

A Slytherin Seduction

by morgaine_dulac

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied.
COMPLETED

The Yule Ball

Chapter 1 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

What brought you here, dearest heart? Was it the excitement of shagging a Death Eater? No, most probably, you have no idea about what I am. You are still so innocent. Just three years older than my son.

Yes, I know you are of age. I do like young flesh, there is no doubt, but I don't touch minors. Laugh if you will, but even I have morals. And besides, I cannot afford being caught with a minor. In the years to come, I will need to be able to rely on my immaculate reputation.

So what brought you here then? Why are you here in my chambers with me, and not still up in the Great Hall, dancing and snogging one of your male peers, who would most obviously do anything to be allowed to paw you?

Yes, I saw the lusty look in their eyes. And I also saw you wrinkle your nose ever so slightly at them. And who can blame you? Boys your age rarely know what they are doing. Their kisses are sloppy, and their hands bruise more often than they caress. I cannot blame you for choosing a man instead, someone who knows how to make your body sing.

I had been observing you from the other side of the Great Hall. Somehow, you had seemed out of place, as if you didn't want to be at the Yule Ball. You had turned down every single one of those boys who had asked you to dance. But the way your hips swayed almost unnoticeably to the beat of the music told me that you would very much have liked to dance.

I lost sight of you for a while as I danced with your Astronomy professor. But when I went to get a glass of brandy, you were there at the drinking table, looking at me. And I had a feeling that your blue eyes had been on me the entire duration of the last song, watching me dance. As I reached out for the brandy, you bravely stepped forward and put your hand in mine, asking me for a dance. And it was not even ladies' choice. Plucky little thing.

I obliged, of course.

You lay feather-light in my arms, and you did not step onto my toes once. You certainly have been taught how to dance by a capable teacher. Either that, or you are a natural. And I noticed that your red hair smelled of vanilla and nutmeg. How fitting for a Yule Ball. Now that I bury my face in your hair, I also detect a subtle note of honey. And as I trace your jaw line, I notice that your taste is just as delicious as your scent. You are just begging to be tasted.

One dance turned into two, and I would have granted you a third had the band not chosen to play a very slow love song. How would it have looked if a school governor had danced with a student to such a song? So I bowed, kissed your hand and took my leave.

I found you again a while later, out in the grounds. You were leaning with your back against the stone wall, drinking Butterbeer directly from the bottle. I tutted and told you that it was uncouth for a young lady to drink from the bottle. You snorted and replied that Butterbeer was such a common brew that it did not matter how it was drunk. I

could do nothing but agree and told you that a beautiful creature like you should be treated to fine wine instead, and that had made you giggle. It was a lovely sound, and I relish hearing it again now as I nibble at your ear. It seems you are ticklish.

You refused to go back inside. There was still slow music playing, and you said you had no desire to have some hormonal boy grind himself against you and slobber all over your face. I couldn't resist but ask you if you didn't like kissing. And you said you enjoyed being kissed very much when it was done the right way.

It seems as if you are enjoying it indeed. You are moaning into my mouth now as our tongues entwine, and you don't seem to mind me grinding myself against you. On the contrary; I can feel your embrace tighten, and as you lift up your leg, I grab hold of your delicious little butt and pull you towards me. I want you to feel my arousal as you are the reason for it, dearest heart.

Your fine dress, that accentuates your smooth curves which I had admired earlier tonight, is nothing more than a nuisance now, and I do not waste our time by trying to undo the lace. I am a capable wizard, and a wave of my hand is all it takes for the fabric to glide off you and puddle at your feet.

I push you backwards, lay you down on the bed and let my eyes trail over your body. You are wearing the most exquisite emerald green lace, and I cannot help but smirk at your choice of colour. It is Christmas, after all, and the green goes perfectly with your red hair. How festive.

I position myself on top of you, and as you hungrily suck my tongue, once more making the most delicious of noises, I let my hand slide into your knickers. Not shaven, but neatly trimmed, I conclude. I like it that way. Natural, yet groomed. And I am delighted to find that your arousal matches mine. You are wet and ready to be taken.

My robes are as quickly discarded as your dress has been, and your legs open at the slightest touch of my hand against your inner thigh. I do not even bother peeling your knickers off you. My lust is getting the better of me, and for the time being, pulling the delicate fabric to one side to give me access to your pussy needs to suffice. You stiffen under me as I enter you, and for a moment I am too overwhelmed by your tightness to realise that the moan that has escaped your swollen lips has not been one of pleasure.

Dearest heart. You sweet, silly little thing. You should have told me that you were still untouched. I would have been gentle with you. I cannot have you tell your friends and everyone else who will listen that Lucius Malfoy has been rough with you. I can do better than this. I have a reputation to protect. And deflowering a virgin is a treat not even I get every day.

I tenderly kiss away the tears that are hanging at your lashes and whisper sweet words into your ear while slowly, gently easing in and out of you, waiting for your body to relax and get used to me. You do feel good, dearest heart. Warm and oh-so-tight.

Eventually, you do relax. Your eyes flutter shut, and your head sinks deeper into the pillow. I slide out of you, despite your disappointed whimper. But the sound soon turns into the most delicious little moans as my lips caress the sensitive flesh of your neck. I am going to treat you now like I would have treated you from the very start had I known I was your first. And when I am done with you, you will have forgotten all about how I hurt you. When you tell your friends about our night together, you will tell them that Lucius Malfoy is the most considerate and at the same time most passionate lover there is. You will shiver at the sheer memory, just as you shiver now as I slowly make my way down towards your breasts, covering your flesh with small, tender kisses.

I massage your firm orbs through the delicate fabric of your bra and then unhurriedly peel the fabric away, giving each exposed inch of flesh a quick lick with the tip of my tongue. When the first nipple is freed, I enclose it with my mouth and start suckling at it as if it were the most delicate sweet Honeyduke's has to offer. There is only one thing sweeter, and that is the sounds of pleasure coming from your slightly parted lips. I let my thumb and index finger replace my lips to tease your now awakened bud, while I take the other into my mouth, rubbing my tongue against it until I feel it harden and hear you whimper with pleasure.

Don't fret, dearest heart. I have not forgotten about the rest of your body, even if I could spend hours at your succulent breasts. I kiss my way downwards over your belly, my hands tracing down your sides and your perfectly rounded hips. As I hook my fingers into the waistband of your knickers, I comment on your choice of colour, and you giggle. You haven't chosen green for the holiday, you point out. Green is your House colour.

I should have known. Only a Slytherin would have had the cheek to ask me right outside the walls of Hogwarts if I were a better kisser than the boys inside. Only a Slytherin would have known that I, Slytherin myself, would want to prove it. Only a Slytherin would have dared to cup my balls through my robes while we shared a first kiss and then ask where I was spending the night. And only a Slytherin would have had the guts to follow me to the chambers Severus had provided me with down in the dungeons.

Severus. Oh, he will have my head when he finds out that I shagged one of his students. But then again, how would he find out? On second thought, maybe I should tell him myself, and ask him to send me an owl the next time he gives you detention, dearest heart. I would not mind occupying you for an hour or two.

Your scent is intoxicating: vanilla, nutmeg and a subtle note of musk. And I cannot resist taking a lap from your entrance all the way up to your clit. You taste like an exotic fruit. Sweet and ripe for the taking.

I hear your sharp intake of breath as I close my lips around your clit, and as I start suckling it gently, I have to place my hands onto your hips to keep you from bucking up against my face. I am the one in charge. I decide what you will get.

I slide one finger inside your tightness, then a second one, all the while suckling your clit. Your moans and whimpers are turning me on even more than your taste and scent, and I am now stroking myself with my free hand, imitating the rhythm with which I am stroking the coarse spot inside you.

Your muscles start tensing around my fingers, and I feel your clit pulsate against my tongue, the most erotic feeling of them all. Just thinking of it could drive me over the edge, but it is not my orgasm I am concerned with now. I want you to come for me now, and when you tell your friends about our encounter, I want you to remember it with every fibre of your body.

You scream my name as you peak. I knew you would. And I swiftly cover you with my body and thrust into you with a swift, fluid motion, burying myself up to the hilt inside you.

I have to bite my lip not to spill myself inside you right here and now. I knew you were hot and tight, but now your muscles are contracting around my cock, and the sensation is almost driving me insane. But I cannot lose control. Mustn't. Not yet. I have my reputation to think about.

I am making sweet love to you, looking into your eyes, kissing you tenderly and whispering words of love into your ear. As a reward, I receive a smile, and the look in your eyes tells me that you have by now all but forgotten about the rough way I took your virginity. When you tell your friends, you will only tell them how I made love to you thinking solely of your needs.

My nimble fingers between our bodies play with your nub and soon you are thrashing around your head again, and I feel your muscles contract around me once more. And this time, I will not hold back. I mutter the spell that will keep you from conceiving and me from fathering a bastard child, and I thrust into you with short, quick movements, spurting my seed into you while your muscles milk me of the very last drop. Gods, what a feeling. I have not come that hard in ages.

I cover your face and neck with small kisses while caressing your breasts with my hands. I would love to just have a smoke and then roll over and sleep, but I cannot just send you away like a cheap little whore. I will have to treat you nicely so you won't forget how considerate a lover I am. You will tell your friends, and you will follow me to my chambers again the next time I visit the castle. I know you will. Because after what I have just shown you, there is no way you will ever be satisfied with what your peers have to offer. You have experienced perfection, and you will never again settle for less.

A/N: A present for Mugglechief, who requested a blond-haired wizard and a young witch with red hair and blue eyes.

The Ministry of Magic

Chapter 2 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

'How would you like your coffee, Mr Malfoy? The last time we met, you left before breakfast, so I don't know.'

'Excuse me?'

'You don't recognise me, do you?'

Quickly, Lucius, think! Red hair, blue eyes, around eighteen, rather cute. But, by Merlin's balls, there are hundreds of witches of that kind. And I do normally leave before breakfast. That hint was no help at all.

'What do you take me for, dear heart? Out of sight, out of mind? You studied at Hogwarts, of course.'

All the interns at the Ministry went to Hogwarts. It's a safe assumption to make, and it will buy me some time. I still have no idea who you are, but you seem content for the time being.

