Unexpected Revelations - An AU Malfoid Fanfic
(writer's note, this takes place during the summer holiday between years 3 & 4)

As Draceana was pacing back and forth in her bedroom, her mind was clearly on something. "What's taking so long? He should have returned by now, I told him, only a few days, no more." She said to herself. "How long does it take to observe that boy? How much can he get up to living with those muggles?"

She then smirked.

Telling herself. "Probably snaps his fingers and those muggles would come running to do his every bidding, while praising his achievements on a daily basis." She said, "Sitting on a pedestal with that stupid smile on his face."

She shook her head to get the last image out of her head.
"No, no speculation until I have more information." She folded her arms. "I wish Dobby was here, he was much faster at these things than the others." But she had learned from her father that the house-elf was 'let go', Draceana feared that he was being punished for something, but dared not think of it.

She realized she missed Dobby, for all his tomfoolery, he was always nice and helpful to her. She smiled at all the times Dobby would fetch her sweets even at the risk of punishment. Always looking up to her with those large eyes and floppy ears. It made her quite happy, thinking back on it all.

Then her thoughts turned to the conversation she had with Potter earlier this year in the hospital wing. After what had happened with that oaf's hippogriff, Potter came to visit, making a poor attempt at convincing her to not have Hagrid sacked. It never came to that, but 'Buckbeak' as Hagrid liked to call it, would be dealt with accordingly.

She remembered Potter telling her that he spent the first eleven years of his life living in a cupboard. "The famous Harry Potter? Sleeping in a cupboard underneath a staircase?" She thought. She found that whole idea preposterous, but never could get the thought out of her head. Especially after seeing Potter's eyes beam when he had that conversation with that thug Black.

She had tried to put the thought out of her mind when she returned home for the summer holidays, but what Potter said kept creeping back in over time. She was able to find out where Potter lived by rummaging through her father's things when he was away for work. Number Four Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey. That's all she needed to know.

She had ordered one of the house-elves to go there and observe Potter and report back to her, the house-elf was unfamiliar with Potter and asked what he looked like. She described Potter with rather accurate detail, to her own shock no less, her cheeks turning pink realizing how well she could recall his features. After getting Potter's description, the house-elf apperate in an instant.

She continued pacing around her room till she could hear a crack, she turned around and saw the house-elf stand in her room.
“Young Mistress” he addressed her.
“Finally, it took you longer than expected,” she said. “Well, tell me, what did you learn?” she asked.
“Of course Mistress.” He responded. “I am glad to report that I have been able to properly observe the boy without being spotted.” He said.
“And, tell me, how does Potter live with these muggles?” She asked with some urgency.

“The young master lives quite well, the muggles have been quite gracious to him.” The elf said.

Draceana’s eyes beamed with satisfaction, a grin forming on her face as if she had just won the Quidditch World Cup.
“I knew it! I knew he was just making his whole sob story up!” She said triumphantly.
“So they treat him as the celebrity he is, don’t they?” She asked the elf, radiating confidence.

“Yes mistress, they treat him quite well. For an elf” The elf responded.

Draceana’s brow furrowed. “What?” She asked.

“Oh yes, Mistress. He had his own room, they gave him the old clothes of the young master, they even let him eat in the same room as them” He told her.
“I believe they are rewards for his good service.” He continued.

“Good service?” Draceana asked.

“Oh yes, he does the cooking, cleaning and tending to any other trivial matters the masters cannot be bothered with. The young master also seems to like to play with him. He never seems to want to injure the Potter beyond recovery.” He explained.

Her expression soured, she processed what the elf had shared with her. She was not sure whether what Potter had told her was true, but she had no reason to believe that one of her family’s servants would lie to her about this.

She always assumed Potter was happy when the school year began because he could bask in the adoration that both students and teachers would give him at each turn, how he seemed so happy to be hanging out with Weasley and Granger so much. She had assumed that he would receive similar treatment back home, even muggles would rejoice for having The Boy Who Lived living under their roof. But his own family treated him like a servant, having to slave away for them.

“Mistress, have I said something to upset you?” The house-elf asked.

“What do you mean?” She asked confused.

She hadn’t noticed, but her hands had balled up into fists, and she could feel a sweltering heat coming from her chest. She could feel her face being red hot. She was angry? Was she angry because of how muggles were treating a wizard in such a disrespectful way? Or over the fact that Potter was treated as such. It is insulting.

“Mistress?” The house-elf asked.

“You may leave” Draceana commanded

The elf bowed and left her room. Draceana sat on the edge of her bed, her brow furrowed, working through all she had learned about Potter’s predicament at home. How could he stand living with those cretins? Being treated like their own personal butler.

“How could he stand to be around Granger?”
“She’s a mudblood for Merlin’s sake, you would think he would want nothing to do with her due to her muggle heritage.” She thought to herself.

Somehow she felt sorry for him, despite all the expectations her family thrusts upon her. She knows that her parents love her. That despite the strictness of her parents, she could still turn to them if something troubled her. That Potter has no one to turn to, it is no wonder he would find comfort with the sorts of Weasley, Granger and that oaf Hagrid.

After all, she learned about Potter’s Parents last school year in the Shrieking Shack, how the man who had betrayed his parents had been under his nose this whole time. How she witnessed that fool face off against a werewolf and dementors. How he risked his life for Black and hers.
She kept her snide remarks to a minimum for the rest of that year.

She fell backwards on her bed, thinking about all that happened in her third year.
He came to visit her in the Hospital Wing, how he talked Granger down from hexing her, how he still protected her despite all she did, she wouldn’t think twice of leaving him to fend for himself.

“No wonder he got sorted into Gryffindor.” She said. “For the Brave and Daring, that’s Potter alright.”
She stared at the ceiling for what felt like hours. Learning more about Potter gave Draceana much to ponder on.

The fourth school year would start in several weeks, she had no idea what was in store for her. But she did know one thing.
“Don’t expect kindness from me Potter.” She said internally.
“But perhaps I can be a bit more fair, so long as you remember I always come out on top.”

She let out a long sigh.
“Let’s hope this year is a little less eventful.” She said.

The End.