Sometimes Life Can Be a Drag

by Cyane Snape

Rating:NC17

Genre: Humor, romance

Warnings: SLASH, Sexual situations, adult language, OOC, smut, cross-dressing

Summary: Draco enters a room to find his father and Severus in a rather... compromising... position. And Draco's life will never be the same. SS/LM & HP/DM

Disclaimer: I own nothing associated with Rowling’s universe. The weird humor is mine, as is the plot.

A/N: The name Margot Bonvalet actually originates from an old operetta called The Desert Song [the gayest operetta in the world or at least our cast was; no offense intended for any of this silliness]. An in-joke for anyone who might have gone to grad school with me. I just like the name for this particular character. My apologies to Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II for doing this to Margot.

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Beta: Gavilan

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“Holy bloody fucking bucket of pus!” spat Draco Malfoy. He spat. Literally.

He spat a mouthful of Chardonnay all over the front of his best grey silk suit. This was not the typical Malfoy vocabulary, but…

Draco Malfoy was having a bad day. A very bad day. And it just got worse.

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Earlier that afternoon…

Draco Malfoy was a reasonably happy twenty-five year old corporate executive. He knew that he was incredibly wealthy and extremely attractive. He spent his days leisurely monitoring and expanding his family’s vast collection of wizard and Muggle enterprises. He had taken over the reins of their holdings after his father had declared him competent enough to trust the young wizard with the bulk of Malfoy funds.

Lucius Malfoy had more or less quietly ‘retired to the country’. Well…not really retired. More like traveling the world and living a hedonistic lifestyle. Or at least that is what Draco had come to believe. The Malfoy heir thought of it as “Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous and

Depraved.”

His father’s exploits on the Muggle French Riviera were notorious. He had been permanently banned from the casino in Monte Carlo after the management suspected that he was using some kind of “system” to cheat the house. What the house didn’t know was that Lucius was using wandless magic to manipulate the cards while he played Baccarat. He managed to win millions before they threw him out –literally.

It was convenient having his only remaining parent less directly involved in the young blond’s life. That way he was free to pursue his own adventures. This included falling in love.

Draco Malfoy had gone against every strict principle of the Malfoy Rules of Life™ by falling in love. His major problem was that he had not yet informed his father of that fact. Lucius did not know that his son was in love, nor did he know about his upcoming wedding. Time was running out for Draco. They had been sharing a home for nearly two years. He and his beloved had planned on a June wedding. It was going to be a small private affair for just family and friends. There had been no announcements in The Daily Prophet and no official invitations had been sent out. The couple had personally invited the few guests and asked for the details to remain exclusive and confidential.

It was so confidential that Draco still had to tell his father.

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Draco’s secretary, a sturdy woman named Agatha Krumholtz, was ready to go home for the day. She had been forced to remain at her desk because her employer was expecting an important fire call and she was impatient to get home to Mr. Krumholtz. Agatha was a unique secretary in that she was the only one available who had lasted more than two days in a row under Draco Malfoy’s acerbic personality.

To put it nicely, she didn’t put up with his crap.

Mr. Malfoy had asked…demanded nicely…that she remain just long enough to make sure that he didn’t need her to help with any preparations for his evening. Something important was going on, but he didn’t fill her in on the details. So Agatha felt no guilt at all for pressing her ear to the heavy door and listening to his one-sided conversation - once his big call came through.

“Yes, love.”

“_____”

“I know, love.”

“_____”

“Everything is going to be all right.”

“_____”

“No, we can’t wait any longer.”

“_____”

“Yes, it’s got to be tonight.”

“_____”

Mr. Malfoy sounded exasperated, “Look, I know he was a Death Eater but that was years ago. He’s mellowed with age.”

“_____”

“Don’t snort at me!”

“_____”

“And don’t be vulgar…”

“_____”

“Promise me that you’ll meet me at the club. We can floo to the Manor from there.”

“_____”

“All right. I’ll see you then.”

“_____”

“I love you, too.”

So Mr. Malfoy has a girlfriend. I wonder what’s up at the Manor tonight.

~*~

Draco’s love was very nervous about meeting his father. Lord Malfoy was an intimidating presence at best. If you rubbed him the wrong way, he was deadly. He had managed to escape Azkaban yet again when Harry Potter finally killed the Dark Lord. Lucius Malfoy had seen the tides turn at the very last minute and knew that his side was going to lose. He switched sides so quickly that Voldemort didn’t see him turn from pointing his wand at Potter to pointing directly at the Dark Lord. Lord Malfoy then attacked his former master with a Cruciatus curse, letting Potter take care of the final killing curse. Lucius was declared a war hero after the Ministry decided that it would be better to let the public think that Lord Malfoy had been a spy for the Light for years. He did help kill the Dark Lord.

