

Trouble with Magic

by silverdoe

The Malfoys have a very special magical artifact in their home. It is always getting Draco in trouble. The latest trouble could disrupt Lucius' plans for his family.

Trouble is Brewing

Chapter 1 of 3

The Malfoys have a very special magical artifact in their home. It is always getting Draco in trouble. The latest trouble could disrupt Lucius' plans for his family.

Lucius Malfoy had arrived at his home a few days ago to unexpected guests. While he was away at Azkaban, the Dark Lord and several of his closest followers had moved into Malfoy Manor. It was bad enough that he had to endure the wrath of his master for his failure at the Ministry, but to take over the Manor and terrorize his family was unacceptable. To the outside world the Malfoys were a cold and arrogant family who believed that pureblood wizards deserved to rule the wizarding world. Lucius knew this was not entirely true. He loved his family dearly. His wife Narcissa was the most beautiful creature he had ever set eyes on. Despite the rumors, Lucius was as faithful to his wife as the Dark Lord allowed him to be. When he was in the Dark Lord's favor, he was required to participate in revels. He looked at these as part of his position and not as infidelity. As for his son, Draco, he was very proud of the man that he was becoming. He allowed him to make his own choices and mistakes. Just before the disaster at the Ministry, Draco had informed him that he would not be joining Voldemort's ranks. He also informed his father that he was beginning to harbor intense feelings for a girl who was not pureblood. He planned to make her his wife one day if she would have him. There was a heated conversation that night, but in his heart Lucius was proud that his son had the courage to differ from his beliefs.

Though his place in society had never allowed him to show these feelings in public, at home, at the manor things were far from how the rest of the world saw it. When Draco was home from school they always ate dinner together. Conversation passed easily between the three of them. Sometimes their discussions would carry them late into the night. Love and laughter filled the large dining room. Now things had to change. There will be no more laughter. No more all night dinners with his wife and his son. The dining room was now dark and filled with hate. The Dark Lord had chosen this room to meet with his Death Eaters. These same Death Eaters filled his home day and night. Now he would be forced to display his public persona all the time.

Lucius had spent the first two days at home being tortured by Voldemort for his failure. Once he grew tired of torturing Lucius, he allowed others to do so to amuse him. His third and fourth day he spent recovering from the many hours of the several different curses that he had endured. Narcissa tended to him during his recuperation. He was able to get vital information from her as to their situation. She told him that after his capture, the Dark Lord had forced Draco to join him and take his Mark. He had threatened that if Draco refused he would not only kill him but also his mother. He had no choice but to become a Death Eater. Lucius felt his heart break a little at this. He knew now that his family was in danger from the master he had served loyally for so long. He had several long months to think about Voldemort and his views while he sat in Azkaban. He had decided that upon his release he would get his family to safety and then try to disappear himself. He no longer wanted to serve the Dark Lord. Hell, if truth be told he wasn't even sure he still shared the same views as his master. He was beginning to see that blood didn't even really matter. He knew that Voldemort was a half-blood, yet he preached the values of a pureblooded existence. Then there was that Mudblood he fought at the ministry, Granger. He could feel the magic pulsating from her. He knew then that she was developing into a very powerful witch. Harry Potter was another factor in the scrutiny of his views. Everyone wondered how a baby could have defeated the greatest dark wizard ever. Lucius wondered how a half-blood could do it. It was then that he was convinced that blood truly did not matter. A small part of him even hoped that Harry Potter and the Order of Phoenix would be successful and destroy Lord Voldemort and there-by rescue the entire wizarding world from his grasps.

After Lucius had processed the fact his one and only son was now a Death Eater, Narcissa continued her tale. She told him that the Dark Lord had been very displeased

with Lucius' failures. For that reason he had given Draco a task to accomplish and that in a way he had. Both of the parents knew that this task was more punishment for Lucius' own failures. She explained that Draco was to kill Albus Dumbledore. She told her husband about the Unbreakable Vow she made with his best friend in order to protect their son. She told him about Draco's attempts and his failures to fulfill his task. Then she told him all she knew about the night atop the Astronomy Tower. Draco was here in the Manor, and she said that she would bring him to see his father the next day. He knew that when Severus Snape returned Draco here, the Dark Lord punished the boy for his failure, but at least it had not been too severe. He was grateful that his friend was there to help his family. He would remember to thank him properly when and if he had the chance.

