Happy Christmas!

by orphan_account

Summary

Draco has been a naughty boy.

Notes

I've decided to move all my old fic from Livejournal to here. Some of this stuff is very old, so yeah...

See the end of the work for more notes.

“Father!”

The warm body of his father acted as a nice cushion to soften the impact when Draco leapt into his parents' bed. The father in question groaned and shuffled around in the blankets before cracking an eye open to see the small boy grinning up at him. He was wearing his favourite pyjamas; the one with the blue stripes and silver stars, and his white hair was tousled on his little head. Draco had just gotten up.

“Good morning!” he grinned up at his father and hugged him to the sound of his mother mumbled complaints over being woken up so early.

“Good morning, son,” Lucius said and ruffled his son's hair with an affectionate smile. “Did you just wake up?”

“Yes!” Draco replied happily, practically panting in excitement. “And look--” he pointed a small
finger toward one of the high window in the crimson-coloured bedroom, “--look, Father! It's snowing!”

“Draco, what did I say about keeping your voice down?” it came grumpily from under the blanket.

Lucius chuckled and gathered his son in his arms before rising from the bed.

“I think your mother had a little too much eggnog last night,” he hummed while pressing a kiss to the child's temple. “Come. Let's get out of here so we don't disturb her holiness' beauty sleep.”

“Okay,” Draco snickered and wriggled a little as his father put him down so he could get dressed.

A few minutes later, Draco was dragging his father down the hall, laughing excitedly. Christmas was his favourite holiday because it involved getting presents and delicious food and sweets.

“Hurry, Father!” he said and tugged a little harder at Lucius' hand. “I want to see what's in my Christmas sock.”

“Easy, easy,” Lucius hummed, scooping his son, who squealed in delight, up into his arms to carry him. “It's not going anywhere.”

Draco knew, of course, that his Christmas sock wasn't going anywhere, but that didn't stop him from feeling excited, and he couldn't stop squirming and wriggling in his Lucius' arms. His father was moving far too slow!

Once they finally walked through the door to the drawing room, Draco twisted out of Lucius' arms and darted across the room to the large, ornamented fire place. A big, red sock was hanging there and it was fat with something.

“Can I look, Daddy? Please?” Draco begged, practically bouncing in excitement. “I wanna see what it is!”

Lucius chuckled as he took his seat in the comfortable arm chair facing the fire place, and nodded. With a small shriek of joy, Draco stuffed his hand into the sock and withdrew a large, square parcel. He immediately ripped off the bow and paper before letting out another shriek.

“A new cleaning kit for my broom!” he grinned and held up the shiny, wooden box so Lucius could see it. “Father Christmas knew just what I wanted!”

“That he did,” Lucius hummed, now carrying a slight smirk on his thin lips. “But isn't there more in the sock, hm?”

“More?” Draco put his hand down the sock again and rummaged a bit around before turning to his father again. “Nothing else there.”

His father's face fell a little. “Are you sure?”

“Mh-hm.” Draco nodded and took down the sock to turn it upside down and shake it a bit with no result. “Nothing, Daddy.”

Lucius' face changed from puzzled to outright horrified. “Oh--”

“What's wrong, Daddy?” Draco asked as he put the sock back. “What else did you think would be in it?”
“Oh-- nothing. Nothing's wrong, Draco. What a lovely gift you got. A new cleaning kit, hm?”

Far from impressed with his father's acting skills, Draco arched an eyebrow at Lucius. But he decided that he wouldn't put his father in a more awkward position than he already was, and merely shrugged.

“Can I have pancakes for breakfast today, Daddy?”

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Lucius looked strangely concerned during breakfast. So concerned even that Narcissa, who usually never noticed the sublet changed in her husband's expression, raised her eyebrows at him.

“Why are you looking like that?”

“Like what?”

“Like you are waiting for the roof to collapse.”

“I don't look anything like that, silly woman. Now stop pestering me with your constant questions.”

Draco on the other hand, had adopted a rather smug expression, and when Lucius turned his head and looked at him with an asking expression, Draco just shook his head a little, but kept the smug smile.

Breakfast was quiet as always, and as soon as Draco had finished his pancakes, he flew to his feet and disappeared up the stairs to his room.

He was standing before his wardrobe and apparently trying to decide what to wear that day when the door to his room opened and Lucius entered.

“Listen to me, Draco,” he said, grabbing Draco's shoulders and leading him over to sit on the bed. “I think we're about to get caught.”

