

Magnifique

by MystressXOXO

Draco always had a talent for art, and he decides to make Harry his next masterpiece.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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***A/N:** First off, thank you very much, keppiehed, for the very helpful and quick beta. You're awesome!*

This bunny has been hopping around in my head for some time, and I'm so happy to finally get it out in the open! A very talented artist triggered this small bunny the very first time I saw her work. So... Happy Birthday, pink_mint! I hope you enjoy this, and I hope you have a wonderful Valentine's Day, too! =^;~=

Soft bristles dip and become red with very little pressure, letting just enough color coat the brush. Draco grips the thin wooden handle between his finger and thumb and focuses on his painting... where his masterpiece is beginning to come to life. With even strokes, he glides across the canvas with aplomb, the textures taking shape with each pass he makes. Movement out of the corner of his eye slows his hand, and he looks up to confront the distraction.

"I told you not to move, Harry," Draco says, his voice quiet but strong. The intensity in his eyes must be keen, Draco realizes, as Harry actually listens this time.

Draco brings his brush back to his paints and mixes a bit of white with the red; he wants to keep the color bold, so he uses only a little. As Draco comes to the most intricate part of his artwork, another movement almost ruins what he had started.

"Harry," Draco chides, not looking at him this time.

"I can't help it," Harry says.

"You can," Draco assures him, "and you will."

Draco's strokes grow in speed with each new pass of paint, only slowing when he needs to retrieve more. Sweat begins to tickle his brow, and his tongue takes up residence between his teeth as he works. He swishes his brush and flicks his wrist, and Draco's breath seems to pause with each touch of color.

"Draco," Harry warns, only a whisper to Draco's ears.

"Not yet," Draco answers, determined.

"But I can't—"

"Yes, you can," Draco growls deep within his throat, "and you will."

Draco flutters the brush upon the painted surface and joins the surrounding colors with ease. The bristles of the brush fan out just enough to add depth of the lines underneath. His strokes are now strong and full of intent—careful not to overlook even the smallest detail.

His paintbrush then stills, and Draco looks at Harry. "Now," he says, and then he runs his brush down the middle of the painting.

A harsh intake of air is all Draco hears before his canvas jerks and releases its pearly paint from within. It smears Draco's art as ropes of fluid slide down from above, and he honors all he had created by stopping those trails with his tongue and tasting completion in his craft. It's bitter and salty, sweet and sour, underlying peppermint, vanilla, and flesh. It's delicious.

"No more!" Harry yells, his voice straining from his outstretched neck.

After a final roll of his tongue, Draco raises his head from Harry's lap and stares into Harry's eyes when he lifts his head.

Harry's skin is flushed with the same color that's upon Draco's lips—both of which are glistening in the light. Harry's body tightens with every breath he takes, and the movement of his muscles draws Draco's gaze across his chest, to his stomach, and finally to his cock. The dark hairs that surround Harry's crotch are saturated with the fluids of art and sex, and as Draco meets Harry's eyes again, he licks his lips and smirks at his masterpiece.

"Magnifique."

~Fin~