

Why Not?

by tonksinger

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This is my first attempt at slash of any kind, never mind smutty slash, so please critique to your hearts' content! Written as a present for the fabulous lulabelle72, who requested the pairing.

Severus stared at the brown, muscular arm that was draped over his naked torso. His own sallow skin and scrawny figure looked so weak, so unhealthy next to Kingsley's rich skin and defined muscles and, not for the first time that night, he wondered, *Why?*

Why?

Severus flung himself into the worn armchair in his quarters, Summoning the bottle of firewhiskey from its usual home on his bedside table. Normally a tumbler accompanied it, but this was no night for such niceties, not when...

Why? In the name of Merlin, WHY?

Of course, he knew why. Occlumency was perhaps the only way the Order had of trying to secure Potter's mind against the Dark Lord, and he, Severus Snape, was the best qualified to teach it. At least, the best after Albus, who was refusing to have anything to do with the boy.

Grimacing, Severus took a hearty slug of the amber liquid, relishing in the sensation of conflagration it left in his throat. Now he would be forced to spend more time with Potter, more time every week looking at that face which was exactly like the one that had laughed at him, hexed him, taunted him... tantalized him, tortured him. The face, with its messy black hair, that Severus had masturbated to as a teenager. Those urges were well over now...green eyes did *nothing* for him, serving only to remind him of the friend who had betrayed him...but the boy was still a sliver in Severus's skin.

Severus growled and took another mouthful of firewhiskey. Frustration and liquor were starting to combine in his system and wallowing in self-pity was only a few more gulps away.

As he was contemplating becoming completely drunk and, by extension, pathetic, three firm knocks were placed upon the door to the corridor.

If that's Albus, I swear I will brain him with this bottle. Snarling to himself, he pushed himself out of the armchair and covered the distance to the door in four angry strides. Even as he was opening the door, the words, "What the hell do you want?" were being spat from his lips.

It wasn't Albus. No, that breathtakingly handsome head and muscular body certainly did not belong to an old codger, nor did the chocolate skin have any wrinkles. Kingsley

Shacklebolt didn't look the least bit perturbed at Severus's rude greeting.

"Good evening, Severus." His deep voice sent vibrations straight to Severus's cock. Without waiting to be invited in, he brushed past the other man and made his way into the room, tossing his wet cloak onto the chair Severus had just vacated.

"Make yourself at home," Severus said, slamming the door shut and whirling around to glare at the positively luscious man standing in his sitting room. The dim glow from the fire flickered over Kingsley's bald head, giving it a rich, orange aura. It must be raining or snowing outside, for his robes were damp and clung to his chiseled torso in a manner more befitting a Chippendale than a dangerous Auror.

Severus was still angry with him for barging in. A little tipsy now, he stormed over to Kingsley, stopping slightly too close, and snarled, "You haven't answered my question. What do you want?"

"To try to make this whole debacle slightly more pleasant for you, Severus," he replied, his dark brown eyes finding Severus's and holding them. "I know it's not easy for you."

A sharp, bitter laugh escaped Severus. "What do you think you know about me, Kingsley? What makes you think you know how I feel?"

He stared in what he thought was a defiant way at Kingsley, silently daring him to hazard an answer.

Wisely, he didn't. Instead, Kingsley placed his hands on either side of Severus's face and kissed him full on the lips.

Alcohol and lust took over. A distant crash told Severus that he had dropped the jug of firewhiskey, but as he sucked Kingsley's tongue into his mouth, Severus really didn't care. His hands were much better occupied with running up and down the other man's back, exploring the firm musculature and perfectly round arse that he found there. A pair of large, strong hands were making their own explorations of his body; when one expertly caressed his swollen cock through the fabric of his trousers, Severus was hard put to remain standing. He retaliated by sucking Kingsley's lower lips into his mouth and tugging on it with his teeth.

A moan from the other man made his mouth hum briefly. Severus smirked. Even when caught off guard, he knew what he was doing. He continued to tug on the lip until he had pulled completely away from Kingsley and could look him in the (flushed and slightly sweat-sheened) face. For a space of time they stood there, searching each other's eyes; questioning, answering.

Severus could only think, *Why?* But he dared not ask, as the answer could ruin everything, and he was far too aroused to risk that.

"Well?" said Kingsley, cocking an eyebrow. "I don't know how to get to your bedroom."

Damn the reasons for the moment. If Kingsley wanted the bedroom, then the bedroom it was. With a knowing smirk, Severus turned and made his way to the wall opposite the fireplace. A shining brass lamp, when twisted, caused the wall to swing inwards on silent hinges. Glowing lamps along the walls lit themselves, revealing a comfortable, if minimal, bedroom: wardrobe, plain green rug, bookshelves, and a double bed covered in beige cotton sheets and a fawn duvet. It was perfectly serviceable for a man who spent most of his time somewhere else.

Severus started in, but realized that Kingsley was not following, so he stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"I don't like to be kept waiting. Neither does my cock."

A deep chuckle reverberated from Kingsley, making his broad shoulders shake a little. He slowly came towards Severus, walking past him into the bedchamber. Severus smirked and pulled the door shut, watching the graceful, dark man every second. The deep purple robes he was wearing were already being unbuttoned, to Severus's delight, revealing a muscled torso that looked every bit as good as it had felt.

