

What You Came For

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A newlywed Narcissa muses about love and marriage. Written for melfinatheblue for LJ's Wizard Love 2008 exchange.

Chapter 1

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A/N: Wall sex and romance at the request of melfinatheblue! Thank you to rosehiptea for beta reading this for me.

Narcissa sometimes wondered if she loved her husband.

Now was one of those times, brushing her hair at her dressing table and looking at her reflection thoughtfully. She supposed her musing was part of being recently married and adjusting to a new role in life. Narcissa was aware that many people married for love and therefore looked poorly on marriages made for other reasons. However, in the Pureblood world, marriage was still seen as an advantageous financial and power arrangement between families. And in the noble house of Black, things had been done in the traditional way unless one felt like throwing away one's heritage by running away with a Muggle and getting blasted off the family tapestry.

With the thought of Andromeda, Narcissa felt her features twist into a scowl and automatically forced herself to relax. Her sister wasn't worth wrinkling her face over. Besides, she was a Malfoy now. That was one thing that she didn't wonder about; her loyalty was to Lucius, just as his loyalty was to her. She supposed that in light of such a bond, love was not of great consequence.

There was a scratch at the door, interrupting her thoughts. Narcissa could think of only one person it would be, so she called for Lucius to enter without turning from the mirror, where she was now braiding her long hair with deft fingers. In it, she could see him cross the room to stand behind her, and they watched each other in the mirror as she finished the task.

"It's a pity, really," Lucius suddenly remarked.

Narcissa raised an eyebrow at him in the glass. "Whatever are you talking about?" she asked him.

A small smile hovered on Lucius' lips. "I was just saying that it was a pity for you to go to all this work to braid your hair up when I shall be undoing it." With that, he covered Narcissa's hands with his own and placed them in her lap.

Having all of Lucius' attention on one was a heady thing, and she watched the mirror, almost mesmerized, as he methodically set to freeing her hair from the braid. Positive attention, she suddenly thought. Having his positive attention was a heady thing. She imagined his negative attention would be something else entirely. She also imagined that she would eventually experience it, and she smiled wryly at the idea.

Having spread her pale hair across her shoulders, Lucius looked at her quizzically as she smiled, but she merely shook her head. They looked at each other for a long moment until Narcissa finally said, "So you came to my dressing room just to unbraided my hair?"

Lucius gathered her hair into his fist and wound it around his hand a bit. Then he tugged, not hard but with pressure. "Stand up, and I'll show you why I came." Narcissa felt a slow heat move through her body at the tug. She stood and turned to face her husband, the stool between them.

Lucius busied himself removing her robe and throwing it into the corner, revealing the filmy black gown she wore underneath. "Black? I thought that our honeymoon had convinced you that you were entirely Malfoy now," Lucius teased as he set to running his hands over the curves of her frame.

"It didn't come in Malfoy. Besides, black suits my coloring," Narcissa rejoined and was proud that her voice was only a little breathless. Lucius sat down in front of her and looked up at her slightly flushed face.

"I think that this would suit you better," he said and then took the thin bodice between his hands, neatly ripping the gown down the front and whisking it off of her, leaving her in her knickers.

She shivered with excitement, but coolly said, "You seem to enjoy throwing my clothes this evening. Is that what you came for?"

"Not quite," he replied easily, leaning forward to nuzzle the smooth skin of her stomach, hands settling on her hips. His lips kissed downwards towards the black lace between her legs even as his hands moved upwards to cup her heavy breasts. Narcissa breathed out in a sigh and brought her fingers up to comb through Lucius' hair.

"What think you, Narcissa?" Lucius asked her softly as he kissed around the edges of the sheer material. "Was this perhaps a good enough reason to come disturb you?"

Narcissa made a small moan, but Lucius stopped his kissing until she answered. "Yes, yes," she said impatiently. "Just get on with it." She thought she heard a muffled chuckle, and she added petulantly, "And don't laugh at me."

Lucius didn't laugh at her; he was too busy carefully nipping the skin along the top of her knickers, stopping periodically to run his tongue underneath the edge. Narcissa's breathing grew heavier, and she placed her hands on his shoulders to steady herself. He teased her methodically, lightly using his fingers, breathing hotly on strategic places, only briefly touching her where she most desired.

Despite her attempts at decorum, she soon found herself softly whining in a most unladylike manner. Lucius looked up at her. "You're an impatient girl," he chastised her, but he began drawing the knickers down her legs. She maneuvered to help him, and when she lifted a foot to get out of them, she propped it on the stool next to him. This got her another amused glance, but she merely raised her chin, put a hand on his head and tried to push it down.

He did laugh at her then, grabbing her hands and holding them to her sides. The laughter stopped as Lucius set to kissing all over her soft inner thighs before he set to work in earnest. Narcissa sighed as she finally felt his tongue slide between the folds at the apex of her legs. Lucius, done toying with her for the moment, concentrated his attention on her most sensitive parts, finally sliding his fingers into her when his tongue was no longer enough. Soon the only things that Narcissa could hear were her own light panting, mixed with occasional wet, sticky sounds that were vulgar but exciting nonetheless.

Narcissa was close to orgasm when Lucius stopped. "That's enough for you," he said, and Narcissa did have the presence of mind to be pleased at the hoarseness of his voice. He stood and gathered her into his arms, grabbing a hand to draw it down between them and settle it between his legs. Narcissa murmured appreciatively at his arousal, and Lucius kissed her deeply, sucking at her tongue and filling her mouth with her own taste.

Breaking the kiss, he kept his arms around her while he backed her to the wall of the room, where they kissed again, both their hands struggling to unbutton his trousers. That done, Narcissa found herself hoisted slightly and pressed firmly to the wall, and she wrapped her arms around her husband and wriggled as best she could to help him position his length at her entrance, where he paused.

"Is Mrs Malfoy ready to get fucked up against a wall?" he asked her cordially.

Narcissa couldn't help but giggle. "Of course, Mr Malfoy," she answered with mock seriousness.

Levity was again forgotten as Lucius entered her easily and Narcissa moaned. Then she hung on to her husband for dear life, moving against him as best she could, not even aware of her loud groans each time he entered her deeply. Finally, as she teetered on the brink of orgasm, she brought her own hand down to touch her clitoris, causing Lucius to groan.

"Come now, Cissy," he grated out, moving faster inside her. They both did then, clutching each tightly in a confused tangle of limbs slowly sliding down the wall.

Wall sex isn't much for afterglow, Narcissa thought, as they almost immediately had to disengage themselves. They ended up sitting next to one another, sweaty and disheveled, with their backs to the wall. There was silence, filled with breathing still labored, until Narcissa spoke. Snaking her hand out to take Lucius', she said in her most arrogant voice, "I suppose, Mr Malfoy, that was an acceptable reason to disturb me in my chambers."

Lucius squeezed her hand tightly as he laughed. Narcissa smiled and leaned her head on his shoulder, thinking again about the subtleties of love.