

Reaching for the Stars

by phoenix

Lucius Malfoy is a bit of a playboy at Hogwarts, but he is very selective about who he deems worthy. Who will be his next plaything?

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thank you very much to my lovely beta, who will go unnamed for the time being. I hope you enjoy this story. The second character was not named so as to preserve the mystery for a little while. *g*

63. Lucius Malfoy was quite suave and debonair even in school. Using canon women (NOT Narcissa), write about one 'fling' or relationship he had with another woman. (Could be anyone, even an older woman!)

Lucius Malfoy stood before his mirror, primping. His hair was perfectly smooth, looking soft and silky, very touchable. The blue shirt he wore was perfectly pressed and accented his eyes in a marvelous way, drawing the blue out of the normally cold grey, making them appear warm and inviting. It was a shame that the Slytherin colors were green and silver because he thought the blue did much more for his appearance. Yes, he looked absolutely perfect.

Rabastan LeStrange entered the dormitory, flopped onto his bed and watched Lucius. "Soo... Who's it going to be tonight? Bellatrix?"

Lucius didn't respond, but smirked, fully aware that Rabastan could see his expression in the mirror.

Rabastan sat up and leaned forward. "Surely not Narcissa!"

Lucius gave his appearance one last glance and turned to face Rabastan. "My dear chap, you know that I do not kiss and tell." No one would ever guess whom he was meeting. Not even she knew what she was in for tonight. Grabbing his book bag, he left the dormitory.

As he walked to his destination, he schooled his looks, trying to appear like the typical student in need of some after-hours instruction from his teacher. Knocking on her door, he waited for her to answer. It was late, but not late enough anyone would question him being out of his common room.

She opened the door. "Mr. Malfoy, what can I do for you?"

He tried to remain impassive to her beauty. "Professor, forgive me for disturbing you so late, but I was having some difficulty with my homework. I was hoping you could provide some assistance."

She looked at him for a few seconds, as though appraising him. "Very well. Come in. I had not expected you to have difficulty. Your marks have always been very high, and Professor Harris spoke quite highly of your abilities."

"That is why I have come for help. I'm quite proud of my Astronomy skills, and I would hate to disappoint you with a low mark." He tried not to stare too hard at her. Her hair was as dark as his was light, and now that it was down, he could see the soft waves falling gently over her shoulders in a most alluring manner. She was old enough that

she had graduated before he arrived, but she was not so old that her beauty had started to fade. In fact, he thought that she was in her prime. She was voluptuous as a woman should be and not like the girls who were his classmates. Though Bellatrix came close, he could not get past the woman's crazed personality. No, he wanted someone like Aurora Sinistra. While he was appraising her, he brought out the star chart in question.

He started explaining his difficulties, trying to sound sincere about needing help, but not wanting to appear overly helpless. He knew that she was the type who prized knowledge after all she had been a Ravenclaw and he wanted her to think that's the type of person he was.

Finally the opening he was waiting for occurred. "Could you go up to the Astronomy Tower and show me? I'm just not able to visualize it properly," he said rather innocently.

She was caught up in the academic debate and never once doubted the sincerity of his request. "Of course. You'll find that it really is such a simple concept once you see it. And goodness knows that early in my studies seeing the stars made it much easier to understand." She grabbed her telescope case and headed for the door.

Grabbing his bag, he followed after her and allowed himself a sly grin. This was going according to his plan perfectly. "It's very kind of you to do this for me. I realize how unusual a request it must be."

"Nonsense. It's an honor to have a student so interested in his studies to want extra assistance. I must say that having you in my class has been a real joy, Mr. Malfoy. Very few students show your aptitude in the subject or interest."

"Thank you, Professor." He was actually a bit embarrassed by her praise. His father had always expected high marks, making it clear that Malfoys were the best and that Lucius had to live up to that standard.

They didn't say much during the long climb to the top of the Tower. It was a warm autumn night, with only the slightest hint of the coming winter. The sky was clear, but he had known that before seeking her out tonight.

He watched her set up her telescope, admiring her curves since she was not wearing her customary loose teaching robe, but a rather form fitting deep blue dress. The color suited her quite well, as did her hair hanging loose around her shoulders. He longed to touch those soft waves, to inhale the subtle scent he had caught a whiff of earlier.

"Here we go. Come and see, Mr. Malfoy," she said eagerly.

As he approached the telescope, he said, "You may call me Lucius if you wish."

"I don't think that's appropriate," she said softly, but met his eyes anyway. "If you look in the center, you will see the first star."

"Yes, and the second is 10 degrees to the left and 15 degrees higher?" he asked knowing that he had them backwards.

"No. You have it reversed. Fifteen to the left and ten up," she corrected as she helped him reposition the telescope.

"Ah, yes. A slight slip of the tongue." He looked up at her and flashed her an apologetic smile. She returned it and he could see a slight twinkle in her eyes.

"We all make those little mistakes from time to time," she reassured, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"Could you look and make sure I have the right star?" he asked as he stepped back a little from the telescope. As she leaned forward, he placed his hand on the small of her back, slightly stroking her to judge her response. She wasn't protesting.

