

Blood and Surrender

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Gift For: n0b0dys_ang31

Request/Warnings: Hot D/S, S/M, torture, whips, chains, leather, lots of sex, you get it?

Rating: NC-17 (very kinky)

Pairing: Harry Potter/Lucius Malfoy

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Summary: Lucius has Harry exactly where he wants him.

A/N: Thanks to my beta reader, you know who you are. To n0b0dys_ang31, I so hope this was what you were after.

Word Count: 6068

Lying on the table with his legs hanging off the end and slightly apart was probably the most vulnerable position Harry was ever in, but it was not like it was the first time. He had been here before, several times and it meant that his master needed magic as well as blood. When he had first been instructed to lie on this table he had not been able to keep himself limp and passive, but he knew if he did not then this would take longer and possibly hurt. He did not want to hurt, not in this; pain did not bring pleasure when his master did this.

"Are you ready, Harry?" the tone was so gentle, almost as if the words were meant, but Harry knew it was just a warning; this would begin if he was ready or not.

Long pale fingers reached for his limp cock, sending erotic messages through his body that he desperately tried to ignore. He watched as he was held straight, feeling the power in the hand encircling him, able to crush him in a moment if his master so chose. The light danced off the wand in his master's other hand and he could not contain the shudder as the beam reflected off pale blond hair.

Lucius Malfoy was beautiful and distant, even naked, but Harry tried not to think about that. As pale eyes watched him, waiting for him to fail, Harry held himself still and willed his body to remain limp. The wand his master held was no ordinary wand, it was made of crystal and silver woven together to form an unbreakable whole, and it was curved at one end with a small bulb at the tip. It was the finest workmanship and it was not designed to be used in the hand.

Harry continued to watch; knowing that if he looked away Lucius would just wait for him to return his gaze to what his master was doing. Lucius liked to see the expression on his face as he was intimately violated. Seeing that he was paying attention his master smiled at him, showing that he was pleased, and then Lucius began to move.

The wand was cold as it touched the tip of his cock, but Harry remained very still; completely passive in his master's touch. This would happen with or without his cooperation and if he relaxed it could feel good. This was the most intimate thing his master ever did for him; it was not demanding and yet he could not resist it and he watched as Lucius slowly manoeuvred the wand into him. At first it was uncomfortable; the wand stretched him ever so slightly and it burned a little, but

he knew that would pass. It was charmed to lubricate its own passage into its host's body and damage would have been unacceptable.

Slowly, bit by bit the wand sank further into him, sliding down millimetre by millimetre under Lucius' watchful eye. His master moved him just so at the correct point, allowing the wand to move through the curves of his body, and when it passed his prostate Harry could not help the whimper that came from his mouth. This exquisite torture felt so good and yet made him feel so completely vulnerable that his instincts warred with each other.

"Do you like that, Harry?" Lucius asked, with amusement in his voice. "Does it feel good to be violated?"

"Yes, Master," he could barely form the words as the wand slid all the way home and it touched places nothing else had ever reached.

There was a spell on the wand that would hold it in place until Lucius chose to remove it, and it was at the same time a blessing and a curse. The wand would stimulate him as nothing else could, but it would also prevent him fulfilling his deepest sexual need.

"If you are good, Harry," Lucius said as he stroked long fingers along Harry's stuffed shaft, "I will let you come when I remove this. If you are bad..."

Harry whimpered; he had only displeased Lucius once when they had used the wand and his master had spelled away his erection as he removed it and it had been agony. The feeling of need had been with him for hours as Lucius played with him, enjoying his suffering.

The wand gathered energy that was channelled into an amulet Lucius wore around his neck. The more aroused Harry became, the more energy was fed to his master, but Lucius had some very different ways of arousing him; methods that had trained responses into Harry even if they would seem unpleasant to another.

"You may become hard now, Harry," Lucius told him, still stroking him gently; "show me how much you love me."

It took only a moment for Harry to turn his body from off to on and he felt the blood flooding to his cock immediately. He was well trained here; his body knew how to respond even when his mind failed him, and if his master wished him to be hard, Harry would be.

"Good boy," Lucius said, filling Harry with warmth at the praise.

The hard shaft in his cock felt strange as his erection formed around it, and it caused the wand to move slightly, sliding through his prostate and making him whine in the back of his throat. It felt so good, and yet so wrong at the same time.

"I think I shall taste you now, Harry," his master said, caressing him and making him feel the shaft even more. "Where shall I bite you, my little slave? Neck?"

