

Confessions of a Death Eater

by phoenix

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Confession

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was originally written in 2010 and disregards the events of Deathly Hallows. As such, this story presumes that he spent the remainder of the war at Azkaban.

"Now then, Mr. Malfoy, you understand this interview is only being conducted as formality based on a request by your solicitor?" asked David Brown.

"Of course, Mr. Brown," Lucius replied smoothly.

"Well, don't waste my time," he said impatiently.

"No, I would never do that. As you know, when I was captured at the Ministry, I was imprisoned without a hearing."

"You are wasting my time. You were found in a secure area of the Ministry, without permission, in the company of escaped Death Eaters, and admitted to Harry Potter you were there to perpetrate a theft. There was no need for a hearing."

"It may seem that simple to you, but I assure you, it is not that simple. My...involvement with the Death Eaters is a very complex subject."

"If you are about to tell me that you were once again acting under the Imperius Curse, you can save your breath." Brown started collecting his papers.

"No, I would never do that. As I said it is very complex, one that goes back decades. All I ask is a chance to explain. I will start with more recent events, as that is what I am being imprisoned for.

"I will not deny that I returned to the ... You-Know-Who's service. There would be no point to it." He leaned forward in his chair. "Mr. Brown, I am, by nature, a selfish man. That is why I returned to his service."

"What does that have to do with it?" Brown asked impatiently.

"Igor Karkaroff," Lucius replied simply.

"Mr. Malfoy, unlike you, I do not have all day to waste here. I realize this room is more pleasant than your cell, and you wish to prolong this interview, but I do not. If you continue this stalling tactic, I will bid you good day," Brown said sharply.

Lucius had hoped to snare the man in the mystery of the tale. "Very well. As you know Igor Karkaroff was found brutally murdered. I knew that was the fate awaiting anyone that did not return to...You-Know-Who's service. Being a selfish man, I wanted to live. Though, I think there are few people out there who would say they wish to die. Karkaroff was an expert in deception and concealment and he only lasted a year. Had I not returned to the Dark Lord's service, I would not have lasted anywhere near that long. Add to that the fact that he would have also killed my family, and you will see that I had no choice but to return."

He continued quickly, not wanting to give Brown a chance to interrupt. "After my return, I remained in the shadows. My main purpose as a Death Eater was as the chief financier. An operation of that size requires vast amounts of money, and I had both the money and the infrastructure to quietly funnel that money to less than legal operations."

"Then why were you at the Ministry?" Brown asked, trying to punch a hole in the story.

He was pleased to see that Brown was getting drawn into the story. For months, Lucius had been perfecting the delivery of the facts, twisting them to his advantage, looking for any holes. "The quest to gain the prophecy was a very important one. One that You-Know-Who only wanted his most trusted Death Eaters to undertake. I happened to be one of those. Personally, I was quite surprised that Potter actually came. Of course, I knew from Draco how emotional the boy could be, but I had thought his friends would continue to temper those emotions and keep him safe. I was wrong. We also underestimated the number of cohorts he would have and their skill level."

This was the crucial part of the story. "Once members of the Order of the Phoenix started to arrive, I began to rethink my plan. I was presented with the perfect opportunity to ensure my survival."

"And what that might be?" Brown asked, thoroughly caught up in the tale by now.

"I fought just hard enough to make my capture convincing. If you read the reports of that night, you will find that I did not ever hit anyone with a major curse."

"You expect me to believe you let yourself be captured?" Brown asked incredulously.

"I never wanted to be party to his second rise to power, but I knew that I had no option." Lucius tried not to smile victoriously. He had Brown right where he wanted him.

"You could have come to the Ministry for protection," Brown countered.

"Need I remind you that Amelia Bones was murdered? If they could get to a senior Ministry official, they would have most certainly been able to locate my family and me. By allowing myself to be captured, I removed myself from his ring of supporters. He no longer had my financial or political backing. At that point, I was safe in Azkaban. The only thing I did not foresee was my sister-in-law recruiting my son to the cause."

"So you're saying that you didn't participate in any criminal activity?"

"Not in the least. I will admit to funneling money to aid You-Know-Who. I will admit to minor mischief and mayhem at the Ministry." Lucius knew he had to admit to something, to give the Ministry something to work with.

"What about other activities? Perhaps the Quidditch World Cup?" Brown asked probingly.

"I was not involved in that. I was rarely recruited for the more mundane activities of being a Death Eater. He realized my value behind the scenes in politics and finance. That night at the Ministry was my first field assignment."

"Really?" Brown asked skeptically. The two men stared at each other for several seconds. "That's all?"

"That is my confession, Mr. Brown. I was a reluctant Death Eater. A victim of circumstances beyond my control."

Brown waited several more seconds before asking, "What do you know of Severus Snape?"

"Only what I have heard here. That he was apparently spying for the Order of the Phoenix," Lucius replied simply.

"And he was a spy for You-Know-Who?" asked, trying to draw more information.

"So we thought. Obviously, I was not privy to every report he gave, so I cannot vouch for the accuracy of that information."

"But you can vouch for the accuracy of the information he gave to the Order."

