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*Denna text är HP fanfiction på engelska, vilket inte är mitt förstaspråk. Novellen beskriver en sidohandling som utvecklar Draco.*

## **Meet the Malfoys**

1993-1994 prisoner of Azkaban

July 15th 1993

-Miss, miss, an old man in a rather dated mailman's uniform walks up to her and smiles at her as she opens the gate on her way home from school, are you Tracy Davies?

-Mm, she replies and nods indifferent.

-Look, a letter for you! Tracy takes the letter, its made of some sort of thick paper, her name in a strange handwriting and a wax seal. She didn't recall ever getting a letter and this, she realized was no ordinary letter.

-Is your mummy home dear?

Tracy wakes up from her taught.

-Yes she is inside.

-Come on than girl the mailman says and follows her inside.

The house is in quite a mess, two younger children comes running chasing each other, a dog barks and a woman screams from the back of the house;

-Is it you Trays?

-Yes mum, and the mailman want to talk to you!

-Oh god! What is it now!

The woman comes in view, her dirty, yellowish bleach blond hair in a messy bun on top of her head; a face of makeup that seems a bit crocked a fag in her mouth,

-What now then!?

About twenty minutes later Tracy Davies knows all about a place called Hogwarts, a school for witchcraft and wizardry that she had been accepted to without even applying.

-And it is totally free? Tracy's mother asked for the third time.

-Well, books and supplies will cost you but room and board will be provided.

-And she will get some... help?

-Oh yes, you can be sure, she will have a good education suitable for a girl like her Mrs Davis...

-Ms,

-Oh sorry, Ms Davies...

- I don't have any money for books and things for a posh school! Look at this house!

He takes a good look around the front room,

- Maybe we can sort something out for this year. You will hear from us!

August 28th 1993

The last Saturday before September 1st a rather strange looking man comes to the house and picks Tracy up. His hair is black, his clothes as well and he seems to be in a hurry. They go by bus to the centre of London and during the hour long journey the man doesn't say a word. Off the bus, into another, then a brisk walk, he has still not said anything more than "come along" into an old pub filled with strange people and then he knocks at a wall with a stick and they end up in a strange street.

-We won't be here long, you just need you to pick a wand! All other things will be donated by former students.

They swiftly walk down the ally and stops in front of an old dusty shop; the name outside was Olliv something but she doesn't have time to read because the man grunts "Come along now miss!"

10 minutes later she is the owner of a small wooden stick and on the bus back home.

-So, that's taken care of! The man says. When it is time to change busses the man hand her a bag, here are a set of robes. You change on the train. All your other supplies are as I previously mentioned already at school. Kings Cross station September 1st, 11 o'clock sharp! The man says handing her a ticket.

Hop on the bus and go straight home now! She turns to take a last look at the man trough the bus window but he is gone!

It is dusk when she steppes of it at the bus stop and walks the last block to her house carrying the little box, neatly wrapped in brown paper tied with a string. The old man at the store had urged her to keep it in the box until she arrived to Hogwarts, "for everybody's safety" he said.

Kings Cross station half past ten, September 1st 1993

Only half past, she sighs when looking at the big station clock, she is in time! But now then? She can see platform 9 and 10 but were is 9¾?

Suddenly she spots a somewhat strange family, a mum in a strange dress, a boy pushing a trolley with a big trunk and dad dressed in an old fashioned suit the last two with blond, almost white hair. Not even the best hairdresser in the East End could bleach it that well so they had to magical!

The boy is looks around, and for a split second his piercing grey eyes looks straight at her, then the family start walking a bit faster and disappear into the wall between platforms nine and ten.

Tracy slowly walks up close wall, and then makes a run for it, and suddenly she finds herself on a busy platform with a big red steam engine puffing out white smoke. Many strange and even some quite ordinary looking families are loading their kinds on to the train. She hurries down the platform and gets onto one of the last carriages, its almost empty and she sits down in en vacant seat the corner. Happy and nervous children soon fill the carriage, but Tracy tries to make herself invisible in her corner. Then the whistle blows and the train slowly starts to move, she had hardly slept at all last night and soon drifts away cradled by the trains rocking motion.

The train comes to a sudden halt, and Tracy wakes up confused and strangely scared. The lights flicker for a moment and than goes out completely. A cold wind sweeps along the train like someone opened the door to

an arctic snowstorm. Something grey sweeps through the corridor. The kids around her, even the older ones looked scared. Someone whispers “dementors”, then, just as fast as it got cold the temperature starts to rise again, the lights turn on and the train starts pumping up steam and starts after some jerks to rolling again. It’s almost dark when the Hogwarts express finally reaches its destination. All the first year students are rounded up on the far side of the platform by some kind of huge man and taken down to a big lake where boats lie waiting to take them to Hogwarts castle.

## Sorting

The hallway was crowded, nervous giggles and sweaty palms.

-It’s a really old hat you know, the girl beside her whispers, and it tells you what house you will be in and....

-Now ladies and gentlemen, it’s time! An old woman ushers them in to the big room, a grand hall with hundreds of curious faces looking at them as they walk in and then their names are called, one by one...

-Davies, Tracy.

The hat felt heavy on her head and a voice mutters. You’re a one off, aren’t you? Slytherin won’t take you even if you... We better put you somewhere safe

-Ravenclaw!

One of the four rows of tables cheers and she sits down with some other new Ravenclaw students.

- Any relation to Roger or Chester an older girl sitting across from her asks,

- No, not what I know of Tracy replies.

-Greengrass, Astoria – a little brown-haired girl steps up to the chair. The hat is put on her head and promptly announces - Slytherin, A couple of older students at the Slytherin table stand up and welcome her, among them sits that boy, the platinum blond one.

-Who is he? She asks the older girl and points to the blond boy,

-Oh, that one... that’s Malfoy, a stuck up and rich bully. You better stay clear of him; he and his gang of idiots can make life hard for almost everyone, they especially like to taunt muggleborns and they are proud of it!

With a full stomach and sleepy eyes the first year students are headed to their dorms. The prefect, a blond 6th year girl had showed them the essentials and now it was time for bed.

-Good night girls! Try to sleep now, tomorrow you will get your schedules and then everything starts!

## September 2nd 1993

The robes she had gotten were old, mended and more grey than black. Her books were fourth or fifth hand. Her flasks were mismatched, her gloves for safety had holes, but she was here and not in at her old school and no one seemed to notice her lack of shiny new things, not yet at least.

The first years is again clumped together and ushered down to the great hall for breakfast. The sitting girl next to her is a freckle faced bubbly girl with her reddish-brown hair in braids and she cant stop talking enough to even eat a bite.

-Muggleborn? Its hard now in the beginning I guess, I'm half myself, mum is a witch. Dad sells used cars, so he's a bit of a wizard in his own way he says. But just wait a week or two and you be right in to it, she giggles, We can get really good grades in mugglestudies at least. I don't understand why we who have grown up in the muggleworld need to take that class at all and.....

Tracy try to nod and hum at the right places as she scanners the room, no "Malfoy" yet, and she has the feeling that he and his gang isn't early birds.

-Tracy, the girl gives her a little elbow, have read any of the books yet? Mum had some old ones that they still use and she says that a ghost teaches history of magic. A GHOST!

A rumble is heard in the entrance hall, and a second later the Slytherin table is filled with a gang of what looks like third, fourth and maybe even fifth year students, all buzzing around Malfoy who is doing some kind of impression of a ghost or something. The act apparently triggered a reaction at the Gryffindor table but before she can see it played out the freckled girl tugs on her robe.

-We need to go now! Hurry up! Can't be late for our first lesson! The girl then goes on and on talking about her mums' time at Hogwarts while they walk to the Charms classroom and she doesn't stop until a small man steps up onto the desk and ask for silence. Then he starts talking....

