

# Scion

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Lucius returns from Azkaban a broken man. Draco tries to heal him, and himself, the only way he knows how. What happens when father and son cross that boundary?

# Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco's father was a cold man.

From the time Draco was born until the day he graduated from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, he could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times Lucius Malfoy had congratulated him.

Draco neither desired nor sought accolades from his father, however. He was perfectly content in innately knowing he was a fine specimen of Malfoy, a tribute to the title. Well deserving of the spoils that came with the crown.

As a youth, Draco had seen his father as the pinnacle of Slytherin. Deceptive, strong, skilful, cunning. Arrogant, but for good reason. Draco had been happy to play the role of dutiful son as long as he didn't disappoint his father.

Though he'd resented his father's aloofness toward him during his school years, now Draco was only grateful. His detachment meant that Draco stood a chance of standing on his own. It also kept him safe from the clutches of the Dark Lord. Until, that is, it was almost too late.

But his mother had arranged for Draco's life to be spared and his conscience to be without blood. In her female embodiment of Malfoy strength, she had used her cool beauty, her efficient propriety, and her analytical foresight to secure the future of her only son and heir.

Somehow, Lucius was even luckier. Unable to claim the *Imperius* a second time to explain his service to the Dark Lord, Lucius' lawyers used a good portion of the Malfoy coffers to buy his way out of Azkaban after serving a precursory year.

During this time, Draco liked to think he had become a man. He took the reins of his father's business with aplomb and made great strides toward cleansing the mud (and blood) from the Malfoy name. Clever donations and campaign funding during his father's absence made Draco a force to be reckoned with. He was suddenly a desirable figure again in the Wizarding World, merely two years after the end of the war.

But these things do not come without a price, and Draco was all too familiar with having to pay for someone else's mistakes.

While Lucius was languishing in Azkaban, Narcissa had died. She'd suffered spell damage during the war, worsened by an attack by vigilante Death Eater Hunters. No matter that she'd defected. She was targeted and died in a matter of months.

Draco would have spent every last Galleon in his vault to help his mother, but there was no help to be had. The damage was extensive, and though she was lucid toward the end, there remained no spark that he'd come to recognize as synonymous with his mother.

On the day she passed away, Draco awoke with a sense of foreboding. He knew before he took his first waking breath that day that *this* day was Narcissa's last. He made the end as comfortable as possible, but the one thing she wanted was the only thing she could not have.

Her husband.

Draco hadn't just tried to pull strings, he'd yanked them, wrapped them around his fists and *tugged*, threatening to topple the entire puppet playhouse. But his money, his name, his charm had done nothing. Prostrating himself on his knees before the *merciful* Minister resulted in nothing but humiliation. When Narcissa died, Lucius had been notified through Ministry owl before Draco had even had a chance to write him himself.

And so her blue eyes, without sparkle, not even for her only son, faded into sightlessness. But not before she made one final request of Draco, who...ever strong...shed no tears at the sight of her weak and insubstantial body.

"Take care of your father."

Looking back, it had all seemed so easy. Did she know what her words would inspire? No doubt she would have been horrified, disgusted and pained. But at the time, all Draco could think was, *And who will take care of me?*

She'd told him Lucius wasn't as strong as everyone thought. That he'd never had a moment's peace in his life, thanks to the Dark Lord. Once his sentence was up, she suspected he would be a changed man. No man remains stoic after seeing his world crumble for the second time. And not even Lucius Malfoy, Pureblood supremacist since he'd entered the world, could maintain such ugly views in light of such extraordinary circumstances. Narcissa charged Draco with showing Lucius the ways of the new world, in which half-bloods like Harry Potter can defeat the Darkest wizard in known times before he even hits puberty, and Mudbloods like Hermione Granger can score the highest marks in half a century upon graduation.

This was the world they lived in now, she told Draco. Allowances had to be made. The world is not static, things change, evolve. If they wanted to maintain their place in society, they would have to adapt.

Draco was sure his father would not appreciate his mother's dying words having been praise for the likes of Potter and Granger, but he would never tell him. Draco would tell his father one thing that she said.

*"Take care of your father."*

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Lucius was escorted back to Malfoy Manor by a team of Aurors who obviously resented having been assigned to the release of a notorious Death Eater.

Draco answered the door himself, having watched their approach from the study window. He was glad he'd had the chance to study his father's changed form before he opened the door to him, or he would not have been able to mask his reaction.

Though Lucius had received comparatively admirable attention in Azkaban, the year had taken its toll nonetheless. He hadn't lost too much weight, and now sported a full beard. Despite the drastic changes in general hygiene, the most notable transformation was in Lucius' eyes.

Where once a mocking, cold grey peered imperially, now a stormy and uncertain gaze shone through half-lidded eyes. He looked so *very* beaten. Defeated. It irked Draco beyond comprehension that these Aurors had seen his father in such a state.

He thanked them in a tone that sounded more like a curse than an expression of gratitude. Taking his father's arm, he led him into the Manor and shut the door. In the wide foyer, set in black and white marble, cold and perfectly cultured like the inhabitants of the house, Draco stared at his father. He was still dressed in Azkaban robes, and it was evident that Lucius was not the first occupant of the tattered and stained garments. His hair was impossibly tangled and matted with dirt and what very well could have been blood. What little skin that was showing was grimy and streaked with dirt. Lucius' formerly impeccably manicured hands bore ragged and blackened nails. The knuckles were more gnarled than Draco recalled, and he was certain new scars adorned them.

Rage was rising inside him, but his father only stared at him.

"Father," Draco whispered. Lucius had always held himself distant from his son. They had not shared anything other than genes and breakfast. He certainly couldn't remember ever being *hugged* or reassured in any other physical manner. Lucius was known to squeeze Draco's shoulder in pride, or shake his hand after absences, but that was the extent of their mutual corporeal comfort.

So, when Lucius fell to his knees in the foyer and buried his face in his mangled hands, Draco froze for a moment while he tried to interpret what his father would want. But then his mother's voice was so clear he thought Lucius himself must have heard it, and Draco threw himself at his father's shaking form.

Gathering the larger man into his arms, Draco tried to remember what he had seen other people do in circumstances like this. He had ~~never~~ held his father. But the human need to soothe another's pain took over, and Draco rocked his father's prone body, whispering platitudes in his ear and wishing that he'd had siblings to take the pressure off of him. As it was, there were only two Malfoys in the world, and they each only had the other.

His father's hands were clutching the front of Draco's robes, burying his face in them. They both diligently ignored the sounds of sobbing from the elder Malfoy's heaving shape, and Draco stroked his hand down the back of the ragged and filthy prison garb.

"Draco, I'm so sorry I wasn't here. I wanted to be here for you," Lucius murmured, drying his face with the grace that befits a man of his (former) status. His eyes met Draco's troubled ones to articulate his sorrow, and Draco had to look away. He didn't remember his father's mercury eyes being so expressive.

"Father, there is nothing you could have done. I'm sorry I couldn't bring you home." Surely that was not a sob that shook Draco's own voice. He didn't remember his face becoming wet.

He stood quickly, bringing his father up with him. He was easy to manipulate, having been forced to be pliant for the guards, and Draco easily led him to the Master Suite.

But Lucius froze once it became clear where they were headed. "Draco... no." He was visibly trembling, and Draco cursed himself for causing a step backward so soon. He'd read up on the after-effects of Azkaban, and there was a whole structured procedure to follow to ensure proper reintegration to former life. And what was one of the *first* rules? *Do not allow the patient to be confronted by painful or triggering memories upon their return.*

And here he was leading his broken patriarch to the room in which his wife had died only months before. Where he had shared a bed for over twenty years with the love of his life.

