

Mercy

by LiteraryBeauty

Draco and Harry play a dangerous game. Eventually, though, the game has to end... one way or another.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Draco and Harry play a dangerous game. Eventually, though, the game has to end... one way or another.

Author: literaryspell

Warnings: slash, BDSM, bloodplay, knifeplay, breathplay, violence, caning, mental instability, character death

Author's Notes: Huge thanks to my betas, Rainien and Krystle-Lynne, for being such good sports!

"Does it hurt?" Harry demanded.

While the question might have seemed rhetorical at first, Draco knew better than to not answer. His cock throbbed a split second behind the pulsing pain in his face, and Draco had to think about what *hurt* really meant.

"Yes," he settled on finally, spitting a glob of crimson onto the dusty hardwood floor.

Harry eyed the mess for a long moment, seeming to consider it. It was a risk; Harry hated Grimmauld Place, so Draco's defiling of it might not be resented, but Harry had confused notions about respect.

"Do you want more?" Harry asked, apparently deciding the blood wasn't a concern...and really, it wasn't, with all the other bodily fluids that would be forcibly, painfully, deliciously coaxed from his body over the course of the night.

"Yes," Draco said again, raising his face. Harry's hand was hot and hard, heavy and completely unforgiving. The slap snapped Draco's face to the side and pain seared him before Draco *forced* it into pleasure, the heat throbbing through his veins, seeking out his cock and confusing his synapses.

His ear was ringing and he could feel the side of his face swelling, but he rebounded, scrambling to his knees and lifting his face for another. And another.

When the world was nothing but background noise, and Harry's hand the thing around which Draco revolved, Harry healed him. Not the cuts...never the cuts. But the swelling was brought down because Harry liked to kiss Draco, and without the healing, Draco's lips were swollen and misshapen.

Blood poured from his nose, lips, two cuts on his cheek, and...a little worryingly...from his ear. Harry kissed him and Draco opened himself up, spread his legs, parted his lips, cleaved his soul. All for Harry.

The burn spell was next. This was Draco's favourite, and Harry's least. The burns hurt the most the next day, worse than cuts, worse than broken bones, even. They also scarred longer and took up more space on his skin.

Harry never scarred his face, though. Not even when Draco asked. "Make me something else," he'd begged all those months ago, when Harry had been scared and Draco determined, and the world was ugly and didn't understand.

"You *are* something else," Harry had finally said, frowning and smiling at the same time. "Mine. And I'll only mark you like that when you deserve it. When you earn it." He'd kissed Draco, then. Bit him. "When it's over."

And so Draco longed for and feared the end. Things like this... like whatever was between them, they didn't just end. It wasn't just *It's not you, it's me*, or *I need space to find myself*. When it ended, it was *over*. There would be no more Draco.

And no more Harry, though Harry didn't know that, didn't understand the way Draco did.

Draco screamed as Harry's wand touched his skin, a starburst of pain and pleasure spidering from the point of contact. Though he'd been moved onto the bed, onto the silk sheets, Draco felt no different than he would on the cold, hard floor. There was no forgiveness in the bed; there was only a different kind of pain. The bed was a mockery of love. Draco was haunted with the knowledge of what normal people did in beds, and he envied and despised them, they who did not know the absolving end of Harry's wand.

Draco was shocked away from the throbbing pain of the burn by Harry's fingers shoving unceremoniously into his unprepared hole. He screamed and writhed but didn't move away, pushed back into the pain even though it was hated.

The only time Harry had made love to him, Draco'd nearly killed him afterward. Draco couldn't abide the kindness, the unspoken emotion in Harry's smooth and unhurried thrusts. Harry had been confronted with Draco's wand, and while he'd laughed in the face of it, Draco had seen the fear.

Harry didn't want to die. He didn't want Draco to die. He was naïve and stupid.

"Not yet," Draco gasped, still moving into the fingers. "More."

Harry's hand froze, and Draco wondered how much Harry understood from his plea.

He slowly slid his fingers out and wiped them, almost absently, on Draco's back, rainbowed with months of pain and peace. Draco hissed when Harry's fingernails collided with a fresh cut, hips rolling into the bed.

Harry would use one of two things here: the cane or the knife.