Hours later all she wants to do is to find a quiet spot, so when the rest of the class heads for lunch, she sneaks of the other way. Up! Running up the stairs. Running even if she's almost out of breath, just up, up, a last push round a corner and then she crashes into something. Her books fall in a jumble on the floor, some of them bounce down the stairs and if they weren't in total tatters before they are now!

Draco Malfoy pokes with the point of his shiny shoe in one of the piles that once was a book and says with a hint of pleasant surprise,

-You've got worse books than a Weasley little girl!

She looks up at him, he is smiling with a hint of smug face and she stars screaming to his face,

-You stuck up idiot, just because you have everything you think that you can laugh at me? Pick on someone your own size damn it, or are they too scary for you? She sternly looks him in the eye growling

-Oh, well, don't even bother; I've taken down bigger bullies than you!

Dracos first instinct is to scream back, but then he sees a glimpse of something in her eyes, something he kind of likes and she is telling the truth, she can take him!

He quickly stops smiling and bends down to pick up the pages that is lying all over the floor mumbling "sorry".

When he looks up again her face has changed.

He sees tears slowly running down her cheeks,

-First year? He asks with a gentle voice.

-Yes, she sobs...

He gives her the last of the pages that he gathered and stands up

-Don't worry, sweetie! He smiles. What's your name?

She looks up at him,

-Tracy Davis, Sir

, she sobs.

"Sir", he liked the sound of it, not even his own Slytherin first years called him "Sir".

-You will be all right Tracy Davies! The book thing; I'll sort that out. Go on, clean your self up, he hands her a handkerchief.

-Well, he starts to get restless, I am going to lunch now, see you around!

His steps echoes down the stairs while she slowly wipes her tears.

September 3rd

Early next morning when she wakes up she finds a parcel on the floor beside her bed, in it are all the books for year one, on the inside of the covers are small labels with a crest, green and black with an M in the middle, an M for Malfoy. It has to be his old books. She strokes the back of the book that looks the most used, The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self Protection, she puts it up to her nose smelling leather from the binding but also a hint of oak and chalk.

September 7th

-The Hippogriff almost bit his arm off; at least that's what my sister who was there told me! I bet Hagrid will have quite a hard time explaining that to Mr Malfoy!

-Oh good, I don't like wild animals taking care of wild animals!

-Hey, what do YOU want, the Slytherin first year girl is looking annoyed at Tracy.

-Just want to hear more about the accident...

-Accident? The ogre of a "man" probably put that Hippogriff up to it!

The other Slytherin girl nods.

-So, Draco is hurt? Tracy asks.

The brown-haired first year looks at her with a hint of discomf.

-Well yes, you're not that good of an eavesdropper are you!

September 8th

At breakfast the next day Draco appears with his arm in a sling, Tracy can see from a mile away that he is exaggerating his injury.

There are a bunch of kids talking and fussing around him, but she manages to catch his glance and he smiles at her, shakes his head almost invisibly and rolls his eyes at his court for a brief moment.

"I'm ok sweetie!" pops into her head.

## Sirius Black

There is shouting in the common room, seconds later Tracy hears how someone comes running up the stairs and the blond prefect appears in the door.

-All of you, she pants, stay calm but were going to sleep in the great hall tonight so bring your quilts and pillows! Line up in the common room in 5 minutes, and NO running!

The girl disappears just as fast and Tracy sees the fear in her classmates' eyes, there are not much said as they pack the needed thing and hurries to the common room. The name Sirius Black spreads like dragonpox among the students. Ten minutes later the Ravenclaw students matches into the great hall closely followed by Gryffindor.

Slytherin who has their rooms just of the main entrance hall is already there, camped closed to the fireplace. The Hufflepuffs is setting up their camp in the far corner, then in the crowded room she picks up a scent of oak and chalk followed by a voice,

-You'll be all right sweetie; he says under his breath, he isn't looking for little girls...

-Do I look afraid, Sir? She whispers back without turning around.

She feels his body brushing against hers, - Because you would take him down wouldn't you?

## The Slytherin card

A few week later Tracy hesitantly takes the steps down to the entrance of the Slytherin dungeons.

-And what are you doing down here?

-Mr Malfoy, Sir, she pauses and he smiles, I am just, she continues, as a new exiting feeling bubbles inside her and makes her strangely nervous, do you know the other Tracy Davies?

-The other??? He replies.

-She is apparently in your year and a Slytherin...

-Well, yes I... He smiles again and the feeling inside her just is getting worse so she takes a deep breath, trying to collect herself.

-I believe I got her letter this morning... The Owl seemed very tired and confused... It's just a postcard from some aunt... Could you give it to her?

He takes the card from her hand, looks at it and nods,

-Sure, sweetie.. Enjoying your reading?

She nods eagerly,

-Thank you, really, really thank you for them, you're really the best! She smiles but feels strangely awkward.

-Just like to se you happy sweets... He looks her slowly up and down and it gives her time to take a few more deep breaths to find her cool again.

-Do you want to come in and see the dungeon? He nods down to the entrance.

-Am I, I mean is that allowed?

-I don't follow ALL the rules, do you? He takes hold of her arm and leads her down the steps looking around, making sure no one is watching.

The Slytherin common room is dark and it feels strangely damp, Tracy can only make out the contours of the few other persons in the far end of the room. She shivers,

-I know, it's a bit cold, it's under the lake, he whispers; look, there in the window! He shows her quietly around in the gloomy green light, gently pulling her along by the arm.

-Come here, he pulls her away to an even darker corner, and they sit down.

-We aren't supposed to take anyone down here you know. His voice isn't as confident now as before, I'm taking a huge risk letting you in. You can't tell anyone.

-I don't have anyone to tell, and even if I did who would believe me?

He looks at her with sudden worry,

-Aren't you happy in Ravenclaw, is someone treating you bad?

-No, I just don't like people in general that much really...

He puts his shoulders back, sits up straighter and tilts his head to the side,

-Do you like me?

She looks at him for a while before answering; he's got a bit of his confidence back,

-I can tolerate you. You're not like most...

-Of course I'm not sweetie, all the confidence is back in his voice and posture now, I am Draco Malfoy!

She starts to laugh out loud and he puts a finger to her lips.

-I better get you out now before people start coming back from dinner. I'll make sure the other Tracy gets her card, and if you ever need my services as a mailman, book dealer or maybe something else again, just ask!

The last day

Even though the last days of term is mostly celebrated isn't a good day for those who have to return to unhappy homes. Tracy is one of the last to leave the train; she catches a glimpse of Draco getting off and then picked up by his parents. His mother hugging him and his father putting his arm around his boy's shoulder. A loving mum and dad, he wasn't just a rich kid he was he was also lucky one.

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Year two 1994-95 Goblet of fire

Summer in the city

The summer had been just awful. Back in her mother's mess, another sibling on the way, letters from the child protective services and mouldy milk cartons. The first of September couldn't come fast enough! A

couple of weeks before start of term she raids her mothers purse, the few pounds she found might get some of the things she needs but hardly all of them and then there was just her at the bus stop so the bus fare took a chunk out of the meagre budget to.

As she travels through a sticky hot London with thunderstorms lurking even the usually busy streets seems a bit calmer. Stepping into the Leaky Cauldron she noticed how quiet it is in comparison to the last time she was here and Diagonally is also mostly deserted now in the middle of summer.

After a quick visit to Gringotts exchanging her pounds into a few Galleons she heads to the bookshop.

As Tracy rummages through the shelves with school textbooks she realizes that she is in luck; the only new book on the list is quite cheap, just a sickle for a new and a used one in good condition is just 14 Knuts! It could have been much worse! But she realizes that she will have to make due with her old robes and mismatched flasks.

Then the doorbell rings and someone else enters the shop, a bookcase makes it impossible for her to see the new customers entering but she rather not be seen either so she decides to wait until they are gone.