The next morning the small family took their breakfast in the Malfoy's spacious master suite. It would be the last time they would gather for conversation over a meal. Lucius told his wife and son that they needed to maintain their public personas from now on, never letting anyone see their love for each other as it could be used against them. After this morning they would all take meals with the other Death Eaters who were residing in the house. He did not want anyone, especially the Dark Lord, to see where he was the weakest. He had hoped to be able to move his family to safety upon his return, but now realized that plan would have to wait. For now the each had a role to play. They talked mostly of Draco's task and of the upcoming war.

"How did you know about all those other attempts?"

"The Trouble with Magic Statue, of course," his mother said.

"Damn, that thing it is always trying to get me in trouble."

"Well then it certainly lives up to its name," his father said with a chuckle.

"Yes, well he informed me when you made your attempts and when they failed. I must say it is a remarkable piece of magic." The family was referring to a very special family heirloom. It was a bust of Narcissa's Great-Great-Great Grandfather Urien Belenus Black. He had enchanted it to alert him to his children's good and bad deeds. No one had yet to figure out how the bust knew when the children were bad or good even when they were hundreds of miles away at school. But it was said that Urien was probably the brightest wizard of that age. The bust was passed down through the family for years. It always went to the first born of each generation to protect them. Narcissa had two sisters and two cousins in her generation. One cousin was killed after he turned on the Dark Lord. The other was disowned for being a Blood-traitor. Bellatrix had no children and her other sister was disowned for marrying a Muggle, so the bust became hers when Draco was born. The bust would let the parents know when their child had done something bad so the child could be reprimanded. It also let them know when they had done something good so the child could be rewarded. Lucius always laughed at the bust when it recommended he punish Draco for the acts of violence he pulled while away at school. Lucius always felt that a little hex here and there did not make Draco a bad boy and therefore rarely punished him for anything the bust told him. Lucius suddenly came out of his thoughts, a panicked look on his face. "Narcissa, does our Lord know of the statue." Thoughts of how Voldemort could use his son once he found out about the statue's existence flashed in his head.

"No, I had the house-elf move him from your study to my dressing room the night the Dark Lord arrived. I, too, know of the dangers if he possessed the ability to monitor Draco, though he may already know about the bust and its powers. Bella knows it exists."

Lucius sat and thought for a few minutes. If indeed Bella told her master about it already, he certainly would have ordered it to be brought to him, if for nothing else than for another way to control his family.

"If she did then he sees it as nothing of importance," Lucius responded. "What did old Urien have to say about our son's attempt at murder?"

"That is the strange part. It must not have registered as a bad deed because he didn't say a word. He let me know when Draco let the Death Eaters in the school and that he disarmed his headmaster, but nothing else after that. Maybe since Draco did not perform the act, he did not see any need to report it," she sighed.

"No, I don't think so. Urien hated that I rarely took his advice when it came to punishing Draco. That would have been the best chance to report him doing something truly bad."

"Wait, I don't understand. How would me killing Dumbledore be considered bad when I was punished for not doing so? Shouldn't it be considered good that I at least tried?"

"The Statue can not distinguish the difference between an order and a choice. It judges good and bad based solely on the morals of the wizarding world. Any attempt on another wizard's life would be seen as a bad deed. Even if you had killed someone in battle it would still report that. My great-great-great grandfather was highly intelligent. He would not have condoned any war where wizards killed other wizards, regardless of blood. Since he enchanted the bust, I am certain that he gave it his morals and those from the time he lived," his mother explained.

"When will this humiliation end?" Draco replied.

Lucius just laughed, it felt good to do so. "It will end when you have children. I think that was Urien's way of making sure there was always an heir. Until then it would be best if you remember that it was immoral to have sex before marriage when Urien was alive."

Draco blushed, "You knew, all this time, every time I..." His voice trailed off, and he looked between his father and mother with a horrified expression on his face.

"And Son," his mother added with a sly smile, "I do hope you treat each and every one of those girls with respect."

At his mother's remark Draco just banged his head on the table unable to bear the thought that both of his parents knew about his affairs. At the same time, a jolt of fear went through his stomach. Did they know which girl he was with at the time of these acts of indiscretion? No, he thought, if they knew he was with her, they would not be so calm. His thoughts lingered for a moment on the last time he saw her just before she went off to join her friends at the Burrow. He thought of the time they spent that night, and he felt his face getting warmer and knew there was color rising in his cheeks. Narcissa and Lucius laughed at their son's obvious humiliation. A few minutes later he finally decided it didn't matter if they knew, and he joined them in laughter. It truly did feel good to laugh with his family. Lucius knew he was going to miss this. There was now little they could do to change the fates that seemed to be crashing down around them.