They both stood in the hallway, made to seem longer by the agony it represented, uncertain. Malfoy Manor had countless other rooms, to be sure, but the book on Azkaban re-assimilation had said the best place was somewhere familiar, where the patient had good memories.

There was no other bedroom in the Manor that Lucius would even recognize, let alone associate with better times.

*Except one.*

Struck by inspiration, Draco led Lucius across the wing to his own suite of rooms. Draco's suite consisted of two bedrooms connected by a door, a study, a small library, a kitchen, a bathroom and a sitting room. It had always been more than Draco needed, but had been intended for himself and his future bride.

Though his father hadn't spent any substantial time in Draco's bedroom since he'd been born, he remembered his mother telling him that when she'd been expecting him, his father had decorated Draco's room himself. Not the nursery across the way from the Master Suite, but the room that would become Draco's when he was old enough to be farther from his parents. He had chosen every piece of furniture within it, and worked day and night to make it the perfect retreat, befitting both a Malfoy, and the wild, spirited child Draco had been. Surely Lucius would remember the time and effort he'd put into the room. It was Draco's only hope.

Opening the doors, Draco escorted his father into the vast bedchamber. Draco hadn't changed a thing except to update it a little as he matured, and to add his personal belongings as time went by.

Lucius turned to his son, his overcast eyes questioning. "Draco, I can't stay here. This is your room," he added unnecessarily.

"I know. But you should be somewhere you recognize. And this way I'll be only a door away." He gestured to the conjoining door. "Father, I'm going to... I'm going to take care of you. Don't worry." His smile was shaky and felt foreign on his face, just as alien as the sadness on Lucius'.

Malfoys do not show weakness, and yet here they were, broadcasting it.

"All right. I'm very tired," Lucius admitted, though it sounded more like a declaration, as if he was annoyed with the fact.

"I know you are, but we should get you... cleaned up first. Don't you think?" *Try not to make decisions for the patient, but allow them agency in their own lives. However, certain steps may need to be taken to help in the readjustment period.*

Lucius looked almost surprised. He looked down at himself as if aware, for the first time, that he had a body. He smoothed a hand over the revolting robes as he would his own designer clothes. He nodded absentmindedly. "Yes. A bath, maybe."

Draco let his father know he was pleased by the wide smile he allowed to grace his how pale features, and Lucius looked at him strangely, as he had himself a moment before. As though seeing Draco for the first time.

Draco left Lucius to fill the massive marble tub in the adjoining bathroom. He added salts and oils to the water and put aside a hairbrush, soaps and flannels. He knew he would have to drain and refill the tub at least once. After a moment, he also placed a small manicure kit by the tub.

He called for his father only to turn and see him standing by the bathroom door. He looked uncertain and maybe even scared.

"Do you want me to leave while you get undressed? I'll be right back in."

"Draco, I assure you, I can bathe myself." Lucius' tone was more familiar this way, but Draco shook his head.

"I shouldn't leave you alone just yet."

"Says who?" Lucius countered.

"Say the experts on prisoners returning from luxury hotels like Azkaban. I know this is uncomfortable. Believe me, it's no treat for me, either. But I'm not leaving you alone for more than a few moments, and do not try to negotiate with me," he added when Lucius' mouth started to open.

He snapped it shut and glared at his son. Draco smirked. This was familiar territory.

"Give a moment to get undressed then, unless you want my humiliation to be complete?"

Draco shook his head. "I don't want you to be embarrassed. I'm really sorry, Father. I'm still glad you're back, though." Not wanting to see the reaction to his heartfelt words, Draco left the room and waited on the other side of the closed door. He listened carefully for the sound of a body settling in the water, but heard nothing. He was glad Lucius was back. Being the head of the house at nineteen was difficult, but more than that, Draco missed his father's commanding presence. It was such that even when Lucius was out of sight, Draco could always sense him. He had felt empty and incomplete without his father in the house, and after Narcissa had passed, the Manor was stifling and hollow.

Draco broke from his reverie. His father had had more than enough time to get undressed and into the tub, but no noises had reached Draco's waiting ears. With images of his father's wrists slashed with the razor, blood spreading in an ever-widening pool across the pristine white tiles, Draco burst through the bathroom door.

To his immediate relief, his father was sitting, still dressed, on the edge of the tub. His face was turned from Draco. His fingers trailed listlessly in the water, and he didn't turn when Draco opened the door.

"Father? Is everything all right?"

Lucius nodded.

"Do you not want the bath right now?" Draco was confused but kept his voice level and comforting. At least, he hoped it was such.

"I want the bath very much."

Exasperated, Draco's control slipped. "Father! You have to tell me what's going on. I can't read your mind, nor would I want to. But you have to let me help you!" Despite being embarrassed at spouting such self-help nonsense, Draco moved closer to his father, so he could see his face.

Lucius smiled, a small, tight-lipped smile and Draco stared. "I'm sorry, Son. You're right, of course. The truth is I can't unbutton these robes. My fingers..." He gestured wordlessly with his knobby fingers, and Draco's throat swelled to see up close the real damage to which Lucius had been subjected. It appeared each finger had been broken in turn and not allowed to heal. A familiar rage bubbled, and Draco vowed to have words with certain guards. The damage could be healed, hopefully without re-breaking the bones, but Draco was furious.

He waved for his father to stand. He began to unbutton the robes. Did Lucius sleep in his robes every single day? How did he relieve himself if he couldn't unbutton the them? As filthy as they were, it was clear Lucius had not suffered the indignity of relieving himself within them.

As if reading his mind, Lucius said, "They did not allow me robes every day. *Only special occasions*," he spat. Draco didn't want to know what those were.

"What did you wear, then?" The buttons were stiff and unyielding, making Draco's fingertips sore from the effort. *Almost done.*

Lucius smirked and looked away. Draco could see this was a front and did not admonish him. He guessed Lucius had not been permitted clothing on a daily basis.

The robes slipped from his father's shoulders and upon spilling to the floor, disappeared. In an effort to avoid staring at his father's marred perfection, he asked, "Where did they go?"

"Back to Azkaban, I suppose. Waste not, want not."

Draco nodded blankly. His father wore only grimy grey boxers that looked as ill-used as the robes. He turned away and heard his father drop them and enter the bath. Lucius tried to stifle his moan but was unable. Draco smiled, thankful he could bring some comfort to his father.

The water almost immediately clouded with dirt that had settled on Lucius' body over the year. Draco knelt by the bathtub, taking a flannel and dipping it into the water. He began to gently scrub his father's arms and Lucius let him, apparently taken away by the hot water and luxurious oils. Marvelling as the true colour of his father's flesh began to show itself, Draco continued his mental list of Things He Was Going To Bitch At Shacklebolt For.

He bade Lucius to lean forward and diligently washed his back. His eyes narrowed at the poorly healed lash marks that spoilt the moon-pale skin. Lucius had been whipped regularly, it seemed. They'd been healed with magic, but not at the hands of a talented Healer.

Draco began on his father's legs, but they were too far beneath the water to reach without soaking his expensive shirt. He put the flannel down and took off his shirt, throwing it at a hamper before reaching back into the water and washing the grime from the long and still-muscular legs so like his own. Draco grinned wryly at the rather unattractive sight of Lucius' feet. They were blackened with filth, the toenails absurdly long and yellowed. He lifted them out of the water to clip and file them, running the edge of the manicure tool under the nail to get out the worst of the grime. *If someone had told me I would ever be tending to my father's feet like this, they would have gotten a brilliant hex for their troubles.*

Once his feet resembled those of humans, Draco let them fall back into the water. He took care of his father's hands next, careful not to jar his fingers too much. He knew Lucius was watching him intently, but he ignored the unnerving sensation and continued to loosen the dirt on his body. Having washed Lucius' legs up to approximately where the boxers would have covered, Draco turned his attention to his father's chest.