So she starts browsing through the standard book of spells. Then steps comes her way, she stops her reading and a familiar smell reached her nostrils and just in a blink of an eye later a young mans voice accompany it.

-Don't spend any money on books sweetie....

She turns around and meets his steely eyes.

-Mr Malfoy, Sir.

He raises his eyebrows and smiles, he really likes that she still does that, calls him "Sir"...

-So what are you doing here? He asks.

-At Flourish and Blotts

Well, hm, buying an owl maybe? She holds up her book of spells,

-Give me that, he gently pulls the book out of her hand,

-You don't have to, you know.

-But I want to....

-Draco, be a dear and hurry up, the voice of a woman breaks the silence inside Flourish and Blotts, and in a gap between two bookshelves she sees the woman from Kings Cross, the woman who is Mrs Malfoy.

-I'll have it sent sweetie...

Draco puts the book with the two others he is carrying and nod her a goodbye. Then says lovingly:

-I am coming mother!

On her way from Diagon Alley she contemplates for a second if she should change the money back, but then decided against it. This money is all she has, and maybe she could at least use it buy some sweets on the train!

On the way home the skies just opens, rain pouring down and the five-minute walk from the bus stop to her mother's house makes her soaking wet.



-Have you taken my money? Her mother screams as Tracy runs up the stairs, locks her door and tucks herself on the bed. Her mum shouts and knocks on the door for a while before she needs to get down to the little ones.

Tracy's heart is pounding hard, but she can hear the sound of the radio playing from the neighbours flat. She had heard that stupid song all summer but now suddenly the lyrics made sense...

I see your face before me  
As I lay on my bed  
I cannot get to thinking  
Of all the things you said

You know I love you, I always will  
My mind's made up by the way that I feel  
There's no beginning, there'll be no end  
'Cause on my love you can depend

Kings Cross September 1st 1994

She tries to find him in the crowd, but he is nowhere to be found. Everyone around her goes on and on about the Quidditch world cup, about the dark mark appearing in the sky and finally that apparently was a close game between Bulgaria and Ireland where the latter came out on top. Perhaps the Quidditch world cup was the reason for the Malfoys to shop early. She knew he was into Quidditch and as money wasn't an object he had probably been to all the games he could during the cup.

Another rumour was also going around the train; the triwizarding championship was going to take place at Hogwarts this year. She had no idea what that was but the other students' explanations to each other gave her a good notion about the event. Three champions from three magic schools competing for honour and glory! Tracy was not that happy when she also found out that more students from those schools would stay at the castle.

She was at least happy to go back and the train ride felt quicker this time, and no Dementors patrolled the carriages.

As she made her way through the castle after dinner she felt worried, would he have remembered? It was just one book, but it was somehow more than that. A strange nervousness came creeping making her do strange things like not wanting to go up to the dorm in case he really had forgotten and staying in the crowded common room! As long as she hadn't seen it, it was most likely there!

-Time to go to bed boys and girls! The prefects' empties the common room and she has to go up and face it. Tracy closes her eyes as she goes in the door, wishing hard, and there on the bed is not just one small parcel from Flourish and Blotts, but several containing fresh parchment and sharp quills, yet another from Madam Malkin's with a new set of robes and on the floor by the bed, a thin long parcel, a broom! The broom was

well used, but touching it made her feel closer to its former owner.

September 2nd

-Oh! And someone look smart, almost like somebody with some sense of taste picked out those robes... He swiftly looks her up and down before he smiles and walks across the room to his laughing friends. Just before he joins them, he turns around, looks at her again and gives her a little wink with his eye. In her head the words "My sweetie" pops up.

She sees how the gang from Slytherins looks at her like a pile of dung in the street and she decides to go out of sight but not out of ear!

-Why were you talking to that Ravenclaw girl? She hears Pansy Parkinson asking.

-Little girls have little ears and eye you know; he replies, it's good to have little ears and eyes in every house.

-But she's a mudblood, isn't she?

-So they would never think of her as one of my special friends would they?

Pansy shines up, that's so clever Draco, really, you're so cunning! She smiles like a crocodile. He looks the other way,

-Thank you for telling me something I already know Pans!

Potter stinks

-Sweetie, here! Tracy looks around; nobody seems to have heard that voice more then her and then she is pulled behind one of the tapestries.

-Want one? He hands her a Potter stinks badge.

-Do you want to kill me? She replies,

-So you like Potter do you? "The chosen one" and his bunch of ragtags?

She sighs. I just don't get it, why would a smart, handsome, independently wealthy pureblood wizard spend so much time thinking of a half blood orphan, a quite stupid pauper and some muggleborn know it all....

-Well your quite right, I am smart and handsome... he demonstratively shines his fingernails on his robes.

-So, that's what you learnt from Professor Lockheart second year? She snarls

-Witch weeklies most charming smile award... I like that... I do have contacts in the news world you know...

-Bet you would, but you don't smile enough.

-Maybe I save them for someone special... He smiles lovingly at her,

-And even if you smiled more the issue would be left at the newspaper agent... or maybe your mum would buy them all...

He takes a pause, seem to be filled with taught and then nods,

-I bet she would, but I might be able to get YOU a special signed copy sweets!

She really liked the smile; it warmed her up, -Ha, Ha, Ha! But seriously just have fun and get decent grades if you ever would find yourself in circumstances that required you to get a job. Stop hating and live a little!

-My father....

-Can take care of himself... Living through his son, isn't that a bit pathetic? Tracy sighed.

-I need to, I have a... he stutters.

She takes his hand, Ok, do what you like, I just hate that everyone seems to think the worst of you.

-He smiles again and puts his other hand on top of hers. -Not everyone.

They stand quietly for a moment before she starts pulling away,

-I need to go to potions now or you have to write me a note for Snape...

-I am afraid Snape doesn't accept my notes.

She starts walking, but before he lets go of her hand he pulls her closer, kisses her hand and she hears his voice,

-Sweets, maybe YOU would like me to spend more time thinking about another muggleborn know it all.

Then he lets go of her hand. She is trembling.

-So on your way then! Don't keep Snape waiting!

## Ferrets

The corridor echoes empty, everyone is out on the Quidditch pitch watching at a somewhat friendly game of Quidditch between a mixed Hogwarts team and Drumstag, almost everyone that is. Tracy prefers the nice quiet time, and Draco isn't on the team so he doesn't want to be seen. Harry playing seeker and all...

-There you are, I was kind of looking for you sweetie!

-For me?

-I taught I would find you inside. Can you understand why now? That Mad eye Moody...

-If you play that game of yours, you need to be able to take some blows!

-A ferret, a bleeding ferret!

-Might have been worse, you got changed back!

He sighs, -When my father...

-Oh, stop, don't go there! You made that mess all by your self! She says calmly, if you are going to play with the big boys you need to be on top of your game. You can't win doing little kid stuff like hexing and bullying, and then run to your dad! Use your brains!

She walks away and he is left standing there, all alone.

## The Yule ball

The snow falls softly, music is heard from the big hall, some of the younger students that have remained at school have taken a seat on the stairs to catch a glimpse of the ball and hear the Weird sisters play. Tracy is not one of them; she sits in a windowsill high up in Ravenclaw tower gazing out over the snowy school and grounds.

-No, I don't want to dance with you Pans, so just stop it! Pansy Parkinson looks angrily at Draco. I just don't want to!

-Why did you ask me then she replies with both anger and sadness in her voice.

-Because Draco Malfoy doesn't go stag! Get some more punch and shut up!

Pansy stomps away, almost in tears, Draco looks out on the dance floor, all the idiots are dancing and having fun.

He walks away from all the buzzle of the party and makes his way up to the astronomy tower, standing there looking out into the black of the night while the snow slowly covers his designer dressrobes.

-Are you out here all alone?

Draco turns around and sees Tracy walking towards him.

