

# Flower Saga

by Fairfield

The Malfoys enable Dobby and Hermione to blossom.

Chapter 1 of 1

The Malfoys enable Dobby and Hermione to blossom.

## Part I

There was a man called Robert whose surname was Granger. He was the grandson of Harry the Pale who was a Warwickshire accountant. Robert married Vivian Draper whose relatives on her mother's side were merchants from Normandy. Her bride price was two urns of sandal wood oil[1]. They both became professionals, and they had a daughter Hermione who came to be known as the Brilliant One. She was a witch.

*Bugger all*, thought Hermione. She had agreed to attend this tedious soiree in hopes of suggesting a partnership, but the wizard in question seemed to be avoiding her.

Now the story shifts southward to another family. Its earliest known member escaped to Burgundy after the suspicious death of Henry II where he arrived with a quantity of money and became a landowner. He gave himself the family name Guiscard. A descendent named Pierre fled after the Duke of Burgundy was betrayed to the Guillotine. He came to England with a quantity of money where he took the family name Malfoy. Our story begins in the time of Pierre's great, great grandson, Lucius Malfoy.

There was a powerful clan with surname Black. To one family of the clan were born three sisters, and the youngest and fairest was named Cissy. Lucius couldn't help but notice this beautiful maiden, which she soon noticed, but even though she smiled and moved her eyelashes up and down for him, he seemed shy to approach such a visage of loveliness.

Becoming impatient with her admirer's reticence, Cissy approached her father. "There is a man casting glances at me, and he is a member of a good family, but even though I have smiled and batted my eyelashes, he hesitates."

Her father replied, "I know you well, lass, and if you have set your heart on this wizard, then no one will persuade you otherwise. I will most likely run into his parents next marketing day."

Thus did Lucius of the fluttering heart find the nerve to introduce himself to Cissy of the fluttering lashes, and soon Lucius married Cissy, the fairest daughter of the Black family. Her bride price was seven bronze sculptures of great antiquity[2]. They had a son called Draco. But despite having excelled in sports and studies at school and being hale and hearty, Draco still lived at home.

He noticed her circling the room and occasionally glancing his way. *The conflict is long over, sweetheart. I'm busy being a respectable member of society now*, he thought. He assumed a receptive stance and waited. Clutching her drink as a prop, she approached.

"Can I talk to you?" she asked.

He nodded yes, but she wanted to talk in private. Thinking it better for her to spew out her venom discreetly, he led the way to a remote, outdoor table where she asked if he could keep what she was doing a secret.

"You're organizing a witch's coven?" he asked.

"That's not funny, Draco," said Hermione.

For a while there was coolness between them until Draco remembered his duties as a host and asked what Hermione had in mind. After a bit of cajoling, she related the legend of the Forever Flower. Its location was believed lost, but she had found some old manuscripts in the Forbidden Section at the Department of Mysteries.

"The Department of Mysteries has a Forbidden Section?" asked Draco.

She glared at him.

"Okay, okay, they have one," he said, "but doesn't that mean no one is allowed in there, and don't you belong to the Department of Magical Beasts?"

"I didn't come here to listen to your nit picking," she said. "I'm talking to you because it's a perilous quest and I'll need help."

"I wish you the best in finding a brave and stalwart companion," said Draco.

"You aren't good at taking hints, are you," said Hermione.

During the next afternoon's croquet game, Lucius said, "One thing I wish, son, and that is that for you to have a splendid adventure."

Cissy added, "You would enhance your reputation if next spring you went raiding."

Draco answered, "That has been long on my mind, though there always seemed to be two sides to the matter, but since I am willing to do as you both wish, whither shall we turn our eyes?"

Lucius replied, "I have heard of many prospects, but I have set my eyes on one that is already made to your hand."

Cissy joined in. "Your father speaks of gaining the goodwill of the community and the journey planned by their favorite daughter, Hermione Granger."

Draco answered, "A search for the Forever Flower has all the elements that one could wish for, both great danger and great reward, but as for Hermione, I do not know whether we would get on well together."

Lucius considered the matter. "That will come out during the days of planning, for there is always a difference of opinion on how to proceed. If it happens that the two of you cannot resolve the inevitable conflicts, then we shall turn our eyes elsewhere."

Cissy nodded. "Otherwise, it will be a good match."

