

# Help is on the Way

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When Lucius has a problem with a sick pet, there's only one person he can call.

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

When Lucius has a problem with a sick pet, there's only one person he can call.

"You just may be the stupidest person on the planet."

"Thank you, Severus. I knew you were the right person to call."

"Don't you snip at me in that sarcastic tone. This is completely your fault. I wouldn't be helping you at all if I hadn't promised Narcissa I'd look after you."

Lucius scowled at Severus as they crossed a field of long grass early in the morning, their boots making wet swishing sounds. The darkly dressed Potions master threw him a look as he tromped on in the direction of the stables.

The ancient door opened with a loud creak, and Severus sneezed at the cloud of dust that assaulted him.

"The dust gives the impression that the stables haven't been used in years," Lucius said sheepishly. "The Ministry's less likely to search in here."

"Idiot," Severus muttered to himself.

Lucius ignored him and led the way to a broken-down wagon. With a flick of his wand, it moved, the dust was swept away and a trapdoor was revealed. He tried not to blush as Severus' eyes bored into him.

He walked over to the trapdoor and flicked it open with a wave of his wand. Small, weak groans came from the room beyond.

"How long have you let it go?" Severus snapped at Lucius before beginning the descent into the darkness.

Lucius quickly followed, and the oil lamps roared to life. The groan turned into a surprised squeak.

"Daddy's here!" Lucius called out in a worried voice. "I've brought a friend to help!"

"You're as bad as that insufferable half-giant!" Severus glared at Lucius.

Lucius scowled at him as he scuttled over to a small wooden crate to tickle the chin of a tiny Chinese Fireball. "He got into the turnips, silly boy. Burrowed his way under the gardens. I've reinforced the box since then."

Severus snorted as he looked down at the creature puffing small streams of smoke from its nostrils. "I would hope so."

The tiny dragon was laying pitifully on a pillow, its stomach bloated and its expression weary.

Severus shook his head before pulling a small bottle out of his robes. The dragon eyed it cautiously while Severus unstopped it and held it out to the small creature. It sniffed at it for a moment before extending its long, forked tongue into the bottle to slurp it up.

"Look at him go!" Lucius said excitedly. "What's in there?"

"You're better off not knowing." Severus shook his head. "Now we just have to wait. Upstairs will be fine."

"How long will it take for it to work?" Lucius asked worriedly.

"Not long." Severus said, sighing. He reached down to give the dragon a pat. The spines around his head wouldn't harden for years yet. It still sprouted the soft frill it would keep until puberty.

It cooed at Severus and dropped the empty bottle.

"We'll be right back," Lucius said reassuringly. "Just upstairs."

The dragon settled into its pillow with a content look on its face.

Severus shook his head as he and Lucius climbed back to the surface.

Lucius waved his wand and an area was cleared. A small table and chairs reformed from a pile of discarded rubble and set themselves up.

Severus scowled and flicked his wand. The dust was cleared around the table and chairs, and the dust seemed to be settling onto a protective dome.

They sat down at the table, and Lucius started rummaging around in a pouch he had drawn out of the sleeve of his robes. He pulled out a bottle of wine and two glasses. Severus raised an eyebrow as he pulled out a hunk of cheese, sniffed it, then discarded it back into the bag.

"What is that?" Severus asked.

"Portable hole," Lucius said as he pulled out a hunk of cheese he had deemed satisfactory and a baguette. "Opens up into the pantry."

Severus looked unnerved for a moment before scowling again. "You're still an idiot."

"Think of it as having a cordial breakfast with an old friend," Lucius suggested.

Severus grumbled, but didn't stop Lucius from pouring him a glass of wine. He took a sip and then nodded at it.

"I thought you'd like it." Lucius chuckled.

Severus stared at him for a moment. "What made you think it was a good idea to raise dragons in the first place?"

"Draco's out of the house and living in France. Narcissa's been gone for nearly twelve years." He looked sheepish. "I used to help my grandfather with his."

"Most people start bothering about grandchildren." Severus snorted. "Or get a cat."

Lucius glanced away, his cheeks turning pink.

"What have you done?" Severus demanded.

