

Ginevra's Quest

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A look behind canon at the youngest of a poor and beleaguered family - not
sweetness and light.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Part 1

There was a woman named Ginevra who was the youngest child and only daughter of Arthur and Molly Weasley. She was a talented witch. The entire family had performed bravely during a civil war and contributed to the victory of their side, but even so, they had ended the war as poor as they had begun. People said that beneath Ginevra's elegant demeanor lurked a burning desire to make things right for her relatives.

There was a man called Draco who was the only son of Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy. The family was rich, but they had spent some time on the losing side in the civil war. Draco had spent three years in self exile in the American Southwest where he indulged in Indian Lore, weed, and peyote. People said he had become a Dark Wizard. He had received criticism for giving his house elf, Debby, an Indian power stick upon his return.

The Malfoy family was relaxing after their traditional Friday afternoon broom ride to raise their spirits. Lucius and Draco were in their early evening jackets, Narcissa in an elegant early evening dress, and Debby in a gaily-colored, custom-fitted tea towel. They were enjoying a sherry before Draco and Debby displayed their recent mastery of burritos.

"A manly dish," Lucius had declared.

After dinner, Lucius announced that he had committed to an obligation that would be difficult for him to keep. He had promised to take three witches raiding this summer, but urgent business required him to be in France. The witches, hoping to find treasure, were busy preparing for the quest. Hermione Granger was researching possible sites; Luna Lovegood was preparing defensive potions for any demons they might encounter; and Ginevra Weasley was constructing a fleet of reconnaissance brooms.

"I can try," said Draco. "It can't be any more perilous than the American Southwest."

The other three looked into his eyes, saw the flickering of spirits contending for dominance, and agreed.

"Those three suffered in the war. They may have a grudge against a rich enemy who still prospers," said the elf. "Debby must accompany Draco."

Part 2

Draco traveled to the Weasley home where Ginevra was spending the summer alone while the rest of the family was on holiday. She was turning out miniature brooms for reconnaissance. He did not receive a warm welcome.

"Come anywhere near me, and I'll fly one of these up your butt," said Ginevra.

"That gives me an idea," said Draco.

"What? You want one of these up your butt? What kind of pervert did you become in the desert?"

"I'm thinking we can use these brooms for defense as well as for reconnaissance," said Draco.

Ginevra snorted. "Right. We'll fly them up a demon's butt. Do you think we should sharpen the ends?"

"Suppose demons or whatever are hiding behind a boulder or a wall. Our spells couldn't get to them, but a broom could deliver something deadly," said Draco. "Luna already has a Pixle repellent. Let's see what else she can concoct."

"A Pixle what?" asked Ginevra. "Are you taking her seriously? Perhaps you have gone off your trolley. Are you safe to be around?"

"I'm not safe, but I'm not crazy. Yet."

"That's not as reassuring as you might think," said Ginevra.

"But running with your original thought, if we did want them to fly up a demon's butt, we would need a homing device in case they're behind a wall. Can you think of anything?"

"Easy," said Ginevra. "A demon's butt is the only thing that smells worse than yours."

"But you don't know how my butt smells."

"And I never want to," screeched Ginevra, "and what is your butt doing here, anyway?"

"I was thinking that instead of raiding for treasure, we should look for sustainable means of livelihood."

Ginevra was speaking softly. "That's not fair. Everyone else got a treasure."

"We won't pass up a chance for you if it appears."

"The next cockamamie thing you'll be telling me is that we should search the Forbidden Forest for smashing opportunities."

"As a matter of fact," began Draco, but Ginevra was facing him, clenching her fists and quivering. The butt-seeking brooms were also quivering. He said, "But we can talk about it later."

From the safety of the doorway, he said, "I'll talk to Luna and Hermione about offensive brooms. Concocting something effective against a variety of beings will take some research."

He was still backing away when he mentioned that he and his father had mastered some of the artifacts from the last raid. The wands were powerful. Hermione had chosen one. Ginevra should come over tomorrow and choose one.

