

Luck Or Something Like It

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I know that look." Snape had only opened one eye, fixing it on Harry, who paused as he was toweling off his hair as soon as Snape spoke from beneath the mound of bedclothes.

The bed was the only thing in the room wearing any clothes. Harry's torso was worth opening the other eye, so Snape did. A few droplets of water clung to the fan of hair just below Harry's navel, but Snape wasn't about to point that out, not when it practically begged to be licked off. "What look?" Harry asked, draping the towel around his bare shoulders.

"Oh, come now, Harry," Snape said, rolling over to lie on his side in the rumpled bed. "I know what day it is."

Harry had never been able to look innocent as a schoolboy even when he hadn't been up to something and he was no better at it now. "Is it a special day?" He sat down, blissfully naked, save for the towel, on the edge of the bed. There were drops of water in the hairs swirled around his nipple too, Snape noticed. "Let's see, your birthday was last month," Harry said, twisting the edge of the towel to swipe out his ear with a corkscrew motion. "And I know it's not Christmas because there's no dreadful music on the wireless." Without missing a beat he tossed the towel over Snape's head.

Sputtering, Snape felt the sheets and blankets moving, sliding off his body as he snatched off the towel. But instead of feeling colder, the air was being displaced by something decidedly warmer. "Of course I know what day it is," Harry said, from the pillow next to his, legs twining together as he slid closer. "It's Valentine's Day."

Snape hit him with a pillow.

Harry yelped, grabbing Snape's hand with the unerring reflexes of a Seeker before he could slide out of bed. Snape allowed himself to be pulled back against the sheets and kissed, which, since it had been his plan all along, he made only a token protest about before succumbing to Harry's mouth.

"You mean it just *happens* to be that stupid Muggle holiday," Snape corrected him when they drew apart from the kiss just to look at one another, one of the things he liked very much about kissing Harry. Without his glasses, Harry's eyes tended to focus solely on the object closest to them and Snape usually made sure he was that object.

"But it's also our anniversary," Harry said, so guilelessly that Snape knew he'd known it all along. "And not just any anniversary," Harry went on, just as Snape was about to kiss him again.

"No?" Snape pulled back mid-pucker, though as close as they were, he didn't go back very far. Harry was very warm from his shower, and smelled of the spicy soap he used on both his skin and his hair.

"No," Harry said, "it's our seventh." He seemed to be waiting for something but Snape couldn't think of what, especially when there were droplets to be licked.

"Which is one more than last year, which, if you'll recall, we spent right here in this bed." Snape lowered his voice huskily and trailed one foot up Harry's leg, instep rubbing against his calf.

Instead of looking willing to reenact exactly how they'd spent that day, Harry rolled his eyes. "It's ouseventh," he said again, emphasizing the last word significantly. Eyes rolled again. "Seven is my lucky number," he said, obviously trying to be helpful "so this year has to be special."

Snape sat back, eyeing Harry. "What?" Harry looked perfectly earnest, which never boded well for Snape's prospects of getting his prick sucked. "What are you talking about?"

"Seven is my lucky number," Harry said, more slowly this time as though Snape were deaf instead of just flabbergasted.

"What sort of rubbish is that?" Since it didn't look like he was going to get his anniversary blowjob, he propped his head up on one elbow, waving one hand dismissively in the air. "That's Muggle nonsense, lucky numbers."

"No, really it is," Harry said. One foot nudged against Snape's, rubbing over his ankle. Harry's hands and feet always looked like they belonged on a different body, like a puppy that had been starved and never grown into his paws. "Think about it," he said, "I was born in the seventh month--"

"Which brought you to the attention of a murderous wizard," Snape pointed out.

He might not even have spoken. Harry held out his hand, ticking off his points with one finger. "I went to school for seven years--"

"And were almost killed each one of those years," Snape refuted.

Harry ignored him. "You said yes to me the seventh time I asked you out--"

Snape snorted quietly. "Just to shut you up."