Later, while Lucius was dressing for the day and preparing to go and meet with the Dark Lord, he wandered into his wife's dressing room to speak with the bust of Urien. The question about the murder still had him bothered, and he felt the need to question the statue. He saw his wife had placed him in the corner and walked over to stand directly in front of the bust. He stood and waited and nothing. The bust did not change or move. "Very strange, he almost always acknowledges me when I stand before him," Lucius thought.

"Urien," he said aloud. Nothing. Not a word. He didn't even open his eyes. "Urien, I need a word, please," this time he spoke louder.

"Master Malfoy, how may I be of service?"

"Urien, I am sure you know of Draco's behavior last June. I would like to know why you never reported the attempted murder to Narcissa."

"Sir, There was no attempt. The man in question was already dying. In fact given what I know he probably would not have made it another hour."

"Are you saying that Dumbledore was already dead?"

"Yes and no, he was alive when the last curse was thrown at him. But he was very weak and already dying. There was nothing that could have been done to save him, therefore the boy did nothing wrong other than disarm him."

He thought for a few moments. This was very interesting. What could possibly make the great wizard so weak? He turned to leave still pondering the events of that fateful night. When he turned and asked Urien one last question.

"Why did you make me call you twice before you spoke to me?"

"You are no longer my master. There will be an heir. I now belong to the boy."

A/N Urien, means privileged birth. In Arthurian legend Urien was a king of Gore and the husband of Morgan le Fay.

Belenus, means bright, brilliant.

Urien Belenus Black would be Phineas Nigellus Black's father. Since JKR's Black family tree only goes back 5 generations I made him up.

Thanks to my wonderul beta lilywillow.

The Truth Will Set You Free

Chapter 2 of 3

Lucius seeks help from an unlikely source. Can he be trusted?

A/N: Just borrowing some toys with promises to return when I am finished.

Urien closed his eyes and spoke no more to Lucius. For his part, Lucius stared at the bust and said nothing. Words could not form in his mouth. Thoughts and images ran through his mind so fast he hardly realized them. His son, a father. The man who could destroy the world. Destroy his family. A child, so small and innocent, his grandchild. His family, his blood. The mother, who was she? Did she know? Did Draco know? How can he protect them all now? Can he protect them? Can he hide this new information from Voldemort? They needed to flee. The need to run and hide was overwhelming.

He would do something, but first he needed to find the only person outside his family he trusted. Will he be willing to help him? He knew of his friend's true allegiance was not to the Dark Lord. He had known since the first war. He never betrayed him, and he keep that piece of information locked away in his mind. He hoped that it will have earned him the right to ask for this favor from him. With a last glance at Urien's bust, he left the confines of the master suite in search of a Death Eater. A Death Eater he desperately hoped would be in residence at the manor.

Lucius spent the rest of the morning strolling around the manor. Unable to find whom he was looking for, he took the time to enjoy the morning breeze. He needed some time to himself to think. He had not mentioned anything about his talk with the bust to his wife or son. They had gone their separate ways after breakfast, determined not to let Voldemort see their love for each other. He was confident in his and Narcissa's ability to Occlude the Dark Lord. However, he knew it would take very little prying for him to break down Draco's walls. His only hope was that Draco did not yet know of his child. Whatever mistakes he had made while raising his son and by joining Voldemort, he hoped to be able to rectify them by saving his family from this monster.

The dark mark on his arm began to burn, and he knew he was being summoned. He feared it would be for more punishment. It was best to get this over with. Maybe he would be able to determine if Snape was in residence. He quickly made his way to his library where the Dark Lord had taken up residence. It disgusted Lucius to think that his private study and his personal belongings were now in the possession of Voldemort.

He entered the library and bowed at the feet of his master, bending so low he could kiss the hem of his robes. Not so very long ago he would have given his life for this snake of a man. Now he wanted only to be there to celebrate the man's death. Lucius remained bent at his master's feet for what seemed like hours before the Dark Lord finally spoke.