Lucius moved to the side and leaned over him.

"Wrist?"

The same long finger that had been round his cock, stoked the inside of his left wrist.

"Thigh?"

In this room Lucius never used his powers to take away the pain of the bite and each place had its unique agony as well as ecstasy. His master liked to see him in pain, and that appreciation did strange things to Harry, meaning that he had never had to be forced into this room.

"Choose, Harry," Lucius instructed in a much colder tone. "Choose your point of pain."

If he hesitated there would be punishment, Harry knew this, and so he chose his own torture.

"Thigh, Master, please," he said reverently.

The flesh of his thigh hurt the most at the initial bite, but it was the closest to his cock and he knew Lucius would not be able to resist playing just a little. It would be pain and pleasure; the heady combination that chased away all logical thought. His master enjoyed his submission almost as much as the blood and his breathless, slightly begging tone earned him another rare smile.

"You are a whore, aren't you, Harry," Lucius said, running a hand down between his legs, "my little whore."

"Yes, Master," Harry replied, "always."

He let his leg remain limp as Lucius pulled it to the side and rolled it over so that his inner thigh was exposed; then he held it in place so that his master did not have to expend any energy. Harry was very good at knowing when to remain completely passive and when to help; Lucius had trained him carefully.

Lucius opened his mouth and put his head back slightly in a familiar ritual and as Harry watched his master's fangs began to grow. Few vampires had the power to reveal their most dangerous weapon so slowly, but Lucius was a master at it; showing his victim in almost agonising slowness what would be penetrating his body. Only as they came to their full length of a little under an inch did Lucius open his eyes again, and then, keeping Harry's gaze the whole time, his master bent down towards the flesh he had already exposed a few moments ago.

The breath caught in Harry's throat as he anticipated the pain, and Lucius made him wait. It was almost worse than the bite itself, but his master knew how to draw out pain and the sensation of fangs piecing his skin ever so slowly made Harry drop his head back onto the table and moan. Yet, as Lucius drank from him, his master also reached for his cock and his world was a confusion of pain and pleasure.

Lucius only ever did this when Harry was under some form of artificial chastity and he knew why; if he had been able to, Harry could have come there and then. Pain had once been a thing of fear to him, but now he understood that there were degrees of pain, and some of them were only a tiny distance from the greatest pleasure. This was what he had been taught, what he had learned as his master made him see.

He tried to keep himself still, to remain in the position of complete surrender, but he could not stop the tiny shudders that were running through him by the time Lucius once again lifted his head. He had made no more noise since the first moan; his master had not encouraged him and therefore he was not allowed the indulgence. Momentary lapses were often forgiven, but prolonged failure brought only punishment.

There was blood running down his leg from the wound and Harry knew it was deliberate. This was the true power; taking the life that flowed in his veins and Lucius was demonstrating his reign by allowing some to be wasted. With a brush of his master's fingers and a whispered spell the wounds closed and Harry recognised the lesson: his life was in Lucius' hands and his master chose to give it back to him.

Lucius was aroused now, proud and erect as he leaned over Harry. Blood always excited Lucius, but Harry doubted he would be taken yet. There were other games to be played before Lucius would be ready to claim him as a prize. It would take more than a wand and a little blood to satisfy his master.

"Sit up, Harry," Lucius instructed, stepping away from the table just a fraction.

Pushing his elbows back, he did as he was told, feeling the rod in his cock moving as he did so. It was held in by a charm so that it could not fall out, but that did not stop it from twisting and moving slightly backwards and forwards as he changed positions. Already he was beginning to ache as he was stimulated, but he knew it would be a long time before he was allowed release, and only then if he obeyed and most likely begged.

He liked to beg, it caused a glint of pleasure in his master's eyes that he never saw at any other time, and it felt good to give Lucius such a gift. Something would make him beg, whether it was to stop what was happening or to petition for more, and he would not resist when it came time.

"Such lovely wrists," Lucius said, rubbing his fingers along the inside of both of Harry's arms, "it would be a shame to let them go to waste."

Harry kept his eyes to the floor and his wrists where his master wanted them; he knew what was coming. Wearing the amulet and with the power of Harry's arousal driving sex magic into him, Lucius was easily capable of simple spells without a wand and Harry sneaked a glance as his master held out his hand and whispered a summoning charm. The metal cuffs landed in the waiting fingers only moments later, and Harry tried not to look interested. The interior of the cuff was padded with leather, but the edges were still hard metal and Lucius knew when to apply pressure and when not to. Being restrained was something that excited Harry and Lucius knew it; since it excited his master to see him helpless, the activity was mutually beneficial.