Down in the great hall The Wired Sisters starts playing Magic Works, so Draco holds out his hand and she takes it, he twirls her into his arms, the snow starts to fall even heavier as they dance the first and the nights final dance.

The morning after the Yule Ball

A burning fire is the first she sees as she drowsily looks around, finding herself not in her bed in the dorm but in big sofa in what looks like a small cosy cottage. Not that she's ever been in a cottage, she had only seen those types of houses on TV, but now she seemed to be in one and she wasn't alone. Still asleep and cuddled up to her is Draco. His blond mane covers most of his face.

What had happened, where were they? She remembered the dance, the snow, and the corridor. The corridor on the seventh floor, she had heard of the room of requirement!

She wiggles her way out of the sofa, he makes a mumbling sound but he doesn't wake up. She then finds her shoes, opens and closes the door, finding herself in the school corridor and then carefully she makes her way back to the Ravenclaw tower. Thank god for last nights party for the whole school seems to still be sleeping.

After dinner she decides to wait for him on the top the stair in the entrance hall, She didn't want him to think she was mad or something. If she just can catch his eye he would surely make an excuse so he could come up and talk to her.

-Oh, I didn't think that a Drumstag like Krum would give a mudblood like Granger even second look! Said a male voice unknown to her.

-Well, Dracos voice replied, laughing, most mudblood girls is just a little more accommodating, but he didn't know Granger did he!

-And you know all about that do you? Says a girl's voice.

- Maybe I do Pans, Draco replies with an icy tone.

She knew it he was a jerk, just like the rest of them! All he wanted was someone "accommodating"! And she would never be anyway close to accommodating to anyone! She didn't give a fuck about being called a mudblood, or being a secret, but no, not this!

She makes herself almost invisible the rest of the term; she knew his habits and preferred places. Hogwarts is big and easy to hide in from someone if you are a bit observant.

Back home again

In one of the last days of June the train makes a halt at Kings Cross station. The students, many of them in mourning for Cedric and despair over the dark lords return makes their way out to the waiting parents and sombrely leave the platform.

There is no one to pick her up, no one to ask how she feels. She didn't know Cedric so she didn't feel more than the obligated sadness for a young life cut to short, her sorrow was all the trouble coming up, how to get the money for the books and supplies and but first and foremost about going home.

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Year three 1995-96 order of

The gift of summer

In the early hours of morning before anyone else is awake Tracy packs her things and heads out for the day, anywhere but this house!

After a few bus rides and a trip to the library she sits in the shade in Hyde Park reading, it has hardly rained all summer and the grass is turning yellow, she puts down her book, reading Romeo and Juliet seemed a bit strange to her with all love and feelings, but as a precaution she has started to study up on muggle subjects if she has to go back to muggleschool in the autumn.

A group of teen boys are playing football and on the footpath a couple of mums pushing prams.

A little breeze sweeps through the park making the leaves rattle. Then something falls into her lap from the tree above. It is a piece of parchment; she looks up into the foliage and sees the outline of an owl. She opens the little note,

I never asked you when your birthday is; so let this be a late or an early birthday present from me. Send your booklist when you get it!

Your S

A small owl glides down into her lap, it gently hoots and looks up at her.

Oh, well, I hope you can get your own food. But I'll bet it won't be so hard back at the house. So what are we going to call you then? Maybe you are one to put your beak in others' business?

Saved by the owl

The little owl flies happily out every night at dusk, returning around midnight with a full belly.

She had been contemplating if she should send the owl back with a 'thanks' but no thanks' note or wait for the letter and send just that. Morally it was a bit of a shady but she knew that she had to buy more books this year, she really needs them and if he still wanted to get them, and buy her this owl, then why not let him do it? He is a rich kid, he doesn't need to make any sacrifices or be without if he gets her a couple of books!

The little owl is just lovely anyway, so she's a keeper no matter what!

Just the booklist, with the books she needs underlined nothing more! Not even a little formal note! She writes the titles, which he probably already knew and fastened it to Emma's claw  
Just hours after sending the list Emma is back with a message;

Got your letter sweetie, I made prefect! I miss you! See you soon!  
Your S

September 1st, 1995

Then once again the magic date comes along and the Scottish landscape swishes by outside the window. She was happy knowing he had a job to do on the train and wouldn't bother her in an all Ravenclaw carriage!

-You have an owl?

It's that Roberta girl. When will she stop trying to be nice?

-Yes, I have,

-What's its name?

-Emma

-Oh, so cute! Roberta tries to pet the pet Emma, but Emma is having none of that!

Aw! Roberta puts her finger in her mouth, uth bhit mhe....

-Sorry, she isn't use to others; Tracy tries to sound like she cares.

Roberta nods as a sixth or seventh-year boy fixes her finger.

-I wish I had an owl but mum is allergic, Roberta continues. Have you heard of that? A witch allergic to owls!

No one tries to pet Emma the rest of the journey and Roberta stops talking so much after she gets a big load of candy from the trolley.

Tracy had hoped to get a glimpse of him already on the way up but as a prefect he was probably assigned to another part of the train. She didn't see him getting off or on the way up to the castle ether so she started wondering if he even was on it.

The carriage ride, the sorting, the new teachers, a ghastly woman in pink, the meal, and then she feels watched. "Turn around sweetie" echoes in her head, and there he is, across the room, smiling.

There's a big pile of parcels and boxes on and beside her bed this time, and this year it's the best of the best, nothing is of average quality or price. Leather-bound books with a set of crystal flasks in a chestnut box, a beautifully crafted cauldron in the style that she had seen almost all the rich pureblood kids using. Exquisite gloves in the finest dragon hide, new clothes, scales, telescope, even a trunk with a lovely T.D. monogram in gold lettering on the beautiful brown leather! He had gone all out this time!

Roberta stares at all the new things -Who's getting you all of that?

-An uncle. Tracy lies,

-Oh, I thought you were muggleborn, so you are a half, like me? That's good nowadays.

September 2nd, 1995

-Liked it?

She turns around and there he is.

-You didn't have to get all of that...

-Anything for my Sweetie you know!

She looks harshly at him, - What do you want?

-What is it now then? Aren't you happy Sweetie? Don't you like nice things?

-Maybe mudblood girls aren't as accommodating as you think!

His eyes turn cold,

-You didn't send back the owl did you, and you haven't sent the books or anything else back! What have I wanted in return? A smile, a kiss? Tracy, do you really think I mean everything I say? You know me by now, you if anyone knows the real me! If you didn't you wouldn't stand here in the robes I gave you! Haven't you punished me enough for something I didn't do? I have my O.W.L to think about, I don't need my Sweetie to be angry with me! "I know you love me" sweeps through her mind. He looks her in the eye again and smiles. Come on then, give us a kiss and everything is forgotten and forgiven? He tilts his head and leans in. His lips are warm and cold at the same time. He had kissed her before but not like this, her head spins, her knees weaken.

"You're my Sweetie, my best girl" echoes in her head.

More

-Look at me, they attacked me!

-I already told you, if you play, you might get hurt! And they got a lot worse of, banned from Quidditch! But maybe that will get you the cup, although you will be up against the Weasley girl and she I good! And she has a grudge! Never underestimate a woman scorned!

- I don't mind going up against a Weasley, I will happily do it any day!

-You despise the poor, the muggle-born, the people who accept the muggle-born, isn't it tiring?

- It is not that, it is my families' honor!

- Honour?

-Sweetie, come here,

Tracy comes into his arms, and they snuggle up on the sofa.

- I need to see more of you, Sweetie,

- Send an owl and I will always come.

Happy Birthday

It was still dark when Emma tapped on the window to wake Tracy up. The little owl is struggling in the wind and rain with the box that she holding in her claws so Tracy has to hurry up opening the window and

letting her in. Emma tumbles down on to the bed and the lid falls off the box and reveals a note.

