

A Husband's Discovery

by notsosaintly

What would happen if Lucius came home to find his wife being satisfied by another man?

A Husband's Discovery (one-shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Written as a challenge made by [sunny33](#) to [ladyinthecloak](#), and I got ensnared in their web. (Not sure sunny33 quite knows about my involvement yet. *snicker*) The challenge is to write a story without using commas. The prompt we came up with was that Severus had to be a central character, it had to somehow involve sex, though it did not need to be graphic, it must be a one-shot, and it can be based on a story you've previously written, such as a side story or a continuation, but not exactly a sequel. I, of course, chose to use my last story, [A Wife's Needs](#), for this challenge. It's a sort of what-if scenario. Wish me luck. It's not as easy as it sounds, even for those of you who are minimalists regarding commas.

Disclaimer: Why write a disclaimer? We all know we don't get paid. We all know who wrote the Harry Potter series. Must we be reminded every bloody time that we develop JKR's characters more fully, would never have killed Severus or Dumbledore, would definitely have written in more sex, and don't even get paid?

The manor was silent. Or at least it first sounded that way when he first walked through the front door and handed his snow-covered cloak to a timid little house-elf. What an evening. His meeting had not gone well at all. The manager at the restaurant he was supposed to meet the rather expensive prostitute had asked them to leave as soon as she walked in. No matter. He wasn't there to eat the fare that restaurant called food. His appetite ran in an entirely different direction this evening.

He had been with this woman before. She was nothing too special. Ordinary features offset by expensive clothes that didn't fit exactly right. She did not attract him in the least. It was the hint of a garter belt at the top of silk stockings that made him go forward with the deal and procure a room for the evening. Nothing else. His body reacted to very little lately. Even his wife was looking more appealing than usual.

He followed the sorry excuse for a tart up the stairs to the room he had rented and tried to get in the mood. Fantasies of tying her up and teaching her manners flitting about his brain and multiplied to fuel his entire body. He actually was starting to get excited over bedding this ill-dressed whore. Hope for a satisfying evening grew exponentially with each step.

The room was nothing much. She had dictated the restaurant and the hotel in which they were to stay. Her tastes in such things apparently mirrored her taste in clothes. He had to wonder when the last time the bed cover was laundered. The bathroom lacked towels. A tiny half-used bar of soap was stuck to the porcelain of the sink. That she was pocketing most of the money he was paying for her was obvious. He was annoyed enough to have a not-so-friendly talk with her employer in the morning.

The bed didn't even have bed posts. No matter. He had his wand. He would Obliviate her if he had to when it was all over.

The woman started to undress and had turned around to remove her shoes when she stated unceremoniously that payment was expected up front. He really needed to have a talk with that sorry excuse for a man who employed her. Up front. As if he had ever had to pay up front before. His money was as good as—no better!—than the next man's.

His wand was out and pointing in her direction before she turned around. The problem with Muggle whores was that the littlest thing could set them off. And he had neglected to use a Silencing Charm on the room. One was placed quickly upon her. Silence was bliss.

Tying her up was no problem. Keeping her from struggling was. She twisted and turned so violently that he was unable to get close to her. A full Body-Bind would have occurred to him if he enjoyed fucking a board. This was getting ridiculous. It took less than two minutes of watching her thrash and her mouth contort in obvious obscenities before he eyed his Muggle currency upon the nightstand and casually placed it back in his pocket.

"Your employer shall be very interested to hear about your behaviour." His wand was carefully placed back into his cane as he afforded her one last disgusted look and walked out the door.

It was good to be home. He tapped the half-melted snow from his boots and started up the winding staircase to his bedroom. Perhaps he'd search out Narcissa. It had been a long time since one of his little dalliances failed so badly. He certainly would not be able to sleep without help now.

It wasn't until he reached the landing that turned toward his library that he heard the noises. Noises he hadn't heard for years in this house. A moaning of sorts. Whisperings. Urgings. Begging. What in Hades was going on?

He walked silently down the hall. The noises grew louder and sounded decidedly female. Was his wife—no. She wasn't the type of woman to pleasure herself. In his library no less. He refused to believe it.

He felt the wards to the library immediately. They were his wife's wards and easily dismantled. Did she think him a fool? The door was nudged open slightly with the tip of his cane until he could see his desk on the far side of the room.

His desk and two bodies moving against each other. Two very familiar bodies. His own body reacted instantly. There was his wife on top of his desk getting fucked by one of his best friends. And fucked quite well by the look of it. Severus Snape was giving his wife the time of her life. And the way she was responding—he'd never seen anything like it before.

He could hear whispers of "yes" and even "more" before Severus pulled out of her still-wanting body and turned her over across his desk. Items were pushed to the side and landed on the floor. All was ignored by the heavily breathing couple.

He had to admit to being shocked over his wife's behaviour. She'd never acted so wantonly with him. He couldn't understand what Severus had that he did not. Until Severus moved just a little to afford him a better view. The man's cock was impressive. In length perhaps they compared. But in girth Severus definitely had the upper hand.

Lucius watched as Severus plunged into his wife again. Perhaps this evening wasn't turning out as bad as it had begun. Watching his wife getting fucked had to be the biggest turn-on and a thousand times better than fucking some reluctant Muggle whore.

They were both grunting and moaning as Severus pleased his wife. Severus' fingers fondled between her legs as he quested to give her even more pleasure. Lucius felt the pleasure growing within himself as Severus took his wife harder and faster.

An abrupt movement brought his wife to a standing position in front of Severus as his cock continued to complete its mission. His wife's assets were visible and jostling with the force of his friend's pumping. But most alluring of all were his wife's fingers working in between her own legs while Severus seemed to be performing miracles upon her shuddering body.

Lucius was hard. Harder than he had been thinking of bedding a tied-up whore. Harder than he ever had been playing fantasy games with any of his whores. Watching Severus fuck his wife was a turn-on he had never expected.

The subconscious act of massaging his hardness was exciting him further. Severus' final shout of *Now!* rang out through the library. He watched his wife fall apart and orgasm spectacularly. He felt as his own release throbbed against his hand.

The pair was so wrapped up in each other that they never noticed the door to the library closing silently nor the wards being re-erected. Lucius vowed to encourage more meetings like this between his wife and Severus. And he vowed to make sure he was always there to watch.

~fin