

And Many Happy Returns

by juniperus

Happy Birthday, Severus!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"What is so bloody important that I needed to sneak past Pince at closing time?" Severus hissed as he ducked into the mostly-hidden rear alcove just to the right of the stand holding the immense copy of *Indigenous Wortcunning in Non-Temperate Climates: What Your Yurt Can Do For You* "And why couldn't I meet you in the Common Room? It's freezing in here at night, especially this time of year!" He grumbled, back stiffening to show off his impressive (if only recently increased) height while drawing his thin robes around himself menacingly, the intimidating effect lost when he violently shivered.

Regulus grinned and stepped back. An old Persian rug (obviously pilfered from the residence of the Noble House of Black) was spread over the cold flagstones, and over it were strewn several large velvet-encased floor-pillows. Two wine glasses stood at the ready beside a large bottle of what was sure to be a very fine, if also pilfered, vintage.

Severus' eyes widened, and his jaw dropped.

"Happy Seventeenth Birthday, old man," Regulus teased. "I've cast warming charms on the rug and pillows." Regulus bit his lower lip mischievously and looked up at him through his long lashes. "But I think we might make our own heat, hmmm?"

Severus pulled his eyes away from the decadent scene and looked hotly at Regulus. He had spent two years dodging the boy's obvious crush on him, at first shy but flattered and then embarrassed by the shameless flirtation, but with nothing to lose, (and nothing to gain by denying himself any longer, not after last June's debacle) he dropped hints at the Welcoming Feast that he would no longer rebuke Regulus' advances. 'Cheeky bugger,' Severus thought, inwardly chuckling in amazement, 'from flirtation to consummation in one evening!' He stalked forward with a smirk, stopping just short of Regulus' arrogantly relaxed pose (belied by his flushed cheeks and quiet panting) to murmur, "Oh, I think we might, at that." His hands traveled up Regulus' chest slowly, then fisted the material of his robes and yanked the teen forward to capture his mouth in a rough kiss.

Deep moan met deep moan as Regulus' hands traveled up to grasp Severus' neck and down to cup his arse. Several awkward steps backward, still entwined, and they fell onto the pile of pillows. Fingers scrabbled at clasps and fabric rustled as it was yanked over shoulders and down arms. Their moans turned to shuddering groans as their now-free hands reached for trouser plackets, each fighting for dominance in what little space could be found between their bodies as neither was willing to end their frantic kissing for even a second. Once their war with clothing was won, little could be heard apart from the slide of slick skin and wet sounds of enthusiastic kisses as they worked together to navigate the exquisite details of their mutual deflowerment.

They found the wine welcome refreshment between vigorous wishes of 'many happy returns'.

And, indeed, they were *very* happy returns.