"Why would I want to do that?" Lucius asked innocently. He had been following the conversations that guards were having about how the Ministry was looking for a reason to release Severus. Lucius knew this was information he could use to his advantage. That was why he had told his solicitor to arrange this interview. He wanted them to ask him about Severus.

"To keep an innocent wizard from being incarcerated," Brown countered.

"I will remind you, I am a selfish man. I have very little concern for the welfare of others." Yes, this was going precisely how he had planned.

"What if providing that information benefited you? Would you share it then?" Brown asked cautiously.

"For the right incentives." Lucius leaned back in his chair. He knew that he was finally gaining the upper hand.

"For your freedom."

"And a few other assurances," he replied smugly as he investigated his no longer perfectly manicured fingernails.

"You aren't in a position to bargain, Malfoy," Brown said authoritatively.

"On the contrary, I believe I am. I know that the Ministry wants to make a hero of Snape, to martyr Albus Dumbledore, to prove his death was part of a greater plan, a noble sacrifice versus a senseless murder. You need someone to corroborate Snape's information to ensure that he really was a spy for the Order. I am the only one willing to do that." He gave Brown a confident grin.

Brown sighed. "What do you want?"

"It's quite simple. Obviously, my freedom."

"Obviously. And I assume you will want a pardon?" Brown asked, almost daring Lucius to ask for one.

"No. I am willing to admit my guilt, but it will be on the condition that I was coerced. The Ministry can release me from prison, time served. Of course, since I was operating under coercion, the charges under which I'm imprisoned would have to be changed. I believe I would now be guilty of a misdemeanor rather than a felony?"

"Is that all?" asked an increasingly irate Brown.

"No." He was pleased to see Brown sigh. "I realize the financial contributions I made led to a great deal of suffering by a great many. Since I am accepting responsibility for my actions, even though I was coerced into them, I am willing to make large monetary restitutions in the form of contributions to St. Mungo's, for the care of those injured,

and Hogwarts, to aid in the rebuilding of the school."

Brown considered the options before him. "We could always extract the information through Legilimency or Veritaserum. As for the money, that is something we could easily get without your assistance."

"Could you? How much faith would people place in information garnered through Dark means? Wouldn't it be more meaningful coming from a willing and repentant confessor? And I wish you the best of luck on confiscating my money."

"Why is that?"

"As I have said, I am a selfish man. I made sure that if something should happen to me, the Ministry would not be able to get to my money. My manor and the grounds are magically bound to the family and cannot be confiscated. True, you could confiscate some of my businesses, but I know that the government doesn't have the capital to invest in running them and there are very few people with coffers large enough to take ownership of them. You need me, Mr. Brown. Do you really want to shut down my businesses and leave thousands unemployed? Think of the bad publicity." Lucius knew he had made his point and sneered.

Brown did not look at all pleased with the terms of Lucius' cooperation. "I will take your offer to the Ministry for consideration."

"Of course. I will naturally want the concessions in writing and will want my solicitor to go over them. To that end, I think it would be best if I were transferred from here to the Ministry jail."

Brown arched an eyebrow. "Another demand, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Merely something to make the process easier for all parties. I know how tedious travel up here can be, and my solicitor is getting quite old. I fear travelling here on a regular basis would be bad for his health."

"Oh really? You said you were a selfish man, and yet you care about his welfare?" Brown asked sardonically.

"That is why I care about his welfare. I trust him with my affairs, and it is in my best interest that he remain healthy."

"That's quite honest of you."

"I have no reason to hide anything from you or the Ministry."

"Except Snape's information."

"That is not information that pertains to me. As of now, I have no reason to divulge that information. If that changes, I will be completely honest with you," Lucius replied smugly.

A month later, Lucius Malfoy was wearing his clothes, not a prison uniform, and leaving the Ministry with Narcissa on his arm, his solicitor and the Head of Magical Law Enforcement at his other side. As he had expected, there was a crowd of reporters waiting in the Atrium. "Mr. Malfoy! Mr. Malfoy!" they shouted.

He was nearly to the outgoing Floo before he stopped to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen, this has been a very trying time for my family and me. I deeply regret my involvement in the recent conflict and only wish to once again become a valued member of the wizarding world. This is a tough time for all, and there is much rebuilding to be done. I will do my part to ensure that as much damage as possible is undone. Now, if you will excuse me, I am understandably eager to return home." As he turned to go through the Floo, he heard his solicitor giving the reporters the prepared statement.

As he disappeared in a flash of green fire, he couldn't help but marvel at how easily he had gotten away with it. They had been so eager to exonerate Snape that they had quickly acquiesced to all his demands. Not only was he free, but his finances were nearly intact. The restitution he had agreed to pay would make a small dent in his holdings, but with all the rebuilding to be done, he would quickly make it back.

When he emerged from the fireplace, Narcissa showed him the affection she dared not show in public by wrapping her arms around him and giving him a passionate kiss. When she broke the kiss she said, "I had always hoped to see you again, but I never dreamed it would be a reality."

He brushed the tear from her cheek. "You know me, darling. You never should have given up hope. Malfoys are survivors." He kissed her hungrily and began leading her towards their bedroom, eager to be alone with her. Rebuilding his empire could wait until tomorrow.