

# There's a First Time for Everything

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Lucius, I'm not quite sure how I feel about this," Harry began nervously, starting to have second thoughts about his current situation. He was bent over Lucius's lap, his bare arse in the air. When Lucius had inquired about spanking, Harry had originally agreed, eager to please his new lover. Now that the time had come, however, he felt a bit anxious about the entire thing.

"Harry," Lucius began, his hand touching Harry's arse the moment he began to speak. Harry's arse cheeks clenched, signaling to Lucius that he was indeed nervous. "Harry, there's no need to be apprehensive," Lucius told him firmly, his tone leaving no room for nonsense. "I think you'll enjoy a good spanking."

"I..." Harry struggled to find words. "I'm afraid you'll hurt me." His face turned red with embarrassment at his admission. What sort of partner was he for thinking something like that? He felt like an awful person.

"I would never," Lucius said, his voice soft. He met Harry's gaze, who had turned his head to look up at Lucius. "I'm sure that you'll find pleasure in this act, Harry." His silver eyes peered into Harry's emerald ones. "But trust me when I say that I would never hurt you."

"You swear?" Harry asked, hating that he felt like an incompetent child. He wanted to show Lucius that he was a capable lover, but he couldn't help his insecurities and fears.

"I swear, Harry," Lucius said sincerely. He placed his hand on Harry's face, tenderly stroking his cheek. "And if you don't like it, I will stop." He pulled his hand away, placing it on Harry's lower back.

Harry took a deep breath. As much as he didn't want to do this, he would try it for Lucius. "Okay, I'm ready." The moment the words left his lips, Lucius's other hand met his arse with such force that it brought tears to his eyes.

Lucius took a moment, running his hand over Harry's arse, caressing it. A small groan escaped his lips as he gave a light squeeze. "Perfect," he growled.

Where Lucius rubbed, the sting began to ease, but the relief was shortly lived, for he brought his hand down on him once more. The loud smack resounded in Harry's ears, causing him to cringe. He closed his eyes, hoping that it would be over soon.

"All right?" Lucius inquired, caressing Harry.

"Mmm," Harry grunted, not trusting himself to speak. To be honest, he never wanted to do this again, but he would finish the act through. He could feel Lucius's erection, and Harry wanted to please Lucius. He could do this.

*Smack!*

Harry gritted his teeth. It would be over soon. A few more, then he'd never have to do it again. His arse stung, and he knew that he would have difficulty sitting the next day.

Lucius let out a moan, and Harry could feel his cock throbbing through his pants. His own cock was slightly stiff from the sounds of pleasure Lucius was emitting. The act itself did nothing for Harry.

Another spank and Harry squirmed. His arse felt as if it were on fire, the skin becoming increasingly sensitive. He didn't know how much more of this he could take.

Lucius gently rubbed Harry's arse, enjoying the brilliant shade of red on his lover's usually pale form. "Exquisite," Lucius purred.

*Please, are we done?* Harry wanted to ask but refrained from doing so.

*Smack!*

This spank was so hard that Harry let out a cry, jerking in Lucius's lap. Lucius groaned, tangling one of his hands into Harry's hair and pulling roughly.

Harry felt foolish as he felt the tears slide down his cheeks. He sniffed, wanting to remove himself from Lucius's lap, but not quite sure if his spanking was over.

"Harry, thank you," Lucius said quietly after a few moments.

Harry was silent, his body still tense as he waited. Would there be more? Or was it finally over?

"I've got some cream for you," Lucius said, gently rubbing Harry's back. "It should help with the stinging."

Harry remained quiet.

"Talk to me," Lucius instructed, placing his hand beneath Harry's chin and tilting it upward. "Oh, Harry."

Harry felt ashamed. "I... I'm sorry, Lucius."

"Harry, don't you dare apologise," Lucius said firmly, staring at him intently. "I should have realised you weren't enjoying this. I should have stopped."

"No," Harry protested. "I... I wanted to do this for you."

"You didn't have to," Lucius replied. "Can you stand?"

Slowly, Harry pulled himself off Lucius's lap and stood. "Was that all right for you?"

Lucius chuckled, gesturing to his wet spot on his trousers. "It was very much all right, Harry, don't worry." He leant forward and briefly pressed his lips against Harry's. "You needn't worry, though, as we won't do it again. You didn't like that, and I respect that."

"You're not angry?" Harry asked, wanting to make sure that Lucius wasn't. He hated sounding so insecure, but he just needed to know.

"Don't be absurd," Lucius said. "Come on, let's take a warm bath, and then I'll rub some cream on your arse."

"Lucius," Harry whispered, staring at the man he had grown to care for. "I..." He stepped into Lucius's embrace, pressing his face against the older wizard's chest.

"I feel the same way," Lucius said, pressing a kiss to the top of Harry's head. "I hadn't expected it to turn out this way, but I'm pleased that it did."

"Me too," Harry said, smiling slightly. "My arse does hurt though. I hope you'll be making it up to me."

"I promise that I will," Lucius said. "Any way you want, Harry."

Harry smiled. "Promise?"

Lucius nodded. "Now come, I'll draw us a bath."

Harry grasped Lucius's hand, allowing the wizard to lead him towards the bathroom, where Lucius made good on his promise to Harry.