'I'll have two sugars in my coffee.'

You're smiling.

'The Minister is expecting you. I'll be bringing you your coffee before the meeting starts. And maybe, this will help you remember. When you do, I might just ask you to dance.'

Dance?

You're halfway out of the door when I realise that the piece of fabric you thrust into my hand is a pair of knickers. Emerald green lace. I look after you. Red hair. Blue eyes, around eighteen, rather cute.

Then it hits me: Hogwarts, the Yule Ball. Butterbeer out in the grounds and mind-blowing sex half an hour later in the dungeons. I took your virginity that night and had you screaming my name in ecstasy.

Oh, yes. I do remember you now, dear heart.

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'Your coffee, Mr Malfoy. Two sugars. Sweet and hot, just as you like your women.'

You deserve a good spanking for that comment, my sweet. Thankfully, you had the brains to just whisper. The Minister didn't hear a word. Otherwise, I doubt he would have accepted his coffee cream, no sugar as indifferently as he just did. I know he's prudish.

You sit down opposite me, crossing your legs ever so chastely. I cannot help but smirk at the thought of you not wearing any knickers. They are safely in my pocket now, and I think that is the perfect place for them for the time being. I know that the Minister is going to attend to another meeting shortly after this one and that you will probably have to go with him. But maybe, I can keep you back for some reason, and the less fabric there is between us then, the bigger the chances will be for us to share a quick 'dance', as you put it so nicely.

But who said that we cannot warm up a little before? Have some fun? Merlin knows this meeting is going to be duller than dull.

I slide my hand into my pocket and pull out an inch or two of the fine lace you've given me, just enough for you to see. Still emerald green. Still House colours, even half a year after you've left school. Or did you wear them just for me?

I caress the soft fabric with my fingers, and when the Minister isn't looking, I wink at you. You give me a quick smile, but otherwise, there is no reaction from you. Good girl. The Minister doesn't need to know that there is something going on between us.

When he is busy leafing through some papers and most definitely not looking, I slowly lick my lips. Yes, dear heart, that is what I want to do to you. Lick you where you normally wear nothing but delicate lace.

I can see you swallow, and you slowly uncross your legs and pause just a second before you cross them again, rubbing your thighs together just a bit more than any chaste woman would do. Oh, it's a shame that you are wearing a long skirt. I am quite convinced that you are already wet with anticipation, and I would very much like to have a peek. But, alas, the Ministry is quite strict on the length of the skirts the female staff wears to the office.

The Minister is still waffling on, and I hope that you are taking notes, because I have no idea what he is talking about. I know he'd like me to finance something. A hospital, I think, somewhere in wherever. I really don't care, and he'll get his gold anyway. I need him to think that I am a good citizen. He is still in denial about the return of the Dark Lord, and officially I have no idea about it either.

Your lips are slightly parted now, and you copy my example and lick your lips, so sensuously that I can just imagine how it will feel when you lick my balls. And I feel myself hardening, and I, too, have to cross my legs.

Hey, who turned off the lights? Oh, right, the Minister always likes to show some charts on the projector eleven minutes into his presentation. Such a shame. I cannot see you anymore now.

'I suggest you take a seat beside Mr Malfoy, Miss ... Miss, um, ... Well, you'll need to see the charts so you can take proper notes.'

Miss Um? Dear Minister, don't you know that it is considered poor leadership not to know your employees' names? Sure, I do not know hers either, but I've only shagged her once. And now due to your order for her to sit beside me I intend to fingerfuck her right here in your office. I hope you do not mind.

The Minister has turned his back on us and is now talking to his charts. Normally, I'd comment on his lack of presentation skills, but today, I couldn't care less. Instead, I extend my right hand and lay it gently on your knee.

No fabric? Just smooth, warm skin? Now, you wouldn't have had the same idea as I, would you now, dear heart? But yes, as I let my hand glide up your thigh, I notice that you have already pulled up your skirt. I smirk. I almost forgot that you aren't wearing any knickers. Minx.

Not that I am complaining.

Still the same trimming. You must have noticed that I liked it down there the last time. I remember that you tasted divine, and wish I could taste you now. But I think even our dear Minister would notice if I drop onto my knees between your thighs now.

Warm and wet. I knew you'd be ready for me, and as I part your lips and apply pressure on your clit, you buck up against my fingers. Wanton little vixen.

Your wish is my command. I will do this properly.

I love the way your muscles contract around my finger as I enter you, and I slowly insert a second one. You're still so tight, and the memory of your muscles milking me of the very last drop of seed arouses me beyond belief. I'd pay the Minister a good amount of money to go to the loo now, so I could ravish you right here on his carpet. But I'll have to wait, and I will make sure that you are dripping wet the moment we're alone. You will be begging me to take you. And I will oblige gladly.

Slowly, I slide my fingers in and out of you, always sure to apply some pressure onto that special spot. I can feel a shudder go through your whole body every time I touch you there. You like this, don't you? And you would be moaning loudly now if the Minister weren't here. Isn't that so? Yes, I can hear you exhaling through your nose, and I can just imagine you biting your lower lip so you won't scream. I'll have to remember to suckle that lip gently later. I need to take care of my girl.

Now, what is this, my dearest heart? Your hand on mine, pushing my fingers into you and the ball of my thumb against your clit? Are you that desperate for release? I had planned for this to wait. I had planned for you to look into my eyes when you come, so you'd remember who made your body sing. But I have to say, the idea of giving you an orgasm with the Minister of Magic only a few feet away is intriguing, and I guess you won't forget that either. So I let you take control. You impale yourself on my fingers, rubbing your clit against my hand, and with a shudder and a moan that vibrates in your throat but never leaves your lips, you come undone on the chair beside me with my hand between your thighs.

'And that's it.'

You've just about managed to pull your skirt over your knees when the lights come back on. Except from your pink cheeks and your still slightly laboured breathing, there are no signs of our little play. I, however, am unable to rise from my chair. Not even the Minister could be convinced that the bulge protruding from my mid-section is just my wand or my money bag. So I stay seated with my legs crossed, and promise him that I will send a bag full of gold before dinner. And he tells me to arrange all the details with you his assistant and then send you to a room down the corridor where he is about to have another meeting. The meeting starts in ten minutes.

I'd say that gives us the time for some proper dancing.

When the Minister has left, I cast a Locking Charm on the door but do not bother with a Silencing Charm. You will have to be quiet, my dearest heart. Because I enjoyed your muffled moans. Making you want to scream and at the same time forcing you to be silent turned me on no end.

'I believe you requested a dance, my lady.'

I take your hand and pull you close and place a first sweet kiss on your still flushed cheek. At once, you turn your face to catch my lips with yours, but I am quicker and tenderly place two fingers on your trembling lips, those two very fingers that have been inside you only minutes ago. They are still glistening with your juices, and I feel my cock grow harder yet as your pink tongue darts out from between your lips to lick off what I know tastes like a sweet, exotic fruit.

I claim your lips and feel your body grow soft in my arms as I suckle your tongue, tasting you as you have just tasted yourself only seconds ago. Yes, still sweet. I knew you would be, and I am now aching to bury myself inside you.

'Have you been faithful to me?' I ask as I march you backwards towards the Minister's desk, already pulling up your skirt and leaving scratch marks on your thighs. 'Have you saved yourself for me?'

You nod, and your little hands start pulling at my robes. And I reward you with a kiss. Of course, you were faithful to me. I was your first, after all. I broke you in, and I showed you the heights of pleasure that night. You must have understood that you'd have a hard time finding a substitute that would satisfy you. And so you didn't go looking for one.

By the time we reach the desk I have pushed up your skirt above your hips, and you have successfully opened all the buttons of my robes. Here we are then, both aroused and ready to dance. But exactly when we start will be up to me.

I lift you up and sit you down on the edge of the desk. Mahogany, I notice. So the Minister does have some taste after all.

Your thighs open at the slightest touch of my hands, and I step between them, my left hand firmly wrapped around my cock. My right hand, I use to cup your chin while I kiss you.

I remember your kisses, dear heart, the way you hungrily sucked at my tongue and pressed yourself closer towards me. And once more, you are doing exactly that. Oh, how I would love to thrust into you right now. But I very much prefer to tease you a little more. Soon, I'll have you begging me to take you.

I unbutton your blouse, planting a kiss on every exposed inch of skin. Your bra is green, too, I notice. Elegant. I like it when it's a matching set. Slowly, slowly, I trace your cleavage with the tip of my tongue and sense how goosebumps erupt on your hot skin. You like this, don't you?

I remember your breasts, too. Firm, succulent. What a shame that I do not have the time today to explore every inch of them. In six minutes, you will have to be ready to take yet more notes at yet another dull meeting. But then again, the fabric of your bra is so sheer that I don't need to take it off, and so breathe onto your nipple through the lace, seeing it harden and hearing you sigh with contentment. You must be liking this, too. Why else would you have buried your hand in my hair to pull my head even closer to your chest?

Two fingers of my left hand have once more found their way into your tightness. Once more, they have found that special spot. And I can feel you rocking on the edge of the desk, faster and faster. You're already close again, aren't you, dear heart?

'Please.'

Ah, the magic word. I knew it would come.

'Please.' It's an almost desperate whimper. 'Take me. I'm begging you.'

Your wish is my command, dear heart. I enter you with a swift and powerful thrust which makes you moan deeply and sensuously. Good thing that I have anticipated this and covered your lips with mine, relishing the feeling of your moan vibrating in my mouth.

I pound into you, hard and deeply and quickly. And I reach even deeper as you wrap your legs around my hips and pull me towards you. And all along you are moaning into my mouth. Good girl. We can't have you make a racket and alarm the Ministry employees out in the corridor, now can we?

I need to slow down now. The Minister isn't expecting you for another four minutes, and if I come now, what will we do until you have to leave? Heaven forbid I'd have time to ask you your name. No, no. I'd rather have you run to that meeting with the blood still pulsating between your legs. If your legs can carry you, that is.

But just because I cannot come just yet doesn't mean you can't, right, my dear? And you will be able to tell all your friends that Lucius Malfoy held back his orgasm to give you yet another one. Because he is just that considerate.

