

# Lucius Malfoy and the Quest for Pandora

*by gracie\_snape*

Lucius Malfoy in a Muggle department store on Christmas Eve buying Narcissa a Muggle charm bracelet

## one-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Not mine, no money. All JKR's, and I promise I'll give it back when I'm finished.

Lucius Malfoy was one of the wealthiest pure-blood wizards in Britain and probably Europe, and could buy Narcissa anything she wanted for Christmas. Discreet, well-warded island in the most exclusive part of the Caribbean? Just name which island. Acromantula silk and lace lingerie from Paris? Sure. But when it came to Christmas this year, all Narcissa wanted was a Pandora bracelet. It was so *Muggle*.

She'd found out about the fad in a Muggle magazine that Hermione, Draco's latest –*and hopefully not last* – squeeze had left lying around the Manor and instantly fallen in love. This was how Lucius Malfoy came to be battling his way through the Christmas Eve crowds at Selfridges.

He'd fought past mothers with screaming monkeys masquerading as children in prams and loved-up couples wandering in a daze with their hands in each other's pockets – *ignorant Muggle rabble, all of them*; past the perfume counters flogging what smelt like the Hog's Head floor scrapings as expensive, high-end perfume – to finally stagger, hair and waistcoat slightly askew, up to the jewellery counter.

He eyed the very attractive derrière and perky breasts of the blonde saleswoman –*Oh, I wish I wasn't shopping and could get this girl alone somewhere*– standing on the other side of the counter. "Excuse me, where might I find a Pandora bracelet?" he asked. *Best to be polite when dealing with salespeople, even Muggles.*

The saleswoman pointed to a counter to his right, which on first glance just seemed to show rows and rows of different coloured strings with only three or four being silver or gold. *That's strange, they look nothing like the glossy bracelets Narcissa's been obsessing over* "Excuse me, are you sure that's correct? They just look like different coloured strings." *Narcissa would never be interested in something so Muggle and bland.* Then he noticed the rows and rows of silver beads, many with coloured sections on them and all different shapes. *Oh Merlin!* he thought. *I'll be here for hours!*

He had to fight his way past a giggling group of girls, who seemed to have modelled their clothing on a Knockturn Alley whore. They'd plastered themselves to the Pandora counter and were drooling over all the beads. The saleswoman was trying to get his attention again.

"Excuse me, sir. You look a bit lost. You need to pick a base," she pointed to the colourful strings he'd seen before, "and then different charms to put on it." She indicated the colourful beads.

Lucius nodded absently. *Yes, I can see that, you blonde wench. Now, unless you're going to proposition me for a quick one up against a wall somewhere after your shift,*

*leave me be!*

He picked out a sterling silver base with a heavy gold clasp – none of those ratty-looking strings for his Narcissa – then silver, enamel and glass beads with blue, pale gold, silver and green designs on them. He thought he could transfigure one or two into dragon shapes for their one and only son. He summoned the saleswoman over, indicating the beads and base he wanted.

As Lucius stood waiting for the saleswoman to add up the price for the beads, he became aware of a slightly sweet odour over his right shoulder and a damp patch that was beginning to seep through the shoulder of his waistcoat. He turned his head to see what could be causing the problem and immediately noticed a baby, clutched in its mother's arms and drooling on the Acromantula fabric. Lucius cringed and wished for his wand and a quick *Scourgify*. *Damn the statute of secrecy!* The baby would look quite interesting with a bad case of hives. But revenge would have to wait. The saleswench was talking again.

"Lovely selection of beads, sir. These should keep any woman happy. The total cost of this bracelet comes to £4670. How would you like to pay for it? Credit or cash?"

Lucius fumbled around in his pockets for that marvellous Muggle invention – a Gold Card. "Credit please." He handed it over to the saleswoman (saleswench) who passed it through an odd contraption. It spat out a piece of paper which curled like parchment but was much thinner.

"Please sign this, Mr Malefoy." She handed him a pen – cheap, generic, ball point (*surely a place making this much money off glass beads could have a fountain pen?*) and he signed his name with a flourish.

"It's Malfoy, young lady." *And I'd like to get you alone in a dark alley somewhere and have you say – or sob – it properly* "Thank you for your service... as abysmal as it was."

On Christmas morning, Lucius gave Narcissa her Christmas present. He'd slaved away at the bracelet last night, making sure the beads were arranged just so and transfiguring two green glass beads into dragons to represent Draco.

Narcissa opened the box and lifted out her bracelet. "Lucius, it's beautiful," she gasped. "Thank you so much! But... do you think I could possibly change a couple of these silver beads for others? Or get you to add a few more on? It is my birthday soon, you know."

Lucius shrugged and said, "Sure." How difficult could the post-Christmas shopping be? He'd shopped just before Christmas, and Muggles couldn't need to buy too much more stuff. And he'd have the chance to eye off the Muggle saleswench again. Who knows, he might even wait around and have that interlude in a dark alley somewhere...

A/N: Pandora bracelet information can be found here: <http://www.pancharmbracelets.com/>

Thanks to RosieC for the beta, formatting help and comma clean-up, and to all the people in TPP chat tonight for their help and encouragement for a nervous first-time author.

Prompt from BeaWeasley2: Write a scene that puts Severus (or Lucius) somewhere Muggle: Karaoke bar, dance club, amusement park, public beach, museum, department store. Why is he there, and what is he doing?