

Planned Seduction

by Southern_Witch_69

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters. Just borrowing!

SW Says: This was written for Tatiana, who was kind enough to respond to an LJ post in which I'd asked for story prompts.

Her requests were:

Pairing: Pansy and Lucius (NC-17 a must)

Thanks go to Madam Goodsnatch for the beta. Hehe.

Pansy turned her head so that Draco's lips would meet her cheek instead of her lips. "Good night," she murmured.

He nodded and sauntered off in the direction of the manor. She made certain that he entered before she turned around and continued her moonlit walk in the family's maze, wine glass held loosely in her hand. She'd been married to Draco for just over a year, and she'd become quite bored with her life. All he ever talked about was getting his family's good name back in proper standing with society—that and bloody Harry Potter. Pansy was quite certain that if Draco—a self-proclaimed heterosexual—was propositioned for sex by the Boy Who Lived, he would drop to his knees and please him with his mouth in eager acceptance—not caring that he was married.

As of late, the most interesting thing to occupy her time was Draco's dear father, Lucius. Since his wife had left to visit with her newly widowed sister, Andromeda, he'd been a constant presence at the manor, usually in the rooms she happened to be wiling away time in, not having to spend most of his time with his wife, or being locked in the study to find peace away from his wife, or out doing business. His mood had lightened considerably, and Pansy found herself wishing that Draco were more like him.

Oh, Draco looked much like his father, but while Draco's arrogance and fretting made him appear petulant, Lucius' made him appear grand—untouchable almost. And she most wanted to touch what she could not. That was why she'd impulsively decided to ask for a bottle of wine with her meal. Lucius proposed that they all take a walk after their meal in the maze, saying he'd just had new paths added. She and Draco followed him out into the darkness, the moon their only light, and had only taken a few steps when Draco admitted that he was quite tired and dizzy, having had too many drinks.

She'd expected this of course, having placed a couple of drops of Sleeping Draught into his very last glass. And with his departure, it was time to carry on with her part... as per the plans she'd decided upon. Lucius had entered the maze at a different place, so she was uncertain where he was exactly, but she planned to seek him out.

It didn't take very long to find him, and when she did, she brought her glass to her lips and took a long drink, watching him as she did so. He was perched on a large, stone bench, gazing up at the moon, his long, pale hair shining ethereally in the moonbeams' delicate glow.

It's time to act your part, Pansy, she thought, steeling the courage to seduce the one man who could ruin her comfortable life if he chose to reject her.

"Draco," she said, making certain she sounded tipsy, "I thought you'd gone inside."

His gaze met hers momentarily before his eyes lowered, taking in her appearance—lingering on her breasts before working its way down. She stepped closer, emboldened by his quiet scrutiny. His eyes slowly lifted back to hers.

"I believe you've had a bit much to drink this night," he said brusquely.

She made a show of downing the rest of her wine and tossing the glass behind her. "Perhaps I have," she said, forcing herself to stumble and winding up on his lap. Her hands slid up his chest and circled around his head to draw him closer to her. "But that doesn't mean I've lost my spirit for adventure, and it's only boosted my need for... you."

His body remained stiff, and the only thing that showed he'd heard her was the slight arch to one elegant eyebrow.

Pansy pressed her lips against his only to pull back in disappointment when she found her kiss unwelcome. "It's been s-so long, Draco," she said, continuing to pretend she was too drunk to realize he was not her husband. If he was any sort of man—and a lonely one at that—it would only be a matter of time before he succumbed to her advances. "I want you. I want you right here... now." She began moving her hips against him and nibbling on his throat, soothing the nips with her tongue, rewarded by a low groan.

"You don't know what you're asking," he said finally, though his hand betrayed his tone as it caressed one of her breasts through the fabric of her gown.

She pulled back and leveled him with a serious gaze. "I know exactly what I'm doing." Pansy then brushed his lips with hers again. This time, however, he was much more relaxed and responded with the lightest puckering of his lush lips, eliciting a pleased moan from her. Once their tongues connected, everything else began to happen quickly. Her dress was unzipped and pushed down so that her breasts, sans a brassiere, were bared to him.

Her hands were not idle either, for they'd moved down to unfasten his trousers, release his cock from his underpants, and grope his hard length in erratic strokes. It was in this moment that he became an animal, tossing her down onto the bench, which was as soft as any bed, and attacking her breasts with fervent kisses, hands beneath her dress, doing their best to rip away her knickers.

"Oh, God, Lu—er—Draco," she mumbled as his fingers began pleasuring her. "Don't stop."

Apparently not noticing her slip, he maneuvered his body between her thighs, quickly guiding his erection to her opening where it plunged in without hesitation. "Mmmm," he commented, pausing to situate himself better, before driving into her again and again in a hard, fast rhythm. One hand fondled a jiggling breast while his eyes never left hers. She felt it was as if he wanted to see her reaction to every slam into her body, and she boldly maintained his stare, shamelessly moaning and begging for more. When his eyes closed and his body stiffened, she knew he wouldn't last much longer, and she reached down to pull him to her completely, his head against her bare shoulder, flesh against flesh where their centers met and became one, and the new friction and simple delight in the feel of his body pressing firmly against hers brought about her culmination.

When she cried out, she had to bite her lip to keep his name from spilling out. After he was spent, he didn't linger, righting himself quickly and looking around to make certain nobody had witnessed their sex. She, on the other hand, was too relaxed to get up straightaway, willing the tranquil feeling to last a little longer.

"I suppose you think you're clever," he said after his trousers were fastened.

"Sorry?" she said, rising up on her elbows to look at him.

"Surely you don't take me for a fool, Pansy?" he asked as he stood.

Panic clenched her insides tightly. Remembering to sound intoxicated, she said, "I dunno what you mean, Draco."

"Next time," he said, bending down to trace the curve of her cheek with his index finger, "you needn't pretend you're intoxicated, and I must admit that being called Draco is most daunting." With that he straightened and began to walk away. "I'll let you know when we might be able to do this again." He stopped and looked back at her. "And you needn't trouble yourself with Sleeping Draught. I'll have my elf take care of things going forward—with Draco and with Narcissa when she returns."

Without another word, he left her in the maze, still sprawled out on the bench. "My God," she whispered to herself. "What have I got myself into?"

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SW69's Notes: I've never written this pairing before, but I find that I don't mind it much. I could definitely see Draco being "obsessed" with Harry, as Harry spent much of the last book the same way. I did figure it would be easier for her to be with Lucius if she was already in his home, hence her marriage to Draco. Also, I couldn't have her getting away with fooling him. Teehee. I think he's so much cleverer than that.