

Dark Draco Saga

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Once upon a time, a Dark Wizard, three witches, and a house elf ...

Draco's Chapter

Chapter 1 of 2

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Part 1

There was a man named Draco whose surname was Malfoy. He was the son of Lucius Malfoy and Cissy Malfoy who had been on the losing side in a civil war but who had switched allegiances at the end thinking it was the best chance of preserving their family. Despite this display of bad faith, others had turned to them for help when going raiding. The expeditions had gone well, and everyone concluded the Malfoys had a talent for adventure, but that only made it more difficult to form some judgment about an aristocratic family. Because of this ambivalence toward the family and because they were not trusted by officialdom, Draco had lived at home for several years before deciding to visit the Americas. People said of Draco that since a delayed adulthood had been forced upon him, he had decided to live the part by becoming a wandering student.

Part 2

A man known as Drake Malloy looked across the semi-arid highlands of New Mexico and downed another brew. When his fellow wizards, who he knew as Tom and Jerry, had told him that their odyssey would last as long as the beer, he had thought they were joking. He went back to his scraping and brushing, guided by his wand. He uncovered the artifact late that afternoon and called the others over. They examined the strangely marked stick and surveyed the bleak landscape of what they thought was a last stronghold and concluded War Totem. This was no Dance of the Deer. This was the emblem of Wolf in Rage, disregarding survival caution and ready to bite. The next morning, they considered the site they were abandoning and realized they should cover their tracks by doing damage instead of leaving evidence that they were trained archeology students, but they couldn't bring themselves to do it.

"Do we want to rest first and try a ceremony when we're revitalized, or do we want to try it now while the winds of the wild country are still blowing through us?" asked Jerry when the three arrived back at their rented house in Taos.

"If we do it now, we will be near the same state as the exhausted tribal remnants that turned to dark medicine," said Tom.

"A mild ceremony: no weed, no peyote, just a drum," suggested Drake. "And beer. I'm drier than that stick."

They placed the relic in the center of the room on what they believed to be their most authentic native rug and supplied Drake, considered the least likely to have native blood and be susceptible, with a drum and set out the cans of brew. He tapped the drum and sipped and the others sat quietly and sipped for several hours. They retired thinking more ritual - weed, peyote, dance - was needed. When Drake's head hit the pillow, his sleep was consumed by running, yelling, ambushing, swinging a hatchet, watching blood run, and screaming. The next morning, a letter from his family arrived. Tom and Jerry, looking haggard as they were saying their goodbyes, were willing to let Drake have the shaman artifact as part of his share.

Part 3

His family was waiting for him and Debby the house elf and Teddy his nephew squealed and ran toward him when he appeared at the front gate, but they stopped a few meters from him with their eyes widening at the sight of his.

"It's still me," said Draco as he took their hands in his and joined the others where Lucius, Cissy, and Andy gave him a warm welcome.

"We don't know whether to offer you steak or bacon-and-beans for lunch," said Cissy, "but your father did manage to procure a bottle of bourbon."

Draco assured them he was looking forward to English food, and as they settled in the parlor, he accepted a glass of sherry.

"I will say what we're all thinking," said his father. "You've turned Dark, my son."

"Yes, but I have neither killed a live person nor raised a dead one, and I hope I will never do either."

"You reassure us," said Andy as she raised her glass. "To control."

"To control," they all echoed.

That night, Debby entered the room where Draco was reading and motioned for him to follow her to a balcony where Draco could see Andy leading Lucius into a clearing in the garden. Andy spread her cloak and pulled Lucius down, her nightgown sliding up to reveal legs opening for him, knees parting, his gliding into her, her feet waving in the air. Draco watched Lucius possess Andy as her moans floated on the breeze and she wiggled and smiled and grabbed him as her toes crinkled.

The next night, Debby entered the room where Draco was reading and motioned for him to follow her to a balcony where Draco could see Cissy leading Lucius into a clearing in the garden. Cissy spread her cloak and pulled Lucius down, her nightgown sliding up to reveal legs opening for him, knees parting, his gliding into her, her feet waving in the air. Draco watched Lucius possess Cissy as her sighs floated on the breeze and she wiggled and smiled and wrapped herself around him.

