

# Mother Knows Best

by *dracontia*

Narcissa has a new hobby--and Draco isn't terribly pleased. Is it possible to take the parental privilege of embarrassing one's child a little too far?

## one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: To my knowledge, all of these characters still belong to J.K. Rowling, who is not, to my knowledge, a Squib. But then again, I don't know much for certain—except that I don't make any money writing this.

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"This is outrageous!" Draco shook the crisp, printed pages at his mother until they wrinkled.

"Draco, dearest—"

"This is dreadful!" He cut off whatever she had been about to say.

Narcissa took another sip of tea and assumed a slightly injured expression. "I actually thought my writing was rather decent."

"What you have me doing in this story is not decent! It's bad enough that total strangers go about writing the most complete and utter rubbish about our lives—some of them getting paid for it, no less—but for you, my own mother, to do it?"

"But it's all between willing, extraordinarily attractive adults who are well above the age of consent. And everyone believes it's fiction—even the factual bits."

Draco flopped miserably into the chair opposite Narcissa, letting the pages cascade to the floor. "Mother, how could you?"

"Well, darling, you know that Muggle device called a computer? It can be connected to other computers, and they make a web. It's ever so clever..."

"I know what the Internet is! I also happen to use the same computer that you do, which evidently slipped your mind. Imagine my shock when I found this—this *travesty-in-progress*—of yours. I can't believe you're posting slander about me for anyone to read!"

"It's called 'libel' in print, my little love, and only if it is untrue."

"What? Mother, I am NOT gay, and if I were, I would NOT be shagging Harry Potter!"

"I really think that dear Harry would be quite hurt to hear you denying your relationship so vehemently." Narcissa's tone suddenly shifted from gently scolding to musing. "Such a quaint word... 'shagging.' Don't Muggles say the most amusing things, darling?"

Draco sounded rather desperate now. "Harry and I are just friends. We patched up our differences, and we get along quite well now. That'all."

"Of course, dear. You get along beautifully, which is why the erotica I write about you plays so well to my readers."

"Need I remind you that he's very happily married?"

"No doubt thanks to you, at least in part. Hmm... I wonder if Ginevra would care to watch? I know straight fellows are supposed to like watching two ladies go at it."

Draco swallowed heavily, his voice sounding a bit strained. "I wouldn't know, Mother."

"Well, that's the point I've been trying to make, isn't it?"

Before he could respond to that, a soft chime sounded from the laptop nestled unobtrusively on the antique writing desk in the corner. "Ooh, reviews!" Narcissa squealed and set down her tea, gliding over to the desk. "I really must thank dear Harry and Ginevra for the computer. It's so nice to have a creative hobby to fill the lonely hours." She sighed. "I almost wish your father actually *were* in prison, the way that silly little Squib wrote. At least then we'd have a chance of buying his way out. It's so hard for a lovely young widow with an unseemly amount of cash to find trustworthy company."

"Couldn't you have taken up knitting? Or gardening?" Draco pleaded weakly.

"Keeping track of all those stitches is dreadfully tedious, and digging is so... dirty." She curled her lip slightly as if in response to a disagreeable odor, but her expression quickly smoothed out again as she happily clicked away on the links.

This jolted Draco from his moment of quiet at the mention of Lucius' untimely demise. "Dirty? DIRTY? Considering what you had Harry doing to me in that last story, you dare to call a little soil 'dirty'?"

"Well, if you would read more of my work, you would know that you get to top your fair share of the time. I just can't see dear Harry as having such an unreasonable ego that he would always insist on being in charge."

"He doesn't—that's not the point! Oh, I can't talk to you! I think I'll go to my room and die of embarrassment." Draco walked off, bewailing his mother's insensitivity all the way.

Narcissa shook her head and logged off. Now was not a good time to answer reviews, not when her darling little dragon was hurting.

"Has he always been such a drama queen, Narcissa? Or did it start at school?"

She turned, smiling sweetly. "Oh, Harry, you always pop up just like a house-elf! Whatever am I going to do with you?" She apparently decided to start by giving him a warm yet decorous hug and a kiss on each cheek. "I must admit Draco has always had a certain... flair."

Harry grinned at her. "The plan didn't quite come off, did it?"

Narcissa sighed. "I did try, Harry dear. I thought for certain he would come out if he knew that I was aware of it, and if he were... out already, so to speak."

"It's all right. I know he needs a bit more time." It was Harry's turn to sigh. "It's Ginny who's going to be annoyed. She's getting tired of pretending that she believes he's entirely straight and that she's cheating on me with him when she knows full well he and I have been together for ages. Hell, she watches us most of the time and is pestering the life out of me for a threesome."

Narcissa thought it might be slightly tactless to mention that she knew this very well. Ginevra supplied the technical details that allowed her to write slash so realistically. "Perhaps I could write a threesome for you and leave it for him to find? It might speed things along."

"It really would be much easier on all of us if we could quit pretending. Shall I bring Ginny over, and we can plot out another posting?"

"That would be lovely. I do so enjoy dear Ginevra's company. Why don't you stay the night? I'll watch little James, and you two can have the Blue Room. It's right next to Draco's..."

Harry smiled, green eyes glinting mischievously behind his glasses. "I thought we weren't going to push him into anything."

"I said I would never agree to pushing my son into anything he wasn't ready for. But it's obvious he's quite mad about both of you, and the sooner he gets over Lucius' absurd, antiquated ideas about keeping up appearances, the happier he'll be. And the sooner he can start negotiating with Ginevra for a grandchild since I don't even care to contemplate the absurdity of my almost entirely gay son actually marrying a witch." She sniffed. "The poor dear would be absolutely miserable."

Harry privately thought that Draco might get used to it—considering what he'd seen of Draco and Ginny together. Ginny wasn't the only one with a fondness for watching. But all he said was, "Now that James is two, Ginny's interested in having another child. All we need is for Draco to agree to the arrangement."

Narcissa smiled brilliantly. "Well, the sooner the better. Mother knows best."

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Author's Note: I vowed to shoot all incoming plot bunnies so as to leave the field clear while I finish 'The Fairy God-Jarvey's Apprentice.' But this one jumped me while I was taking out my contact lenses, so I had no chance of hitting it. Besides, Narcissa doesn't give up. If you ever have a plot bunny involving her, abandon all hope of being able to ignore it.

Thanks again to Tempest of Dreams, for rescuing my scribbles from my grammatical absurdities! No one can rescue me from the absurdity of my plot bunnies, so I've resigned myself to being silly. J