"Stand up and hold out your arms," Lucius instructed, his tone leaving no room for disobedience.

Standing took away all support from his cock and it felt heavy and full as it hung in front of him. Harry resisted the urge to acknowledge the feeling only letting the discomfort and lust show in his eyes for a moment. Lucius would pick up on it, he knew, but he had been given no leave to be blatant so he could not openly show it. Holding out his wrists Harry waited patiently for the cuffs to be fastened on and sealed with a charm.

"Follow me," was the next instruction and Lucius turned without waiting for him.

Every step to the other side of the room caused his cock to bounce against one thigh or the other as the wand pulled it down, and every movement shifted the rod so that it demanded attention he could not give it. The pleasure would drive him to distraction before he was released, feeding Lucius the sex magic constantly. When Lucius stopped walking so did Harry and he waited passively as his master pulled down a chain from the ceiling and attached the two fastenings on it to his cuffs. Then Lucius took the other end of the chain and pulled so that Harry found his arms being raised into the air.

He was breathing hard by the time the chain had stopped clinking through the ring in the ceiling and his arms were fastened high above his head. It stretched him just enough to be uncomfortable, so that he was partially hanging from his arms, but not enough to really hurt or cause him problems breathing unless he let his knees bend. The silver edges of the cuffs bit into his flesh, burning his skin with the magic that made them harder than steel, but he bit back the groan that threatened; Lucius would not like signs of weakness in this part of the game.

He had learned, over his time in this chamber what his master liked and it was better to give in than to be punished for disobedience. Naked and bound he was as helpless as anyone could be and defiance brought more pain than pleasure, but submission brought more pleasure than pain. Never in his innocent days at school had he dreamt that he would end up here, but here he was and here he would stay for as long as Lucius needed him.

"Have you been eating, Harry?" Lucius' voice was soft and seductive, belying the violence just under the surface. "You're looking thinner."

"Yes, Master," Harry said without lifting his eyes from the floor.

He did not elaborate on why he could be thinner; it was not his place to speculate on anything; he was the slave and was there only to obey.

"Not enough it seems," Lucius continued, running one finger down Harry's chest. "I thought we talked about this last time. Did you not listen, Harry?"

"No, Master," Harry replied, keeping his voice even and low.

He would be punished, he knew that, but there were degrees of punishment and some of them were exciting. Submission was the key, if he could accept anything Lucius chose for him then this could still be good. His master obviously wanted to punish him or Lucius would not have started in such a way, so Harry would take whatever his master wished to do to him.

"You must learn the error of your ways, Harry," Lucius said, confirming what Harry had suspected. "I think you deserve a beating."

Harry kept his eyes on the floor as his master walked around him and ran a finger over his buttocks.

"Such beautiful, pale skin," Lucius continued, his voice soft and menacing; "so unmarked. I think it needs a little decoration."

It would not do to flinch from a deserved punishment so Harry did not move as his master stroked the flesh he intended to beat. It could be a paddle or a whip and Harry was in no position to dictate which.

"But I think you've been worse than just that," Lucius said, still playing with his behind, "you deserve more than that."

Harry held his breath; his master had many ways to make a beating feel that much more intimate, but Lucius did not usually use them when the wand was in place. There was another whispered summoning spell, but Harry did not hear what was called for and he had no warning when something cylindrical was placed against his anus and thrust upwards. He gasped at the shock of being penetrated so quickly and without preparation, but at least the device was lubricated and did not tear at him. All injuries were always healed, but something like that would mean that sex would be nothing but uncomfortable.

"Remember this, Harry?" Lucius asked beside his ear. "Such a small thing to begin with, but it can become oh, so much bigger."

Harry did remember; Lucius had had him in a sling and used the expanding toy to make him feel like he was being split in two. Then he had fisted him until he begged his master to stop.

Something else brushed across his arse and Harry realised that Lucius had also summoned the switch. The switch hurt like hell and left him raw and sore, but it also meant that Lucius would not use it too many times.

"With each stroke you'll be stretched a little more," Lucius told him with amusement in his voice. "They are spelled together so that when they touch the toy in your arse grows."

To illustrate his master tapped the dildo lightly and Harry felt it expand just fractionally; this time he could not stop the groan.

"Ten lashes, my pet," Lucius whispered in his ear; "ten strokes on that pretty behind of yours."

