

Guilty Pleasures

by Mazzy

Lucius needs some alone time to indulge in his latest shameful interest.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"... and I'm stopping for tea with Tabatha as well."

"That's wonderful, dear," Lucius commented distractedly, placing a nudging hand upon the small of his wife's back.

He glanced at the clock – quarter 'til. If she didn't leave soon...

"Lucius, if I didn't know better I'd swear you were trying to get me out of the house."

"Of course not, darling. You know I enjoy nothing more than spending time with my beautiful wife. I simply don't want you to be late. It's... unseemly."

Narcissa pinned him with a suspicious look, but then relented. "Very well," she sighed, kissing him on the cheek, and then made her way out of the house.

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Lucius didn't even wait for the door to fully latch before he was heading to his study. Narcissa had dallied for seven whole minutes. He loved his wife, but if she caused him to miss the Big Reveal... well, he may just have to hex her in her sleep and blame it on a house-elf.

He was already contemplating which of his servants he could spare.

Reaching the study, with six minutes to spare, Lucius smiled gleefully to himself as he turned the knob – then stopped – hearing the worst sound imaginable in that moment.

"Father," Draco called from behind. "I'd like to take Pans' to the Crystalline Bistro. Could you—"

"I thought you were out," Lucius barked, whirling around to face his son. It wasn't until he saw the look on Draco's face that he registered the growl in his own voice.

Clearing his throat, Lucius asked, "Yes? Could I...?" in his most dignified tone.

Draco eyed his father skeptically, hesitating a moment before continuing, "Er... I was wondering if you could send word to Mr. Twitchell. I'd like our table prepared. Not that he'd make a Malfoy wait of course," Draco added pompously, "but I shan't want the staff fluttering about while we're trying to enjoy—"

"Yes, yes, fine," Lucius interrupted, clearly agitated that he now had to take the time to write a note *and* Floo it to the restaurant. Couldn't the boy do anything for himself?

Hurrying into the study and stopping at his desk, Lucius yanked open the top drawer and began rummaging for a piece of loose parchment. His harried movements did not

go unnoticed by his son.

"If I'm interrupting you," Draco began, but Lucius cut him off once again.

"Of course not, Draco. Just give me a minute. It's not as if I can just snap my fingers and make the note appear out of thin air."

This time when Lucius looked at his son, Draco had an almost worried look upon his face.

No... *worried* wasn't exactly correct. Draco was looking at him as if he'd lost his damn mind.

Lucius gave a disgruntled sigh before waving his wand at the drawer. A piece of parchment, complete with his written request to the proprietor of the Bistro, materialized in front of him. "I'll send this immediately."

When Draco made no move to leave, Lucius quipped, "It would make a bad impression indeed if you were to keep Miss Parkinson waiting."

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Finally!

Finally he was alone. He grumbled angrily at the time. Two minutes past.

Lucius waved his wand at the secreted closet in his study, opening it to reveal a Muggle television set. He had taken a page from Arthur Weasley's book, sort of. That dolt always tried to make these Muggle electrical devices work with the wards in the home rather than making the home itself work with the device. If Arthur had just had room in his little hovel for a closet with specially erected wards, he too would have the pleasure of what the Muggles referred to as "Soaps".

Lucius had become hooked several months ago.

He settled into his favorite leather chair as the picture came into view. If he had missed it... had missed seeing the identity of Arianna's murderer for the sake of his abominable family and their abominable need to bother him so...

When he noticed the previous day's scenes playing on the screen, the relief that flooded him made him thank Merlin and Circe both.

He hadn't missed it. He'd see.

Was it Derek or Chase who had killed the lady faire? Or perhaps it was her own sister, a wicked wench that woman was. It might even be Derek's mother. She'd always hated Arianna. A hand moved to Lucius' mouth, stifling the giggle that threatened to escape.

An inaudible sound made him turn around.

"Merlin's balls," he shouted, starting and clutching his chest when he saw mother and son standing in the doorway.

Draco wore a self-satisfied smirk while Narcissa looked as if she had just eaten something particularly distasteful.

"I didn't hear you both return," Lucius addressed in lieu of a greeting. He patently ignored the television that both of them were now staring at. "Did you forget something, dear?" he asked Narcissa. "Was there a problem at the restaurant?" he directed to his son.

Unfortunately neither was taking the bait.

Draco smiled ruefully at his father before kissing his mother on the cheek and telling her he'd return after lunch. Narcissa's eyes did not leave her husband's as she fully entered the study and shut the door.

"Lucius, I demand to know what this is about." Her voice was stern, but then... "Are you... do you find these Muggle*enticing*?" she asked a little shakily.

"Oh, darling, no. Never. It's just... the stories... they're... exciting."

"Exciting," Narcissa shrieked, and Lucius quickly went to her side.

"My beauty, please. You know you captivate me. It's just, with the end of the war, things are rather... calm around here."

"And you'd prefer the alternative?" she snapped.

"No, of course not. But these stories," he pointed to the device, "have all of the drama with none of the danger. Would you like to see for yourself?"

"I don't know, Lucius," she answered, giving the television a dubious look.

"Just watch," he whispered, ushering her over to a leather settee.

Narcissa sat down, then immediately asked him what was happening as she witnessed the commotion unfolding on the screen.

"They've just revealed the murderer," he answered, taking in his wife's interest with a smug smile.

"We've missed it. Isn't that something we'll need to know?" she asked, to which Lucius replied, "Yes, but I believe Severus will be recording it on his new D.V.R."

A/N: Originally two prompts: #1. Caught!Lucius: Lucius is indulging in something 'girly' and gets caught of course. (mine) #2. Lucius likes 'Soaps' by JustJeanette on TPP chat.

Thanks for the help to LITC and all the chatters who answered my many questions. :)