"On the bed, Severus. Robes off, if you please."

Severus bristled a little at the command in his voice. "Is giving orders your 'thing', Shacklebolt? Because I can assure you I don't get off from taking them." He did start to unbutton his robes, though. His point had been made, but that didn't mean he wasn't intending on getting into the bed. It would simply be done on his terms.

Kingsley's robes dropped to the floor in a pile of indigo. His hands were already working at his fly buttons, and Severus could see the outline of what they were containing. "It's not my 'thing', Severus. But kneeling on the floor makes my knees ache." He grinned at the look on Severus's face before bending to slide his trousers and pants to the floor in one graceful movement.

Seeing his long, dark cock spring up made Severus's member jump. He got his trousers off in record time and was on the bed in moments. He only remembered to take his socks off at the last minute. It was an excusable mistake, as most of his blood was currently being used to point his cock at Kingsley, who was approaching the foot of the bed with feline grace. Without pausing his forward movement, the dark man slid onto the bed, crawling slowly between Severus's pale legs until his head was level with his reddened cock. Kingsley looked up at Severus, meeting his eyes in a heated gaze. He did not break eye contact as he lowered his head and enveloped Severus's cock in his mouth.

"Oh, fucking... hell... ohhh..." Severus bucked slightly from the overwhelming sensations being caused by Kingsley's hot, moist mouth. His tongue swirled around the head of his cock, pausing to probe that extra-sensitive place just under the ridge, before continuing its relentless circles. The man was rapidly becoming one of the best blow jobs Severus had ever received, a thought that was confirmed when he opened his mouth a little wider and slid down... and down...

Severus moaned as the hot muscles of Kingsley's soft palate met his cock; they spasmed only for a moment before stilling and allowing him to slide deeper. He could feel, behind the haze of pleasure, the other man's nose, pressing into his pubic hair. As Severus continued to moan and writhe, Kingsley started moving up and down his cock, sucking hard as he went up and licking the head when he came to it. Severus was starting to feel his back tensing, that familiar tingle at the base of his spine, when a hand came up and enveloped his balls in warmth.

Severus came so hard he blacked out for a moment. He returned to consciousness in time to watch Kingsley swallow, with a rather smug look on his face for a man who had just spent...a glance at the clock...fifteen minutes sucking cock.

Kingsley sat back on his haunches, his erection jutting forward. As Severus watched through endorphin-blurred eyes, he began to fist his cock rapidly. His full lips were parted, and he continued to look at Severus, his dark eyes raking up and down his pale, prone form. Panting made the muscled chest rise and fall a little faster each second, as his hand pumped up and down.

A selfish man Severus might be, but he felt some contribution on his part would be fair. Fighting his natural urge to collapse into a snoring heap, he sat up and reached forward to cup Kingsley's balls, gently rolling them in his palm. Kingsley groaned and thrust forward, still wanking furiously. Gently, Severus extended his middle finger and began to rub the patch of skin between balls and arsehole, smirking slightly as Kingsley's dark eyes rolled back in his head. Somehow, he did not want to probe further; Kingsley had neither initiated nor requested anal play and Severus was perfectly happy to keep it that way. If he wanted to wank, then he could wank all he wanted.

"Oh, Merlin, Severus, that's... ooohhh... I'm going to... come! Ah!"

Kingsley's body went rigid, his back arched and head thrown back. Severus felt his balls bouncing in his hand. White, creamy come spilled from Kingsley's dark cock, dripping from the tip to spill over Severus's forearm. It partially obscured the Dark Mark.

Kingsley stayed like that for a moment, breathing hard, before his body relaxed and he slumped forward, releasing his cock and gently removing Severus's hand from his balls. Leaning forward, he placed a gentle kiss on Severus's lips before falling to all fours and crawling up the bed. The sheets were pulled aside as he nestled himself

under them, for all the world as though he did this every night. Normally, Severus would have objected to such a casual takeover of his sleeping place, but his post-orgasmic brain was ordering him to go and collapse next to the other man.

He had to admit, as he moved between the covers and instantly fell into a doze, that having another man in bed certainly kept off the dungeon chill...

Severus had been woken some time earlier. Apparently, Kingsley was a cuddler; the arm that had wrapped itself around his torso had set off every alarm in his system. Once the adrenaline wore off and Severus remembered the events of the night, he had remained awake, just staring at Kingsley's sleeping form and wondering, *Why?*

Something in his thoughts must have been communicated in his body, for he suddenly found a pair of chocolate eyes staring up at him.

"Kingsley... why?"

A smile tugged at the man's full lips. He wriggled for a moment, levering himself up onto one arm. The other one, which had previously been hugging Severus's ribcage as though he were the world's ugliest teddy bear, groped its way down his body and over his bony pelvis. It came to rest on his slightly exposed buttock.

Squeeze.

"That's why."

"Oh."

There was a pause. Kingsley, explanation done with, resnuggled himself into the pillows. But another, slightly more urgent, question surfaced in Severus's mind.

"Kingsley?"

"Mmph?"

"How long have you been ogling my arse?"