

Just Desserts

by blue artemis

Ex-Death Eaters and pudding.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Ex-Death Eaters and pudding.

"I still don't get it, Hermione. Why are you doing this?"

"I like to, Ron."

"But when we were together, you hated cooking."

"No, Ron. I hated cooking for you."

"Why?"

"Because watching you eat is like watching a feeding frenzy in a piranha tank."

"I still think you are insane, 'Mione."

"And I still think you have no manners, Ron. I'm happy doing this, so if you don't have anything constructive to add, please leave."

"A patisserie? Really? What is she thinking?"

"Do you think she needs a hostess?"

"Have you gone insane, too, Lavender?"

"No, Ronald. I know you are wondering why Hermione doesn't want to be a lawyer anymore. I know why, and I agree with her. She's going to end up really wealthy doing this."

"So tell me."

"Every single Death Eater she defended or prosecuted, every single one, when asked if they missed anything about serving the Dark Lord, they all said it was the desserts. She started to bake to see if it would help to make them talk."

"Did it?"

"Oh, yes. Rabastan Lestrange loves custard. Creme Brulée, Creme Caramel, Flan, custard puffs, Napoleons, all those sorts of things would make him do just about

anything.”

“Lucius Malfoy loves chocolate. So does Severus Snape. The things they would do just for some cake, or brownies, or well, anything chocolate, really.”

“Lavender, you have to be kidding. The Dark Lord got his Death Eaters to do what he wanted by giving them pudding?”

Lavender Weasley just shrugged at her husband. If he didn't want to believe the things she learned while being Hermione's assistant, well, that was his problem.

“More! Harder!”

Hermione was currently ensconced in her flat, Rabastan Lestrange rubbing her feet, Lucius Malfoy rubbing her shoulders and Severus Snape pouring a nice large glass of icy cold milk. On the buffet were her newest creations, the loveliest pastries, custards, cakes and other puddings.

“Of course, my dear. You are far more fun to serve than old scaly face.”

“I should hope so! Now, how are our investments doing?”

“Very well, love. Who is sharing your bed tonight? Your choice of pudding didn't give us a clue.”

“Really? You didn't notice there was something for everyone?”

All three men looked at their newest obsession with reverence. Pudding and sex. What more could evil minions hope for?

Prompt from wiccakitty: Who would of thought ex-Death Eaters like custard, and desserts or chocolate...

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