Happy 15th! Now at least I know your birthday!

Your S

The little box was filled with chocolates and the label read “Honydukes All Year Never Ending Birthday Chocolates” Even if the box was small the pieces inside seemed to be in several layers and they looked and smelled really nice. She hadn’t gotten anything for her birthday since she came to Hogwarts, and she realized that everything she had, books, clothes, he had gotten her and he hadn’t asked her to do anything she didn’t want to do. If anyone found out he would be the laughingstock of the school, his parents would probably send him to Durmstrang as fast as his head would spin.

-And he got me you Em, she said out loud petting the little fatigued bird.

Inquisitorial squat

-It fits my image! He says with a bit of sarcasm in his voice.

-Being the pink toad's lackey? I am trying to understand your need to please your father but that woman? And you should study for your O.W.L: s!

-She’s got power, knows my father, and she doesn’t think Potter is the best thing since sliced bread like all the other teachers does!

-I don’t think that either but I have no need to ban fun! You could probably be expelled for kissing me you know! If you want a Potter hating teacher why not stick with Snape?

-I told you before; I don’t follow all the rules! He kisses her, and Snape hates all students, not just Potter!

- You’re a bigot!

- Well, if so I’m a damn hot one! So Sweetie lets not talk shop, let's just be us!

Boris Bathroom

-Sweetie, come here a second. She walks up to him and he picks a cherry blossom petal from her hair, “you are so very beautiful” she hear him whisper inside her head.

She smiles and looks straight into his eyes and replies just as steely as the colour of his hem.

-What do you want Draco?

-Spend some time with my favorite girl maybe, if I may?

-Aren’t you going to Hogsmeade with the others?

-I’d rather stay here with you Sweetie, come on...

He takes her hand and leads her through the stairwells and corridors to the hospital towers fifth floor, behind an old statue he gives a password and a door opens.

It is a big bathroom, Tracy had heard of it, the prefects’ bathroom. Draco puts on the faucets and the tub starts to fill up fast. Tracy looks around, stained glass windows, gold, marble, she doesn’t even notice him undressing or getting in.



-Come on in Sweetie, I'll turn my back if you like...

-What use would that do? Your plan is to get me naked so why do you even try to make it out as something else?

-My good breeding, I'm a gentleman you know!

Bubbles and perfumed water is springing out of multiple faucets into the huge tub. Her olive skin looks like gold in the dim lighting, her long dark brown hair almost covers her breasts,

-That mermaid in the window has nothing on you, Sweetie, he nods to the window.

-Well, I don't have a tail, she laughs as she steps down into the bath and wiggling her bum.

He puts his hands on her shoulders,

-I really mean that you are like a mermaid to me, tempting me into unknown waters.

-So, she puts her hand on his chest, just over his heart, I didn't know you were such a poet!

-You make me into a lot of things you know Sweetie, a nice guy, a poet, he takes her hand from his chest and kisses it, your lover?

-My lover!

He pulls her near and kisses her when they hear the sound of the door creaking.

-Draco, are you in there?

The voice of Pansy Parkinson echoes in the bathroom.

-Yes, but Pansy, I'm taking a bath, I'm not decent, give me a minute.

-That's never been a problem before....

-Pansy, go away!

-OH! You think you can talk to ME like that!

The door slams

-I think you can come out now...

Tracy comes out of the foam,

-Next time you need to hide me from your other girlfriend in the tub you better get me some gillyweed!

-She is not my girlfriend; she is just an annoying friend who happens to be a girl and I never...

She gives him a long deep kiss and then hastily she steps out of the tub, gets fully clothed by a flick of her wand and leaves him alone in the tub.

She wakes up from a strange sound by the window, she opens it and finds an eagle owl carrying a little note.

Sorry for what happened, I will get some gilleweed for next time.

Your

Better safe than sorry

She didn't see or hear from him in almost a week when Em flies in with a message.

Tonight?

Your

- I'm sorry Sweetie; I have had a lot of things to do!
- Studying I hope Sir!
- I have studied something yes...
- So, what is happening?
- We are happening! I want us, I need us! That disaster in the bathroom last week! He laughs. May I have another go at romancing you, Miss? He pauses looks down then up at her and smiles
- You're so formal!
- I'm a gentleman, I told you!
- My mum was 16 when she had me, and I don't want to be a teenage mother, I bet you don't want that either!
- And you're not so formal!
- You're not the one to potentially fall pregnant!
- I know some spells; potions are better so I will see what I can do. Are you good at making potions? I'm decent but you might be better he laughs nervously.
- Maybe we can brew it together?
- Sounds like a nice date!
- So, now my love, let's stop talking and do a dress rehearsal!

Couples that brew together

- I wonder if "let sit for two days" is the real contraceptive he laughed.
  - When you made a batch it lasts for ages...
  - True, if you don't use it up that is!
  - You know, this, working together has actually been fun!
  - That's because everything we do together turns into gold! She laughs, we are the perfect mismatch aren't we, we're really Austin-esk!
  - I love you, you know that.
- Tracy stops laughing,
- I want this to be for real, Tracy.
  - Why then?
  - Why what sweetie?
  - Why do you want to sleep with me? Why do you say that you love me? I am everything you find vile; I am probably muggle-born and poor as hell... I'm no great beauty either so don't try to tell me that!
  - I don't know why I love you; I have never felt like this about anything! You make me happy; you make me want better myself. Maybe I shouldn't be your lover. Maybe that is selfish of me, not being able to be there for you as the boyfriend you deserve. As the man, I want to be for you.
  - Draco, were teenagers, I love you too, but don't use too big of words!
  - In the wizarding world, most couples do meet in their teens and stay together.
  - If it is so, then that's real magic!
- He smiles, puts the potion in a cupboard.

- Two days more or less!
- I will happily see you then Sir!

Its ready, are you?

Em flies in, Tracy has been waiting for her to do so the last five hours, a couple of minutes more and she would have had a hard time sneaking out of her house without being questioned why by the prefects.

It's ready, are you?

Your

She storms out, runs up and down the stairs like her life depended on it only to slow down on the sixth floor not to draw attention to herself.

The room is all changed now, not a cozy cottage anymore, a light breeze smelling of oak and chalk, but also of flowers and early summer comes flowing in making the sheer curtains billow in the wind. A giant four post bed in dark stained wood with crisp white linen and flowing curtains.

-Welcome to my real home he whispers...

Her naked body is so warm, her skin so golden against the white sheets, against his body, the wonderful feeling, better than anything he ever felt.

-In a hurry Sir? Her harsh voice makes him wake up from the state of bliss.

-Please, sweetie, I'm all new at this!

Her voice changes, Sorry, I just thought you use to bang that Parkinson girl,

-No, she doesn't do it for me....

-And I do?

-Apparently... He stroked the length of her body, kissing her shoulder, waist, and knee, his hand traveled up her thigh, his lips shortly following the path of his fingers, your just my flavour.

-So, tell me honestly, she pauses and looks at his pale naked body in the moonlight. What would your father say if he found out? He turns around pinning her arms down, kissed her neck and chest... Is being me some sort of rebellion? Sir? He stops her from saying anything more by kissing her, she pulls him even closer, putting her legs around his hips.. He stops kissing her for a second and whispers in her ear

-I think some little mudblood girl should stop talking so much if she wants some nice pureblood inside her again; he gives her a mischievous look, Hm...

-Of course Sir, she replied between moans.

See you in September

-Did you hear? Roberta looks shaken. There had been a thing happening at the ministry! Harry Potters

involved and well, there were Death Eaters they say. You know they have snake tattoos on their arm. Well Lucius Malfoy, Dracos dad has been arrested!

- Lucius Malfoy?

- Can't go complaining to dad at Azkaban!

?

