

Beautiful

by *MystressXOXO*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is my response to the Speedpr0nz Challenge, Round Two, over on LJ. How I got this from the word prompt: 'wiggle' and two hours of writing... I have NO idea! Please read the warnings.

Draco breathes in and out, puffing warm breaths across the sensitive flesh just inches away from his mouth. Harry's skin is marred with the colors of pain, pleasure, and submission; the heat Draco can feel radiating from the handprints adorning Harry's well-toned arse is incredible. Draco sticks out his tongue and licks across the blotched skin, causing the man in front of him to hiss and wiggle in response. The sound... *so hot*... makes Draco look up and take in the sight of his lover.

Ropes from the bedroom's ceiling bind Harry's wrists together, and they are pulled taut, unrelenting, as they support the weight of their captive. His ankles suffer a similar fate and are secured from ropes below; the ropes anchored to the floor are pulled apart, spreading Harry's legs wide, keeping him as still as possible. Harry's naked body is coated with a light sheen of sweat, and the muscles under his skin are in constant motion as they flex and then relax from the strain. *Beautiful*.

Draco brings his gaze back to Harry's arse: alluring, on display, and begging to be used. The scent of Harry's arousal is strongest here, and Draco extends his tongue again, wanting to taste that excitement, and begins to lap hungry strokes across Harry's hole. He can feel the soft, wrinkled skin squeeze and quiver under his tongue, and he moans as it loosens under his touch, allowing him to savor more of Harry's flavor with each lick. Then, Draco points his tongue and flicks lightly around the skin just outside Harry's opening. He teases Harry for long seconds before finally trusting his tongue into the heat of Harry's arse.

Harry gasps for breath as he is tormented, and Draco's willpower starts to crumble when those gasps turn into whimpers. Draco removes his mouth from Harry's crack, with reluctance, and stands so he can reach the ropes that secure Harry's wrists. When Draco wraps his fingers around the soft fibers, he pulls and feels the rope's length grow. Now, Harry can lean forward and present a better angle for a deep, hard fucking.

Draco *Accios* a pot of lubricant from the table beside the bed and puts a small amount on his cock before sending it back. The gel squelches as he smears and rubs it over his hard shaft, and he smirks when Harry hears the sound and lets out a desperate groan. *Beautiful*. Draco then lines his cock up with Harry's entrance and slides into him with one swift push, only stopping when his pelvis slaps flush against Harry's arse.

"Fuck!" Draco wails as the walls of Harry's arse contract around his cock. His fingernails had clawed into the skin on Harry's hips as soon as he was seated, but Draco couldn't bring himself to care. How could he? Pushing into Harry is the best feeling in the world.

Draco pulls back with a grunt and begins to fuck Harry with hard, quick thrusts. It is almost too much for him; he can still feel the sensation of Harry's hole clenching around his cock. *So tight... so good.* Faster. Harder. *Beautiful.* Throwing his head back in ecstasy, Draco closes his eyes and loses himself as he uses Harry's hole for his own pleasure. *So deep... so mine.*

All too soon, Draco feels his orgasm approaching, and the strangled noises now spilling from Harry's mouth only spur him on. After a few more thrusts, Draco reaches around and starts wanking Harry's rigid cock in earnest. With a snarl, Draco commands, "*Scream* for me, Harry!"

The body in Draco's arms starts to convulse, and... *Ugh! God!...* they both cry out as they come... *Yes, Harry!...* hard... *Scream for me!...* and fall to the floor... *Fuck!!...* when the ropes fail to maintain their hold.

Beautiful.

~Fin~