

Chapter 1

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ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING

Narcissa Malfoy briefly double-checked the appearance of her four companions. Cavanaugh, Macnair, Pettigrew, and her lovely husband Lucius had to resemble filthy muggles. And for some reason, she got the lucky privilege of being the spokesperson. But they were desperate to find out what happened to their Master three days ago. Something big happened on Halloween. The rumor the papers were reporting as truth was that a baby reflected the Dark Lord's Killing Curse back on him. And they all thought the Dark Lord was dead. But anyone with a mark on their arm can tell their Master is not gone. It's different. It's definitely weaker. But it is still there.

And so it was that on the early evening of November 3rd the five Death Eaters knocked on the door of Number Four Privet Drive.

A horse-faced woman who had a vague passing resemblance to the mudblood Lily Potter, née Evans answered the door. "Are you the babysitter?"

Narcissa paused and looked at the others with a pleading look in her eyes.

"Umm, yes. I am." She explained. "I mean we all are. These are my friends who assist me on occasion."

A beefy gruff looking man came towards the door pushing a stroller with the pudgiest sack of baby anyone had ever seen.

Narcissa smiled weakly. "Oh, is this little guy him?"

The beefy man shook his head and his cheeks sounded a bit like a horse with the wobbling they were doing. "Oh no. This little angel is our Dudley."

The horse-faced woman added, "Dudders is coming with us."

The beefy man looked at Narcissa and explained, "The freak is in the cupboard under the stairs. Won't shut up."

The horse-faced woman continued. "We've even fed it and changed its newspaper. Still won't stop crying."

"Anyways, we're off. Tally-ho." The beefy man apparently ended his part of the discussion with this and walked past the odd collection of babysitters pushing the gelatinous blob he called his son.

The horse-faced woman walked past them as well and said, "We shouldn't be more than a few hours. Just need a break from the abnormal freak and its unnatural crying."

The five Death Eaters just stood there on the front step in shock watching the disgusting muggles get into their giant metal box. A couple of them couldn't help

but go for their wands when the box roared like an acromantula in heat. Narcissa halted them and they waited. Slightly amazed to see the metal box roll away on wheels the muggles appeared to be able to exert some control over.

Cavanaugh asked, "Do all muggles have their own Knight buses or something?"

Narcissa shook her head. "Never mind now. Let's go see this Boy-Who-Lived."

The group made its way into the disgusting excuse for a home and closed the front door behind them, making sure no one was watching.

Narcissa went straight to the cupboard under the stairs where quiet sniffing could be heard. When she opened the door and the light came into the small cupboard, the young boy immediately stopped crying and looked curiously at the appearance of colors again. Narcissa reached in and pulled out the basket with the small quiet child.

"These muggles are disgusting. The way they treat a wizard. Even if he's a halfblood, he's still more wizard than they are." She said shaking her head.

She set the baby down on the coffee table the five Death Eaters were now surrounding. He was a cute child, if a little on the small side. His brilliantly green eyes stared at all of them in wonder. He was naked and sitting in a pile of crumpled up newspaper. There was one uncrumpled sheet of newspaper covering him.

Lucius bent down to inspect this oddity of magic. "Is really that scar all that the curse did to him?" He lifted the sheet of newspaper and was looking at the fifteen month old's legs and feet. He moved his eyes upwards towards his belly and chest.

Young Harry decided this was an excellent opportunity to play and proceeded to pee straight up in the air. Directly into Lucius' open mouth.

The blonde man jerked up quickly and began spitting every bit of moisture he could out of his mouth. He was pissed. "Why you little!"

He yanked out his wand and cast a very dark and nearly unblockable castration hex at the offending baby.

The other Death Eaters were a bit shocked to see the deep red of the curse wash over the young boy and recollect around the baby's midsection before rocketing straight back at Lucius.

Lucius was completely unprepared for this and took the spell head on. He quickly doubled over and fell to the floor screaming and clutching his own bloody crotch.

Narcissa rolled her eyes and muttered, "Well I guess Draco is an only child."

Peter Pettigrew who never credits thinking quickly as one of his useful assets snapped into action. He snarled in his rage and cast "*Imperio!*" at the baby.

The spell went straight into the young Potter and came shooting out his eyes back at Pettigrew. Peter had time to flinch before his head snapped back with the force of the spell. Peter brought his head back forward and he had a maniacal

grin on his face. He dropped his wand and said "heh-heh-hehn yah-dah-yah," while clapping the base of his palms together.

Little Harry was immediately joining him in squealing with glee and clapping his palms together as well. Peter was using his index finger now to do some nasal cavity exploring and Harry loved every minute of it.

Narcissa was beginning to take stock of the situation and wasn't sure what to do. Her husband was blabbering a bit and apparently still bleeding. And it appeared Pettigrew was under the influence of the baby. "Cavanaugh, *Avadas* on the count of three. He won't be able to block two at the same time. Ready?"

Cavanaugh aimed his wand and was ready.

Narcissa began, "One. Two. Three. *Avada Ke-*"

Cavanaugh cast "*Avada Kedavra!*" He felt awfully cheated as he realized Narcissa had stopped her incantation and only one green light of death was rushing to the baby. And now surrounding him in a bright light. And now reflecting it straight back.

Narcissa just said "Hmm," while the other Death Eater slumped to the floor dead of another reflected Killing Curse.

"We must try muggle means. Macnair, go grab a knife from the kitchen."

Narcissa ordered with a knowing look towards Macnair.

Peter was now just nodding his head up and down and clapping once with each movement.

Macnair returned with an evil gleam in his eye and a sharp steak knife in his hand. He stepped up to the smiling baby and moved his hand towards him.

Baby Harry saw something shiny and squealed again with glee. He was clapping furiously and a shot of light flew from his clapping hands and hit Macnair on the hand holding the knife.