The cane meant that Harry was willing to oblige Draco, and the pain would go on much longer. It also meant that Harry would fuck Draco eventually, because seeing his arse striped and bleeding made Harry crazy. The pain of Harry's hips against his wounds would send Draco into a frenzy. Neither would leave the bedroom the next day.

The knife meant Harry was tiring of Draco's demands. He would do what Draco wanted, but then he would leave the room, retiring to his side of the manor while Draco wanked and bled and wanked and cried. He wouldn't touch Draco for at least three days while the cuts healed; he might even try to heal them completely, and Draco would threaten to leave and then...

But a whistling cut the air and Draco knew Harry loved him.

The first blow wasn't a blow at all, but a slice, the knots in the bamboo like razors. His caned body was beautiful, Draco knew. It was a celebration of bruises, welts, and cuts. If only he could convince Harry to set the stick aflame, then he'd have burns, too, and he'd be complete.

Draco screamed and screamed as the wood parted his flesh. Harry had no idea how to wield the cane properly; it was all force and no finesse, but Draco loved it anyway because it was honest and real and beautiful. A Master couldn't be free like this. A Master wouldn't hurt Draco until there was no recovery.

He could hear Harry panting by the side of the bed as he brought the weapon down again and again over Draco's quivering body.

Finally, when his arse and thighs were a fiery brand and the sheets beneath his face wet with blood and tears, Draco could hear the cane clatter to the floor. It was too much... it was almost enough.

The bed shifted and Draco cried out in protest as he was rolled onto his back, the sheets like concertino wire against his flesh. When he instinctively moved to turn back over, Harry straddled him, pressing Draco's arse even harder against the sheets.

"Feel good?" Harry asked, his voice casual but his eyes bright and gleaming, his breath coming quickly, his cheeks flushed with colour. His cock hard and heavy.

"No," Draco moaned, and even talking sent vibrations over his torn body.

"But you really mean yes, don't you, Draco?" Harry said softly, pressing his thumb into Draco's split lip.

Eyes fluttering shut, Draco licked the tip of Harry's thumb and was rewarded with the coppery bite of his own blood. "Yes," he whispered, trying not to hate himself for this confused and angry thing that devoured him.

Harry moved between Draco's thighs, slapping them when Draco didn't move quickly enough.

"Lift your legs," Harry demanded, one hand gripping Draco tightly around the throat.

"Can't," Draco protested, panicking at the thought of the pressure the position would put on his arse.

Harry's hand tightened, fingers digging into the sides of Draco's throat. "Lift your fucking legs, Draco."

It took him almost five minutes and one black-out to bring his knees to his chest, exposing his arse for Harry. He could feel the blood slicking the sheets beneath him.

"Good boy," said Harry in a mockery of affection, but Draco smiled, though his face felt tight and foreign from the hand on his neck.

A strange prodding at his hole made him whimper, and Harry smiled softly as he whispered, "*Scourgify*."

Draco screamed soundlessly at the spell ripped through his lower intestines, cleaning him in a way a person should never be cleaned. What was fine for marble floors and stone stairs was agony on human flesh, and Draco cried when Harry's fingers caressed his sensitive flesh.

Poking almost clinically at Draco's entrance, Harry's hand rhythmically tightened and loosened on Draco's neck, making the throbbing in his face, back, and arse worsen by the minute.

"What do you think, Draco?" Harry asked quietly, his finger circling Draco's furrowed hole. "Will one finger do?"

Though Draco shook his head rapidly, Harry only nodded as if to himself. When Draco moved to lower his legs, Harry leaned heavily on Draco's throat.

"Who is in control here?" he demanded, clenching his hand. Draco couldn't answer, couldn't even nod or shake his head. He pleaded with his eyes, but Harry didn't seem to see. "What did you ask for from me? Mercy? *Love*? No. Punishment. Pain. *Penance*." Harry was panting against Draco's mouth when he suddenly shouted, "I decide!

Me!"

Bright red spots were dancing at the edges of his vision, and Draco shuddered and twitched as blood roared in his ears. Almost... almost... Would Harry revive him?

Would Harry save him?

But then Harry's cock pierced his hole at the same time as he let go of Draco's neck, and Draco screamed and *came*, panting and crying and *coming* even though he hadn't even realised he'd been hard.