I slowly, so, so, slowly ease out of you and then in again. Slowly, slowly, so slowly that it is almost driving me insane, all the while circling your clit with my fingertips and suckling your tongue. And you like it, I can tell. You are shaking in my arm like a leaf. And I can hear your breathing become quicker and quicker. Then you tense up, and I can feel you scratch my back through the fabric of my robes.

Yes! Oh, Merlin, yes! I am deep inside you when you come. I can feel your muscles contract around my cock, and I pull out quickly just to thrust into you again with all my might. And once more you moan into my mouth and I into yours, and my seed mixes with your juices.

I bury my face at your neck, taking deep, steady breaths. I have to admit that I am dizzy, but not dizzy enough to forget that I need to cast a Contraceptive Spell. And I do it silently without you even noticing. I wouldn't want to spoil the mood.

Once more, I kiss you deeply. Once more, I thrust into you up to the hilt, savouring the feeling of your tightness before I withdraw from you to close my buttons and straighten my robes. And you slide down from the desk, buttoning your blouse and flattening your skirt. A few moments later, we look once more immaculately innocent, and we still have a minute to spare.

'How much gold can I put you down for, Mr Malfoy?' you ask, and I notice that your voice is slightly hoarse.

'The usual amount,' I reply.

I sign the parchment and you roll it up, and once it has been Vanished you extend your hand towards me. I bow and kiss it, cheekily letting the tip of my tongue explore the space between your index and your middle finger. I hope you understand the promise I am making, dear heart.

'It is always nice dancing with you, Mr Malfoy,' you breathe, and I straighten to look into your eyes and smile at you.

'I'll be keeping those,' I announce and softly pat my pocket where I keep your knickers. The next time we meet, you won't have to give them to me to remind me of who you are. Next time, I will remember you, because I have already made plans on how to make you come again.

Thank you, [star_girl](#), for beta reading.

Another Christmas Gathering

Chapter 3 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

'Oh, yes! Merlin, yes!'

Imagine that I almost stayed at home tonight, dear heart. I hate those Christmas gatherings at the Ministry. Why spend a whole evening chatting with dull people, if they can just as well be bought with a bag of gold? That kind of interaction only takes about two minutes and is almost painless. But a Malfoy is a public figure. And I need to be a good wizard for a couple of months more. But at gatherings like this, when I have to play nicely, shake hands and blow kisses, I very much like to have my wife by my side. Dancing with her is always a nice distraction. But unfortunately, she has had a migraine for two days and has been unable to join me. Now, I am quite glad for that. I wouldn't have wanted to miss the chance to share another dance with you, my dearest heart.

I do like dancing with you. I mean, if you hadn't asked me to dance at the Hogwarts Yule Ball a year ago, I would never have had the pleasure to get to know you. And who knows, if you hadn't asked me today, we might not have ended up in this office. And you wouldn't be sucking my cock.

But you did ask. And what timing you had. I was seriously considering leaving, so dull was that Ministry party. But then you showed up, wearing that stunning green dress and with your red hair cascading down over your bare shoulders. You smiled at me from across the room, and I decided to stay a little while longer. I lost sight of you for a while, and to my utter horror, I was asked to dance by Dolores Umbridge. And believe me, dear heart, dancing with that toad made me want to leave that gathering even more! But then you cut in, and I did not care how offended Dolores was.

We shared one dance and then a second, and you lay feather-light in my arms, smiling sweetly at me and constantly keeping an ever so annoying but perfectly appropriate two inch distance between us. You cannot imagine how I longed to press myself against you, dear heart.

During the third dance, I felt your hand glide down from my shoulder, and you started playing with a lock of my hair. Your smile grew broader, and your blue eyes started twinkling. And I felt myself grow hard.

'I do like dancing with you, Mr Malfoy,' you whispered in my ear, finally closing the distance between us. And I tightened my hold around your waist, pulling you yet a little bit closer.

'The music is dreadful, though,' I commented, inhaling the sweet scent of your hair while my mind filled with the memory of that very scent. I remembered that you taste just as sweet as you smell.

'What kind of music would you rather hear?' you asked.

That question was easy to answer, dear heart. 'I want to hear your body sing.'

The third song ended, and I kissed your hand. You smiled again and told me that your office was the third on the left down the corridor. You also mentioned that it had a soundproof door. Then you walked away.

We would have to be careful, of course. So I decided to have another drink at the bar and watched you dance with some young Ministry prig, wondering for a moment if you would tell him as well that you liked dancing with him. But that thought vanished quickly. I know your standards by now. I know you have a taste for perfection.

I sauntered across the room and out the door, my drink still in my hand. I didn't have to look back. I knew your eyes were following me. And I knew that you would follow in my tracks once that dreadful song had ended.

Good thing you had said that the third door on the left led to your office, otherwise I would have thought I had walked into a broom closet. I'll have to talk to the Minister about that. Junior employee or not, you deserve a nicer office. A bigger one. With a window facing south, so the midday sun can set your red hair on fire.

But who would have thought that your chair would be so comfortable? Fine black leather; new, judging by its smell. I sat down and reclined, pushing my hips slightly forward. Comfy, really comfy.

I almost dropped my drink in surprise as you silently and without any warning Apparated right between my legs.

'Now, now, Mr Malfoy,' you said, grinning at me. 'We wouldn't be jumpy, would we?'

I never gave you an answer, and I think you never really expected one either. Instead, I watched you take my glass from my hand and bring it to your lips, taking a healthy gulp before placing it on your desk. And the way you licked your lips afterwards made me grab you and pull you into a deep, sensuous kiss. My hands glided down your back and onto your delicious arse, and I wished for nothing more than for you to slide onto my lap and ride me senseless. But to my utter disappointment, you wriggled free from my embrace.

You sank to your knees between my legs and started unbuttoning my dress robes, and I just watched you, amused by your mischievous grin and endlessly turned on by the way your breasts nudged against my now very obvious bulge every now and then.

Once my robes were unbuttoned, you started with the buttons of my shirt. Slowly, ever so slowly, you opened the first button, then the second. And I cursed the fact that there were so many.

'Rip it open,' I growled impatiently after button number three. 'Just rip it!'

'Really?' you asked, grinning if possible even broader.

I didn't answer. Instead, I took hold of your tiny hands that were holding onto my shirt and yank them apart, making the fine fabric rip and the buttons fly in all directions.

'My, my, Mr Malfoy.' You giggled. And once I released your hands, you placed them on my chest.

'I can see why you were in a hurry to get your shirt off. You seem to be rather... hot.'

I inhaled sharply as your nails dug into my chest and you scratched me all the way down to the waistband of my trousers. It hurt, but it excited me. I had no idea that you were such a vixen.

Once you had unbuckled my belt, you looked up at me. 'Button by button?' you asked.

'Don't you dare,' I hissed, and you casually waved your hand, making all the buttons pop open by magic. Good girl, I see you've picked up a trick or two from me.

'Looks like I am not the only one who left their knickers at home,' you commented drily as my cock sprang from the tight constriction of my trousers. Merlin, how it had longed to be freed.

The twinkle in your eyes grew more mischievous by the second as you pulled at my trousers, and I always ready to oblige a lady lifted my hips to allow you to pull the garment down to my knees, a movement which made the tip of my cock come within an inch of your mouth.

'Not in a hurry, are we?' you asked with a raised eyebrow.

Hell, no! I thought. *This is your game, dearest heart. I'll let you play. For a while, at least.*

Your warm fingers wrapped themselves around my shaft at the same time as your lips made contact with my balls, and I couldn't help but moan as you started suckling at them as if they were a delicious fruit.

'Minx,' I growled as you started nibbling gently, and I swear I could hear you giggle.

You tightened your grip around my shaft, and I felt my cock twitch. Oh, how I wanted to bury my hand in your red hair and make you take me into your mouth. But I knew better. You seemed to know what you were doing, and I had no intention of disturbing you. So I closed my eyes and enjoyed your ministrations.

And you did reward me for my patience, dear heart. After you had explored every inch of my balls with your tongue and lips, I felt you shift your position. I opened my eyes and found your face hovering right over the tip of my cock, your lips slightly parted and your eyes glittering. What a sight to behold! I was mesmerised, and my impulse to thrust upwards and fill your mouth was all but forgotten.

Your little pink tongue darted out from between your lips, and slowly, sensuously, you let it circle around my very tip, while one of your hands cupped my balls and the other started to stroke my shaft. That triple sensation was heaven and hell at the same time. I enjoyed your touch, by Merlin, I did. But at the same time, I longed to be inside you. Oh, I longed so much.

When your lips finally closed around my glistening tip, a deep growl escaped my throat. Oh, the way you lusciously sucked my cock, dear heart, made me believe that it is made of Honeyduke's finest.

I couldn't resist any longer. I buried my hand in your red hair, directing your head up and down in the perfect rhythm.

'Oh, yes! Merlin, yes!' This feels so good!

I have to release you now. One more thrust into your hot mouth, and I would come undone. And I promised that it was your turn to play. But your goal seems to be to make me come right here and now. Even without me guiding you, you continue sucking, hard, now, and quickly, squeezing my balls in the same rhythm. And I come. Merlin, how I come, shooting spurt after spurt of my seed into your mouth, screaming myself hoarse. And you swallow it all, suckling as if you intend to milk me of the very last drop.

And I let you. Squeezing my eyes tightly shut as not to pass out, I feel you taking the whole of me into your mouth once more just to suck your way up my manhood moments later, drinking every single drop of my juices. When you release me, my cock is spotless, and I am dizzy from the sensation. I swear I have not come that hard in years. Then again, no one has sucked me in such a fashion in years. Narcissa is too prudish for such an act. But you, dear heart, you seem to have no shame at all. Good girl.

I don't dare open my eyes just yet. I am convinced that there is not a drop of blood left in my head, and I wouldn't be surprised if a sudden movement from my part would send me falling off the chair. So I keep my eyes shut and concentrate on my breathing, straining my ears in order to hear the rustling of your robes. I still very much like to know what you are doing.

