

Black Silk and Emerald Green Lace

by morgaine_dulac

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Chapter 1 of 3

Lucius had bought underwear for the most beautiful creature he has ever laid eyes upon.

'An excellent choice, Mr. Malfoy,' the sales assistant said, putting the fine undergarments into a gilded box. 'The Misses will be delighted.'

And Lucius smirked. 'Yes, certainly.'

Silky blond hair falling over naked shoulders like a veil of gold. Sheer, delicate fabric clinging to alabaster skin.

Cold, grey eyes devouring the sight.

Nimble fingers finding their way under silk and lace, teasing, caressing, arousing.

'You are the most beautiful creature I have ever laid eyes upon,' he whispered.

Narcissa gasped.

Lucius admiring himself in front of the mirror, wearing women's underwear was a sight she would never get used to.

A/N: I blame HannahSmith and star_girl for this.

HannahSmith read *The Potion That Killed Our Dreams* and said: 'Ah well, as long as he won't be adding blond hairs and a snake-headed cane to the brew, he can do as he pleases for all I care ...'

And star_girl put my nose onto it and said: 'Write something.'

Well, you know me. I just couldn't resist doing something silly to my second favourite Slytherin.

Forgive me, Lucius. Forgive me.

How Far Will He Go?

Chapter 2 of 3

Lucius' fashion adventures ...

'Lucius, please, don't.'

Oh, the things Narcissa would do to keep him from doing this.

'Cissy, beloved treasure of my heart. I will return it to you, I swear.'

'But why, Lucius? Why do you have to do this?'

'Because, love of my life, it pleases me, it makes me feel alive and desirable. And don't you want me to be just that? Desirable?'

The silky tone of his voice made a shiver of pleasure go down Narcissa's spine.

Yes, oh, yes, that was what she wanted.

And if that meant letting him wear her best gown, so be it.

A/N: A continuation, you could say, of *Black Silk and Emerald Green Lace* and MomoDesu's *Strawberry Kisses*. Being cruel to poor Lucius is just so much fun.

This Will End Right Here

Chapter 3 of 3

The third part of Lucius' excursion into Narcissa's closet.

Snakeskin. Knee-high. Stiletto heel. Narcissa certainly had taste.

The price tag was still on. Sixty-five Galleons. Expensive taste, that was what she had.

And damn small feet!

Oh well, he didn't carry his wand for show.

'Engorgio.'

'Lucius!'

Narcissa was fuming! Lucius had gone too far this time.

She had accepted his love for women's underwear. Hell, he did look good in that emerald green thong after all.

She even let him wear her dresses now and then.

But now he had defiled her most holy possession. Her shoes!

This would end right there. Tomorrow, Narcissa would file for divorce.

A/N: This was inspired by my beta Apple Blossom after she had read *How Far Will He Go?*

'And as long as he doesn't start on her shoe collection.'

Dear Apple Blossom, you should know by now that you mustn't say things like that to me.

And dear Lucius, forgive me. I will never do this to you again!