

Conquered

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

In an AU tale where the baddies won the war, you'll have to like 'em tragic to enjoy this story about Draco and Ron.

Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Warnings: AU, slash, breathplay, torture, bondage, violence, language, mentions of character death

Prompts: Ron/Dark!Draco drab, Hogwarts or post(or even AU). I'd like a borderline(or over the line lol) obsessive!Draco who uses psychological mind games on Ron. I'd really love to see breathplay, handcuffs/restraints, & marking. Mainly breathplay though if you can't do all. A few things I don't want are: NO Non-con please (dub-con would be great). Please NO Ron-bashing(except by Draco ;)), no character death & no squicky kinks.

A/N: This was written as a gift!fic for elainemalfoy, who won the Best Evil!Weasley Youngsters round at DeathEaterDrabs this week. A very sincere congrats to you, my dear, for pulling off such a feat in the face of such stiff competition! I hope that this drabble suits you. I didn't manage to work in your prompt phrase, but I made up for it (hopefully) with a little extra length, and I think it is appropriately dark. Please enjoy with my hearty congrats to you!

The air got progressively staler as Draco picked his way down the mouldering steps of the dungeon. He could feel the chill descending as he made his way deeper into the heart of captivity. It was dark, dank, and every bit as unpleasant as one would expect a dungeon to be. Draco breathed through his mouth, as the smells were one of the fouler aspects wafting from the dimness.

He made his way past the abandoned cells, the doors standing open on their hinges. This was a place of torture, and the empty cages held out arms like skeletons in supplication, but Draco hardly noticed the atmosphere now that he was down here. Only one thing mattered...they would be alone.

There was only one bit of color in the drab. A shock of hair, a beacon of red undimmed even in this gloom. It seemed that it couldn't be tamed, even with the horrors he had inevitably seen. Draco was drawn through the darkness, a predator lurking. A moth to the flame.

Ron was suspended by the chains that bound him. He was stripped naked to the waist, his pale form a gentle crucifixion. He was Prometheus, though he didn't know it, Draco mused. As if a man such as he would have studied the classics enough to know whom he resembled in his bondage.

At the approach of another human, Ron's head lifted, the effort of it obvious in the slow swallow. Draco's gaze traced the line of his throat exposed. Starvation had lent him a more fragile beauty, but had not taken his dignity from him as yet. He still had the form of a man. A strong man.

"Malfoy." His single word hung in the thick air. Ron's dull eyes blazed with hatred.

Draco inclined his head. "Always quick on the uptake, Weasel."

"Bastard." But the insult had no heat. Ron rolled his neck and winced at the obvious stiffness in the tendons.

"Because I am a good host, I shall explain your situation to you, though it isn't required of me. I would prefer it if we were on the same page. I find it makes things so much easier, don't you?" Draco stepped up to the bars and traced one. "You don't have a hope, not a single hope. Potter died, so long ago. It seems that you cling to a foolish hope of his survival, but I'm here to tell you that you are wrong. Dead wrong. And I had the pleasure to watch Granger break. I have to tell you that it was a messy business, though. It wasn't done with the ... finesse ... I prefer. So you may consider yourself fortunate that I intervened on your behalf. Do you know who was going to be down here tonight instead of me? Greyback, that's who." Draco shuddered. Even he couldn't stand that ... *animal*. "You're lucky that I have Voldemort's favor, and I asked to have you, instead."

Draco could see the tears in Ron's eyes from where he stood. "Lucky? Why don't you just kill me now?"

Draco laughed. "You don't understand. This isn't about killing. You're mine."

"I'll never be yours!" Ron screamed. He rattled the chains that held him. His rage shook his body, and he thrashed around. Draco watched, impassive, until he burned himself out. Draco knew it wouldn't take long. So many days without food, and one couldn't sustain the tempests of the body, no matter how sincere. Ron collapsed and was held up by his restraints. Draco could detect faint weeping.

"Is Hermione dead, then?" Ron asked after a moment.

"Oh ... after a time. It was a mercy, though, when her end finally came to her. You can thank me for that." Draco said. He pulled a key from his pocket. "And now it's your turn."