I feel your warm fingers caress my abdomen. Your touch is so tender. It reminds me of summer rain falling softly onto sun-warm skin.

Then I hear you moving. I think you are getting to your feet now, and for a moment I am afraid that you will leave. But then I feel you sliding onto my lap, your long skirt falling down on either side of my thighs. I feel you shifting your weight. You lean forward, covering my chest with kisses. I growl contently and reach out for you, caressing your bare shoulders with my hands.

Your lips are on my neck now, and I feel how your tongue darts out every now and then to lick my skin. When you hit the sensitive spot under my ear, I moan and thrust my

hips upwards. I am already hardening for you again, and I want you to feel the effects of your caresses.

'If you're tired, I'll go back to the ballroom and let you sleep,' you whisper. But the way you nibble at my ear moments later tells me that you have no intention of going anywhere. So I wrap one arm around your waist to pull you closer. My free hand, I gently place on the back of your head.

I hold you close like that for a while, carefully kissing the side of your neck and enjoying your content sighs. You've made me see heaven, dearest heart. Rest assured that I intend to return the favour.

Suckling gently at your earlobe, I move my hands behind you to undo the lace at your back. Once done, I push you up into a sitting position, letting your corset fall to the floor and your breasts spill into my waiting hands.

'You are beautiful,' I murmur, looking up at you, and I am not lying. Your breasts are perfect, round and succulent. Your skin is of a majestic, alabaster colour. And your red hair falls down over your pale shoulders like a flux of molten lava. And I wish I were a painter.

'Beautiful,' I whisper once more and push myself into an upright position, trying to decide which of your breasts to kiss first. I opt for your left and cover it with a hundred tiny kisses, while massaging your right with my hand, wondering if I could succeed in making you come by caressing your breasts only. Next, I use my tongue, pressing it against your rosy flesh to taste you. So sweet, so delicious.

I feel the nipple of your right breast harden under the touch of my hand, and I move my head an inch or two, encircling your other nipple with the tip of my tongue and eliciting the sweetest of sounds from you. Then I close my lips around the awakened bud and suckle it gently. You moan, and your hands entwine in my hair, pulling my head closer to you.

My free hand finds its way under your skirt. I let it glide between your things, and I am not surprised to find you wet and wanting. Still suckling at one of your nipples and caressing the other with my hand, I slide a finger inside you, closely followed by a second one, which makes you gasp and bury your fingers deeper in my hair. And I remember our last encounter, how you impaled yourself on my fingers, rubbing your clit ever so eagerly against the ball of my thumb, almost desperate for release. Today, however, you are holding quite still, and I slide my fingers deeper inside you, carefully searching for that special spot some inches in. And soon, your sharp intake of breath tells me that I have found it. So I curl my fingers, slowly, slowly, watching you let your head fall back and hearing a low moan escape your throat.

Yes, I know that you like this, dear heart, but it is not all I can do. I ease out of you, ignoring your disappointed whimper and place my now glistening wet fingers on either side of your clit, pinching it gently and watching a shudder go through your body every time I do so. Two or three times more, I think, and you will come undone.

But you stop me. 'Don't,' you breathe, your voice thick with lust, and for a moment, I am confused, I must admit. I know you're close, and I want you to come. Why would you want me to stop?

'I want... I want to feel you inside me,' you gasp.

I smile. Your wish, dear heart, is my command, of course. I withdraw my fingers, and you slide forward on my lap, taking my now fully erect member inside you up to the hilt.

You shiver and moan deeply as you peak, and the way your muscles contract around me make me enjoy your orgasm almost as much as you enjoy it. Merlin, I love to feel you come.

I wrap my arms around your shaking body, holding you close and letting you relax, already looking forward to thrusting up into you later. There is no better feeling than to bury myself in a woman who has climaxed only moments before. So warm, so tight. But I'll wait until you're ready. I wouldn't want to pressure you.

When your breathing has calmed down, you start to slowly rock your hips. As you wish, my heart. If you want to set the pace, be my guest.

Your arms are tightly wrapped around my neck, and you hold onto me as if you are afraid I'd disappear. And I must admit, I like that close contact. I embrace you, pulling you even closer, burying my face at your neck and enjoying the way your breath tickles the side of my own neck. And we move in perfect unison, rocking slowly in your new leather chair. It's a glorious feeling.

Yes, I enjoy this, but I cannot help my mind from wandering as my hands glide down your back and come to rest on your perfectly shaped arse. Like your breasts, it is firm and fits in my hands as if it were made for them. And I imagine how it must feel to pound into you from behind, alternately kneading and slapping those rosy buttocks, while my balls slap against your clit and I bury myself deeper inside you than ever before. Where will that happen, I wonder. And when? I hope it won't be another six months.

It seems my squeezing your buttocks has excited you. You have let go of my neck and taken hold of my shoulders instead in order to steady yourself. You're moving your hips at a faster pace now, impaling yourself on my cock and exhaling audibly through your nose every time I disappear deep inside you. Your jaws are clenched, your eyes slightly narrowed and your fingers are digging painfully into my skin. I can see that you're desperate for release. I'll help you, dear heart. Don't fret.

Placing one hand at the small of your back to help you keep your balance, I let the other slide in between us, applying pressure on your most sensitive spot. It works like a charm, just like I knew it would. You squeal and throw your head backwards, tighten your grip around my shoulders and pick up the pace, riding me hard and fast until a shudder goes through your body and you come undone with my name tumbling from your lips over and over again. And I thrust up into you, deeper and deeper, up to the hilt and fill you with my seed, growling and screaming in ecstasy. Merlin's scrotum, I wouldn't mind dying right here and now.

I pull you close once more. You are shaking like a leaf in my arms, and I cover your neck and shoulders with tender kisses while caressing your back with my hands. Your breath is ragged, and you're whimpering softly, almost making me fear that you are crying. But you're not. And if you were, you would be crying from sheer happiness. You're very welcome, dear heart.

Eventually, you slide down from my lap, and we use Scourgify to clean up the mess we've created. I don't know who you go home to, but Narcissa would throw a fit if she found sperm stains on my robes. Furtively, I also place a spell on you. Can't have you end up pregnant, can we? Even if a child conceived in such a breathtaking manner would certainly be born with powers not yet seen by wizardkind.

Once I am dressed, I help you lace up your corset, all the while placing soft kisses on your neck and shoulders. You sigh contently, and I once more run my hands over your sensuous curves, while grinding my semi-hard cock against your butt. I wouldn't mind pushing up your skirt, bending you over the desk and taking you once more, but somehow I fear it might be too much for both you and myself. I'm not getting any younger, and you, dear heart, must be exhausted. And besides, we need something to look forward to when our paths happen to cross the next time.

I hope you enjoyed this as much as Lucius did.

The Muse is already talking about another chapter. Bad Muse! Bad! Don't you know I have angst to write?

The Good Old Writing Desk

Chapter 4 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

'Such behaviour needs to be punished.'

With a slight smack, the snakehead of my cane makes contact with your delicious bum. I'm not hitting you hard, of course. I'd hate to see bruising on your smooth ivory skin. No, dearest heart, I'm just hitting hard enough for a tiny yelp to escape your lips.

I lean forward. 'Another stroke, I think,' I whisper into your ear. 'For good measures.'

I stand up again and am just about to take another swing when an all too familiar voice carries over from the fireplace.

'Lucius, dear. Don't be too hard on the poor girl.'

I freeze in mid-movement and crane my neck. I can just about see the fireplace and make out my dearest wife's face. She, however, cannot see me.

'Narcissa, I will deal with this matter in a way I judge appropriate.'

'The girl is just a simple desk clerk, Lucius,' Narcissa insists. 'Surely, she is neither worth your time nor your energy. And what will the Minister say?'

'Trust me, Narcissa. None of this will reach the Minister's ears.'

Of course it won't. Your lips will not utter a single sound about this to the Minister, just like you didn't utter a sound when I finger fucked you right there in his office.

I cannot see the expression on my wife's face from this angle, but I can just imagine her wrinkling her cute little nose, as she so often does when she disagrees with me. But good wife as she is, she does not argue with me while there is someone else present in the room.

I take advantage of her silence and dismiss her: 'Narcissa, dearest, I will join you shortly. As soon as this insolence has been dealt with, I will Floo directly to Meubles Magiques.'

I wait a couple of moments, and when I am certain that the flames in the grate have died and my wife is out of earshot, I swing back and let my cane swish through the air. You arch your back, and this time, you moan deeply. I think you're rather enjoying this. Aren't you, dearest heart?

I place my cane on the desk beside you and carefully rub your poor little butt cheek. It's red and a bit hot, but I am certain there hasn't been any damage done. I know how to handle my cane.

'Are you sure your wife couldn't see us?' you ask, pushing backwards and grinding yourself against my hand.

'Do you really think she would have reacted as calmly as she did had she seen you bent over my writing desk, naked and with your arse up in the air?'

You giggle. 'What do I know? Maybe she enjoys watching.'

You cheeky little thing! I playfully slap your bum with the palm of my hand. You giggle again, and I cannot help but smirk.

'Just imagine that I could be in Diagon Alley shopping for a new writing desk right now.'

'What's wrong with this one?' you ask, spreading your arms and pressing your upper body against the polished surface of the desk. And I feel myself harden at the mere thought of your naked breasts pressing against the smooth wood.

'Nothing, dearest heart,' I declare. 'For the moment, at least. When I am done with you, however, there might not be much more left of this desk than a pile of firewood.'

~ ~ ~

I must say, this Saturday did not start too well. I had taken a lie-in to recover from Avery's birthday party and was just about to enjoy a late breakfast in the privacy of my study when Narcissa had burst in.

'Lucius, I am not putting up with this anymore.'

I put on my most innocent face. Surely, she could not have found out about the three tarts I had spent the better part of the night with. I am always very careful not to leave any trace.

'What exactly are you not putting up with anymore, dearest?' I inquired.

'This!' she exclaimed, pointing at the very desk you are lying on right now and on top of which I was having my breakfast. 'It needs to be replaced.'

'And why is that, love of my life?' I asked, feigning interest.

'Because it doesn't match the new curtains.'

'Ah.'

