

# An Evening at Malfoy Manor

by notsosaintly

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Lucius's POV. (Mild BDSM)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Thank you JKR for letting me manipulate Lucius and his spawn to my nefarious will. If they want to return to you, I suppose they will of their own accord. \*smirk\*

*A/N: Let's see... so many people have been asking for something else to read... This installment must be dedicated to MagicAlly, who reminded me I had said I was going to write something from Lucius' POV as a continuation of An Afternoon at Malfoy Manor; to SouthernWitch, my trusty admin, who encouraged me and counseled me on my characterization of Lucius; and Trica, a member on Potter\_Place, who brought it to my attention that all my site testing was flooding her inbox...and those of others who have me listed as a favorite author...with e-mail. (Oops.) I promised her I would make up for it with this story. (\*ahem\* Of course, my Slytherin side is shouting that I shouldn't admit to being an airhead, that I flooded the inboxes just to get people over to the site...)*

If you haven't read [An Afternoon at Malfoy Manor](#), I invite you to do so by clicking on this link. While this story can stand on its own, perhaps it will waylay a few questions...

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### AN EVENING AT MALFOY MANOR

by notsosaintly

My son, I am proud to say, is growing into a man worthy of the Malfoy name.

When he approached me with the brilliant idea of having Miss Parkinson over for the afternoon several weeks ago, I must admit that my nerves thrilled at the thought of having my way with the girl. She had been at the Manor for the holiday ball and had caught the eye of many a pureblooded male present, including a couple of my closer acquaintances. Men several years her senior, it is true, but believe me, it takes a certain kind of girl to catch the eye of men such as those.

Draco made mention that she was unappreciative of such attention. Disgusted and sickened, I think were the actual words she used. To make amends for insisting that she attend the ball...his mother would have been devastated if she hadn't, and he had told her as much...he took her on a midnight 'roll' over the Quidditch pitch under the stars. When he divulged how Miss Parkinson had squealed in pleasure on his lap as their broom made a series of dips high above the field, it brought back fond memories of when I had been a student at Hogwarts. I would have paid top Galleon to be a flea on a goalpost that night. It's a shame he hadn't told me beforehand; it would have been most pleasant to watch. Perhaps I will request that he place the memory in a Pensieve; in fact, I shall ... as soon as the moment is opportune.

Undoubtedly, luring Miss Parkinson to the Manor that fateful afternoon not too long ago was a stroke of genius. Since then, we have enjoyed a number of pleasure-filled afternoons under the cloak of a few strategically placed Disillusionment charms. After all, interruptions could kill the mood, especially when made by the wrong person. Draco expressed a definite disapproval at having his mother walk in and ... possibly join in. While I would harbor no objections myself, it seems he is rather reticent to have his mother see him in a more intimate light. Pity. I am uncertain Narcissa would be receptive to the idea anyway.

Anticipation coils around my heart as I wait for her to arrive. On this, the eve of our first night-time tryst, I find myself desperately in need of the girl's touch, of her sweet mouth upon mine, her small hands tight upon that which holds the essence of my life force hostage. She is like a drug; it becomes more difficult with every encounter to wait for the next time I shall be able to taste her sweet flesh, be surrounded by her scent, by her tight, warm mouth. I had warned Draco that introducing her to me may just end up being a lifelong commitment, and he willingly agreed, saying he would expect no less. I am pleased my son and I are of the same mind. It is just as well; I would have been forced to take drastic measures to ensure the continuation of our liaisons if he had not been.

I pour my early-evening dose of Firewhiskey, a healthier portion than usual to temper the slight swell of impatience...I dislike having to *wait* for anything...and walk over to the fire burning forcefully in the grate. This evening, I am determined, shall burn as brightly as this fire in my memory.

Miss Parkinson is under the impression she and Draco will be alone this evening. We haven't conspired to keep her unaware of our intentions since our very first interlude. The element of surprise only serves to inflame my passion for her. I can feel my blood simmering inside of me and my flesh harden at the very thought of what is to come.

The flow of Firewhiskey down my throat wakes up every fiber of my being, awakening my senses, from each and every follicle upon my head down to the tips of my toes and everything in between. Mmm, yes ... The memories assault me; memories of Miss Parkinson on her knees, tracing her tongue around my erection, remembrances of that endearing way she pulses her throat tightly about the head. Have I mentioned yet how pleased I am that my son brought this girl into the fold?

