

# Lucius Malfoy and the Cauldron of Doom

*by melfinatheblue*

After the second Wizarding War, the Ministry has to punish Lucius Malfoy somehow. So they make him Potions master at Hogwarts. I'm sure it must have seemed like a good idea at the time. Part 1, in which Lucius finds out what the Ministry has in store for him, and is glum.

## Part 1: the Beginning

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"So what are we going to do about Lucius bloody Malfoy?"

"Well, Arthur, I'm not sure. He hasn't killed anyone. Or used an Unforgivable Curse since he was let out of Azkaban. In fact, he's been very well-behaved."

"Did it occur to you that that's because You-Know-Who took and then broke his wand? Ron and Harry have been joking about that nonstop ever since they found out. And the size thing. Though I have to admit, hearing that he'd been unmanned, so to speak, made me chuckle a bit myself." Arthur Weasley glanced over at Kingsley Shacklebolt, to see if he'd gotten the joke.

"Yes, all right, embarrassing him aside, we can't charge him. He hasn't actually broken the law since he got let out on parole. And we'd be setting a dangerous precedent if we overturned his parole. He did work with us in the end."

"Out of self-interest, and he associated with known Death Eaters."

"By the time he was let out, Voldemort was living at the Manor. Hard to avoid Death Eaters when their leader's holding meetings at your place. Especially when you know he'd kill you and your family if you don't show up."

"Sounds like you want to let him off the hook. He tried to kill my daughter!"

"And I think I may have come up with a very creative way to punish him and fix our staffing problem at one stroke."

Arthur stared at Kingsley, confused.

"Okay, you lost me. We're not putting him in Azkaban, but we're punishing him? And fixing our staffing problem?"

"We lost a third of the Hogwarts teaching staff, either to Death Eater curses, or because they want to retire. We need more professors, and we need them fast if Hogwarts is to open at all in the fall."

"You're kidding me. Malfoy as a professor? What's he going to teach, how to be a slimy racist git?"

"Have you noticed, Arthur, how he's always clean, always? He's pathological about it, the idea of being dirty seems to frighten him. He's always perfectly put together and always using cleaning charms. And always wearing gloves to avoid touching people. So what's the messiest teaching job at Hogwarts?"

"You're going to make him the Potions master? That's, well, is he even qualified?"

"I talked to Slughorn, and I pulled Malfoy's NEWT results. He did quite well in potions. Hated the subject though. Apparently took it because his father told him to. Teaching it is bound to make him squirm."

"Oh. So anyway, we're going to have a Death Eater teaching at the school? That doesn't seem safe."

"Having a Death Eater teach Potions is practically Hogwarts tradition at this point. Plus, do you want him teaching Defense or Muggle Studies? Those are the other two openings he's qualified for."

"Muggle Studies? You have got to be kidding me."

"He took it to NEWT level and got an O. Granted, his knowledge is a bit out of date, but given the amount of investing he's done in the Muggle world, well, he could certainly teach them something about cutthroat business practices. And insider trading."

"Kingsley, I have very little idea what you're talking about."

"Malfoy's been investing in the Muggle world for years, and he's made a rate of return that's, well, near astronomical. His business practices are suspicious at best, but nothing we can pin down."

"Oh, so that's where all the money came from."

"Yes, now what do you think?"

"Malfoy as the Potions master. At Hogwarts. Hmmm."

Arthur stroked his chin for a bit as he thought.

"Well, Arthur? When I present this to the Governors' Council, are you behind me?"

"Yes. I give him a month before his nervous breakdown. Especially if I can convince George to go in and finish up. That should really do him in."

"Arthur, you're an evil, evil man."

"I know. And when it comes to making Malfoy's life miserable, I hope I never change."

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Lucius sat in his half-destroyed study, a letter sitting on the desk in front of him. His head was buried in his hands. He looked utterly miserable.

Draco stuck his head in the door, and thought "Damn, so much for getting some cash."

He put on his 'I am very concerned for your welfare' face and wandered in.

"Father, is everything okay? You look like someone just killed the cat or something."

Lucius indicated the letter in front of him with a wave of his hand. Draco sat down on the desk and began to read out loud.

*"Lucius Malfoy,*

*By the order of Kingsley Shacklebolt, Minister of Magic, and with the permission of the Board of Governors of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, you are hereby appointed to the vacant position of Potions master. You will appear at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the Ministry of Magic to discuss this appointment. Failure to appear, or refusal of this position, will invalidate your parole.*

*Kingsley Shacklebolt*

*Minister of Magic"*

Lucius groaned as Draco began to snicker.

"They're kidding, right? They have to be kidding. You as the Potions master? You? Come on, you won't even go near a cauldron. You'd probably explode the dungeon on your first day."

Lucius raised his head to glare at his son.

"I'll have you know I did quite well in Potions. Hated the bloody subject, but did quite well. Took it all the way to NEWT level and got an O."

"Did grandfather bribe the examiners?"

"No, your grandfather did NOT bribe the examiners!"

"But you're so...." Draco paused as he sought the right words to describe his father. "Well, you know. You hate being messy or dirty. Really really hate it. Potions is messy. You won't be able to bathe after every period."

"Which is one of the reasons I'm sitting here with my head in my hands. Now there was something you wanted, I take it?"

"Um, not that important. Oh, do you actually remember how to make potions?"

"And that would be the other reason I'm sitting here with my head in my hands. Not really, no."

"Wow, are you screwed."

"Thank you, Draco, for those words of comfort. Remind me why I haven't disowned you yet?"

"Mother throws things at you every time you suggest it."

