

# An Afternoon at Malfoy Manor

by notsosaintly

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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: I will warn you now. This is pure smut. This is notsosaintly exorcising her little smut demons. I am not responsible for anyone's actions as a result of reading anything I have written. If you do not like rough, raunchy sex at the Malfoy Manor, turn away now.*

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Why did I let Draco talk me into this? That bloody brat. I should have insisted that we meet at the Leaky Cauldron. I didn't want to come to the Manor. The last party his father threw left me feeling...well, rather uncomfortable, and I really don't want to be reminded of that night.

His father's friends are lechers. I mean, come on, I had only turned seventeen a month before. All right, so it was not like I was *virgin*. I had lost my virginity when I was fifteen...to my Draco, no less...but there were at least six or seven forty-year-old men undressing me with their eyes. I don't have to take that! Yes, I realise my dress didn't leave much to the imagination, but that was supposed to be for Draco's benefit. He really doesn't have much of an imagination; he requires encouragement.

When one of the pissed old perverts massaged the growing bulge in his robes, knowing full well that I was watching...ugh...that was the last straw. I mean, how disgusting! I vowed then and there not to step foot in Malfoy Manor for the rest of my life...or until Draco inherited it, anyway.

Damn Draco! Where the bloody hell is he? He was very specific that I meet him here at four.

I have to admit, though, the mansion is so much nicer when there's nobody around. The Malfoys have really nice things. Very expensive taste, too, says Mum. She would know, I suppose. If only she'd stop trying to push me off on Draco.

Not that I don't like Draco. I do. The way he holds himself. The way he doesn't take shite from anybody. I especially like the way he pulls me to him when he kisses me, as though there is no doubt in his mind that I would want to kiss him back.

His kisses are adequate. I've certainly had better. A certain Gryffindor redhead actually kisses better than Draco. Now, don't get all uptight; it was a game of spin the bottle and I lost. Okay, I *really* lost, but I think they rigged the game. What Weasley was doing there is still beyond me.

Oh my, but Draco's mother has an eye for decorating, doesn't she? I love her taste. The Turkish carpets are my favourite, I think. I love the way they overlap each other so you never have to hear your footsteps upon the stone. It would be very easy to sneak in, in the middle of the night, and surprise Draco. Mm ... I'll have to make a note of that.

Anyway, I figure Draco's problem is that he's just a boy and has a lot to learn. If I stay with him, I suppose I'll have my work cut out for me. I could teach him a thing or two. Most of what he knows, I taught him. Although, there is a certain trick he does with his fingers that he did not learn from me, and it feels so damn bloody good that ... oh,

never mind.

Hold on. These are the same doorknobs my grandmother had in *her* mansion. Gods, I had always loved those. They feel so rich and elegant. The hand carving is exquisite. I heard her tell Mum once that they were made especially for her in Nepal by the monks. I wonder how the Malfoys got *these*?

Bloody hell, I'm so effing *bored*. Why did Draco tell me to Floo in at four if he wasn't going to be here? He even left the wards on the Floo down, which is something they never do. He must know I'm here. He probably expects me to wait around for him like a smitten little puppy. Well, I'm not that kind of girl. Fuck this.

Where does this door go? Maybe there is a fireplace; I'll just Floo to Diagon Alley and treat myself to a new pair of shoes. Honestly, that Malfoy can be a real prat sometimes. I'm not going to be treated like some whore, waiting around to suck his dick.

Just my luck; it's the library. Well, libraries generally have fireplaces, don't they? This room is huge! My grandmother's wasn't even *half* this size. Oh, and the view! Perhaps Mum was right: I should marry into the Malfoy family. Draco stands to inherit everything, and this mansion really isn't that bad once you remove the infestation of lecherous old men.

Gods, it's warm in here. Oh, blast! He has a fire going. How in Hades am I supposed to Floo when there's a fire? I need to go look for another room.

"Well, well, well."

Shite. So much for that idea, then.

"Hi, Mister Malfoy." Gods, I wish Draco would grow his hair as long as his father's. It is very sexy. What a lovely thing it would be to hold onto as I ride him, almost like a mane on a horse.

"To whom do I owe the pleasure of your company, Miss Parkinson? Draco left on an errand not too long ago. I'm not sure when he will be back."

Errand? Why, that little prick.

"Erm ... Draco insisted that I meet him here this afternoon. I can see you are busy. I'll just leave..."

