

Unhappy

by del

Pansy has something to tell Draco.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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The bed was creaking violently under their writhing bodies, blankets and sheets rustling together, blending with their ragged breathing. "Oh, God..." moaned Pansy, dainty hands running over Draco's damp alabaster chest lovingly as her hips ground down into his. "I love this..." Her eyes opened to look down at him, finding him even more beautiful when the moonlight was spilling through the sheer curtains draped neatly over their window and over his sweat covered body. He looked ethereal and was glowing.

Draco arched his back, using his feet as leverage to thrust into his wife. His hands grasped her small waist and started to incisively move her around. "Mmm," he responded vaguely, tilting his head back against the pillows. His blonde hair splayed out over the dark satin cases, contrasting brilliantly.

Pansy had only ever had sex with Draco, and he knew it. Even in school, he had forbidden her touch anyone in such a way. It wasn't because he was possessive and jealous, but she was his and he had a power over her that he loved to enforce. Her hands fisted in the dark pillows on either side of his head as she began to bounce harder against him, whimpering. Her ample breasts swayed invitingly above him, but remained neglected.

"Draco, Draco, Draco...I love you."

That word. He hated hearing it, but he tolerated it from Pansy. Besides, he was close to coming and wasn't going to let it distract him. "Yes," he hissed, eyes squeezing shut tighter and face contorting in pleasure as her inner walls began to contract around him. She keened at him about how beautiful he was and how much she adored him. His orgasm was milked out of him by hers, flooding her passage with the hot proof.

She collapsed on top of him, panting and pressing their drenched bodies together. He rolled her off of him after taking a moment to catch his breath. He exhaled a loud breath, throwing the blankets off his hot and sticky body. Pansy smiled beautifully at him, afterglow etched in her facial features.

"What?" he snapped, standing up and shrugging his shoulders as though to loosen up his muscles.

The smile faded from her face and was replaced by her usual sad expression. "I have something to tell you," she said seriously, heart beginning to pound hysterically in her chest. They hadn't talked about this and she had no idea how he was going to respond.

"Get on with it. I need to shower."

"Draco..." she trailed off, staring at him helplessly.

"What is it?" he pressed rudely.

"I'm pregnant."