

Breathless

by LiteraryBeauty

Scorpius Malfoy always takes Albus Severus Potter's breath away... so Al takes it back.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Additional Warnings: crossdressing, D/s, breathplay, rimming

"Why is your family so bloody *exhausting*?"

Al watched with a grin as Scorpius sat a little cautiously on the sofa. Scorpius was beautiful and it wasn't just the subjective truth; it was fact. More than his clothing and hair and *lips*, Scorpius really was beautiful inside. Though for whatever reason, Scorpius didn't like to hear that. He only preened when Al complimented his looks or his brilliance. Whenever Al told him he had a good heart or that he could be kind, Scorpius would raise an eyebrow and immediately set about doing something cruel to make Al eat his words.

Al never did. It was all a front.

"Don't act like you weren't having fun," Al teased.

Scorpius rolled his eyes and tried again to get comfortable. He kept sinking into the lush sofa cushions, and he couldn't get himself back out. Eventually, he lifted a hand for Al to take, one eyebrow raised imperiously when Al hesitated.

"I wasn't having fun. Now get me out of this damn couch!"

Instead of taking Scorpius' waiting hand, Al lifted him by the underarms like a child. Scorpius stumbled against him because of the awkward grasp, just as Al had expected. He wrapped his arms around Scorpius' tiny waist, relishing the fragile feel of his boyfriend. In his ear, Al whispered, "You were having fun. But I won't hold your fib against you."

Scorpius' scowl melted into a grin. His body became pliable, moulding against Al's. "What *will* you hold against me?" he asked, pressing their bodies together as his arms snaked around Al's neck.

It was the perfect opening, and any other time Al would have jumped in headfirst. But that wasn't what Scorpius *really* wanted.

"Hmmm," he said, pretending to think. "How about the time you encouraged your father to reminisce about breaking my dad's nose?" Al's hands closed around Scorpius' waist, squeezing lightly.

"Oh, that was hardly my fault! Father cannot be contained after he's had a few glasses of wine. Even Mother knows that." The whinging tone of his voice didn't quite match the brightness of his light grey eyes.

"But you didn't even *try* to contain him," Al reminded him. "You made it worse by laughing!"

Scorpius' body, having tensed when Al brought up his transgression, went snake-like again, practically undulating against Al. If it didn't turn Al on so much, he might have hated the way Scorpius tried to play him like that. "Albus Severus Potter, you bad boy. You just want to punish me!"

Undeterred even in discovery, Al smiled and kissed Scorpius' mocking lips. "I'm allowed to punish you however I see fit, remember? And you *do* deserve it. You weren't very nice tonight."

"Neither were you," Scorpius whispered. He folded himself into Al's arms, his hands on Al's chest. It was his signal that he wanted to be cuddled, and Al would never deny him that. When Scorpius did that, he always seemed so small. It made Al feel strong to be able to protect Scorpius, even if there wasn't any real danger.

"What did I do?" Al asked quietly, pressing soft kisses against Scorpius' temple, inhaling the scent of his hair.

"You ignored me a little. And when Hugo said you were only with me because I'm pretty, you just laughed."

"Oh, baby," Al cooed, holding Scorpius even tighter. He knew how upset Scorpius was by how he didn't object to the endearment. "I didn't mean to ignore you. I know you don't like mingling, and I had to a little. And as for Hugo, I didn't think you'd want me to tell him all the real reasons I'm with you."

Scorpius' pout was so pretty that Al had to kiss it. Twice.

"Maybe not," Scorpius conceded. "What are the real reasons?" Brightening to the idea of hearing all the good things about himself, Scorpius tugged on Al's hand and led him into their bedroom.

They'd moved in together right out of Hogwarts, too eager to spend the nights in each other's arms as they (almost) never had at school to even consider moving back home or living apart. Their first apartment had been a somewhat shady flat above an apothecary in Diagon Alley, but Draco Malfoy had bought a small house, almost a cottage, for the two of them a few months before for Scorpius' birthday. To Draco, Al had discovered, living in squalor was worse than living in sin. Besides that, Al had Draco charmed in ways Scorpius only dreamed about. Making Scorpius happy was all Draco really wanted...besides an heir, but that hadn't been brought up in ages.

Inside their bedroom, sides clearly delineated by tidiness and lack thereof, Al stopped Scorpius with a tug on his hand and reached for his leather belt. Unbuckling it and sliding it off, Al said, "Well, you're beautiful, of course," ready to list each and every attribute if that was what Scorpius wanted. He trailed the belt from hand to hand before folding it and snapping it, laughing when Scorpius jumped a little. "Especially when you blush like that."