*[1]At that time, two urns of sandalwood oil were worth twelve gold semi-sovereigns or sixty bolts of woolen cloth which comes to twenty-two milch cows.*

*[2]At that time, the sculptures were worth twenty silver taels or eighty-one ells of fine silk which comes to thirty-seven milch cows.*

## Part II

There was a woman called Lodune who was once a fair damsel but turned to the dark ways after the local Count Chester seduced and abandoned her, leaving her with child. When the child was born, Lodune named her Mordaine and taught her both the evil art and a hatred of all belonging to Count Chester. Mordaine grew to be a witch who cared nothing for civilized rules. She preyed on the Count's flocks, taking the choicest of the sheep for her table. She was too powerful for the shepherds to oppose her, and the Count's men could never catch her because of her constant vigilance.

Mordaine dwelled in Rannoch Moor, and it was said her hut resembled a mead hall. Its walls were of granite and the ridge pole from a yew tree hardened by a lightning strike. The benches were carved with cunning runes. She often entertained three imps of power, and together, they performed much mischief.

There matters might have stood except that pasture had been poor for two years running and Count Chester festered at Mordaine and the imps feasting on his few remaining livestock. He posted a reward.

"Husband," said Cissy, "this presents a rare opportunity. A far province needs a savior."

"The good will of men is won by brave deeds that benefit all," agreed Lucius.

"I will ride with you," said Draco.

"Bare is the back without a companion," said Lucius.

During the next week they prepared for the expedition, but the day before departure, their doorbell rang. When they answered it, Dobby, a house elf, stood before them.

Dobby bowed low. "Dobby has heard of your plans. Dobby wants to join you. Dobby is going crazy working in the Hogwarts kitchen. If Dobby squeezes one more quart of pumpkin juice, he will not be responsible for his actions." At this, Dobby waved a huge meat cleaver he had brought with him.

"Brave company is always a boon," said Lucius.

Now the three rode out from the manor, and after much searching, they came upon a witch's hut built like a mead hall. From the windows, three imps jeered at them and dared them to attack, promising to crack their bones and feast on their marrow.

"Yonder lies a fey dwelling," said Dobby, "and those within are not kindly disposed toward us."

So saying he leaped to the roof and with lightning strokes of his cleaver did chop through the ridge pole of yew strengthened by lightning. The top of the hut fell, crushing the imps and cracking the benches even though they were cunningly carved with puissant runes.

"Small size is no bar to great deeds," said Lucius.

"It would be foolish to celebrate too early," said Draco, "for a magic lady full of great fury approaches."

Draco stepped forward and hailed her.

Look upon your comrades dead

And feel your heart fill with dread.

Mordaine returned

Your wand is full of splinters thick  
Most of them as big as your dick.

Draco hurled back

We see from here your knickers a' twist  
Gripping your privates like a tight fist.

Mordaine gathered herself

When I build a new house of stones  
Its foundation will lie on your bones.

Draco rejoined

My bone is reserved for those alive  
Your empty words are a shuck and jive.

Mordaine hurled back.

I guard the Forever Flower  
Quake in your boots; feel my power.

But as Mordaine was concentrating on her last insult, Dobby had snuck up on her from behind. He had a vision of a great pumpkin before him as he swung the cleaver and split the witch from the crown of her head to her breastbone. It was her deathblow.

"Taunts are often good strategy," said Lucius

Now the three put the witch's head back together and rode to Count Chester to collect their due. At first the count greeted them warmly and invited them into his hall, but he hesitated when he heard the reward should go to Dobby.

"It's unheard of for an elf to receive honors for a valorous deed," he said.

"Nevertheless that is the proper outcome for this expedition," said Draco, "and we are prepared to see the right thing done."

"If you are so determined, then on this occasion I must abandon custom," said the count.

"Things are settled fairly when reward goes to the deserving," said Lucius.

The three rode home and wizards who heard the tale agreed that the Malfoys had behaved in a chivalrous manner.

"A wife often offers good advice," said Lucius.

Later generations of elves would gather before the kitchen fireplace upon whose mantle was hung the cleaver "Imp Whacker" and listen to the tale of Dobby Breaker of Ridge Poles who never squeezed another pumpkin.

### Part III

Now the story returns to Hermione's coming to Malfoy Manor. That winter, after the slaying of Mordaine, Draco stayed with his parents in good cheer, but as spring approached, he became moody and enjoyed not the pleasures of life.

"It is ever thus with young men," Cissy told her husband. "Since no girl yet interests him, is there not some other remedy?"

"He is not sick of heart, but merely restless," said Lucius. "I will remind him of Hermione Granger and her quest for the Forever Flower."

"Dobby removed one of the obstacles, but the flower is said to convey great benefit, and great benefit often comes with great cost," said Cissy.

