

# Lucius Takes His Licks

by *ElfMadeWriter*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"That's enough, Licky." Quite satisfied with the results of the house-elf's efforts, Lucius Malfoy pushed his chair back from the massive, ornately carved desk and stood. His boots hadn't shone so well since his last trial. But there were better uses for Licky's talented tongue, and these days, Lucius was a proponent of house-elf efficiency.

Licky scabbled up from his place on the carpet and looked up at the wizard with huge eyes full of disappointment.

"Isn't sir wanting... more from Licky?" He gestured vaguely in the direction of Lucius's trousers with a shaking hand. "Licky could be fast..."

The answering tingle in said trousers nearly diverted Lucius from his purpose, but he forced himself to be content knowing there would be time for... a more pleasant use of the elf after he had completed his task.

"Not just now," he said, allowing his own regret flow through his voice. "Perhaps Narcissa might wish to—"

"No! Licky is a free elf and he won't lick Missy Cissy!" Licky folded stick-like arms over his skinny chest and stamped his foot. "Licky is wanting *you*," he added plaintively.

Lucius's icy heart grew three sizes in the face of Licky's longing, and he was powerless to resist the offer.

"Oh, *Licky*." Quickly, before reason could reassert itself, he undid his trousers and pushed them down his long, well-toned legs. "Very well."

Licky squealed in delight, his tongue sweeping across a broad grin.

Stumbling back, Lucius fell into his seat again, adding, "But you must be quick about it!" and telling himself that, free or not, any house-elf serving at Malfoy Manor would remember who was master.

With his eyes closed, Lucius could ignore the triumphant look he knew he'd otherwise see in Licky's eyes, and he could lose himself in the delicious sensation of Licky licking him the way he loved best.