

Six Months of Hell

by HermioneWeasley1972

He didn't think anything could be possibly worse than going to prison...

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

He didn't think anything could be possibly worse than going to prison...

Thanks to Janus for the beta!

Draco glared at the item before him. He could not believe that Shackbolt had put him in this position. The only thing that helped somewhat was the fact that he knew he wasn't alone. It was all part of the Ministry rehabilitation program for former Death Eaters. Instead of going to Azkaban, the Death Eaters were given magical binders and made to live like Muggles for a length of time which was according to the magnitude of the crimes they had committed. Draco's sentence was relatively short; it was only six months. Others, like Dad... Well, his father would most likely be around 90 when he was given his magic back.

Today was his first day in his 'prison,' which was a decent-sized flat, though five of them could have fit in Malfoy Manor with room to spare. All of the flats were in a building which had been constructed specifically for this purpose, and though he'd only been there a couple of hours, he'd gotten tired of hearing the screams of frustration coming from the other flats.

His first chore today - actually, in all his life - had been to do some laundry. That had been simple enough. In fact, the wash was being done right now. If he could only figure out how to use the thing before him, which he'd been told was a vacuum cleaner.

He flipped the little switch on and waited for something to happen, but nothing did.

"Work, you bloody machine!" he growled at it, then saw the cord and stretched it out.

It took him ten more minutes of searching before he located an outlet into which to plug it, but as soon as he plugged it in, the vacuum took off. He ran after it, tripping over his robes and falling to the ground, getting up just in time to see the corner of the bedspread get sucked into the vacuum cleaner. He wrestled with it for what seemed like hours, trying to get the bedspread out of it before finally yanking the cord out of the wall in frustration and tumbling head over heels backwards and striking his head on the night stand.

"I'll deal with you later," he said, glaring at the offending vacuum cleaner and rubbing his head.

Figuring out that the wash was probably done by now, he stood up and went in the direction of the laundry room where a rather unpleasant surprise awaited him!

"No!"

The laundry room was flooded and filled with bubbles to his waist.

Hours later, Draco collapsed and looked at the disaster his life had become. He had a whopper of a headache, his bedspread was shredded, and he now had pink

underwear that was three sizes too small.

He had thought that nothing could be worse than going to Azkaban. He was wrong.

Prompt from twilexus- Draco Malfoy's (or any pureblood witch/wizard) uses a vacuum cleaner and a washing machine for the first time. Hilarity ensues.