When he returned home, his father asked how it had gone.

"As expected," he said. "Ginevra has come up with a plan for attack brooms."

"I expected no less from Miss Weasley," said Lucius. "To help you recover, we will have a round of wand-skeet mounted on our brooms with Debby hurling mud balls at us. A harmless game will wash away a traumatic encounter."

Two hours later, after polishing his broom, bathing to wash off the splattered mud, and changing into his early-evening jacket, Draco lifted his glass of sherry. "To a splendid round."

All three exhausted participants joined in the toast.

Part 3

Ginevra mentioned the wands to Andromeda at work as they were translating a scroll. Andromeda replied that the wands had been found at an ancient site and were apparently designed for defense. Hermione had destroyed part of an orchard testing hers. Ginevra brightened and asked if there was any Malfoy orchard left for her to practice on, but Andromeda said the Malfoys would be more careful the next time, and if Ginevra was apprehensive she would accompany her.

The Malfoys gave Ginevra a cordial greeting and invited her to tea under a shade tree where Debby brought out the wands. Lucius and Draco had tested them after translating enough of a scroll to provide compatible hexes. Ginevra handled all of them until she picked one whereupon they took her to a group of boulders by the lake. She picked a boulder and let fly. It shattered. She shattered two more before everyone declared success.

"Those boulders have obstructed a beautiful view for as long as I can remember," said Narcissa.

"I know," said Lucius. "They reminded us of the futility of seeking perfection. They kept all Malfoy projects within bounds and thereby contributed to our prosperity."

"Without them, we may become unbalanced. We will have only our internal restraint to rely upon," said Narcissa.

"Our moral fibre is no match for boulders, but we have entered a new age and must do our best," said Lucius.

"All good things pass away," said Andromeda.

"Don't pay any attention to them," Draco told Ginevra. "Poetic excess is a Malfoy family weakness."

"They can afford it," muttered Ginevra.

She brightened. "Can I keep the wand?"

"Of course," they said. "And we will bring out the scones, strawberries, and clotted cream in celebration."

"More poetic excess," whispered Draco to Ginevra.

"I like strawberries and clotted cream," she whispered back, "and I like my new wand."

"And someday, I too will be able to afford fancy teas," she whispered.

"For my whole family," she added.

Part 4

The second day of the quest, they discovered the remnants of a settlement in the northwest corner of the forest. Draco, Ginevra, and Hermione were exploring the ruined structures when they noticed Luna was missing. Draco said he would look for her since no one should be alone. He rounded a boulder and spotted her as a troll was sneaking up on her. He climbed the boulder and waited for the troll.

"Geronimo!" yelled Draco as he leaped off the boulder and landed on the troll's neck. He was about to dispatch it when a weight landed on his back and knocked the wand out of his hand.

"You need help," said Ginevra.

They were clinging to the troll as it crashed through the woods with Ginevra yelling for Draco to use his wand.

Ginevra saw shapes appear in the distance. "Here come more trolls. They heard this first one calling for help. What do you think they'll do, Draco?"

"All the literature I read says they'll tear us apart, but we have a bigger problem. We have to get back to Luna."

"Why?"

"We left her alone. And you know she tends to get into trouble."

"Okay," said Ginevra, "we'll go back for Luna. How do you turn a troll around?"

"I've never ridden a troll before."

"Then what good is all your bloody literature if it doesn't tell you how to turn a troll around?"

"I'll pull on its ear," he said. "Hey, that seems to be working."

"Well pull on its other ear and straighten it out. Can't you even steer a troll."

All the trolls with the two adventurers on the lead troll were thundering through the forest.

"There's Luna," said Ginevra. "She's waving frantically. What do you think she's on about?"

"Maybe because she has a camera and wants us to smile," said Draco, "or perhaps because this passel of trolls is about to trample her."

"Make it stop, Draco."

"Trolls don't have brakes."