"You seem to be feeling better. I expected that I would be higher on your priorities than a stroll in the gardens this morning."

"Forgive me, my Lord. It has been long since I was able to be in fresh air."

"Surely, by now, you realize I do not forgive.*Crucio*."

The curse was unexpected and fast, giving Lucius no time to prepare himself. The pain scorched through ever fiber of his being. His muscles protested. Barely recovered from his last bought, he was unable to suppress the scream in his lungs. The pain lifted almost as fast as it started. Lucius resumed his position at the hem of his master's robes.

"Stand up," hissed Voldemort.

Lucius rose to his feet, quickly locking away his thoughts of his family and his plans of escape in a secret room in his mind. He knew when he turned to look at Voldemort, his mind would be assaulted almost instantly.

Voldemort gathered very little information from Lucius' mind. A few specks of being relieved to be free, a growing animosity toward someone, and a desire to be done with the war and get on with his life was all the was visible without deep prodding. He knew Lucius could never hide anything from him, so he exited the man's head.

"Not much to look at for a man who spent so long in Azkaban. I would have thought you would be harboring some feelings of revenge or hatred towards me."

"My feelings of revenge and hatred are only for those responsible for putting me there"

"Tonight I will make plans to finish Harry Potter. You and your family will be in attendance. Your disappointment of an heir will learn the respect I command from my followers. You may wait in the hall until then."

"Yes, my Lord." Lucius bowed his way out of the room. He knew that he was indeed still being punished. It was barely noon. The meetings rarely took place before ten at night. He knew he could do nothing but stand here for the next ten hours.

The meeting that night went as bad as Lucius had anticipated. He was demeaned and ridiculed by other Death Eaters. Ignored by those he thought were his friends. And just when he thought it couldn't get much worse, he had to surrender his wand to the Dark Lord. He tried and failed to get Severus to acknowledge him.

His foul mood was only worsened by his lack of food. He had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast. He stormed to the kitchens in hopes of finding some leftovers from dinner to tide him over until morning.

As he burst through the door, he was surprised by a wand in his face. The man holding it had the most menacing look in his eyes. "Show me" was all he said.

Lucius looked up at him, mentally unlocking the room, allowing this man to see everything he kept hidden. Images flooded his brain. Breakfast this morning. The conversation with Urien. Azkaban. The battle at the Department of Mysteries. Dinners with his family. Draco as a baby. Snape and Dumbledore atop a hill while the wind howled around them. Snape swearing his allegiance to the old man and the Order.

"You have known all this time and said nothing," the dark man scowled.

"You were never a threat to me or my family. You were always a friend though. I was not as brave as you. I knew I would never be able to leave on my own. But I have felt the need for some time. I always hoped that one friend could help another when time came no matter which side won."

"So, you keep this secret so long only to assure a way onto to the winning side."

"I will admit that was my objective at first. Now, my only goals are safety of my family and the death of that monster. I do not care what happens to me, it is for Narcissa and Draco I do this. And for whoever is the mother of my grandchild."

"The girl is....."

"Yes, do you know who she is?"

"I have my suspicions. If I am correct, you will disown your son."

"No, he told me he was in love with a girl not of pureblood. I have come to accept that. The only hatred I feel is towards...." He trailed, not wanting to be overheard. "My family is all that matters to me. That girl whoever she is, is family"

"Have you told Draco and Narcissa of the upcoming arrival?"

"Draco cannot be trusted to know. His mind is weak in front of the Dark Lord. Narcissa would be beside herself if she knew. It is best to keep this to ourselves for now."

Snape stared his friend as if looking at him for the first time. He searched his mind and knew he was being truthful.

"I will see what I can do. I will make no promises."

He turned and headed towards the entry, robes billowing behind him.

"Are you sure he can be trusted, Severus," Minerva McGonagall asked her young friend when he returned to Hogwarts to give his report to her and the portrait of his mentor and friend.

"I have seen all of his darkest secrets today. He laid his mind totally open to me. I could feel how strong his feelings were for his family, as I could feel the hatred towards the Dark Lord."

"Is that enough to be certain, did he offer you proof?" This voice came from the portrait behind the desk.

"He knows all about me, Albus. He followed me that night to the hill. He has known since day one."

"Surely he only kept this information in order for it to benefit him in some way," the witch spit out.

"He did, at first. He no longer cares what happens to him. Only the lives of his wife, his son and his grandchild matter to him now. It is for them that he is pleading."

