

An Unlikely Turn of Events

by tatiana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Anti Litigation Charm - Not mine, making no money.

The nervous little man flitted about anxiously, bringing out one specimen after another while twittering on about the most recent Ministry rulings, "Such a shame that the house-elf liberation was successful. A lucrative business it was, and now we're forced to resort to this..."

The pretty witch nodded in agreement as she inspected each one carefully and with an expert eye, but appeared dissatisfied as she wrinkled her nose in disgust before turning to the shopkeeper, "They all look so...bedraggled...and dirty."

He knew that she was wavering and judging by the expensive material of her robes and the large emerald sitting at the base of her throat, this was a witch who demanded *and received*--the best of everything. He couldn't bear to lose a customer such as this seeing as business had been particularly slow, especially since the Ministry had passed their most recent legislation on the enslavement of magical creatures.

He looked about covertly and then leaned in towards the witch and whispered, "I may have something that is more to your liking...however, it is most valuable..." he gave her a knowing glance.

Understanding perfectly what the man was so unsubtly alluding to, the witch narrowed her eyes, *That* is not a concern. Show me what you have."

The short man's eyes shone greedily as he turned and beckoned for her to follow him through a thick velvet curtain hanging at the back of the small establishment. Down a dimly lit corridor and at the top of a set of narrow stairs, they stopped at a closed doorway and the man rummaged through an inner pocket in his robes, retrieving a set of heavy keys. The lock clicked loudly in the silence and the heavy door swung open, with a sweep of his arm he gestured her inside, "After you, madam."

She sneered at him and slid one hand into the sleeve of her cloak, "No, *after you*," she replied sweetly. Always a smart girl, she knew better than that.

He led her into a small room that was lit only by the sconces on the wall and she could see that there was no furniture and the carpet was nearly threadbare. From the shadows in the far corner she heard the rustle of fabric and clinking of chains before a dark figure emerged. It was a woman, about the same size as herself, perhaps even the same age, but it was hard to tell precisely because her head was bent and her face was hidden by a sheet of stringy, brown hair. Hair that obviously hadn't been washed, judging by the snarls.

The small man puffed out his chest proudly and walked over to the hunched figure, giving her a good swat on the bottom so that she stood to attention.

He beamed at the elegant witch from across the room, "I've been holding on to this one for a good while now, she was a bit feisty when I first acquired her, but I've managed to break her a bit. I do believe that she will need further training and I have no doubt that a witch such as yourself would have any problems with disciplining her. Her papers say she's from good stock, but you never can be quite certain this day in age." He sighed as though this was a great tragedy.

The witch crossed the small room and circled the woman in a predatory manner before coming directly to stand before her.

"Look at me," she demanded icily and when the woman looked up, the witch recognized her instantly. However, being skilled at masking any emotions, she schooled her face to its usual mask of indifference. A useful trick she had been taught early on by her husband.

She sneered down at the filthy woman and watched in amusement as realization dawned in the familiar eyes looking back at her, "Well isn't this a pleasant surprise. Who would have imagined this most *unfortunate* turn of events? Certainly not me."

The woman pulled furiously at her restraints while shrieking, "BITCH! TRAITOR! FILTHY LITTLE--"

And despite his wide girth, the little man moved surprisingly quickly to silence her only to be stopped by the witch, "No, I like her spirit. It will be more fun this way and I always did enjoy a challenge. I'll take her."

The woman in chains raged on and hissed angrily, "I know you. You're nothing but a filthy Mudblood whore, Granger."

The witch whom the hysterical woman addressed as Granger stepped forward, dropping a small velvet bag of Galleons into the shopkeeper's outstretched hand before taking the magical leash he held out to her.

Her eyes glittered dangerously as she smiled malevolently, "And Pansy, it would serve you well to know that I no longer go by Granger...it's Malfoy now. But *you* may call me Master." And with that the powerful witch cast 'Silencio' on her former classmate and apparated back to the manor, eager to show Lucius her new purchase.

A/N - Alright, I know this strays from my normal PWP, but I kept picturing a scene like this playing out in my head and I had to put it to words. Hope you liked.