

## Draco Malfoy and the Sins of the Father DMSF

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### Draco Malfoy and the Sins of the Father

In my dungeon dormitory I was methodically removing my school robes so that I could change into something more appropriate for what I needed to do. Vinnie Crabbe pushed the door open and stepped inside my private room uninvited.

“Draco, it’s gonna be bad.”

I’ve known Vinnie all my life, before that day I’d never suspected he was the master of the understatement. “I know Vinnie, I know.” I pulled my Slytherin house tie from my neck and started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Greg is down in the Great Hall helping with the evacuation. He said he knows the Dark Lord will kill him for it, but he couldn’t stand by and watch the little ones die without at least trying to help.”

“Greg came to me first and told me what he was going to do Vinnie. I gave him my blessing, and suggested reasons for helping that might cause the Dark Lord to spare Greg’s life.” I unbuttoned my trousers and allowed them to fall the floor so that I could step out of them.

“Why are they doing this Draco? Why hurt the little ones? I mean I don’t like the Mudbloods or the Half Bloods, and I don’t mind smacking them around, but why kill them?”

I considered the question for a moment, and then decided my oldest friend deserved an answer. “There are a lot of reasons Vinnie, but none of them are good. Our parents are willing to kill Mudblood and Half blood children because they’re afraid of them. Look at our year. The top two in class rankings are both Mudbloods. The rest of the top ten are half bloods except for Patil, who might as well be one. The most powerful among us is Potter, a half blood. This scares them. Just the knowledge that Potter could probably beat any of them in a duel scares them shitless. Our parents will kill Mudblood and Half blood children because they can, and they will kill pureblood children because the Dark Lord tells them to.”

Vinnie nodded. He knew all that, but I knew he liked to hear the confirmation from me. It was then Vinnie noticed the array of weaponry laid out on my bed, an odd mix of magical and Muggle. “What are you going to do Draco? What’s all this?”

I hesitated. My first reflex was to lie, but from the look on Vinnie’s face, I could tell he needed to hear the truth. “Do you remember what happened last summer Vinnie?”

“To your mum you mean? Yeah. I’m sorry Draco.”

“Lucius fucked up in one of his schemes.” My eyes glazed over as I relived the most horrible day of my life. “Lucius is far too important to the Dark Lord’s plans to punish thoroughly it seems, so he punished my Mother instead, and made me watch. I tried to help her and he petrified me, and then had Lucius position me so that I had a ringside seat. Every single Death Eater used her, even Lucius. Even Bellatrix. Used her again and again. When they were all done, she was given to Greyback, who killed her rather than turn her, thank Merlin.”

“I remember Draco. My father spoke of it as great fun. I was never more ashamed to be his son. Your mum was like...” the large teen was at a loss for words.

“Thank you for that Vinnie.” Vinnie, like Greg had a reputation for stupid brutality. Very few knew that impression was a front forced upon him by his family’s loyalties. “When I was released from the petrification, I wanted to attack the Dark Lord, but I was terrified beyond all rational thought. After I left the manor, I apparated to Muggle London and wandered the streets for hours unable to get what I’d seen out of my head. I finally couldn’t take it anymore; I was disgusted with myself, with Lucius, with the Dark Lord, with the whole magical world. I couldn’t come back after seeing what I’d seen. So I waited until the time was right and stepped out in front of a Muggle lorry.”

“You tried to commit suicide?”

“Yes, I did. The lorry mangled me. I was taken to a Muggle hospital where a squib healer recognized some of the magical items in my pockets and called for help. An emergency team transported me to St. Mungos where they stabilized me, but I was too messed up. I would have ended up a quadruple amputee.”

“Merlin!” Crabbe breathed. “But what happened? I mean, you’re fine.”

“No Vinnie, I’m not. Lucius called in some favors. He couldn’t have his heir die after all. There was nothing magic could do to completely heal me. But there was some Muggle research that Lucius’ healer had heard about...”

But... What could Muggles do Draco? Everyone says our medicine is so much more advanced than theirs, even the Mudbloods say that."