Year 4 1996 -1997 Half-blood Prince

September 1st, 1996

-You are not to set foot outside this house, never the less the center of London! Tracy, I am still your mum! She understands her mothers' concerns; the bridge collapsing had made everyone, muggles and wizards really scared.

-. There must be another way to get books, can't you mail order for them? People have been killed and the police have no leads!

Tracy knew more, she had regularly sent Emma to pick up issues of the The Daily Prophet. Magic was involved, dark magic!

There were more, Lucius; Draco's father had gotten sentenced and sent to Azkaban, so she didn't know if Draco would be there! She wanted to send Emma over but she didn't dare, someone might catch her.

She can spot him in the crowd at Kings Cross, she was expecting him to go by the floo to avoid everything after his father but he holds his head up high, surrounded by his Slytherin gang.

- All the Death Eater kids playing together, she hears a Gryffindor boy commenting on them.

Despite the events that summer there were parcels waiting for her on her bed just as usual, not that many this time but the list of books was short. There was one big box though with a lot of tissue paper and in it, a lovely set of dress robes, black silk brocade, probably really expensive too.

She holds it up thinking about him picking it out for her, and then she imagines herself dancing with him in it in front of all of the school. In front of the whole world!

-That's some pretty decent robes! Padma the sixth prefect steps into the room and comes up to her.

- Yes, it's lovely. Tracy replies still in her fantasy.

Padma comes up real close almost whispering,

- I know that your current blood status is "unknown – probably muggleborne" but I heard a rumor about a rich wizard uncle, so I thought he might be able to shed some light on your blood status?

- No, I, Tracy shakes her head.

- But Tracy send an owl! Your safe here at Hogwarts for now but you never know! If he got you all this, she points to Tracy's things that are spread out all over her bed and desk during the unpacking, he has the means to help you!

Em comes flying in through the open window; the Padma looks at the little owl,

-Send him your owl! Then she leaves.

Hope you find all you need sweetie! Meet me at home ASAP.

Your

-Who was that from? Roberta asked curiously after overhearing Tracy's conversation with the prefect.

-No one,

-Your rich uncle?

-No.

-A boyfriend? I have one in the muggleworld! He is so nice, he hasn't got a clue that I'm a witch!. She dreams away for a second. Before continuing, usually they give magical family planning at the end of the 4th year, but mum already told me the most important, "Never trust a boys contraceptive spells" she said, "they can't even think when they are so close to getting it on", she giggles, so that boyfriend of yours?

-No, it is just a note from a friend...

-Do you have "friends," Roberta asks, you hardly talk to me or to anyone else for that matter!

-I don't need to talk to stupid, nosy, stuck up little kids!

-Well, I hope the Death Eaters get you! It's girls like you who deserve to be called mudbloods! Roberta screams, as Tracy storms out of the room. The other girls look at them and Roberta feels bad, -Sorry I didn't mean that last thing, she shouts but Tracy is too far away to hear it, and she doesn't care about Roberta calling her a mudblood!

The manor bedroom has a coldness to it, not at all as warm and cozy as the cottage, but that was the reality. He is sitting on the bed gazing out through the milky windows.

-I am here now.

He turns around sighs and smiles.

- My Sweetie! I have missed you so, come here!

She walks up to him and he pulls her close, they embrace for a long time without saying anything. Then he lets her go, puts on his happy face.

-Tell me about your summer... He asks I want o hear what's up in the muggle world!

-Nothing much, the bridge, murders, wars, sugar and spice and everything nice. He nods as she continues. Even my mum was worried and would hardly let me out of the house! I got a bit of reading done, muggle classics mostly. Tell me about your summer then, I read about your father in the Prophet.

-I can't....

-You know you can tell me everything ...

-I can but you don't need to know everything. And right now I need you, and your love!

She loves how he touches her, all summer without was far too long! She unbuttons his shirt and slips it off. Then she stops, closes her eyes, swallows and looks straight into his.

-What the hell is that thing on your arm?

He covers his forearm with his hand

-It's the dark mark, isn't it?

- I had to, my Father

-I am so tired of your father! A real father wouldn't scarify his son to the dark lord, would he? How can you say that you love me and then be one of them!

-Tracy, please, this is, they would kill him, Mother and I would be outcasts! I just have to do one thing and then we will be back in his grace. I will not be able to get you false papers if things we aren't!

- What is the "thing" then?

- Mending a vanishing cabinet.

- And...

- Just that for now... I love you; please don't make me choose between you and my parents now. I will choose you in the end, but they need to be safe first!

- Your parents love you.

- And I love you!

She curls up to him and kisses him gently, - And I you.

In the early hours of morning Tracy sneaks back into her dorm room, she curls up in bed without taking her clothes off and falls into a deep dreamless sleep.

The heart mark

Tracy hurries up to the 7th floor finding him leaned against a pillar.

-I missed you, sweetie, I hate being away from you so long!

- It has just been hours but I'm here now!

-Come along then! He takes her by the hand and leads her down the corridor.

In the middle of the night she wakes up, he is lying in the middle of the massive bed. She curls up by the headboard, his naked body, so perfect, so lost. The Dark Mark like an abscess on his arm, like cancer, slowly eating him, killing him, that's why they are Death Eaters He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named devours them, their mind and harts.

- Tracy, Sweetie, come here! He is looking at her with drowsy eyes and she lies beside him again, he puts his arm around her and the dark mark is just lying over her heart, but the dark lord will never get his heart, that's mine! She whispers into the night.

October 12th

-I heard that Malfoy hexed her, a girl in Gryffindor told me!

-I wouldn't doubt it, all his family is death eaters!

She heard the upset voices coming from the students who had been to Hogsmead. Tracy stands up,

-Malfoy did what? That was probably the first time she had spoken to more than one or two outside class.

-Oh, Roberta answered, he's done something or another to Katie Bell that sent her to the hospital wing in a mess,

-I have even heard she is dead! A boy who had just walked in ads.

A couple of prefects marcher into the room as he says is, stating that Katie Bell was alive and at least ending that rumor.

In the dark that night she hears that tapping sound, a cold Em shakes of the frost onto Tracy's face. She carries a message.

Come! Now!

Your

She is good at not being seen in a crowd, but here she needs to sneak around like a thief in the dark. Not only Filch and that cat of his but everyone is on their toes now.

She finds him sitting on the bed; he looks sad and weary his hands tightly grasping the other.

-So, did you hex her? She asks calmly

- Do you need to ask?

-Everyone think's you did.

-But I didn't! Han stands up, have I ever lied to you?

-I don't know...

-Are you not on my side?

-Your side, the "pureblood supremacies" you mean?

-No MY side. Damn it, you have to believe me, your mine!

-Yours? You can't buy me with books, owls, and chocolates you know...

-Do you think that's what I've been doing?

-Buying my an owl, books and everything, why?

-You make me want to nice things, sweets!

-Do nice things? You? Don't take me for a fool! It is a transaction, you've been grooming me, I am totally aware of it, I am supposed your ears and eyes in Ravenclaw if needed and in return, I was to get a few crumbs off your table.

-So you don't think I feel anything for you then, and you don't you feel anything for me?

-Sure I have fallen for you but not blindly, I like you, the real you, the one behind all the hate and the death eater thing,

-I admit that I at some point I taught you could be useful, but I haven't used you for anything, have I? I kept you close because you are like a unicorn to me!

-Unicorn? Need me for my blood?

-No, for your love!

Eat slugs

- Happy Christmas my Sweetie! I have a little gift for you!

- Oh, I don't have anything for you. I wish I had.

-No need, just be a good girl and I will be happy!

He gives her a little box; she opens and finds a necklace in the shape of the Malfoy crest.

-They were all out of the dark mark ones... she replied ironically; I will not be able to wear this!

-It's an heirloom, and do wear it. It could buy you some time if needed.

-Help me put it on then!

