

Research Interruptus

by cmwinters

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for LJ's smutty_claus 2006 gift exchange, as a gift for Slytherincess, who asked for: plot, canon compliancy, rough, irresistible, uber combustible sex, oral sex, frottage, in-danger-of-getting-caught!sex or sexual activity, uniforms/half-clothed sex, voyeurism, mutual masturbation, classroom/library sex or sexual activity in unexpected places, unplanned orgasms and straightforward language.

Please note that due to the requested characters and settings, this story contains content that could arguably be called "chan" in some jurisdictions. If reading about consensual sex over the age of consent but below the age of majority is illegal where you live, or you find such matters distasteful, please do not read this story. There are many others on this archive, most of which are much better written anyway! ;)

Draco Malfoy sat in a secluded corner of the restricted section, his forehead propped in his hand as he scrutinised an ancient tome on the construction of Hogwarts. He'd been skipping meals lately, and as many classes as he could get away with. Although he wasn't foolish enough to try to weasel out of Transfiguration, he managed to charm his way out of Flitwick's class about half the time, and he hadn't gone to Defence or History in months. Truth be told, he didn't want to go to Potions, either, but he needed to be on Slughorn's good side.

Really needed.

But he spent every spare waking moment in the library, in the most remote seat he could find. And he created a number of spare waking moments by forgoing sleep for Rejuvenation and Pepper-Up potions. The stress was taking its toll as he found it increasingly difficult to concentrate, which had the benefit of making him worry, which in turn made it more difficult to concentrate.

He was absolutely at his wits end. And in his rattled state of mind, he didn't hear the approaching footsteps.

"Draco, are you back here?" came a nasal whine that, had he been in a different place emotionally, Draco would have recognised as Pansy's attempt at a sultry purr. Now, however, it merely set his teeth on edge.

His concentration shattered, Draco rubbed his face and took a deep breath before replying. "Yes, Pansy, I'm back here. What do you want?"

"I missed you at dinner," Pansy moaned, and Draco quickly realised that apart from that statement she wasn't going to elaborate.

"I wasn't hungry," he said shortly, trying to turn back to his book and interrupted by a very loud and angry growl from a neglected digestive tract. Draco levelled an angry scowl at his abdomen.

He heard a snuffle and looked up in angry trepidation. *Surely* she wasn't going to pull this. Not here. Not now. Surely.

"Draco, is there someone *else*?" Pansy whimpered.

To his credit, Draco did not roll his eyes. He did, however, consent to clenching his fists and gritting his teeth before replying.

"Pansy, where have I been *every* time you looked for me?"

"Here, in the library . . ."

"Yes, here. In the library. *Alone!* Aside from that, even *if* there were someone else, and there is not, you would still 'get' me, Pansy, because we've already agreed to the betrothal our parents arranged. But if you don't let me work, there won't **be** a me for you to 'get'! In fact, if you don't let me work, He may well kill not only me and my whole family, but you and yours simply for guilt by association!" Draco protested in a voice that started out perfectly reasonable and quickly rose to a crescendo of hysteria.

"I KNOW, Draco, and I've offered to help you . . ."

"You can't help me!" Draco hissed. "This is something I *have to do myself!*"

Pansy leered at him and perched herself on the edge of the desk he'd been sitting at, shoving the tome he'd been studying carelessly behind her. Hiking her robes over her waist to reveal her knickerless and freshly denuded cunt, she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him close. "Are you sure I can't help with anything?"

"Are you completely mad!?" Draco spat so quietly that the smacking of his lips was louder than his voice, but the fury in his eyes and the flush of his abnormally grey skin giving no question to his emotional state. "We are in the school library for Merlin's sake!"

Pansy ground her bare skin against the rapidly stiffening placket of his trousers. In the musty stacks of the library, the scent of her arousal rose like the strong perfume of food to a starving man. "I know ... but come on. . . nobody but you ever comes back here . . ." she persuaded, reaching her hand inside his trousers to stroke him.

Draco eyes closed as his body revelled in the sensation ... he'd been so tired and overwrought lately he'd even been neglecting attending to his own needs, and his sixteen year old body was in revolt. He raised his hands to Pansy's shoulders and tried weakly to push her away, trying valiantly to protest, but she saw what he was about to do and swivelled her thumb over the most sensitive part of his neglected cock *just so*, and his knees nearly buckled. His hands instead rushed to her thighs to give him added support. "Fuck! Pansy!" he protested.

"Why, yes . . . that is rather what I had in mind," she said, pulling his body closer to her as she finished unfastening his trousers.

"Don't . . ." he protested weakly.

"Why?" she whispered in his ear, rubbing the now oozing head of his cock up and down her moist labia, making him groan low in his throat.

He bit his lip and utterly forgot what he was protesting and why and gave in to Pansy's urging as she slipped him into her. All thoughts of research, missions and worries about family disappeared as the head of his cock slid into her wet warmth.

"Merlin, Pansy, you are sopping wet!" he gasped.

"Yes I know ... I *tried* to take matters into my own hands, as it were, before I came looking for you, but sometimes the substitution isn't enough . . ."

The thought of her frigging herself in her bed ... or his bed ... she'd shown up rather randomly in the boys' dormitory on several occasions ... caused a nearly painful pulsing in his cock. He slid deeper, but paused as she winced. "Are you all right?" he breathed, desperately hoping the answer was "yes" so that he could continue on with this.

"Yeah ... I'm fine. It's just . . . you didn't come home for Christmas, and it's been a while."