He had maintained the sculpted muscles Draco remembered, those which he himself was always unable to attain, his own body tending toward litheness, to his chagrin. Draco briefly met his father's gaze and was startled by the tumultuousness there. Ignoring it, he continued in his mission. The water was disturbingly dark and Draco could feel the grime on his own arms from having them in the water.

"Did you want to get some new robes, Father?" Draco queried, washing his father's abdomen firmly.

"Why ever for?" Lucius countered.

"You were always at the height of fashion; I assumed you would want to dress in the latest mode, now that you're back." The flannel smoothed Lucius' sides, but with a solid enough pressure that it was not ticklish.

"And for whom would I dress, now that your mother is gone?" He obviously didn't want an answer, so Draco only nodded solemnly. He steeled himself against the telltale swell in his throat at the mention of his beautiful parent, so very lost to them both.

Lucius took a hand from the murky depths and rested it on his son's cheek. Draco didn't care about the unhygienic water in his hair and on his face. He leaned into his father's hand, his own moving the cloth in soft circles on Lucius' belly. He smiled at his father and looked away, unused to such comfort. Draco moved the cloth lower, intending only to clean to the bottom of his abdomen, but his distress and the dirtied water made his movements jerky, and the cloth slid low enough to touch his father's member. He could feel it through the cloth, and it was definitely *not* flaccid as it should have been. Draco's hand froze for a moment, horrified both at his wayward hand and the disturbing betrayal in the pit of his stomach.

Draco tore his hand away with a speed that splashed them both and backed away from the tub. "I...I think you can finish. And then... empty the tub and fill it again. That...that water is... I'll be outside."

Outside the bathroom, Draco heard the tub emptying, the sound of rinsing, and then the water running again. He tried to settle his racing mind *It's no big deal*, he told himself. So he had... grazed his father's prick. It was purely accidental, and totally clinical at that. His father would have recognized that. There was no way Lucius could have sensed Draco's internal heat spike at the touch. And that was not Draco's fault, either. It had merely been a while since he'd been with someone. But even that made no sense, since Draco was straight. A cock should not have caused the reaction it did and *certainly* not his father's cock. Draco covered his face with his hands.

He heard the sounds of his father settling back into the tub and debated going back in. His father was fine, surely. He could be left alone. Draco shook his head. Maybe if his mother hadn't died, he could trust his father to be alone, but under these circumstances, he knew it would be wholly unwise to let Lucius linger too long without his company. Bearing himself to regal height, Draco re-entered the bathroom.

Things had changed, evidently. The water was clear now, and Lucius' body was... perfect. Glowing pale with delicate veins, pure blood pumping in regular intervals, fine, golden hair crisping his limbs and chest. Scars that only seemed to add to the perfection. Muscles glistening with drops of water, creating swirls of contrast as the water made trails on his skin. Draco gulped. *This was bad. Bad, bad, bad.*

"Do you want to keep the beard?" Draco asked mostly for something to say. He knew his father must absolutely abhor the facial hair, both because it aged him and because he'd always said it was a sign of poverty, like beasts trying to keep themselves warm in unforgiving winters.

His father had a lot of strange notions.

"Merlin, no. And we might have to cut my hair, I'm not sure it's salvageable." Draco's jaw dropped. His father speaking so casually of shearing the emblem of Malfoyiness made him cringe internally. But Draco caught the look of regret in Lucius' eyes and he closed his mouth. *It's a front*, he reminded himself.

"No, we will *not* be cutting your hair. And Father..." Draco hesitated. Things had changed between them in the last few hours, but he didn't want to push Lucius. But he looked at Draco expectantly, and Draco plunged ahead.

"You don't have to hide behind a front with me. You can be yourself, not Lord Malfoy. I won't tell anyone," Draco finished with a smile, trying to make his words light but meaning them completely. "I promise," he added seriously.

Lucius looked like he was thinking about his words. "You've changed since I've been gone, Son. You are a man now. I'm sorry that I missed it." He looked down and away. "I will not act a role with you, Draco. Thank you."

Draco bit his lip. His father was so changed, and yet he was more fatherly than he'd ever been before. "You didn't miss it, Father. I'm pretty sure it's still going on." He grinned and Lucius returned it. Their eyes met and Draco felt his previous uncertainty fade. *My father is just a man, no more, no less. Like me.*

"Lean back so your hair can soak, okay? And try to get your beard under, as well." Softening the hair and loosening the filth would make his job easier. Draco placed scissors and a straight razor on the floor by his knees.

The water was growing dim from the grunge from Lucius' hair and beard, and Draco was thankful that he was no longer confronted with the evidence of his father's maleness. It unnerved him, though he hadn't quite sussed out why.

Draco tried to run his fingers through the mane, but it was too tangled. Beneath the water he shook out as much debris as he could without tangling it further. He pulled his father back up with a pressure on his shoulder, and Lucius obeyed. Sitting up in the large tub, Lucius looked small. With Draco now sitting on the ledge of the tub behind him, it wasn't hard to see their roles were reversed from what they should have been.

Draco started on Lucius' hair with the brush. It was tangled and dirty but not beyond repair. With patience and not an insignificant amount of discomfort on his father's part, Draco was able to run the brush through his hair without meeting resistance. The beard was faster because Draco just cut it off. He caught the hairs in a towel and trimmed until the hair was close enough to the skin to shave.

Draco grabbed the lather and brush and put them aside. He brought the razor up from the floor and went to place it on the ledge beside Lucius, who looked over at that moment, and upon seeing the razor, started and jerked away. He met Draco's eyes looking like a wild and injured bird. He was panting lightly and held himself impossibly stiff in a protective position with one hand held up as if to ward Draco off.

Draco's heart dropped. His father was afraid of the blade. *That list for Shackbolt just got much, much longer.*

"Father, no... I would never..." But Lucius still looked afraid. Draco backed away from the tub and picked up the blade. He left the bathroom and put the blade in his desk drawer. He came back to face his father, hands in the air to show they were empty.

"I put it away. I won't bring it back, I swear. I will never hurt you. You can trust me."

Lucius looked sceptical and eyed Draco's pockets significantly. He had lowered the warding hand, but his arms were holding each other protectively.

Draco immediately turned his pockets inside out, money falling unnoticed to the floor. Lucius looked at his pants still and met Draco's eyes almost pleadingly. Hating to see his father tremble, Draco wondered what to do.

"They used to hide the blades. They hid them," Lucius explained in a strained and quiet voice. Draco nodded. He unbuttoned his pants and took them off, throwing them into the next room. He wore only snug black boxers. He turned to show there were *no* hidden blades, feeling completely humiliated but also stupid for approaching his father with a razor. Lucius studied him for a long moment before nodding almost imperceptively. Draco gratefully approached the tub again, dropping to his knees and reaching to Lucius. His father allowed himself to be pulled into an embrace by his heretofore remote and unapproachable son.

Draco held his father in his arms. He hated the Dark Lord. This was all his fault. He hated his father for being so foolish and easily led in his youth. He hated himself for following blindly. He hated Shackbolt for allowing such deplorable conditions, for condoning *torture*. He hated it all. And he only loved his father. In all the world, of all the people, he *only* loved Lucius Malfoy.