The Muggles have their secrets Vinnie. They pumped me full of their machines. Tiny machines too small to see, but they rebuilt me, after they adapted to my magic. I'm stronger than I was before, and they... Well, it's easier to show you than to explain. Watch this." I picked up a dirk from my bed and ran it along my cheek, drawing blood, and hissing at the pain as I did so.

Vinnie's eyes widened as the deep cut closed almost instantly, healing without even a scar. I occupied myself during this brief example of my inhuman healing ability by pulling on a pair of leather pants, and then a leather jerkin and pair of boots.

"Draco, what are you going to do? Do you even know how to use those things?"

"I don't, but the machines do. They were developed for the Muggle military, beyond repairing wounds; they also install what the Muggle Healer called 'Muscle Memory'. When I pick up the sword, my body knows how to use it, and reacts faster than I can think. When I pick up the Muggle guns, my body knows how to use them instinctively." I smiled. "In the end, that will be Lucius' only real gift to me. He has made me an unkillable, unstoppable killing machine. Everything else I've valued in my life Lucius has taken from me Vinnie." I shrugged in to a pair of leather shoulder holsters, fastening them onto the jerkin. Once the holsters were secure, I stowed a pair of Muggle machine pistols into the pockets of the holsters, making sure that the 'special' loads were in the weapon on the left side. I saw Vinnie's eyes widen when he recognized the guns for what they were, but he said nothing. The long sword was fastened to my back, with the hilt above my left shoulder. I finished what the Muggle scientist who healed me called my 'Load-Out' by storing several other blades of various sizes and shapes about my body all within easy reach. "He took my mother, my sense of self; my status as a pureblood, he even took my ability to die. I can't die Vinnie. I've tried. The damned Muggle machines in my blood repair anything I do. I cut my left fucking arm off and the damned machines had it rebuilt before breakfast the next day. I drove an ice pick into my eye and stirred it around until I passed out from the pain, and I woke up the next morning with everything restored. I cast the Killing Curse on myself. I woke up in the morning in agony. I'm going to use this gift my father has given me. I'm going to kill Lucius, Vinnie. I'm going to kill Lucius, and then I'm going to help Potter kill the Dark Lord."

"Draco..."

"And after they're both dead, I'm going to find Potter and beg him to find a way to kill me." I sighed, it was then I realized I needed a way to protect Vinnie from what I was about to do. I picked up my wand. "I'm sorry Vinnie." I petrified my oldest friend, and levitated him to the bed. "You'll be safe here Vinnie. I'll seal the door behind me. It should hold for at least twelve hours. I've begged Greg to keep his head down at the evacuation, and keeping you in here until tomorrow morning should let whichever side wins to calm down enough to not kill you on sight."

I shrugged into a cloak that would hide the weapons I carried, yet allow me access to most of them and exited the room, sealing the door behind me. I needed to talk to Potter.

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I made my way to the Great Hall, ignoring the hateful looks I was getting in the halls. I was fully aware that this reception was completely my own fault; I had made myself the public face of the Dark Lord in the school. Death was coming to the school, and no one could stop it. It was just a matter of time before someone raised a wand to me. And I would let them, I had decided that I wouldn't respond no matter what they did. I deserved whatever was done to me.

I made my way to the staff table, where Dumbledore and Potter were leaning over an old sheaf of parchment. I stopped in front of the pair, my shadow falling over the parchment map they were studying alerted them to my presence.

"Is there something you need Mr. Malfoy?" The old man asked.

"Yes. I..."

"Let me guess. The Dark Lord will kill me. We've already heard this song Malfoy. Get lost."

"I'm going with you Potter. I've got your back."

Potter looked up at me with an incredulous look on his face. "Do you need a binding oath Potter? I'm coming with you. Without me you'll need to fight your way through to him. I'm tasked to bring you to the Dark Lord. I can put you right in front of the lunatic without your having to expend any magic at all."

The Gryffindor's face took on a calculation expression. "What do you want for doing this? Why should I trust that you suddenly want to be my friend?"

"Fuck you Potter." I spat. "You and I will never be friends. I disagree with the Dark Lord's tactics, not his objectives. If I was going to survive this I would prove my superiority at a time and place of my choosing."