Harry bit his lip; part of the challenge was to remain as silent as possible. The first lash came with little more warning and it stung as the switch flashed across his skin, and he felt the dildo stretch his opening a little more. It would remain in place just like the wand until Lucius chose to remove it so all he could do was endure.

"Red is your colour, Harry," were the next words from his master and Harry let them wash over him; "you should wear it more."

It was not until the sixth strike that he could not hold in his pain anymore. His skin was stinging and his arse had been stretched far faster than it was used to and he ached. Yet every blow moved the dildo so that it brushed against his prostate and caused the dual sensation of being stimulated by the wand and the intrusion in his arse. This intense pleasure was almost a pain by itself, but it mixed with the endorphins his brain was pumping out and surrounded him in a confused haze.

Each stroke brought with it the mystification of agony and ecstasy so that he could barely divide the two. He felt as if he would split as he was spread by the expanding toy, although he knew he had taken more before. This was his place, what he had to do to appease his master and Harry took it, but he could not remain silent any longer and he cried out his pleasure and his pain. He was ready

to beg for it to stop when it finally did and he felt the switch pushed between his legs to lightly brush his balls.

"Very good, Harry," Lucius praised as he teased him with the supple wood, "you have taken your punishment like a good boy. Doesn't it feel good to be so stretched? I could make it bigger..."

"Please, Master, no, Master," Harry did beg now.

Last time Lucius had spent nearly an hour loosening him and making the toy bigger; this had been merely minutes and Harry knew he could not take any more. His master did not usually make him beg so early in the game, but it was not Harry's place to argue, only take his cues as he was given them.

"I can't take anymore, Master," he threw himself on Lucius' mercy.

"You can take whatever I say you can take, Harry," his master replied instantly, bringing the switch precariously close to the dildo again, "or have you forgotten your place."

"No, Master, please, Master," it was the only defence Harry had and he took the chance of looking into Lucius' face and begging with his eyes.

The light was dancing in his master's gaze and Harry knew he was doing the right thing.

"Anything, Master," he went on, only half playing the game and half desperate, "but not that, please. Anything."

Lucius smiled at that and brought the switch away from Harry's arse, rubbing it instead against the side of his face.

"You are very pretty when you beg," was the response and Harry knew it had worked this time.

He let his eyes fall back to the floor as Lucius ran hands down his chest, taking advantage of Harry's exposed body.

"What does it feel like to be filled from both sides, Harry?" Lucius asked as his fingers descended lower, curling round and under Harry's balls. "Does it feel good, Harry?"

Lucius' hand played gently with him, rolling his balls slowly over fingers, distracting him from the question and making his breath come in short gasps. When he did not answer the grip changed and his master's hand began to squeeze ever so slowly.

"Answer me," Lucius demanded, his fingers tightening with every word.

"Yes, Master," the admission exploded from Harry's mouth as the powerful hand held off just short of crushing him.

"Good boy," was the response and the grip was released, leaving him panting as the ache of being manhandled settled into his lower body.

A whispered command and the clasps on the chain released, causing him to stagger as his centre of gravity came back under his own control. Once he would

have fallen as his body failed to respond properly in his over-sensitised state, but he had learned and he managed to hold his footing.

"You are a clever little whore," Lucius said, sounding amused, "but I wanted you on your knees."

Before Harry could react he felt the switch as it was viciously swiped across the back of his knees and his legs buckled accordingly. There was nothing he could do to stop as he fell heavily forward and his knees jarred into the floor sending shockwaves through his whole body. The devices in his arse and cock reverberated with the impact and he could not help collapsing forward so that he was on his hands and knees as physical coordination almost left him completely.

"Kneel up, Harry," his master told him, giving him no chance to recover and sliding the switch under his chin; "I want to see that pretty face of yours."

Harry obeyed, pushing himself back onto his knees and lifting his upper body, using the time to spread his legs a little and relieve some of the pressure on his lower regions. There was no doubt in his mind that Lucius would have seen what he had done; his master never missed anything, but this time Lucius chose not to comment. Of course that did not mean it would not be brought up at a later date as an excuse for more pain.

"Hands behind you back," was the only instruction this time and that Harry could do easily.

This time he could make out the charm that was whispered and it was not a surprise when the cuffs sealed together to hold his hands useless behind him. Harry suspected he knew what was coming, but he did not raise his head until Lucius was standing directly in front of him again and used the switch to lift his chin. His master was proud and erect, only a few centimetres from his face and he let his eyes worship the long, thick length.

