

# Of Rippling Muscles and Taut Buttocks

*by Savva*

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Best Comedy in the Lucius Malfoy Category, 2013 Fall/Winter Round HP Fan Fic Fan Poll Awards on Live Journal.

## One

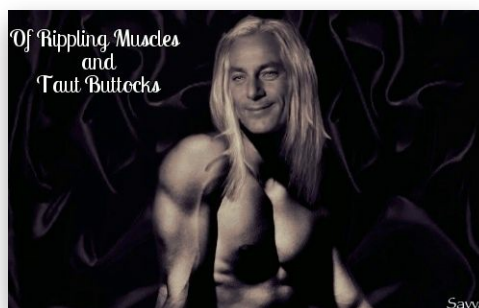
*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This little one was written for TycheSong's (TMB) February challenge: utilize your knowledge of classic facepalm and headdesk worthy tropes and clichés to write (or parody) your very own classic romance, complete with MarySue (or GaryStu).

I decided to try my hand at making a parody (mostly on my own writing). Huge thank you to my friend Glorieux, alpha Quilter and beta Dany.

Also, just as usual, in its use of intellectual property and characters belonging to JK Rowling, Warner Bros, Bloomsbury Publishing, this work is only intended to be transformative commentary and all that jazz. Still no profit is being made from this work.



*Of Rippling Muscles and Taut Buttocks*

It was a perfect summer morning in Wiltshire. Bright, delicate butterflies fluttered around exotic flowers; unknown birds, hidden by the lush greenery, sang with siren-like voices, and fountains adorned with bronze statues murmured softly in the shadowed corners of the courtyard.

The sun lovingly caressed the stone walls of the old Manor, waking it from its beauty sleep. Slanted light rushed through its stained-glass windows, transforming them into a rainbow of colours and streaming into Lord Malfoy's study, filling it with the warm glow of morning.

Lucius Malfoy himself was seated behind his elaborately-carved mahogany desk. His steely, grey-blue eyes were fixed upon the window, and his blond eyebrows, superbly plucked into faultless arches, were furrowed. His platinum locks cascaded over his broad shoulders, covering half of his muscular back, which was clad in the thinnest white batiste. Playful, amber flecks caressed and teased the lightly-glistening alabaster skin of his chest. The fine wool of his breeches clung tightly to each and every well-defined and rather admirable muscle of his thighs and buttocks, revealing their owner's impressive physique.

The frown between his eyebrows marred his flawless face, which might have been meticulously carved from white marble by the finest Grecian sculptors. His expression implied that something was bothering him. The simple truth was that he was dreadfully bored, and that utter boredom had driven him into complete misery.

It so happened that the life of the Malfoy patriarch had recently taken an unfortunate turn. He had made a few unwise decisions, chosen the wrong side, and lost quite dramatically, even though he had made his transgressions in style. Fortunately, he hadn't been mercilessly thrown into Azkaban, but he had been sentenced to two long years of house arrest. His wand had been taken from him, as well. Such a cruel punishment for a mere miscalculation was completely senseless in his eyes. Alas, there was no way out of it.

To make things worse, his ever-fickle wife, Lady Narcissa, instead of staying by the side of her husband when he had fallen into disfavour, had chosen to terminate their marriage and leave him for a dark and notoriously alluring Potions master, whose gigantic nose, long fingers, and other operative appendages were unnervingly famous among the refined witches of England. Moreover, his only heir, Draco, had proved to be pitifully unsound, morally speaking, and had run away with a French courtesan, with whom, at present, he was living in sin in Paris.

So here he was, the blondest wizard of them all, with the purest, bluest blood the Wizarding World had ever known running in his aristocratic veins, entirely forgotten. He sat alone in his deserted Manor (not counting a few devoted elves), his silky locks washed and impeccably styled, his ivory nails filed and buffed to perfection, his chest, armpits, and other delicate places waxed and completely devoid of any hair, and his alabaster skin smoothed and scented with the finest Bulgarian oils. Alas, all that brilliance was now unused and abandoned, and that was undeniably not the way of life to which he was accustomed. He needed attention! He needed those heated, admiring looks which he had received from witches and wizards alike. He needed to feel the light, worshipping caresses of reverent fingers on his rippling pectoral muscles. He yearned for warm palms passionately squeezing his firm buttocks and longed for a hot eager mouth engulfing his rock-hard and ultimately perfect, but oh-so-lonely love-wand.