"You've got an interesting way of suggesting an alliance Draco." Potter said dryly. "Why would I ally myself with someone who doesn't expect to live?"

"Don't kid yourself Potter. You don't expect to live either. You're getting ready to march off to die because you're a Gryffindor. I'm coming with you because I'm a Slytherin."

The old man just stared at me with those damned twinkling eyes of his. "So the rumors were true. You have my sympathies Mr. Malfoy. Losing one's mother is always difficult. The manner of your loss would have destroyed most men."

"It did." I said. The old man was sharp. "But I got better."

Potter's eyes had widened at the news of my mother's passing, but he characteristically held his tongue. "We have similar goals Potter, possibly even similar motivations. A few illusion charms and it appears that I have kidnapped the Lights Savior and am delivering him to his doom. No one will dare touch you until you are in front of the Dark Lord, he made known the portion of the prophecy that Snape overheard. All the Death Eaters know of it now. We can use that to our advantage." I laid out my plan before them.

"This could work." Potter said thoughtfully. "This might actually get me close enough to Riddle to hurt him badly enough to matter." He turned those damned green eyes on me. "What do you get out of this Draco?"

"I get your promise that Lucius is mine. Unless you are actually fighting him, you promise to leave Lucius Malfoy to me, and that you won't interfere with what I have planned for him."

I locked eyes with Potter. I could see the question forming in his mind. '*What did the bastard do?*' but he never asked. A quiet nod was all the response my request got. It was all that was needed. Potter and I understood each other, but then, we always had.

"This is all very well gentlemen" The old man said in his grandfather personae. "However your plan doesn't account for my being there as well."

"You're not coming." Potter and I chorused, and then exchanged surprised looks at our unexplained synchronicity.

"Of course I am." The ancient wizard said in that self assured manner of his.

"Of course you are not." Potter said. "This isn't going to be a contest of power Headmaster. This is a contest of speed and agility. You are doubtlessly the most powerful among us, but that power will do you no good if Riddle can get off three spells to your one as he did at the ministry."

"Preposterous" The old man huffed. "I assure you that I am..."

I had heard enough. I reached to my left shoulder and drew my sword, whipping the blade out so the flat of the blade just touched the old man's neck before the man could blink. "I think perhaps you need to ask yourself if someone like me could have done that sixty years ago Headmaster. You are powerful, but time makes fools of us all. You are slower than you used to be, slower than you would need to be to not be a liability in the fight."

I felt the wand tip press against the back of my neck. "Speed isn't everything Malfoy." Granger said a deep burning hatred in her voice. "There is something to be said about situational awareness. Lower the sword now."

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I weighed my options, and placed the sword back into its sheath. I could have disarmed the Mudblood before she could react, but that would have been counterproductive to my goal. If Granger was there, the Weasel couldn't be far away, any move on my part would bring him into the equation, if the Weasel was involved, then Potter would jump in with both feet.

None of that would kill the Dark Lord. None of that would put my hands around Lucius' throat.

"I was just making a point Granger. Headmaster, you coming with us would be counter productive."

"You know how rare it is for me to agree with Malfoy Headmaster, but this time I do." Potter said. "Hermione, lower your wand. Draco is on our side."

"No I'm not Potter. I'm on my own side." I had decided to fight my natural tendencies and be honest with Scarhead. It couldn't hurt. "You killing the Dark Lord allows me to further my own plans. I've heard the prophecy. The whole thing. I know that you and only you are capable of killing the bastard. I've told no one."

"Where did you hear the prophecy?" Granger asked as she and the Weasel joined Potter. "We've kept that pretty close to the vest."

I blinked. I'd never heard that expression, though from her context the meaning came through with only a little thought. "Someone likes to brag during his pillow talk." I said looking directly at the Weasel. "His bedmate was incapable of keeping her empty headed mouth shut. I've obliterated everyone who knew. Ms. Brown no longer has any idea."

The way the Weasel blushed only served to confirm what I was saying to Dumbledore and the intelligent pair of the Gryffindor trio.

