

# For You

by *BulletTimeScully*

The things we do for those we love...

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The things we do for those we love...

This was my response to the Ritual Scarification Challenge for the last round of the Dark Arts\_LDWS contest on LJ.

Thank you, Toblass, for the speedy Beta!

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

Severus Snape lay prone upon the green silk sheets of Regulus Black's bed. He was naked, his pale, lean body glowing in the moonlight filtering through the room's single grimy window.

Regulus stood next to the bed, his own pale body shiny with the consequences of his own prior endeavor, and looked down upon his friend's smooth back with a mixture of fear and arousal... one of which shamed him greatly.

The casual observer would probably assume that, for both young men, this was an encounter with something forbidden... something taboo.

And, in a way, they would have been right...

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

Regulus knew his friend was fearful, as he himself had been when their positions had been reversed only moments before, but they had no other choice. He watched intently as Severus' back rose and fell with his uneven breathing.

Blood ran in dark rivulets down Regulus' own back; he could feel the liquid sliding over and between his buttocks, warm and thick, before running down his pale thighs to pool around his feet.

His eyes traveled slowly to his friend's face. "Are you ready, Severus?" he asked, his wand hanging between the first and middle fingers of his right hand.

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A brief pause, and then Severus rasped, "Do it."

Regulus nodded resolutely, his dark hair falling heavily into his eyes as he turned his attention back to the pale expanse of his brethren's back.

There was only the slightest trace of a tremor as he lifted his hand, put his wand to Severus' flesh... and cut.

"*Veritatum...*" Regulus chanted, and the blood sang along Severus' shoulder blade.

"*Fidei...*" Another slash across smooth, virgin skin.

"*Amare...*" The deepest cut into the flesh behind Severus' heart.

"*Semper...*" One last flash of red, and it was done.

A dark act for two desperate souls...

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

The trio of symbols they had each carved into the flesh of the other would empower them should the Dark Lord ever fall.

*Truth...* to help find the Light amongst the Darkness.

*Loyalty...* to never forsake those that matter.

And *love...* the most powerful symbol of all.

*Love...* the only thing worth living for... worth dying for.

As the final ancient symbol—*Semper*—was carved into each wizard's flesh, sealing their very soul with a power even the Dark Lord himself did not know, each had cried out in ecstasy as he was brought to violent, spontaneous orgasm.

*Semper...*

*Always...*

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

Severus rose shakily from the bed, blood running hot and fast down his back, his own semen drying on his belly as a pair of green eyes flashed across his vision.

*For you, Lily... always.*

Regulus, his body sticky with his own essence, watched as his companion dressed.

Severus winced as he pulled his black robes on over his blood-stained shirt. He then turned to Regulus and bowed his head in silent, genuine gratitude, before silently departing.

Regulus watched him go, the searing pain in his back dulling in comparison to the pain in his chest.

*For you, Severus... always.*

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