

I Told You So

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

Lucius Malfoy finds himself about to embark on a plane. It was his own fault for making silly bets.

"I still don't understand why we had to travel *this* way," complained Lucius, eyeing the crowd of Muggles bustling around the busy international airport. "It is so demeaning, travelling the Muggle way. And I *hate* these clothes!"

"Oh, don't be such a stuck-up prat, Malfoy. You made the bet. You lost. Now you have to pay up," his companion chided.

"Well, when you said the penalty was to take a Muggle holiday, I assumed we would be going to a nice, tropical island somewhere, not flying in one of those overgrown tin cans! To New Zealand! Are there even any magical folk in that country? Actually, *where* is it?" he grumbled.

"Technically, it *is* an island. Three, actually. And in places it can be quite tropical. However, where we are going is in the South Island, which is temperate. But it does have excellent Sauvignon Blanc."

The blond's ears pricked up at the mention of his favourite wine. "Sauvignon Blanc. You mean...?"

"Yes. The Marlborough Sauvignon Blanc you rave about so much. We are going to buy it at the vineyard itself."

He sighed, partly in anticipation of tasting those crisp, elegant, and fresh asparagus and gooseberry flavours that explode on the palate, and partly as he was realising that when she said a Muggle holiday, she meant Muggle every step of the way.

While he was lost in imagined sensory delight, they had arrived at the security checkpoint.

"Empty your pockets of all keys and coins, sir," ordered the bored man in uniform.

"I beg your pardon?" A nudge from behind reminded him of his current whereabouts. The large, beefy man before him was holding a small tray, expecting *something*.

"Your pockets. You need to put the contents into this tray to be scanned."

"Why? What business is it of yours?" he snarled.

"Just do it!" hissed the woman behind him. "Everyone has to, and you are no exception, you blond git."

"Fine!" He turned out his pockets. Several Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts clattered into the tray, along with his wand.

"What is this, sir? Some sort of foreign currency? And the stick. I may have to confiscate this; it looks a little dangerous." Officialness radiated from the man as he studied the contents of the tray.

"Dangerous? I'll show you how dangerous that *stick* can be," Lucius muttered under his breath.

"We collect obscure currencies," interrupted his witch. "Those are coins from... Namibia. And the stick is a collector's piece..." With a discreet wave of her own *stick*, the official's eyes glazed over, and he waved them through without further questions.

"Confounding a Muggle security officer. Tut, tut, my dear. I must admit, I never thought you had it in you. Whatever would your superiors at the Ministry say?"

"If you hadn't been so foolish as to leave Wizarding currency and your bloody wand in your pockets at a Muggle airport, I would not have needed to do that. Can't you just forget you are a wizard for a few days?"

He lifted his superior nose and thrust out his noble chin. "Malfoys *never* forget their heritage!"

"Arrogant prat!"

"But you still love me anyway." He captured her hand for a seductive kiss to the fingertips.

"Unfortunately, it seems I do," she growled, snatching her hand back as a scruffy, tattooed young man leered at them lasciviously. "Come on, that's our boarding call."

Many hours and untold complaints about the comfort of the seats, the inadequacy of the facilities, and the dreadful food later, they disembarked into the much smaller, quieter airport in Auckland, New Zealand.

"So, where is this wine you promised?" Lucius looked around, noting the casually dressed people with friendly faces surrounding him.

"It's another plane flight away yet. First, we fly to Blenheim, and then we pick up our rental car. I believe there are fifty or so wineries to visit in the region. That should keep us occupied for a few days."

"And suitably intoxicated. I hope you have organised appropriate accommodation for us."

"We will be staying at a place called Old St Mary's Convent. It is apparently extremely upmarket with a divine setting amongst the vineyards," she told him as they headed for the boarding gate for their next flight. This time, Lucius was a little surprised to find himself being led outside to board an extremely small airplane.

"Are you sure this thing is safe?" he whispered as he ducked his head to avoid injury while negotiating the narrow aisle between the single seats on each side.

"A damn sight safer than a broomstick," she replied, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Only an hour to go and we will be there."

"Remind me never again to bet with you about Severus's mood," he pleaded.

"It was a sure thing. He is *always* in a foul temper around Valentine's Day. Why on earth you would have thought differently is beyond me."

"Wishful thinking? I did so want to see you with a snake tattoo on your delicious rear end."

"Good try, but you lost. Get over it, Malfoy!"

He gave up and sulked for the rest of the bumpy, noisy, but thankfully brief, flight.

"Is this convent place nearby? I'm tired, hungry, and desperate for a drink," Lucius whined.

"We really should stop and fill up. You can't expect to drive all around Marlborough tomorrow on a quarter of a tank of petrol."

"Pessimist! Surely these Muggle vehicles must travel miles nowadays without refuelling?"

"Yes, well I suppose we can always pop down the road before we head out tomorrow."

"That's my girl. Now, let's go and find out how big the bed is in this place. I'll show you how I can make magic with my *other* wand."

She rolled her eyes at his feeble attempt at humour. "Always the charmer, you are. I don't know how women can resist you."

"You did for long enough. But you gave in eventually." He smirked at the memory.

"I have no idea why. I must have been insane," she retorted.

"Hmm. Insane, but with superb taste. I can live with that."

"There you go, mate. That'll get you to the next petrol station. You really should have filled up before you spent all day driving around, you know. Just as well I passed by, or you would have been up shit creek without a paddle."

"Er. Thank you. We appreciate your help." Lucius shook the hand of the man clad in what appeared to be a black vest-like undergarment, abbreviated short pants, and long, black rubber boots.

As he returned to the car, his wife sighed and exclaimed, "*told* you so!"

"Yes, Hermione, dear," he replied contritely.

The End

A/N: Written for Saturday night drabbles. The prompts were from ApollinaV: 1. Lucius Malfoy encounters Airport Security. 2. Use this: "You can't drive to _____ on a quarter tank of petrol," _____ said.

"Pessimist," _____ replied.

For the Wine Trail Map of Marlborough, look here:

<http://www.destinationmarlborough.com/assets/Maps%20and%20Directions/Wine%20Trail%20Map%20summer%2009%20final.pdf>

The Old St Mary's Convent was originally removed from the church site in Blenheim and renovated by good friends and colleagues of mine. The building is beautiful, and the setting is truly divine. <http://www.convent.co.nz/en/>

And Kiwi blokes don't really wear black vests, shorts, and gumboots. I'm just playing with you. That was the stereotype John Clarke portrayed back in the 1970s as the farmer, Fred Dagg.