"Headmaster." Potter said, changing the subject. "Riddle is out there at the wards right now. Arguing about who is going to face him is a waste of time. The wards won't last much longer. I've got to go now. You need to stay here and assist with the evacuation." Potter gestured toward the crowd of students at the far end of the hall. "If I fail, I don't want the lives of these children on my soul."

The old man hung his head. Did he finally understand it was past time he passed the torch of his position to the next holder? I somehow doubted it.

Potter nodded to me. "It's time to go." He led the way from the Great Hall. By the time we reached the front entrance to the school I was a pace behind the trio. Weasley and Granger were starting the latest of their arguments... Or was it the latest chapter of their single argument? Who knows? Who cares? I drew my wand and dropped the Weasel with a whispered stunner, then trapped Granger in a body bind, catching her falling form and lowering her to the ground.

I looked up into Potter's wand. "What the hell Malfoy?"

"Goyle is helping with the evacuation; Vinnie Crabbe is in a body bind on my bed. I can't take my friends where we're going, they would be a distraction. You can't take your friends either. You know what you're up against; you can't afford the distraction either."

"Damn it Draco. She's going to kill me when this is over."

I looked down into Granger's chocolate eyes. Those eyes promised that she would indeed hurt us both. "Leaving her here ensures she'll be alive to do so Potter. It's your job to stay alive so she can kill you."

Potter nodded again. He understood. He didn't like it, but he understood. He exited the castle. I looked back down into Granger's expressive eyes. "Protect Crabbe and Goyle. They've bullied people, but they've never hurt anyone. There will be a backlash from what happens today. Protect my friends. I'll do my best to keep him alive."

She blinked at me. Was that a 'yes', or a 'fuck you'? I stood and followed Potter out the door.

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Traveling by portkey is hellish now. It had never been fun, but the machines in my blood hated being squeezed through reality and made sure I understood their displeasure. But pain and I have become good friends by now. The glamour on my body held up to the transfer showing an image of me in my Hogwarts robes, and the ones on Potter showing him beaten and shackled held as well. We arrived on the outskirts of the Death Eater horde, and a path cleared toward the center. Wordlessly I levitated Potter's silent form to the Dark Lord.

"Well done Draco." The half blood Dark Lord said in his oddly hissing voice. "You have brought me the prize."

"Only due to your faultless plan my Lord." I said, doing my damndest to sound sincere. "You distracted the fools to be focusing on the outside, while your faithful attacked from the inside." I fumbled inside my illusionary robes. "I have brought you a prize from Dumbledore's own desk!" I withdrew the metallic cylinder and offered it to Voldemort.

"What is it?" he asked, taking his attention away from Potter.

I held the cylinder out in both hands, twisting the ends so that the paired halves clicked into place aligning the rune clusters. I then dropped the cylinder as it pulsed with a bright blue light. Upon hitting the ground the cylinder pulsed red, and sank from sight into the soil. Then a gold dome of energy bloomed from the ground and washed over everything within 800 meters.

"A runes shield! You fool!" The Dark Lord leveled his wand at me. "Do you know what you've done?"

"I do." Potter said, casting aside his glamour. "He's trapped you in here with me Tom." In a single smooth motion Potter cast Incendio setting the Dark Lord's robes afire.

There is a reason that Voldemort is so feared. Despite having been taken totally by surprise, he reacted instantly, dousing the flames on his robes and sending a cutting hex back at Potter, who dodged. The fight was on.

The reaction of the assembled Death Eaters was to watch the battle in open mouthed amazement. I took advantage of this by drawing my sword and removing the head of the animagus standing next to me. I vividly recalled his girlish giggling as he pawed at my mother with that silver hand. I continued the stroke that took rat-man's head and opened Amycus Carrow from breast bone to crotch spilling his guts to the ground. Part of me found the fact that both Pettigrew's and Carrow's body hit the ground at the same time amusing.

I spared the fight between Potter and the Dark Lord a glance. Potter was holding his own, but some of the Death Eaters were beginning to notice that two of their own had fallen, and wands were beginning to be raised against me.

Perfect.