She turns her back to him and he kisses her neck as he fastens the necklace,

- There's a lot going on now, as you know sweetie. I might not have a lot of time to spare this spring, but I'll make it up later! I swear!

-Swear on what? Your left shoe?

- You have so high demands nowadays Sweetie!

-Yes, you know mudblood girls aren't as accommodating as you once taught!

He takes the pendant in his hand, -I swear on this, my name, my honor and my life, happy now?

She laughs, he takes her chin, looks her sternly in the eyes,

-I really really swear! And then he kisses her.

The necklace dangled from her neck, it felt heavy but not in a bad way, solid, old and heavy of the precious metal and gems. It was probably the first time it had touched a non purebloods skin.

-And it hasn't exploded.

- What did you say, sweetie?

- Nothing, I was just talking to myself.

-Can you hear that ridicules party?

-Slughorn thinks he has all the elite down there, but the best one is here!

- The best two my love! I better go now, I wish I could stay all night but Snape has his eye on me.

He starts getting dressed,

-We better cool things down for a while, don't we? There are people from both sides who would love to use us against you.

- Yes, I don't know how I will be able to stay away from you, but you are right, it isn't safe right now.

He kisses her once more,

- I love my gift.

- I knew you would!

A thousand daggers

I have to see you

Your

She sees him on top of the stairs; he looks around to make sure no ones there before taking her hand,

-He almost killed me; he snook up on me and almost killed me! If I ever hurt a single hair on his head I would be expelled, but not "The chosen one" no, he just gets a slap on the wrist for almost killing me! Dads right, Dumbledore is an old idiot!

-Thank god Snape was there...

- I never taught I'd be happy to see Snape but Harrys is dangerous! I have known that all along, his head



isn't on right!

-Are you still in pain?

- No, its ok now. Dumbledore really should step down as Headmaster!

- If Potter isn't expelled for this, yes! That idiot!

- Expelled or not, Dumbledore will step down sooner rather than later!

She nods,

-You probably can't go back to Hogwarts again in autumn as it is, but if you just have some patience, I'll help you, you know and then when everything is settled... I have connections with the ministry and we can fix the paperwork and... he becomes silent and sits down on the bed on the brink of tears. She embraces him.

-We don't have that much time left do we Draco?

-No sweetie, he strokes her cheek. Something big is going to happen soon and I won't be able to see you for quite some time,

-So let's make the best of it then, she starts undressing him.

- Were out of potion you know...

- I know a spell!

Draco is buttoning up his shirt - Please don't think bad of me whatever happens.

- Why would I?

- Because things might happen that I can't control, I'm not in his grace right now, but I hope to be, so I can fix it for us.

-You just can't stay away from the forbidden fruit can you fixing his tie... then she quietly whispers:

O Draco, Draco! Wherefore art thou Draco?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

He gently but firmly pushes her away,

-I can't do that you know, not now. He looks at his dark mark. They would hunt me down... I love you, but I can't and he storms out.

Fallen

-DUMBLEDORES IS DEAD!

The news travels like wildfire; the perpetrators names came almost as fast.

No one puts Sweetie in a corner

The next morning, just before Tracy leaves for the train Em flies in carrying a key; it is for a luggage locker at Kings Cross. When she opens it that night and finds a big bag full of money, not Galleons but pounds, bundles of hundred pound notes! She finds a small note.

Hide!

Your

2021

Missing

I'm looking for Mr. Malfoy? The young witch smiled at the receptionist.

Do you have an appointment?

Yes, I have a meeting with Mr. Malfoy booked, Aurora Davies.

The witch at the reception nods, -Ok, go to the fifth floor and then the corner office, that's right ahead.

There is a knock on the door; he had gotten heads up from the front desk that his 2-o'clock appointment was here. A Miss Aurora Davies had asked to see him about a possible internship. Her grades and recommendations were impressive so he had decided to meet with her.

There is something about the young woman who steps into his office that strangely reminds him of his mother, something about how she moves, holding her head up high just like his mother did a long time ago.

-So, miss, what can I do for you?

-Well, I'm not going to waste any of your time Mr. Malfoy, I have a few questions. Her voice is also so much his mother's tone that he feels that he has to listen,

- I usually ask the questions to people that apply for an internship or a job, but humor me,

-I believe you were at school with my mum...

He smiles at her, -Might have been, what's her name?

-Tracy Davies,

-Tracy Davies? He says slowly...

-Not the one in Slytherin but the one in Ravenclaw... she fills in.

He looks her straight in the eyes and finds his own eyes looking back. He smiles at her,

-Your an intelligent young woman, and I am not known to be stupid either so you have probably figured out that I knew her quite well back then.

-Mum doesn't know that I'm here of course...

-Of course

-I have always seen the necklace, mum always wears it underneath her clothes, but I didn't know what it was until I saw a picture in the news of your home with the crest on the gates. Then I did some research, and it all kind of adds up. She never said anything, but I only need to look at your pictures to put the pieces together!

He smiles, walks around the table, Aurora gets hesitantly up from the chair and he embraces her. Pulls her

hard into his arms. Let's her go, looks at her with a big smile,

-Yes, I am most likely your father, I can see your mother did a great job raising you. How is she?

-She's ok, lives in Bath and runs in a small shop selling magical things masking as a new age stuff place, she never finished school you know, had me...

-And I never really tried to find her... he sighs

The young woman smiles. She didn't try to contact you either. The manor hasn't moved, has it? She just doesn't want to be trouble for anyone, stubborn as hell and wants to make it on her own!

-Sound like just my sweetie! I loved her you know, and I'm happy to finally know about you...

-If you want a job, it is yours, I would have hired you just being a miss Davies.

- Yes, I would like to work for you, getting to know you.

- So, Aurora, she chose a beautiful name, can I invite you for dinner tonight, so you can see the manor for yourself?

- I'd be happy to! Father?

He smiles again, looks at her and hugs her again.

Bath

The doorbell rings as the door opened,

-I'll be right out! He hears the familiar voice coming from behind a curtain,

-Haven't I waited long enough? He replies...

The curtain is swiftly pulled away, and there she is, just as beautiful as he remembered.

-Draco.... How... Oh god...

-Aurora...

-But I never told anyone...

-She figured it out, Tracy. She's got some clever parents you know! Could you close up here so we can go somewhere and talk?

She nods and makes her way around the counter, as she walks past him he can't help himself from pulling her close, she pulls away,

-Just let me close the shop, I live in the flat on top, its just through here! She leads him up a flight of stairs into a small cozy living room.

-Nice place you got here Tracy...

-Want a cupper?

-Sure he replies.

She disappears into the kitchen and he can hear the kettle boil and the slamming of porcelain.

He sits himself down in a big armchair.

-Sugar, milk she shouts from the kitchen

-Just milk, please, you are all the sweet I need!

She comes out with two steaming cups and a serious face.

-You know, I haven't lived in celibacy waiting for you to ride in as a knight in shining armor you know...

-But no one lived up to me, I guess?

He smiles as she hands him a cup of tea, she trembles and spills some of it in his crotch.

-Be careful with your things sweetie!

He smiles, she starts laughing, he puts down the cup and pulls her down into his lap, Cuddling and kissing her,

-I don't have a horse and the old family armor is so out of style and terribly hard to shine.

-Why didn't you tell me? He whispers softly, holding her, smelling her neck.

-In the middle of all that? That would have made you less stressed and your parents really happy? "Excuse me Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy but your son has a bastard daughter with a teen mudblood" You were afraid of their lives, that would have killed them! Then the war came and I kept hidden as you told me to. I am a muggle so it wasn't that hard. Then I got this with your money so you did your bit in a way, and then I heard that you married Astoria and well, I and Aurora had it good, she graduated top of her class at Hogwarts you know...

-I know you did a great job, I just missed out on it, and on you... He kissed her softly on her forehead. Still mine?

-Always your Draco.

