

# Community Service

*by sunny33*

Lucius Malfoy has to perform community service as part of his parole arrangements,  
and he is not at all happy with the task he has been assigned.

—

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Lucius Malfoy has to perform community service as part of his parole arrangements, and he is not at all happy with the  
task he has been assigned.

“You want me to WHAT?”

“Mind your tone, Malfoy. The terms of your parole state you must do whatever I consider suitable. You are supposed to make reparation to the Muggles for all the harm you have done. If I decide you're going to pick up litter at a Muggle park, then you will pick up litter. And wear jeans and a T-shirt. And smile while you're doing it. Got that? And stop pouting; it's not a good look for you. Makes you look about seven.”

“Yes, Miss Granger.”

“That's better. Now, stand still while I Transfigure you something suitable. Hmm, those jeans are a little loose... just a quick flick. Oh, my, that's a *lot* better. You pure-bloods really have no idea how much those robes hide your assets, do you?”

“Assets, Miss Granger? What assets?”

“*Those* assets, Malfoy.”

“Do you mind? I don't believe ogling and touching my *assets* is part of your contract, madam. Whatever would the Minister say?”

“He'd probably be jealous, Malfoy. Kingsley is well known for appreciating a fine arse, and he's not particular whether it belongs to a witch or a wizard. Right, here's a bag; the park is just down the road.”

“We have to *walk*?”

“What, have your legs lost their function? Yes, we walk. If you think I'm Side-Along Apparating with you, you must be mental. Oh, that's right, spent years following a madman who took your money and tortured you at random just for fun. You *are* mental.”

“No need to rub it in. I realised years ago he was a lunatic, but it's not that easy to get out of that particular gentlemen's club.”

“I don't think there were many gentlemen in your lot, Malfoy. Not from the reports I've seen. Now, move it! I don't have all day.”

“I thought you said this park was close?”

"No, I said it was just down the road. I just neglected to say the road is a few miles long. Toughen up, only half a mile to go. Anyone would think you'd never had to walk anywhere before."

"I haven't. Brooms. Apparation. Floo. Portkey. Magic, remember?"

"Community service, remember? It's not a holiday camp."

"What is a holiday camp?"

"Never mind, Malfoy. Here we are. One lovely, if rather littered, Muggle park. And it's all yours. I've put up wards around the area already, so don't get any ideas about running off. Not that I'm worried. The way you're puffing already from a little walk, you're not going anywhere far in a hurry. I have my book, but I'll be watching you, so no slacking. And don't forget to check in the duck pond. Get to it!"

*Three hours later*

"I'm finished. My feet are wet from the bloody duck pond; my back is killing me from bending over, and I'm sure I've caught several diseases already. These people are disgusting, the way they leave their rubbish around. And what are these rubber things?"

"Er... I wouldn't touch them if I were you, Malfoy."

"What was that?"

"Just a little *Scourgify*. You *really* don't want to be touching those again."

"What are they?"

"Um..."

"Why are you blushing, Miss Granger?"

"They're Muggle contraceptives."

"I don't see how a piece of rubber can replace a decent Contraceptive Charm. That's nonsense."

"Oh, for goodness sake. They put the damn things on the man's penis to collect his ejaculate so it doesn't enter the woman, you idiot!"

"Merlin! You mean they've... I think I'm going to be sick."

"*Evanesco!* You'd think for someone who has participated in all sorts of nasty activities while a Death Eater, a little Muggle semen would hardly turn a hair."

"I'll have you know, Miss Granger, I was a happily married man until Narcissa divorced me. I refrained from participating in *that* sort of behaviour. You seem to think every Death Eater gathering was an excuse for debauchery of the worst kind."

"And it wasn't? What about torturing, raping, and killing Muggles? That wasn't on the agenda, then?"

"Actually, no. Yes, I admit at times some of the lower ranking Death Eaters would be sent on raiding parties to kill and frighten a few Muggles, but most of us sat in interminably long, dreary meetings listening to the Dark Lord ranting on about his plans for the future, interspersed with the odd *Crucio* if he thought we weren't paying attention. Why do you think I'd only spent five years in that hellhole in the North Sea before coming up for parole?"

"You were there when I was tortured. In your manor."

"As if I had any choice in the matter. Quite frankly, my dear, I was rather pleased when you all escaped. I'd had quite enough of the madman by then."

"And Santa Claus wears a pink, frilly leotard. Sure, Malfoy. If you say so."

"Santa who?"

"Never mind. It's time to return you home. Next week, I believe I can find some graffiti for you to scrub. You'll love that."

"Graffiti. I hate to think."

"Don't think about it too hard, Malfoy. You'll give yourself a headache."

*Three months later*

"Good morning, Lucius."

"Good morning. What do you have for me this week? I do hope it's not more dog excrement."

"No. You did such a fine job last week, I thought you could have an easier task this week. Now, go and change into this."

"This is hardly appropriate, Hermione. What makes you think I'll wear something that will barely cover my genitals?"

"Because you get a frilly apron and a duster to go with it. I've decided you can be my housemaid today."

"House cleaning for you is hardly considered community service, Granger. And *this* is not Ministry approved attire."

"That's all true, Lucius. But your community service period was completed last week..."

"In that case, where do I change?"

---

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Hermione Diggory: The Ministry of Magic has instituted a policy that requires all newly-paroled Death Eaters to repay the costs of their incarceration through a period of community service. Lucius, upon receiving his assignment, begins to suspect he was better off in Azkaban...

Thanks go to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.