"Such a pretty boy, aren't you?" Harry whispered, his cock tearing through Draco's body, the friction against Draco's inner walls hurting them both.

Though Draco could breathe, he still felt like he wasn't really there. He looked into Harry's eyes as he was fucked apart, his limp cock slapping lightly and acting as though it'd never get hard again.

Harry's eyes were soft and so pretty, so perfect. Harry had always confused Draco, and now more than ever. He didn't know what Harry wanted, what he needed. So to make up for it, he always let Harry do whatever he wanted, anything, anything.

A soft *snick* brought Draco's attention away from Harry's soft eyes. The knife.

"Are you sure?" Draco whispered, not scared, just... anxious.

"It's what you want," Harry answered.

Draco nodded slowly and closed his eyes. The blade ran lightly over his arms and chest before travelling up his neck.

To his face.

"It's over, Draco," Harry murmured when the blade pressed into Draco's cheek.

Draco whimpered but didn't shake his head. Harry was right. It was time.

Cold-hot pain ate at him as Harry's moved the knife, light and heavy, over Draco's face in intricate curves that no person should be able to manage on another person's body.

But it wasn't long before Harry moved down, carving into Draco's arms and torso. Sobs ripped themselves from Draco's throat as the blade bit and burned him, and Harry began fucking him again in time to his desperate cries.

Draco felt his body move as if from afar, saw Harry pounding into him without mercy, saw his beaten body given up, saw his own eyes glimmer and fade. When Harry came, Draco didn't move, only took it inside himself as Harry's come incinerated him.

But soon after, the knife was picked up again, and Draco was brought back to life by the fierce and present pain.

Over the arch of his foot it travelled, around his calf and behind his knee. Draco helpfully moved as Harry instructed.

When Harry was marking Draco's thigh, a particularly deep cut made him jerk away, which, of course, made the knife sink even deeper.

"Shit," Harry said quietly as they both watched, entranced, as the blood pumped in time to Draco's unsteady heartbeat, steadily leaving Draco's body.

"Enough," Draco said, pressing explorative fingers to the wound that ached and stung but didn't hurt. "Hold me, please. Harry."

"One more thing," Harry whispered, and the blade was kissing his chest again.

"Sentimental idiot," Draco murmured almost fondly as Harry finished writing his own name on Draco's body. He held his arms open for Harry to crawl into. He was very cold, and Harry was always so hot.

Though he was chilled and very, very, sleepy, Draco knew Harry would be asleep soon, so he forced himself to stay awake. A final kiss to his lips was his only goodbye before Harry drifted off.

"*Incarcerous*," Draco whispered hoarsely, white ropes shooting from Harry's own wand to bind him.

Harry was instantly awake, as Draco had known he would be.

"Draco, what..." he began, blinking rapidly. He seemed almost surprised as he stared at the blood that decorated Draco's body and the bed. "You're not okay."

Draco didn't much like handling the knife; it felt awkward and unwieldy in his uncertain grip. But he only needed it for a moment, anyway.

Signing his name on Harry as the black-haired boy struggled and cried, really cried, Draco panted with effort.

"It's not so bad," Draco whispered, kissing the wound and then Harry, who tried to jerk away but then began to kiss Draco back.

"Promise?" Harry whispered, looking very tired.

"Promise."

"Okay," Harry said, his eyes falling closed. A sparkling tear trailed down his cheekbone, and he breathed out bracingly.

Draco hated how hard it was to shove the knife through Harry's breastbone. It should have been easier, he thought.

Harry screamed and his entire body shook violently, almost toppling Draco from him.

"I love you," Draco whispered, watching the matching rivulets from Harry's heart and his own thigh.

Harry couldn't answer, but his eyes were soft and... forgiving.

Draco knew that when someone dies, people usually close their eyes for them, but Draco needed them to be the last thing he saw. Holding himself up was a strain, but seeing his own name on Harry's cooling body was enough.

He pulled the knife from Harry's chest with a Herculean effort and threw it away. They'd never hurt each other again.

A soft kiss to Harry's lips, stained with blood and the answer to Draco's words that Harry'd never been able to say, and Draco laid his body next to Harry's, cancelling the rope spell and wrapping Harry's arm around himself.

"It doesn't hurt," he whispered, closing his eyes.

Fin.