

Molly's Guide to Housekeeping

by ks51689

Written for Dragonsinger954 as her SSHG Exchange Early Bingo prize. Molly Weasley attempts to teach Narcissa Malfoy a few lessons in housekeeping.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thank you to my wonderful beta, desigrl, who quickly edited this fic and gave me a few ideas.

Molly Weasley perched her hands on her soft hips, her thumb and fingers hugging the curve of her waist as she surveyed the sitting room. Peering over the scattered, mismatching furniture, she quickly spotted her prize on a corner table.

Triumphant, she presented the grime-covered clay vase to her cowering student, saying, "We'll start out with something simple. The Scouring Charm is a fundamental part of any housekeeping regimen. Just point your wand like so, and say the incantation: *Scourgify*."

Hesitantly, her student placed the vase on a nearby end table and pointed her wand.

"*Scourgify!*"

CRASH!

Molly sighed and Summoned a broom.

Narcissa eyed the entering hamper warily as if expecting a boggart to emerge from amongst the laundered sheets.

"Perhaps we should have started with something less... fragile," Molly said kindly, setting the hamper down between them. "You'll have to do your own wash, I imagine, and folding by hand can be tedious."

The regal blonde witch raised a skeptical eyebrow as she watched Molly manipulate a sheet by wand, prompting it to fold itself in midair.

"Come now, don't be afraid! Yes, just raise your wand like that and—"

Narcissa stood stricken as the sheet began wrapping itself tightly around her flailing tutor.

Ron's stomach groaned loudly as he walked through the tall marshy grasses towards the Burrow. Ridiculous amounts of paperwork had cruelly hijacked his lunch period,

and his mouth was practically watering at the thought of dinner.

"Mummy not feeding you enough, Weasley?"

Ron snapped his head towards the drawled question. "Malfoy? What are *you* doing here?"

"Fetching Mother, of course," Draco replied, sounding very put upon.

"Oh, right," Ron grumbled, remembering the budding friendship between their mothers. Honestly, all that was left was for Ginny to marry the ferret himself. Ron winced at the thought.

Shoving his hands in his pockets, he hunched his shoulders and tried to ignore the crunching of Draco's footsteps behind him.

"It's hopeless, Molly," Narcissa lamented, hiding her face behind splayed fingers.

"Really, it's fine," Molly assured her as she finally managed to release her limbs from the clutches of a snitch-patterned bed sheet.

"No money, no elves, practically no husband. All he does is mope, you know. Moaning on about how we've been wronged by Harry Potter and wizarding society while refusing to even wash himself."

Molly reached over and gave Narcissa's shoulder a squeeze. "You just need a bit of practice, is all. Maybe something a bit more relaxing..." Molly's voice drifted slightly before she exclaimed, "I know just the thing!"

As the two men approached the front door, both Ron and Draco quickened their steps as if hoping to cross the threshold first.

Their shoulders touched at the entrance before Draco gave way with a sneering flourish whilst a glaring Ron shoved past him.

"Oh, Draco dear!" Narcissa greeted cheerfully. "Look what I've knitted you!"

Ron snorted at the horror that spread across Draco's face as he took in the... jumper? Smock? Christmas tree skirt? All that distinguished the front from the back was a lopsided "D" in Slytherin green.

"It's ... Mother it's... I have no words," Draco managed, his nostrils threatening to flare.

"I know," Narcissa agreed happily. "Molly says I'm a natural. Now we won't have to spend all of those Galleons on designer robes!"

Ron choked on a laugh as Draco blanched.

"Now, let's see, you'll need gloves, and a hat, and ooh, Molly, could I knit him a tie for the office?"