

# The Unexpected

by blue\_nadir

[ART] The unexpected happens after a meal at Malfoy Manor.

## The Unexpected

Chapter 1 of 1

[ART] The unexpected happens after a meal at Malfoy Manor.

**Disclaimer:** Everything you recognize most likely belongs to one, J.K. Rowling. This work of fiction and its accompanying work of art were created with the sole purpose of entertainment in mind.

**Acknowledgement:** Special thanks go out to my beta, JimX, who help me not only with the text but the sketches as well. Any errors that remain are entirely my own.

**AN:** The companion sketch to this is at the end of the body of text as with my other submission. Be warned that it is **explicit** and not safe for viewing around children or at work.

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The evening had been *distinctly* enjoyable. A good meal taken with an old friend. The food had been prepared to a tee, the old reminiscences had brought laughter instead of the usual depression, and the wine... good Merlin, the wine had been superb. Full-bodied, rich and such a fiery red that it would have put a phoenix to shame.

He had just struggled drunkenly out of his robes in the guest room when Lucius entered. Whatever Severus had been expecting, the sudden passionate press of Lucius' lips against his had definitely not been anywhere near the top of the list.

Euphoria and exhilaration sped through his veins like liquid fire as Lucius deepened the kiss. Resistance never crossed his mind as he leaned into the warm stickiness of Lucius' mouth. His heart leapt in his chest, his head span from more than the wine.

When he opened his eyes again, Lucius was smiling back at him, his thumb stroking across Severus' cheek. The smile had a predatory quality to it; Lucius' even white teeth framed by his thin but perfectly curved lips. It widened to expose a canine tooth when Severus realized where his own hands had strayed.

Letting go of Lucius' waist so suddenly that his trick wrist clicked loudly in protest, Severus tried to step back, but the restraining hand on his neck kept him uncomfortably close to his very naked friend.

"What are you doing?" he hissed at the blond man.

"Something we might both enjoy." A hungry glint flashed in the pale eyes. "You can't tell me you do not want this as much as I." The unmistakable hardness of an erect cock pressed against Severus' belly as Lucius flexed his hips.

Severus frowned. Lucius was always trying to push him around. Well, not this time! He wouldn't give in to Lucius' preposterous demands. He was his own man, and he *definitely* did not swing *that* way. Lucius had to be mentally unstable to think tha--

His train of thought was brutally derailed, taking a few innocent neurons with it, when Lucius' warm mouth engulfed his penis. Severus thought he would faint from the

surge of blood to his nether regions. He gasped, trying to extricate his now painfully sensitive cock from the man's talented lips.

"Lucius, no... I don't..." His mind reeled in revulsion, but his body was betraying him; his hands had jumped to the other man's head, Lucius' hair forming pale ropes between Severus' clenched knuckles, keeping him close. Severus groaned, trying desperately not to thrust into the wetness.

By sheer force of will, he tried to shuffle out of Lucius' reach, but the man followed, not missing a beat, his hands now running up the backs of Severus' trembling thighs. It wasn't long before the backs of his knees met the edge of the bed and the eiderdown reached up to grab him... or rather that was how it must have happened, because Severus was suddenly staring at the ceiling, the eiderdown crackling softly underneath him as Lucius took full advantage of his supine position to intensify his ministrations.

The man's hands were everywhere. His fingertips darted here and there to search out ticklish spots, and the flats of his palms stroked wide swaths of naked skin in a way that left Severus panting. All the while, Lucius' tongue and mouth worked tirelessly on his cock, hitting places that catapulted Severus toward his orgasm before dragging him down again with a practiced squeeze or nip.

It had been so long since Severus had enjoyed anything else but the company of his own hand, he just didn't care anymore that it was his best friend's head that was bobbing in his lap, all that mattered was the pleasure.

He ventured another look down his body. Lucius' long hair was draped across one shoulder, the ends tickling the inside of his thigh as the man swallowed Severus' dick. Lucius was watching him, and when their eyes met, he shot Severus a wicked grin before deliberately dragging the rough flat of his tongue against the underside of Severus' cockhead.

Severus cried out raggedly and arched off the bed as he came, only vaguely aware of hearing the violent spurts amplified by Lucius' mouth before being enveloped again and gently suckled as he twitched. His heart rate had slowed to something approaching normal when he felt Lucius crawling up his body, those lips pressing kisses up his centerline before claiming Severus' mouth again. The bitter taste of tannins and semen flooded his mouth as Lucius' tongue invaded.

