

Laundry Day

by pyjamapants

Narcissa Malfoy's knickers start disappearing after laundry day.

Winner of Best Use of Prompt: Potterp0rnprmts June 2010

Warnings: crossdressing, bondage

Laundry Day

Chapter 1 of 1

Narcissa Malfoy's knickers start disappearing after laundry day.

Winner of Best Use of Prompt: Potterp0rnprmts June 2010

Warnings: crossdressing, bondage

A/N: Warnings for crossdressing and bondage. Thanks to Christev for alpha reading and Dreamy_Dragon for beta reading.

The first time, when a pair of my knickers are missing following laundry day, I berate the house-elf for a half hour.

The second time, I stay my tongue and observe other members of the household more closely.

The third time, I wait until the house-elf announces that our dinner guests have arrived. Lucius stands from his favourite chair in the parlour, and I whisper, *Accio Narcissa's pale blue knickers.*"

I find it hard to swallow as I hear the rip of seams and see his eyes widen.

The knickers sail into my hand. Lucius simply looks at me, his expression blank.

"*Reparo,*" I cast.

I cross the room to leave and hand him the knickers. "I expect you in our quarters after the Notts have left."

I reach the doorway and look back at the undergarment dangling from his fingers. "On your knees, wearing nothing but those."

~ ~ N ~ ~

For all his appearance to the rest of the world as a haughty man with unfettered pride, I know my husband's insecurities. Right now the Notts have no idea that Lucius's dinner conversation floats over a current of unease. Unease at how his prim little wife will react once we've bid our guests farewell and adjourned to our bedroom.

Our relations have always been satisfying, but rather tame. He has no cause to anticipate the perversions I have planned. Watching his unease nearly has me squirming.

Lucius never deigns to waste his spirits on the Notts, but I suspect they'll be asked to stay for drinks.

I think I shall make him regret stalling.

~ ~ N ~ ~

When Lucius closes the front door, it's well after midnight, far later than we ever entertain during the week. The Notts believe they've finally been accepted into Lucius's close acquaintance. They would laugh if they knew that Lucius Malfoy is just a pitiful sod afraid of his wife's temper.

I watch him with a raised eyebrow, forcing myself not to smile at his discomfort.

He walks up the stairs, and I decide to let him steep in his fear a bit longer.

I walk up the steps moments later, pausing outside the door to consider transfiguring my clothes into something more suitable. But that would be rather obvious, and I don't think I want to tip my hand just yet.

I step into the room and, despite my confidence, find myself surprised to see that Lucius has followed my command. He's kneeling, wearing only my knickers, and facing the bed. He might have balked and railed against my ridiculous request. But no, he's playing along, which speaks volumes. Curious volumes, much like the tomes I've seen shelved in the section of the library Lucius thinks I don't know about.

I examine his posture. It pleases me. Outside this room, I may be the reserved, subservient, pure-blooded wife that society expects. But here, in my quarters, I have brought Lucius Malfoy to his knees.

Circling him, I admire his lovely hair, hanging loose and stopping just above the edge of the knickers. My composure nearly falters when I see his pink cock peeking from the top of blue silk, straining at the fabric and stretching it.

I stop. This is all rather too convenient, and I notice that Lucius, eyes fixed to the floor just as the books command, is wearing the slightest of smirks. I've played into his hands. And he *knows* it. Knows everything.

Anger flashes through me before it's replaced with realization that Lucius's compliance, his contrivance, carries with it consent. And if he knows what I've read, then he knows what's ahead.

Two flicks of my wand and his hands are bound behind him while my robes sail to the laundry chute. I'm wearing the black matching set I picked out this morning. Its knickers were the second casualty of Lucius's scheme, but this is my favourite suspender belt, after all.

"Look straight ahead, Lucius," I command.

I walk into his line of sight, and his posture wavers. He doesn't know all my secrets, then. Though I wonder whether he's more surprised at the absence of knickers or that I've finally cast the Depilatory Charm he's been hinting at for ages.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I watch his eyes flicker minutely. "Do you like what you see, Lucius?"

"Yes." He pauses—always with the dramatic flair—before continuing, "Mistress."

I knew that word was coming, but it still tugs at my desire for him.

"Approach the bed."

He has studied well. He approaches on his knees.

"Lick me."

After his tongue trails up my thigh, we both groan when it glides across my shaven skin.

He takes several moments to explore this denuded landscape, neglecting my clitoris, which is begging for attention, assuredly noticeable now that there is nothing to conceal it.

I change my directions so they're more specific, and I can't seem to stop my mouth when Lucius follows my orders. When I'm not moaning, I'm rattling off what he'll be doing in the future. I don't reveal everything. One must maintain the illusion of control and surprise. I'm simply testing his boundaries and trying desperately to catalogue which filthy scenarios make him lick harder.

My Lucius is a kinky little beast, and before long I'm grunting ideas that I'm sure I've never seen in any of the texts.

When I tell him I'm going to gag him, tie him to his desk so that he's staring at his father's horrified portrait, and paddle him until his arse burns, he sucks my clitoris so hard that constellations dance across the ceiling. A whispered spell and instruction, and he's thrusting three fingers inside me, curling and twisting. I think I come hard enough to Obliviate every orgasm prior.

I open my eyes and look at Lucius, still crouched between my thighs and licking lightly. The gleam in his eyes is telling. Finally, the Manor has its Mistress.