## Hit Him Where It Hurts

by Mistress of Sick

Is Lucius having trouble in bed? Is that even possible?

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Chapter 1 of 1

Is Lucius having trouble in bed? Is that even possible?

I was given the phrase "Whadda ya want me to do? Dress in drag and do the hula??" from morgaine\_dulac along with a challenge: Make a Lucius-fic. My twisted mind started working instantly (thank you for taking my mind off feet for a while).

## Narcissa sighed.

Lucius looked up from between her thighs. That had not been one of his wife's sighs of pleasure he usually heard.

'What is wrong my love? Am I doing something wrong?' He asked with a concerned and loving look on his face that almost hid his annoyance.

'No, I suppose not.'

Lucius looked puzzled. He started thinking if he had done something to offend her. Maybe she had found out about that insufferable trollop he visited last week? But that was not new, so Narcissa should not even be surprised. He lay down beside her.

'Are you having migraines again?' Lucius asked in an attempt to make her talk.

'No, I feel fine.' Narcissa answered without looking at him.

'Sweetheart, I can see that something is bothering you. Talk to me, beloved' Lucius insisted, stroking her cheek.

'It's just... I am not enjoying myself as much with you anymore.'  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left$ 

Lucius' hand froze on Narcissa's cheek, and his eyes looked like they would pop out of their sockets. What was that silly little woman talking about?

'Lucius, it is not your fault...'

'No, I do not want to hear it. Just tell me what you want, and I will do it.

'It's not that easy, dear. I don't want to hurt your feelings.'

'Never mind that! Tell me what you desire. Is it toys? Outfits? Do you want me to be rough with you? Do you want to fuck others? What?!'

'No.'

'Well, whadda ya want me to do? Dress in drag and do the hula???

'No! I don't want that, and I do not desire anyone else than you. Although...

'What, you do want someone else?'

'No. Not exactly anyway...'

'What is it then?'

'Lucius, dearest, can you learn how to billow?'