From the privacy of my study, I can hear the Floo fire up in the library as Miss Parkinson arrives. Draco is there to meet her so she will not wander through the halls of the Manor. It wouldn't necessarily be a terrible thing, but we don't want her to realize prematurely that I will be joining them. With Narcissa gone to visit some of her more distant cousins in Wales, there will be no need to place wards and silencing charms this evening. What a thrill to be able to express ourselves freely.

At my son's bequest, Narcissa does not, and never will, know of the partnership my son and I have formed with this girl. While she has fallen in love with Miss Parkinson as a potential wife for her son, I doubt she would be open to the idea that the girl has also become my concubine. I believe she may feel a little threatened by the girl, from certain things she has said. While she does not mind my having an occasional affair with a witch or two...as long as they are of pureblood descent, of course...I know she would take personal offense if she knew Miss Parkinson had become a regular interest of mine.

Speaking of the witch...the younger, not the older...I can hear her voice from the other room. Ah, my body never reacts this way when Narcissa speaks. Narcissa has a voice that grates; it's rather annoying, to tell the truth, not desirable at all. On the other hand, with a single "Lucius" from this young minx's lips, I could lose every shred of my self-control.

Draco, genius spawn of my loins, is the foreplay this evening. This girl could go on forever...how fortunate for us...and while we are wizards, and most notably Malfoys, we do have our limitations. I can hear their activities have begun, and I pour another Firewhiskey to await my cue.

He is so smooth with her, which makes my heart swell. He knows just the right thing to say, always catering to her needs, always attentive. It is intoxicating to hear her sweet voice croon at her beloved Draco. Sweet Merlin, she mewls like a cat in heat, and I know that Draco is giving her a pleasure not too many men know how to give.

It was on Draco's fifteenth birthday that I taught him this lesson, a lesson passed down from my own father and to him from his: how to cup a woman just so...not roughly like an inexperienced boy. No, a man must be gentle yet firm and treat a woman like the queen she is, regardless if she is actually worthy of such a title. I taught him how...never mind exactly how...to slide a finger inside a woman until, usually at the second knuckle, he reaches the point where she begins to curve upward. Then, how to flex his finger, press firmly forward toward her belly, and stroke as though he were making love to her. No doubt, it was the reason she stayed with him in the beginning, considering how ill-prepared he was otherwise. I cannot teach him *everything*. After all, a man must discover certain things on his own.

Ah, yes. I can hear her now; her moans are becoming screams, as it always happens just before she climaxes, and she is calling out his name in her delicate, high-pitched keen. I am almost painfully stiff, and waiting is becoming difficult. I would love so much to pleasure myself right here, listening to their combined moans, as I have done on several occasions. A father should always be aware of what happens in his own house. However, it is nearly time for me to walk onstage and take my place as the third player in this three-person show.

I drain the last of my drink and pour myself a third. Perhaps I can garner a little more patience from a bit more alcohol. I place a hand on the cool marble of the mantle, steadying myself slightly. I am not even close to being inebriated; only pleasantly warmed by my blood, which is beginning to bubble and boil. My head is just reaching those lofty heights only Firewhiskey can bring. The slow burn of the logs within the grate is akin to the slow burn that now fuels my loins. Pleasure is always greater when tempered by patience.

Oh, yes... There is my cue. I hear his moans now, and I know that Pansy's mouth has him securely at her mercy. From beyond the door, I can hear him say: "Ah, yes. Gods, Pansy, just a little deeper." So the boy still hasn't learned the art of wordless demands...he will learn in time...but it is still an effective cue. It is such a pleasurable way to coordinate our efforts.

I drain the last of the Firewhiskey and let it slide down my throat, adding fuel to my fire. I pick up my cane, which rests more patiently than I against the marble mantle, and hesitate a moment. There is no need to make my entrance too early, after all. I want Draco to enjoy the pleasures of Pansy Parkinson's tongue without interruption. I slowly draw the silver head of my cane alongside the length of my erection, looking forward to the inevitable, waiting to make my entrance.