"You're worthless," said Ginevra as she jammed her wand all the way into the troll's ear.

The troll stumbled and its two riders pitched forward to roll across the rocky ground. They braced themselves to be trod underfoot only to see Luna throw a stink bomb and send the trolls howling out of sight.

Ginevra was relating her adventure to Luna. "You've got to try riding a troll. They're easy to steer, and the view is breathtaking."

Hermione appeared and asked, "What happened?"

"Draco saved us from trolls," said Luna.

Luna and Hermione helped him to his feet and embraced him. Ginevra was declaring that trolls had to have treasure and, after trying to kill her, it was forfeit. She took off after the pack with the others running after her, yelling that trolls were too stupid to collect anything valuable and this was dangerous. They arrived at the troll clearing to discover a huge mound of shiny objects.

"Wow," said Ginevra. "I told you there was treasure."

"It's mostly tin and glass," said Hermione. "We'll have to sort through it."

The trolls had outrun the witches. They had paused on the other side of the clearing. They had noticed how few attackers there were and were rallying.

"They outnumber us," cried Hermione.

"I'll get them," shouted Ginevra, raising her wand and stepping forward. "Secure the treasure."

"There are too many," said Luna, grabbing Ginevra by the collar and pulling her back.

Suddenly, the air was filled with missiles, splattering against the trolls, blinding them, causing them to stagger back. The witches turned to see Debby reaching into a shoulder bag and hurling dark spheroids. Draco flung his Stinging Nettle hex, and the trolls ran into the deep forest.

"What was that?" asked the witches.

Debby smiled. "Mud balls."

"They're for wand skeet," added Draco, waving his wand and making the treasure hoard vanish in small increments.

As Hermione lamented that all games were war games in disguise, Narcissa, back at the Manor, called Lucius to the rear parlor window. Shiny objects appeared in the gazebo. The shiny objects piled higher and higher. Its floorboards collapsed. The uprights gave way, and the roof slid down the heap to roll across the lawn.

Narcissa and Lucius looked at each other. "Ginevra."

Part 5

"We've been expecting you," Lucius told Ginevra when the raiding party returned to the Manor.

"We're glad you're all safe," added Narcissa.

Their attention turned to the heap of shiny object burying the gazebo. All agreed that the Malfoys had the skill and spells to separate the valuables from the dross and that the Malfoys had the necessary connections with the mundane world to convert the valuables into income producing assets although the conversion would take some time if they wanted the best return. They had to be careful to neither flood the market nor draw attention to themselves.

"I will say what all are thinking," said Lucius. "Can the Malfoys be trusted? Can safeguards be put in place?"

"We have other problems," said Ginevra. "Our activities may have attracted attention."

"That includes the authorities," said Hermione. "They suspect the Malfoys of evil and Luna of sedition. Ginevra and I have their supposedly benign interest, but it is still scrutiny."

"Grand events create ripples," said Luna.

"We have disturbed the 'Wa' of the forest," said Debby.

"In the wilds we trusted each other with our lives," said Draco. "Now that we're safe are we going to fall out over the spoils?"

Narcissa observed that they hadn't fallen out yet, but there were problems. The first was the size of the pile. They should sort it out immediately even though they were tired. Ginevra asked about the Malfoys providing receipts for all the transactions. Luna thought that if the Malfoys wanted to cheat them, receipts wouldn't prevent it. The best safeguard would be to continue to trust them.

The pile was sorted, and Debby, with a deft wave, returned the dross to the forest. All returned home to rest.

One month later, Ginevra traveled to London escorted by Lucius and Draco. They entered a jewelry store where the owner took them to a back room. Ginevra handed him several gold pendants and necklaces.

"Yes," said the owner, "the photographs do not do them justice. Remarkable. But you know I can offer you only a fraction of the retail value."

The transaction completed, the trio visited several more shops where Ginevra handed over rubies and emeralds. They proceeded to a bank where, previously, the Malfoys had helped everyone open an account. Narcissa, in disguise, had posed as Debby. Ginevra deposited 21,000 Pounds Sterling in each of the five accounts.