To be quite honest, I had not even noticed that she had replaced the curtains in my study. And I had not noticed the new rug either. Or the new chairs, which according to Narcissa are the reason why she had to replace the curtains and the rug in the first place. And now, it seemed, my beloved writing desk was next on her list.

And then the owl arrived. I must admit, dearest heart, that I was a bit annoyed. Firstly, because it was disturbing my breakfast. I hate getting owl feathers all over my croissants. And secondly, because I had no idea what the letter was about. I didn't recognise the signature, and I was most certain that I had not promised to sponsor dancing classes for young witches. Furthermore, I had no intentions whatsoever of discussing my donation with the Ministry employee who according to the letter would

Floo in at eleven-thirty. Instead, I planned to give that Ministry employee a piece of my mind and a couple of hexes for good measures. I did, however, change my mind when you stepped out of the fireplace. Dancing classes! Ha!

I hope you will forgive me, dearest heart, for telling you off like a little school girl and ranting that I very much did not appreciate being disturbed with such petty business on a Saturday morning. I would much rather have charmed the piano to play and asked you to dance, but I couldn't do that in front of my wife. So I had to put on my angry face, scowl and hiss. And you, dear heart, played along brilliantly, flinching every time I banged my snake cane against the surface of my desk. Merlin, I think you even managed to squeeze forth a petrified tear. I will have to kiss that away later.

My dear wife, of course, understood that I had to deal with this matter of insolence promptly and dutifully suggested that she leave me to my business and Floo to Diagon Alley herself in order to purchase a new desk for me. I thanked her for her understanding and escorted her to her own room from where she would Floo directly to Meubles Magiques. I kissed her goodbye and promised not to be long. Then I returned to my study and was greeted by a sight I could not have imagined in my wettest dreams. There you were, dearest heart, bent over my writing desk, stark-naked and with your delicious bum up in the air, awaiting your punishment.

You have already tasted the cane, and as much as I enjoyed your little whimpers, this form of punishment doesn't seem appropriate for you. Let's see what else we can come up with. Ah!

I reach over the desk for my quill, and you, you cheeky little thing, take a step to the side so your bum makes contact with my crotch. This sends a jolt of pleasure through me, and I feel my cock twitch in my pants. I consider for a moment to plunge right into you and pound you until the desk drawers rattle and the table top breaks, but I will have to restrain myself. You will not get away that easily.

Already missing the physical contact with you, I take a step back and let the exquisite goose quill glide through my hand. Now, where to start? Your ear, I think.

You giggle at first. I imagine the touch of the quill tickles. But when I have circled your ear three times, you seem to get used to the sensation, and as I let the quill wander down your neck, your eyes flutter shut and your lips curl into a smile. You like this, don't you?

I trace elaborate patterns on your back, sometimes just with the tip of the quill and sometimes with its side. Now and then I lift it from your body and breathe softly onto your skin instead. I hear you sigh contently and see you shift your weight from one leg to the other, furtively rubbing your thighs together. And when I let the quill glide over your bum and in between your legs, you squirm and mew like a little kitten. Could it be that this excites you, dearest heart?

It doesn't take more than a soft brush against your inner thigh for you to step your legs wider apart, and I fall to my knees behind you with my free hand on your left butt cheek and my right still holding firmly onto the quill. Now, where to place it?

I tease you entrance first, eliciting the sweetest sounds from your lips, and I cannot resist bringing my face closer to your core. Your scent is delicious.

I trace your glistening lips with the tip of the quill and then let it circle your most sensitive spot. Slowly at first, and barely touching you. Then quicker, rubbing the shaft of the quill against your nub. I hear you moan and whimper with pleasure, and as I plunge my tongue into you, you scream my name and I have to hold on to your waist to keep you from tumbling. You didn't anticipate reaching your climax that quickly, did you, dearest heart?

Dropping the quill to the floor and grabbing onto your butt cheeks with both my hands, I let my tongue dance lightly over your swollen lips and your pulsating nub, gently easing you down from your peak. You taste like Honeydukes' finest. Did you know?

When your breathing has calmed down and you seem to be able to stand on your legs quite steadily again, I start to kiss my way upwards over your butt, your lower back and your spine, all the while unbuttoning my crisp silk shirt. When I reach your neck, my upper body is pressed against your back, and there isn't an inch of air between your hot skin and mine. All I need to do now is reach between your bum and my crotch to free my awaiting cock and plunge into you.

'Take me, Lucius!'

Now, now, dearest heart. Don't you know that Malfoys don't respond too well to being given orders in their own house? Tut, tut. Now I will have to punish you again.

I unbutton my trousers, as I have planned, pausing after each button to flick my fingers lightly against your clit. I can feel you buckling under me and trying to push backwards, but I press you down firmly onto the smooth surface of my writing desk. You will have to wait.

When the last button is undone, I wrap my hand firmly around my shaft. Oh, I am ready. I could take you now and make you come so hard you would beg me to show mercy and stop shagging you. But I won't. Not yet. You are far too eager, and I am the one in charge. Never forget that, dearest heart.

I latch on to your neck, biting and suckling, while I rub the tip of my cock against your core. You moan, and you quiver. And I know that you wish for nothing more than for me to fill you. But still, you'll have to wait.

As I close my lips around your earlobe, I direct my cock towards your entrance and carefully glide and inch or two inside you. You're so hot and tight, and I have to use every ounce of self-control I can muster to not penetrate you fully. Trust me when I tell you that this is as agonising for me as it is for you.

'Do you want me?' I whisper into your ear.

'Yes, yes!' You whimper. 'I want you. I need you! Take me, Lucius!'

You still haven't learnt, have you, dearest heart? You mustn't give me orders.

Still refusing to fill you, I start circling your clit with my fingertips, feeling you shudder under me every time I apply more pressure. I can taste the sweat on your neck and hear your breathing become more laboured by the second. I hate doing this to you, dearest heart. But I do have my principles.

'Lucius, please. Please!'

Ah! You do know the magic word. Thank Merlin for that!

Steadying myself against the desk with both my hands, I thrust into you up to the hilt. You scream and I keep pounding you, hard and quickly, relishing the sensations of your muscles contracting around my cock as you come undone under me.

Normally, I would give you time to recover, but not today. Deeper and deeper I thrust, sinking my teeth into your neck and chasing you from one orgasm to the next. I entwine my fingers in your silky red hair and press you against the desk with the weight of my upper body. I hear the desk groan under our combined weight, and as I thrust into you especially hard, the breakfast tray slides over the edge and crashes to the floor. The lamp, I think, will be history soon as well.

'Lucius, please. Please ...'

You have used those words before, dearest heart, but now you are not urging me on anymore. You're begging me to slow down, just as I have predicted. Your whole body is on fire, and you cannot take any more. Merciful as I am, I oblige.

I cover your neck with tender kisses as I slowly ease in and out of you, carefully avoiding sliding into you too deeply in order to keep my balls from pushing against your overstimulated clit. I know it won't be pleasurable now, and I can't have you tell your friends that I, Lucius Malfoy, have been rough. What I want you to remember from this Saturday is a chain of orgasms that made your knees buckle and your whole body shake. And no one can claim that you have been given anything but.

You have stopped shaking now, and your breathing has calmed down, and I slide out of you and turn you over. You look quite dishevelled as you lie there on my desk.

Your hair is a mess, and the smudged mascara says more than a thousand words. I'm sorry, dearest heart. I might have let myself get carried away a bit. Let me make it up to you.

I pull you up into a sitting position and step between your thighs, placing a soft kiss on your lips, a second one, and a third. For the fourth, I let my lips linger on yours and bring my hand to the back of your neck to pull your head closer. Your lips part, and you grant me access. And our tongues entwine, dancing around each other like two young lovestruck birds in the springtime.

My free hand finds your breast, and I caress it ever so carefully. It must be hurting, as it has been pressed against the surface of the desk for quite a while. But my touch makes the pain go away, and as I caress your nipple, it hardens at my touch, and I know that you're ready for me once more.

I break our kiss and look into your blue eyes. 'May I come to you?' I ask, my voice not much more than a whisper.

You do not answer, but pull me back into a passionate kiss. And when your legs wrap themselves around my hips, I slide in once more up to the hilt.

We move slowly now, in perfect unison, and I nibble at your lower lip and caress your breasts while gently easing in and out of you, exploring every inch of your heavenly tightness. I could make love to you like this forever, dearest heart.

As your eyes flutter shut, I know you're close, and I slide as deeply inside you as is humanly possible, waiting for you to reach your peak. As you do, I let myself get carried away with the sensation and spill myself deep inside you. My skin is prickling and my toes curling. This has certainly been worth the wait.

I hold you close for a while, caressing your back and murmuring sweet words into your ears. I bet you do not even notice me casting the spell that so far has sealed every one of our encounters.

As I help you down from the desk and hand you your robes, you smile up at me.

'I still do not see what is wrong with your writing desk.'

Neither do I. And I think I will save the dear piece of furniture from Narcissa's crusade and have an elf stow it away in the cellar before she returns home. Who knows? It might just come in handy one day.

A/N: Thanks go to my betas Apple Blossom and Neko Mata and Mistress of Sick for suggesting that Narcissa should be around.

The Malfoy Cellar

Chapter 5 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

A/N: I am trying very hard to keep away from fan fiction at the moment, but I simply cannot keep my hands off dear Lucius. He's just too good.

Thanks to Neko Mata and Apple Blossom for beta reading.

And thanks to *you* for reading. I hope you will enjoy this little piece of filth.

I tilt the glass and behold the colour of the wine. It is dark red like your lips, promising the sweetness of a sensuous kiss.

I swirl the glass and then lift it up, watching the wine slowly run back down the inside of the glass. The light of the torches on the wall reflects in the legs of the wine, and I am reminded of your hair. Just as red, just as fiery.

Holding the glass a few inches from my nose, I take a sniff. Your hair had smelled of vanilla earlier tonight, and I detect a similar sweetness in the wine, combined with dark chocolate and spices, and I long to bury my face in your locks, to inhale your sweet scent.

I take a sip and roll the wine around in my mouth, exposing it to all my taste buds. Once more I am reminded of you. The passionate kiss we shared in the dark alley behind the pub had tasted just as sweet. But no wine in this world can heat my blood the way you do.