"Nonsense, you will do no such thing. Come. Join me by the fire. Perhaps you would like a drink? Noddy will get you anything you like; won't you, Noddy?"

Oh, what a funny looking little house-elf. Mum told me they had a slight problem keeping their help. I could change that, of course, once I am a part of this family. I think a screwdriver would be nice, yes. Perhaps I'll get pissed with Mister Malfoy and see if Draco thinks it's a good idea to leave me alone with his father next time. Mmmmm ... at least the house-elf makes a good drink.

Mister Malfoy has such a nice smile. He should use it more often. Come to think of it, Draco should learn how to smile like that. It certainly would put me in the mood for ... Oh, why doesn't Draco hurry up and finish his errand so he can finish *me*?

"Sit, Miss Parkinson. Tell me, where does Draco plan on taking you this afternoon?"

Sitting next to Mister Malfoy is ... well, it's sort of like sitting next to a crème-liqueur version of Draco. Mmm ... and he smells so much better too. Much smoother, less bitter, just as intoxicating. Perhaps even more so.

"I don't know where Draco is taking me today, sir. I..."

"Let's dispense with the formalities. I find formalities so tiring sometimes, don't you? Call me Lucius. Say it for me now."

"Lucius," I repeat obediently. Really, I would do just about anything that man asked. Where is that house-elf? I need another screwdriver.

"Here you are, my dear."

Attentive man, that Lucius Malfoy. Should teach his son a thing or two.

"Thanks, sir...I mean, Lucius." It wouldn't be so bad calling him Lucius if I could only stop blushing.

"Good girl." He smiles.

Yes, smile for me again. Say something else. If only Draco had a voice like that. It's like steel velvet massaging my entire body. Gods.

Oh, hello. Is that a hand on my leg? This isn't right. I should...

"No need to go anywhere, Pansy." Erm, did I say steel velvet? Unh ... yes, I think so. "You are looking a bit flushed, my dear. It's a bit warm. Perhaps you would enjoy the view from the veranda."

View? Veranda? Um, okay. My hand feels so small in his. I feel so small next to him. His stride is so long, so strong, he could sweep me away with one fell swoop. Probably toss me right over the wall, if he wanted to.

"Ladies first." Yes, the view is quite breathtaking. It is a lovely veranda. It's probably been enchanted to look larger, though. Oh, and we are up so high! I had no idea. That is a long drop, if one were to fall.

"Like what you see?"

Gods. I wish he wouldn't talk. His voice is stroking parts of me that only Draco should be touching. Where is that boy anyway? Perhaps we can get in a quick shag before he takes me wherever it is he's planning on taking me. My knickers are ruined.

Hands. Mister Mal...Lucius' hands are on my shoulders. Oh, the butterflies! Perhaps I could drown them with another drink. I wish I would stop shaking. This shouldn't be happening. Draco will be angry and...oh my! What is...oh!

"Like what you *feel*?" he whispers in my ear.

If you mean that monstrosity you are pressing into my back, um .... hell, yes! Oh, bugger Draco. Apparently he got the short end of the stick in his family. Lucius is definitely more ... more ... oh, more *everything*.

Wait...no! Damn him for moving away! Oh, he's just turning me around, I see.

Oh, do I ever see! No boy has ever looked at me this way before. His eyes are burning straight through me. Nothing but desire and pure lust. No questions. No insecurities. Only confidence.

"Yes, Pansy. I know you want this. Your eyes deceive you," he draws in my ear.

Well, I suppose the hand traveling up my leg beneath my robes also knows how much I want this. My legs are spreading all by themselves. Yes, a little higher. That's it, Lucius. See how wet I am for you?

He pulls me closer and laughs, "Yes, I see you most certainly *do* want this."

Was that a moan that just came out of my mouth? Better bite off my tongue before I say what I really want to say. And that would NOT be "what the bloody hell are you doing?" No. I *want* that man's hands on me and all over me, and the sooner the better.

Oh my, what talented fingers. He found the spot, the button to my pleasure. Switch it on and you can have whatever you want. Gods, Lucius, don't stop. Just keep twisting those glorious fingers just like that and...mmm, oh gods ... yes, a little farther. Can we have two fingers, please? Maybe three. Yesssss ... He must be reading my mind or something.

"Actually, Pansy, I've been inside your mind since you came through the Floo," he whispers, though I barely register it. I should be mortified but I...oh, I really don't care as long as he keeps moving those brilliant fingers of his.