It was the first excursion to convert the troll hoard, and as they were leaving the bank, Ginevra gasped, "I need a tea."

They grabbed the collapsing lady by the elbows and managed to get her to the nearest tea shop. Draco ordered a whole pot and surreptitiously cooled it down to let Ginevra swill down two cups. They ordered biscuits and passed them to the recovering witch.

Ginevra was gripping Draco's hand. "I couldn't have done it alone."

Carrying the jewelry and the funds between the two, she had noticed that no one approached Lucius and anyone who looked at Draco had positively recoiled. Now, Lucius was telling her that had been the easy part. Next, they had to take their solid assets, invest them in stocks and bonds, and hope the market continued its historical performance instead of collapsing as many were predicting.

Her hand was caressing Draco's and her warm, brown eyes were meeting his. "You'll be there for me, won't you?"

He nodded, trying not to stare at her unexpected beauty. And hoping no one was noticing his raging erection.

One week later, Draco arrived at the Weasley residence to find a tense Ginevra. He sat across the room sipping tea and nodding encouragement as she sat at a computer and typed in the detailed instructions that opened her mutual fund and transferred most of her bank balance into it. When the confirmation arrived, he saw the hard lines of stress leave her face.

"Would you like to stay a while. I never get visitors. We can listen to music. I tried baking cookies for you, but I was so nervous I burned them."

"We can try another batch if you like," he said.

She said that was a splendid idea, and now that the computer ordeal was over, it was her turn to issue instructions. The cookies would capture the occasion: macadamia nuts representing purity and dark chocolate chips representing guess who. As they were waiting for them to come out of the oven, she remarked how good natured he had been about mixing the dough. She talked about her job. When the baked goods were ready she asked he would like cookies and milk. She felt like a little girl. She teased him about being a Dark Wizard. She was fumbling with the buttons on her blouse and telling him she occasionally thought about being a Dark Witch. She waved goodbye from the doorway as he left.

Part 6

Later that week, Ginevra was on her lunch break when she saw Draco. She entered the sandwich shop and gave him her greeting. When he returned it, she sat at his table and ordered. In answer to her question, he replied that he had been wondering the streets and staring at different sets of four walls while wondering what to do for Luna. Ginevra and Hermione had regular jobs, and the investments from the troll treasure would provide for a splendid retirement, but Luna needed immediate income. Ginevra took his hand and said it was considerate of him to think of others. He did not withdraw his hand as he confessed that Luna's strong points were plants and animals which happened to be his weakest. Ginevra suggested he needed a break, and when he agreed, she offered to fix him dinner. Tomorrow was Friday. Draco accepted, adding that those with regular jobs were lucky to have regularly scheduled breaks where they felt entitled to relax. She said she had a cure for that. He could help fix dinner.

Her eyes twinkled. "Then you'll feel like you deserve a break."

Draco arrived that Friday evening to find Ginevra dressed roughly and holding a broom and pitchfork. She told him that hunting a rabbit and digging up potatoes for his dinner would let him feel entitled. It was the least a good hostess could do.

"All right!" he said, placing the vintage he had brought on the table, mounting his broom, and whipping out his wand.

Ginevra smiled. "I was joking."

"I'm not," he said. "Let's go."

They glided through the moonlit night until Draco pointed at a bush and indicated it belonged to Ginevra. The rabbit started; a flick of her wand brought it down. Ginevra whooped with glee. They returned, whereupon he said it was time to do his share. He wand waved several potatoes out of the ground and into the kitchen sink. A sort time later, potatoes were cooking in the fireplace coals while the levitated rabbit rotated above.

After dinner, she invited him to join her on the couch, complimented his carving skill, and asked what he was doing next Friday.

"Won't your boyfriend be jealous?" he asked.

"Jealous?"

"You're attractive. You're intelligent."

