

A Wife's Needs

by notsosaintly

Narcissa finds a solution to the lackluster sex life in her marriage.

A Wife's Needs (oneshot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: A huge thank you to [Karelia \(ladyinthecloak\)](#), who asked to beta this for me. Without her, I'm afraid you'd find several errors. I revised this through the haze of a vaporous state my muse prefers, but isn't quite conducive to an error-free presentation. I don't usually "do" dedications, but [MHadyn](#) has been an inspiration lately, especially when it comes to the character of Narcissa. Therefore, this piece is meant to give Narcissa what I think she may be lacking at home with a partner whom I believe to be more attentive than her own husband. (Even though I love Lucius intensely, I think his sexual preferences don't quite mesh with poor Cissa's.)

Disclaimer: These characters, this world, the setting, and the money earned from the creation of it all don't belong to me. However, the plot and the desire to see these characters explore each other in more depth do in fact belong to me, and I shall do with it what I want. *stomps foot petulantly*

Narcissa considered her reflection thoughtfully in the full-length mirror of her dressing room. It was a womanly body, not unappealing by any measure in her opinion. Not one ounce of fat on her body, except for a slight curve of the stomach, evidence that she had borne a child. Her golden hair fell like silk over her shoulders and accentuated the outline of her jaw. Nails were perfectly manicured, both hands and feet. Bottom line: her body was very well taken care of and more than greatly underappreciated.

It was true, hers had been a marriage arranged by Blacks and Malfoys, a marriage to ensure blood purity in the wizarding world. A son had been produced...how fortunate! At least for Lucius, who no longer seemed to find interest in his wife sexually, now that he had obtained what was necessary for the continuance of the Malfoy line.

She knew her husband frequented whores. They were of the upper-class type for the most part, but he was not above utilizing the services of a Knockturn Alley trollop when his more base desires needed to be met. Narcissa knew. She had had tracking runes sewn into the hems of his clothing...untraceable with detection spells...and she knew where he was at all times and, more importantly, whether these clothes were currently on his person or off.

At first, when her suspicions had been confirmed, she had been hurt and had taken an extended vacation to the coast of Monaco, where she fully intended to exact revenge for her husband's extra-marital dalliances. After about a week, and rebutting every single advance from more than a few very eligible, very wealthy, and very good-looking men, she had given up and gone home.

Without missing a beat, she continued to put up the necessary pretences at home. Lucius always made sure he "pleased" his wife once a week, and she feigned satisfaction. Every Wednesday night, without fail, he would appear at her bedside...always mid-week because the weekends belonged to the other women, she knew...and she would play along, spreading her legs to accommodate his length, make the appropriate noises, and clench her muscles when he seemed close to completion. She would sigh in relief disguised as contentment, smile softly, and accept his fond kisses before he cleaned himself and left to go back to his room.

A hot bath and the use of a product she had picked up in Knockturn Alley, spelled to her specifications, usually finished the job more adequately than Lucius ever did. She couldn't remember the last time she had climaxed with Lucius inside of her. It must have been sometime before Draco had been conceived.

Sighing, she turned away from the mirror. It was Friday evening, and Lucius had swept into the room to announce he was needed elsewhere this evening...an emergency

meeting with a "client"...and he needed her to stand in for him, as he had made arrangements to meet with Severus to pass on Voldemort's latest orders but couldn't keep the appointment. The list of orders lay on her vanity, untouched. She would give them to Severus and let him be on his way as soon as was socially appropriate. She was sure he had better things to do on a Friday night than meet with the wife of a friend.

There was momentary confusion at the slight pang she felt at the thought of Severus and some random woman on a date. She had always been a little fond of Severus and looked forward to the few times he had come to the manor for dinner. His meetings with Lucius hadn't gone unnoticed either. Though it wouldn't have been proper to intrude on these meetings, she always tried to strategically position herself so she might at least wish him farewell as he left or, if she were really lucky, eavesdrop a little.

