

After the Game

by Keppiehed

Draco is in a foul mood when Pansy catches him in the showers. Guess who comes out on top? Our favorite Slytherin bad boy stays true to his nature in this one.

After the Game

Chapter 1 of 1

Draco is in a foul mood when Pansy catches him in the showers. Guess who comes out on top? Our favorite Slytherin bad boy stays true to his nature in this one.

Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

A/N: The prompt for this was "satin." Many thanks to my incomparable beta, MystressXOXO.

Draco winced and rolled his shoulders. That hit from the Bludger hurt more than he cared to admit. He undressed slowly in the Slytherin locker room, letting his teammates get ahead of him. That loss to Gryffindor—to Harry Potter in particular—stung his pride even more than his arm. It was the third of the season, and he wanted to lick his wounds in private.

Draco turned up the temperature and let the needles of water rain down on him. It was nearly too hot to bear, but he withstood the onslaught, feeling his attitude sour with each passing second. As his skin pinkened, and the room filled with fog, the sounds of joviality died down, and he was left on his own. Good. He was in no state of mind to be decent company today. He felt a black mood descend over him as his arm throbbed, and the vision of Potter's grinning face swam before him. He gritted his teeth.

The sounds of the locker room door jolted him from his thoughts, and he idly wondered who came back for something.

"Draco?"

Draco turned his head at the familiar, unexpected voice. "Pansy?"

The dark hair of the Slytherin girl showed at the edge of the shower wall. "Hey—I just wanted to make sure you were okay. That was a nasty hit you took."

"I'm fine," he said shortly. "I don't need you fawning all over me." He felt a sudden desire to be cruel rise up in his chest. "That's what my girlfriend is for. And we both know you aren't that. Why are you here?"

Pansy blanched. "Um. No, I know I'm not your... girlfriend. As if I would want that..." she trailed off weakly.

Draco turned around and gave her a full view of his nakedness. He enjoyed toying with her, seeing her eyes go round. "But that's exactly what you *do* want most, don't you, Pansy? You know it, and I know it." He took a step out from under the spray, aware of the appealing picture he presented. Pansy was practically on her knees already, the whore. He tried not to show his disdain. "You aren't my girlfriend, Pansy, but you can do something for me. Take off your clothes and get over here."

"What?" she squeaked.

"You know you're too good for anyone else but me. Don't make me tell you again; this is the last chance you'll get. Now: do what I told you to do, or get out." Draco cocked his head.

Pansy took off her clothes with trembling hands and stepped into the showers. She drifted closer to Draco as if spellbound.

He watched her tentative approach silently, but when she was within striking distance, he reached out and grabbed her with a speed that surprised her. He spun her through the hot spray and slammed her against the tile wall, the shock of the cold tearing a gasp from her throat. He pinned her arms above her head easily with one of his hands.

This position bared all of Pansy's assets to him. Draco took a long look. Her breasts jutted forward, and he wedged a foot in between hers, kicking them apart slightly. Her breathing accelerated.

Draco dipped his head down and sucked a pert breast into his mouth, suckling gently and swirling around the nipple with his tongue. When he heard Pansy making mewling noises of approval, he drew the pebbled peak between his teeth and nibbled gently. He could feel her hips bucking against him.

Draco drew his head back, amused. "Like that, do you?"

Pansy nodded.

Draco reached down into the thatch of downy curls between her legs. He let a finger slip around the folds, teasing the nub, and slid past the engorged flesh to the slit that was already wet. It felt like satin on his fingers, a texture like nothing else he had ever experienced. The knowledge of her ready arousal shot a jolt of need to his cock, and he slipped a long finger inside her.

Pansy groaned and swivelled her hips to gain more friction. "Draco—"

"What do you want?" he asked, his voice gravelly with need.

"I want you," she panted.

"Then beg me for it. Beg like the whore you are," he said harshly, barely recognizing his voice. His cock was throbbing.

"Please, Draco," Pansy nearly sobbed. Her eyes were closed, her head turned to the side. "Please, I want it."

"That's not good enough," he growled. Draco let go of her hands and grabbed her chin, forcing her head forward. "Open your eyes and beg me like you mean it, or I am going to leave you like this." He moved his fingers in and out slightly.

Pansy's eyes flew open, and she gasped. "Fuck me, Draco. I need you to fuck me now! I'll do anything you want, just please!"

Draco looked into her face. Her pupils were blown wide, and she was shaking. "You are a dirty cockslut, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm a dirty cockslut. Fuck me, please!" Pansy babbled.

Hearing Pansy reduced to begging ignited a fire in Draco's veins, and he felt himself swell in anticipation. He withdrew his fingers from her warm body and twirled her around so that her front was pressed against the cold tile. He lined himself up with her entrance and pierced her core.

It only took a few thrusts before Pansy was crying out and shuddering her climax. Draco pumped in and out of her a few more times, milking the exquisite sensation of her body's grip on his cock. Then he pulled out of her. He savored again that satin feel of her as he withdrew, like only a woman had to give. He leaned in close to her ear as she slumped against the wall, boneless. "Suck me off like a good little whore," he whispered.

Pansy turned around and fell to her knees. She took Draco into her mouth, stretching her lips wide to try and fit him in. After a few halfhearted bobs, Draco laughed. "Not like that," he instructed. He grabbed the back of her head and gently forced his whole length into her mouth and down her throat until he felt her gag. It only took a few moments of face-fucking before he felt the familiar sensation coiling in his balls. "Swallow it *all!*" he managed to gasp as he felt himself come. His orgasm was blinding, and he was aware of Pansy dutifully doing her best to swallow every last drop.

He let himself rest against the wall a moment, before he turned a critical eye on the girl sitting on the floor under the spray. "Still here?" he asked.

Pansy looked up. Draco thought he detected a hint of sadness in her eyes, but that wasn't his problem.

"Well, if you don't mind clearing out now, this is the *men's* locker room," he said pointedly. "But maybe we can do this again sometime," he added thoughtfully.

Draco didn't watch her collect her things and leave. He was in a better mood, though. Amazing how a good fuck made you feel better. Maybe this day wasn't a total loss after all.