"Yes, that's it. Very good. And the third?" she asked, her voice slowing that she was starting to be distracted by his presence.

Leaning close to her, he whispered in her ear, "Twenty-seven degrees to the left and down five." He let his hand slide around her waist, drift up to cup her breast and pull her tightly against him so that she could feel what she was doing to him. "But I find the stars have as much romantic power as magical, don't you?" Pulling her hair away from her neck, he gently kissed her pale skin.

"Mr. Malfoy..." she said as she weakly tried to protest.

"Lucius, Aurora. I think the lesson is over and we can leave the formality behind, don't you?" He could feel her body trembling at his touch. It was always so easy they just melted in his arms.

"Lucius," she half-heartedly tried to protest, but her hands betrayed her as they reached back to touch his thighs.

He gently turned her around and captured her mouth in his for a deep, penetrating kiss. "Yes, my dear?" he asked looking down into her dazed face, gently stroking her cheek with his thumb.

Her hands were on his chest, doing their own exploration. "I, er... This..."

He gently caressed her breast, trying to further distract her. "I'm of age if that's your concern. We are two consenting adults who are attracted to each other. Is there anything wrong with that?" His voice was so smooth that he knew that she would see the logic in what he was saying. He also pulled her tight against him and ground his hips into her, letting her know how much he was attracted to her.

She was stroking his hair. "No, I don't suppose that there is," she finally replied.

He smiled at her. "I'm quite pleased to hear that." Pulling his wand out of his pocket, he flicked it at his bag, and it was quickly Transfigured into a fluffy mat. Another quick flick of his wand and the buttons down the back of her dress undid themselves. Normally he was for doing that by hand, but he had seen the sheer number of them and decided to make an exception. Gently he slipped her dress off her shoulders and down her arms so that it pooled at her feet. He was quite surprised that she was wearing frilly undergarments and smiled approvingly.

As soon as her arms were free, she started undoing the buttons of his shirt and admired his smooth, muscular chest. She leaned forward to remove his shirt and licked his nipple as she did so. When she pulled back the evening breeze blowing across it left Lucius with a most pleasant sensation. She then switched to the other side.

He was pulled from his own bliss when he noticed that she had undone his trouser and whispered, "Oh, my."

He knew that she was remarking on his lack of underpants. "I prefer the freedom," he said as he gently stroked her hair. Stepping out of his pants and slipping off his shoes, he lowered her to the mat.

While gently caressing her legs, he removed her shoes and stockings before casually removing his socks. Admiring her undergarments, he said, "How wonderful to see you wear something so beautiful." He had truly been right to follow his instincts to pursue her.

She playfully ran her hands along his chest, slowly drifting lower. "I like the way they make me feel."

He could tell that she was a little nervous about actually taking hold of him, and he gently placed her hand on his erection. He then slipped first one finger inside her and then two, relishing her wetness. She squirmed at his ministrations as he rubbed her nub. He was quite adept at pleasuring women. Most young men cared only about their satisfaction, but he had quickly learned that pleasing his partner actually made the experience more pleasurable for him.

"Oh, Lucius," she moaned.

His name was music coming from her lips. Slowly he removed his fingers and brought them to his mouth to sensually lick them off. She tasted marvelous. She looked at him pleadingly, grabbing his buttocks and pulling him towards her.

While he would have liked more foreplay, that would have to wait until next time. Slowly he entered her, reveling in her tightness. She wrapped her legs around him. He circled his hips a few times, making sure she was ready for him. Leaning down he captured her lips for a passionate kiss.

At first he thrustured slowly, later moving more quickly at her urging. He wanted to be sure to bring her to orgasm, but given her reaction to him, he was sure that would not be an issue.

Her hands gripped his buttocks, and combined with her legs, she tried to pull him deeper. Soon he was plunging deeply and quickly into her, all conscious thought lost as he had to fulfill his own need.

She clenched him tightly as she reached orgasm, drawing his release as her internal muscles tightened on him. He stiffened as his orgasm washed over him. Once finished he threw his hair over his shoulder and showered her with gentle kisses before lying next to her. She cuddled next to him, her head on his shoulder. With his free hand, he smoothed her hair.

"We shouldn't have done that," she said as she lazily traced circles on his chest.

"Regrets? I thought you were enjoying yourself."

She looked up into his eyes. "Oh, I did. It's not that. It's just that well... you're a student," she finished softly.

He chuckled softly. "But not for much longer."

"And then what? I know your family, and I know that I'm not good enough."

This conversation was taking a very unexpected turn. He put on a winning smile. "My dear, can't we just live in the moment? Let's enjoy the simple pleasures of being alive." After a few moments, he said, "I would like to have more tutoring sessions, if you will agree." He kissed her forehead, which was the only part of her he could easily reach.

She considered his proposal for a few moments before hooking her leg over his. "I do think that more tutoring could be useful. But not too many as it wouldn't do to be obvious." She touched the tip of his nose with her finger.

"Aurora, I am the soul of discretion." A satisfied grin spread across his face. He knew that in a few minutes they would have to dress and he would have to return to his dormitory, but he wanted to savor his victory a little while longer. Lucius Malfoy always got what he wanted.