Lucius Malfoy went along with the propaganda.

It was better than Azkaban.

A lot better than Azkaban.

This was the man that Draco had to meet with tonight. His father. Draco had arranged to meet his father at home after midnight. Lucius would be out somewhere until then. Draco was taking his beloved with him to the Manor to meet Lucius and give him the details for the wedding.

Draco just wanted to live through the encounter.

While he didn't believe that his father would intentionally harm him…

Well…accidents do happen…especially at Malfoy Manor.

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The nervous bridegroom planned to stop off for a drink at an out-of-the-way club on the

outskirts of London. He had never been there before, but his friend, Blaise Zabini, had said that it was the new ‘in’ place for rich young wizards.

Draco looked up at the bright lights over the door to the club. Club Belles Fleurs.

The young man entered to find that the interior of the club was decorated in very expensive antiques. The fabrics and furniture used in the club were of the best available anywhere in Europe. Someone had done a lot of work to make this an exclusive club. Draco glanced at a menu on his way to the bar and noticed the superior haute cuisine that the club offered. Only the best and wealthiest could afford this place. Draco loved it immediately.

Draco leaned over the bar to the bartender, “How long has this place been open?”

The bartender, a gorgeous young stud named Dex, said, “We’ve been open about six months now. Margo and Maxine wanted everything to be perfect before we opened for business. We would have been open sooner but we were waiting on some kind of special Italian marble for the dance floor in the next room. According to Margo, it was mined specifically for us. It’s one large single slab of green marble. But she wanted ‘only the best’ for this club.”

Draco completed his survey of the interior space. “This is really nice and obviously quality materials.” He slipped off the barstool and wandered over to the restaurant hostess. She was rather tall and a bit boney in Draco’s opinion. She was dressed in an elegant evening gown with makeup that was reminiscent of an old Muggle movie star from an old classic film he had seen…Jean Harlow?...maybe… Draco’s knowledge of Muggle things was new and limited, mostly limited to things that happened in the last five years.

“Will you be dining with us, sir?”

“Yes, I would like your best table, please. I am Draco Malfoy and I am expecting a guest to join me.” After writing a name on his calling card, Draco handed it to the hostess. “I will make it worth your while if you keep this as quiet as possible,” as he slipped the card and a 20 galleon note into the hostess’ hand.

“It will be my pleasure, Mr. Malfoy. I have the perfect table for you and your guest.”

Draco was led to a quiet booth that had a good view of the stage. The restaurant was set up much like a dinner theatre with tables scattered around, facing a stage. The circular booth that Draco occupied could be as public or private as a guest desired. Each of these booths had a velvet curtain that could shield its occupants from unwelcomed eyes.

Sitting in the booth, Draco examined the clientele and staff of the restaurant. All of the staff were dressed in formal evening wear that resembled old Hollywood movie stars or musical celebrities. He spotted a ‘Britney Spears’ and a ‘Judy Garland’. There was a ‘Madonna’ and a ‘Julia Roberts’. Many other ‘stars’ floated around the room, serving the predominantly male clientele.

Draco felt the warm body slide into the seat next to him. He turned his head only to feel warm lips cover his own with a deep, passionate kiss. Draco embraced his lover and deepened their kiss. The need for air eventually took precedence over snogging.

“Mmmm…I thought you’d never get here. Did you have any trouble finding the place?”

“No, not really. It was out of the way, but easy to find.”

Draco gazed into his lover’s eyes…so beautiful…so green.

“Draco, forgive me for asking this, but why are we here? This doesn’t seem like your kind of establishment.”

Draco truly didn’t understand, “What do you mean, love?”

“Look around, Draco.”

The blond scanned the restaurant again. “It looks fine to me. The décor is impeccable and the food is supposedly superb.”

“That’s not what I was asking about. Look at the staff.”

Draco looked at the passing server. “I know it’s strange for them to be dressed as celebrities, but other than that…”

“Draco…love…look at them closely.”

Draco just didn’t get it.

“Draco…look at their necks. Do you notice anything?”