Draco thanked Debby for this insight into the household, but with some reservation since it was possible this had been staged for him. The two women may have known he was watching, and their smiles may have been for him. Now, more alert, he noticed how Andy moved, how the other two were more solicitous toward her. She was pregnant. He noticed Cissy had an expectant air about her: she would be next. The Blacks and the Malfoys would be fruitful.

Part 4

The story now shifts to the northern part of the Isles where a witch named Hermione with surname Granger lived. She and her close friends had gone secretly raiding with Lucius Malfoy, but she had been trying to live a quiet life as an instructor. Hermione was finishing her first year, and she was still getting used to the idea that not all students were eager to learn and was dreading grading the final exams. People said of Hermione that she didn't realize that not everyone wanted to be a scholar and that she should get out more. She had just received word that Draco Malfoy would meet with her about the message she had sent to his father.

She gave him a cool greeting as she joined him at an outdoor table. "Do you think it wise to meet in the open, or have you come to tell me the Malfoys want nothing more to do with the likes of me?"

"And a good day to you, too," said Draco. "A clandestine meeting would draw more attention to us, and my father speaks highly of you."

She took a closer look at him and drew back.

"That's the reaction we wanted the public to see," said Draco. "You have the reputation of being prim and proper, not one to associate with a creature such as me."

"What have you done to yourself?" she asked.

"Are you worried about my immortal soul?"

"Frankly, yes."

"It would be a question of which immortal soul and if I have any and if any of them belonged to me."

"You're not making sense," said Hermione, taking a closer look at her table companion.

"You see the result of excessive amounts of weed, peyote, and attempts to walk the spirit world. The wind brings strange things to a desolate landscape under a coyote moon."

"I don't understand," she said, leaning closer and putting her hand on his.

"I'm trying to figure out why you would want to," said a puzzled Draco even more puzzled because he held her hand instead of removing his, "but we're here to talk about your wish to go raiding again. The important thing is to heed the maxim of computer programming: Beware the second effort."

"Computers? You do computers?" asked Hermione. "And what about the second effort?"

He told her about the belief among programmers that if a first effort was successful, it was because it did the absolute minimum to perform its stated function. He told her about the belief that a programming team would succumb to the temptation of adding features to the second effort until the second effort collapsed.

"But this is your first raid to these sites," Hermione finally said. "We will count on you to keep it sparse and essential."

"Success will depend on all of us," said Draco, wondering why he was noticing her breasts.

"Your whole family trusts you, don't they," said Hermione, mildly wondering why she was taking his hand in both of hers. "I mean all of them, not just your parents, but Andy and Teddy and Debby."

"Yes, it seems they do," said Draco.

Part 5

There was a woman named Ginevra who was the daughter of Arthur and Molly Weasley who had a large family. They were poor, but they were noted for their loyalty and bravery. Ginevra was talented and industrious, and she had secured a position in the Ministry Finance Division, but she had gone secretly raiding with Hermione Granger and her friends. Ginevra thought the most valuable spoils of the raid were ancient scrolls that might reveal long-lost magic, and she had requested a temporary transfer to the Historic Artifacts Division where she and Andromeda Tonks spent their time translating the recovered documents. People said of Ginevra that she had come to believe that wizard society needed to advance in order to survive and she had turned somewhat cold when she realized her childhood sweetheart wanted to spend his life playing cops and robbers.

"I see they sent the lesser evil," said Ginevra as she sat opposite Draco.

"These days, I take that as a compliment, and let me buy you a sherry in return," he said, but when he turned his gaze upon her, she stood and backed away.

"Perhaps I should buy you two sherries to fortify yourself."

"No amount of sherry will persuade me to come anywhere near you," she said before turning and dashing out the door.

"A whiskey?" he called after her.

The other patrons were looking at him and becoming uneasy. He left.

Part 6

There was a woman named Luna who was the daughter of Xenophilus Lovegood. Her father eked out a living by publishing and participating in expeditions to observe and photograph wildlife. Luna had been a brilliant student, but many were bothered by her strange beliefs and her serene indifference to the opinion of others. People said of Luna that she could never hold a regular job because, while she would do as she was told, her aloof attitude would make those in authority think she did not believe in their superiority.