"Your words say you do not fear for the outcome but for the aftermath," said Lucius. "To guard against that requires subtle magic."

"I will prepare a restorative amulet for our son's companion," said Cissy.

"What's with all this endless preparation?" asked Hermione. "It's only a flower. We fly out, we pick it, and we fly back."

"If it were that simple, it would already be done," said Draco. "Besides, the tale handed down says the preparations for the potions that use it are hidden by mystic runes, and I'm searching our library for clues."

Hermione harrumphed. She would give this whole thing up except the petals from the Forever Flower were said to produce out-of-this-world cosmetics, and she had had more than enough of her regular job where others delighted in tripping up the most brilliant witch of the age.

"If it is that odious to you, we can ask for help," said Draco. "Luna Lovegood has gone on many expeditions with her father, and she is probably an expert at this."

"Oh, right. Let's bring in a blonde. That's what you're really missing, isn't it?"

"Not really," said Draco. "And Luna might be a bit unpredictable for this type of thing."

"I'll have you know that Luna held up her end in the struggle against the Dark Lord," said Hermione. "I'll not have you disparaging her because she doesn't act like an over-refined parasite."

"It may be that we will have future use for your rage," said Draco, "but it is best kept within until the proper time."

*We should send her out with Ronald unless Ronald is the cause of this,* thought Draco. *Two go out; one comes back.*

They left the manor at dawn on the equinox and retraced the route that led to where Dobby slew the witch. It was near a marsh now called Witch's End. They camped and began their search. On the third day, after passing a copse of trees three times, Draco saw a shimmering. He waved his wand three

times and a shed with a greenhouse appeared. In the shed was a strongbox protected by runes. As they entered the greenhouse a large plant swayed toward Hermione.

"This place smells like a boudoir. I'll leave this part to you," said Draco, turning to study the runes.

Hermione assumed the lotus position in front of the plant. She thought it handsome and then wondered what made her think a plant was handsome. But if a plant could be, this one was a candidate with its air of grace and power. Grace and power had extended a stem and had a leaf in her lap. The leaf folded around her hand.

*Such a simple thing*, thought Hermione, relaxing at the gentle touch.

She moved closer. She was wondering how Draco was faring with the runes when she became aware that two stems were stroking her temples. Her breathing became more regular. The leaf had moved from her hand to front of her shirt. There were two leaves. *Is this what it wants? No one pays any attention to me.* She was unbuttoning her shirt. The leaves fondled her as if they found her pleasing. Aching for more, she unfastened her bra. The plant swayed in appreciation. Hermione sighed as it caressed her.

A tendril moved tentatively over her trousers. *Does it really want to see my legs? There's nothing special about them.* Nevertheless, she removed her shoes and undid the zipper. Two tendrils tugged the jeans past her hips and down to her ankles where she kicked them off. Hermione had never done this before, and she was a bit excited by her daring. The plant seemed to swell, and it placed the two tendrils on her knees as if they were lovely sights. *Do like what you see?* The two tendrils glided a way up her thighs and returned to her knees. They did it again. They did it again and again. Hermione was feeling naughty as they glided higher and higher. Her knees were apart. She lay back as the plant held her hips and coaxed her closer. The plant was between her legs. She was aching. Her knickers felt too tight. She moaned as something pressed against her puffy dampness.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Draco had figured out that there were three latches to the chest containing the potion runes, and he had almost deciphered the rune for the first latch. It was a request in poetic form and he was starting to think he had misread it. He had poked his head into the greenhouse to ask Hermione to help him, but his eyes had popped open when he saw Hermione in her knickers and moving with the plant between her legs. He had decided to postpone his question and returned to studying the poetic rune. As he was translating it for the third time, he heard noises from the greenhouse followed by silence. The first latch popped open. He began the translation of the second rune.

Hermione lay panting and wondering what the plant had done to her. Its tendrils were caressing her as if she were dear to it. She was luxuriating in its care. It was radiating one thing. *It wants more from me. It wants me. But it won't take anything I don't offer.* It was masterful in its desire and restraint. Her core stirred. Her thumbs hooked the elastic and pushed her last garment past her hips, down her legs, and off. The plant could no longer hold back. One tendril wrapped around her wrists and pinned her hands above her head. The other tendril wrapped around her hips, pulling her closer and pushing her legs apart. The plant slid into Hermione.

