

Student Loans

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1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius took a deep breath from the pipe and rested back against the plush pillows. He had never really thought Muggles could come up with decent entertainment. He had been forced to go to this board meeting, as Draco had an urgent rendezvous with Potter.

A little fascination charm and all the Muggles had agreed to anything he asked to. Draco would be glad.

However, now Lucius was rather glad that he'd had to go to this meeting, as the entertainment part was rather good. They'd had dinner at a decent restaurant and now were relaxing in a club.

It was supposed to be a merger between Western and Eastern culture, as it had skimpily clad waitresses, Eastern music and private rooms for smoking this weird, but delicious pipe.

His business partners had vanished somewhere, probably with one of the pretty waitresses. He rather liked their costume, if it could be called that.

A little pink bra with polka dots and tiny knickers of same pattern with suspenders looked very enticing on the girls here. But none of them were to Lucius' taste. Almost all of them had these ball-like breasts, which he knew felt like plastic to the touch. Also their hair was too fake blonde, and Lucius didn't like blondes.

However, he was a single man, so he could look his fill.

'Sir, would you like a refill for your pipe?'

Lucius looked up and his eyes were transfixed on a pair of full breasts straining against the tiny bra.

'Yes, I would like that,' he answered lazily.

'Very well, sir. Which flavour would you like for the refill?'

'Which one is the sweetest?' Lucius asked, his eyes wandering over the girl's body.

'The strawberry one, I think.'

She was rather pretty, Lucius thought. And the most natural of all the girls he'd seen here. Her messy brown curls were pinned up in an untidy bun. Her skin had a touch of tan, but not the orange hue others had.

'And bring a nibble platter also. I will pay extra for the private service.'

He saw the girl blush and wondered where he'd seen her before. There was something familiar about her features, yet he couldn't be too sure...

The girl returned promptly with his order. She changed the mix in the hookah and kneeled on a cushion, silently asking him for the next order.

'Come and sit here,' Lucius ordered as he patted his knee. He had seen enough in the club to know that that was what the girls were doing in the main room.

The girl rose and walked closer to him, her gait unsteady. Obediently, she sat down on his lap.

'Serve me from the platter,' he ordered in a lazy drawl.

The girl almost fell from her seated position, so he steadied her with a hand on her pert bottom.

Recognition hit him like lightning when he looked into her eyes for the first time.

'What are you doing here, Miss Granger?' Lucius asked, nonverbally making her limbs unmoving.

She looked at him with big, fearful eyes.

'I won't tell anyone. I am just curious what a fine witch like you is doing in an establishment like this?'

'I'm earning money for university,' she said defiantly.

'I'm sure we could come to a much better arrangement. I rather like how you look in just scraps of fabric...'

From the look in her eyes, he could tell that he had struck the right chord.

'I shall release you, my butterfly, and we will find a much better place...'

lyn_f prompted this:

polka-dot knickers, Lucius, hookah