

A Companion in All Things

by Fairfield

Not just another quest.

Chapter 1 of 1

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I, Lucius Malfoy, am a bad boy.

And why, one might ask, am I stating the obvious? Even the obvious is made more real by example. Think of my late sister-in-law, Bellatrix Lestrange. It's obvious she would have been enticing in her lacy underwear, but if I were to show you a photo displaying all her glory, your loins would be stirred, your imagination enflamed by perverted lust, your being stained by your desecration of her memory. I told you I was a bad boy.

Which brings us to a note I received last week.

Dear Mr. Malfoy,

Can you join me at The Pit and the Pendulum this Saturday at noon?

Confidentially,

Luna Lovegood

I had never heard of The Pit and the Pendulum, but a scouting trip revealed a common pub. I vaguely recalled Miss Lovegood as both prim and attractive. The patrons would assume we were slumming on our way to a nefarious rendezvous, and they would either call the vice squad or, more likely, grope the lady assuming we dare not complain. We would not get out without a brawl. I suggested dinner at a more upscale place.

Now, sitting at my reserved table and waiting for Miss Lovegood, I had visions of her appearing in her schoolgirl outfit and the maitre d' politely asking the old lecher and his evening's bird to leave, but she appeared in a subtle gold dress with grey lace, obviously off the rack, but chosen by someone of refined taste meeting a family friend while making her own way in the world. The other diners, catching her innocent aura, nodded their approval at this familiar ritual, but I, recalling Draco returning bruised and battered from various expeditions, was not so sanguine.

I was thinking there was no need to ply her with wine to get the full story since she would tell me everything to get me to go on some wild quest, but when the shrimp and champagne arrived and I took my first sip, my head cleared and I realized she would tell me everything she wanted me to know. Noticing the quick disappearance of her glass, I signaled to the waiter that there would be something in it for him if he kept the bubbly flowing. He was amenable: A patriarch of the clan was indulging a hard-working girl, and the paterfamilias would keep everything well in hand.

I did, indeed, hear about her plans and about the dangers terrifying enough that she dare not include either Miss Brown or Miss Patil.

I recalled Draco's experiences with this innocent-looking child. "I suppose if I don't agree to go, then you'll try to blackmail me, most likely by enticing me into bed with you and taking photographs."

She had finished the soup course and quite the quantity of champagne, and she was feeling her oats as some ethnic groups would put it. She asserted it would be more

than blackmail. If she would do such a thing, which a pure being like herself would never consider, it would be a test of my stamina and resolution. When I scoffed at this, she responded like a thoroughbred at the starting gate.

"It may be more challenging than you realize," said Miss Lovegood.

The passing waiter changed course to another group. Obviously, this dinner date was to discuss a crucial event in the young lady's life.

She whispered in my ear as befits a grave confidence. "Suppose I eat biscuits in bed?"

"Ah, crumbs," I said.

Miss Lovegood nodded. The waiter nodded too. Even though he had tried to give us privacy, he had overheard enough to learn that this young lady was getting only crumbs instead of her fair share of some endeavor.

"I would forbear," I said.

"That's tolerant," Miss Lovegood said.

The lady at the next table smiled at the tolerance. It was good to see the older generation willing to relate to the younger.

"I would brush them to your side of the bed," I whispered.

"Fair minded, as always," remarked Miss Lovegood.

The husband of the lady at the next table nodded to his wife: experience was tempering the rashness of youth.

Miss Lovegood whispered again. "What if you take advantage of my proximity? Would you do me on top of the crumbs, letting my writhing grind them into fine powder?"

"Think of what would happen," I said.

Even the returning waiter had to admire sage advice to contemplate future consequences.

It was my turn to whisper. "The love juices from your surrender would seep out onto the crumbs."

Every one watching applauded my willingness to confidentially suggest likely future scenarios.

"It might become a sticky situation," said Miss Lovegood.

The neighboring tables were only catching snatches of the conversation, but they knew a young lady was confiding a difficulty to a trusted friend of the family.

"We would have to produce more lubrication and some activity to free you," I whispered in her ear.

She raised her wine glass. "I can always count on you for help."

The nearby diners nodded in approval: the friend of the family had agreed to lend a hand.

"Have you considered your father?" I asked, thinking he was a more experienced adventurer than I was.

The waiter, returning to the kitchen to get out next course, missed a step at my humility in the willingness to include others for their possibly more astute wisdom.

Miss Lovegood was shocked. "But he might get hurt."

Ohh, thought those around us. It's such a delicate matter that she must confide in someone with more rational judgment than her father would have in such a crisis involving his own daughter.

"We do have to protect some people," I said, feeling expendable.

By now, I had the admiration of the crowd.

Miss Lovegood's posture became more erect as it dawned on her that I would, despite my better judgment, join her on this quest. I took in the elegant lady with the feral gleam in her eye.

"You need a companion in all things," I said, thinking she may never find someone who matched the elegant exterior and who could handle the beast within.

The rest of the diners returned to their meal and their own concerns since I had fulfilled all the obligations. My lady companion might be embarrassed by my suggestion, but the evening would not be complete unless the elder one uttered the standard refrain about finding a suitable husband to his young charge.

One week later, we were deep within an old growth forest – very old, with twisted trees and threatening vines. As we neared our destination, two Dementors appeared.

"Willing to back me up?" I asked.

"Go for it," said Luna.

I waved my wand. Out leaped two Siamese cats – one black, one white.

"Two faced," said Luna.

"Multi-faceted," I replied, correcting her description of my character.

Luna watched incredulously as the pair began meticulously grooming themselves.

The two cats did stop their preening to glare at the approaching Dementors as if to say, "You aren't coming any closer, are you?"

But they did.

"Yeowr."

The two felines were on the first, clawing it to shreds. The second tried to flee, but couldn't outrun two spectral cats. Tattered remnants of Dementor floated through the branches of the trees.

The victors performed the triumphal return with Mal-fire in their eyes.

I stepped behind Luna who was breathless from the display of cool deadliness. My arm was around her waist; my member was pressed into her. Her soft abundance

obvious even through her rough trousers. I turned her head toward the cats, the mirror of their eyes reflecting her inner fire. I nipped her neck. She gasped. My hand unfastened her trousers and slid down the smooth surface. She moaned.

She was panting with the thought of what was going to happen and mesmerized by the knowing looks of the Siamese.

“Yes.” I said, as Luna Lovegood arranged herself on her hands and knees, “they will consent to watch.”

A bad boy.

A companion in all things.

A week late from neglect of the prompt site.

MuseAmusant: a pair of pants, biscuit crumbs, mirror.