As these heavy thoughts attacked his mind yet again, he growled in frustration, grabbed a crystal ink-phial, and hurled it into the opposite wall. The small explosion of black ink failed to quench his ire, and he turned to his desk, his eyes roaming its smooth mahogany surface, looking for something else to hurl in anger. A bottle of firewhisky caught his attention. He grabbed its narrow neck and had almost sent it flying toward the wall when a terrifying scream from the courtyard forced him to freeze.

Hastily, he peered through the stained glass and was met by a terrifying spectacle. His secretary (though she insisted on being described as a parole officer), the young and beautiful Miss Granger, was being subjected to a vicious attack by one of the vilest white peacocks of the Manor, Ruckus. Not sparing even a second for contemplation, Lord Malfoy snatched his great-great-great-grandfather's sword, which conveniently lay right on the windowsill, forced the old window open, and with a rakish swirl of his white batiste shirt, plunged down from his first-floor study.

As he moved to rescue the fair maiden, the smooth, toned muscles of his torso and arms swelled and rippled with sinuous definition, and his skin glowed in the rays of the morning sun with an almost supernatural radiance. "Do not fear, Miss Granger! Your saviour is on his way," he roared to the poor witch, who was already drooping under the attack, as she wearily poked the nasty brute with her wand, uttering soft, defeated whimpers. With a guttural roar, he sliced his lethal weapon through the air and ran toward her. With the speed of an arrow and the grace of a panther, he assaulted the hissing peacock, and with one magnificent swing of his shining sword, off went Ruckus' head.

Lucius let out a loud cry of triumph and laughed victoriously. "Not in vain has the noble skill of fencing been passed down the generations of Malfoy men from the days when Purebloods used swords hand in hand with wands! Not in vain, indeed!" he shouted into the azure Wiltshire sky. Then he set his grey, luminous gaze upon the gorgeous witch whom he had just saved, extended his pale hand to her, and murmured in his velvety baritone, "Come, Miss Granger. I shall escort you to the Manor."

Young Miss Granger cast her burning eyes on his handsome face, which was slightly flushed from exertion, and spoke in a fiery, passionate manner. "O my Lord, you are my champion, my saviour, and I shall be forever in your debt. I always knew that there was a big and brave heart hidden somewhere behind those taut, rippling muscles. You were magnificent, and the sight of you killing that beast so fearlessly has ignited a scorching fire in my heart and ... ahem ... other places. I shall lay a kiss upon your succulent lips for saving me so smashingly."

"Well, my Lady, I shall not stop you if you absolutely must." Lucius stepped closer to the fair maiden, and she curled her slender arms around his neck and pressed her sweet lips to his. Her deft fingers slyly found their way to his smooth skin, and he, excited by her caress, pressed her to himself and lifted her from the ground. Kicking the bloody body of the beheaded Ruckus out of the way with his shiny black boot, he sauntered toward the Manor, and rapidly covering the distance, disappeared behind the door.

Soon, Lord Malfoy's rock-hard and ultimately perfect love-wand met Miss Granger's scorching hot, deliciously wet and torturously tight pleasure cave, and a thunderous roar of rapture reverberated throughout the old Manor and its manicured grounds.

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Once again, the ear-splitting bellow of a peacock in the garden awakened him. With a groan, Lucius shifted on the other side and growled, "Ugh. I'll kill that blasted bird."

A muffled voice from somewhere under a mane of chocolate curls replied, "Please, Lucius, do."

With his eyes still closed, he blindly scoured the surface of his bedside table for his wand, accidentally knocking to the floor the tattered Mills and Boon novel that Hermione had made him read aloud the previous night. When his fingers finally found the wand, he muttered a soundproofing spell, turned to his wife again, hugged her tightly, and went back to sleep.

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