

Not Going to Portus Club

by HannahSmith

This is what happened in the early morning after Not Going to Portus.

I'll Be Home

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Sorry girls, just couldn't resist this temptation to write my first drabble ever.

'Listen, Lucius,' said the beautiful dark-haired witch when he got home and into bed early in the morning after the Not-Going-To-Portus Party, 'I understand that you need to mingle with these women for publicity's sake; I don't mind you shagging them; I even enjoy reading about it – you know I have this voyeurist/exhibitionist streak. But I believe you're getting too personal with them – they may start thinking that you care...'

Lucius grinned at her. 'Don't worry, my dear little Hannah,' he said and snuggled up to her soft naked body. 'There's plenty left for you here. You know there always is.'