Oh, the differences between men and boys. A little faster. Uh-huh. Touch me. Right. There. Don't stop. Gods, please don't stop. Oh! How did he...that's the trick Draco always...oh, fuck! I'm going to come. Yes, Lucius! Harder, damn it! Feel me come. Gods, now! Oh! Oh, yes!

"On your knees, girl."

What? Knees? Good. Can't stand anymore anyway. That was sooo fucking good. I...oh, my. He's opening his robes and...and his trousers. He's...Merlin's balls, he's huge! Did I mention Draco isn't...oh, forget it. Who cares?

"Take me into your mouth."

As if I had a choice. He's wound his hands into my hair and...mmp...shite, he's huge. I...mmp...swallow...mustn't forget to swallow. And relax. Breathe through the nose. In, out, in, out.

"Yes, Pansy, you little slut. Take me deep in your throat. Fuck me with your mouth. That's right. Ah, yes! Draco always said you were good at this."

He did? Must make mental note to thank the wanker. Mmp! In, out, breathe evenly.

"Yes! Harder...that's right. Faster ... Faster, I said! Swallow, don't choke! Merlin, that's so good. Oh, yes! Don't you dare slow down. Faster, girl!"

He is so close; I can feel it. It's a very good thing, too, as my mouth is feeling a little sore. At least he's chosen to grip the banister instead of my hair. Shite! I can barely hold onto his hips, he's thrusting so fast. But I bet I can ... yes, this should do it. What works with son should work with father, right? A finger placed right here, push upwards and...

"Ah! Sweet Nimue, fuck me! Yes!"

Well, that and the gush of semen currently flooding down my throat must mean I did *something* right. Swallow. Gods, there's so much. Swallow it all. Tastes sweet like nectar. Got any more, old man?

That made him chuckle. Guess he's still rattling about my head.

"Button me up," he commands from above. I look up into those smoldering ice-blue eyes. Oh, he's far from finished with me. Why am I not surprised? My nipples are hardening in anticipation.

"That's right, little girl. I have not yet had my fill, and I'm not going to stop until I do."

Until he's had *his* fill or fills *me*, I wonder. He pulls me to my feet and whirls me around, pushing my stomach against the banister. Where have my robes gotten to? I don't remember taking them off. There is a chill blowing up under my skirt.

"That is not a chill, my dear," he chuckles as he rubs his hand in circles over my exposed bum. Apparently skirt and knickers have gone the way of my robes. Clever man.

Ouch! That effing hurt! Ow! He's hitting me...no, he's *spanking* me ... and *hard*! Shite! Oh ... It's not all fun and games at the Malfoy household after all. Ouch! What have I ever done to you, you pervert?

But it's getting really warm. Yes, my skin is heating up as he smacks me again and again. Oh, gods, there's more? Soft and warm, like a snake, tasting me. It feels like a...oh, yes! Bloody brilliant...it's Lucius' tongue. He's pulling me apart, licking me...ouch! He can spank and lick at the same time? You've got to be kidding.

Fuck, I don't care. Just as long as you move that tongue a little to the right, you can do anything you want to me, Lucius. Yesss. Right there. Oh, Merlin. He's spanking me again. Oh, who the fuck cares? In fact, oh hell, do it again! It is vibrating straight through to my...oh gods yes, Lucius, again! Harder!

I never knew it could feel this way ... so fucking good. Ah! His tongue sinks right up inside me, just teasing the sensitive point right beyond. Fuck! I never knew how good this could feel. Draco has never even *tried* this. If he's been holding out on me, I'll...

"Harder!" I scream. I can't help it. I could be bleeding by now. I don't care. Just give me more is all I ask.

His tongue flicks double-time over my clit. Oh! Oh, yes, that's where I wanted...spank ... me ... again.

"Beg for it," his hot breath plays over my moist skin.

"Please, Lucius," I moan. Honestly, I don't think I can say any more than that.

"Please, what?" he growls, sending even more shivers through my body.

Uh, please do that again. That thing with your voice. I could come just listening to him *speak*.

"Spank me," I whimper. I am nearly crying. I want it so badly. His tongue dives back to do its duty, and he spans me once, twice, three times. Each time it brings me closer, adds that extra shock I so need to...

"Spank ... me!" I pant, oh so close. Fuck! "Again, Lucius!"