"Grandchild?"

"Grandchild!"

"It seems young Mr. Malfoy has been having an affair with a girl that is Muggle-born. They have produced a child. Though it is likely that neither of them know about it yet as they have been out of contact since just after school ended last term. It appears the boy has visited her at her parents' house in Muggle London," explained Snape.

"Who is the girl? And how does Lucius know if neither one of them know yet?" McGonagall asked.

It was Dumbledore who answered. "I believe the girl would be Miss Granger." Snape nodded and McGonagall felt her mouth fall open. "As for how Lucius knows, well, that would be the Trouble with Magic."

Again Snape nodded and Minerva looked even further confused. It was Snape's turn to explain what they were talking about.

"The Black Family had a bust that was enchanted to inform parents on the behaviors of their children. Seeing as the Narcissa is the last of the Blacks to have child, she inherited the bust."

"All the time I wasted sending her owls to report his behavior and she knew ahead of time," she said with a slight smirk on her face.

The two men looked at each other and both broke out in a smile.

Minerva sat across the desk from the portrait of Dumbledore, sipping her tea. The man in the portrait was lost in thought. It was Minerva who broke the silence first.

"It is time to alert some members of the Order as to Severus' true allegiance."

"I believe you are correct." Rustled from his thoughts, he stared intently at the witch across from him. "We need to be discreet on whom we should invite into this."

"Yes, I believe Remus can be trusted, Shackbolt as well. I think for the girl's sake we should invite one of the Weasleys. Arthur would be my choice, as Molly might get too emotional."

"Exactly the three I was thinking of. Get the Pensieve ready, they may need to see my memories in order to believe it was me who orchestrated my death."

"I will send the owls right away and tell them to meet me here in the morning. I am sure Molly won't mind us borrowing Arthur for a few hours."

"I am sure Arthur will be happy to get out from all the wedding preparations for a few hours," he chuckled, eyes twinkling.

It took very little persuasion from Dumbledore and McGonagall for the three men to see Snape's vital role as a double agent. Dumbledore expected as much, as these three were the most likely to see the advantages of still having a spy in Voldemort's inner circle. They were still not pleased that Dumbledore had sacrificed himself for the

cause, but at least they understood that the deed would have occurred naturally anyway. Getting them to trust in Lucius was more of a problem.

"How do we know that Malfoy isn't just trying to cover himself in the event that Voldemort loses?" Remus questioned.

"Because he isn't doing it for himself, he is doing it for his family. The family he has now and the family that is to come."

"Even as a portrait he still speaks in riddles," Arthur remarked.

Laughter filled the room. "What Albus is trying and failing to mention is that Draco has been in a relationship with a Muggle-born witch. It is our belief that she is with child."

"Draco and a Muggle-born, you can't be serious. Lucius knows this and he is.... He is okay with it," Remus stuttered.

"Muggle-born or not, that is not enough of the reason for the Order to get involved and protect them," Shacklebolt sniped.

Minerva and Albus looked to each other. Minerva sighed and shook her head. Albus sat thinking for a few moments before he completed the puzzle for the three younger wizards.

"Draco's love and the mother of his child is our star pupil."

"No!" Remus looked between his two former professors as if pleading to make them say it was all a lie. Arthur and Shacklebolt just shook their heads in disbelief.

"Arthur, by your stunned silence, am I correct in assuming that the residents of the Burrow are unaware of this relationship," asked the portrait.

"Yes."

"Then we must not let on to anyone that we know. I have no desire to increase her stress levels in her condition. Nor do I wish to, how to say it... out her condition. Which means this information does not leave this room. Arthur you will need to see what you can do about getting her to take it easy without raising anyone suspicions, especially Molly. No, before you ask, we can't let her know." He held up his hand to stop the words he knew the man was about to say. "She will only coddle the girl and the others will catch on."

"We must all do what we can to protect her without her knowledge. Voldemort will eventually find out, and then he will want to use her and the child to hurt and control the Malfoys. I assume she is making plans with Harry and Ron to go on a little task I have for Harry." Arthur nodded. "We must try and discourage her from it. Minerva, I leave that up to you."

"I will speak to her after the wedding. I am sure they won't leave until after that."

"Very good. There is not much we can do for the Malfoys at the moment, not with Voldemort taking up residence in the manor. After the nuptials, we will meet and see what we can do to hide them away."