The plant was taking Hermione to another place, a place unfamiliar to her, a place where she was held and mounted and moving to the demands of another, a place where nothing mattered but the piercing pleasure growing more intense, a place where another stem traveled across her now desirable bum and began its entrance, where she tried to squirm away from it, but it had its way with the girl of its dreams and the queen of the greenhouse began babbling things she thought she would never say and demanding things she never knew she wanted until she became incoherent and her body yielded to her need.

Hermione regained consciousness floating in bliss. Draco was there, saying something to her. She smiled at him.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Draco had decided the second rune said much the same thing as the first rune. He had glanced in the greenhouse and seen Hermione and the plant going at it. His suspicions had been confirmed when Hermione cried out and the second latch popped open.

Now, he was standing beside a flushed girl who looked as if everything was all right with the world. When he thought she had returned, he said, "One more latch."

She smiled and nodded.

As the plant started to withdraw from her, she clenched the penetrating tendrils. The plant struggled for a while but could not free itself.

*Mightiest is she among witches with that grip*, thought Draco.

The plant's struggles to free itself changed to rhythmic motions. It was plunging into the sloppy wetness of its eager partner.

"Attagirl," said Draco.

He returned to the last rune.

The noise from the other room was becoming audible.

Draco was whistling while he worked. *She is Hermione the fair, daughter of Robert and Vivian Granger, the Bright One, the handmaiden of sex, the best fuck you will ever have. The gods sent her.*

The noises from the other room were increasing.

*Lucky Ronald*, thought Draco.

Everything was quiet. The third latch popped open.

Draco packed the rune documents that described preparing the potion. He surveyed developments in the greenhouse. The plant had placed not one, but two flowers beside its paramour. He decided to wait a decent interval before gathering them.

Draco's parents had warned him about this part of the venture. It might appear that everything was over, and he could relax, but that was not true. He concentrated on what needed to be done. He double checked that he had gathered all the documents. He re-inspected the flowers. Both of them were safely packed in stasis where they would keep their potency for potions for years. Let's see. There was a third item. Oh, right, Hermione. He peeked into the next room. She was sprawled lushly in front of the plant which had a few leaves lying limply across her. He waited until he was certain she was finished with the Forever Flower before retrieving her. There was no reason to be insensitive.

He draped a cloak around her, bundled her onto a broom, and took her to a nearby shepherd's hut where they could rest for the night. Once there, he brought out his mother's restorative amulet.

"You could have supplied me with a protective amulet," she said.

"If you had been well-protected, you would not have been successful."

"Is that some kind of general principle?" she asked.

She was not mollified. *You're not the one who got fucked by a plant. I'd like to see you with a stem up your bum*, but after thinking that, she remembered her enthusiasm with the Forever Flower. Her attitude was changing. The amulet was working. It came to Hermione that the Malfoys' intent had been to take her to the plant world and then bring her back to the human world.

"I'm tired," she said.

Draco, too, decided it had been a long day, but he woke a few hours later as Hermione slipped under his blanket and snuggled against him. He stroked her hair as she sighed contentedly and fell back asleep.

*Very lucky Ronald*, he thought. *She's cuddly as well as passionate*.

He woke in the morning, made tea, packed their gear, and flew Hermione back to civilization.

The pair returned to the manor where they received a hearty welcome. Hermione rested a day and a night before the Malfoys escorted her safely home. That evening, Lucius and Cissy listened to Draco relate his adventure.

"I appear to be constantly playing second fiddle in these ventures," said Draco in conclusion.

"Gaining a reputation for helping others is our first priority," said Lucius. "Already people are saying we made it possible for Dobby and Hermione to triumph in great undertakings."

Two days later Hermione appeared and the Malfoys showed her the flowers and runes they had been guarding for her until her return.

"I am in your debt," said Hermione.

"A debt between friends is unspecified and unending," said Lucius, "but I do not believe we are in that category."

"You have the right of it," said Hermione, "but that means we must come to some kind of settlement."

"We have discussed the matter," said Cissy, "and our proposal is to help you interpret the runes and perfect the potions. Afterwards, you keep the necessary equipment and have exclusive rights of production. In return, we want ten percent of your gross for the next two years<sup>[1]</sup>."

"Your offer borders on the generous," said Hermione, "and anyone would be foolish not to take it, but are you going to trust me to honor the agreement without any auditing?"

"Our faith in you will be more binding than any audit," said Lucius, "and if in the future you speak well of us, we will be doubly repaid."

*[1] The Malfoys' percentage over the next two years was worth sixty-six platinum bars or five-hundred sets of fine linen sheets which comes to two-hundred milch cows.*