I surrendered control to my body. The muscle memory started a dance, I moved in and out of crowds of Death Eaters and they fell as I passed, missing limbs, blood pouring from strategic cuts, crushed bones. Other than in training at the Muggle facility that had forced my body to stay alive, I had never cut loose before. I was hit by spells by the dozens, cutters, banishers, bone breakers. The badly aimed curses never hit anything vital, so the little machines did what they were supposed to do, repairing the damage as it was being caused and I kept moving.

As I dropped yet another idiot in black robes, I heard an inhuman growl to my left, and turned to find an untransformed Fenrir Greyback charging at me. I reached for the pistol in the left holster, pulled it smoothly and unleashed five rounds into the werewolf's chest. As a rule Muggle bullets are useless against a Were, even untransformed. These bullets however were hollowed out and filled with powdered silver. They focused Greyback's attention quite effectively.

Since I had the pistol in my hand, I thumbed the weapon over to single shot and expended the remaining ten rounds into those Death Eaters still standing.

When the Pistol was empty, I dropped it, and pulled a throwing blade from my right thigh and slung it across the clearing to where Potter was still exchanging curses with the Dark Lord. The blade buried its self deep into Voldemort's hip, I saw him stumble when the universe suddenly went blood red.

I never heard the Crucio being cast, but I recognized the caster. My body's convulsions rolled me over onto my back where I could see my loving Father holding his serpent head wand, pouring all of his will into casting the pain curse.

Good.

The machines in my blood dealt with injury. The effect of the crucio was evaluated as an injury. Normally the machines ignored pain, and only dealt with injury. In this case the pain was causing the injury.

So they turned it off.

Sudden, total bliss. My vision cleared and strength returned to my body. Lucius had no idea what had happened, though a confused look was beginning to form on his face when I drew the other pistols and fired a round into his right knee.

I know I could have, should have killed him right then and there, but no. A Muggle gun was far too quick a way to die. Historically most Malfoy men have died from blades. Most Malfoy women have died from poison. As I dropped the pistol, I found myself wondering just what that said about the family I had always been so proud of.

I shook that thought from my head and focused on my mother's screaming face as I leaped atop my father with a blade in both hands. I took my time, made it memorable for him. Then I ended it. Lucius screamed more than Mother did when he finally died.

I rolled off Lucius' body to a sitting position against a nearby tree. I saw the remaining four standing Death Eaters pressing against the gold energy of the Runes Shield, pleading with Dumbledore on the far side of the shield to come in and save them from the mad men inside. It was then I remember Potter. I looked to where I had last seen him and saw him limping toward me. It was obvious that his right shoulder was shattered from the way his arm hung in an odd position. There was something wrong with his leg on that side too. Behind Potter was a smoldering pile of rags that must be all that remained to the former Dark Lord. Potter stopped three paces away from me, staring in open mouthed horror.

I looked down to see what he was staring at and was surprised to see the hilt of a knife sticking out of my belly. Evidently Lucius had also used a knife in our little fight. Not surprising really, since he's the one who taught me to use one. Since the machines had turned off my pain receptors, I never notice, and the skin had healed around the knife.

Of course this was the moment that the machines decided that the danger pain offered me was past, and turned the pain receptor back on.

I thought I was dying. Again.

I put both hands on the handle of the knife and yanked it from my body. The damage this cause was severe. My loving father had used a 'gutting knife' designed to slide in cleanly and rip everything on the way out. It took the machines almost four minutes to put me back together.

Potter just stood there staring as my body healed. He slumped to the ground to sit beside me against the tree.

"Freak." He said.

"Fuck you." I replied.

"Gotta at least buy me dinner first Freak."

That made me laugh. It hurt to laugh. It hurt a lot. Then the Rune shield collapsed. Had it been twenty minutes already?

"Harry James Potter!"

We both looked in the direction of the scream to see an enraged Hermione Granger stalking our way, with a very angry Vinnie Crabbe at her side.

"Oh hell." Potter said.

"At least yours is cute and pissed at you. Vinnie is ugly and pissed at me." The angry pair got closer with a confused Weasel and Goyle following behind them. "What now?"

"I'm telling everyone it was you who killed Tommy. Me, I was tied to this tree and all beat up. And I'm telling Hermione you think she's cute."

The bastard did too. Fortunately no one believed him.

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