He tried to soothe his father by stroking his back, but the welts only angered him, and Draco knew his comforting movements were as much for himself as for Lucius. Lucius eventually yielded to the hug, unprecedented though it was. He wrapped his arms around Draco and the latter allowed himself to be enveloped, relinquishing the dominant role in the embrace. His father had never held him like this, and it was wonderful. He felt so *safe*.

Eventually, it had to end. Draco pulled away and smiled uncertainly at his father. He'd meant to smirk, but found himself unable in light of the new developments.

"Father... I need you to know I will not hurt you, not with blades or my fists *or anything*. I only want to make your life easier. I..." He broke off. It was too soon for confessions like that.

Lucius nodded, leaning back into the tub again. "I know that. Really, I know. But they are so fucking *effective* there." Draco knew his father was affected because he almost never swore and certainly never in front of Draco.

"Okay, well, we'll just go slowly. I have a Muggle razor that isn't quite so scary looking. Do you want to try that?" Lucius nodded in agreement, apparently deciding getting rid of the beard was worth facing a few fears.

Draco found the Muggle razor. He couldn't recall how he came by it, but he'd used it before and it was very effective. A little strange to wield, but it gave an acceptable shave. He showed it to his father from across the bathroom, ready to toss it with a moment's notice, but Lucius approved.

Deciding it made sense to wash Lucius' hair first, Draco brought out the shampoo and conditioner. It was extremely high quality and should only take a few washes to bring Lucius' hair back to its former glory. He washed and conditioned the hair three times before he was satisfied, and planned to do it again in fresher water.

Using the lather brush, Draco prepared his father's face. He had to lean over the tub awkwardly, but he managed to shave Lucius perfectly with no nicks at all. Lucius ran his hand reverently over the smooth flesh, and Draco had to do the same. His fingers stroked his father's firm jaw, smooth and slick from the remnants of lather. Draco's heartbeat fluttered for a moment, and he realized he'd been touching Lucius for a bit too long. Clearing his throat, he pulled his hand away.

"I think you should stand under the shower and wash and condition your hair one more time. This water is dirty, but I think you're clean." Lucius nodded in agreement and rose from the tub. Draco hurriedly turned around and heard Lucius enter the shower stall. The glass door was clear, if a little steamy after the water ran for a moment.

Draco watched his father tend to his hair and then saw him pick up a flannel. Lucius looked at him through the door, but Draco pretended not to be watching. It was becoming difficult to conceal the telling bulge in his boxers and even more difficult to deny the truth of what was happening. He was attracted to his father. It was strange, disturbing, forbidden, and completely erotic. Draco whimpered when Lucius washed his cock and upper thighs with the flannel, the only area Draco had avoided. He was very thorough, methodical even, and when he was finished, Draco's eyes were drawn to the juncture of his father's thighs. The attentions had apparently been... welcome. Lucius washed his behind extremely meticulously, lathering the washcloth twice. Draco had heard rumours of what happened in prisons, and he knew that guards who did not hesitate to whip and cut his father would not be too morally conscientious to rape him.

The List grew ever longer.

Seeing his father was finishing up, Draco quickly exited the bathroom, donning his trousers again. They helped conceal his erection, but he knew it was still there, and he knew he'd have to examine his taboo thoughts as soon as possible. Draco hated introspection. It was so tedious. Lucius entered the bedroom behind him, wearing only a towel. Knowing this, Draco did not turn around.

"I think I'll rest for a while," he told Draco in a subdued voice. Draco nodded and made to leave, but a hand on his upper arm stopped him. He turned to face his father and schooled his features to impassivity. He determinedly focussed on his father's face, looking into those turbulent eyes that used to conceal and not project.

"Could you... stay?" Lucius whispered, wincing.

Draco looked around the room. There was a loveseat in a small seating area, and Draco supposed he could sit there for a while. He wouldn't be able to sleep, but at least his father would know he was there. Lucius followed his gaze and grimaced again.

"I mean, in the bed."

"Why?" Draco blurted, wondering when his poise had decided to pack up and take a vacation *Probably around the same time your rationality, sense of decency, and filial boundaries did!*

Lucius met his eyes and Draco stared at the depth of pain there. Suddenly, his father did not need to answer that question.

"I mean, of course. It's a big bed," he said, laughing nervously. Lucius nodded. He looked down at his towel.

"Draco, could you bring me some clothing from my bedroom?"

Draco delegated the task to an efficient house-elf while he grabbed pyjama bottoms from his wardrobe. He couldn't sleep with a shirt on, he always felt like he was being strangled. He thought about it, especially considering his inappropriate feelings toward his father at the moment, but decided his father's virtue was safe. A few errant thoughts did not an illicit liaison make.

He dressed in the bathroom while the house-elf brought Lucius his clothes. Draco entered to see his father struggling to button the pyjama top. Draco rushed over wordlessly to help him.

"Father, if you can stay awake another hour, I'd like to have a Healer look at your hands."

Lucius held them to his chest protectively. Even trimmed, filed and smoothed, they were gnarled and twisted looking. He imagined it was quite painful.

"I can have them knock you out first, if you don't want to be awake for it. I don't think it will hurt, though. And we can have the scars removed at the same time. You'll wake up a new man."

Lucius shook his head and approached the bed. He got under the covers, staring defiantly at Draco. "I don't want to be 'knocked out,'" he spat.

Draco nodded agreeably. "Of course not. Can I get the Healer?"

Lucius rolled his eyes. "You don't need to. It's a curse."

"What?"

Lucius elaborated. "It's a curse, they cursed me. My fingers aren't broken, just... out of use. It's easily reversed. I suppose they simply forgot." He and Draco both knew they did not simply forget. But for once, Draco had an answer.

"Wait here!" he commanded, and ran from the room. In the study was one of the books he'd bought on Azkaban practises. Skimming through, he found what he was looking for. It was a fairly common curse, completely illegal and extremely painful. But the counter-curse was right there in black and white. Draco bounded up the stairs to his bedroom.

His father was resting against the headboard, studying his hands. Draco sat on the bed beside Lucius with the book on his lap. Thinking it would not be wise to aim his wand at Lucius without warning him, Draco announced his intention.

"I have the counter-curse. I can perform it right now and you'll be healed. I need to use my wand on you, though. I promise not to hurt you."

Lucius looked shocked. He picked up the book and studied the cover. "Why do we have this? It's not from our library." Draco wondered how his father could possibly know every book in their massive library, but answered the question anyway.

"I bought a bunch of books like this to make sure your return was as comfortable as possible. I wanted to help," he said simply. It was true; he'd felt so useless and helpless after the war, and this was one way to prove his worth again.

Lucius looked surprised and grateful, and it made Draco uncomfortable. "So, may I use my wand on your hands?" Lucius nodded his consent and held his hands out before him. Draco studied the counter-curse for moment before he touched his wand to one hand and said it aloud.

Before their eyes, Lucius' twisted and broken hand straightened, the knuckles making horrible popping noises, but Lucius did not appear to be in pain. Draco repeated the procedure on the other hand, and in seconds, both hands were as Draco remembered, slender, long-fingered and elegant. Lucius experimentally stretched them, and a wide grin split his face.

He impulsively reached for Draco, hugging him tightly. Draco fell into the hug, thrilled that he had helped. Lucius pulled back and took Draco's hands in his. Lucius looked down at the joined fingers, squeezing now that he could.

Lucius pulled a hand away and placed it on his son's cheek. Again, Draco leaned into the touch; something major had shifted between them and Draco relished this new man who had returned to him. He was everything good about the old Lucius and more; gentle, compassionate, affectionate. Lucius leaned forward and kissed Draco on his cheek, pressing into the silky flesh with his lips before pulling away slightly.

