

# The Morning After

by nastygrl

A companion to "On an Evening Such as This." Selena's point of view

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*I own no part of the Harry Potter universe. Unfortunately.*

I don't want to open my eyes. To do so would acknowledge the beginning of a new day, and I'm not ready to leave the night behind.

*Lucius Malfoy. I spent the night with Lucius Malfoy. My heart leaps in my chest at the thought, and my breath catches. Had that been me?*

I wince as I roll in my bed to lie on my back, and I throw my right arm over my eyes to keep out the early-morning sun. The fingers on my left hand begin to lazily recreate the path his talented tongue had taken hours earlier from my neck to my breast. I let my forefinger graze my nipple, and the tender flesh puckers under the gentle brush. I linger a moment, as if feeling his long, slender fingers skim across my flesh once again.

I groan and fling myself onto my stomach, shoving my arms under my pillow and burying my face into its downy softness.

Last night I attended my first Ministry gala as a lobbyist of a Wizarding think tank. I had worked the room early on and was now in pursuit of one person in particular. Lucius Malfoy. He was across the room, deep in conversation with the Junior Undersecretary to the Minister's Transportation Chairperson. I let my mind drift back to Scor returning to school after the Christmas holidays our seventh year and mentioning his grandfather's new, au naturel look. I must have given him my 'I'm raising my hand, now call on me, damn-it' look, for he explained that his grandfather, having earned the well-deserved reputation for being the vainest Malfoy, had recently dropped his glamour and had instantly aged over 20 years.

*Why did he use a glamour, and why had he dissolved it? He was gorgeous enough, god knows, it couldn't have been elaborate.* The thought plagued me relentlessly while Scor had moved on to more important matters, like the size of Matilda Bledsoe's breasts. Five years later, I was still wondering.

One very discreet wand wave later, Mr. Junior Undersecretary was excusing himself to clean his eyeglasses and refresh his drink, since the glasses had slid off his nose and into his martini. Smirking slightly at my cleverness, I approached.

*Lucius.* That wasn't the name he had used to introduce himself, and he had assumed, incorrectly, that I hadn't recognized him. With or without the glamour, the family resemblance could hardly be discounted. I didn't comment on Lucius' false name; he had his reasons for not revealing himself. Upon his learning of my post-Hogwarts' education and newly acquired position, we engaged in a rather heated discussion on the present state of the Ministry of Magic, Britain's Parliament and the general meltdown of society as it relates to the recent introduction of wizard mass transit.

With a gleam in my eye, I had broached the one subject I knew was near and dear to us both, the recent capital gains tax initiative introduced earlier this month by the Ministry Finance Committee. Until now, the Ministry had not shown any interest in wizards participating in the Muggle stock markets; however, in recent years more and more wizards saw the immense investment opportunities being offered and sought to garner a piece of the global market. With the introduction of a capital gains tax, dividends, whether gained in the wizarding or Muggle world, would be subject to new taxation. The Malfoys were leading the Wizarding elite in trying to stall the measure

until the upcoming elections were over and hopefully gain more support for their cause.

I, of course, am all for the capital gains tax. Having Hermione Granger-Snape for a mother practically guarantees my endorsement...equality, fairness, and all that, despite my Slytherin tendencies. My father takes little interest in such things. Having learned the value of the oft-repeated phrase, "Yes, dear," he sees little reason to move past it to offer his own views.

Lucius' response was a lively 20-minute discourse into the parallels of farm animals with the current administration, appropriate curses that should be employed and which members of the Wizengamot are most deserving of being sacked.

When the bell rang for dinner, we made our way to our tables. En route we passed a house-elf carrying what looked like three-day-old tripe. We stopped and stared as they walked past. We shared a look, and swallowing hard, I made the suggestion that perhaps we could nip out for a dish of curry. He nodded his agreement but looked a bit apprehensive. I took hold of his elbow, then we Apparated.

While we ate, we poked fun at everything about the night, including the pretentiousness of the gala and its hideous food; even the diner we sat in became our fodder. We left and took a stroll, slowly making our way to my flat. When I invited him up, he paused and slowly turned to me.