Scorpius gave a little smile, the almost-shy one that drove Al absolutely mad because it meant there was so much more going on than conceit and indifference. Scorpius wasn't everything he pretended to be and Al *knew* it...and he was the only one who did.

"And you've got a deadly sense of humour..." Al ran his hands over Scorpius' chest, very slowly unbuttoning his snug cardigan. He could feel the lungs hitch with breath beneath his fingers. He left Scorpius in his oxford shirt and knelt before him, lifting up a leg and pulling off a black dress sock. "You always make me laugh." Al tugged off the other sock. "And you laugh at *my* jokes."

Scorpius laughed breathlessly. "They're not always terrible."

Al chuckled and pressed his face against the front of Scorpius' trousers. There was a burgeoning hardness there, something Al knew had been plaguing Scorpius all evening. Al mouthed the outline of Scorpius' erection, nipping along the shaft and exhaling warmly over the head. Scorpius moaned, his head falling forward and hands clenching at his sides.

Al noticed Scorpius' breath was coming rather quickly, and he pulled back, concerned. But there was nothing in the eyes peering down at him except unhurried want.

Standing again, Al opened Scorpius' trousers. They both gasped when his hand sank inside and grazed a lace-encased cock. Scorpius was rock hard and seriously testing the boundaries of the women's underwear...underwear Al had been *certain* he wouldn't wear that night.

Scorpius was always surprising him.

Al couldn't stop himself...he had to kiss Scorpius. Seeing no need to deny himself, he leaned in and took Scorpius' lips. It was chaste at first because Al knew that was what Scorpius liked...a slow build-up. But soon enough he couldn't hold back and began biting and sucking in earnest. Whenever he kissed Scorpius, he was tried to own him, to become part of him, to make them one.

There was a dazed look in Scorpius' eyes when Al began to unbutton the oxford shirt, desperate to feel skin against his own. He had to abandon Scorpius' cock to do it, but love was all about sacrifices.

"What should I call you," Al mused, rolling his hips against Scorpius', "when you *do anything* I tell you to, but you're not a slut because you only fuck me?"

"A slave," Scorpius whispered, eyes sincere. "Your slave."

"My slave," Al repeated against Scorpius' lips. There was no point in denying how much he liked the sound of that. "Take off your shirt, slave."

After a moment's hesitation, Scorpius did as he was told, just as Al pushed Scorpius' trousers to the floor. When Al looked up again, this time it was his breath that caught.

"Did you enjoy wearing my present?" Al asked, tracing the line of whalebone down the side of the white corset.

He'd first seen the garment in a catalogue. Scorpius had brought one home for them to peruse, full of floggers and plugs and canes and cock rings. They'd barely made it halfway through before Al had attacked Scorpius, pushing him to the floor and fucking him hard with one hand on his throat and the other over his mouth.

Tidying up the next day, Al had found the magazine beneath the couch and finished reading it. In the back, only meriting a half-page, was an advert for women's clothing. In a magazine for men, Al had found this odd but hadn't given it another thought...until he'd pictured Scorpius in the lingerie depicted. He'd placed an order that very day.

Scorpius had said no. Had begged off, had bargained, had *almost* safeworded out.

Al had convinced him.

At first it had been panties, then stockings, then teddies and skirts with high heels. Never in public, not even beneath clothing.

For Al, though, Scorpius wore the corset to the weekly family dinner.

And the panties, the white lace ones that Al had had to magically repair several times already...Al hadn't known Scorpius would wear those.

"Sometimes I couldn't breathe," Scorpius admitted. "I think you tied it too tightly."

Al suddenly had to feel Scorpius' body against him, all silk and taboo. He pulled Scorpius to him, latched his lips onto his neck and ran his hands over Scorpius' body. The tightly cinched waist gave Al a perfect place to rest his hands before they continued down to grip Scorpius' high, tight arse. He kneaded it roughly before tugging the lace between Scorpius' cheeks, making him moan and stumble. Al took advantage of the misstep and propelled Scorpius to the bed, arranging him properly like a doll.

"I think you liked it," Al countered. He spread Scorpius' long, pale legs and settled between them. He couldn't stop running his hands up and down Scorpius' chest and waist...the way the corset forced curves upon him made Al salivate. The corset stopped just below Scorpius' sweet-looking pink nipples and just above the jut of his hipbones. Al licked and sucked an angular hipbone as he contemplated how to drive his lovely slave mad that evening.