Their server Britney approached the two wizards, ready to take their order. Draco noticed the large Adam’s apple on the neck of Britney. It seemed rather incongruous with the blond ponytails and pink pom-poms. Harry James Potter, almost Malfoy, ordered for his fiancé while the blond stared at their server. Just as he finished with the order, Draco suddenly reached under Britney’s short plaid skirt and grabbed a handful of male genitals. He just as quickly released them.

The server smiled seductively, “Honey, if I had known you were that interested I would have put myself on the menu.” Britney looked over at Harry, “But it looks like you’ve already brought dessert with you. What a shame.”

“Draco…honey…close your mouth. It’s unattractive.”

Draco closed his mouth and shook his head. “That’s a boy, Harry. That’s a guy dressed up like Britney Spears.”

“It’s a drag club, Draco. They’re all guys.”

“Oh. They are?”

The green-eyed wizard watched as his lover processed that information. “Does it bother you, Draco? I mean, we are gay.”

Silver-eyes came back into focus. “No. It was just a surprise. I’m going to fucking kill Blaise though. He could have warned me about this.”

“He probably didn’t think it was a big deal.”

Their appetizers arrived and the two wizards began to sit back and enjoy their dinner. The entertainment was scheduled to begin shortly.

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The main entrees for the evening arrived from the kitchen just as Harry shoved his hand down Draco's grey silk trousers to stroke his swollen erection. Harry smiled sheepishly at their server.

She noticed their awkward position and giggled, "Don't mind me, honey. Just keep doing what you're doing. I won't mind."

Harry removed his hand from Draco's trousers, as he hid his head in embarrassment on the young blond's shoulder. The server left after placing a warming spell over their food. Draco traced the shell of Harry's ear with his tongue. "You can finish what you started later when we get home."

As the floorshow began on the stage, Draco watched as the Mistress of Ceremonies introduced the first act. The MC was a tall blond dressed like Marilyn Monroe from the Muggle film Seven Year Itch. The white halter- top dress accentuated her strong shoulders and the full pleated skirt complimented her long lean legs. Four inch high heels completed the ensemble.

Dear Merlin, she must be six feet six inches with those heels, Draco mused.

Draco knocked over his glass of wine at the same time the big blond introduced the first act, the Judy Garland clone, and disappeared backstage. Draco and Harry watched as a stream of performers imitated famous singers for nearly an hour. After a particularly rousing rendition of "New York, New York" by a too-butch Liza Minelli, Harry excused himself to find the Men's Room to relieve himself and to clean off the remnants of Draco's spilled wine.

Upon leaving the Men's Room, Harry passed Marilyn, who must have been on her way back to the stage. He could not help but recognize the flutter of magic as he passed the blond. He stopped in his tracks and turned around to confront her, but she had already vanished. Harry returned to Draco's side and quietly kept his glance away from the stage. Marilyn was there, introducing the next performer.

"Good evening again, dear guests. I am Margot Bonvalet, co-owner of Club Belles Fleurs. I hope you are enjoying yourselves. The food is good and the wine is better. And there are private rooms for those who find they need some privacy…Continue to enjoy yourselves as I introduce our next act."

Margot continued speaking as Harry poked Draco in the side. "Draco?"

"What?"

"Look at her."

"What about her?"

"Doesn't she look familiar?"

“Not really.”

“DRACO, look closely.”

Margot continued to introduce Maxine Fabrizzi, who was apparently their Cher impersonator and headliner. Harry and Draco watched as Margot and Maxine each grabbed a microphone and began to sing an odd duet of “I Got You Babe” for the crowd.

Draco looked closely.

Draco looked closer.

Draco listened to the two voices.

Draco’s brain began to slowly process all the information it had received.

Draco lifted his elegant eyebrow.

Draco’s eyes opened.

Then Draco’s eyes opened as wide as possible.

“Holy fucking bloody bucket of pus!” spat Draco Malfoy. He spat. Literally.

He spat a mouthful of Chardonnay all over the front of his best grey silk suit. This was not the typical Malfoy vocabulary, but…

Draco Malfoy was having a bad day. A very bad day. And it just got worse.

“Harry…”

“I know…”

“Harry…that’s….”

“I know, Draco….”

“But…but…”

“Yes love, I know. I passed him in the back hall on my way out of the loo. I would recognize his magical signature anywhere.”

Draco turned his panicked face to his fiancé. “But…but…THAT’S MY FATHER IN THAT DRESS!”

Harry put his arm around the distraught blond’s shoulder. “I’ll take care of you, Draco. This will all work out in the end.”