Draco's brief grunts crescendo and break, and finally, I leave the loneliness of my study for the yet-unaware company of Pansy Parkinson.

How clever. Draco has chosen to face the door to my study, giving me the most wonderful view of Pansy on her knees, soothing the ferocity of Draco's climax with her tongue. Her shirt is off, her bra pushed up over her rather large breasts, and her skirt is clinging impossibly to the edge of her hipbones.

Quietly, I walk up behind her and wait for her to finish. Nothing shall be rushed this evening. Draco, of course, has seen me and is smirking, knowing what is to come.

"So," I say casually as the mood settles. "Thought you would forget about your own father tonight, did you, Draco?"

I place the tip of my cane dangerously close to Miss Parkinson's hand. She doesn't flinch; she merely tosses a pleased glance in my direction. She knows well enough by now to remain on her knees.

"Of course not, Father. You are more than welcome. Isn't he, Pansy?"

Is the boy getting hard again so soon? That's my Draco; what a way to make a father proud.

"Thank you, Draco. I don't mind if I do join in the ... festivities. That is, if it is all right with you, Miss Parkinson." I look down at her with a carefully raised eyebrow, imparting that I will join regardless of what she says. Although, I hardly doubt she will object.

"I'm looking forward to it, Lucius." The words roll off her lips, those passion-flushed lips that were not even a minute ago pleasuring my own flesh and blood. My name sings out to me, beckons me to demand things of her that she has never before experienced, testing my control so early on in the evening. I am fortunate that I haven't had to wait in this heightened state for very long.

"Well ... I suppose I shall stay, since you both insist...."

With a swift motion, I swat at Miss Parkinson's hand, which had been reaching up to part my robes. "Not so fast, little girl," I speak slowly in counterpoint to my action. "One more assumption on your part, and you shall be punished."

She drops back onto her heels and bows her head. "Yes, sir."

I see that the girl has learned well. She has come a long way since our very first session together. I can only hope that Draco continues my tutoring when I am not present.

"Good. Please stand up, Miss Parkinson, and remove the rest of your clothing." Draco watches as she stands, facing him, and reaches around her body to release the clasp of her bra. She lifts her breasts as the flimsy material begins its descent to the floor and pulls a nipple briefly into her mouth.

Draco holds his head high in attempt to keep control, a skill he is quickly learning, and admonishes her. "Father said to undress. There will be no playing with yourself unless we tell you to do so."

I can only hope the thrills of excitement that now course through my veins course through hers as well.

With a voluptuous shake of her hips, her skirt loses its hold and drops to the floor. What is underneath nearly makes me groan. Instead, my gaze clings to the thin strap of green silk that threads between the fleshy mounds of her behind. She really does have a glorious body: no sharp angles, only smooth curves ample enough for a man to hold on to. So unlike Narcissa, who is so bony one is afraid of harming her with an unintentionally hard grip.

Pansy bends before me to pull her knickers to her ankles, tempting me to reach out and touch her, wanting me to discover how much she *wants* me to touch her. Slowly, she flings away the last of her clothing and stands before Draco once again. It is all I can do to keep my eyes open. It is taking every ounce of effort for me not to spell away my own clothing and fuck her, patience be damned.

Affording myself a small luxury, I place my hands upon her hips and pull her toward me. Her skin is warm, and it invites me to explore just a little further. From behind, I slide my hand between her legs and rub my fingers between her folds. Soft and wet is she, awaiting whatever we have in store for her. Won't she be surprised.

"You did an excellent job preparing her for our meeting tonight, Draco," I say, gritting my teeth together tightly. "I wonder, though, what we should do with a girl who doesn't fully appreciate the attention of not one, but two Malfoy men."

She freezes beneath my touch, and I can feel the quiver of her muscles as my finger continues to follow the crease of her folds, spreading the moisture.

"Undoubtedly, she must relearn our value," Draco begins. "And, of course, she must certainly pay penance to the men she has wronged."

I feel her start to turn, feel her breath hitch in preparation to respond, but I decide that now is not the time for ill-prepared excuses. I shall let her think on it a moment, dwell on her sins. My soothing hand now tightens its grip, becoming almost painful, letting her know what I expect of her. Immediately, she senses how close she came to making a mistake and quiets into servitude before me, bowing her head once again.