Overcome, Draco couldn't resist what he did next. Closing his eyes, he leaned in and kissed his father square on the lips. It was not a long kiss, but it certainly was not a kiss shared by family members such as they. Draco didn't care. It was a good kiss, and it felt right. *I don't care!*

Lucius' lips were smooth but firm and Draco could smell the aftershave he must have put on. It was unfamiliar but so good. Draco pulled back first. He would have stayed but the hand that was frozen on his cheek was trembling and he suspected his father was on the verge of a mental breakdown. *You really, really should not have done that*, he informed himself.

"Draco..." Lucius' eyes were searching, and Draco met them boldly. It didn't matter, it was done now. This knowledge did not stop the flush from staining his cheeks. He bit his lip before opening his mouth to explain.

But Lucius surprised them both. He leaned forward slightly, an inch, before stopping and meeting Draco's eyes again. Draco tried to convey permission. His father's hand was shaking now, his face confused and lost, but his eyes spoke volumes. No longer stormy, they had lightened and looked sure.

Leaning in the rest of the way, Lucius kissed Draco just as the latter had done moments before. Draco's eyes fell shut, his mind whirling in a confusing array of emotions and thoughts. But the kiss was good and right and Draco couldn't think of why it should stop.

Apparently Lucius could, because he pulled away sharply, gasping.

"Draco, I'm so sorry..." he began, pulling his hands back into his lap and pressing back against the headboard. Draco was astonished...why was Lucius apologizing?

"I kissed you first," he whispered.

"But you're young, confused. Mixing up your happiness about my return with some deeper meaning, and you're lonely, afraid I'll leave and you'll have no one. I'm just a sad old man taking advantage of a naive offer."

Draco growled. None of that sounded right. "Don't try to psychoanalyze me. You don't know me well enough to try. You never have! You never *eventried*." Draco's emotions were flittering out of control, and he struggled to rein them in. He clamped his lips shut against all the words he'd never said as a youth.

Lucius nodded sadly. "You're right. I made the exact same mistakes with you that made me hate my own father. I always said I would be different: caring, approachable, gentle. But by the time I should have become those things, I'd only known the opposite. I didn't know how to change. And you seemed so independent, even as a child. You never needed me. You still don't."

Draco shook his head vigorously. "You're wrong! You're so wrong. I did need you, all along. I was independent because *had* to be. And I still need you today. I was lost without you, and now I feel whole again. And I'm not sorry I kissed you. I wanted to do it before, in the bath, and I want to do it again now and it was *a good kiss!*" He drew a deep breath and wanted to go on, but he had long since learned his father did not respond to tirades and that less was more.

Lucius looked away. Draco knew him well enough to know he was carefully weighing his words. Draco instinctively knew he was trying to find a way to spare his son's feelings, but Draco wished he wouldn't make the effort. His next words surprised Draco.

"It's completely illegal."

Draco wondered if this was supposed to be an argument *against* what they'd done. 'Illegal' had never bothered Lucius before.

He scoffed, "It is *not* illegal, Father. It's only illegal to *marry* a relation, and that's only for two reasons: to prevent coercion and to avoid birth defects. I'm not being coerced and I doubt you could get me up the duff, so I don't really see the issue. And relationships between men, while sometimes frowned upon, are certainly not against the law." Taking a more serious tone, he went on, "I know it's strange. It is for me, too. But don't lie to me and tell me it didn't feel right."

Lucius murmured, "I won't."

Draco approved. "I want to kiss you again." Lucius met his eyes uncertainly. Draco knew he was taking advantage of a lonely man who had been denied human contact for a year and who had just lost his wife. But he couldn't bring himself to feel too badly. Lucius was a strong man, even now. If he really didn't want it, Draco would have been hexed in seconds and locked in the dungeon before he could blink.

Draco took the lack of response for permission and inched closer. He really wanted to straddle his father's lap, but he knew the importance of small steps. He held his father's heated cheek in one hand and braced his weight against the headboard with the other. Closing his eyes, he pressed his lips against Lucius' once more, this time moving his lips for the first time. He tilted his head slightly, applying more pressure. He wanted Lucius to open his mouth to him. Or...what he *really* wanted was for Lucius to kiss *him*.

Draco decided if Lucius would remain stoic, he would draw him out slowly. Draco used the pointed tip of his tongue to trace his father's lips, flicking against the fullness of his lower lip before nipping it with his teeth. Growing bolder, he sucked on the lower lip, releasing it with a snap and laving it. Draco pressed his mouth fully against the older man's, tongue tapping on the seam of his firmly closed mouth. Draco's hand moved from Lucius' cheek to his neck, tracing the prominent tendons there before travelling to his chest. His finger grazed a hardened nipple beneath Lucius' pyjama shirt, and the moan he elicited was more than enough for Draco to take advantage.

He stealthily snuck his tongue into his father's mouth. Both moaned at the sensation, and Lucius finally responded. Draco's hot, slick muscle moved insistently against Lucius', and he responded with a fervour Draco had known was boiling just beneath the surface. Holding his son's bare waist in his hands, Lucius deepened the kiss and masterfully invaded his son's hot mouth.

Having gone from fear at his father's return, to gratitude at having him back, to surprise at his father's drastic change, to lust over Lucius' body and finally to true desire for this man in his bed, Draco's heart felt ready to give out. So much emotion in so little time, especially for one so unused to feeling much of anything. A tear escaped his cheek unhindered, and he was grateful Lucius didn't feel it before it snaked down his jaw to disappear on Lucius' shirt.

Lucius pulled back slightly, his breath a whisper over his son's swollen lips. "Draco... what good can possibly come of this? What will happen... later?"

Draco knew his father was a man of certainties, a man of plans and precision. If he didn't know the outcome, it wasn't worth the risk. His sure sense had made him an unparalleled business man and a prime target for a sinister Lord who had promised everything.

He shook his head. "I don't know. No real good, probably. Just... we'll both feel really good for a short while. That's the most I can promise. As for later... I suppose we can deal with that when the time comes."

Lucius closed his eyes and let his head fall against the headboard. His neck was bared to Draco, his Adam's apple protruding prominently and Draco resisted the urge to lick it. "You know this can't be a lasting thing, Draco."

Draco succumbed to his urge, licking a long line up his father's throat to his jaw, nibbling as he thought about how to answer. "I do know that. I will one day marry and produce an heir, just as I've always promised. You will probably remarry one day, after you've properly mourned Mother. I don't want any more than right now, today."

Lucius moaned at the attentions of Draco's tongue, which had now moved to his ear. He shivered and Draco smirked, breath ghosting over the shell.

"This is going to hurt us both very badly," Lucius murmured, but Draco recognized the change in his tone immediately. His father was acquiescing. He'd made up his mind.

"I suspect you're right, but I can't find it within myself to care right now."

Draco straddled his father's lap as he'd wanted to before, small steps be damned. Lucius gasped at the contact and raised his head to meet his son's eyes. Draco could feel his father's desire as solidly as his own, even through both their pants. Draco settled and fought the urge to wildly rut against those luscious thighs. He tried not to think about whose lap he sat upon, only that it felt good and was obviously appreciated. Feeling was better than thinking.

Draco took Lucius' face in both his hands and kissed him again. It began as a slow, searching kiss and was met with tentative but sensual strokes of Lucius' tongue against his. But Draco's desire quickly spiralled out of control, and he devoured his father's mouth, thrusting his tongue in an inappropriate pantomime of what he really wanted from his father.

