

# Saved from Temptation

by karelia

Molly Weasley discovers power.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Molly Weasley discovers power.

Disclaimer: Never mine.

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It wasn't so much Fred's death, Molly reflected, than the surge of unadulterated power she'd experienced in the aftermath of killing Bellatrix. Novel. Uncomfortable. Exhilarating. She'd known she had an extent of control over her children and more over her husband, though she'd never sought power—it had come along, almost incidentally, with the responsibility of being a wife and parent.

But having ended her enemy's life with her own wand, she could not stop thinking about power. Was that why some witches and wizards became Death Eaters? Because they could just go out and kill, justifying it with the wizarding world needing to be cleansed, the Muggles having started the hunt of those different in the first place, even if it had been hundreds of years ago, and whatever other reasons they could come up with. Molly shrugged. Now was not the time to question their motives.

*But you didn't kill in order to cleanse the wizarding world; you defended yourself and your family* a voice, sounding suspiciously like Arthur, popped into her head. She shook her head. Now was not the time to listen to a conscience.

Molly had a deft hand when it came to spells even remotely needed for a nine-member household that had never quite sufficient funds to make it through the month. It didn't take long to expand her oldest cloak, change the ice blue that had been so becoming in her youth to a silvery grey, and transform an old Halloween mask of Bill's into a proper mask. A glance in the mirror was enough to frighten her, but she pulled herself together. Now was not the time to be scared by herself.

With Arthur at work, George at the shop, and Ron and Ginny back at Hogwarts, Molly slipped into her gear and through the door, briskly walking down the garden before she Disapparated.

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*Imposing!* she thought, approaching Malfoy Manor. Strangely enough, the gate opened by itself when she reached it. She walked through hesitantly and stopped when she saw the wizard of the manor coming towards her.

He stopped and looked at her. "Molly Prewett. Weasley, forgive me. What brings you here?"

"How on earth...?"

"... Did I recognise you?" He laughed a hollow, almost painful laugh. "Honestly! You have goody-two-shoes written all over you, though..." He trailed off and looked at her closely. "Good Merlin, woman, what happened?"

"My son died at your mates' hand, and your sister-in-law died at my hand. I... I've developed a taste for power... Evil, killing, no longer scares me." She hated how she

sounded.

Lucius nodded slowly. "I understand." His look was sharp and the expression bitter. "Oh, how I understand."

Molly was surprised to see any trace of arrogance gone from his face.

"But having been where you are attempting to go, I would advise you to think twice. Fifty times, even." He motioned for her to follow as he started walking. "You see..." He took a deep breath.

"You see, I, like many others, grew up in circles that were positively draconian. I grew up with the belief that there are human beings who simply do not deserve to be alive, such as Muggle-borns. Centaurs. Creatures that don't qualify as humans according to the Ministry. How wrong I was." He exhaled. "So very wrong, Molly. You know so much better than I did. Go back home and be creative, only not where Death Eatery is concerned."

He looked up and down her outfit. "You are so talented. No other Death Eater would have looked through your illusion. Use your abilities for something good, Molly." A sigh escaped him, and she had no doubt it was genuine. Then, he continued. "Because of *you* and likeminded people, Voldemort was defeated. If you bring back his philosophy—and I have no doubt you have the ability—all your fighting would be for nought. Think about it." He cast a long, hard look at her that made her almost wilt.

"I... I..." she stammered, unable to form words.

"Exactly." He nodded. His smile was tentative. "You are the very incarnation of Good that us Death Eaters feared so much. Why would you want to give it up?"

His words, so steeped in regret it was palpable and physically painful, made her feel small. A familiar hand resting on her shoulder did the rest.

"Come back home, Mollywobbles."

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"You've done well, my love," Arthur said softly as he pushed a copy of *The Daily Prophet* into her hands.

*Lucius Malfoy Redeemed!*

*Today's Wizengamot's hearing concerning none other than Lucius Malfoy took a dramatic turn when Molly Weasley, wife of prominent Ministry employee Arthur Weasley took the witness stand. As the hearing was closed to the public, we cannot even begin to guess what happened, but Malfoy, former Death Eater, walked away a free man. We will update you with details as we receive them—if we receive them.*

Molly turned to her husband and took his hand. "Thank you, love." Her voice was soft, but nobody would mistake it for lack of power.

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A/N: A very belated little birthday ficlet for lady\_dragonsinger, who likes Molly and is being lured to the dark side by all those bad cosplayers. ;) Happy belated Birthday, Dragonsinger!

Grateful thanks to stefdarlin for the beta and for coming up with the title.