

# With My Body, I Thee Worship

*by peppermint*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Dress. Off. Now!" Draco panted, shoving the bridal suite's door closed with his foot. "Bloody reception, hours too long," he muttered, shucking his outer robes as he maneuvered his bride towards the large, curtained bed, hardly breaking off their heated kisses.

Pansy hissed in frustration at the elaborate design of her gown with its many laces and more fastenings than the buttons on her former Head of House's robes. She shrieked in surprise as Draco backed her into the bed, falling backward with her gown pooled around her thighs. Her thigh-high, spider-silk stockings and garter belt were in full view, and she had already abandoned her ridiculously-jeweled kitten heels.

Draco took a long, appreciative look at his wife's state of dishabille.

"Mrs. Malfoy, how long have you been missing your knickers?" he queried, sliding his hands along her stocking-clad legs, stopping just before the apex of her thighs.

Propping herself up on her elbows, Pansy purred, "I don't think I'm missing them if I never put them on in the first place, husband mine."

Draco knelt between his wife's legs on the bed's plush step stool, spreading her thighs a bit more with his hands.

"You are absolutely stunning, Pansy Malfoy," he stated, "and now I'm going to make you very happy you neglected your knickers."

Pansy took a deep breath, gazing at her new husband. She had been lucky enough to make a love match. Despite Draco's advances and cajoling, she had come to her marriage bed a virgin. She had waited 22 years; another six months wasn't going to change anything. And now that Draco was kneeling before her in reverent worship like a supplicant at the altar, she had never felt more powerful or beautiful in her entire life.

When Draco bent his head to bestow feather-light kisses on her inner thighs, a shiver ran up her spine, and she knew this had all been worth waiting for. Draco's fingers, as they trailed his kisses up her thighs, were awakening a yearning within her, a heat burning in her belly. She heard him whispering soft endearments as his fingers brushed against her mons, then he was parting her folds and his tongue was on her clit and oh!

It was all very decadent indeed to have Draco's mouth on her while still in her full bridal regalia. Pansy found purchase in the brocaded bedspread, grasping full handfuls of the fabric as Draco's tongue worked its unfamiliar magic. Draco flicked his tongue against her clit and then, as if he sensed that erstwhile serpent branded "passion" uncoiling at the base of her spine, drew it into his mouth to suckle. She bucked her hips up off the bed, flying apart with a drawn-out keen of delight.

Draco smirked up at her from between her thighs, his fingers still gently stroking her folds. She smiled knowingly; she would let him think he was the one in charge here. Her mother had passed on advice on the proper Slytherin management of husbands, and she intended to make use of it.

"I'll have to go without my knickers more often, if that will be the reward," Pansy quipped wryly, laying limply amongst the bedcovers.

Draco laughed, helping her to sit up. He then crawled behind her and started to work unlacing the bodice of her gown. His fingers made quick work of the satin lacing, and he peered over her shoulder at her breasts with a grin. "Those are much nicer without clothing obscuring them, my love," he teased and then kissed the nape of her neck. Pansy laughed, tipping her head back to brush her lips against his.

He pressed his lips back against hers for a moment, then slid back off the bed, offering his hand to help her step down onto the floor. Once she had her footing, he slid the gown from her shoulders.

She may have been a virgin, but Pansy didn't blush. She stood proudly before her husband in her stockings and garter belt. Decadent didn't even begin to describe how she felt. Draco seemed to be occupied with using his eyes to catalogue every curve and plane of her body and started a bit when she sauntered over to him, grabbed him by the collar of his open shirt, and stood on tiptoe to kiss him. Her tongue slid against the seam of his lips, probing her way into his mouth. Recovering from the bit of shock, he cradled her face in his hands and kissed her with heated desire, sliding his hands down her sides to cradle her bum and press her firmly against him.

Pansy gasped, feeling Draco's hard cock nestled against her belly. She abandoned her grip on his shirt to fumble with the fastening of his trousers while nipping at his lower lip with a growl of "Mine!"

Draco released her for a fleeting moment to shrug off his shirt and step out of his trousers. It was hard to tell who was more eager as they stumbled blindly to the bed. Pansy scrambled up to lie in the middle, surrounded by mountains of pillows.

They found that words were unnecessary; a kiss, a look, a caress, could communicate just as well. Their hands and mouths urged each other to dizzying heights. By the time Draco found himself cradled between his wife's shapely thighs, he had entirely forgotten any other woman he had ever been with. He glanced down at her beaming face and laughed at the pressure of her heels on his arse, urging him on. He leaned down to kiss her deeply and thrust forward, taking the gift she so willingly offered.

Pansy winced a bit as Draco broke through her barrier, but the pain didn't seem to be that bad in the grand scope of the evening. He stilled for a moment, seeing the grimace on her face. She smiled at him, sliding her calves down against his thighs to urge him to *move*. He eagerly complied, meeting her demanding pace.

His hips had begun to jerk a bit as he clung to the last shreds of control when she nudged him to turn over onto his back so she could be on top. Her smile was dazzling as she lowered herself onto his cock, and it was all he could do to hold it together as she began moving, angling her body so his hardness provided her the most pleasure possible. He brought his thumb to her clit, stroking it in counterpoint to her movements. Soon, Pansy began to moan, calling out her husband's name in delight as she came. Draco shouted his release soon after.

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Later that evening, a sated, happy Pansy lay curled against her sleeping husband's back. She made a mental note to send a rather nice consolation prize to the witch — or witches — who had taught Draco so well. That is, if she ever got their names out of him.

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A/N: This was written for the wizard\_love exchange on livejournal. Thanks to PajamaPants for taming my commas and fixing the atrocious formatting issues that arose from using a tiny keyboard.