"Albus, it was an ambush," Minerva screeched to the portrait as she burst through the door to her office. "We were attacked at the wedding. Luckily, there were no loses. But I was unable to speak to Hermione, and now she has disappeared with Potter and Weasley."

"She must be found and protected. I fear she is in more danger than she can possibly know."

"Remus is on it."

A/N: I hope you all enjoyed this. Chapter 3 will be up soon.

My thanks as always to my beta, lilywillow.

Finding A Way

Chapter 3 of 3

Draco prepares to return to Hogwarts.

A/N: Just borrowing some toys with promises to return when I am finished.

Lucius woke suddenly. The feeling of being watched consumed him. Narcissa slept deeply beside him. He scanned the room in the dim moonlight and saw a shadow move near the doorway. He reached for his wand. Before he could grasp it, it flew silently through the air toward the shadow. Masking his fear, he rose slowly to stand from the bed as the shadow moved into the moonlight. A slight feeling of relief filled him as the shadow walked past him and into the dressing rooms. Following his night visitor, he closed the door to the bed chamber and lit the lights with a word.

"Severus, what news do you have?"

"I have spoken with those who matter, and we have agreed to help your family."

"Good news then. When do we leave? How will we escape?"

"No one will be leaving here anytime soon."

"What? I thought you said they have agreed to help. How will staying here help us to escape?" His voice rising with the anger he was starting to feel.

"Lower your voice, lest you want to be heard. It was decided that once we have the girl safe and hidden, we would work on a plan to assist the rest of your family."

"The fools," he scoffed, but before he could complete his thoughts, Snape interrupted him.

"Lucius, use your common sense. If they help you escape now and the Dark Lord finds her first, he will only use her to torture you and your family. She is as good as dead if you leave now. It is only because of her they have even agreed. It is HER welfare and happiness that concerns them not yours."

"Why is it that? Just because she is innocent she is deemed more important? It is not like we are talking about Harry Bloody Potter... oh." His voice trailed off. The words his son had said to him so long ago suddenly filled his head. Could his son possibly fall in love with the witch who followed Harry Potter's every move? He looked to Snape as if to confirm his musings. Snape only gave a slight nod in answer to the question he had in his eyes.

"I do not understand the problem then. If it is Potter's little friend, then go and retrieve her. I am sure she can't be that hard to find. She is after all a member of your Order."

"Potter and his two sidekicks have disappeared. It seems they are off on some sort of mission known only to them and Dumbledore. We have been searching and have been unable to locate them."

"So, I must sit here and wait whilst some little Mudblood goes traipsing about the country side."

"I was under the impression that her blood didn't matter to you anymore," Snape sneered. "Keep in mind that it is your blood that is growing inside of that girl, Muggle-born or not."

"Fine, go, go and rescue the witch. Save the world. I will protect my family. Maybe I will forget to lock my memories away and slip to the Dark Lord what your secrets are."

"Do. Not. Threaten. Me." Snape growled. "Understand that I care less what happens to you and your family. If the Malfoy line fails, it is not my problem. I will protect Potter. I will see him through to the end. I will see the Dark Lord fall. It is my loyalties to Dumbledore that drive me. Not idle threats from you."

"Your loyalties! You mean like the ones you swore to the Dark Lord," Lucius sneered.

"You forget, Lucius, you swore the same as I, and yet, here you are looking to escape your loyalties. Do not pretend that you are somehow better than me because you chose to flee for the sake of your family. It is as much for yourself that you do this."

Snape was silent for a few moments, letting the man absorb his words. When Lucius made no attempts to further his argument, Snape continued, his voice full of contempt for his longtime friend.

"We need to make plans for Draco to return to school. Since the Dark Lord has taken over the Ministry, he has given me control of Hogwarts. He will be sending some others to keep watch I am sure, but, for the most part, Draco will be safe there. I think we should also move the bust to Hogwarts. Now that it will report on the child, it would not be wise to let it stay so near the Dark Lord. This is it I assume," Snape said, pointing to the bust in the corner.

Lucius nodded.

"I shall take it with me tonight. I will return on Friday to retrieve Draco."

"No, you can't." Lucius reached to stop him from touching the bust.

"Can't. I will take..." Snape started before Lucius interrupted him.

"The bust, you won't be able to move it. Neither will I. It belongs to Draco and he alone can move the bust. It is part of its enchantment."