“Caught?” Draco looked puzzled up at his father. “Caught doing what?”

“You know what I mean,” Lucius replied, tugging a little at the collar of his son's pyjamas. “You know that what we do when we're alone together, is something your mother must never know about. And-- Well, I think she knows now.”

“I didn't tell her anything, Daddy, I swear!” Draco exclaimed with wide eyes. “I promise, I never told anyone.”

“I believe you, Draco, don't worry,” Lucius sighed and stroked over his face. “It's me-- I've been reckless.”

“What did you do, Daddy?”

“I--” Lucius rubbed his temples and looked like he was trying to gather some inner strength. “I put something rather incriminating in your Christmas sock last night, and I think your mother must have found it, because it wasn't there this morning.”

“Oh--” Draco's expression was blank for a moment. Then he shrugged and slid off the bed to go over to his wardrobe.

“Draco, I'm not sure you understand,” Lucius kept on, turning to look at his son's back. “This is very
serious. If your mother discovers what we're-- She'll take you away from me, Draco, and I'll be sent to Azkaban for only Salazar knows how many years."

"Mh-hm," Draco hummed, apparently not really listening to what his father was saying.

"Draco, are you even listeni--" Lucius trailed off. Draco had started to undress before him, and as the pyjamas top and bottom were thrown on the floor, a pair of very small, and very exquisite, white panties revealed themselves on Draco's hips. They were made of some fine and very thin material that allowed Lucius to see his son's pale skin underneath them, and on the back, right above the boy's cleft, a small, pink bow was sitting.

"Daddy?" Draco had turned his head and was looking at his father with a very poorly concealed smirk.

"Where did you find those?" Lucius asked in a hoarse voice, finally able to tear his eyes away from the panties to look at his son's face.

"Oh, these?" Draco replied, shaking his bum a little. "I had to pee late last night, and-- you know, I just found them."

Lucius just looked at Draco for a while. Then he shook his head slightly and rose to his feet.

"You are a very, very, very naughty boy," he mumbled and grabbed the devil child to toss him down on the bed. "Do you have any idea how worried I was? I thought your mother had found them."

"But they were so pretty, Daddy," Draco giggled, squirming a little in the sheets. "I just couldn't wait to try them on."

"And that was very naughty of you," Lucius breathed as he leaned down to hover over his son, bracing himself on his hands. "And naughty boys needs to be punished."

Draco blushed, gazing up at his father, then nodded slowly and mumbled, "Yes, Father."

A few minutes later, Draco was on all four on the bed, head hanging between his shoulders and his breathing laboured. Lucius was positioned right behind his son, on his knees. The crotch of the panties had been tugged to the side, and one of Lucius' long fingers were stroking over the flushed skin between the boy's balls and cleft. Draco was whimpering every time his father's finger hit just that spot which made his small erection jerk between his thighs. The head was flushed and the foreskin was stretched tightly around it.

"Is Daddy's boy ready to take his punishment, hm?" Lucius purred as he leaned down to gently bite his son's firm buttock.

"Y-yes, Daddy," was the whined reply, and Lucius wet a finger before sliding it between the plump cheeks and past the quivering ring of muscle, into his son's hot body.

A small whimper left Draco's lips, and his cock jerked between his legs. Shivers of pleasure were fluttering up his spine, and when Lucius pushed in another finger, Draco's entire body jerked on the bed.

Had Draco not been so young, he would might have lasted longer. But the fact was that he was very young, and when Lucius added his tongue to the mix, pressing it against the boy's flushed taint, Draco had to give in to the tingling heat bubbling deep in his belly.

With a whimpered cry, the warm waves of orgasm washed over him, and his dry climax hit him hard
enough to leave him flush-faced and gasping for breath.

Gently, Lucius gathered his son in his arms and settled in the sheets on his side, keeping the boy close against his chest.

“Did you learn your lesson, son?” he hummed, threading his fingers through the child’s damp hair.

“Ye-- yes, Father,” Draco panted, curling up in his father’s strong arms. “I learned my lesson.”

“Good boy--” Lucius would have said more, but the words seemed to get stuck in the throat when a small, warm hand snaked its way into his robed and closed its fingers around the erection lying heavy on his belly.

As he looked down into his son’s face, he was met by a wicked smile and a pair of bright blue eyes.

“Happy Christmas, Daddy.”

End Notes

Disclaimer: I own none of this.

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