He hits me one more time and, I am not lying, a flood shoots out of me. I come and it's very, very wet, and I scream for every and anyone to hear. I really don't give a damn, actually, if anyone does. Lucius latches onto me and drinks my juices dry and leaves me standing on quivering legs once more. What a talented, talented tongue.

I can't catch my breath this time. Too hot. Too good. Too raw. You think that would be enough, but it's not. I can still feel the energy coursing through my body. I can still feel the ache. I can still feel the desire.

Before he even stands up, I feel him fumbling behind me. He's unfastening his pants again. Proud of the erection that springs forth, as hard as it was a few minutes ago, he

turns me to face him.

"See this?" he juts his hips forward to accentuate the topic of conversation. I lick my lips in remembrance of its sweet taste. I wouldn't mind having more of that.

"Oh, there will be plenty of time for that later," he croons softly. "You are going to lie upon that table there, face down, and I am going to do unspeakable things to your body."

"Yes, Lucius." Anything, Lucius, as long as it feels as good as the other unspeakable things you've done to me already.

I lie face down upon the granite surface. It's cold and hard and chafes my nipples. What difference is it going to make in a few minutes anyway? Probably none. Lucius walks around the table and pulls one arm up and fastens my wrist to one of the table's legs. Hey, wait a minute!

"Don't pull. They'll only get tighter. I've charmed them," he whispers into my ear as he fastens the other wrist.

My hips are hanging off the end of the table, my toes just touching the ground. I must look a sight, really, my swollen pussy ripe for him to look at. Lucius is apparently quite turned on by it though, so I think I won't worry about it too much.

He raises my hips slightly and spreads my thighs. What the hell is he doing now? I feel something squeeze down on me below. Something cold and hard, almost clinical, clamps over my clit, but I can't see what it is.

"What..." It's beginning to hurt a little.

"Don't worry, my dear. You'll understand soon," Lucius soothes me with his voice. Mmmmm ... steel velvet. No worries.

Suddenly I am impaled. In one thrust the man is completely inside of me, stretching me until he pushes against gods-know-what but it feels so good. I whimper. He fills and stretches me. This is no boy; Lucius is *all* man.

Then he pulls out, not all the way but pretty close, and slams back into me hard, shaking my insides. My nipples scratch against the table. My clit throbs against the clamp. I scream. Well, it bloody well hurts! But the pain quickly turns into something ... different.

Again and again, he plays the same game with me. Never letting me know when the next thrust is going to come, pulling out, hesitating sometimes a second, sometimes more, sometimes plowing right back in without giving me time to think. I am way beyond thinking anyway.

It's getting too hard to breathe with the pleasure building up inside me like this and my arms being pulled tight and him making me feel so full. I can feel the pressure building, but it is hitting a wall and I can't seem to climb over it. What the bloody fuck? I want to come!

"More!" I scream. "I need to come, Lucius. Please?" Perhaps begging will work.

"Not yet, my dear. It's not time." He strokes me with that steel velvet voice, and his steel velvet cock thrusts into me rapidly a number of times in a row.

I ... can't ... breathe. It's too much. The pain. The pleasure. Lucius grunts behind me and then suddenly stops. I mean, just stops. I cry in protest. Why the fuck is he stopping?

"Patience, love," he says, massaging circles over my lower back, more to calm himself, I think, than me.

Is he waiting for something? What? I turn my head to the other side and there, standing before me, is Draco with a giant smirk upon his face. Prat.

"I see you have discovered my little toy, Father," he drawls, almost like his father but not quite.

Go away, Draco. I'm playing with Daddy. Ah, but why state the obvious? I'm lying spread eagle on a table with Lucius' dick buried inside of me. And it feels so good.

"I have indeed, Draco, but I find her in need of a little tutoring. Why don't you watch while *leach* her?" He thrusts again to make his point.

"Don't mind if I do, Father."

Draco settles in the chair directly in front of me and smiles. That glint in his eye. He's up to something, the brat. It's okay, though; I'll make him pay later.

"Mind if I tease her a bit, Father?" Draco drawls, not taking his eyes off mine.

"Not at all, son. Go right ahead." Yes, that's right, Lucius. Let the boy do what he wants, just don't ... stop ... fucking me.

Lucius pushes me against the table a few more times. The way is getting a bit more slick than it was in the beginning, but I can still feel his erection grab at the sides of my walls. I am very thankful for Lucius' size at the moment.

I open my eyes...when had I closed them?...only to look upon my sweet Draco with open robes and his bright pink erection staring me right in the face.

