

The Dark Elf Files

by MHaydn

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Chapter 1: A Manner of Manor

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I am an evil elf, a sly elf, an ugly elf. I may be unsocial. I think I was raised wrong.

But I'm not here to lament my perversity, but to share it. For you, dear reader, may have the same affliction, or more likely, you, dear reader, may have the elevated mind that reaches for the heights while retaining the ability to plumb the depths, for you, my dear reader may I call you that? most likely have the breadth and balance of mind that can encompass all under the sun. Certainly the balance of nature requires that the existence of one such as me ensures the existence of one such as you. And most certainly, the variety of the world allows opportunities to chronicle the darker side of admirable characters for me to feed my depravity and for you to grace the grandeur of your being.

"Welcome to my home, such as it is."

He stepped out of the rain into the foyer and followed the lady of the house to the parlor for a warming tea.

"It's the changing of the guard," said Mrs. Malfoy. "The last one was bored after he decided I was incapable of mischief."

Ronald Weasley silently agreed. The tired-looking lady before him had been alone for almost a year since her husband and son had escaped to the continent, and she didn't look capable of anything either positive or negative. Nevertheless, the previous guard had received much criticism for his lackadaisical attitude, and Ron had been admonished to be vigilant. He supposed he had been chosen because of the very public explosion of Hermione accusing him of being a tedious, emotionless blob. He was the perfect fit for this job.

"I understand you're to stay here for full surveillance," said Mrs. Malfoy. "Within a month, I'll be calling you 'Ron.' Why don't you agree to call me 'Cissy'?"

For the next week, Ron led a tedious and unemotional existence although, while watching Cissy further deteriorate, he discovered that the Malfoy manor had a full array of novels by someone called Zane Grey. As he read through them, he provided Cissy with some amusement as his tastes changed from tea and ale to coffee and whisky. His life consisted of reading novels, swilling coffee, taking wild rides on his broom now called Pinto, suffering through brooding meals, and sipping whisky until the night he couldn't sleep and he wandered down to the parlor to discover Cissy sitting in a chair and staring at the ashes in the fireplace.

"I couldn't sleep," said Ron.

Cissy stared ahead.

Ron lit a fire in preference to staring at dead ashes. When the dancing flames had cheered and warmed the room, he persuaded Cissy to move to the sofa where he provided a pillow and blanket. Moved by a strange impulse, he took her hand. She gave him a wan smile and snuggled under the blanket. He awoke later to find her sleeping, still holding his hand.

For the next many nights, Ron went to bed, but prompted by feelings of unease, got up and made his way downstairs to find Cissy staring at ashes whereupon he coaxed her to the sofa, conjured a blanket and pillow, and held her hand until they both fell asleep.

There came the morning when Cissy threw off the blanket, leaped out of the sofa, and announced to Ron that she should check the Malfoy assets. They wouldn't take care of themselves. The two of them could visit the retail outlets the family owned. That would give them a reason to take in the sights. Wouldn't a change of scenery do them good?

That evening, thinking things had become normal, Ron retired, intending to spend the night in a comfortable bed, but around midnight, something prompted him to check the parlor. There was Cissy, staring at dead ashes. After tucking her in on the sofa, she said, "Don't go."

He stretched out on the rug for another night on the hard floor, but an hour later, he almost woke as she crawled under the blanket and laid her head on his shoulder. He was thinking that this was strange, but he put his arm around her. She murmured contentedly as he stroked her hair. He was thinking it very strange that her rhythmic breathing was filling him with peace and that he was finding this more comforting than a soft bed.

His eyes opened the next morning to Cissy bringing him coffee, juice, yogurt, and croissants. She told him to eat hearty since today they would inspect an orchard, a task she had been dreading but now was up to. At the orchard, they were greeted by the foreman who declared himself glad to see a Malfoy at last. The foreman was proud of a sideline they had started, a nursery that was beginning to pay for itself. As a gardener began the tour through the greenhouse, the foreman pulled Ron aside before following them.

"Are you the new manager?" asked the foreman. "You're young, but maybe you know the way of those books. I never could get those accounts straight." The foreman paused. "Maybe you know the way of those Malfoys, too."