"You know what to do, Harry," Lucius said, his voice low and cajoling again, "you may begin."

This was part of his prize, something that Harry loved and he realised that his master was pleased with him. This gave Lucius pleasure as well; everything here was designed for that first, but his master knew how much Harry loved the taste of him and he was being rewarded for his submission.

Leaning forward he moved slightly to the side, nuzzling at the soft hair first, burying his nose in the smell of his master so that it saturated his senses. This was the most freedom he was ever given and he revelled in it, moving a little lower and letting his tongue dart out to lick a swathe across Lucius' balls. Sometimes he was allowed his hands to help him play, but obviously he had not been that good this time.

He lavished attention on his Master's balls, ignoring the long cock for now, and Lucius continued to make small sounds of encouragement as Harry bathed his master with his tongue and gently sucked on the delicate sack. It was not his place to cause pain, not like Lucius did with him and he was incredibly gentle. He existed here for his master's pleasure, and pleasure he intended to give him.

"Harry," Lucius' voice held a low warning and brought the slave back to himself; he had been becoming a little carried away and distracted.

His master enjoyed attention to his balls, but not as much as to his cock, and Lucius only had so much patience. Drawing back Harry hung his head to indicate that he was sorry and a light brush on his cheek told him he was forgiven. This time when he moved forward he did not avoid his ultimate prize and he flicked his tongue over the head of Lucius' cock, tasting him. It was a unique taste that belonged to only Lucius and it took over his senses even more so than his master's smell had. When he opened his mouth and took the head inside, Lucius moaned and Harry knew he was doing well.

He was allowed to play for a while, tongue swirling around the tip and mouth slowly taking a little more in each time he moved forward. It was his reward and Lucius let him enjoy it, but his master was not a patient man and he knew it would not go on for long. He knew what Lucius liked and he was not surprised when he felt fingers entwine in his hair forcing him forward. His master had taught him to deep throat very carefully and long practiced instincts kicked in as Lucius forced him to take his whole length into his mouth and throat.

Always the first time he held him there, totally unable to breathe as cock blocked his airways and all Harry could do was endure. It was a lesson, just like the blood had been that Harry's life was in Lucius' hands and only when Harry was seeing spots and thought he could take no more did his master move. Pulling out and thrusting back in, Lucius allowed Harry just a little air as his master began to fuck his mouth. As a vessel for Lucius' enjoyment, Harry allowed himself to be used.

From the sounds that were coming from his master, Harry thought that Lucius would release into him, but as suddenly as it had started the thrusting stopped. His master pulled out of his mouth, leaving Harry dazed and confused from lack of air, but he found the cuffs released once again.

"Not yet, my little whore," Lucius sounded pleased and happy, which was a good sign, "I have other plans for you."

All Harry could do was kneel there and try to gather his scattered wits so that he did not do something stupid. Even so he was still a little dazed when Lucius pulled him to his feet and led him across the room to one of the pieces of furniture they often used. Lucius called it the bench and if they were using the padded bench it meant only one thing; his master intended to take him, and take him hard.

"Bend over the bench," Lucius told him, standing back and waiting for his instruction to be obeyed.

It wasn't really a bench, more of a kneeling platform and a place for Harry to lean over and rest his upper body, which he did as ordered.

"Take hold of the grips," was the next command and Harry did so without hesitation, although he knew exactly what it meant.

As soon as the cuffs came into contact with the small plates before the grips that he wound his fingers round they stuck; there was no way for him to release himself.

"You have been very good, Harry," Lucius said, stroking his displayed arse, "and now I'm going to show you that you are wholly mine. Do you want me, Harry?"

"Yes, Master," he responded reverently and he did not need to pretend; he did want Lucius, he always wanted Lucius.

"But we have a problem, Harry," his master continued and Harry felt the dildo in his arse move, "you're so stretched." To illustrate his point, Lucius twist the dildo, causing Harry to gasp as if moved inside him. "You know I like you tight, don't you, Harry, so I'm going to have to do something about that."

It would not have been the first time that Harry had been spelled tighter to satisfy Lucius; it was not exactly a pleasant experience, but if it meant pleasure for his master, Harry would endure it. However, Lucius did not reach for his wand, which would have been required for such a delicate spell; instead, as Harry knelt there, Lucius continued playing with the dildo. He felt it reducing in size a little as his master moved it slowly in and out of his hole.