-I'm sorry for leaving you like that the last time, I can only say that Shakespeare isn't as big in my world.

-Are you sure of this then?

He looks at her like she had said something outrageous,

- Aren't you Sweetie?

-Sure I am, but 20 odd years can change things quite a bit.

-Has it?

-Not really.

-Maybe we should take it a bit slow, at least officially for Scorpius and Aurora's sake, just ease them into it.

-Your right, we are good at sneaking and with no staff or parents, it will be a lot easier!

-And no nosy "friends" Tracy adds.

-We could have a semi-formal birthday party for you at the manor so that Aurora can get used to seeing us together, just a casual dinner and we can seem to get to know each other a little better again.

- And you better tell your parents and Scorpius.

- My parents, he sighs, falling into laughter.

- Reserve two beds at St Mungo's as a precaution!

- I really, really love you, Sweetie.

- I know!

Wet, wet, wet

-Mum! MUUUM!! Aurora hears the shower running so she opens the doors to the bathroom, WHAT?

DAD? She slams the door,

- MUUUM!

-Yes Aurora, Tracy comes up from the shop, why are you screaming?

- Why is DAD in the shower?

-He came right from work and needed one...

Draco comes into the room wearing a monogrammed bathrobe.

-Mom, dad, I'm not a stupid kid you know!

-Of course not Aurora, you're our daughter Draco laughs.

-You're at it, aren't you?

-You are a grown woman, but also our child so we can just leave it at "Mummy and daddy likes each other very much"?

-Draco, Tracy sighs...

-OMG! Your so, MUM! Aurora turns into a disgusted teenager much younger than her actual age. Slams the door to her room and put on loud music.

-So, that's how it is having a daughter?

- She said she was going to stay in London with friends. Tracy sighs, she will get over it!

The bell in the shop sounds and Tracy hurries down.

Draco goes to Aurora's door and knocks, - Can I come in darling?

He opens the door, turns the music down and sits down on the bed beside his crying daughter.

- You cant be this distraught over finding me in the shower, can you?

- You mean, you are just as selfish as hell! She sobs.

Draco strokes her hair,

- The right one won't be.

Aurora looks up at her dad,

- Are you and mum back for real?

- We are, and I am here for you too, if you need a dad! Want me to go and roughen up that boy? I know a good ferret spell!

Aurora laughs and dries her tears,

Your mum hasn't told you how we met yet has she?

- No, Aurora answers haven't gotten the time!

- Well, it all started in 1993, Kings Cross by the entrance you know, I locked eyes with a young lady for a split second...

Does your mother know?

-Good afternoon Mother, Father,

- Draco darling, so nice to see you! Narsissa greets her son with a bit of a formal hug.

Lucius doesn't get up from his armchair -Good afternoon son, is everything well?

-Yes, I have some news.

Narssissa smiles interested and Lucius hums,

- How shall I start, Mother, do you know the magic supply shop in Bath?

- Of course, I do Draco.

- Then you know Tracy Davies, the woman who owns it, and maybe you have met her daughter Aurora?

- Well, I don't really know her, she just runs the shop, but yes I can remember a daughter.

- Good, because that daughter is my daughter too, your granddaughter!

-You are what? Lucius cries out,

- Oh my, I don't know what to say? Narsissa stutters.

- I found out myself just a couple of weeks ago. You know Mother, Draco says eagerly, Aurora is so much you, and she is so bright, and I am so happy!

Narsissa and Lucius look at each other and then at Draco,

- So, how old is this Aurora? I remember her as quite grown.

- She is 23 Mother, so yes, she is quite grown.

- At school then, Narsissa replies.

-Yes, I had a thing with Tracy for years, but she had to hide when the commission started their raids and we got out of touch.

Narsissa smiles and nods in understanding, but her smile is forced.

- I told you we should have sent him to Durmstrang no mudbloods, Lucius murmurs from his chair.

- Tracy and Aurora is my family just as much as Scorpius is and Astoria was, Draco replies his fathers.

-So, Narsissa sighs, giving Lucius a look to stop any further outbursts, so you have a daughter. What about this woman then, the Mother.

- We're working on it, but we are...

Lucius gets up and stares stern at his son, - You have to think about Scorpius! He lost his Mother and that other business with that Potter boy! I had hoped to die knowing that our family would live on. You don't understand what muggles can do to us, they are not like us! Draco, you are my only son and set a bad example for Scorpius!

- Lucius darling, this is so long ago, please, Draco is a grown man, he knows the dangers.

-I just found out have a daughter! Can't the two of you just be happy?

- Of course, we are happy Draco, your Father is just protective of Scorpius.

- As I said Narsissa, this is on you, this would never have happened at Drumstrang!

-How did it go? Tracy asks apprehensively when Draco apparated back,

-In the circumstances quite well, Mother was on her best behavior and Father just murmured about why they should have sent me to Durmstrang.

-Well telling two pureblood supremacists that they are grandparents of mudbloods daughter. Did you tell them about us?

- I said we were working on it, couldn't make them to excited at once you know.

- So, Scorpius, you need to tell him soon, before your parents or word of mouth gets to him!

Back to school

- Draco, I got your owl, Neville hands Draco a cup of tea, Scorpius is out of potions in about fifteen minutes, can you wait that long?

- Sure, no problem Neville, Draco smiles, noting that can't wait a couple of minutes longer! Is Scorpius doing OK?

- Yes, he is, at least in Herbology! He takes a pause, I am so sorry about Astoria, and all that business last year, haven't seen you since so.

Draco nods, - Thank you Neville, Astoria was really happy that Scorpius had you in Herbology and last year was quite a thundery broomride!

- I have a daughter that is what I am going to tell Scorpius.

Neville nods happily, - Who?

-You know Aurora Davies, she's 23.

- Aurora? Yes, bright girl, Neville looks uncomfortable, I wrote her a letter of recommendation to you. Little young perhaps.

-Oh, no Neville, SHE is my daughter!

-You gave me a bit of a fright there. Now I can see why she gave me the creeps then, Neville realizes that he just said that out loud.

- She is really more mum then aunt Bella!

There is an awkward silence in the room until Neville takes a look at the clock.

- I will go and get him now, better to be early if she lets them...

Draco nods.

Neville's office is full of memorabilia from the war. Pictures from Hermione's installation as Minister of Magic and a big picture of the original and the 1990s Order of Phoenix is hanging on the walls.

-Scorpius! Come with me please,

Scorpius looks confused at Neville and at Albus before he follows Neville along the corridor.

- Your father is here to see you. Neville explains once no one can hear them.

- Dad, what does he want?

-No idea Scorpius, but he looked happy so I don't think you have to be concerned.

They walk up some stairs and along a corridor to get to Professor Longbottom's office.

- Hi dad, what's up!

Neville looks at Draco, then says - I have a couple of plants to water, and leaves the room.

- I found out something a couple of weeks ago, and you need to know it before word gets out.

Scorpius looks nervously at his father.

- I have a daughter, you have a sister.

- What?

- I met her mother at school and I never knew anything until now. Her name is Aurora...

Scorpius looks gobsmacked.

- I know it's a lot to take in....

It all ends with Harry

-Dad, did you know Scorpius dad's getting married?

-No, to whom Albus?

-Some muggle-born witch running a magic shop in Bath, but that's not the strangest thing. He has got a new sister as well.

-Oh, that was fast...

-Well, dad, she's like 23!

Harry looks strangely at Albus before asking the "right" question.

-And how does your friend Scorpius feel about that then?

-He just said he's at Hogwarts anyway, and Bath is just a stone's throw from the manor so it won't make a big difference for him. But isn't it strange, 23? That's when you were at Hogwarts, right!

-Well, my son, He gives his Albus a pat on the back, you can never know everything about a person.

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Författaren Annika Melin med Poeter.se id #110833 innehar upphovsrätten