"Hermione believes you can be trusted. Ginevra thinks any contact with you is dangerous," said Luna.

"And you, no doubt, will examine me as a species of wildlife," replied Draco.

"You speak as though I believe I occupy some lofty position," said Luna, "but that is not the case. You certainly know I am betraying my father."

"I know you have not told him you went raiding and brought back treasure that you invested for his old age instead of using it to expand his publishing."

"We did not think about the choices and consequences before we began," said Luna.

Draco asked why she wanted to go on another one. Any horde they found was likely to be tin, the precious metal of that age, not silver or gold. They might find more scrolls for Andy and Hermione, but she was interested in plants and flowers, and their small band could not hold off the marauding demons while she collected seeds, pollen, and bones. They might discover more magical artifacts, but they considered the ones they had brought back dangerous. And why did they need him? His father had shown them the reconnaissance-broom and the topographic maps.

"You did not mention Ginevra," said Luna.

"Her ambition craves scrolls with potent runes; her poverty yearns for treasure," said Draco. "She will come around."

"You're understanding, you're clever, and you're powerful," said Luna. "You have to come with us."

Draco had to smile at that. "You think I'm both trustworthy and dangerous," he said and turned his gaze upon her.

Luna was on her feet with her wand out. "Don't come near me."

"Whatever is in me desires you greatly, but it is growing slowly, and I have it under control," he said.

"I have never been greatly desired, and I do not trust myself in such circumstances," said Luna. "That means we should proceed quickly before there are more changes."

"The desire is for your sweetness and your intelligence and your free spirit," said Draco, "for a life's journey with you."

Luna continued to back away. "You are Dark, Dark indeed, to tempt me with those words. I forbid you to speak of those things."

"We need to act fast when we are on the expedition," said Draco. "We need to design a fleet of miniature reconnaissance-brooms, we need to extend their patrol range by brooms that relay any find back to us, and we need a variety of sensors for precious metals, scrolls, and magic artifacts."

Luna nodded.

"Talk to Hermione and Ginevra," said Draco. "Get them working on the problem. I'll set up a test range."

Part 7

Lucius gave Draco a warm greeting when he returned and asked how the meetings went. Debby was entering with the sherry and biscuits as Draco was saying that the raid might be on but he was uneasy about going into the wilds with those three witches. There were less foolish things to do.

"No one should go into danger without someone to watch his back," agreed Lucius, "but not many are willing to guard a Dark Wizard."

Lucius paused before saying, "I should have foreseen this. I wish we could break our word and cancel the project instead of hazarding your life."

"If we could see our fate, we would be better prepared," said Draco.

He looked at his father. "The growing household cannot now spare you, but there will come a time when it has become boisterous and demanding, and you will welcome adventure as an escape."

"It is not yet that time," said Lucius.

They noticed the house elf was standing in front of them.

"Debby will go," she said.

"We could not ask for a more devoted comrade, but you will have to be a comrade-in-arms," said Lucius. "We do not know how to arm you."

"Debby has seen that great thing that Master Draco brought home," said the elf.

"The Shaman War Totem," said Draco. "I can fetch it."

Debby appeared to expand when it was placed in her hands.

"It is a power stick," said Debby, "a power stick that belonged to a people defeated. They took many down with them."

Draco nodded.

They asked if she wished anything else, and she requested a hatchet. Supplied with a hatchet tucked into a procured belt and with the power stick in her hands, Debby strutted into the back yard to try her weapons. She pointed the power stick at a rock and projected her will. Nothing happened.

"I don't understand," said Draco. "It should have disintegrated. It didn't even move."

Debby tried a flower. It didn't even wilt. She was about to give up the power stick and return to the house as a failure when a deer that had been despoiling the landscape came into view. Debby cursed and flicked the power stick at it. The animal made a small leap and lay still.

Draco examined it and announced, "Its heart exploded."

He turned to see Debby sitting on the lawn, quietly crying.

Ginevra's Chapter

Chapter 2 of 2

DELETED. Will try again.

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