"It came to my attention this afternoon, dear Pansy, that you were seen in Diagon Alley with another boy, and that he had his arm wrapped around you with some familiarity."

I feel Pansy tense once again at this revelation, but this time, smart girl that she is, she keeps her lips closed and head bowed.

"Isn't that funny," Draco says without emotion. "I heard the same thing today from Goyle. It seems they made no attempt to hide this little ... indiscretion."

"Is that so?" I say slowly and decide that Pansy seems a little too calm. It's time to up the ante. In warning, I circle one of my palms over the plumpness of one of her cheeks. "You do understand, Miss Parkinson, that my son...and I...are the only ones who shall touch you intimately?"

Rhetorical questions that could require a response are how to keep control of a situation. Whether the answer is satisfactory or not, it still lends itself to punishment ... if one so desires.

She hesitates, giving me the excuse I needed. With a swift movement, I crack my palm against her bum. Ah, how I love the snap of flesh against flesh as it echoes across the room! The sting on my palm is satisfying, and I look up to see Draco is feeling quite satisfied as well. Pointedly, I nod in his direction, a nonverbal request to stop the solo play, if only for the moment.

"Well, Miss Parkinson? Do you or do you not understand that we have sole rights to your body?"

This time, she is quick in her reply. "Yes, sir, I *do* understand."

"Good," I answer, and she relaxes. Then, I spank her again. She squeals, apparently under the impression that I would have stopped as soon as she answered. Silly girl. I'm not that easily appeased.

However, I do reward her with a slip of my finger in just the right spot. I am not a cruel man, after all. Unkind at times, but not cruel. Her reddened skin receives another series of blows. I stop, pausing to feel the heat settle in my hand.

"Son." I catch him once again with his hand on his prick. That boy *must* learn a little more self-control. "Fetch the bar."

"Of course, Father." Draco picks up his wand and summons the bar, which lies hidden beneath the sofa.

"Step inside," I say, pleased to see the confusion in Pansy's eyes as her gaze shifts between us.

I smile and close the cuffs on either end of the bar around her ankles and lock them with my wand. Her feet are spread almost uncomfortably, leaving her spread open and waiting for whatever we may desire.

I slowly walk around Pansy, appreciating the pose she now stands in, and reach for my cane. Standing in front of her, I see the blush upon her cheeks and smirk as I twist the head of the cane counterclockwise and pull. Not too many people know the secrets this cane holds; not even my son is aware of everything that lies within. What I pull from it now is a thinner, leather-braided stick with a small loop of leather at the very tip. Draco's and Pansy's brows raise in unison.

"Now," I say, cracking the popper against my palm so Pansy is well aware of what is about to happen, "you are going to stand there, Miss Parkinson, and learn what it really means to be owned by a Malfoy."

Honestly, if she could have set fire to my robes with that look, she would have burnt me to a crisp. I know she is not one to be *owned* by a man and so does Draco. However, in this little role-play, I prefer that she remains under the impression that she *is* owned.

Stopping behind her, I notice that Draco has already taken his place in front of her. Lovely. If I don't have to give him direction, the more she will respect him in the future. My eyes roam over her skin, and I see the imprint of my palm burning upon her right cheek. In kindness, I decide that perhaps it would be more pleasurable for her if I begin on the other side.

Taking aim, I snap the popper against her left cheek, making it hit with a concise *thwap*. She starts at the sound and probably a little at the sting. She cannot go anywhere though; the bar prevents her movement. If she were to lose her balance, she would fall. Anticipating this, Draco places both hands upon her shoulders as I whip her yet again, setting up an easy rhythm.

I can see the shudder of her ribcage as she holds back the sobs. I know it must hurt, but it is nothing she hasn't experienced before. Undoubtedly, it is more than the pain of the crop. She still believes we are punishing her for seeing another man ... and, well, there was that little comment about being *owned*. I knew she would take offense at that; it's all part of the game.

Draco soothes her the only way he can. To free his hands, he rests his forehead against hers so she will not lose balance. It tilts her head downward slightly so she can see everything he is about to do. He begins by doing the one thing he knows will turn her on, aside from touching her; he wraps his fingers around his prick and slowly

begins...or continues...to stroke himself.

