

A Night At The Picture Show

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Really, darling, I do not see why we must come to a Muggle moving picture theatre. There are plenty of wonderful shows at the opera house that we could see. Quality entertainment."

Narcissa stopped in her tracks and eyed her fiance. "You agreed to do something different tonight, Lucius Malfoy, and you will not go back on your word!"

Lucius sighed. She was giving him the puppy-dog eyes and the quivering lip. There was no way he could deny those big blue eyes and that perfectly kissable pout. "Of course I won't go back on my word, love. I just don't see why we have to come to the Muggle world for entertainment."

"Because I want to do something different tonight," she replied, stomping her foot in a very childish manner. "Severus said that this was an amazing movie and I intend to see it. The opera gets old."

He sighed again. "Fine. But next weekend we go to the opera, like proper Wizards. The Dark Lord would come out of his skin if he found that we had mingled with such filth."

Narcissa rolled her eyes. "Oh, grow up, Luce."

"But, Cissy..."

She gave him the look again.

"Fine." He shrugged. He recognized defeat when it stared him in the face, especially if it had blonde hair, blue eyes, and a quivering bottom lip. "You have their strange currency, correct?"

"Yes, I have the money. Now let's go!"

He allowed himself to be led by the hand up to the strange box office. The Muggle teenager behind the counter eyed the both of them strangely. Narcissa didn't seem put off by it, but Lucius was one step away from pulling his wand from his sleeve and giving the boy a piece of his mind.

"Ere you go. Enjoy your movie." The boy slid two tickets through the small hole in the box office window.

Narcissa accepted the tickets and led him into the theatre lobby. "Would you like some sweets?" She pointed at the concession stand.

He wrinkled his nose. There was no way that Muggle sweets could compare to what he was accustomed to. "No, thank you."

"Your loss then." She pranced off toward the line forming at the concession counter.

Lucius couldn't help but admire the way her tight Muggle trousers fit over her back side. Bottom bells, or something like that. He couldn't remember. Admiration turned to jealousy very quickly. If he was admiring her bum, that meant other men were admiring it as well! He stormed over and smashed his way through the line and to Narcissa, standing behind her. Let them try now.

"Are you sure you don't want anything? They have a fizzy drink called Coka-Koala that is really good."

To appease her he nodded. "Sure." Coka-Koala didn't sound very appetizing at all, but for his Cissy he would grin and bare it.

Soon enough they were at the counter, and Narcissa ordered her sweets and fizzy drinks. "Well, come on then!"

He followed her carrying their drinks. The film was just beginning as they walked into the dark theatre and found their seats.

"The things I do for you, love," he murmured, just as he took his first sip of his Coka-Koala.

On their way out of the theatre, Lucius wrapped an arm around Narcissa's shoulders. "That film was tops, love! And those light swords!"

He snuggled her a bit as she yawned. "It wasn't my cup of tea. Severus has to be completely daft to enjoy Muggle films."

"I think I could really get on with those chaps from the Empire!"

"Sounds wonderful, Luce," she replied, hiding a yawn behind her hand.

"And those light swords! Did you see those, Cissy? If only we had such things!" He was smiling so much his face was beginning to hurt, but that movie was fabulous!

"Why would we need such things when we have wands?" She yawned again, but didn't bother to hide it behind her hand this time. "Let's just go home, please?"

He guided his tired fiancée into an alleyway where they wouldn't be seen and safely Apparated them back to his family's manor, where he escorted her to the guest room. "Shall we go back next weekend?"

She sleepily shook her head. "I'd prefer the opera."

He pouted, something he wasn't fond of doing. "Whatever you desire." He gave her a quick goodnight kiss before turning and walking to his own room. As soon as he heard her door click, he smiled. He could always catch a midnight show without her.