

# How A Few Drinks Can Change Your Life

*by Maddy Riddle*

This is my response to the Potter Place Fall 2006 Challenge. Prompt #4.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: JKR is the owner. I'm just playing with her characters.

A/N This is a response to the Potter Place Fall 2006 Prompt Challenge. #4: Lucius is tired of Narcissa's nagging and decides to go and have a few drinks at the Three Broomsticks. Who does he run into? None other than Hermione Granger, of course, who is equally tired of her husband Ron's incessant talk of Quidditch. Can these two former enemies find something interesting to do while they pass the time away from their significant others?

A/N2 Thanks to Southern\_Witch\_69 for being my beta.

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Lucius entered the bar trying to look inconspicuous. The Three Broomsticks was too low an establishment for a Malfoy, but for that same reason he was sure Narcissa would not think of looking for him there.

A pretty, young woman was in a corner, a bit too drunk, bemoaning about her husband's stupidity. Maybe he could do something. A married woman would give him less problems than a single one... so he approached her.

He was shocked to realise that the woman in question was Madam Hermione Weasley. But she was polite enough (or drunk enough) to invite him to sit with her. He asked for a drink and was getting ready to be regaled with the shortcomings of the younger weasel when she questioned him.

"Please tell me you're capable of talking of something other than Quidditch."

"I surely am," he answered, a bit offended. But the prospect of talking about something that wasn't the latest fashion meant he was game. "Anything in particular?"

"Anything would do. I'll even listen about your latest scheme to get rid of the Minister if you'd like."

"What made you think I want to get rid of our dear Minister, Madam?"

"I thought everyone wanted that." And shrugging, she added, "Maybe it's just me."

After that comment, they started talking politics and what was the best way for disposing of the unwanted elements. Potions wouldn't do. Apparently, she worked with Severus and didn't want the Aurors to think the poor sod was involved. And she refused to go to Azkaban for casting Unforgivables... not because she was against using them, but for the simple reason that there was no way of ruling the Wizarding world from Azkaban.

That got him hooked: a woman that wasn't only pretty but also had a mind for plotting. She was a bit too Gryffindor, but it was to be expected after living several years with the Weasleys.

They started meeting once a week. First, at the Three Broomsticks, but soon, Lucius realised that plotting would be more effective if done in the privacy of one of his dwellings (one that Narcissa didn't know about, nor anyone else for that matter) where they could get more comfortable, too. Hermione pointed out that there wasn't a rule against plotting world domination in the bedroom, and so their meetings were moved there much to everyone's happiness. Well, maybe not Narcissa's or Mr. Weasley's, but that couldn't be helped, right?

Hermione thought it could. It was a simple matter of dousing Ron with a love potion and shoving him in Narcissa's direction. And although Lucius doubted that Narcissa wouldn't complain that a red-haired man would clash with the decor, he supposed that if he paid for the new colour scheme, his wife would be delighted to have someone new to nag to her heart's desire.

Amortencia was acquired and administered. Money changed hands, and papers were signed. Weasley and Narcissa were relocated to France where they enjoyed their new marital status.

And then Lucius and Hermione had their first real fight. She refused to let him be the candidate for Minister on the grounds that he wasn't to be trusted. He refused to let her be the one because he feared that once in control of Britain she would leave him for someone more important (not that finding someone better than a Malfoy would be easy).

After months of believing that maybe this was the end of their career as new rulers of the Wizarding world, they came to an agreement. Actually, they were threatened by a very annoyed friend with a very impressive bottle of poison in his hand to find a middle ground and compromise.

And so they married. Hermione was Minister of Magic. Lucius was her consort and right hand. And everyone lived happily ever after... because Hermione declared that that was how they should live, and everyone was a bit afraid of what she'd do if anyone crossed her.