Harry looked down at himself...a *significant* sort of look. "I've got a seven inch cock," he pointed out.

Snape didn't bother to dignify that with a snort. "Oh, crossing into the realm of daydreams, are you?"

Again Harry ignored him. "I can come seven times in one day," he went on.

Snape narrowed his eyes. "Do you mean in a twenty-four hour period, or dawn till dusk?"

"Oh, a twenty-four hour period," Harry said hastily.

"All right, I'll give you that one," Snape replied. They shared a smile of perfect accord at that memory.

"And today is our seventh anniversary," Harry concluded triumphantly, having used up his last finger and starting over but still looking like there should be another finger.

Snape moved his head on his hand, stretching a little, not minding that the movement sent their thighs brushing against each other. Parts of Harry were still wet. "So, next year eight will be your lucky number?"

Harry sighed expressively. "I told you--seven is my lucky number, so I've got seven things planned for today."

"Do any of them involve wringing noises out of me that involve the words 'oh god yes'?"

Somehow, even though there hadn't been much space between them, Harry moved closer, one hipbone fitting against Snape's as if they'd been formed together. The way he was rubbing against Snape boded well for the 'oh god yes' portion of their anniversary. Snape bent over and licked off the clinging water from around Harry's nipple as he'd been longing to do. "I thought a nice late lunch at La Maison because I know how much you like criticizing the waiter's French." Snape would have been tempted to snort again except Harry's tongue flicked over his collarbone in response, licking up to the hollow of his throat and the snort, quite against his will, turned into a low moan.

"A late lunch, did you say?" Snape said, and Harry nodded against his throat, tongue lingering against the pulse that beat there.

"Mmmhmm." The tongue slid on, down the center of Snape's chest, swirling around one nipple. The attention Harry always paid to what Snape considered a perfectly ordinary chest almost made everything possible on Snape's body stand up and take notice.

"Then I thought we could go to that bookstore you like, you know, the one where none of the books have any pictures?" The words fused together like Sanskrit in Snape's brain as Harry's head bent lower, chin swiping back and forth through the curls fanning out from his cock. "And tea, a really good one with little sandwiches cut into funny shapes like suits of cards, and those hot scones I like, and about seven kinds of jam." It took a moment before Snape realized Harry hadn't progressed any lower, tilting his face upward waiting for his reaction.

"Fine, fine," Snape said, making a vaguely approving gesture with the hand that wasn't clenched into the bed covers. Harry smiled happily and began to lick Snape's cock, like a child granted a treat.

"And dinner, of course," Harry said, almost as an afterthought, mouth working over each of Snape's bollocks with his usual devotion. "Someplace with ice cream drinks..." he added between licks.

Snape's body was sinking back onto the sheets, giving over to that hot, sucking mouth, giving Harry everything...everything except his sketchy math skills. "Wait--that's only four," he said through the haze of arousal, running each of Harry's plans through his head, making sure he was still capable of counting to four himself, not always a given with Harry's mouth between his legs.

"Well, there's the sex," Harry added, looking up from the pinnacle of Snape's cock, eyes warm with arousal.

"You expect me to have sex three times today?" Snape sputtered, though his cock was pointing, like a divining rod, toward the option it preferred. "Planning on doctoring my tea?"

The chuckle from between his thighs was rich, though Snape didn't see how Harry got any sort of noise out with his mouth occupied like that. "Well, once now, since we've got going, then I thought I could assault you in the bookstore, in between the stacks. Then tonight after dinner, of course."

"Oh, of course," Snape said, unable to keep watching when Harry's mouth was doing *that* just there at the base of his cock. "Come here, you little minx. If you're going to doctor my tea to get me up three times today, I'm going to doctor yours and enjoy it."

Harry laughed, but obliged, angling his body--and his prick--more comfortably in Snape's reach. Snape huffed, not even remotely by accident blowing warm air over Harry's cock before catching up on his head start. He liked licking cock, liked it more now that Harry showed every sign of wanting to spend many, many anniversaries with him doing just that, loved the feeling of being able to make Harry squirm and buck under his tongue. Harry always gave as good as he got, gave more sometimes in the manner of all people who have been deprived of things and spend time catching up.