After they had seen the nursery, the foreman showed Ron how to operate an electric cart, and he and Cissy set out to inspect the rows of trees. Past many trees and out of sight of everyone, they came to a tool shed. He stopped the cart and taking Cissy by the hand, led her inside. The door closed. Through the cracks in the side came the air of late autumn and the aroma of a distant wood fire, free and wild.

Cissy took the hands of the man who had been holding hers and getting her through the cold and endless nights and guided them to her waist. Would he hold her and get her through the long and empty days? She stepped closer as his arms went around her. So pleasant, so comforting. How much of her would he like? There was no distance between them. This much? Her fingers ran through his hair. This much? Her lips were touching his. This much? She weaved against him.

Ron was regarding Cissy as he unbuttoned her blouse, watching the play of emotions across her face. Surprised by his boldness, pleased by his boldness. Blushing from modesty. Blushing from her eagerness. Wondering if she would be unfaithful. Unsure about being unfaithful. Thrilled at the thought of being unfaithful. Wanting someone to take her.

Ron's hands on her silk-covered breasts, her mature breasts, being handled by a young man. Her head tilting back. Her eyes closing. Her eyes opening to watch Ron as her hands at her waist began gathering her skirt. Her skirt rising. Ron noticing she was showing her legs. Higher and higher. He was staring. Skirt rising higher and higher. Ron wondering how high she would go. He could glimpse knickers. The skirt was all the way up. The knickers of a mature woman. *Think what I have in them, sweetie.*

Ron unbuttoned his trousers and displayed an erect rod. Cissy sighed. It was going to happen. She saw shock shoot through him as she inched her feet further apart for him. *She wants it.* He pulled her garment aside. His rod was between her legs. He groaned as its tip touched velvet softness. He couldn't stop. Warm slickness welcoming him. He was in Cissy Malfoy somebody's wife, somebody's mother his eyes wild.

He wasn't prepared for her sighing with pleasure, her embracing him, her holding him close and moving for him. He had thought a witch would put up with it, but this witch was enjoying it, enjoying him. He became very fond of the woman in his arms.

Cissy was enjoying it, enjoying him feeling his muscles flex with eagerness even as he took her gently, letting the passion slowly blossom within her. And blossom it did. She was gripping him tight, her own muscles flexing in harmony. Her sighs became whimpers. She wanted more, more. The world was Ron in her pants. Suddenly, Cissy felt peace. Long-held tension was gone. She clung to Ron as she slid to the floor. He joined her and held her.

It was some time before they left the shed, bid goodbye to the orchard foreman and his crew, and proceeded to a shop that assembled brooms. They let the artisans show off all their new techniques. After leaving the shop, they found themselves picking at their lunch before they decided they had done enough for today and returned home where they made their way by mutual consent to the sofa in the parlor.

Ron was holding her and feeling primitive urges when she asked, "Don't you wonder what I'm like?"

"You're an elegant lady," said Ron.

The devil gleamed in her eye. "Do you think I'm elegant all over? What if I stripped and showed you everything?"

"Is that what you want to do?" asked Ron.

"Would you gaze at an aristocratic face and stare at an ugly, hairy quim? Would you be excited by the contrast?"

"Would you like that?" asked Ron.

Cissy stood and took a deep breath. "I want sex, real sex. I want heart-pounding, pussy-pounding sex."

"Okay," said Ron. "If you make love to me."

"I see," said Cissy, slinking over to him, "you want to be enticed by my sweet side. You want me to begin all gentle, letting down my guard to capture you with affection while your eyes gleam as my affection turns to passion, as my lust, now unguarded, spirals out of control."

"Okay," said Ron.

His groin stirred, and he led her upstairs. He would do her in the Master Bedroom.

In the beginning Ronald disrobed. And his form was pleasing upon the earth.

And the one who beheld him believed she had gone from darkness into light. And she called this light their first day.

And Ronald said, Call forth the firmness. And she kicked off her shoes to wiggle her toes. And Ronald said, I will make your toes crinkle and you will call it heaven. For she heard him and did unbutton her blouse and loose her top to reveal the great divide.

And Ronald was well pleased and did begin to rise and he did say, Gather your skirt and blouse together. And she undid her skirt and let it fall to the floor.