"I sent a fertility potion to Astoria last week and we have a new pet in the Manor." Lucius cleared his throat.

"You got a cat?" Severus said in a surprised tone. "I thought you were allergic. Did you get one of those hairless ones?"

"Erm... no." Lucius shifted uncomfortably. "It wasn't planned. The silly mother toddled off one day and left it under the back porch. It's not bad at all since the de-scenting."

Severus narrowed his eyes. "I'm assuming you wouldn't taunt Draco with a pet ferret."

"He's really a rather sweet chap, once you get to know him," Lucius explained as he brought forth a knife to cut the bread and cheese.

"A skunk, Lucius?" Snape gave him a withering look. "Really?"

"His name is Arthur," Lucius said as he violently cut into the baguette, his annoyance beginning to show.

Snape froze, his glass to his lips. He couldn't contain himself and started snickering.

Lucius found himself chuckling, in spite of himself.

"And what do your hounds think of that?" Severus asked as he reached for a piece of bread.

"Oh, he's got the girls running in circles with their games. I finally had to move the crystal centerpiece from the dining room table from fearing it would be destroyed," Lucius said happily.

"Good Lord." Severus gave him a weary look. "You need to get a place in London."

Lucius gave him a horrified look.

"Not for living there." Snape snorted. "Just for the weekends. You need to get out of this place once in awhile."

"I'm afraid it's not for me, old chap," Lucius said with a smile and a shake of his head. "Country life for me. I like air I can breathe without wondering what else is in it."

"You used to be quite the social one, if I remember," Severus pointed out.

Lucius chuckled at this. "I certainly was. Then Cissy came along and changed all that nonsense."

"I'm not implying you relive your youth." Severus snorted. "I was merely pointing out that you know how to hold a conversation and a cocktail at the same time without making a complete ass of yourself."

Lucius sighed. "I haven't been around at the club since the war, you know."

"Really?" Snape sounded genuinely surprised. "Why not?"

"I didn't know what it would be like," Lucius murmured. "With the new rules and all."

"Surprisingly well, with the exception of a few fights, one of which completely destroyed Cyrill's brandy cabinet and all of its contents." Severus chuckled at the look on Lucius' face. "He promised to curse the next buffoon to try anything again, and to hell with the Ministry because, and I quote: 'The time in Azkaban will be peaceful compared to an afternoon in this madhouse.'"

Lucius chuckled in spite of himself. "I'm sorry I missed that."

"Well, you know you could always..."

BOOM!

The ground shook as a massive fireball thundered out of the passageway, throwing Lucius and Severus to the ground and completely demolishing the broken-down stable.

"Great Gods--" He stopped as his eyes went wide. Lucius was prone on the ground, unconscious and on fire.

Severus felt down his robes, but he couldn't find his wand. He swore as he ripped the heavy cloak from his shoulders and threw it on top of Lucius to extinguish the flames.

His eyes searched around and his eyes fell on his wand, thankfully intact, some distance away.

He extinguished the rest of the flames before going back to Lucius, who was beginning to stir.

"Don't move," Severus said quickly. "You're injured. I have to get you back to the house."

"How's Percy?" Lucius groaned.

"Who?"

"The dragon."

Severus shook his head at Lucius before walking over to the blackened hole in the earth. There were chirping and crunching sounds coming from within.

"He's purring and eating the potion bottle," Severus said patiently. "He's fine."

"Good," Lucius said as he let a look of peace wash over his features before he passed out again.

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Lucius woke slowly. He ached all over, but a set of hands seemed to be massaging him. They were deft in their task and didn't hesitate to touch Lucius in the most personal of places.

Lucius felt himself getting hard as the hands brushed over him. He was oiled there as well and he groaned in spite of himself.

"Can you at least try to keep some semblance of dignity?"

Lucius' eyes flew open and he screamed at the sight in front of him.

Below his waist, he was covered in burns and blisters. Severus had been rubbing a blue ointment into them, and they were slowly beginning to heal.

"Well, good morning to you, too," Severus said sarcastically.

"What happened?" Lucius managed to croak out.

"Your dragon's indigestion nearly did us in," Severus grumbled as he rubbed the potion over Lucius' thighs.