Lucius re-established himself as the one in charge by forcing Draco's tongue back into his own mouth, where he followed, exploring. Lucius' mouth was firm and unyielding, forcing Draco's to be pliant and giving. Draco whimpered softly as Lucius nipped his tongue firmly when it tried to venture back out. His hands were sliding over his father's chest, finding abandon in the cloth-covered steel flesh. Lucius hands rested on Draco's hips, and they were the only thing keeping Draco from ruthlessly grinding against his father's increasing hardness.

He'd never even thought about sex with a man before today, and yet here he was, desperate to see, touch, taste and ~~feel~~ the one beneath him. Suddenly, Draco felt very silly for depriving himself of this delicious treasure before.

Soon, even the steadying hands on Draco's hips could not hold him still. He moved his body in a slow circle against Lucius' hips, moaning when their cocks rubbed together, a beautiful friction that created fluidity in his body. Lucius immediately grabbed the nape of Draco's neck, pressing his mouth even harder against Draco's, grunting as his son ground down particularly hard. The hand still on Draco's hip dug in, encouraging his movements and caressing the soft skin of his hipbone.

"Merlin, Draco... you feel so good, so sexy." Lucius' words were low and hoarse, and it was almost as though he didn't want to say what he did, like the words were torn from him. Draco moaned in agreement, moving his hips aggressively against Lucius' cock. He wanted them to be naked, *now*.

He unbuttoned Lucius' pyjama shirt in record time, spreading his fingers over the unbearably hot skin of his chest and stomach. It felt deliciously forbidden, and Draco couldn't stop touching. He broke the kiss, panting, and looked at his father. Lucius was the picture of passion, eyes glazed, lips red and slicked, breath coming in hard pants. He groaned as Draco bent his head to capture a hard nipple in his mouth. Draco nipped it none too gently, making sure to lave it lovingly after every bite. He rolled the other nipple between his fingers, tugging and twisting. His cock hardened at the noises Lucius was making. His father had both hands on Draco's hips, pulling him against his hips relentlessly. Draco wasn't far from coming and tried to slow the motion, but Lucius was insistent, obviously impassioned.

"Father, please. I'll come in a minute if you don't stop," he gasped. The tightening in his lower belly had begun already, but Draco was afraid if they came together now, like this, he would never get another chance before his father decided it was wrong and put a stop to it. And suddenly, more than anything, all Draco wanted was to feel his father inside him, behind him, atop him. He was desperate for that possession, that domination, and he would lose it.

"So, come," Lucius grunted before sucking the salty flesh of Draco's neck into his mouth and biting, flicking his tongue against the sore skin and kissing it better.

"No," Draco insisted, hips moving of their own accord, "I want you to fuck me...I need you to. If we..." He moaned as his own nipples were plucked and plundered. "...If we do this, you won't fuck me, and I *need* you to," he finished with a gasp. Lucius stayed his hands and looked at his son.

"Gods, Draco... I want to fuck you, too. I shouldn't, I shouldn't... but I will. Come now, and I'll fuck you later. In the morning." He moved his hands over Draco's arse, gripping

the flesh there and dragging his son's body over his groin harshly, eyes rolling back at the sensuous contact.

Draco suspected his father was giving him an 'out', offering to fuck him at a later date so Draco would back out, possibly thinking that overnight, Draco's mind would change. But Draco had not been so certain of anything in so long, and he would not give up this pleasure for the world. His father was a man of his word, and Draco had not missed how Lucius' cock had pulsed and strained when Draco told him what he wanted.

"I'll hold you to that, you know that," Draco stated, sure he saw a flicker of fear in his father's eyes before it was immersed in pleasure. Lucius took Draco's lips again, kissing him languidly, a polar opposite to his hips, which were grinding upward into Draco's bottom in near-frantic movements.

Lucius' hands were splayed over his son's impossibly firm arse, his fingers just creeping into the pyjama-covered crevice, moving in small circles which made Draco throw his head back in pleasure as he moved his hips in harder and faster circles.

Their cocks were pressed together as Draco leaned into his father's body, which was stilled propped on the headboard. He allowed his lips to be taken again, his tongue to be assaulted. His bottom was brutally squeezed and Draco gasped as his orgasm started to well up with him. His hands gripped Lucius' shoulders convulsively as the coiling serpent within him sprang forth and Draco shouted his release, his body jerking and his mind collapsing in on itself.

He slumped over his father, spent, but continued to move his hips as his father panted into his ear, grinding up and pulling Draco over his pained erection until he finally came with a stifled grunt, gasping as he came from rutting against his son's ass. He wrapped his arms around Draco and Draco had never felt so satisfied, nor so safe. His father's arms were strong and sure, but gentle as they caressed small circles over Draco's lower back. Draco raised his head for a sweet but brief kiss before he rolled onto his back, arms thrown carelessly above his head.

He didn't want to see the shame flood his father's face as he knew it would.

And sure enough, Lucius said, "Draco, I'm so sorry. That was...I shouldn't have allowed that. It can never..."

Draco grunted, shaking his head. "Yes, it can, and it will. Instead of thinking how wrong people will think it, think of how *you* saw it. You fucking loved it! Don't lie to me, Father, I know you too well. You wanted it, I wanted it, and it *will* happen again, like you promised."

Lucius closed his eyes against his son's assertions. He took Draco's wand and performed a Cleaning Spell on both of them. He sank down onto the pillows and yanked the blanket over himself and Draco. "How can you... how can you want this? Merlin, Draco, you've never..."

Draco nodded. "I've never thought about you like this before. I can't explain where it came from. Maybe from seeing you so vulnerable, maybe from feeling so fucking vulnerable myself this past year. Whatever it is, I don't want to lose it. I love you, Father. And this can't be wrong, not when..." he paused, wishing there was a less cliché way to say what he felt. Sighing, he continued, "Not when it feels so right."

Lucius sighed as well. He turned on his side to face his son and Draco did the same. Draco smoothed one hand over the heated and silky flesh of his father's chest. He leaned forward and placed a kiss on it, licking it softly and moaning at the taste. Lucius made a small noise before answering, "I know it feels right, but it *isn't*. It's make-believe, Draco."

"Then let's believe it for a while, before we have to be cold and hard again, before we have to be what the world wants us to be forever, before we have to give up the only thing that's felt *real* since... *ever*."

Lucius was quiet for so long, Draco was sure he'd fallen asleep. He huffed, and turned onto his other side, facing the wall. But Lucius moved and pulled and Draco back into his arms, one arm snaking under Draco's neck and curled around his chest, the other over his hip to rest on his lower belly. Draco sighed contentedly; this was the most confirmation he would ever get that Lucius felt the same way he did. Lucius buried his face in his son's hair and breathed deeply. He kissed the crown of his head and Draco closed his eyes tightly against the foreign prickling in his eyes.

His arms held his father's, their bodies pressed tightly together as they fell asleep, two Malfoys against the world. Finding relief in something that should have been completely wrong. And both slept more soundly than ever they had, wrapped in the comfort of the other's embrace.

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Lucius awoke first the next morning. Draco moaned when he had solid proof his father would not renege on their deal. Proof pressed right into his arse as Lucius kissed the column of Draco's neck.

"Good morning, Father," he whispered, turning over in the arms that held him firmly without breaking the hold.