Draco unlocked the cell door and stepped in. Ron barely made note of his entry.

Draco frowned. That wouldn't do. He was a force to be reckoned with, a powerful wizard. Ron needed to pay proper obeisance. Draco pulled out his wand and muttered a charm. The tip of it glowed red-hot.

Draco approached the prisoner, who seemed to have slumped into a state of dejection beyond comprehension. Well, Draco would soon rectify that.

He applied the wand to Ron's exposed pectoral muscle. The unblemished expanse of skin instantly scorched red. Ron reared back and bellowed with everything he had left in his lungs.

Draco cocked his head. "That's better. You have some life left in you yet, it seems." He looked at the mark he had made. The smell of burned flesh added to the other acrid odors in the dungeon. Draco felt his blood stir. "I've marked you. You're mine."

Ron found the energy to lift his head and meet Draco's eye. "Not by a long shot, you sick fuck. You can mark my skin all you want, but I'll never be yours."

A fury verging on insanity burst through Draco's head. He couldn't remember ever having been so angry in all his life. He could only see his red rage in a mist before him, and he wanted to choke the life from that insolent Weasley. How dare a lowborn coward...a *loser*, who was here by his grace...dare to say such things to him? The audacity pricked at him, tormented him, and he wanted nothing more than to show Weasley how wrong he was. That Draco was, indeed, everything to him. He was his life, his death, his God. He would decide his fate. He would decide if he took his next breath.

Before he even knew he was going to move, Draco was across the cell with his hands around Ron's neck. He was squeezing the column of flesh, crushing the tender muscles under his fingers. He could feel the cords of Ron's tendons resisting and cutting into his hands, but Draco redoubled his grip and held on. He watched Ron's eyes flare in panic as the air grew stale in his lungs.

Energy poured into Draco's groin as he felt Ron's legs flail. He was completely in control here, and the idea exhilarated him like he never had been before. He marveled at how turned on he was getting. He relaxed his grip and both he and Ron were rewarded by a rush of air into his lungs. Then he tightened again, and the dance began anew. It was intoxicating, and he was as hard as a teenage boy. Draco felt his erection grow as he directed the flow of air into Ron's lungs. Draco found something embarrassingly arousing about the utter panic in Ron's blue eyes...the idea that he, Draco, was the sole force that was dictating the other man's survival. Just as Ron was about to pass out from lack of air, Draco could be benevolent...or not. It was entirely at his discretion.

Ron panted. Draco groaned.

Ron shook himself out of Draco's grasp. "Don't think I don't know what a dirty pervert you are. You enjoy this. You're getting off on this, you sick cocksucker."

Draco narrowed his eyes. "You don't know the first thing about me, Weasel."

"I know that you are about as screwed up as a man can get. You going to go rub one out as you think of me? Do you think of Harry and how he died as you come? Does that do it for you?" Ron taunted.

"Shut up!" Draco screamed. He backhanded Ron across the face. When Ron looked back up, though, he had triumph written all over his face. Even with the blood dripping down.

Draco stepped away and put space between them. When had Ron gotten the upper hand here? How had this happened? Weasley had never been good at anything. He wasn't going to win this battle now. Draco made sure that he maintained eye contact as the click of the lock sounded like a death knell throughout the abandoned dungeon.

"I have the benefit of time, Weasley. And so do you. So I think we'll just try this again tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that, until you decide that you will speak to me with the respect I deserve," Draco said.

"You'll be waiting a long time," Ron spat.

"I'm glad to hear that. It will be more fun breaking you than I had anticipated. I hope you don't disappoint me and give in too soon, Weasel. I'm looking forward to your struggles more than I realized." Just before Draco turned to go, he saw a shadow of fear in Ron's eyes, and it was like shot of pure lust to his cock.

The trip up the stairs was certainly easier than the trip down. Draco was glad he didn't have to live in the muck, and he resolved to forget about the whole episode...until tomorrow. The sound of thrashing only whetted an appetite he didn't know he had. It was music to his ears.