"Watch me, Pans," he says as he grabs his cock and starts pumping it slowly in his fist.

I whimper, almost pleading. Watching Draco play with himself has always been a little weakness of mine, and he knows it. Especially after I found him by accident one day in a quiet corner of our common room. He hadn't heard me sneak up behind him, and there he was, stroking himself over his robes, breathing heavily. I had watched until his breath hitched and I saw his robes actually rise as he came, and it was then that he saw me. Since then, well...

Lucius takes this opportunity to quicken his pace a bit. Oh, you know that turns me on, do you, Lucius? He takes firm hold of my hips and makes a huge show for his son of just how to pleasure a woman, sliding in and out in a steady rhythm. No more teasing. And it's working. I can feel my pleasure building again.

Lucius stops for a moment and holds himself deep within me. What? Hey, no, old man. Don't stop! Draco only smirks at my irritation and intently watches what his father is doing. Whatever it is makes him groan and pump his cock a little faster.

Oh, that's what it is. Something is pushing against my other rather-exposed opening. Draco always did love playing with my arse. It turns him on way too much, actually.

"Relax, my dear."

Believe me, old man, I am no virgin there either. But I do as I am told and relax as he inserts something heavy into my entrance. He pushes it in and out a few times before letting it take on a rhythm of its own. Lovely. Charmed toys. I need to add something like this to my own collection. Oh, yes, I most certainly do. This, combined with Lucius pleasuring himself between my swollen lips, is almost too much to bear.

Draco's face is turning red. I know what this means, of course. He's getting damn close to coming, and I am trying to keep my vision from fogging over. I want to watch, damn it.

"Father?" he chokes out, arching his back a little, squeezing himself harder with his hand. Yes, Draco. Come for me, love.

"Just a little more, son," Lucius urges him to hang on. "I'll be finishing soon."

I growl in frustration. Draco is masturbating in front of me, his father is fucking me and something is gliding its way in and out of my arse. Yet I can't come? What sort of torture is this anyway?

Lucius laughs and reaches around with his free hand. That clamp lets go, and suddenly an intense heat rushes through me. Blood flushes through my tortured pussy, tightening itself around Lucius' glorious cock, making it a little more difficult for him to continue his rhythm. But he pushes right on through, hiking my level of pleasure up almost to the breaking point.

Oh, yes! This is better. I can feel every push, every thrust, and I can feel my lust growing, my need deepening, my orgasm nearing. Draco's cock is turning a shade of red I most especially love. The look on his face is even more beautiful.

"Fuck, Pans!" Draco exclaims. "Watch me. Watch me come!"

"Yes!" Lucius shouts and makes me dizzy as he pounds harder in response. Draco...my sweet Draco...finally lets go, and his hips jerk forward with each spasm. The fruit of his climax reaches for me but just falls short, wasted on the floor.

I am left to only whimper at that most beautiful sight. Lucius pulls my hips to him and draws them higher, increasing the angle, increasing my pleasure. I can't stand it anymore. I have to...

"Draco! Here! Now!" Lucius yells suddenly. His commanding tone brings me a notch closer. Then Draco leans forward and pinches my swollen clit between his two fingers. Fuck, yes! Oh! Finally!

My cunt. My arse. My clit. Oh! Please don't stop, Draco. It...gods help me! More, Lucius! More, oh ...please! Oh, fuck. I can't take it ... It's too much. I can't...fuck me! Yes harder Lucius harder fuck me harder...

Lucius screams from somewhere behind me, and his cock explodes and there are stars ... and that is all I know.

Eventually, I open my eyes. When did I get dressed? Oh! Draco and Lucius are grinning at me over their glasses of whiskey. I look around, confused for only a moment, and then I sit up on the chaise lounge.

"Glad you could join us, Miss Parkinson," Lucius smirks. "Have a drink, won't you?"

Don't mind if I do. If only I had the strength to move. I mean, honestly, after that, I am expected to move?

Draco is such a sweet boy. He stands up and walks over to me, holding the screwdriver to my lips so I can take a drink. His smile is almost like...oh, I see. My sweet little Draco planned this whole thing. At least I know I will not be expected to do anything more except spend the rest of the day recovering...or participating in other pleasurable activities. I certainly would not mind.

I take a long, much-needed drink before he puts the glass back on the table. Then my sweet, lovely Draco leans in for a long, much-needed kiss.

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[To read the sequel, \*An Evening at Malfoy Manor\*, click here.](#)