"And I'm hard to get along with," said Ginevra. "Do you know how many men I've driven away?"

"Perhaps you should say how many men you decided weren't suitable."

"No, I drove them away," said Ginevra. "They discovered what I was and didn't like it, and then I didn't want them around me, and when they left, I cried."

"Perhaps you should say you moved on when you discovered you weren't compatible even though breaking up was hard."

"Your correcting every thing I say is not attractive, Draco."

"I think you're being too hard on yourself, and I'm not trying to be attractive."

"So, you're not interested in me at all. That's a boast for my ego."

"I am interested in you. You're marvelous. But I'm a Dark Wizard, and you're a true blue Weasley."

She cocked her head at him. "You know what? Knowing we're incompatible from the very beginning means there'll be no regret when we split up."

"Split up?" he asked. "We're not together. Oh, you mean we could pretend. You could have a partner, well, a pretend partner, without emotional risk."

Ginevra nodded.

"Let me consider this," he said. "My first thought is that this is appealing to you because you could get things you never received with the other wizards. Okay, what's been missing from your life?"

"Everything," she said.

"I find that hard to believe," he said. "But for the sake of argument, the first step is talking to you while you tell me private things that you really want to keep secret but your emotional barriers are down."

"We've been doing that," said Ginevra, "and it was new and exciting, and excuse me for being impatient, but the next step is your holding me. I've always wanted to feel close enough to a wizard to do that."

Draco put his arm on her shoulder. "Go ahead," he said as she moved closer and ran her finger tips through his hair. Meeting no resistance, she leaned in. They were breathing the same air. Her lips met his. She was devouring him when he pulled back and said, "Gently, my sweet. Be the affectionate person you always wanted to be."

Her lips caressed his face, that hard face; her form caressed his body, that hard body. She was draped across him. There was a low moaning sigh as he stroked her hair.

She gasped, "I'm not a beauty queen."

"Shallow wizards want such as that," he said. "The ambitious know they need a strong witch by their side."

Her skirt was rucked up. His hand moved from her waist, dwelled on round soft hips, and glided to bare skin. She looked into his eyes at the intimate touch, His finger tips seemed to vibrate as they moved over the back of one limb to the back of another. He took in the look on her face as his fingers began nudging her legs apart. Her eyes turned wild as he caressed her inner thigh. Ginevra Weasley squirmed as the edge of his hand pushed against a cotton-covered puffiness. Her surprise as her frame shuddered. Tense muscles becoming limp, soft. As soft and sweet as Ginevra.

A breathless, "I'm going to get you for this, Draco."

"When?"

"Soon," she said.

He thought they should part for the evening. She agreed, but only if he promised to see her next Friday for another round of pretence.

Part 7

That Monday at work she took pen and paper and wrote, "Do you want to do me?" and tore it up.

She wrote, "I'm more than just a nice piece, aren't I?" and tore it up.

She wrote, "I miss you," and sent it.

Part 8

"Ginevra is a tigress," said Lucius, "and her boyfriend has dedicated his life to hunting such as you."

"I know what she is, but she seeks the Dark," said Draco. "I will mount the law-officer's woman. I will make her do the unfaithful wiggle."

"That is Dark, my son, but not as dark as a heroine. With deep regret, she will find some high ideal that justifies betraying you to your doom."

"That's as may be, but I want to be the one to make her squeal."

"If you do that, she will be making a personal sacrifice by betraying you, and she will regard it as even more meritorious."

Part 9

"What a line you're feeding me. Keep it up."

"It's not a line. I'm reminding you of your flexibility. You wanted to hunt archeology sites for ancient treasure, but agreed to search the forest for rare commodities. I'm reminding you of your generosity. You agreed to share the troll treasure with everyone."

Draco was spending another Friday evening at the Weasley residence. It was not the relaxing time he had hoped for. Ginevra was now claiming selfish greed in taking the trolls' prized objects. He replied that they had returned almost all of it, the trolls couldn't tell the difference between glass and emeralds, and besides, Debby had scattered the lot over the nearby forest which let the trolls experience the joy of finding shiny trinkets again.

