

Till Death Do Us Part

by charmed3

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She is very beautiful, my new bride. Her skin is flawless, her pink lips are moist, and her deep blue eyes are full of attraction for me and even more so, fear. It is the first time that I am able to see her since Father came in to tell me that I was to be married; that my chosen bride had finally come of age. I can feel her hands trembling as we recite our vows before these people that have gathered to witness my betrothal to this seventeen-year-old girl.

During the toasts at the wedding reception, I can see him out of the corner of my eye, watching. I can almost feel his hurt. But what am I to do about it? If we've discussed it once, we've discussed it a thousand times. I have to do this; I have no choice in the matter. He says that he understands, but his dark green gaze reflects differently.

Mother and Father sit in a dark corner of my bedroom suite. Harry lies in our bed in private quarters on the other side of these walls, waiting unbeknownst to all but me. But I have to put on a good show. I close my eyes and cast my mind back to the previous evening our farewell, as it were. I feel the desire for him rush to my loins as I join my new bride in our nuptial bed.

The clean white towel lies on the bedside table. I kiss her, only the second time since we took our matrimonial vows. I can feel her tremble beneath me. I tell her not to be frightened, that it will be over soon. I slide my hand down her belly and into the thatch of curls at the apex of her thighs. I burrow within her heat, feeling her muscles tighten around me, her slippery warmth between my fingers. I stroke myself, adding her lubrication to my own. I fix my mind on his face, how he feels when he is inside of me and his hot mouth on my cock.

I am almost shocked when I slide slowly inside of her and hear her feminine whimpers. This is painful for her. I soothe her with my mouth and my hands, fingering her nipples that are taut with arousal. I move within her, imagining his emerald green eyes on me, whispering filthy things to me as I fuck him. I open my eyes and see the tears of pain she has shed, glistening on her cheeks. I am all the way inside of her now; the head of my penis is wrapped tight in her womanhood. I will not deny that it heightens my arousal, but she is not him. I close my eyes again and think of him: how he waited for me in the bath, his legs spread over the sides like a whore, his hand fisting his swollen cock for me to see in the clear water.

I gasp sharply as I spill my seed within the girl below me, my desperate desire for the man in the next room spurring me to completion. I almost slip up and moan his name. I kiss my bride gently on the cheek, tasting the salt of her tears on my lips. I reach for the white towel and wipe her clean, noting the bright red smear of blood. My work is finished. I cover myself with the green silk robe hanging from the bedpost and carry the stained towel to Mother and Father, still sitting silently in the shadows. They inspect the towel and bid us a good night. I turn to my bride who is still shuddering in the bed. I fight the violent urge to vomit, and I take a deep breath before speaking.

"This room belongs to you now. Come and go as you please. The house-elves will attend to anything you desire. Please, make yourself at home," I say.

She sits up and watches me, her eyes round.

"I am now, by Wizarding law, your husband and I will act as such befitting the occasion. However, I ask that you not disturb me unless in an extreme emergency. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," she whispers, tears filling her eyes once more.

"If the situation arises and you need me, send word with one of the elves," I say.

She nods silently.

"Pleasant dreams, Mrs Malfoy."

I almost do not make it to the bathroom in time. He is standing behind me, his hand warm on my naked shoulder as I retch, expelling my shame and utter disgust in myself. I lie, dizzy and shaking, on the cold floor while he strokes my hair, crooning garbled endearments as he weeps, both for us and for him. He feels that he has lost me. I sit up and take his trembling chin in my hand, smoothing away his tears. I am almost knocked sideways by his beauty; his eyes are greener than ever against the bloodshot whites. I stand shakily and pull him up with me. I turn the shower on full-blast and face him again. I kiss him gently, his cherry lips still trembling, and I remove the matching green silk robe he is wearing.

"Let me wash your pain away," I whisper as we step into the near-scalding water. "Let me heal you."

We bathe, scrubbing vigorously so our skin is almost raw. I wrap him in a large silvery towel and dry him slowly, kissing every inch of him I can reach as I move down to his feet. I take one foot in my hands and kiss each toe, repeating the same with the other foot. I want to worship him. I want him to know that I am his, I will only ever be his, and he is the only one that will ever belong to me. He is trembling again, this time with arousal. I smile at his erection that juts proudly away from his body, dark and glistening.

"You are exquisite," I tell him, my eyes filling with tears. "Claim me, beauty. I want to feel you inside of me."

He pulls me toward him, his fingers tangling in my hair, his hands reaching down to stroke me. He whispers huskily in my ear, "Your wish is my command, my prince."

He lays me down on the silken sheets, cool on my overheated skin. He kisses me hungrily, his tongue laving the inside of my mouth before joining with my own. His hands slowly part my knees, and he is touching me again, his fingers rubbing and teasing. He moves down my body. His ragged breath on my body stimulates my nerve endings deliciously. His head is between my legs, untidy dark hair still wet beneath my fingers. He takes my manhood into his mouth, and I cry out in pleasure. He lifts my leg over his shoulder, and I feel his fingers join my cock in his mouth. I shudder violently when his slick digits are pushed slowly inside of me, and I groan when they brush against my sensitive gland. Delightful spasms course through my body at his touch. He licks behind my testicles before taking them, one at a time, into his mouth and I arch myself towards him.

"Please," I whimper. "Please, I need you inside of me."

With one last swipe of his tongue against my swollen member, he pushes himself back up to me and captures my lips again. His arms are supporting under my knees, and he rocks my pelvis upward, spreading me open. I cannot help but groan when I feel his hard cock sliding against my passage. I spit into my palm, and I reach for him, spreading the moisture along his shaft. I need him quickly. I guide him in carefully, and we both catch our breath as he penetrates me.

He kisses me slowly and deeply as he slides in and out of me. He shifts into a kneeling position, moving me so that I am at the best angle for each thrust to meet its desired mark. I stare into his emerald depths, showing him in my own eyes how much I adore him, and that I never wanted to hurt him. He looks down at me and smiles.

"I know," he whispers.

He shuts his eyes and moans when I wriggle beneath him, not because it is pleasurable for me, but because he likes it. His thrusts are becoming deeper and more forceful, and I can see dark spots in my line of vision, but I keep my eyes on his. I slide my hands up his chest and flick at his nipples, wetting my fingers in his mouth before pinching the brown nubs. He is *so* beautiful. I hear his breath hitch, and I feel him throbbing in my core. I gaze into his eyes again and watch his expression change. His face is full of colour, and his eyes grow dark and narrow. He draws his tongue across his lower lip. His hand is between my legs again, and he wanks me furiously. I draw in a tremulous breath, and I feel my second completion careening to the surface, but I do not break eye contact.

The bed is shaking, and he is moaning my name, driving his cock into me at full tilt. This time I am able to scream his name as I come. I tell him that he owns me. He quivers and pushes hard within me, and I feel him release in my body. He drops my knees and collapses between my legs, his cock still hard, and I feel his tears falling onto my chest. I hold him close to me and let him cry.

"I love you," he whispers. His body has stilled and we are breathing peacefully.

I lift his head up and kiss him fiercely.

"I love you too," I say against his lips.

I remove the gold band from my finger and place it on the bedside table before blowing out the candles. I hear him whisper a few spells, and we are clean and dry once more. I take him in my arms and kiss his forehead, and he settles himself in the curve of my body. I am satisfied. We are one in the same, till death do us part.

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