

Now or Never

by sunny33

Lucius prepares to risk it all.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius Malfoy smiled. A smug and somewhat lascivious smile. Carefully placing his creation into a box Transfigured for the purpose, he then wrapped it in silver and green foil – the best Galleons could buy, none of that tacky, Muggle-made stuff he had seen on display in Scrivenshafts. The final touch, an embossed card bearing the Malfoy crest, was attached, and the task was complete.

After a refreshing shower, during which he simply had to relieve his growing tension by means of a rapidly moving fist, the blond dried his silky platinum hair and arranged it over his shoulders – just so.

“You, my dear Lucius, are exquisite,” he addressed his reflection as he admired his perfect, unblemished skin, lean muscles, and consummate masculinity rising once again from the nest of blond curls at his groin. “Who could resist you?”

Satisfied, he dressed with care, choosing his most sensual robes in silk and velvet and adding a little expensive cologne to stimulate his would-be lover’s senses.

Collecting the precious gift, Lucius donned his finest travelling cloak and left the Manor. With a typical Malfoy flourish, witnessed only by a disinterested white peacock, he turned on his well-shod heel and Apparated to chance his fate at the fickle hands of the one he had desired silently for years.

A stirring of anxiety briefly troubled his mind, but was firmly put in its place by his unflagging libido. *It’s now or never*, he thought as he knocked at the simple, wooden door, behind which resided his dreams.

“Lucius. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Ah. My dear friend. I believe it is your birthday today.”

“Indeed it is. I’m surprised you remembered.”

“Oh, I *always* remember. I simply have not had the opportunity previously to do anything about it.”

A quizzical expression greeted his words as the gift was taken and examined thoroughly.

“Narcissa, you understand. She would not have approved,” Lucius explained.

“Of giving a friend a gift? Whyever not?”

Lucius shook his head. "It's not just the gift. It's..."

Suddenly, the extent of the blond's preparations were noted by the gift's recipient. The clothes, close fitting and tactile, the heady scent of musk, the slight vulnerability previously unseen in the silver-grey gaze were all significant.

"Lucius. Are you trying to tell me something? Can you not simply spit it out?"

"Open the box. Please..."

With a flick of a wand, the wrapping loosened and folded itself neatly to one side. The lid was removed to reveal a rich, aromatic chocolate cake covered with chocolate ganache and violets.

"You made this yourself?"

"Yes." A whisper.

"Does this mean what I think it means, Lucius?"

Lucius smiled and removed his cloak.

"You always said you would consider taking a lover when Hell froze over – or if the right person ever gave you chocolate cake and flowers."

A suspicious but oddly wistful expression met his eyes.

"You, Lucius?"

Lucius Malfoy, for the first time in his life of carefully calculated actions and self-serving wiles, took the plunge into the deep waters of the unknown. Slowly unbuttoning his robes, he dropped them to the floor to reveal his bare skin and undeniable arousal.

Lifting his eyes to those depths of ebony, he replied, "Me, Severus. Me."

A/N: Written as a birthday gift for morgaine_dulac, who requested: Lucius, Severus, and a chocolate cake. Thank you to quaffswinegaily for the beta.