"Have the elves move it then. They did so before, they can do so now."

"The moved it on Narcissa's order. They will not likely be able to do so now."

Snape looked over at the statue. He contemplated it for a few moments. Finally a plan formed. He turned back to Lucius.

"Have Draco pack all of his belongings. Everything he has here. I will be here to get him on Friday, like planned. I will bring an elf from the school to remove his belongings to my office. If all works the way I think it should, the elf will bring the statue as well."

"Let's hope so."

"I'll see myself out. Good night, Lucius."

"Good night, Severus."

Friday morning dawned bright and clear. Snape arrived just after sunrise. He needed a short stroll before he went inside the Manor. Despite rumors to the contrary, he enjoyed being out in the sun. Especially, in the early morning when everything still felt new. He used this time to clear and lock his mind.

Finally he felt ready to begin his day. His first stop in the house would be the library. He had come to receive his orders from his master and to retrieve the boy. With any luck, the troublesome bust would also be retrieved.

After a brief and painless meeting with Voldemort, he went to seek out the Malfoy family. He found them with several other Death Eaters in the dinning room eating breakfast.

He nodded his acknowledgement to those that were present before looking towards Lucius and Narcissa.

"I have come, as I am sure you know, to escort Draco to school," Snape snapped. Turning his head towards Draco, he continued. "Gather all of your belongings, and meet me in the entry hall. I have an elf waiting to take your things to Hogwarts."

He turned without another word and swept from the room. A few minutes later, the Malfoy family joined him in the entry. He waited while Narcissa gave Draco an obligatory hug and Lucius clapped him on the shoulder. When Draco turned to face Snape, he snapped his fingers, summoning the elf he had brought with him from Hogwarts.

If the Malfoy family was surprised to see the small creature that appeared before them, not a one of them showed it. However, Dobby was extremely terrified at the thought of being inside Malfoy Manor once again. He hid his eyes behind his hands and trembled from head to toe. He had been told he was coming only to retrieve the younger Malfoy's belongings. Yet, he still feared that he would be forced to stay here somehow.

"Draco, Dobby has come to take your trunk to school. You only need to tell him what to bring along. I would suggest that you ask him to bring ALL of your belongings," Snape commanded. "I would hate to have to come back here in a week just to pick up your favorite quill or parchment."

Draco had a momentary look of confusion on his face before he felt a slight squeeze from his father's hand. Without looking around he spoke to the small frightened elf.

"Elf, bring ALL of my belongings to the castle. And mind you do not scratch the trunk in transport."

"Yes, master," squeaked the elf, his eyes still hidden by his hands. Before he could disappear to do as was commanded, Dobby was stilled by a hand. He took his hands from his face and gazed into the very stern face of the new Headmaster.

"Until I can be sure the school is secure, place Mr. Malfoy's belongings in my office. He can retrieve them from there later this evening."

"Yes, master." This time he was quicker to disappear, not wanting to remain in the Manor any longer than necessary.

"Come, Draco, we are leaving." Snape turned and exited the house, making his way to the Apparition point just beyond the gardens. With one last squeeze by his father, Draco followed him.

Severus glanced around his office and pinched the bridge of his nose. *How is it possible that someone so young can obtain so much junk? Honestly, does he really need five different brooms?* His dorm room was never going to hold all of this. Looking past the piles of Draco's belongings, he spotted the bust perched atop a small table. At least the bust made it here, and that was all that mattered.

With a look of disgust, Snape turned and glared at Draco.

"Take what you need for the school year. I will have the rest of this mess placed in storage."

Draco began to protest the thought of having to drag his trunk to the dungeons, but the look on Snape's face made him think otherwise. He quickly began gathering his things and headed for the door.

When he reached the threshold, he turned back to look at his new Headmaster, noticing that he now looked relieved. The question that had been on his tongue since before they'd left the Manor burst to his lips before he could stop himself.

"Sir, why was it necessary for me to bring everything I own from the Manor?"

Realizing that Draco was still in the room, Snape quickly threw back on his scowl before he replied.

"My reasons are my own. You may go. And do close the door behind you," Snape said before turning to sit at his desk.

A/N: I hope you all enjoyed this. This is where I will be leaving the events and timeline of DH to venture into my own imagination. Who knows where that will lead me from here.

My thanks as always to my beta, lilywillow.