the spirit of purely scientific discovery, what happy thought finally enabled you to conjure it?"

"I imagined my hands wrapped around your vain, self-centered throat, slowly squeezing the life out of you."

"Lovely, Draco. I thought we were best friends."

"Never mind that. I need you to tell me what you see when you look at me."

"Are you shitting me? I'll go blind. The glow from the fire is glaring off your skin."

"I'm not that pale, you prick. Just look closely and tell me if anything appears ... strange. My head is killing me and I don't trust my own eyes. "

"All right. You're hungover, I'll humor you. But I'm sending you the bill for my eye exam. Hmmm.... Well, I see a pasty-arsed white guy with decent musculature – you've filled out since school, no more scrawny little twerp body ..."

"Hey!"

"I'm not done. Handsome enough, good teeth, shaggy blond hair, and bloodshot grey eyes. But Hagrid's hairballs, you reek! What have you been rolling in? You need a shower and a haircut. Turn around. Huh. If *that* little fella is what you've been bragging to the ladies about, Draco, I can see why you've never had a repeat date."

"Very funny. I don't stink, and no woman's ever complained about Draco Jr."

"Not to your face."

"Fuck off. Is that all? You don't see anything *unusual* about me?"

"Other than the smell, not a damned thing."

"So I'm just hallucinating. Thank God."

"You're welcome. There's nothing weird at all – well, unless you are referring to the sodding great pair of white wings that seem to have sprouted from your back."

"Oh, *fuck ME!*"

TO BE CONTINUED ...