Ah, that pub. Seedier a place has rarely been visited by a Malfoy. But if one has business to attend to and if one's associate shies away from daylight, one has to oblige. But the wine had been sour and my associate late, and I had just been about to leave again when a familiar whisper had tickled my ear.

'Tut, tut, Mr Malfoy. Isn't such plonk somewhat below your standards?'

I lifted my gaze from the vinegar-like substance in my glass and looked to my right just quickly enough to see you slip onto the stool next to me. You were wearing a ridiculously low-cut blouse and a flowing black skirt. In your hand, you held a glass filled with a substance quite similar to the one in mine. You took a sip and wrinkled your pretty little nose.

'Even I can tell that this is not suitable for drinking.'

I smiled at your comment and gave the vile substance in my glass another chance just to realise that it would never do. And while I was content with just pushing my glass away, you actually had the cheek to pour the contents of yours into a flower vase.

'I wonder if there is even any point in trying to order something else,' you mused, craning your neck. 'That bottle of red over there looks quite dusty. Wonder if it's because the wine in it has matured for a century or because it's so vile that no one would touch it.'

'If you are interested in tasting good wine,' I replied, absent-mindedly caressing the handle of my cane, 'I know a place.'

'And where would that be, Mr Malfoy?' you asked, tilting your head slightly and giving your empty glass a contemptuous look. 'The Leaky Cauldron?'

'Not even close.'

I reached over to take the glass from your hand and peered deeply into your blue eyes. 'My cellar, dearest heart,' I whispered, 'holds pleasures you cannot even imagine.'

'Does it now?'

You cocked an eyebrow at me, and when your lips parted into a smile, the tip of your tongue flicked over your upper lip ever so quickly, and I couldn't help but take a firmer grip around the handle of my cane. I remember all but too well what that little tongue of yours is capable of.

I told you to leave and wait for me in the alley behind the pub. We couldn't leave together, of course. In seedy places like this, one never knows who finds someone else's business more interesting than their own. And I for one have a reputation to guard.

I did pay for the wine, even if I thought that I should have been the one to be compensated for having sullied my mouth with that beverage, and gave the barman another handful of Galleons for his silence. Should someone ask, he wouldn't have seen me that night. And neither would he have seen you.

Once out in the alley, I found you lazily leaning against the stone wall. You had wrapped a delicate shawl around your naked shoulders, and your right foot was propped up on a Butterbeer crate. That was when I noticed your boots: black leather, high-heeled, laced, and reaching all the way up to your knees. A most delicious sight.

I sauntered closer, the clicking of my boots and cane echoing through the otherwise silent alley, and you looked at me, quite impassive, as if you hadn't been expecting me at all.

'Good evening, my lady,' I greeted you, deciding to play along. 'What drives a dazzling creature like you out into the darkness on a moonless night like this?'

'A longing for delicious wine and unimaginable pleasures,' you replied in a half-whisper, your eyes slightly narrowed and your head tilted to the side as if you were assessing me. 'Does the good sir know where a girl like me could obtain such things?'

'As for the delicious wine, my lady, I doubt you will find it around here,' I replied, stepping in front of you, gazing into your eyes. 'The unimaginable pleasures, however ...'

With the speed of a Firebolt, I reached out for you, pulling you into a tight embrace, claiming kisses from you which you were only too willing to give. You moaned into my mouth as our tongues entwined, and your hands on my backside urged me to press myself even closer against you. Oh, the angle you presented with your right foot propped up onto that crate.

The promise of wine all but forgotten, I pulled up your skirt with one hand, wedging the other between us, just to find that you once more were not wearing any knickers. I wasn't even surprised. In fact, any piece of fabric I had found obstructing my way would have been both an annoyance and a slight disappointment. After all, I had sent you out ahead of me and expected you to be ready for me once I joined you.

And ready you were, by Merlin. Hot and wanting I found you, and you grinded yourself against my hand, still moaning deliciously into my mouth, while your little fingers nimbly unbuttoned my robes to free my erection that was just as ready for you as you had been for me.

Quite unceremoniously, I pushed you tightly against the wall, lifting your right leg until it was wrapped around my waist and thrust into you, exhaling forcibly through my nose. So tight, so hot, and had you been anyone else, one of the prostitutes that are quite frequently banged against the walls of this alley in a similar fashion, I wouldn't have cared less and just driven on, concerned with nothing else but my own needs. But you weren't just anyone, dearest heart, for certain not a cheap tart, and making you come undone has so far almost been as delightful as my own orgasm. So I slowed down my movements, giving you time to adjust. You, however, seemed to have had different plans, and once more, I felt your hands on my backside, urging me to come closer, urging me to take you properly. Needy little witch. Naturally, however, I obliged.

Picking up your other leg, I spread you wide, pinning you to the wall with my upper body, and thrust into you with short, powerful movements, enjoying the shudder that went through your body every time I filled you, hoping you wouldn't take long to reach your peak. Not that I didn't enjoy our little encounter, dearest heart. Far from it. But would much rather have bedded you on satin and silk instead of taking you against a cold stone wall.

As usual, you didn't disappoint. When I sank my teeth into your neck, I felt your embrace tighten around me, your body go rigid in my arms and your muscles contract around me as if you were planning to milk me of the very last drop of essence I had to offer. And I let you, spurting load after load into your tightness, growling into your ear while you whimpered softly, still clinging to me as if you were afraid that I'd disappear.

We stayed like this for some moments, hugging each other tightly, until our breathing had calmed down and I dared to put you back onto your feet without fearing that you would fall. Then I pulled out my wand to clean the mess we had made, at the same time casting yet another charm, making sure that one would last all night.

Flattening your skirt and running a hand through your slightly dishevelled hair, you tilted your head once more.

'I hear the wine stored in the cellar of Malfoy Manor is the stuff of legends,' you pointed out, looking at me as innocently as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. 'Or is that just a rumour?'

Cheeky little thing.

I offered you my hand, and you took it, and I pulled you in like a dancer pulls in his partner on the dance floor. I had caught you unawares, and you stumbled, falling giggling against my chest where I wrapped you into my cloak. And once more promising you that my cellar held more pleasures than just delicious wine, I pulled you into the vertiginous spiral of Apparition. And here we are now, in my cellar, tasting a bottle of the finest elf-made wine. Or at least, I am tasting a bottle of the finest elf-made wine. You, on the other hand, seem to have wandered off, taking your glass with you but leaving behind your silken shawl. Better go looking for you. Wouldn't want you to get lost in the darkness or run into something your heavenly blue eyes are not supposed to see.

I take a last sip of the wine and then pick up your shawl to bring it to my nose. It smells of vanilla, just like the wine, just like your hair. Certainly, nothing in my cellar carries as sweet a scent. It should be easy enough to follow it. And I am sure it will lead me to you, just like Ariadne's thread lead Theseus through the labyrinth of the Minotaur.

Letting your shawl run through my hands, every now and then lifting it to my face to remind myself of your scent, I wander through the many rooms of my cellar. I need no torch, as I know these rooms like the back of my hand. Many a secret have I hidden down here, as had my father and his father before him. But surely, neither of them had ever hidden a secret as sweet as you, dear heart.

Now, where are you hiding?

I turn around another corner, your shawl still in my hands, and I am just about to give up and draw my wand to find you with the help of a well-placed spell when I hear the most peculiar sound. Are these moans I hear?

I slow down my steps and sharpen my ears. Yes, these are moans. *Your* moans, dearest heart. I recognise them quite easily. How many a night have I not heard them in my dreams and awoken with a hunger no other but you could satisfy?

Whatever are you doing?

I take my bearings. The corridor to the left leads to a room where I keep certain items certain Aurors would kill to find in my possession. But the entrance to that room is charmed, and had the enchantments be lifted, I would know. So there, dearest heart, you are not. The corridor to the right leads to the old torture chamber, and as much as the idea of you in chains arouses me, I doubt you found anything there that would make you moan as deliciously as you are now. You must be straight ahead then, I conclude, and continue walking. And indeed, your moans grow louder, and as I come closer, I see the door ajar. It leads to a storage room, I'm sure. What, by Merlin, could you have found you there to arouse you thus?

Silently, I approach the door and peek inside the room. It is dimly lit by a torch, and my eyes take a moment or two to adjust. And when they do, I can almost feel my pupils

widen, and my jaw drops. There stands my beloved writing desk, along with my chair and the carpet. The white sheet the desk has been covered with is now lying on the floor and has been replaced with nothing less than your skirt. And out from under the smooth fabric stick a pair of boots and a pair of milk white thighs ...

Heavens, what a sight! You are lying on your back with your red hair fanned out behind you. Your blouse is unbuttoned, your voluptuous breasts exposed and your legs parted, the heels of your boots digging into the varnish of the desk.

I feel an electric jolt go through my body, and my semi-hard cock springs into full attention at the sight of you. You are most obviously ready to be taken and just waiting for me to come to you, and I am just about to step out of the shadows of the corridor when it hits me: I have heard you moaning. And now I find you here, all exposed and all alone. Have you abandoned me and mine wine in order to satisfy yourself? Are my services not appreciated anymore?

A wave of annoyance washing over me, I once more attempt to step into the room, this time in order to demand an explanation, but once more, I find myself rooted to the spot, mesmerised by what I see. Your right hand, earlier hidden in the folds of your skirt, is now caressing the inside of your thigh and gliding ever higher, ever closer to your glistening core.

You draw your fingertips along your swollen lips, and I see you shiver. And when you place a finger on either side of your clit and moan softly, any anger I might have harboured against you only moments earlier is blown away. There is no chance that I will trample into the room, demanding an explanation. Instead, I very much intend to enjoy the show.

Tearing my eyes away from your fingers, I let them wander up your body, over your flat tummy to your breasts where I catch sight of your other hand that is fondling one of your delicious orbs. Your fingers are glistening, and I imagine that you have licked them. The thought makes my cock twitch. I remember what you can do with your tongue and lips. Merlin, I long to feel them against my skin.

