

Release

by star_girl

Lucius Malfoy desperately needs release...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius Malfoy's pale skin almost seemed to be glowing by the light of the stub of a candle that was now pooled in a puddle of molten wax on his expensive antique bedside cabinet. He grunted appreciatively as I touched him, his shoulder blades twitching involuntarily as if to guide me towards his special spot.

'Harder,' Lucius growled, throwing me a stern look with his cold grey eyes which warned me that insubordination would not be tolerated. Not that I would actually want to be insubordinate. I enjoy pleasuring him and seeing him respond to my touch.

Obediently, I increased the pressure on his flesh, and Lucius breathed sharply through his nose as my small hand worked the warm skin, rhythmically stroking him both briskly and firmly.

'Yessss! Like that! Don't stop!' he hissed, and I could sense his relief was almost complete. I smiled triumphantly as his head rolled back, eyes closed and with a look of sheer bliss on his features. My wrist was starting to ache now, but I never once let up on the pace, eager to ensure my man was completely satisfied.

It was a hard job being Lucius Malfoy's personal back-scratcher, but somebody had to do it.

Originally written for my dear friend P, who told me to "go and do something silly" for a few hours.