

A Shameful Hobby Indeed

by *Southern_Witch_69*

Lucius is shocked by what he finds hidden in Draco's closet.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine, just having fun!

I've written this for LuciannaMalfoy as requested in the Potter Place Drabble Night chat. Details at the end.

Lucius frowned in shock. How could his son *do* such a thing? It was shameful to be sure. His son had been invited to an impromptu visit with the Parkinsons earlier and had left without warding his closet. Being the good father that Lucius was, he had a look—just to make sure that nothing was out of place. However, what he'd found...

He tsked loudly, cast a Sonorus Charm on himself, and called out, "Cissy, come here. I'm in Draco's room."

A cross-looking Narcissa entered minutes later, tying the sash on her silk dressing gown. "What is it? I was just lowering myself into the bath!"

"Look at what I've found," he said coolly, pointing to the opened trunk in their son's closet.

"Naked women!" she exclaimed with a gasp. Shaking her head, she added, "I expect he's at that age, Lucius."

"Oh, I'm not complaining that he's looking at... a woman's body, just the type. What do you notice, my wife?"

"They're not moving!"

"Exactly!" His face contorted in a sneer. "These are pages torn from a *Muggle* magazine. This is *your* fault you know."

"My fault? How dare you lay blame on me for masculine lust!"

"He's looking at Muggles! This means he's gone round them and bought their magazines. This also means he's lied to us at some point in the past—several if the size of this collection is taken into account."

"I always thought he'd have a more... respectable hobby," Narcissa said, pouting slightly. "Collecting naughty pictures of filthy Muggles! We should speak with him directly—find out where he gets this, how, and who even told him about it."

"That's why this is your fault. I know very well where he got the idea."

She tapped her bare foot and straightened out indignantly. "Do tell, dear husband."

"From your filthy blood traitor cousin, Sirius Black!"

"Who's been in Azkaban most of Draco's life! They've never met," she replied incredulously. "Really, what are you on about?"

"When your aunt passed, the gathering at their home... We found him in that berk's old room looking at those posters of the Muggle women on the wall. I should have known something like this would happen."

"Like me, we had no idea." She crossed her arms over her chest and looked back down into the chest. "I must say... for *Muggle*, this women is quite, er, well built."

Lucius arched an eyebrow and stooped down to pick up the picture of the unmoving, naked brunette. "Indeed."

"And look at this one, she has a tattoo of a snake on her arse."

Swallowing thickly, Lucius said, "We should confiscate these straightaway, keep them in our rooms and go through them—just to familiarize ourselves with what he's seen of course."

"I agree. Yes. And then when he gets back from tea, we'll have a nice long talk with him."

"Absolutely. I will allow him a copy of a Wizarding magazine instead."

"What? Have you a copy? I thought you needn't any with a wife such as me?"

A feral grin flashed at her. "I do not have one, but I can allow him to procure one, my dear." He stepped closer. "You were about to have a bath you said?"

She untied the sash about her waist, allowing her dressing gown to fall open, a rosy nipple peeking out at her husband. "Do you want an invitation to join me?"

"Certainly," he murmured, lowering his face so that his lips pressed against hers. After they parted, she turned and led the way to their master bath, the trunk and its contents floating behind them.

AN: She requested:

Prompt:

Draco has a shameful hobby. What is it?