

# Phoenix Tear

*by potteresque\_ire*

For Harry and Draco, it has always been a power play between corruption and deliverance, death and rebirth. Warning for X-dress and a dash of D/s. Multiple drabble format.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Author's Notes:** Entry for the weekly dracoharry100 challenge "Shadows"; 13 drabbles total, 100 words each. This is my very first piece of NC-17 and wouldn't have been possible without the detailed beta-ing work it has received.

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### Phoenix Tear

The silver eye shadow smeared unevenly, encumbered by perspiration that had laid a shimmering foundation on the flesh. Draco frowned at his trembling fingertips and shifted his weight.

Scorched lips, painted crimson, gaped a silent plea for mercy, the urgent need conveyed by a violent lunge of hips beneath the blond.

"I've told you not to move, haven't I?"

Words spat from Draco's equally parched mouth, barely stifling the moan that had threatened to escape; he pushed his free hand against the strong thigh muscles under the kilt and tightened the leather cock ring that held his lover in check.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Harry screamed.

He collapsed against the bare chest, teeth nipping, seeking hungrily for a pivot where his desires could be unleashed, where the essence of his lover could be siphoned. Lust blinded him, curtaining his vision like the eye shadow, leaving his other senses to perform the search.

He found it, the musky, taut nub that resisted halfheartedly against his lips.

A fierce hand shoved him backward, the heated friction deep inside their fusion point causing both men to gasp. The voice breathing into his ear was husky as the rustle of

white duvet beneath them.

"I'm not done yet."

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

He straddled the brunet, the contour of his thighs taut against the crumpled fabric against his lover's waist. A clench of his inner muscles sealed the entrapment, forceful as the ensuing back arch, a desperate, yet futile, final attempt to break free.

Draco ran one hand through the hair, raven black with sweat; his other hand once again pressed against the smooth and delicate contour under the eyebrows. Satisfied, he ghosted his lips over the artwork and gave it a gentle blow.

"Look at me."

The eye shadow morphed into silver snakes, embellishing the most prized emeralds in Draco's possession.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Steel grey liquefied into mercury before him. Volatile. Intoxicated.

Harry extended his hand, still tainted with rouge he had applied to himself earlier and brushed it against the blond locks that had fallen on his own face, leaving streaks of scarlet, vivid as those he had incised on his lover years ago.

He let his fingers drop, his eyes never leaving those intent upon him. They marked a trail down the plane of the chest, dove briefly at the navel before leaping down onto the kilt; the dark tartan accentuated the smooth, taut erection throbbing in the shadows between them.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

The sparkle of the kilt pin in flight drew Draco's attention to the tender touch that had just deserted him.

Blush tinted digits had crept under the outmost apron of the kilt; as if aware of the scrutiny from their intended audience, they began a fluid, yet unhurried, dance. A striptease.

The sight of fabric skidding under his hard cock was nonetheless overshadowed by the feathery caress of selvage against his most sensitive skin. It teased him, of the ruthless flesh against flesh he sorely craved, of the void in his blood, insatiable even with the stationary length inside him.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

"Release me."

The command coincided with the last of the twill's softness flowing over their bond, exposing the tough, unyielding leather band that incarcerated Harry, a bridle against his instinctive need to take over, to rule and protect.

The body above him was rigid, an alabaster figure stiffened by the sensual assault that had stolen life and removed all notions of time and place. With great difficulty, the neck twisted, a defiant refusal accentuated by lips swollen upon vicious bites.

A smirk slithered across Harry's eyes, coloured in Slytherin perfection by the eye shadow. His lover would crumble soon enough.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

The triumphant smirk that should have been his own was barely registered; his sense of reality returned only as the cap of the lip gloss, salvaged among the shadows of the bedding, was torn apart with a *pop* between sharp teeth. A rough massage of the tube's length against the golden torso produced a bead of viscous red, rich and seductive, an orb that foretold the ecstasy of absolute abandon.

He could not remove his eyes from its descent, a final somersault before transforming into an emblem for its final destination.

A crown jewel on his leaking cock.

Draco shattered.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

The leather severed.

Harry turned over, resting his sated lover on the soft silk without ever breaking their connection. He combed the strands of reddish-gold backward as grey eyes sought him, soft pupils trapped by a creeping shadow that betrayed a frantic need to focus, to discern through skin that had been marred to dismiss the superficial.

He bit the ear softly, demanding its attention. "I'm yours, Draco, as much as you're mine."

Eyelids shuttered closed. A heart soon beat against his own, below a blond head that nuzzled against his neck as slender legs spread wide open for him.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

He could feel the first movement, an almost hesitant push that awakened the tender flesh of his inner walls, prickling at the resistance of half dried lubricant.

The length retreated. It backed away cautiously, fearful of inflicting more hurt and damage.

Too fearful.

"No." Draco could taste brine on the skin; rousing his thirst for more, he sank his teeth against the jugular vein as his hips propelled brutally upward, taunting the wide girth to raid his very essence, to force open his world that had always brooded in the shadows, dark and constricted as its single-minded pursuit of power.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

The shriek from Harry's throat was as much a cry of pleasure for himself as a wail of pain for the man in his arms, whose every muscle tensed with the invasion, whose mouth quivered and mumbled nonsensical words against the shadow of his pulse. He showered the blond hair with apologetic kisses, his reason deeply at war with his strengthening, blood-curdling primal instincts.

It was losing. Fast.

Enraged by the earlier internment and the involuntary surrender to aggression, he pounded, his cock exercising its free will with fierce, heavy thrusts that aimed for the kill at every single stroke.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Boiling blood charged through his veins in pursuit of pleasure at its utmost heat, a blazing mirage of sweet succulence that lured his return despite the pain. It seared his judgment, promising all that his soul yearned for.

Release. Fulfillment. Salvation.

He twisted his body to accommodate the engorged beast tearing inside him. Sparks ignited in Draco's vision as he lifted, opening as wide as he could, a starburst offering himself to the heavens without a shadow of doubt or fear.

For his lover was tight in his arms, and he would be delivered from the flames just as before.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Harry was close.

He slammed into the already battered opening, all rhythm lost in the nameless, yet overpowering, fury that had broken from the shadows, a murky alcove in his soul where a fragment of darkness had once inhabited.

He yanked the fine mane now caked in damp heat to draw his lover's mouth close to his own. Red lips crashed against pink, smearing the lip gloss, the only remnant of his capacity to submit, to paint the last confession for once again destroying what he held most dear.

He then succumbed. His essence spilled as the fire engulfed him.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Draco opened his eyes and pressed his lips against the soft curls.

"Harry."

There was no response. He pushed the raven hair aside and tilted the chin.

He was rewarded with his favorite smile: shy, unassuming. The only difference transpired as warm moisture that had gathered at the corner of the eye, the familiar droplet that had never failed to fall after their souls were reborn, cleansed from the sinister fire dormant in their blood until its next eruption.

He brushed it away, watching it glisten with the silver eye shadow that had mingled with the water.

His phoenix tear.

- *Finis*