

Five Stolen Minutes

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'Lucius! Are you there?'

Lazily, Lucius Malfoy craned his neck to see who was calling him from the fireplace. He could just about make out a pair of bright brown eyes and a kind round face.

'Ah, Molly Weasley. What can I do for you?'

'Arthur is in the shower,' came her whispered reply. 'I bewitched his soap. I'd say that gives us five minutes.'

'Molly, dearest,' Lucius replied condescendingly. 'I am not at your beck and call, you know.'

'You're not?' Molly asked innocently and dropped her bathrobe, revealing her soft, voluptuous curves.

And Lucius Malfoy changed his mind.

'Five minutes?' he asked moments later as he pulled Molly towards himself, grabbing hold of her arse with his left and fondling her ample breasts with his right hand.

'That would be four and a half now,' she breathed. 'We wasted half a minute negotiating whether or not you'd be coming.'

'Oh, I'll be coming,' Lucius growled. 'And with four and a half minutes left, I am planning to make you come twice. I promise.'

Next thing Molly Weasley knew, she was lying on her back on the rug in front of the fireplace with Lucius' face between her thighs.

'Oh, Lucius.'

Lucius grinned smugly. He didn't need a woman to sigh to know that he was hitting the right spot. The way they quivered at his touch always made it very clear. But Molly's soft voice sent jolts of excitement through his body, and he repositioned himself between her thighs. Now he could lick her core and stroke his erection at the same time.

She tasted delicious, like a ripe exotic fruit. Her soft red curls tickled his nose, and the way her nub pulsed against his tongue made Lucius almost lose his mind. One more lick. Just one.

'Merlin, yes! Yes!'

Lucius let his tongue rest on Molly's core as her orgasm washed over her and stroked himself with a firm hand. How he longed to bury himself inside her now. Soon, very soon.

He furtively checked the clock on the wall. Two minutes had passed, and he had promised Molly two peaks. Also, he wished to reach his own before it was time to Floo home. Better hurry now. And besides, what was better than to plunge into a wet, still pulsating pussy?

No, better not rush but take it slowly, so he wouldn't break his promise.

He entered her gently, feeling her muscles contract around him in a way that almost drove him crazy. He wanted to slam into her, just as hard as Arthur had slammed him into the bookshelf at Flourish and Blotts. But he couldn't afford coming too early. He had a reputation to uphold.

So he moved his hips slowly, up and down, up and down, nibbling at Molly's earlobe and licking the soft skin of her neck until he felt her shiver underneath him and her nails dig into his back.

He had fulfilled his promise now. On to greater things.

He pounded her like a man deranged and would have spilled himself deep inside her had there not been two minutes left. Why waste them, he wondered. Why hurry?

He grabbed her around the waist and rolled onto his back, pulling her on top of him. And as she began to ride him, he reached out for her breasts. They felt heavy in his hands, and he could not keep himself from wanting to suckle them. Oh, to press his lips against that hot flesh.

So he pulled her down towards him and snuck his free hand between her thighs.

'Do you mind?' he asked, his voice muffled by her breasts.

'Mind what?' Molly breathed, grinding herself against his hand.

'If I make it three,' Lucius replied.

He sank his teeth into her soft flesh and without waiting for an answer, he bucked his hips and thrust up into her to the hilt, fast and roughly, all the while pinching her nub.

She came undone with a shudder and an outcry, and all Lucius could do was wrap his arms around her to keep her from rearing up. He wanted to feel her soft body against his when he peaked.

A spell or two was cast to hide any trace of their encounter, and then they parted without as much as a kiss or a goodbye.

It was always that way. It was sex they both were after. Hot, passionate sex with no strings attached. Caresses and sweet words was something they both got from their spouses, although Lucius suspected that Arthur was slightly more skilled in that department than Narcissa was. And as he bedded his wife that night, Lucius Malfoy couldn't help but think of Molly Weasley: voluptuous, passionate, loving. A goddess in his eyes.

Arthur's goddess.

Forever.

A/N: My apologies for this. I'm not a fan of adultery, but when it comes to Lucius, there is no point in even trying to hold him back. As for Molly ... Sorry, I have no idea where this rabid plot bunny came from. But it threatened to chew off my feet.