A house-elf appeared to tell her that tea and a light dinner had been prepared in the dining room and Master Severus had just arrived. She smiled slightly at the little creature and thanked it absently. A pair of thin filigree earrings was matched to the silk slip of a dress she wore, and she picked up the all-important list she was to give to her husband's friend.

Descending the long, curved staircase from the bedrooms to the entrance hall revealed Severus Snape waiting with what she took to be a quizzical look on his face. Her suspicions were apparently right: Lucius hadn't even seen fit to notify his friend that he had another *pressing* engagement. Inwardly, she sighed at the thought of just how *pressing* that engagement actually was, but she forced those images from her mind and slid up to Severus with a genuine smile on her face, welcoming him like the perfect hostess with a chaste kiss upon each cheek.

"I suppose Lucius neglected to inform you he would be unable to meet with you tonight. I'm afraid you'll be stuck with me. I hope you're not too disappointed," she said by way of greeting, though her words were light and amicable.

Severus took her palm in his and slowly brought her hand to his lips where he just as chastely addressed her middle knuckle and smiled. "How could I be disappointed when you are infinitely more lovelier to look at than your husband?" he asked.

Always the flatterer. She had forgotten that about Severus: how flattering he could be when he put his mind to it. She so rarely was met with that kind of flattery, and certainly never from her husband, and it actually threatened to bring a blush to her cheeks. Her upbringing and admittedly rusty skills refused to let it surface, however. She was a married woman, after all.

Another house-elf appeared to escort them to the dining room, and Narcissa was thankful for the reprieve. Any answer she could offer to his statement would either be inane or improper, and tonight she was afraid that she felt more improper than inane. Severus followed her to the table and pulled out her chair...something Lucius hadn't done for years, being so self-absorbed, or so she told herself...and for some reason, that simple gesture made her feel a warmth she hadn't felt in a very long time. She knew Severus was merely exhibiting impeccable manners, but for a moment, she felt as though someone actually *cared* about her.

The serviette being delicately laid in her lap by the same man set her blood to simmer. Oh, whom was she kidding? Severus obviously had been brought up with manners, he had spent years in pureblood society and had learned how a lady was supposed to be treated, and he was merely treating the lady of the house the way he ought. She pointedly placed the list Lucius had written for his friend on the table as Severus sat down, and the elves busied themselves serving tea and hors d'oeuvres.

"Lucius wanted me to give you this," she said to fill the conversational void. "And he wanted to extend his apologies for not being able to be here this evening. He had ... more pressing matters tonight." Gods, she was beginning to *hate* that word and wished she would stop thinking it, much less saying it.

She noticed Severus' calculating look, and her eyes lowered to the plate of hors d'oeuvres that had been placed in front of her, turning her attention upon choosing one of her liking.

"You are *not* an unintelligent woman, Narcissa," Severus began, his soft voice making her abandon the plate of hors d'oeuvres for his penetrating stare. "I'm sure you are quite aware of his activities, exactly where he goes, what he does." He placed his own serviette upon his lap with a flourish and casually popped a morsel of food into his mouth as if he hadn't just alluded to the infidelities of her husband. "Mmm, the house-elves have outdone themselves as usual," he mentioned in appreciation and nodded toward the small group of servants near the doorway.

She was still staring at him, wondering why tonight, of all nights, he would bring this up. Undoubtedly, he knew of Lucius' escapades. He was Lucius' friend, and it wasn't as though Lucius was discreet. It wasn't seen as unusual, nor frowned upon, for a man in an arranged marriage to have dalliances outside his marital bed. For a woman, though, it was definitely frowned upon, a double standard that bothered her to no end and effectively took her "off the market", as no wizard, pureblood or even half-blood, really wanted to become entangled with a married woman.

She broke his gaze to ponder her cup of tea for a moment, and then decided to be honest with him. He had never broken any confidences with her in the past; she was sure he wouldn't start now.