In the haze of his post-orgasmic bliss, he couldn't help but note the almost feminine softness of Lucius' lips and skin. If it hadn't been for the coil of masculine muscles under Severus' fingers, he could be forgiven for glossing over the fact that Lucius wasn't a woman.

He ignored the hand on his thigh until it was used to hook his leg over Lucius' hip, closely followed by the pressure of an erection against his balls. Gasping in shock, he broke off the kiss, and tried to scramble upright and away. "Get the hell off me!"

The angry scowl that marred Lucius' finely chiselled features was replaced with an amused smirk so quickly that Severus thought he had been mistaken at the first expression. "Maybe not tonight then," he murmured.

'Not ever!' Severus' mind screamed. Lucius was slinking towards him on all fours with a grace that any cat would have envied, his hair cascading over his shoulders and back, but Severus was frozen in place; his eyes riveted on the erection suspended under Lucius' belly. Maybe he just imagined it, but he swore he could see the glans throb in time with Lucius' heartbeat.

He wrenched his gaze away when he heard Lucius chuckle. He had settled next to Severus on his side, his head propped up on one arm, his other hand casually stroking the object of Severus' interest. "Do you like what you see, old friend?" Lucius laughed when Severus turned his head away. "Oh, Severus! You blush so prettily."

"I am not certain what you're playing at, Lucius, but I want no more part of it." Even to his own ears, his quavering voice was unconvincing.

"I am not playing at anything, my dearest Severus. I just thought that two old friends such as you and I could be open-minded and, maybe, help each other out." Lucius' elegant shrug was almost audible. "Come now, Severus," his tone was gentle now, cajoling, "you know you can trust me. One night of pleasure is surely not too much to ask a lifetime's friendship to accommodate?" A fingertip reeking of musk traced Severus' clenched jaw line.

This wasn't right. He wasn't gay. How could Lucius ask this of him? But his body had responded to Lucius' touch with more enthusiasm and wild abandon than it had ever done with a woman. Curiosity as to what Lucius would taste like flickered briefly through his mind before being hastily stuffed under the sofa cushions of his consciousness. "I... I cannot do what you ask of me."

Lucius turned Severus' face towards his own. "What am I asking, Severus? What is too much?"

Severus glared defiantly at him. "I will not be your toy to be discarded when you tire of me." His words surprised him... did he really want more of this?

He didn't see Lucius' confident smirk falter, but he did see the lust in his friend's eyes ebb into something more manageable, less intense. "This is solely about enjoyment, dear Severus. What would be wrong with giving friends pleasure by," he placed Severus' hand on his erection, hissing softly at the touch, "whatever means available?"

Severus was sure the logic would have made infinitely less sense had he been sober, but in his current state, the velvety softness of the skin encasing Lucius' cock had him mesmerized. He had never handled another man's penis before; the sensation was familiar but the disconnection between the fingers slipping around the flesh and the moaning felt odd.

He was distracted by Lucius cupping his face. The kiss was gentle, almost tender, Lucius' tongue requesting rather than demanding entrance. The light thrust into his hand roused him from the kiss-induced stupor Lucius had managed to impose on him once again.

He was no novice to the carnal arts, but his experience didn't stretch to pleasing any man other than himself. He hoped that what worked for him would work for Lucius. Tightening his grip, he tentatively pumped the length of his friend's penis, slightly twisting his hand when he reached the head; Lucius' encouraging noises made him bolder.

This time, *he* initiated the kiss, his hand never faltering as Lucius purred in appreciation. The man's mouth was intoxicating—a subtle sweetness, which he noticed only now that the bitterness of drink and sex had faded somewhat, clung to his lips. The taste rung bells... he should know what it was but the answer eluded him, skipping just out of reach of his grasping mind.

"Severus..." Lucius groaned. "Please... your mouth..." The suggestion, which would have repelled him fifteen minutes ago, now made him scramble to comply. After some frantic rearrangement, Severus was perpendicular to Lucius' body, one of the blond man's legs thrown over his shoulder.

He hesitated when confronted with the weeping tip of Lucius' penis, but another soft "Please" dropping from Lucius' lips made him shiver. Tracing a dribble of precum from the base of Lucius' cock, he swept his tongue around the head, making Lucius give a satisfied hiss. The taste was enthralling—salty, musky, *masculine*. Severus felt a momentary pang of guilt for enjoying it.

"No blushing," Lucius whispered, tucking Severus' hair behind his ear so he could have an unobstructed view. "No blushing at all... just pleasure."