"Do you know what you are asking?" he had inquired.

I softly smiled and nodded. Yes, I knew exactly what I was asking and to whom I was asking, although that still remained unspoken. He lifted his hand and cupped my cheek. I knew I was trembling, and while I was reluctant to show it, I am sure my excitement shone in my eyes.

We didn't speak as we reached the door of my flat. He stilled my hand as I reached out with my key. I don't know what he was looking for as his eyes searched my face, but he must have found his answer, for he dropped his hand, and I turned the tumblers in the lock.

I strode into my sitting room, and one sweeping arm motion later, candles were lit on the floor in front of my fireplace and on the tables around the room. I stood in the center, waiting for him. He approached cautiously, as if he had not yet made a decision, then he was in front of me.

"Selena, make sure," he had growled.

I have wanted this man forever, from the moment I met Scor in our first year and he had shown me a photo of his family. I've followed his career in the newspapers and on the wireless. Apart from my parents, he has one of the most brilliant minds. I do not care that he no longer looks as he did in that photo all those years ago. I care nothing of his past; his allegiance had changed before I was born. His power, his influence, his razor-sharp intellect and the hardened glint in his eye are my aphrodisiacs. I do not consider his age an issue. He is who he is, and that is enough.

He must have read the intent in my eyes, for he moved in a flash and swept me into his arms. As his mouth covered mine, his hand grasped the back of my head, and his fingers buried themselves in my hair.

I moaned. *I'm kissing Lucius! He's here. In my flat. Gods, he can kiss. His tongue. His lips are soft, but his tongue, gods, his tongue!* He pulled me tighter to him, and his other hand found its way to my ass. I was lost.

He made his way to my bed. We never broke our kiss, and I was on sensory overload by the time we reached my king-sized sleigh bed. Clothes came off quickly, my clothes, at any rate. He stayed dressed for much longer. I sobbed when he finally lifted his head, my breathing jagged and rough.

"All this from a kiss," he had laughingly murmured, "let's see what happens if I do this...." His tongue began exploring my neck, licking, sucking and kissing as he made his way down my chest, paying particular attention to my breasts and nipples before dipping into my navel. As his mouth traveled further down my body, I screwed my eyes shut tight and clutched the bedclothes, hanging on for dear life. I desperately wanted to stay grounded, and I knew, just knew, if I let go, I would soar out of this room, losing my hold on this reality. This man, my man, was finally, finally here with me in this flat, in my bed, where I had fantasized for so long.

"Well, well, well..." he had chuckled. He left the bed, and I whimpered. He had made shushing sounds, and still unable to open my eyes, I heard him softly opening and closing drawers, until he was suddenly back next to me.

"Look at me." he had whispered. I thought it impossible, but I did as he asked and met his gaze.

"You are so responsive, so open to my touch. It is thrilling, really. You are intoxicating." He had spoken low in his chest, and I had felt every word.

"Do I have your permission," he had paused for a heartbeat, and then continued, "to conduct a little experiment?"

I could have come in that instant, just from the sound of his voice. As my body trembled, he placed his hand over my cunt and gave it a sharp slap. I screamed. He instantly began gently massaging my pussy lips, letting his fingers occasionally run up my slit. He placed his mouth to my temple, then made his way across my cheek to claim my mouth. As he pressed his thumb onto my clit, I came, long and hard, and my juices spurted into his hands. "Mmmm," he had purred, "again pet."

He introduced me to the delights my body could give us. For him, I wanted to do and be everything. He blindfolded me with his silk cravat and reddened my ass with my hairbrush before fucking me senseless.

I cease my reminiscing and finally open my eyes. I slowly wiggle my hips, causing my ass to brush against the soft silk sheets. There was still a sting in the light caress. I smile wickedly and leave my bed. I gingerly walk over to my cheval mirror and turn around. While my ass is no longer the bright cherry red it was just hours ago, I know I'll be remembering last night, deliciously so, for the rest of the day.

Leaving my bedroom, I enter my bath and stop. Lucius is in my tub.

*What a perfect way to start the day.*

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