"As a matter of fact, I *do* know where he is and can infer what he is doing. It is almost certain, from the location of his 'meeting', that he will be gone for the better part of the weekend." There, she had admitted it. Now there were three who knew: she, Severus, and the elf who had sewn the runes into his clothing.

Severus nodded and motioned to a house-elf standing obsequiously in a corner. "Firewhisky, please," he said. "For both Madam Malfoy and myself."

Her eyes glittered, and that feeling of warmth was back, infusing her heart, her stomach, and ... places perhaps a little lower? "Do you think it wise to drink before we eat?" she asked, a little more coquettishly than she knew was wise for a woman of her position, and she followed the question by mentally berating herself for showing the slightest indication of how he was affecting her at that precise moment.

"Most definitely," Severus answered as the drinks appeared within arm's reach along with a dinner of roasted quail, potatoes, and delicate spears of asparagus. A meal to temper the effects of the alcohol...the elves always thought of everything.

"Cheers," he announced, raising his glass to meet hers, and they drank, he a bit more heartily than she.

"Quail goes nicely with Firewhisky, don't you agree?" he asked, the light conversation calming any self-doubts over what he'd been thinking of her behaviour.

She drank a little more and nodded in agreement, eyeing the food before her but not really feeling very hungry all of a sudden. Her stomach was tied up in knots, and whereas the Firewhisky soothed her nerves, she was sure food wouldn't be very beneficial.

"Listen, Narcissa," he began suddenly, and she looked up to see that he had been watching her, "I know Lucius treats you poorly. He talks about you like a responsibility, not a wife. Certainly not like *his woman*. Men talk, you know." He shrugged his shoulders to diffuse the blame he shared in such conversations.

"Why are you telling me this?" she asked. Her voice soft with curiosity, she couldn't help but wonder what his intentions were. He paused a moment and looked in her eyes, seeming to come to some sort of decision.

"I knew Lucius would be out of town this evening, yet I insisted on meeting him. The Dark Lord had indeed given him information I needed. It could have waited until next week perhaps, but I claimed to be unable to get away." The quail was abandoned for another long draught of Firewhisky.

"So you're saying *you* arranged this?" she asked, the intermittent feeling of warmth solidifying and pooling low in her abdomen as her incredulity at his admission dissipated.

"Indeed, I did. In fact, I've been pondering how to go about this for quite some time now. You might not realize, but your ... well, your unhappiness is quite apparent," he said, draining his Firewhisky, refilling it, and topping hers off as well.

She took a few courage-enhancing swallows, ashamed that she had been that transparent, and prayed no one else had noticed such a social faux pas. And then the full weight of his statement hit her: He had arranged this? Being alone with her? She allowed herself, not for the first time certainly, but the first time openly, to look at him with more appreciative eyes and felt the warmth in her belly release, resolving in a slight dampness in her knickers. Her eyes rolled upward beneath closed lids as an intense feeling of need suddenly encompassed her entire body.

This feeling, the one of being *wanted*, was one that was so foreign to her yet at the same time so incredibly exciting. She forced herself to open her eyes and look at Severus through eyes blurred with lust.

Quickly draining her Firewhisky, she abandoned her meal, and stood abruptly. "I believe Lucius left some things in the library he wanted you to have as well," she said, more for the house-elves' benefit than his, and he rose to follow her as the elves got busy clearing the unfinished meal.

It felt as though his eyes were burning her skin right through the thin silk of her gown as she walked up the staircase ahead of him. Her hips swayed to his perceived gaze, only for him, with each step upward. Would he know? She wondered. Her whole body seemed to perform a dance, simple enough in its movements, its sole intent to lure him into her web. She imagined each step producing an escalation in his desire, equal to her own.