Her hands go up to his shoulders, trying to make contact with him, to encourage him, and I snap her wrists with the crop in a silent demand to keep her hands to herself. She obeys, and her hands return to her sides.

Confident that Pansy will not touch him, Draco presses his other hand against her mound and rotates his thumb against her clitoris. Her chest is no longer shaking with repressed sobs; instead, her breathing is coming in short gasps. The combined sensations of Draco pleasuring both himself and her, along with the not-so-gentle slapping of the crop against her burning bum have made her forget that she is being punished.

For a moment, I ponder whether I should remind her, but then, I decide that my own pleasure has been too long in coming. Why must I wait any longer, after all? At some point, I should be awarded for the patience I believe could only be attributed to a saint. It is only fitting that that time be now.

With a single thought-induced spell, I am disrobed, leaving my skin to glow in the firelight along with theirs. My body is literally reaching for hers. I am tired of being patient. Tossing the crop aside, I grab Pansy's shoulders and enter her easily from behind.

Her gasp mingles with my own. Her flesh is so hot with desire that it seems to burn mine. She is both wet and tight with the previous effort to hold back the pain. It is an amazing combination, and it makes me temporarily blind to everything else around me.

Only vaguely can I feel the pulse of Draco's thumb as he grinds it into her clitoris. I tuck my tailbone downward to shift the angle of my entrance in her favor, and I can tell, by the resulting moan, that she is enjoying this as much as I.

Being pressed between us gives her the freedom to press back into me as I thrust into her. Perspiration begins to bead on my brow as the heat builds around us. Suddenly, this room is so hot, I can almost see the flames through my closed lids.

"Mmm... gods, Draco," she keens, building up to her climax.

I grip her tightly, preparing for her orgasm to surround me. Draco is coming undone, however. He always does when Pansy calls out his name, and now, her voice is building to a near scream.

"Draco... Draco... ahhhhh, Draco!"

She convulses around me. Sweet. Beautiful. Her body shudders around mine. I take deep breaths, still determined to wait for the next one. The second orgasm is always worth waiting for. I can tell Draco is trying to hold on as well, but it is a losing battle.

His thumb still grinds over her overly sensitive nub, making her muscles twitch every now and again, though he has lost the rhythm. I can tell he would love to take her over the edge again as well. I'm not sure he can do it all on his own, however.

As Draco grunts with each stroke of his hand, I push into Pansy a little harder. With every stroke, I go deeper. I can feel the flutter of perpetual pleasure that pulses around me, not another climax...not yet...but a state of pre-climax. She is ready for another any time we are.

I flex my hips forward and back as I thrust, varying the angle, hoping to draw her closer. I don't really have to do anything, though, for my son is nearing his own climax. Her breathing increases its pace to match his, and Draco is now almost yelling with every stroke of his hand and my cock. Oh, but the two of them pleasuring each other is almost too much to bear.

Suddenly, Draco's incoherent yells cease and he screams, "Ahhhhh, yes!" and I can feel the orgasmic throb of his body travel through hers as Pansy comes a second time, more forcefully than the first.

Oh, glorious, this girl's sweet flesh has consumed mine. I can feel the fire in my loins. I catch her and hold her hips tightly as her legs give out, and I push through again... and again... Ah, sweet Nimue, I've never felt anything as perfect as this girl feels in orgasm around me. Gods, save me. I will never let her go. She is mine...ours...for the rest of her natural life. Yes...oh! Even tighter... She's stolen my mind ... so perfect ... I can't...oh, yes! I can't ... no ... no longer. So beautiful ... so beautiful....

...

I have never come so explosively in my life. If I remember correctly, I heard my own scream mixed with both my son's and Pansy's as I came. If I didn't know better, I would have truly believed that we were surrounded by flame, our flesh had become so flushed with desire, the room so blistering-hot.

Now, as I sit next to the fire, drinking a freshly poured tumbler of Firewhiskey, I watch Pansy, freed from her confines, and Draco lounging on the sofa, lazily drinking their own drinks and whispering. My mind is hazy with my own thoughts and memories, and it takes me a few minutes before I realize that Pansy is opening Draco's robes and freeing his erection once again.

Did I mention that my son is growing into a man worthy of the Malfoy name?

~fin