Draco looked back at his father…the one in the blond wig and white halter dress. “THAT’S MY MOTHER’S JEWELRY THAT HE’S WEARING!” The blond began breathing rapidly, his chest pumping up and down. The frantic blond was now fanning himself hysterically. Harry was afraid that Draco would hyperventilate and pass out.

“Love, you have to calm down. This isn’t doing your blood pressure any good.”

Harry watched as a single tear fell from those beautiful grey eyes and Draco buried his face in his shoulder. Harry knew the shirt was a goner. Draco's tears had soaked through and the sniffling told Harry that tears weren't the only thing that his fiancé left on his shirt. Yuk.

"Draco…honey…there is something good that came out of all this."

The blond messy head looked up into Harry's eyes. "What good can possibly come from this fiasco?"

Harry smiled his goofy grin, "I don't think we have to worry about telling your father about the wedding. After this, our wedding is a piece of cake."

Draco turned in his beloved's arms and watched the odd duet once more. Cher was alone on the stage, belting out a slow, smutty rendition of "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves." Draco had just managed to settle his breathing when Harry spoke once more.

"Honey, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but it's probably better if we get all of this out at one time. Then we can just get on with life like we planned."

“Oh, dear Merlin, you’re pregnant!”

Harry shook his head, “Erm…no. That’s not it exactly.”

“You’re dying. You have some kind of weird Muggle terminal disease.”

“No, love.”

Draco scrunched his eyebrows, “Uh…you’re not gay?”

Harry laughed as he hugged his lover, “No, Draco. I’m not pregnant. I’m not dying and I’m most definitely GAY! This has nothing to do with me.”

The blond searched his beautiful face once more, “What is it, Harry?”

“I just wanted you to look at Cher…closely.”

Harry braced himself for the explosion that he knew was coming. Five… Four… Three…Two…

“What the bloody hell? That’s my mother’s best black silk dress? I was with her when she bought that!”

“Look at his face, Draco.”

Draco looked closely.

Draco looked closer.

Draco’s brain began to slowly process all the information it had received.

Draco lifted his elegant eyebrow.

Draco’s eyes opened as wide as possible.

Then Draco covered his mouth and ran into the Men’s Room as fast as his feet could carry him,

only to lose his entire dinner in the porcelain bowl. Harry followed his hysterical fiancé and grabbed a wet towel to help clean his face. The teary hysterical Slytherin pulled Harry into the stall and locked the door.

“If we just stay in here forever, we never have to see that again. Promise me, Harry. I never have to leave this toilet again.”

Harry sat down on the now-closed toilet and pulled Draco on to his lap. The blond wrapped around him like a leech and buried himself in Harry’s neck.

“That was horrible, Harry. I never want to see anything that horrible again in my life.”

Harry stroked the smooth blond hair as he tried to calm Draco. “It will be all right, love.”

“No, it will NOT be bloody all right. THAT WAS SEVERUS SNAPE DRESSED IN MY MOTHER’S BLACK SILK DOLCE & GABBANA EVENING GOWN!!

Harry continued to stroke Draco’s back as he tried to think of a solution for the situation. How do you soothe a temperamental Slytherin?

“Your mother must not have wanted the dress or she would have taken it with her when she

ran off with her masseuse." Harry winced at the glare from Draco's eyes. "Honey, why don't we try to talk to your father? I'm sure there's a reason that he's kept this a secret from you."

A teary face peeked up, "There could be a good reason, right? I mean…he is a Malfoy and Malfoys only do things for good reasons." Draco pressed his lips to Harry's and softly kissed the man he loved.

A loud crash startled the lovers' moment of peace as the outside door of the men's room crashed open. Draco and Harry looked at each other as they heard more than one male body enter the toilet and lock the outer door, followed quickly by the violent rending of fabric and the sound of two mouths greedily sucking on any and all exposed skin. Harry peeked through the small crack in the stall door and saw the flash of a white dress and blond hair pressing against the tall dark form of Cher.

Oh…fuck.

Harry had to find a way to distract Draco…immediately. So he did the first thing that came to his mind. All at once, Harry shoved his hand down the back of Draco's pants to tease his opening, unzipped Draco's trousers so that he could pump his cock and shoved his tongue as far down the blond's throat as possible.

After a moment of shock, Draco began to respond with a vengeance.

Draco began to respond with a vengeance right up until the point that he overheard, "Oh,

yesssss….Lucius…do that again. Mmmmm…yesss…fill me…hurt me….”