Severus nodded dumbly, keeping his gaze down, feeling his face burn despite Lucius' admonition. Pleasure, just pleasure. That's what he wanted, he convinced himself, as he lowered his mouth around Lucius' hardness again. At first it was awkward going after a few false starts he got into a steady rhythm, but, from his own experience, he knew there was more to fellatio than just a simple up and down movement.

He flicked his tongue across the tiny slit on Lucius' glans and was startled by the cry of pleasure it elicited. Severus repeated the motion, making the other man twitch; once more, and Lucius twisted the covers in his hands. A heady rush of power swept over Severus—he had the other man at his mercy. He started teasing the hypersensitive nerve-endings with a confidence he had never felt before, being rewarded with a fresh burst of salty arousal each time the slit winked against the tip of his tongue.

Lucius was writhing on the covers, alternately whimpering, growling or gasping encouragement. Every so often he would thrust upwards reflexively, his thighs quivering with the effort to keep Severus' contact with his throbbing flesh. "Oh, gods!" and "Don't stop" spilled from those perfect lips, but Severus had no intention of doing the latter.

He was so engrossed in his task that he didn't notice the telltale drawing up of Lucius' scrotum. The other man was too far gone to warn him before his hips jerked off the bed and spurted strings of semen all over Severus' face and neck. Severus gasped in surprise, inadvertently inhaling some of the cum that had landed on his tongue.

Severus coughed violently, causing a glob of semen on his eyebrow to drip into his eye. He roared at the vicious sting. A stream of expletives rolled off his tongue as he pressed the heel of his hand hard against his streaming eye.

"Oh, you big baby," Lucius sneered.

"It fucking hurts, you prat!" Severus spat, still grinding his hand against his eye socket in a vain effort to ease the pain.

He felt Lucius shift on the bed and then his fingers were prying Severus' hand away. "Here, let me have a look." Severus was about to protest when a cool cloth wiped across his eye. It didn't take the sting away, but at least it cleared the excess. The cloth was deftly swiped across Severus' face and neck, cleaning away the cooling semen. He jumped a little when his cock got the same treatment.

"What? Do you want to sleep dirty?" There was an exasperated note in Lucius' smooth voice, but Severus still felt that he lingered too long around his groin.

Severus frowned. "Where did you get *that* from?" he asked suspiciously, indicating the damp cloth in Lucius' hand, trying to ignore the show he made of cleaning his now flaccid cock. He was sure he hadn't heard any incantations... besides, Lucius hadn't brought his wand in with him; in fact, he hadn't brought much of anything in with him.

A ghost of a smile flashed across Lucius' lips. "Oh, I always find these useful," he evaded.

"That isn't what-"

Lucius kissed him. "Shut up, Severus." As soon as their lips had parted, Severus felt very agreeable again; his previous line of questioning forgotten. "Now," Lucius smirked as he tossed the used flannel over his shoulder, "let's get some sleep."

Severus curled around Lucius' body with a contented sigh and fell asleep, as he had been told to.

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Dear Mr Borgin,

*I write to you to express my displeasure at a product I purchased from your establishment. The entactogenic potion did not perform in the manner your sales assistant assured me it would. The effects were short-lived, and the subject had to be dosed repeatedly to achieve and maintain the desired state of mind. I do not appreciate being deceived and will expect a full refund on the return of my owl. If this course of action is unpalatable to you, I might consider taking my business elsewhere in future.*

Yours,

Lucius Malfoy

Lucius folded the parchment and dripped wax onto the leading edge to seal it. The big grey eagle owl watched with interest from its perch on the windowsill, holding out its leg when Lucius approached. "Take this to Borgin, and be quick about it."

He closed the window on the thunderous flapping of wings, afraid the noise might rouse Severus. A quick glance took in the slumbering form of his friend's naked body. His long limbs were stretched out, and the usually sharp features of his face were relaxed in the careless abandon of sleep. The man was so unaware of how attractive he was, of how long Lucius had lusted after him. Few would call him 'handsome', but there was something compelling about him that Lucius just had to have.

And Lucius *always* got what he wanted.

Smirking, he took a small draught of antidote before applying the entactogenic potion. His mucous membranes tingled; he shivered at the reaction, but resisted the urge to lick the sticky sweetness from his lips this was meant for Severus. Allowing himself a satisfied smirk, he shrugged the dressing gown off his shoulders and padded back to bed. Who knew what he could convince Severus to do with a higher dose?

THE END.

**AN:** For the definition of entactogenic, go read[this](#) informative entry on Wikipedia!

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