A deep moan rips me out of my reverie, and I return my gaze to your core just quickly enough to see you plunge a finger into your tight wetness, and I have to bite my lips to keep myself from moaning. How I want to step between those inviting thighs of yours, drop to my knees and see from up close how your finger eases in and out of you, all the while the ball of your thumb is resting on your clit, applying pressure every time you fill yourself. But I cannot come close. What I am witnessing here is worth a fair amount of the gold from my Gringott's vault, and as much as I long to replace your finger with my cock, I want to see more. I need to see more! Thus, I watch you play, listen to your moans and get lost in the memory of me taking you roughly on the very desk you are lying on. And while I watch you, my hand wanders to my crotch, and I start massaging my erection through the fabric of my robes.

When a second of your fingers joins the first and you pick up the pace, I gasp. The now almost desperate rocking of your hips is mesmerising and the sounds that escape your lips enough to compel me to unbutton my robes and take hold of my throbbing cock, and I stroke it in the very same rhythm in which you thrust your fingers into yourself and imagine that I am deep inside you and that your muscles are contracting around me.

When a shudder goes through your body and your hips lift slightly from the surface of the desk, I feel my balls tighten up, and when you call out my name, thrashing your head around in ecstasy, I come undone in my own hand, moaning loudly and now no longer caring whether you notice me standing in the doorway. I have not had a wank as good as this one since my school years, and by the gods, I think you're entitled to know that you're responsible for my pleasures.

The sensation is almost too much, however, and as I grow dizzy, I close my eyes for a moment as not to pass out. When I open them again, I find that you have turned your head and are looking straight at me, with a smile on your lips and a twinkle in your blue eyes that could rival Dumbledore's any day.

'I see you enjoyed watching,' you comment in a husky tone.

'You knew I was here?'

'I hoped you would be.'

You let your left hand glide over the smooth surface of the desk while the fingers of your right hand lazily play with the soft red curls between your legs.

'I couldn't resist the charm of this desk,' you explain. 'Brings back memories, doesn't it?'

I just nod. I feel that the blood has not just yet returned to my head, and I dare not make any more advanced movement.

'That afternoon you taught me what the expression *being fucked senseless* really implies, Mr Malfoy,' you declare, and your voice becomes almost dreamy. 'And I don't know how many a night I dreamt of our encounter, waking up all alone with the blood pulsating between my thighs and my whole body aching for your touch.'

'And how did you soothe your ache?' I asked with a slightly hoarse voice.

You smile again, and I see your hand glide further south. 'Need you ask?'

I most certainly do not. I have already seen that your nimble fingers know how to give pleasure. And I cannot tear my eyes away from your hand as your fingers once more part your lips, and I am now very certain that there is not a single drop of blood left in my head. Instead, it's already filling my cock again.

'How do you soothe *your* aches at night, Lucius?' you whisper, and the hair on my neck stands up as if you were standing right behind me, softly blowing on my hot skin. 'Do you ever dream of me?'

'I most certainly do, dearest heart,' I admit, and it's not even a lie. I don't need to lie to you nor flatter you. I know already how much you ache for me and that I have to do nothing more than wink to have you part your legs for me. But so far, flattery has never hurt anyone. 'I dream of you quite frequently,' I declare. 'But no dream could ever exceed reality.'

'Do you ache for me?' you ask, shuddering slightly and giving a small yelp as you penetrate yourself with two fingers.

I nod and am once more mesmerised by your ministrations. And once more I start stroking my hardening cock in the same rhythm as you ease your fingers in and out of your hot tightness.

'And how do you soothe your ache?' you ask. 'Will you show me?'

I cock an eyebrow in surprise. I've had my fair share of women, women of all sorts. Some came to me of their own free will, others were forced; some enjoyed my ministrations and others not quite as much; some were passive and others enjoyed a more dominant role. But never before has any woman asked me to pleasure myself in front of her. But you, dearest heart, are a cheeky little witch. I have known that since you asked me if I were a better kisser than the boys on the dance floor right outside the walls of Hogwarts. And just as I rose to the challenge then, I rise to it now.

'Do you remember our encounter in Fudge's office?' I ask, and judge by your blushing cheeks that you remember it just as well as I do. Oh, what a morning that was! I fingerfucked you right behind the Minister's back, and you impaled yourself on my fingers in a similar fashion that you are impaling yourself now on the edge of my old writing desk.

'I kept your knickers,' I continue. 'They helped me through many a lonely night. But alas, they are safely locked away in my private chambers. I think, however, that *this* will work as a substitute.'

I have almost forgotten that I am still holding your shawl in my hand, and I lift it to my nose now, inhaling deeply. Oh, how I long to bury my face between your legs. I know that the scent of your sex is even more intense and that you taste like the most delicious fruit.

I see you bite your lip, and the way the muscles move in your hand tell me that your fingers are now making a beckoning movement, massaging the special spot inside you which I have found and caressed so many times. If you continue, you will come undone much sooner than I.

I fully unbutton my robes, caressing my exposed skin with your shawl. It's a sensuous feeling, and I very much hope we will have the time and strength later to make other good use of this shawl. I bet I can make you scream with lust if I caress you in the right places with this delicate piece of fabric. I could, of course, also tie you up with it and tease you until you beg me to take you. Would you enjoy that, dearest heart? I must admit, the thought alone makes my cock twitch, and I take a firm hold of it with my right hand while I let my left caress my balls with your shawl.

A moan escapes my lips. I enjoy the soft fabric around my balls very much, almost as much as I would enjoy the tip of your tongue tickling me. But I am too far gone to have the patience to caress myself thus. My cock is throbbing in my hand, and I long for release. And the hungry look in your eyes tells me that you wish to see me spurt my seed into my hand, too. And your wish, dear heart, is my command. As always.

I stroke myself slowly and with a hard grip. Up and down, up and down, the whole length, yet carefully avoiding the sensitive tip. I want you to become aware of my size, want you to remember how it felt the last time I thrust into you up to the hilt. I want you to long for me to fill you again, and judging from your reaction, you are longing indeed. The two fingers that have massaged your G-spot earlier have now vanished into your juicy tunnel. And you are rocking against the ball of your thumb as if your life depended on your orgasm. And as much as I want to close the distance between us and once more fuck you senseless, as you put it so nicely, I remain standing in the door, stroking myself. You set up the rules for this game yourself, dearest heart. Now we have to play by them.

'Tell me what you're thinking of, Lucius,' you whisper, your voice hoarse and shaky. 'I need to know.'

'I'm thinking about how you feel around my cock, how your muscles contract around me when you come and how I can feel your sex pulsate against my fingers,' I declare, watching you rub your clit now quite frantically. 'And I am thinking about how I continue driving into your, harder and deeper, until you are begging me to stop.'

'No. No! Don't stop.'

Your plea is almost desperate, and I can hear in your voice that you are right on the edge. And I myself am not far from my peak either.

'Come for me, witch,' I growl, closing my hand around the tip of my cock and stroking it with short, quick movements. 'Come for me, and let me hear it.'

Your fingers are quick, and you know exactly what to do to bring yourself to an earth-shaking orgasm. And as you come, your whole body trembling, you call my name over and over again, and I release my juices into my hand once more, holding onto the doorframe for dear life. I am panting and trembling just as you are, and I doubt that either of us has ever come that hard without even being touched by someone else.

'For the love of Merlin, witch,' I hiss, and let myself fall against the doorframe, my cock still in my hand and my eyes closed. I hate to admit it, but three mind-blowing orgasms in less than two hours may be the limit for a man my age. You, however, seem to think more of me.

As I open my eyes, I find you kneeling in front of me, and I manage to focus my gaze just enough to see your little pink tongue dart out between your lips and start licking my cock and fingers, lapping up every last drop of my essence. I feel my cock twitch and see you grin up at me, your red lips glistening with my juices.

'I think,' you start, taking your shawl from my hand and wrapping it playfully around your neck, 'that I have seen a stretching rack in a chamber down the corridor. Maybe, Mister Malfoy, you should have a lie-down.'

Equals

Chapter 6 of 6

Lucius beds a young belle, and he is making sure she will leave his bed satisfied. COMPLETED

A Slytherin Seduction Part 6: Equals

'Please.'

Can you even imagine, dearest heart, how many witches and wizards would give all their gold, their lives, their very souls to hear Lucius Malfoy beg? But there you are, hovering mere inches above me, looking back at me over your shoulder and smiling mischievously. It seems like you couldn't care less about the power you hold.

It all started pretty harmlessly. I didn't like your idea about me having a lie-down on the stretching rack down in the cellar. After all, I know that people have died on that thing, and not even I would manage to perform on that thing without having my mind wander to places I rather wouldn't want it to go. I am not into the same twisted games as my sister-in-law. But I didn't mind you taking your delicate shawl from my neck and tying me to the bed into which I had Apparated us. In fact, I must admit that I enjoyed you taking the lead. I enjoyed lying flat on my back with a soft pillow under my head while you peeled my robes off my body, every now and then kissing or licking or breathing upon the exposed flesh. And I definitely enjoyed watching you taking off your own robes, inch by inch. Had my hands been free, I would have assisted you, of course, and gladly so. But I am sure that the look in my eyes told you how much I appreciated what I saw. And if not, I am certain that my swelling member didn't leave you in any doubt.

Then you climbed onto me, onto my thighs, to be precise, with your back towards me, and after having cast a very naughty look back over your shoulder, you moved backwards until my cock was between your thighs. It twitched appreciatively at your warmth, and as you started rubbing yourself against it, I couldn't help but groan. Oh, I enjoyed that, too. I enjoyed your moisture lubricating me, enjoyed my tip ending up between your delicious butt cheeks every now and then, and I definitely enjoyed the little moans that escaped you every time your clit rubbed against my shaft. I enjoyed you picking up the pace and pressing yourself tighter against me, and I was sure for a while that you'd bring yourself to another orgasm pretty soon, and me with you. But, to my utter disappointment and slight annoyance, you stopped at the precise moment when I started to feel that tell-tale prickling in my balls. That, dearest heart, I appreciated very little.