He entered the library first, familiar with this oft-visited area of the manor and walked through it as though he owned it. Behind him, she closed the doors to guard against any intrusions, silently warding them and the Floo, making sure no creature would be able to enter, not even a house-elf. When she turned, tucking her wand discreetly in her sleeve, she found that Severus had seated himself behind Lucius' desk in the overly stated, leather chair to which her husband was so partial.

There was a fleeting moment of confusion, seeing this man...a man who was dichotomously different from her husband, a man she'd been fond of for so long...sitting in a place she was used to seeing her husband sit. What did he mean by this? Was it an allusion to her status, that she was an untouchable woman? She tried to look as casual as she could as she walked towards him, a sudden uncertainty and instinct of self-preservation consuming her. Perhaps he truly believed Lucius had left something in the library she needed to give to him. But as she approached, he pushed the chair back from the desk, allowing her space to walk between. She accepted the silent invitation, her body flushing with relief and anticipation, and stood in front of his half-reclining figure.

How casual he looked! As though this was nothing out of the ordinary, him being here in this house with Lucius absent, with her standing in front of him as he sat in her husband's chair and looked at her in...could that be lust?

"Severus, I..." she started, but her voice faltered as he leaned forward and placed his hands on her exposed calves and slowly slid them upwards, past her knees, coming to rest on her thighs, the silk of her gown pooling over his forearms. Beneath his hands, her thighs trembled mercilessly, and she was afraid for a moment that he'd mistake her desire for fear.

"Such a beautiful woman," he whispered. "Lucius doesn't realise how fortunate he is."

Yes, she chanted in her mind as she drank in Severus' words and wove them into her truth. Yes! she whimpered silently as his hands, never a moment idle, shifted her damp knickers down her legs and removed them, leaving her open to the possibilities of being appreciated for the woman that she was.

His hands travelled back up toward the apex of her thighs and stroked the manicured thatch of curls that adorned her femininity until she audibly whimpered her desire for more. Only then did his fingers explore what lay between, inside the folds that hid what, until now, no man except her husband had ever touched. Her ability to stand faltered as his thumb caressed the root of the ache...the one her husband had forgotten even existed.

Catching her, Severus spread her legs and lowered her onto his trousered lap, fitting her against his bulge the way a woman is supposed to be fitted against a man. And she ground herself against him, unable to resist, forgetting that married women didn't behave in such a lewd manner, turned on by his very obvious attraction to her and her overpowering need for physical attention beyond that which her husband so stingily doled out.

Severus ran his hands up her back, undoing the tiny pearl buttons that held the slip of silk demurely in place, and let it slip down her arms, baring unfettered handfuls of flesh made for mouths eager to please. And please he did, suckling one while fondling the other, as she allowed the thin material of her gown to slide down her arms and pool around her grinding hips.

Her mind had gone soft, no longer able to hold onto what was proper, only what her body needed, and her grinding became frantic as she rode against his now slick length, searching for her release. "Mm, yes ... mmm, yes ... mmmm, yes!" she half-whispered, half-beseeched to the cool air of the library, which had never before been privy to such sounds, to her knowledge, and her body broke against Severus as she grabbed fistfuls of his hair and dragged his mouth away from her breasts and to her own mouth, coming against him, tongue penetrating him.

He growled. Holding her tightly against him afforded her the opportunity to revel in every maddening contraction against his hardness. Contact wasn't even broken when he stood and backed her onto the desk, shoving Lucius' papers, quills, and ink aside to make room for the man's neglected wife. Her bare bottom rested upon the cool leather desktop, knees spread, gown still pooled around her waist, and she saw with satisfaction the result of her grinding against him...a damp, well-defined outline of an erection which looked to be even more promising than her husband's.

He held her gaze as he briefly parted from her, unbuttoning his shirt slowly, performing a striptease of sorts, and she felt her nipples tighten and her insides ache to be filled by him. Spreading her legs a little farther apart, she ran one of her hands down her belly and over the silk of her gown, pushing it lower with her hand to cover her mound, and massaged herself slowly through the material, feeling the sensuous slide of material between fingers and tender flesh. Flesh that became swollen with self-stimulation, with watching Severus undress while he watched her touch herself.