"Good morning, Son. I trust you slept well?" He punctuated his question with a soft kiss on Draco's lips. Draco nodded, his heart fluttering at the relief that Lucius wasn't going to ignore what had happened, wasn't going to deny them the only real happiness they'd known in so long. He didn't want the world from his father, not anymore; maybe he had in his youth, when he'd been promised it. Now he only wanted this, for as long as he could have it. Then, he would let it go. He would miss it; it would hurt, he knew. But he would let it go and do his duty as heir, and allow Lucius to forget about what they'd shared. No one would know, and they would never speak of it again. It would be horrible, Draco realized with a tug in his belly, but all the pain would be worth it for these beautiful moments, these moments where he was cherished and his father was complete.

Draco brushed the long, white-blond hair off Lucius' shoulder and firmly applied his mouth, licking and sucking on the sweet skin. His arms encircled Lucius' neck, and he was held just as firmly around his waist. He trailed a kiss up his father's neck, across his jaw before lightly kissing the corner of Lucius' mouth. Lucius immediately caught Draco's lips in an unbreakable kiss, not waiting for permission to enter; instead, he barged in, welcome though he was.

"I want you to fuck me," Draco whispered, feeling a rush at the words and the responding twitch of his father's cock against his belly.

"Gods, I want to fuck you, too. Draco..." he paused, searching Draco's lust-filled eyes. "Have you ever been with a man?" Draco shook his head, smiling softly. His father would probably appreciate being the first to navigate uncharted territory. He was just like that.

Sure enough, Lucius' eyes lit up and he kissed Draco hard, giving no quarter. But he stopped to continue, "I'm going to fuck you, you know what that means?" His voice was impossibly low, and Draco shuddered, cock flooding at the implications of his tone and his words.

He answered honestly, "It means you're going to put your cock up my arse, yeah?"

Lucius snorted. "Honestly, when did you start talking like that? I've never heard you swear before yesterday." He definitely disapproved. A perfect example of *Do as I say, not as I do*.

Draco smiled softly, "I don't swear. Something about you brings it out. Like I want to show you I'm grown up... or maybe I just like how your eyes get all dark whenever I do it." Draco waited for a reaction and got none, so he decided to make a point. He hovered his lips over his father's, just barely brushing them, before he whispered huskily and slowly, "Fuck me."

He smiled arrogantly when Lucius' eyes became a stormy grey and immediately filled with desire. Lucius growled and threw Draco onto his back, climbing atop him and settling between his son's wantonly spread legs.

Draco gasped, legs curling around his father's lower body to hook around his calves. Lucius stroked Draco's body, playing it like an instrument, and Draco squirmed beneath his father's sure touch. His hand came up to cup Draco's cheek, painfully gentle, and Draco closed his eyes and accepted the kiss that was bestowed upon him. It was soft and a little sad, a kiss for everything Draco deserved and didn't get, a kiss for everything his father wanted for him but had been unable to provide.



Draco didn't want that kind of kiss, so he immediately took it over, knowing his attempt at dominance would spur his father into action. As soon as Draco thrust his tongue boldly into Lucius' mouth, Lucius turned the kiss hard and rough again. Draco was grateful; this kind of kiss he understood. It was all sex and want and pain, and Draco knew how to respond.

"I'm sorry," his father whispered, dragging his lips over Draco's throat to suck and lick his neck. Draco shook his head against the apology. He didn't want any of that. He just wanted to *feel*. Thankfully, Lucius seemed to be done with his regret, at least for the time being, because he was softly moving his hips against the cradle of Draco's. His arousal was evident, larger than Draco's, which was impressive in itself. Suddenly, Draco wanted more than anything to see *how much* larger, and he slid his hands down the broad expanse of Lucius' back to hook his fingers into the pyjama bottoms.

He tugged gently but couldn't remove them much because of their position. "Off," he whimpered pathetically, pulling at the pants. Lucius managed to discard his bottoms without moving from his position too much and immediately settled back on top of Draco. Draco gasped at the heat coming from his father's body, wanting to touch and taste his manhood desperately. He writhed, half in an attempt to get out from beneath the heavy body holding him down and ravishing his nipples, and half as a reaction to the very same thing.

Lucius finally pulled away, breathing heavily. "Take your pants off," he ordered, the demand lightened by the breathlessness of his voice. Draco complied immediately.

The men looked at one another, no doubt recognizing themselves in the other's body. Both were impossibly pale, long-legged and slender with angular features and white-gold tresses. One was slightly smaller, both in height and in stature, his body tending toward litherness, his muscles rosy and tense, his light grey eyes demanding in his desire. The other was more solidly built, golden hairs adorning his abused but enduring body, his darker grey eyes nearly violent in their covetousness.

Draco was bold, the first to reach out. His hand trailed down Lucius' chest, through the light hair below his naval, into the thatch of golden hair just above his cock. Draco looked into his father's eyes, but they were closed, lower lip firmly bitten between straight, white teeth. Draco mimicked the action before grasping Lucius' cock firmly in hand.

It was rock hard and pulsed violently in Draco's explorative hand. He couldn't deny the similarity to his own cock, and instead of disgusting him, this thrilled him. He imagined his father might like the same treatment he gave his own cock. He gripped it tightly, stroking it and twisting his hand, moving his thumb over the head on the upstroke. Lucius was moaning softly, thrusting gently into Draco's fist. One of his hands was on Draco's side, gripping him every time Draco's thumb caressed the head of his cock.

Lucius leaned in to kiss his son, and Draco opened his mouth obligingly. The kiss was soft but completely sexual, Lucius' tongue flicking Draco's in counterpoint to his son's hand movements.

"Stop, Draco," Lucius commanded in a soft voice. Draco grinned knowingly; his father was close.

"Are you sure?" he teased.

"Do you want to get fucked, or have you changed your mind?" he countered roughly, his darkened cock betraying any denial he might have espoused at how much he wanted Draco.

"I want to be fucked," Draco answered softly. He did, he wanted it more than anything. He was nervous, having heard it hurt, but he knew Lucius would go easy on him, would make him feel good.

"Gods, you're so hot, Draco. So beautiful. You're so beautiful," Lucius murmured, his voice sounding suspiciously broken. Draco felt flooded with guilt, and he almost...but then Lucius pushed him onto his back again and kneeled between his parted thighs, and Draco was lost.

Lucius watched his son's face as he stroked his cock lightly, and Draco had to close his eyes against the entirely too erotic sight. Lucius' other hand came down to gently stroke his balls, lightly dragging his nails over the sensitive flesh. Draco moaned, moving his hips to meet his father's annoyingly light caresses. The fingers on his balls trailed lower before softly fingering the tight ring, circling it and pressing in lightly. Lucius was watching Draco's face the entire time, and Draco was sure he didn't disappoint. He gasped, meeting his father's eyes, silently begging for more, but not above audibly begging.

Lucius searched his eyes long and hard, before reaching for Draco's wand. Draco took a moment from mindless pleasure to write a mental note to get Lucius a new wand, since his old one had been snapped upon his imprisonment. It wouldn't be the same, but...Draco gasped as he felt a slickness invade his arse, writhing a little at the awkwardness of it before deciding it was not altogether unpleasant.

Lucius groaned as he pressed a finger into Draco's tight body, bypassing the tight ring of muscles. Draco rocked his body into the slight thrusts of Lucius' hand, ignoring the burn in favour of the pleasure. Another finger was added, and his eyes fell shut.

"Draco, look at me!" Lucius demanded and Draco immediately obeyed, meeting the eyes so like his own just as Lucius twisted his fingers, pressing against *something* that made Draco fairly shout as lights sparked across his vision.

"Oh, Merlin, oh, Merlin," he chanted while his father only smirked, adding one more finger. He thrust lightly and Draco wasn't sure he would last for the main course.

"Please," Draco murmured, lost to sensation and only knowing he wanted to *be filled*.