Snape let the pleasure roil through him, building with each slow stroke of Harry's tongue, with each slide of his cock into that wet, welcoming mouth.

There was a moment, as his own mouth slid down the wet heat of Harry's prick when he was sure he could do this forever--a Moebius strip of ecstasy that circled between them. Then in the next moment, utterly certain that he couldn't last another second when Harry did *that*, oh my god just like that, yes, please,*please*--

Fortunately for them both, Harry's begging was equally insipid, so neither of them minded the babbling very much.

With a groan, Harry's mouth released Snape's prick to the merciless coolness. "Maybe we could just spend all day in bed," he murmured, voice slowing and slurring and sleepy.

"Oh, no you don't," Snape said, nuzzling one cheek over the head of Harry's prick before untangling enough to lay beside Harry the wrong way down in the bed. "It's our anniversary--we're going out."

A lazy smile lifted the corners of Harry's mouth as he waved one hand vaguely before dropping it into the sheets that furrowed all around their heads. "Tomorrow." His eyes started drifting closed.

"Has to be today," Snape said, pulling one eyelid open and peering into the unfocused green. "Since it's our seventh anniversary."

Harry gave up trying to close the eyelid Snape had pinned open and opened the other eye. "Spent the sixth in bed," he pointed out, finally winning the war to get his eyelid back in his own possession.

"But seven is my lucky number as well," Snape said with a smirk so ill-disguised it could only be called flamboyant.

Yelping in outrage Harry leaned back peering at Snape, though they both knew perfectly well Harry couldn't see that far without his glasses. "We can't both have the same lucky number," he said, sounding mulish.

Snape affected a shrug. "I'm older and have had mine longer."

He knew his casual air wouldn't fool Harry for a moment. "On what basis?" he asked suspiciously.

Snape held out one hand, echoing Harry's earlier gesture, ticking off one finger. "I get to celebrate your birthday in the seventh month--"

Harry snorted. Oddly enough, on him, skeptical snorting looked good. "Only because you tell everyone else to bugger off for yours."

Another finger flicked upwards. "I got to watch you grow up for seven years from a snot-nosed brat--"

"To a man who tried to kill you," Harry said unhappily.

Snape waved his two ticked off fingers dismissively. "Only once. If you'd tried seven times we might not be having this discussion." He flung up another finger to join the other two. "I got to watch you work up your nerve seven times to ask me out before I finally took pity on you."

"What?" Harry was reaching for something to hit him with but without his glasses couldn't see much further than the pillows.

"I've got a lover with a seven inch cock," Snape said, having only modest success suppressing his smirk. The pillow that had been arching for his head slowed and dropped.

"Told you!" Harry said as he--and his wishful thinking--flopped down in the bed beside Snape.

--who's let me make him come seven times in one day--"

"Well, on one occasion anyway," Harry said, his voice gone soft in dreamy reminiscence.

"And against all sorts of odds of both wizarding and Muggle mathematics and despite prophecies in both, I've made it to my seventh anniversary," Snape said, waggling the finger in Harry's face. The dreamy expression didn't change, but at least it was now focused on Snape.

"Yeah, you have." Harry rolled over, wriggling close again, and though Snape had no objection to the gleam in those eyes, he also had one more finger.

"And--"

Harry stopped what promised to be some truly delightful nuzzling to look up, blinking as if adding up the fingers so far with his eyelids. "And?"

Snape had had to start over with six, so extended a second finger for his final point. He used them both to stroke down Harry's cheek. "And I can honestly say I've felt things for you every single moment of those seven years that I've never felt for anyone else."

Harry's hand tangled with his, pulling the fingertips close enough to kiss. "I love you too, Severus." That smile never ceased to make him want to commit unrepentantly wicked acts upon Harry's person.

"Then I'd say we were both lucky."