Al did want to punish Scorpius, and Scorpius did deserve it... but this part of their sex life was still very new, and Al didn't want to chance taking things too far.

Scorpius' juddering breath gave him an idea. He was glad Scorpius' eyes were closed so he couldn't see the evil grin on his face. "Such a pretty boy," Al murmured, his fingers teasing Scorpius' lace-covered cock. The panties were white like the corset and could barely contain the cock straining within. Instead of ripping them off, this time Al slowly slid them down Scorpius' legs and off his feet. He brought the panties back and wrapped them around Scorpius' dick, stroking slowly and letting the material smear the precome that was gathering.

"Al, please... don't be such a fucking tease." Scorpius rocked his hips up and gave a pleading look.

"Silly Scorpius, thinks he's in charge..." Al loomed over Scorpius' body, shaking his head as if disappointed. "Open your mouth, baby."

Scorpius' eyes went wide when Al began to stuff the musky panties into Scorpius' mouth, but he didn't try to keep them out.

"Can you say your safeword?"

Scorpius tried, but it was mumbled. "Then hit the bed three times with your hand...I won't restrain you."

Al made him do it, and once satisfied that he would notice even in the midst of things, Al turned Scorpius onto his front, forcing his legs apart.

He remembered with mostly fondness and a little embarrassment the first time he'd seen Scorpius like that. They'd been friends since the Sorting, inseparable for their entire Hogwarts career. When they'd fallen into being lovers...for that was the only way to describe it...Scorpius had been the pursuer. Al had been clueless right up until the moment Scorpius had taken, as he'd called it, Gryffindor tactics: undressing and waiting, spread just as he was that moment, on Al's bed.

Al had very quickly gotten the picture.

As Al slid his hands up the back of Scorpius' creamy thighs, he realised how little Scorpius had changed over the years. He'd hit puberty later than Al and the rest of their friends, and after that, he hadn't really grown much. Al didn't have much height to him, either, but even he was taller than Scorpius, and broader. But more than that, Scorpius still had the same slim thighs, the same high arse, the same tight, tiny hole.

"You're so beautiful," Al said, leaning in to bite on lush arse cheek. He'd never quite gotten the hang of the Dom role...he suspected he let his emotions rule him too much. But Scorpius wasn't complaining...the back of his neck was red, which meant he was blushing.

Al leaned in, spreading Scorpius' arse with his thumbs, and gave tantalising kisses to the area surrounding Scorpius' entrance. When Scorpius began to writhe and make delicious little whimpering sounds through his makeshift gag, Al gave him what he wanted, licking him more firmly. He knew Scorpius was embarrassed...he hated the way Al never seemed to care that he wasn't squeaky clean. But it wasn't the taste that Al loved...it was the way Scorpius moaned and moved and loved it, even though he'd never admit it.

Al opened Scorpius up even wider, spreading him and licking inside as deeply as he could. He nibbled on the rim, more firmly when Scorpius made greedy noises.

"Gods, I have to fuck you." Al rested his head on the small of Scorpius' back, the material of the corset reminding him that, in a way, Scorpius really was bound. The shallowness of his breathing proved that. With the panties in his mouth and the snugness of the corset, Scorpius would have to monitor his breaths to make sure he didn't faint.

Kneeling between Scorpius' wantonly spread legs, Al drew him back onto his cock, watching in fascination as the tight ring widened and gave under insistent pressure. Scorpius swallowed him in, and as always, the sensation of it threatened to overwhelm Al. He stilled, and after a moment, he felt more in control of himself.

Stuffing a pillow under Scorpius' hips, Al pushed him down against the bed and leaned over, resting almost his entire weight on the body below him. It was Scorpius' favourite position, even though it sometimes terrified Al...he didn't want to hurt his boyfriend, not in any way they hadn't agreed upon.

Scorpius' moan of approval was enough to soothe Al's fears. Al wanted to hold Scorpius' hands down, but he resisted in case Scorpius needed his safe gesture. Instead, he turned Scorpius' head to the side so he could kiss him. Ignoring the panties that spilled from Scorpius' mouth, Al bit and licked at his lips until they were bruised and flushed with blood. His hips were moving only slightly as he made Scorpius his. The tightness almost burned him but he didn't want to stop.