And Ronald said, Let there be stars in your eyes. And her eyes did shine upon the firmament.

And Ronald said, Let your garments gather in one place, and let us behold the whole form; and it was so.

And Ronald called that before him the whole Cissy; and Ronald declared that it was good.

And Ronald said, Let us be on the bed and it will be the whole earth to us; and it was so.

And Ronald looked upon the fruit of the earth; and he moved across its surface; and he did part the waters.

And Ronald said, Let the waters bring forth the moving creature; and Cissy did wiggle upon the face of the earth; and the sound of her bringing forth life reached the newly created heavens; and Ronald was well pleased.

And Ronald said, You are my night and my day; and he did have dominion over her; and light filled Cissy; and Ronald spread his seed upon the earth.

Ron left her sleeping peacefully.

He left the manor and wandered through the countryside and then through the streets until he arrived at a certain door and knocked. It opened.

"Ron. I thought I might never see you again. Do you want to come in? I'm sorry I said all those things to you."

"You might have been spot on, Hermione. I might be an unfeeling lump," said Ron. "But I haven't seen you for a while. Let me take you out, and you can tell me what you've been doing."

He took her to an upscale pub where she seemed pleased that he was willing to spend money on her. He saw no reason to tell her that he had been living at Malfoy Manor, and all his needs were being taken care of. No reason to tell her that *all* his needs were being taken care of, either.

"Oh, Ron," said Hermione after her second sherry, "I don't think I'm fitting in at work."

"You're probably trying too hard," he said. "Relax. Just do what you're told to do without overdoing it."

"I wanted to make a good impression," she said, "but I may have already ruined everything."

"Au contraire, if you act like a good, little minion, the supervisors will conclude that, under their expert guidance, you've become a model employee. They know the world would run perfectly if people would only pay attention to what they have to say."

Later, a happier Hermione took Ron back to her flat and seated him beside her on a sofa in front of the fireplace.

Ron, knowing that, no matter what he did, he had a life waiting for him back at the manor said, "You're very pretty, Hermione."

"Do you really think so, Ron?"

"Yes, but I want to see more."

"More?" she asked.

"I want to look at your intelligent face," he said. "I want you to open your blouse so I can admire your breasts. I want you to take off your skirt and show me your shapely legs and let me feast my eyes on your inviting hips covered by your pretty knickers."

"Oh, Ron."

"Then, I want you to drop your pants and show me your ugly, furry quim."

"Ron!"

"That's what I want. Unbutton your blouse, Hermione."

Hermione bit her lower lip, but a thrill ran through her as she discarded her blouse and bra and thrust out her breasts for Ron."

"Yes," he said. "Next."

Hermione felt something stir as she slowly unbuttoned her skirt and let it slide to the floor. She had a pleasant glow as Ron raked his eyes over her, over her sweet face, her shapely legs, her concealing undies.

"See this?" he asked, pointing to the bulge in his trousers.

Hermione nodded.

"Do you want to see it? Do you want to see what I have for you? I'm going to pull out my cock, and you're going to look at it as you drop your knickers."

Hermione did look as her hands slid under the elastic and she slid the pretty, concealing garment past her hip. She wanted this. She did want to show herself to Ronald. She did want him to push her back to her bed and push her knees apart and push into her. Into that quim that she didn't care how it looked, that had been waiting for this Ronald. This Ronald who would push her back on the bed and make her part her thighs and whose eyes would gleam as he took her, whose eyes would gleam at the look and feel of his rod disappearing into her, who would ride her. Ride her with joy. Hermione was a spring wound too tight too long. And Ronald was riding a spring uncoiling, uncoiling and yelling and romping as he rode her and took her and she couldn't believe how good it was and Hermione was undone as he drove her over the edge.

He left her sleeping peacefully.

That afternoon, Ron had been wedged between shapely legs splayed for him, reveling in the contrast of ugly quim and elegant face as he did Cissy.

That evening, Ron had been nestled between soft thighs spread for him, enjoying the contrast of ugly quim and pretty face as he did Hermione.

Ron would return to his duties at the manor. He would tell Cissy he had had to report to headquarters that she was behaving. He would make a joke of it. There was a flower shop on his way. A small bouquet would be appropriate. He would care for the woman entrusted to him.