You sat quite still for a couple of moments, breathing heavily, and I tried to slide inside you to ensure we both reached the peak you had denied us. But you, cheeky little minx, thwarted all my plans and moved your hips just enough to make it impossible for me to reach you. I didn't like that at all, and when you looked back over your shoulder once again, you found me scowling and tugging at my bonds. But when you gave me that mischievous smile of yours and seductively licked your lips, I reassessed the situation and decided to let you play.

And play you did. You moved backwards, over my stomach, my chest, and my scowl turned into a blissful smile when your sex came into the reach of my mouth. Oh, you tasted deliciously, dearest heart, of vanilla and honey. And your scent was so intoxicating that it did more for me than the wine that stood, now forgotten, in the cellar. And I lapped you, circled your swollen nub with my tongue and suckled at it alternately as to give you the greatest pleasures possible. And I did well. I heard you pant and moan,

and had my hands been free, I would have grabbed you and pulled you closer to my face, not releasing you until you shook with pleasure.

But my hands were not free, and I grew once more annoyed when you withdrew. I had felt your clit pulsate against my tongue. I knew you'd been inches from release. Why, by Merlin's balls, would you withdraw?

But I never had the time to protest. You took me so deep inside your mouth that I could but gasp, and when you released me again, slowly, so agonisingly slowly, any thoughts of chiding you flew from my mind. Instead, I called you by the names of I don't know how many goddesses, and you lowered your head once more, taking my whole length into your mouth and at the same time presenting me once more with your glistening sex.

Oh, dearest heart, we were perfect. When I lapped you, you sucked me; when I let my tongue flick against your clit, you did the same to the tip of my cock; and when I suckled at your nub you suckled at my glands. And as you once more leant forward to take the whole of me into your mouth, I thrust my tongue into you, drinking from your nectar as if it were the most excellent wine.

Then you lifted your head, and when your lips closed once more around my very tip and mine around your clit, and you suckled just as hard as I did, I was certain we would end this right there and then. I was ready to come into your mouth while feeling you explode against my tongue, and it would only have taken another second or two. But you released me and shifted position, and I just could not believe it! Teasing me to the borders of insanity is one thing. But why deny yourself the climax I have been so close to giving you?

'Tease,' I managed to bring forth and would have loved to add a word or two that were anything but child-friendly. But I found myself unable to. My whole body was shaking from built-up tension, and I, Lucius Malfoy, was rendered speechless. And you, you just moved forward and came to hover inches over my throbbing cock. And when you positioned your hands on top of my thighs in order to keep your balance, I knew you would not lower yourself. You would just hover there, making me long for you.

'Please,' I repeat.

Lucius Malfoy doesn't beg, dearest heart. Not under normal circumstances, anyway. But I am desperate now, and seeing you hover mere inches above me, so close that the tip of my cock would nudge against your wetness if you'd lower yourself but a fraction of an inch, doesn't really help. And I couldn't care less about restraint or self-esteem right now. I need to be buried inside you. I need release! I need it now lest I burst!

'I am begging you.'

At first, I fear that you won't oblige. And when you do lower yourself onto me at last, I am afraid that you will do this slowly, that you'll take me into you inch by inch. I fear the sensation will drive me insane. But you show compassion, dearest heart, and you impale yourself on my cock with one swift movement, taking the whole of me at once.

And I come. Merlin, Circe and every other wizard and witch that has ever walked this earth, how I come! I roar and shoot load after load of my seed into you, bucking my hips and trembling from top to toe. And you hold still, taking it all, looking back over your shoulder with a smirk so satisfied that one could think it was you who just had an earth shaking orgasm.

Your outline becomes blurry, and I close my eyes. I can feel my body trembling from my toes up to the tips of my hair. I might faint. I might die. I do not care. And I know that even if I live to be two hundred years, I will never again relive this sensation. This was bliss, dearest heart. Pure ecstasy.

When I open my eyes again, gingerly, gingerly, like a man waking up in bright sunlight after a long sleep, I find my bonds gone, and you are smiling at me over your shoulder and caressing the inside of my thighs ever so softly with your fingertips.

'Do you think you can sit up?' you ask.

You reach behind yourself and as I grab your hand, you pull me up into a sitting position, slowly, slowly, and I wrap my arms around your waist, pulling you close to me. I am dizzy, I have to admit that, and as you lean slightly forward, I rest my upper body against your back for a couple of moments. I like this, dearest heart. Your skin is warm and soft, and I like the feeling of your firm butt pressing against my stomach.

You reach behind yourself after a while and turn your head, and I place a tender kiss on your cheek. You smile, and I manage to capture the corner of your mouth with my tongue. My hands glide upwards over your flat belly, and as I cup your breasts, I can feel your muscles tightening around my softening cock. It seems like you are very intent on keeping me inside you for a little while longer. And I cannot say that I mind.

Our tongues flick against each other for some moments, but it is more of a tease than a turn-on as the angle is more than awkward, so I move my right hand upwards instead and let you suckle my thumb while cupping your chin with my other fingers. In my mind, however, you are once more sucking my cock, and I can already feel it harden again.

'You wicked witch,' I murmur as I feel your muscles working around me, and I let my free hand glide slowly down your stomach again until it comes to rest on your soft curls. Methinks, dearest heart, it is my turn to play now.

I part your swollen lips with two fingers, move slowly up and down, relishing the little moan I hear every time I nudge against your clit. And as I pause, resting one finger on each side of it, I can feel you tense up in anticipation. It wouldn't be that you're afraid that I will tease you the way you teased me, would it, dearest heart?

I nudge and stroke your clit from both sides, always changing rhythm and pressure as to surprise you with every touch. I hear you whimper and feel you suck harder on my thumb, and I know that you want me to pinch your clit hard now to drive you over the edge that you are so desperately trying to reach. But I am in no hurry. You have played with me, dearest heart, and you have made me beg. Now I intend to do the same to you.

I withdraw my two fingers from your clit and once more trace your slick lips, and then I gingerly ease my middle finger into you. My swelling cock is already stretching you again, but my finger fits nicely in front of it, and I enjoy the rubbing of my knuckle against my shaft just about as much as you enjoy the tip of my finger massaging your G-spot. Meanwhile, my thumb rests on your clit, applying pressure every now and then.

'Hm, yes. Oh, Lucius, this is good. So good.'

Good, you say, dearest heart? Just good? It must be the magnitude of the sensation that renders you incapable of describing it properly, because I can tell from your reactions that this is more than *good*. I reckon your nipples are so hard now that they point like beacons into the air; your breathing has become laboured; there is a thin layer of sweat covering your back; you suck hard at my thumb, as if it were the finest sweet Honeydukes has to offer. And, judging from the way your clit pulsates against my thumb and your muscles tighten and untighten around my cock and finger, I know that *good* isn't covering it. This is magnificent. Isn't it, dearest heart?

'Are you close?' I whisper into your ear, before giving the sensitive skin behind it a quick lick. I know you are, but I want to hear you say it.

'Yes,' you whimper. 'Close. So close.'

You yelp as I press my thumb firmly onto your clit, and I feel you shudder.

'Do you want... release?' I breathe.

'Yes. Yes, please, Lucius. Please.'

Here it is, the magical word I have been waiting to hear! I rub my thumb vigorously against you now, and soon you peak so violently that I am forced to withdraw my finger, fearing your contracting muscles might damage a joint. But I relish the feeling of your muscles contracting around my cock.

Your nails dig into my thighs, you shudder, and you scream my name. And I would love to grab you around the hips and thrust into you, bang you hard and properly, but I will not. Not yet. The sensation would surely make me come undone after only a couple of thrusts, and that would be a downright shame. The feeling of being completely still inside you when you come, the feeling of you tightening around me is just too glorious to miss.

I ease you down from your peak, softly stroking your blood filled clit and lips, enjoying your warmth and your tightness, and when your breathing has slowed down, when the muscles in your back have relaxed, I lie down again and pull up my knees, all along fondling your butt cheeks.

'You're a wicked wizard, Lucius Malfoy,' you breathe, and I cannot help but smile at your choice of words. Had I not used the very same a short while ago?

You wrap your arms around my knees, and as you lean forwards, I help you lift yourself by taking a firm hold of your delicious arse and push you upwards. I can see my cock slide out of you, glistening with our combined juices, and feel your muscles tighten around my tip. It is clear to me that you do not want to let go of me, and I oblige gladly, letting you slide down again, slowly, so, so slowly until I have disappeared up to the hilt into you once again.

We are in no hurry now, and the time of teasing has passed. You rock your hips slowly, and I help your momentum by giving you a gentle push every time you rock forward. Your clit rubs against my balls and your nipples against my thighs, and when you peak once again, it's a quiet affair, accompanied by the softest of moans and a slow exhaling of air. And I follow suit shortly afterwards, taking a firm hold around your hips so I can spill myself deep inside you. My orgasm undulates softly through my entire body, and it feels like I am being submersed into warm, sweet-smelling water.

You let yourself fall backwards, and I catch you in my arms, holding you tightly against my chest as we roll onto the side. I kiss your neck and gently stroke your hip, and you sigh contently and reach behind you to caress my thigh. I think, my dearest heart, that this is the tenderest moment we have ever shared.

We have had good times, you and I. I have smiled at your pluckiness, raised an eyebrow at your daring and been pleasantly surprised at your skills. I have driven you to heights you will never know again, and you have made me see heaven on more than a handful of occasions. We have done well, you and I, my dearest heart.

'I have to go,' you whisper at last, and I cannot help but tighten my grip around you. I cannot tell why, but deep inside me I feel I know that you will never come back if I let you go now. But I fear I have no choice. You're not mine to keep. And if you want to leave, you will.

I observe you closely as you get dressed, see your delicious body disappear under layers of clothing, and after a last, passionate kiss which you will remember for the rest of your life, I watch you spin on the spot as you Disapparate. After mere seconds, you are gone, and all that lingers is your scent on my skin and a handful of wonderful memories.

I almost mourn the loss of the innocent girl I seduced at the Hogwarts Yule Ball. She has gone forever, has grown into a magnificent young woman with skills beyond imagination. I know in my heart that I will never see you again, but I will forever remember the passion we shared, dearest heart, and I will remember it fondly, knowing that we have parted as equals. I have taught you well.