

Mr. Buzzy

by pokeystar

Draco has a present for Hermione.

Outtake from "It's a Wonderful Life, He Hopes."

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's note: I probably wouldn't have written this at all, nor would it have been anywhere near as good without guidance from a_bee's_buzz. Also, I must thank Droxy; if she hadn't pointed out that Mr. Buzzy sounded like a name for a sex toy, this particular bunny wouldn't have bit me in the ass.

Chronologically, this story belongs between "Queen of the Lists" and "Tis the Season" in the "It's a Wonderful Life" vingette series.

Mr. Buzzy

His wife looked delicious enough to eat. Draco stood at the end of their bed and admired his handiwork. Hermione was lying naked *except for the gloves* on the rumpled sheets, arms above her head, her wrists looped with lengths of silver and green striped cloth. *Too loose?* He glanced at headboard, assuring himself the ends of his old school ties were still firmly knotted to the burnished mahogany columns at either edge, and then returned his regard to his wife, devouring her creamy, delectable skin with his eyes. Draco slipped out of his silky ice gray dressing gown, revealing a lean body with firm muscles and a very firm, florid erection.

Riveted by his gaze, his eyes gleaming with desire and love, Hermione's normally astute attention to detail eluded her. The tips of her breasts tightened, and she failed to notice her husband place an object in the folds of the blanket at the foot of the bed. The rosy nubs of her nipples distracted him momentarily from his self appointed task. Draco reached out and nudged her ankles apart, crawling onto the bed between her legs. He placed a hand on either side of the bed near her chest to brace himself as he leaned over and swirled his tongue around one tight bud, nibbling briefly to elicit a breathless gasp and then knelt back on his heels, the better to take in the delightful sight before him.

"Hellcat," he murmured and wandlessly charmed the Slytherin ties at her wrists slightly tighter. Her responsive growl made him chuckle, and he teasingly kissed the beauty mark at her hip.

"Ah, Moh," he sighed, his breath stirring the curls at the apex of her thighs. "You always look so lovely in green and silver."

She mock growled again, rolling her hips in frustration, seeking contact with the tantalizing mouth hovering above her mons. Draco's tongue darted out and flicked against the delicate flesh of her inner thigh, stoking her frustration higher, so that she threw back her head and keened out his name pleadingly.

He sat back on his heels once again and gently adjusted his wife's legs so that they bent at the knee, her feet flat on their bed. Giving the dimple below each kneecap a filthy lick and running his hands lightly up the backs of her calves, tickling the sensitive flesh, Draco gazed at his ardent wife and fought the urge to abandon his scheme.

"You please me, love," he drawled. "So sexy. So passionate. I'm glad you wore the gloves, sweet, even though they provoked me greatly."

Hermione whimpered and then giggled at his words. *Giggled! Thought she'd bested him, did she?* He would drive her to distraction. Wipe her mind clean of every intelligent thought and have her moaning for more. *Oh, how he loved a challenge.*

"That's why I had to tie you up, pet. After all these years," he tsked mockingly "You still think you're the boss here." He braced himself on his hands and knees again and leaned over her, brushing his chest and cock against her torso and core deliberately. "I may have a weakness for those clever hands encased in leather, stroking me to madness," he hissed in her ear as he shifted his upper body weight to one hand. "But you will never win the war."

She bit her lip and stared into his eyes.

He smirked at her and, with his free hand, lightly pinched her nipples.

"Please," she breathed. "Please..."

He lowered his hips and rubbed the tip of his cock over the swollen nub of her clitoris. "Music to my ears," he chuckled. "Say my name, Moh."

"Damn it, Draco. I want you inside me." She swallowed a gasp and struggled for command. "Now."

"Not quite yet, love," he drawled. "I have a present for you first." He knelt back again and reached behind himself, grasping his surprise.

She frowned. "A present?"

He held up a small yellow and black striped plastic object. It resembled an elongated bee. Draco grinned impishly and flicked it on. "Hermione, sweetheart, meet Mr. Buzzy."

Hermione gasped as her husband gently pressed the humming plastic bee against her swollen labia. He chuckled as her hips arched off the bed. She bit her lip hard when he pushed the head of the bee into her, the vibrations of the Muggle toy enhancing her fervent ache. Draco quietly uttered a charm to keep the bee from squirming free and leaned over her, bracing his hands on either side of her head.

"Tell me," he whispered as he nipped and licked her earlobe. "Does our new toy feel good, baby?"

She moaned and pulled against the ties at her wrists, unwilling to ask for release. *It was what he wanted.* To have her at his mercy, like he had been at hers while she wore the gloves.

"I bet it does. It must tickle and tease your pretty pink folds. Will it make you beg, kitten?" He reached down and pushed the toy in further, seeking the spot that always derailed her busy mind. "Will it make you come?"

She shook her head and made a moue of frustration.

"Not enough, is it, love? Would you like me to help Mr. Buzzy?" This last inquiry surprised a bark of laughter from Hermione that abruptly changed into a groan when her husband licked a nipple, then suckled the tip, delicately nipping it with his teeth. He laved her other breast with equal fervor, then kissed and licked and traced his way down her torso. She sighed and said, "Finally," when his tongue flicked at her clit, mimicking his earlier actions by tugging and then nipping at her tender flesh. When she started panting, he drew the nubbin into his mouth and sucked strongly, rolling it against his tongue. Hermione's entire body tensed, her toes curled and she gasped out a squeal as her vagina pulsed around the vibrating bee. Draco eased up her shivering form, prolonging her bliss with gentle caresses, finally kissing her deeply as he withdrew Mr. Buzzy from her center. Hermione heard her husband flick the vibrator off, but was distracted as he then positioned himself at her opening, gripping her hips as he thrust partway inside.

"Merlin, baby. You're so wet, so hot." He tensed, his breathing shallow. "Do that again," he groaned.

"This?" she gasped, squeezing her internal muscles; moist velvet encased him, undulating and drawing him deeper.

"Yesssss..." His eyes closed as he withdrew slowly and then plunged in again. "Won't last. My own." Withdrawing again, he thrust strongly and fit his hips to hers. "*Finite Incarcerous.*"

Freed from the ties, her arms wrapped around him as he rolled onto his back. She straddled him smoothly, rocking above him as she stroked his chest and plucked at his nipples with nimble leather-encased fingers.

He gasped and arched up into her, moaning, "My own, come with me."

He was coming undone, straining towards her, his features raw and open. So unlike the polished urbane façade he presented to the world. Only she saw him like this. His cock throbbed inside her. His fingers tightened on her hips. Only she felt him like this. She smirked. "Are you begging, love?"

"Not hardly, kitten," he drawled in return and circled his hips up against her in a move that made her throw her head back and exhale sharply, fighting for control as she stared at the canopy above their bed.

A familiar buzzing noise quickly deflated the rest of Hermione's waning superiority. The clever toy bee was now thrumming busily upon her clit. Draco's shuttered eyes gleamed at her in the candlelight. "Shall we pronounce this skirmish a draw?" he asked silkily as she rocked faster, covering the hand holding Mr. Buzzy with her own. Hermione started to shake her head, but as the buzzing vibrations increased, she abandoned all thought in favor of a mindless quivering explosion of bliss that caught her lover up in its wake.

Tugging his shattered wife down in his arms, he nuzzled his lips over the curve of her jaw and muttered a dazed, "Amazing."

Moh sighed happily, snuggled into his embrace and murmured the thought she had previously abandoned, "That was definitely a win-win."