"Please, what?" Lucius queried, halting the delicious motion of his fingers.

"Damn you, please *fuck* me!" Draco growled, twitching his hips to get the fingers moving again, but they withdrew. His father was looking down between Draco's legs, seemingly entranced with what he saw, and Draco tossed his head against the pillows, feeling exposed and vulnerable and not caring in the slightest.

"I would love to," Lucius declared, lining his tortured cock up to his son's tight hole. Lucius leaned over Draco's body, supporting himself with one arm, holding his cock steady in the other hand. "Draco, tell me you want me, tell me."

No command was easier to abide. "I want you! I want you so much, I love you, please fuck me, please," Draco babbled, not minding he was reduced to incoherence; in fact, absolutely loving it.

Lucius kissed Draco on his lips, slicking them with his tongue before sliding in. They both moaned; it was like a homecoming. Lucius pressed the head of his cock against Draco's back entrance, and Draco held his breath at the sensation. He pressed in, breaching the barrier and sliding halfway in with one stroke. Draco gasped; the pain was worse than he'd imagined, but the *pleasure*... it was so much *more*.

Lucius was holding steady, his arms on either side of Draco's head, waiting for something. Draco wasn't sure what, so he rocked his hips to get his father moving and immediately grunted at the tenderness of his arse.

Lucius echoed his noise and slid the rest of the way in, leaning in to kiss and lick Draco's face and neck, showing him all the love he was never able to when Draco was a child, and Draco absorbed it, feeling that, despite its lateness, it was better than he ever could have expected.

Lucius began to move, slowly at first, allowing Draco to adjust, but Draco was just as eager. He met every thrust, savouring the incredible *fullness* he was experiencing and delighting in the look of pure abandon on his sire's face. It was intoxicating.

"Draco, Draco," Lucius grunted through gritted teeth as he began to pound into his son's willing body. "Oh, Merlin, so tight."

Draco's hands held tightly onto Lucius' upper arms, stroking the sweat-slick skin, memorizing the way the muscles bulged and tensed under his fingers. His father changed his angle and Draco felt that same spark go off, flooding his body and shooting out to his very fingertips.

When Lucius grabbed his cock and stroked it roughly in time to his ragged thrusts, Draco knew this orgasm was not a usual one. Instead of centring in his cock, it gathered from each corner of his body, swirling and meeting in his very core. Lucius pounded into his pliant flesh again, again, again, and then suddenly, Draco's head pressed stiffly back into the pillow, his entire body going rigid and every human comfort, every approval he ever needed shot out of his cock in rosy strands, ornamenting his father's chest and belly as Draco cried with his release. It was unlike anything...

He came back to himself just to see the beautiful sight of his father coming. Like the night before, he stifled his pleasure and Draco was saddened. He'd never get another chance to hear his father cry out in orgasm. But his face was twisted, and he bit his lip hard enough to pierce it, and that image was almost enough. Draco could feel his insides coated with heat, and he moaned. It was too good, too good to give up. His heart hurt at the thought.

Lucius gently pulled away from his son's spent body and lay down gently beside him, taking Draco into his arms. Draco allowed the embrace, turning into it and pressing his face to his father's chest, not wanting to acknowledge the bitter wetness in his eyes.

Did I..." Draco whispered, "Did I take good care of you?"

Lucius covered Draco's face in small kisses. "The best, Draco. Thank you. You were amazing."

Draco smiled sleepily. Though he'd just woken up, he definitely felt like a nap. "You were, too. I love you, Father."

"I love you, too, Draco." Another kiss was pressed to his forehead, and Draco let sleep take him.

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When Draco awoke the next time, it was nearly noon. He was startled; Malfoys did not sleep in past nine, not even on weekends *Scandalous*, he remonstrated himself, smiling all the while.

He reached out with a hand, but knew he would find only an empty bed. He was never more disappointed to be proven right. Lucius wasn't there anymore. Draco felt bereft and wondered what kind of world he lived in where happiness was so ephemeral but pain so eternal.

He dressed slowly, not wanting to admit the solace he'd been allotted was truly gone. He went downstairs to the sitting room to look for his father, but when he couldn't find him anywhere, he called for a house-elf.

"Tippy, where is my father?"

"Master is in his bedroom. He is most unhappy, most unhappy," the elf muttered, stopping Draco's heart.

He immediately broke into a run, back up the stairs. His heart was pounding; what if Lucius had done something drastic? He couldn't bear the thought; he'd never live through it, knowing he'd caused Lucius' death with his unreasonable requests.

He burst through the door, not unlike he had with the bathroom door the day before.

He was able to breathe when he saw his father standing in front of his armoire. The room smelled heavily of Narcissa and Draco's heart broke a little. His father was so strong to be able to face this so soon. Draco knew he would have to be just as strong. Lucius was calmly picking out clothing. Draco watched him dress, knowing Lucius knew he was there.

"Are you all right, Father?" Draco asked quietly when Lucius' hand hesitated over his tie. Narcissa always tied his father's ties.

Lucius looked his son for a moment, hands on his tie. He looked like he was making a decision.

"Everything is fine," he stated calmly. He tied the tie himself. It was a little sloppy, but only to Malfoy standards. Draco wouldn't have been able to do a better job. Maybe Lucius knew that.

"It... it smells like her so much. I...I miss her," Draco said, his calm tone undermined only by the slight waver in his voice.

Lucius immediately crossed the floor and took his son into his arms. "It's okay to miss her, love. It's okay. She loved you so much, you were her everything." Draco sniffed, trying to remember he was a grown man and had been the head of this household for a year now. But all the knowledge in the world couldn't stop his tears from finally overflowing. He gripped his father's shirt, clutching it convulsively as he poured his despair onto his father's chest. Lucius only held him, rocking him lightly and whispering sweet things to him, like how strong he was, how beautiful, how lucky he would make some witch one day.

And Draco believed it all. Finally, after all his years of empty promises and lessons hard-learned, he was able to trust his father's words implicitly. His father would never lie to him, not anymore. Not ever again.

Draco and Lucius never shared another encounter like they had the day Lucius returned from Azkaban. Their relationship was purely that of father and son, though neither forgot the peace and wholeness they felt in a carnal relationship, brief though it was.

Draco did meet a nice witch and he did fulfil his Malfoy duty by producing an heir. He loved his wife very much, and they were very good together. He still looked to his father for wisdom and guidance and enjoyed the benefits of his father's experience to guide him in many arenas in his life.

Lucius did not remarry, but he was happy. After a few months, he moved back into his old room permanently, having stayed in one of the spare rooms in the interim. He missed Narcissa dearly and never sought to fill the void she'd left in his life, not with another woman and not with his own son.

But there were times, over the years, when both wanted nothing more than to fall into the other's arms, seeking more than just a precursory hug. When Draco fought with his wife or felt he was not made for fatherhood, he had to fight the urge to crawl into his father's bed, letting Lucius kiss away his fears. Sometimes he couldn't help but turn his face at the last minute when Lucius went to kiss his cheek, offering his lips instead. And Lucius would oblige him, only for a brief moment. It never went farther than that.

And sometimes Lucius was lonely, devastated from the loss of his wife, or other times he was scared, reliving the nightmare of Azkaban, and he wished Draco would come into his bed and straddle him like he did that day, soothing his fears and looking so sweet and so completely *Draco*. When his son hugged him in greeting, Lucius couldn't help but bury his face in Draco's hair, inhaling deeply and wishing things were different in so many ways.

But neither would change what they had shared together in a mutual moment of weakness and strength. Not for the world.

*Fin.*