"Yes, that would be why. Just go off and mock me somewhere else, why don't you?"

"Father, you know you could always try Slughorn."

"Or I could keep threatening to disown you until you help me. After all, you're getting decent potions grades, and I certainly wasn't bribing Severus."

"Very few people would call that bribery. Sexual coercion, maybe."

"That was a very good friendship."

"I thought that was the two of you fucking at every possible opportunity."

Lucius glanced up at his son, frowned, and whispered a word. Draco fell off the desk, laughing and writhing as he was tickled by unseen hands.

"Draco, I've told you not to use that word in my presence. I find it distasteful."

"Alright... I'm sorry...." Draco managed to get out between laughs.

"Very well then. *Endare*. Are you going to help me or not?"

"I want a salary. I'll be tutoring you after all, it's only fair. Plus I don't know how to make all the NEWT-level potions yet. Remember I haven't finished that year. You're still going to need a professional's help."

"Bugger."

Draco stood up, reached over and patted his father's head.

"Look at it this way, it could be worse. You could be teaching Care of Magical Creatures. How many hideous things do you think that idiot half-giant left behind?"

"Point well-taken."

"Plus, we're Malfoys, right? We always land on our feet. So Mother and I will go get the supplies and things we'll need to start reviewing while you go to the meeting tomorrow."

"And I'll owl Slughorn as well. He'll be expensive, but he might do it."

"Now, about my salary?"

"How much?"

"Quintuple my allowance for the summer seems fair. Plus you're paying for your own books and supplies."

"You'd better be worth it, boy." Lucius's voice was threatening, but a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, I'm the best, Father, and you know it."

"Arrogant pup."

"Grumpy old git."

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Lucius was as prompt as ever at the Ministry the next morning. That's one thing he had learned from Potions class, the importance of timing, though he much preferred to apply it to social and political events. Shackbolt kept him waiting for about an hour, no doubt to reinforce his current status, and Lucius's lack thereof.

"Malfoy, come in. Sorry to keep you waiting, but there was a bit of mail I had to deal with."

Lucius raised an eyebrow. He knew that excuse well, had used it many times, and far better than Shackbolt. So the new Minister was now cribbing from his material, and not doing it half as well. He followed Shackbolt into his office, and stopped dead at the entrance. The entire office was filled with a sea of bits of red paper, remains of Howlers.

"Noticed the leftovers? Not everyone's happy about you staying out of Azkaban. I suggest you keep that in mind. We've gotten more Howlers than we can count this morning. And I'm expecting many more once they find out you're teaching their children. So you'd damn well better be on your best behavior, or I will lock you up and throw away the key. Certainly would save me a lot of time and bother."

"So why are you bothering?"

"Because you haven't actually broken the law. Well, not in any way we can prove. And if just being an annoying poncey git was a crime, you'd have spent your entire life in prison. So, you're going to teach potions, you're going to at least attempt to give these children a decent education, you're not going to say word one about the supposed superiority of purebloods, and if you even think the word Mudblood, I'll have you in Azkaban so fast your head will be spinning for a week. Are we clear, Malfoy?"

"Very, Minister."

"Good, now your salary will be going to the fund to repair Hogwarts. After all, it's not like you need it. You'll live in the temporary Potion master's quarters. We've had to appropriate the normal ones for extra student housing. And you'll be expected to follow all the normal rules. Oh, and here. You'll need to memorize this."

Shackbolt pulled a book off his desk and handed it to Lucius.

"*The Rules and Regulations of Hogwarts, 13th Edition*, I see they've updated."

"And do us all a favor and pay close attention to the conjugal visits section. Only your wife, and only on set days, and only with prior permission of the Headmaster or Headmistress."

Lucius was shocked. "I understand the need for security, but I have to get a note to see my own wife? When did they add that?"

Shackbolt smirked. "Just this morning, actually. The edition's brand-new. Apparently the last Headmaster's sexual escapades were so shocking, especially as they concerned a certain blond man, that the Governors felt they had to clamp down, to make sure that the staff were setting a good example for the children."

If Shackbolt was expecting Lucius to look contrite or embarrassed, he was sorely disappointed. A shadow passed briefly over Lucius's face, and then he nodded.

"Yes, Minister, I'll be sure to live by these."

"See that you do. Now go brush up on your potions. You'll have 25 NEWT-level students to teach in three months, and they'd all better pass the test."

"Yes, Minister."

Lucius walked out of the office and Apparated back to the Manor. He then punched the wall in the entryway a few times. It was going to be a very long year.

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Lucius lay face-down on the sofa. He could hear Narcissa and Draco arguing in the next room. Probably Draco wanted to take him to St. Mungo's again. He decided to stop that idea in its tracks. Going would involve moving, and that would mean more pain.

"Draco."

He heard Draco run into the room.

"Yes, Father, do you need something?"

"You're not taking me to St. Mungo's. There's nothing more the Healers there or anywhere else can do. The damage is permanent. All they could do is drug me into oblivion with pain killing potions. So, just stop arguing with your mother, there's a good boy."

"But Father..."

"Draco, my back's not going to mend. It's just not. I'm going to have spells like this for the rest of my life. I've come to terms with that. Compared to what the Dark Lord could have done to me, I think I came off rather easy. I'm alive, and so are you and your mother."

Lucius felt Draco's hand stroking his hair. It was quite soothing. He could hear Narcissa bustling around, no doubt preparing some sort of pain draught to relax his muscles and put him to sleep. He'd need the rest. He had another week or so of training with Slughorn, and then new staff orientation started. Then his punishment would really begin.