Macnair hissed and pulled back his now burning hand. They were all a bit shocked to see the knife floating in the air, spinning slowly a foot above the Boy-Who-Lived.

Harry was now trying to reach up and grab the nice shiny pretty thing. It was just a little bit too far out of his reach but he kept trying.

Macnair saw what was happening and began to reach for it.

Harry saw someone was going for his shiny toy and let out a loud gasp.

Right as Macnair reached for it, Peter Pettigrew lunged forward and pushed it a bit into Macnair's hand. Macnair flinched and whipped his hand back.

Unfortunately the knife was already slightly lodged into his hand. Even more unfortunate was that it was only slightly lodged and not fully lodged. Because when he whipped his hand back the knife came flying out and rotated once through the air before becoming embedded all the way to the hilt in Macnair's left eye.

Macnair responded by squealing and flailing his hands around.

Harry saw someone else playing his game and began squealing and clapping too. Pettigrew joined Harry in his round of applause for the funny man with a steak knife through his eye.

Narcissa had seen enough. She was well aware of the fact that she was the only one of the five still even capable at the moment.

The beefy man walked back into his living room at this point muttering about "Bastard maitre d's. Saying they wouldn't seat us with Dudley. Who cares about the other customers' appetites?"

Narcissa hit him with a stunner immediately. The horse-faced woman followed her husband in and she was stunned before she even saw her husband on the floor. Narcissa eyed the ugly crying flesh ball in the stroller and stunned it twice just to be sure.

Harry and Peter both gurgled and clapped.

Narcissa looked over at the smiling gurgling baby and realized the potential this child had. He was going to be a heck of a wizard someday. Maybe even be proud to serve the Dark Lord. Maybe not. But knowing her Draco was the only child Lucius was going to give her, she couldn't resist a little maternal instinct. She cast a clotting charm on her husband and stunned him to shut him up. Macnair kept touching the handle of the knife in his eye, and then wincing and letting go. He whimpered and then would repeat this process several times before Narcissa just stunned him too. She stepped over the unconscious man and pulled the knife out. She said "oops" when she realized his eyeball was still skewered on the knife, and cast a clotting charm in his empty socket. She stunned Pettigrew who had started putting as many fingers into his mouth as he could.

She then cleaned up the young baby and was smiling down on him. She put him in a proper fresh cloth diaper she had conjured and took out the newspaper, replacing it with soft pillows and warm blankets.

Harry was getting tired from all the excitement and fell asleep in the warm blankets.

Narcissa cleaned up the messes they had made, and stuffed the speared eyeball into Macnair's pocket. She walked over to the two filthy muggles and *ennervated* them.

"*Obliviate*," Narcissa cast. "You will treat Harry fairly. You will care for him like a proper Aunt and Uncle should for an orphaned child. You will love him and raise him well. You will help him to learn about the magical world, and provide him with opportunities to be a part of that world."

The horse-faced woman and beefy man had a glazed over look in their eyes. They were amiably nodding their heads to the memories Narcissa was giving them.

The filthy muggles picked up their still sleeping son, as well as their sleeping nephew and carried them up to their own bedrooms.

Narcissa gathered the stunned Macnair, Pettigrew, and Lucius, as well as the dead Cavanaugh, and gripped onto all of them. She activated a portkey to Malfoy Manor, and there was no sign that there had ever been Death Eaters in Privet Drive.

Albus Dumbledore was surprised to see Arabella Figg in his fireplace. Her head was coming out his office's floo entrance. "Albus! I'm not sure but I think I saw some lights that looked like spells over at the Dursleys' place."

Albus jumped into action. "I'll check it out right now." He grabbed one of his emergency portkeys to Privet Drive and appeared hidden by the bushes to the side of the house. He quickly walked to the front door and knocked.

Vernon Dursley opened the door. "Can I help you?"

"Have you by chance seen any wizards tonight?" Albus carefully asked.

Vernon looked shocked for a moment, before smiling and nodding. "Oh you must be one of them to have asked me that. Nope. Only one I've seen is my nephew. Petunia was just putting the boys back to sleep."

Albus asked, "Could I by chance check on Harry?" He saw the suspicion on Mr. Dursley's face and began subtly sending out *Legilimens* messages saying "Trust me."

Vernon smiled. "Sure." He waved the funny looking old man in. "Come on up."

Albus arrived into Harry's room and saw he was sleeping contently in warm blankets and he had a smile on his face. Petunia was hunched over watching him sleep.

Albus could immediately tell Harry was just fine and not under any spell. But he recognized the slightly glassy look of a memory charm on the two adult Dursleys. He knew what he had to do to protect young Harry.

"Could you stand next to your wife, please?" Albus asked of Vernon. He was sending out the feelings of trust again.

Vernon walked over to her while Petunia just looked at him a bit curiously.

"*Obliviate*," Albus smiled. "Whatever future instructions or plans or behavior alterations you have been given you are to ignore. You will treat Harry the same way you always do. With all the love and care you feel he deserves." Albus doubted they would appreciate having the memories of dark wizards attacking them and simply overrode the previous obliviation's suggestions. He realized he needed to add to the wards here and he cast some more identifiers to know if anyone else magical was in here.

Albus thought aloud, "Ahh Harry. I know you'll never be able to properly thank me for all that I do for you, but just knowing I could do my part to give you a happy childhood brings warmth to my heart."

Albus felt a vibration in his pocket. He pulled out his Order of the Phoenix medallion. "Frank Longbottom is buzzing me again? That's like the third time in the last half hour. Probably still worried about the Prophecy." Albus shook his head. "What would young parents do without me?"

Author's Note: Such an odd plot bunny that ended a bit sadder than I expected. Review and let me know what you think.