

Night of the Malfoy Commandos

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Pairings: Gen

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Spoilers: Nothing, really.

Warnings: AU, crack-ish, OOC-ness

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Summary: Hermione snapped, and it was a terrible, terrible thing.

Notes: The title is semi-stolen, of course, as is the idea, but we all know the idea was borrowed anyway. :) Jondosh reminded me that I had nothing to offer for my birthday, so... I pulled this out, dusted it off, and whipped up a finish to it.

(Apologies to Berkeley Breathed.)

Harry sighed with pleasure as he settled into a cozy nook with a 'book' he had 'borrowed' from his cousin. It was time—yes, time—for some purely silly silliness. Thus, he got comfortable in his chair, checked to see that he had a butterbeer handy, and smiled. He was not going to obsess over anything and everything, he was simply going to ignore the world for a while, and enjoy one different.

Quite some time later he was interrupted with a somewhat snide, “Nice to see you know how to crack a book during the holidays.”

He looked up, hoping he was just hearing voices again. But no, it was Hermione. “It’s not exactly a book. You should be able to tell that from the shape.”

She huffed and snatched it out of his hands, much to his displeasure. A glance at the cover saw her frowning. She quickly opened it to a random page and began reading, a curious expression creeping over her face. “Harry!”

“Hm?”

“Can I, er, borrow this for a little while?” she asked.

He sighed, then realized she wasn’t yelling at him for being frivolous. “Sure.”

Hermione nodded and dashed off, so he pulled out another one and began reading again.

Several days later he was walking down the hall when someone grabbed him by the arm and hauled him into one of the unused rooms of headquarters. The door was kicked shut a second later and Hermione was asking, “Harry, I hesitate to ask but. . . .”

He rather thought she looked shifty. “What?”

“Well. . . .” She twitched. “There’s something I want to get. I have rather a bit of money, but I don’t think it’ll be enough.”

More books? “Don’t worry about it. I’ll give you whatever you need.”

Hermione looked mildly affronted, then nodded. “I’ll pay it back, Harry. I insist.”

He shrugged. “Whatever. I know you’re good for it.”

“Great!”

A short time later they were strolling toward Gringotts, disguises firmly in place, to raid Harry’s vault. And after that she led him, not to Flourish & Blotts, but to the apothecary. Harry wrinkled his nose at the smells within and turned to his friend, who was twitching again. “Her—mia?”

She glanced at him, smiled weakly, and said, "I just need a few things here. Shan't take a minute. I'll be right back, okay?"

Harry leaned against the wall next to the door and hoped that her idea of time and his matched up. A half hour later she returned looking triumphant. "I'm all set." Then she grabbed his arm and dragged him outside, and back toward the Leaky Cauldron. As soon as they returned to headquarters she dashed off to her room.

"What the hell was all that about?" he mused.

A week later he was headed to his room when he happened to glance into Hermione's. He had to pause; she was wearing all black, her hair tucked up into a black stocking cap, and she was busy smearing some dark substance under her eyes. He argued with himself for a bit, then eased into the room and closed the door. "Trying out a new fashion?"

She squeaked and looked immensely guilty. "Er, yeah. Think it suits me?"

Harry crossed his arms and leaned against the door. "By the way, you forgot to return that book."

"Oh! Right. I got distracted."

"You know, the one with the strips in about how they decided to rescue those poor animals used for testing? Might even have been dressed sort of like you."

"What a coincidence!"

"Mm. Isn't it. So tell me, who do you plan on rescuing? And why do I get the feeling you plan to go alone?"

Hermione dropped the tin she was holding and whipped out her wand. "You won't stop me."

"Do you honestly think I would let you go by yourself?" he said, totally unperturbed by the implied threat.

"I am not a child," she hissed.

"Funny, no one listens to me when I say that," he said dryly. "And I never said you were. How would you react if our places were switched?"

"I wouldn't let you go alone," she replied stiffly.

He nodded. "So what's going on?"

Hermione stared at him for a while, then relaxed. “I have figured out how to set them free. At least I think I have. I did loads of research. And damn it, I’m going to try!”

There was only one thing he could think of. “House-elves?”

“Yes. I’ve got it all worked out. A little stealth, a little polyjuice. . . .”

“And which elves do you plan to test this on?” he asked, feeling a bit light headed.

She twitched again, shuffling her feet slightly. “Er, Malfoy’s?”

“Are you insane!?”

Hermione glared. “Lucius is in Azkaban, and I heard that Narcissa and Draco are in France right now. It shouldn’t be a big deal. I can sneak in, get some hair, polyjuice into Narcissa, and set the house-elves free.” Her wand came back up.

“What about the wards? You can’t honestly think there wouldn’t be wards to contend with?”

She flipped her hand to indicate her lack of concern. “I do read rather extensively, you know, and I have been practicing.”

Harry sighed heavily and nodded. “I sure hope you know what you’re doing.”

“Well, since you’re coming along, we’ll just have to polyjuice you as well,” she declared.

He nodded again, already having seen it coming. “Right, whatever. But for the record, you look utterly silly with that stuff under your eyes. What, are you an American football player?”

Several hours later saw them both sneaking through the wards and into Malfoy Manor. Hermione had spelled them both with an obscure little charm which made them invisible to house-elves and it made all the difference as they stealthily crept down endless majestic hallways in order to locate the master bedroom. Sure enough, the Malfoy house-elves were so traumatized by their treatment that they slacked in their duties in silent rebellion, thus leaving behind strands of hair from both Lucius and Narcissa.

Hermione beamed and quickly set up two vials of polyjuice, then handed one to Harry. As one they downed them, gagging at the taste, then slowly straightened up in their new forms. “All right,” she said snootily. “Let’s just fix our clothing, yes?”

Five minutes later (and after a gentle reminder from Harry about the black under her eyes) Hermione whipped out a pink Uzi and stalked out of the room, Harry following her with a bewildered look on his face. It was around then that Hermione stopped suddenly. “I—” She faced him with a frantic look. “I have no idea how to call them,” she confessed.

Harry let out a long-suffering sigh and snapped his fingers. A house-elf appeared moments later, blinked at 'Narcissa' and her Uzi, and bowed.

"Gather all the elves," he snapped.

"Yes, master," the elf said, then disappeared. Within a minute a number of them appeared, all giving 'Narcissa' a strange look.

Hermione drew herself up and lifted her chin, staring down at the creatures with disdain. "You . . . vermin," she said scathingly, waving her Uzi at them. "I have had it with you. This ends right now."

The elves began trembling in fear, and Harry wondered if his friend had completely gone round the bend given her acting choices.

Her smile was feral as she pointed the Uzi at one of them, then squeezed the trigger. A sock flew out of the end and hit the elf in the face. It gasped, then began to cry. One by one she shot them with socks, releasing all of them from the Malfoy family. "Now get out!" she screamed.

Back at headquarters Hermione whooped with joy and gave a kiss to her Uzi, then beamed at Harry. "Ha! One down, so many more to go!"

Thus began Harry's secret life for the unforeseeable future.