He withdrew slightly, coaxing her to lay in a particular position and manoeuvred back and forth a bit until he got the reaction he was looking for. She wriggled a bit and gasped as the head of his engorged cock rested on her G-spot, and he reached down to trace feather-light caresses across her swollen clit. "You like that?" he asked as she writhed beneath him.

"Yes!" she yelped, trying to position herself for maximum stimulation while simultaneously trying to coax him into thrusting.

"Mmm. Show me," he ordered. Her eyes flew open and her expression froze.

"What?"

"Show me. You said you tried pleasing yourself before you sought me out. Show me what you did," he demanded. Her eyes glittered for a moment, but she grinned and reached her hand between her thighs, sliding her fingers under his.

"No!" he said, slapping her hand away lightly. "Show me what you did, but *use my hand.*"

She moaned, but grasped his fingers and stimulated herself with them. He began rocking his hips back and forth very slightly with a low growl. When he got her rhythm, he flickered his fingers more intensely and quickly and added a rolling motion that the position afforded him but not her. Her hand, forgotten, fell to her side as she panted beneath him.

As her orgasm built, he increased his thrusting almost imperceptibly and leaned down to hover his face over hers, raising his other hand to stroke her hair and scalp. When he felt the tell-tale pulsing of her inner muscles, he did three things simultaneously. He yanked her hair, forcing her head back and clamped his mouth over hers as he pinched her clit. He then slammed his cock fully into her.

She squealed in pleasure and in pain, and her hands flew to his back. She dug her nails into him ... he felt the half-moons of her fingernails biting his skin even through the fabric of his robes, and he ground his hips into her in response.

". . . Do . . . that . . . again . . . !" she whispered against his lips, and he obliged, pinching her clit and biting her lip for good measure, which put him in perfect position to stifle her yelp.

"Again!" he growled at her when her shaking stopped. "AGAIN!" he demanded again, and the way her legs fluttered weakly up he suspected her abdominal muscles were sore from the convulsions. Although he wanted to continue torturing her, there would be plenty of time for that . . . some other time.

He placed his hands on her hips and shifted most of his weight forward and thrust into her with a vengeance, pounding so fervently that the desk was sure to leave bruises on the tops of his thighs where he kept slamming them into the hard wooden surface. Good thing it was bolted to the floor, since by his calculations they'd have toppled the entire library roughly thirty seconds ago.

And he was just about at the point where he wouldn't have cared if the entire castle collapsed around them when Pansy gasped at him to stop.

"WHAT?!" Draco yelled, stunned, but frozen in place. There were many things that Lucius Malfoy taught his son, or had had someone else teach him, and one of them was that leaving one's partner unsatisfied was horribly unbecoming of a pureblood wizard of their calibre. And while Pansy Parkinson was many things, she was not a tease ... at least, she didn't make a habit of teasing *him*. He didn't care if she teased others. In fact, all things being equal, he rather enjoyed it.

"What do you mean, 'stop'?" he asked, having done exactly that.

"Back up a bit," she coaxed and confused, he pulled her toward him and started to pull her off the desk.

"No ... no, just you," she whispered.

His brows knotted but he did as she asked. He felt absolutely ridiculous standing in the back of the Restricted Section with a throbbing erection pulsing between his legs. But his curiosity was short lived as she slid off the desk to her knees in front of him and wrapped her lips around his cock.

Despite his confusion and panic when she abruptly stopped him, the sight of her on her knees before him, licking her own copious juices off him as she stroked him with a twisting motion while her tongue flickered and massaged him, quickly had him gasping in shallow breaths. He fisted his hands in her hair as the suction she applied increased and struggled to keep his eyes open nearly as hard as he'd struggled to do anything in his life. The intense look of power and lust in her eyes only served to inflame him further, and it only took a few moments for his orgasm to overwhelm him. His toes curled in his dragon-hide boots as he panted, finally groaning as bitter spurts of pent-up desire flooded into Pansy's mouth.

She stayed on her knees before him, keeping his cock in his mouth, until he opened his eyes again to meet her gaze. Deliberately, she pulled away and licked her lips, making a show of swallowing as his now-flaccid cock flopped between his thighs. Fleeting though it was, she saw the look of lust in his eyes as she rose to kiss him thoroughly.

He could taste himself on her ... as well as her. It drove him wild ... and the little bitch knew it.

"I am going to lick your clit raw tonight," he whispered threateningly. "I'm going to suck your clit so hard it will be swollen for weeks, and every time your thighs rub together it's going to make you come your brains out. You won't be able to walk right for weeks! And then I'm going to fuck you until you beg me for mercy."

"I'm. Looking. Forward. To it!" she declared with a lascivious grin as she righted both their robes and pranced off with a final appreciative glance over his body and a lick of her lips.

Neither one of them noticed that Zacharias Smith had been watching the entire time.

Author's Notes:

This is the first ever smut exchange I ever participated in. Thanks a million to Slytherincess for being so jovial and understanding, and to r_becca and catrinella for running the exchange. :)

A bazillion thanks to Beki who reads my stories and gives me feedback, and assured me that this setting wasn't illegal. :)

(Although we both SINCERELY doubt it's what Jo had in mind!)

Of course, to notsosaintly, who took the time from her schedule to tell me that I **could** host this on TPP at all (and for running the site!) :D

And RobisonRocket, who caught the corrections I **always** miss (no matter how hard I try to get them all!)