When finally the last button of his trousers was undone and his erection was unrestrained, she was not disappointed. With great anticipation, she slid the remnants of silk up, exposing her curls and the soft inviting flesh that lay beneath, begging him to explore her more thoroughly. Oh! The thought of feeling his length inside of her made her hips wriggle and her nipples ache. She reached out to pull him towards her, and he made no protestations.

In. He fell against her and into her with a single, long stroke, and her scream was one of pure bliss. Never before had she felt so full, as he spread as well as filled her to depths she wasn't aware was even possible. She felt greedy. She wanted more. Every pull and push urged him to withdraw and return to her, which he did willingly and repetitively and with such power she thought surely he'd climax at any moment, leaving her as needy as she usually felt post-coitus with her husband.

But her fears were unfounded. He seemed to reach within her and find that one spot only she had found in her bathtime escapades, and he knew just the technique to stroke it over and over, making that unbearable feeling of urgency build within her. She needed to touch herself, bring herself over the edge...just a little more, a little more...needed to feel complete. The first touch of her finger triggered an orgasm unlike any she had ever had with her husband or alone in the bath, and she felt the aftermath flow between her arse cheeks as that feeling of urgency burst all around her. Her screams were involuntary and met by loud groans of acceptance and desire from the man now pumping into her without restraint.

She felt the need to encourage, wanted more, felt like she could have more if only given the chance, and she wanted to discover if it were possible. Yes, she thought to herself, and aloud she pleaded, "Fuck me, Severus. Gods, yes, fuck me harder," to which he complied most graciously.

"Ah ... ah, more!" was met with a change of position, and suddenly she was being pushed onto her stomach, over her negligent husband's desk, and it occurred to her how appropriately defiant she felt as Severus slid his cock into her once more over her husband's desk, claiming her as his, evicting the former owner.

This time, Severus' hands worked her, pulling her hips tightly against his body, fingers working overtime on that little bundle of nerves meant to encourage climax, and that, plus a few choice vocalizations from him, had her shuddering beneath his body a second time. His fingers didn't relent, making her overly sensitive body jump with every twist and turn of the little knot between her legs.

Years of built-up frustration made her want more. Years of mechanical orgasms made organically induced orgasms like a drug to her senses, and she couldn't imagine ever giving this up. She could feel an even stronger climax building deep in her abdomen, with his fingers at work and his cock performing miracles inside of her, stretching her

every which way.

One abrupt movement had her pulled up against his chest, and he led her hand downward to replace his own. Her fingers frantically took over, a single goal in mind, as his hands grasped her hips tightly and forcefully brought their bodies together over and over, faster and faster, hitting that glorious spot repeatedly with every quick stroke, and she felt the last shreds of coherency leave her mind.

She was hardly aware of his voice screaming, "Come for me! Now, Cissa!" but her body somehow heard and obeyed, and her legs shook and the wetness ran down her thighs as his strokes became shorter and he held himself tight against her as his orgasm pulsed at her deepest point.

All that remained were strangled, warring breaths, whimpers and satisfied sighs. All that remained were gentle kisses upon her neck and caresses of her silken hair. All that remained were the eventual re-donning of silk gown and re-buttoning of shirt and trousers.

And then she was being held in his arms, fully clothed, all evidence of their coupling gone except for the way he held her and stroked her hair.

Untold minutes later, a few pieces of parchment and a couple of books wealthier to keep up appearances, he turned to cradle her cheek in his palm and bent to whisper in her ear, "Lucius may not value what he has ... but /do."

As he walked out the door, she knew that she was no longer doomed to the unsatisfying life of dutifully laid wife. The role of satiated mistress seemed to fit her perfectly.