

Death Eater Molly

by Lady Dragonsinger

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Sometimes you never know what direction someone will end up taking in life. Perhaps it was the death of their good friend Albus Dumbledore or the death of her son, but even though Molly fought for the Dark Lord's defeat, she was never again quite the same. Too many had died in all of it for her to ever be the same, anyone really. Arthur wasn't quite sure her decision was the right one, but he did not argue with her, for he too had seen the great losses that both sides suffered in that final battle. If anyone ever really could get Molly to talk about what led her to the choice she made, they would have been rather surprised at her answer: friendly fire.

Yes, friendly fire was the final shove to the other side that sent Molly Weasley off to meet with Lucius Malfoy one afternoon and become a member of the Death Eaters. Contrary to what many thought, the Death Eaters did not die out after the final battle at Hogwarts. There were a few left who clung to what they knew, what was familiar to them, and Lucius had been one. It was not easy to teach an old peacock new tricks. He had been rather surprised at her requesting a meeting and even more surprised when they met up and Molly made her request. Molly had given him one of her standard looks that her seven children and Arthur knew well, the one that meant there was no arguing or reasoning with her over this. If Lucius had no idea that was what her look meant, he learned fast as she told him, "What? You're surprised? There is no black and white, good and bad. It's all shades of grey, and it is time for me to step over into another shade of grey.

Of course this was Molly Weasley. Molly never really did straight shades of grey or black. Molly did things her way, and she did it with her own crafty flair which involved color. If anyone had any doubts of this, they had not seen her in her favorite sweater. Once Lucius had agreed to her joining them, Molly left their meeting and headed straight for the closest crafts supply and fabric shoppe London had. She went through the aisles like a madwoman on a mission, which is exactly what she was, and before long, Molly was on her way home with everything she needed for her mask and her cloak. Making sure dinner was ready and on the table, Molly told the family to enjoy and locked herself in her craft room to being working. Several hours later, a new Molly Weasley emerged garbed in a cloak that was black but decorated all over with glittering multicolored swirls and a mask that was just as ornate as her now fellow Death Eaters but also red. Plain white would just not do for this witch. Looking herself over in the mirror, Molly allowed a smile behind the mask before removing the cloak and mask and neatly stowing them in her closet. A new Molly had arrived.