"You're saying that trolls are easy to mollify because they're mentally defective. Can I assume you're using the same tactic on me?"

"You're teasing me," said Draco. "You're acting as if I want to get in your pants."

"Even if you did, you wouldn't let yourself commingle with a mere Weasley."

"Your family is illustrious," he said.

"We're poor, we're outsiders, we're nearly outcasts," said Ginevra.

Draco, who had walked over to get more tea, stopped and stared into space.

Do not speak of society to me

And its false assumptions about your state

But listen to your heart to set you free

For on it alone is written your fate

"What?" asked Ginevra. "What kind of bullshit is that?"

"It's just something that popped into my head," said Draco, returning to the sofa and drumming his fingers on the coffee table in contemplation. "Do you think I could expand it into a sonnet?"

Ginevra threw herself into a chair. "What a mood killer you are. You almost had my knickers down."

"That is a matter for regret," said Draco. "Your passion and affection would have added to my life. But I still have your company, I hope, and all your talent for examining the spoils."

"You have my frustrated talent. Are all Dark Wizards as maddening as you?" asked Ginevra. "But I admit it was a decent stanza, and a complete sonnet might turn a girl's head."

"Speaking of turning one's head," said Draco, standing and sniffing the air, "there are detectors about. This was a honey trap. What a clever girl you are."

Ginevra stood and grabbed his hand. "We have to run."

"Run where?" asked Draco. "Straight into a well-laid ambush? You're playing your part well, my sweet seductress."

"No. You have to believe me. They'll be after me now, too. They'll think I warned you. I'll go anywhere. You choose."

Just as he grabbed her to run, she asked, "Why were you sniffing? How could you smell a detector?"

"Detectors and law officers," he said as they vanished. "Coyote Spirit is one of the dark denizens of my soul."

As Draco grabbed Ginevra to do a fast spring out the door, she pulled back and said, "Wait. They'll be suspicious if I disappear with you."

"Tell them I saw the moon and ran out to howl. Tell them you followed me like a dutiful operative."

"Right. You're barking mad," she said.

They stopped in a cane grove and watched the posse swarm the house. He asked why she had betrayed him.

"They only want to ask you some questions," she said.

"This is a raid by Secret Police," he said. "The questioning would be under drugs and torture."

He continued. "There's a good chance I would reveal the forest raid. The authorities would confiscate your nest egg, your hope for a decent future for your family. It would disappear into their pockets. They would give you a certificate of thanks that you could frame and hang on the wall."

"Oh," said Ginevra, "but you're just saying that because you're jealous. Are you jealous?"

"Yes."

Do you feel nauseous when you think of my boyfriend penetrating me?"

"Yes."

"Well, he doesn't. So there."

Draco was behind Ginevra, his arm around her waist, his hand stroking her hair. He heard her gasp as he pressed the bulge in his trousers against her. He said, "Let me formulate your defense for you. I should have warned you that your betraying me and my being taken by the Secret Police would put your treasure in danger, but I didn't do that. Hence, this is all my fault."

She nodded.

"Now, why did you betray me?"

"Because I know you're sneering at me. You're leading me on and snickering at a little neglected girl desperate for company."

"If I wanted to sneer, I would take you here within earshot of your boyfriend and his Secret Police pals, but I want the real Ginevra Weasley. What does the inner Ginevra want?"

He let the fire build in her eyes. "I want to take you. I want to ride you and get off on your cock. I want to romp on you until your cock explodes. I want to remember a proud Malfoy's face as he surrenders to Weasley pussy."

He held her hands. "Believe me, I won't snicker."

Back at the Manor, Debby snapped awake at the intrusion and rushed to Draco's bedroom. She watched over the proceedings to fulfill her pledge to keep Draco safe.

When the commotion finally died down, Lucius and Narcissa looked at each other sleepily. "Ginevra."