Eventually, he needed more. Scorpius gave a pathetic whine when Al rose up and dragged Scorpius' hips with him, but stopped when Al finally filled him completely.

Al gasped out words of praise and adoration, which were met with muffled groans. He could hear the wheezy, panting breaths of his boyfriend, could see Scorpius' back strain with each lungful. It made Al see red.

With a mind only on making Scorpius gasp, Al pushed between those pointed shoulder blades until Scorpius' chest fell against the bed. He let Scorpius hold his weight as he pounded him almost brutally. The lack of lubrication meant he couldn't pull out as far as he might have liked, but the roughness of the friction and the way Scorpius keened on every thrust made the slight discomfort worth it.

Completely ignoring Scorpius' cock...Al had proved on more than one occasion that Scorpius could come without that additional stimulation...Al thrust in until his balls were slapping against Scorpius' perineum.

With his last coherent thought, Al said, "I love the way it's only me, only I can do this with you, see you like this." There were a million reasons he loved Scorpius...when Hugo had cracked off, saying Al only liked Scorpius for his looks, Al had inwardly seethed, but had he said anything honest, Scorpius would have been upset. He'd taken the safe route, but next time, he wouldn't. He'd tell all and sundry, including Scorpius' father, every single last reason he loved Scorpius until they could never again doubt him.

It would be worth it just to see Scorpius blush. Al suspected it would last days.

With that image in mind, and the one in front of him of Scorpius struggling for breath, Al came, violently and completely. There was nothing...*nothing*...like emptying himself inside Scorpius.

While he was still hard, he reached beneath Scorpius and gripped his throbbing prick. Scorpius gave a sharp cry and thrust into the grip frantically, his hips driving back onto Al's oversensitive cock. It didn't take long...the moment Al grabbed Scorpius' throat and hauled him up into a sitting position on Al's cock, Scorpius' head dropped back, his entire body going rigid. Thick fluid coated Al's hand, and when Scorpius was finished, Al smeared it over Scorpius' mouth and the panties that stuck out.

Merlin, he loved Scorpius.

After a moment, when Scorpius didn't move, black panic surged through Al...the corset had been too tight, the panties stuffed too deep, Al's last move too violent...

But Scorpius was breathing; the panties were ruffling slightly with every exhalation. And Al could feel the pounding of Scorpius' pulse nearly every place their bodies met.

Al tenderly removed the panties from Scorpius' mouth; they were wet with spit and come, and he tossed them onto the floor with a splat. His touch was infinitely gentle as he lowered Scorpius face-first onto the bed and began to untie the laces of the corset. There was no quick-release clips and unease made him sloppy. He planned on

throwing the thing out, no matter how fucking hot it was. He needed something he could get Scorpius out of quickly. Maybe something that could be spelled off.

Scorpius' skin was deeply dented and red when the garment was finally removed. Al had never been so grateful to be able to see his back rise and fall with breath. As sexy as it had been...as powerful as it had felt...it was obviously dangerous.

"Scorpius," Al said firmly, shaking him. There was no response until Al gave him a light slap on the rear, which was already pink with the force of Al's thrusts.

"Hmm?" Scorpius turned onto his front and eyed Al. "You fucked me unconscious."

"I'm so sorry," Al gushed, gathering Scorpius into his arms.

"Are you stupid? I haven't come that hard since the first time you blew me. I never once made my safe gesture."

"Still, I..."

"Al, if you're going to do the guilt thing, I swear I'll leave. I'd like to savour the bliss *still* feel from that amazing fuck. Now cuddle me and say sweet things."

Al did. He even licked the tip of Scorpius' nose, and Scorpius just smiled fondly and shook his head. Al told Scorpius things they rarely said, about love and forever and happiness and belonging. Scorpius seemed to accept it all, absorb it, even.

Just before Scorpius drifted off with a satisfied smile on his lips, Al whispered, "I'm with you because you're good and real and true and you love me. I don't care if you don't like it when I say it..."

"I like it," Scorpius interrupted. His eyes were soft, not as sleepy as Al had believed. "I'm just... not used to that being so important."

Al smiled. He wouldn't hold back anymore. "You take my breath away, Scorpius."

And just as Al had expected, Scorpius rolled his eyes and turned over. But he pressed his arse against Al's hips and reached back to grab his hand. "You're a fool, Albus Severus."

The End.

Thank you so much for reading! Please let me know what you thought. Huge thanks to rainien for the beta, as always! And also to softobsidian74, who *is* a beta and just won't admit it. :D