Lucius had done very little preparation before burying himself deep into Severus’ tight arse. Unknown to his son, Lucius and Severus had been on-again, off-again lovers for over twenty years. This was one of those on-again times.

The blond lifted the white skirt he was wearing around his waist and continued to brutally pump his cock into Severus. Everyone in the toilet could hear his balls slapping against his lover’s cheeks. The Potions Master hiked up his dress and pulled it over his head, allowing for maximum skin to skin contact. Wigs were torn off heads and make-up was severely smeared. Lucius and Severus were oblivious to their audience as they fucked like dogs in heat.

Draco had an epiphany.

Draco had an epiphany in the Men’s Room of Club Belles Fleurs.

Draco had an epiphany in the Men’s Room of Club Belles Fleurs at the same instant that Lucius exclaimed, “Fuck, Severus. I’m going to come.”

Draco got off Harry’s lap, realizing that his fiancé was trying – successfully – to distract him. He stood up and straightened his clothing. He pulled Harry up by the hand and quietly opened the door to the stall. He led his fiancé by the hand over to the wall where his father had just collapsed against the body of his godfather and former professor – who was evidently his

father’s fuck buddy – and tapped his father on his halter-clad shoulder.

“Hello, Father.” The result of that gesture was a very stiff pair of lovers. The silver eyes of Lucius Malfoy looked over his shoulder and opened wide to stare at the two young men standing directly behind him. All Severus could do in that position was duck his head and try to disappear.

“Draco.”

Draco pulled Harry around to the side of the couple so that Lucius could see his face. “Father, this is Harry. You remember him. Harry Potter. Savior of the Wizarding World? The Boy Who Lived to be the Man Who Killed that Snake-Eyed Bastard?”

What could Lucius do? “Mr. Potter.”

“Mr. Malfoy.” Harry blushed from his head to his toes. Dear Merlin, I’m standing in the Men’s Room of a gay wizard drag club talking to my almost father-in-law who is dressed up like Marilyn Monroe…who just so happens to still have his dick shoved up the arse of my former potions professor…who just so happens to be the Cher impersonator here.

Life is just too fucking weird.

Draco calmly spoke to his father once more, “Father, Harry and I are engaged to be married. The wedding is in three weeks. We were planning on telling you about it when we met later this evening, but in view of tonight’s most memorable events, I can see no reason to delay telling you this information. The wedding will be performed at Hogwarts and only a handful of friends are invited. It is a secret. Under the circumstances…it might be appropriate if you ask … Uncle Severus to come as your…date.”

The blond swallowed hard and sniffed in indignation, “Harry and I are now going to go home and fuck each other into the mattress to try to remove all the distressing memories from this evening. I expect both of you to be at the Manor as we arranged previously to explain EXACTLY WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE! I would also prefer that you meet us in normal clothing, I so want to hear the story surrounding this little escapade of yours.”

Draco spun on his heels and left the room. Harry looked sheepishly at the two older men. “Um…I’ll take care of Draco, Mr. Malfoy. This has been quite a shock to his system. He’ll be okay…eventually.”

“Thank you, Mr. Potter.” Lucius dropped his forehead against Severus’ as Harry ran out the door to find his high-strung lover.

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Several minutes of absolute quiet passed before either wizard moved. The only sound either man heard was the distinct sound of Lucius’ cock sliding out of Severus’ tight channel. The two men continued to hold each other with soft caresses. Severus laughed a little like a madman.

“Lucius?”

“Yes, love.”

“That was Draco and the Potter brat, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, love.”

"They were in here while we were fucking, weren’t they?”

“Yes, love.”

“Oh, god.”

The two wizards repaired their torn clothing and used a cleaning spell on themselves and the white tiles. When the room was cleaned sufficiently, Lucius and Severus walked calmly back toward their office.

“I guess we should have told them about us,” Severus thought aloud.

“That must have been quite traumatic for my son to see.” Lucius sneaked his arm around Severus’ waist.

The tall dark man stopped the blond wizard and pulled him into an embrace, kissing his forehead. “So what are we supposed to do now?”

The blond laid his head on his lover's shoulder. "As I see it, we have two choices. One- we go to the wedding and behave ourselves. Of course this means that you are almost Harry Potter's unofficial mother-in-law."

"Eeeew. What's our second choice?"

"We go back to the office and you shag me silly on top of the desk."

"Much better plan. Let's go, Margot."

"After you, Maxine."

FIN