"You're mine, Harry," Lucius said, moving behind him where he could not see, "and I will never share you with another in here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," Harry replied, not sure where this was going.

"But it would take two men to fill you now, Harry," Lucius told him, still playing with the toy; "two large men."

Then he felt it; the tip of his master's cock pressing against his entrance next to the dildo. Lucius withdrew the toy almost all the way and then there were two cocks pushing into him; a real one and a fake one. Harry whined as he was stretched even further than when the dildo had been bigger and he could not move at all.

"Let me in, Harry," Lucius said, his voice dangerously low; "give it up and let me in."

Harry had no choice. He could not move away and the pressure was building so all he could do was give in to it. Willing his muscles to release even move he did not shrink away from the touch, he pushed back on it, whimpering as he was breached even more.

"Yes, Harry," Lucius praised, the sound of fiery passion in his tone.

It hurt; every millimetre hurt, but Harry held himself firm as Lucius pushed into him. He could feel himself tearing as he was stretched too quickly, but he knew any injuries would be healed. If his master wanted him like this then Lucius could have him like this; he was only the slave. Submission was the only way.

When Lucius began to pull out and then thrust back in Harry did not try and stop the tears that leaked from his eyes. His master wished him to feel pain so he had to do it and he let his body be used. In and out, slowly becoming more bearable, but he knew there would not be time for him to become used to it fully as Lucius' movements were a little erratic. His master was close, Harry could feel it, and he opened himself as much as he could to enhance his master's pleasure.

Pain and pleasure had the same affect on the wand in his cock, making it warm as it translated it all to energy for his master. Lucius was groaning out his delight as he pushed into Harry deeper and deeper and Harry knew it was almost the end. When his master finally thrust into him as hard as possible and shuddered above him, Harry could feel the wand as if momentarily flared. This was what he existed for here; what he was trained for and Harry felt the joy of complete surrender.

Lucius did not move for at least a minute and then his master pulled out and took the dildo with him. Harry felt strangely empty as semen ran down the crack of his arse and over his balls, leaking out of his tortured hole. Yet it wasn't quite over, and he found himself released from the bench and lowered onto the floor onto his back. Lucius looked him straight in the eye as one hand pinned his wrists just above his head and the other took hold of the wand still in his hard cock.

There were no words as slowly Lucius began to pull the rod and Harry's breath came very shallowly as the sensations took away sensible thought. The pressure that had been inside him since the wand had been put in place was building even more and looking deep into his master's grey eyes he came. The feeling started in his groin and spread out through his whole body, removing any control he had as he writhed and thrashed on the floor. It was the end as pain and pleasure came together to take away his mind, and all he could do was throw his head back and scream away the overload.

His body finally betrayed him and he ended up limp on the ground with his eyes closed and no ability to open them. It had been awful and wonderful and now he was spent. As he lay there hands removed the cuffs from his wrists and he did not react; he could not, not until he felt arms snake under his body. Harry opened his eyes as Lucius gently picked him up. He could feel everything that had been done to him and it sent little eddies of pleasure all over his body.

"Are you well, Lucius," he asked, now that the game was over.

His gaze was met by stormy, yet fulfilled grey eyes that spoke of more than sex and magic.

"Are you satisfied, my Love?" Harry redefined his question.

"Always," Lucius replied and made him smile.

Lucius Malfoy was a man who needed to control; to own in order to be complete and Harry enjoyed giving that to him.

"Do you love me, Lucius?" he asked, a smile playing at his lips.

"Forever, my Lord," the blond haired beauty replied, and Harry laughed in delight.

These games were so little to ask for one of his Slytherins as they gave their lives to him. Dear Draco liked to be dominated and cared for; Severus enjoyed more equal games and verbal sparring; and Lucius needed control. All three were his in different ways and he would give them whatever they needed.

"Are you ready, Lucius?" Harry asked as he was gently carried towards the door and the bedroom.

"Take what you need, my Lord," his lover replied, "I am fulfilled."

Stroking the long pale neck, Harry allowed himself to be taken into the next room and lowered to the bed before he pulled Lucius to him, allowing his fangs to grow at the same time. He had made his Slytherins what they were and he would feed them and feed off of them for eternity. His magic had turned Voldemort's last attempt at revenge; making his enemy into a blood crazed vampire, into his most powerful tool, and now he had the immortality of which his dead enemy had

always dreamed. Revelling in the memory of Voldemort's dying visage he sank his teeth into Lucius' willing flesh and drank the sweet blood that was his by right.

The End