Lucius tried not to look embarrassed, but his erection wasn't going anywhere. The potion gave it a tingling sensation that was altogether too pleasant to be enjoying in present company, but Severus ignored it.

"Can you turn yourself over?" Severus asked.

"Of course I can," Lucius said defensively as he began to flip himself over, but he stopped and cried out from the pain.

"It's worse on the back," Severus explained. "I put an air cushion between you and the bed, but it can't stand the pressure of your movements."

"I think it might be easier if you do it." Lucius winced.

Severus flicked his wand and Lucius found himself face down, staring at his mattress.

Severus was gentle in his rubbing and soon the pain began to ebb off.

Lucius felt himself jerk as he felt Severus' hands slide over his bum. He tried to think of anything else, but his erection was becoming uncomfortable.

As Lucius felt fingers work their way back across his rear end, he had to bite his lip as they slipped between his cheeks and began rubbing over his opening.

He groaned in spite of himself. Gads, he missed Narcissa and their toy box, which was now collecting dust under his bed.

To his surprise, Severus didn't pull his hand away. He waved his hand and Lucius felt his legs part and Severus kneel between his knees.

Lucius felt both hands on him, working over his ass and sliding down over his balls to grip at his erection. He cried out as the hand tightened and began pumping.

He felt a nudging behind his, and he drew in a breath as Severus began to prod at him with his own erection.

"Draw your knees up so I can push it in."

Lucius tried to concentrate on anything else. Even the clinical tone of Severus made him want to explode. He did as he was told and Severus let him go so he could open Lucius wider and begin to push in, the task made easier with the slippery potion.

As Severus worked his way in, Lucius let out small cries, pushing back and helping Severus penetrate him.

"Narcissa was right. You are an eager little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes," Lucius whispered. Then he began to giggle.

"What do you find so funny?" Snape thrust roughly at the last word, causing Lucius to gasp.

"What the hell else did that ding-a-ling of a wife of mine tell you?"

Lucius felt Severus grasp a large hank of hair, and Severus yanked it roughly, causing Lucius to kneel. "You like to be dominated, you like inserting things in your ass, and if I force you to suck my cock and swallow it down, you'll be putty in my hands."

"Oh, gods, yes, please," Lucius groaned out as Severus let his hair go and began to violently pump into him.

Just when Lucius thought he couldn't stand it any longer, he felt Severus pull out and cast a cleaning spell. Then he pulled Lucius' hair again, forcing him to turn around and face Severus' crotch. Severus grabbed fistfuls of Lucius' hair and began thrusting violently.

As Narcissa had said, Lucius made murmuring sounds of pleasure as Severus began pumping faster. When he finally climaxed, Lucius swallowed it, not wasting a drop.

Severus fell back onto the bed panting, but was only there a moment before he felt Lucius grab him roughly and turn him around. He cried out as Lucius thrust into him, his cock covered in the slippery healing potion.

Severus began to groan as Lucius quickly increased his speed before he climaxed.

Lucius fell forward onto Severus, who was still trying to catch his breath. While they lay there panting, a small black and white creature launched itself onto the bed, making happy, squeaky noises.

Severus looked up for a minute and began chuckling. "Hello, Arthur."

It let out a happy sound before toddling over to Lucius and poking him with its nose. Lucius began scratching it, and the skunk curled into a ball and settled into the rumpled covers.

"So what was that you were saying before the explosion about getting out more?" Lucius prodded. "You were saying I could always what?"

"Attention span of a gnat, you have." Severus snorted. "I was going to say you could stay with me, but I think that's fairly obvious at this point."

Lucius chuckled in spite of himself. "An hour ago I might have waved you off."

"But now?"

"But now I'm certain I wouldn't mind staying with you for a few nights." He smirked.

Severus gave him an amused look. "The invitation is still open."

"I would hope so," Lucius said in mock horror. "But I see another problem."

"What's that?"

"I don't think we'd be going out much."

"Probably not."

Lucius seemed to think this over for a moment. "Well, now that that's settled we have more important things to talk about."

"Like what?"

"Like what Narcissa told you, and what you're into."

Severus gave him a small smile. "Wouldn't you like to know?"