

# Insinuation

*by notsosaintly*

A glimpse of the true relationship between Lucius and Severus.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I bow to JK Rowling who has the most brilliant imagination and the most excellent talent with which to express it. Thank you, Jo, for offering up such beautiful characters and not forbidding us to play with them a bit. I return them to you used and, I hope, in fairly good condition, considering all the (rather dirty) places they have been. I'll make them take a bath before they come home.

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A/N The picture that inspired this story was created by The Theban Band: <http://www.squidge.org/praxisters/sinuation.html>.

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His smoky presence washed through the room, permeating the mood. Lucius saw him enter, elegant and almost regal, a prince of darkness. A veil of black hair shone down to his shoulders, framing his pale but aristocratic visage. His spirits were as dark as his robes, something Lucius found to be decidedly alluring.

He waited patiently for the darkness to seek the light, as it always did, as it always had since they were boys. There was an animalistic attraction between the two men that could not be rationalized. Make no mistake, they both preferred women and, in fact, neither had sought the intimate company of another man. But to each other they were bound, since the day they first met.

In some ways they were alike. Both of wealthy pureblood families, they knew how to conduct themselves in public. Their reputations preceded them wherever they dared to venture. Strangers knew who they were by sight. Both took pleasure in the faces they presented to the outside world.

In the ways they differed, one would have expected them to be sworn enemies. But their differences only complemented each other, from their outward appearance to their innermost yearnings.

Lucius knew that Severus was different. Perhaps that was what intrigued him from the beginning. Severus came along for the ride but always followed his own path when they arrived at their destination. Lucius had to admire him for that.

Even if it meant that he knew his oft time lover was a traitor to the Dark Lord. Lucius knew from the day they both joined the band of Death Eaters that Severus would accept the position under his own terms. Lucius did not agree but he tolerated it. As much as it would benefit him to turn Severus in for his traitorous activities, Lucius simply could not bear to lose the companionship of his boyhood friend. In the end, he knew he would ultimately lose.

Black eyes pierced through the haze of witches and wizards to seek those of his fair friend. Lucius stood casually against the bar, sipping his drink, nodding every so often in greeting to his guests. He fingered his silver-headed cane lovingly, almost suggestively. Severus's breath hitched in his throat at the attention Lucius afforded his cane. The way his long, tapered fingers caressed the head of the snake was vaguely reminiscent of their previous encounter.

Lucius knew he was there. He always said that he knew when Severus entered the room by the shift in mood. No one else seemed to notice but Lucius. Severus knew Lucius would not meet his gaze; neither man was known for public displays of affection. If their eyes met, it would be impossible to look away. They would not risk the exposure.

Severus coolly crossed the room, stopping now and again to bestow a greeting upon an acquaintance. Most avoided him, and for that he was forever grateful. Unlike Lucius, who craved inordinate amounts of attention, Severus preferred to remain in the background, unnoticed.

His destination reached and drink in hand, Severus stood a hand's-breadth from his blond counterpart. Lucius stared out at the throng, nodding and smiling at his gathering guests while Severus faced in toward the bar and sipped his whiskey.

"Lucius," he drawled seductively.

"Severus," the lighter man replied with a smile. His hand concentrated more vigorously upon the head of his cane. To everyone else, Lucius presented a calm façade. Inside, he was seething with salacious desire.

"I hope you are well," Severus began their usual nonsensical banter. Mindless small talk meant as a form of foreplay between the two men.

"As well as can be expected, Severus," Lucius spoke slowly. His voice was like butter and honey, smoothing over Severus's raw nerves, luring him into complacency.

Severus allowed himself to be lulled by Lucius, knowing what was to come. The intensity of his craving nearly set his body on fire. He quenched it with the last of his whiskey.

"I believe I have a text to return to your library, old friend." Severus's dulcet tones played upon Lucius's ear, making every sinew sing in anticipation.

"Very well," he answered silkily. "You know where the library is located. Perhaps I will join you later."

"Perhaps," Severus intimated.

Sandalwood wafted into Lucius's sensitive nostrils as Severus's robes undulated after his retreating form. After a few minutes, he surreptitiously left by a side door into a private corridor.

The library was immense. One could easily get lost in the thousands of tomes it held. To Severus it was home away from home. He traveled up to the third floor of the library to a small alcove that overlooked the moor. He had loved this view since he was a small boy. Soon he lost himself to the landscape and retrospection.

He did not hear Lucius's arrival, but it did not matter, as he was expected. Lucius was known for his silent entrances and it added to the excitement.

Lucius stretched himself behind Severus. The sensation of their bodies pressed together in such a way was more sensual than if they had been unclothed. Lucius's breath caressed Severus's delicate senses as he whispered lovingly into Severus's ear.

"Severus. You have stayed away too long this time." It was a complaint and a reminder of things that had been.

Severus felt his body respond to the intimate voice in his ear. True, he *had* stayed away too long. He ached at the mental images Lucius's voice was producing.

"I apologize, Lucius. You know it was out of my control."

The silver head of Lucius's cane drew a line up from Severus's waist, over his shoulder blade, slowly around his neck and up to rest on his cheekbone. Severus gazed into its bejeweled eyes as the pressure of the silver fang bit into his face.

"It is *never* out of your control, my friend," Lucius purred. "If you so desired, you would make the time."

Severus groaned at the vibrations Lucius's voice sent down his spine. It was too much and yet he felt empty inside.

"Believe me, Lucius," he enticed, "I most certainly desire your company."

Severus let one hand reach behind him toward the body so alluringly pressed against his person. Its hardness was easily found. The breath in his ear caught as the palm of Severus's hand glided over Lucius's endowment.

Severus let his fingers roam, cradling the fullness of the man behind him. He applied pressure on the way down and gathered the softness between his legs to join the hardness on the way up.

Lucius gasped his pleasure, desperately hanging onto his composure. "You always knew how to please me, old friend."

"As you do me," Severus replied breathily, inflamed by his friend's building passion.

At this small encouragement, Severus felt the buttons of his frock coat being undone, with excruciating slowness, one by one. Lucius's free hand insinuated itself between the layers of his clothing, seeking out the key to loosening Severus's control.

Lucius stroked Severus's chest over the fine silk of his shirt, rolling his nipples between his fingers. Reason flew out the window as Severus allowed the flood of sensation wash over him. The combination of gratifying and being gratified was overwhelming.

"I know how much you enjoy this, Severus," Lucius breathed heavily into his ear as the consideration Severus was giving to his member deepened to the next level. Lucius pushed forward into the heel of Severus's palm, increasing the pressure.

Severus smirked at his friend's need to quicken the pace. Lucius always started out their little ventures together so aloof, but Severus knew how to reduce him to a frantic state. The fingers on his nipples pinched and twisted harder, causing rivulets of pain to shoot through his body and stiffen his already awoken urges.

Growling dangerously, Severus spun out of Lucius's grasp and backed him against the tall cases of books. He crushed his body into Lucius's, their excitement peaked beyond either man's control. His mouth descended upon the lighter man's and they fought for dominance over the other. Their respective hardnesses met and attempted to merge into one.

Their tongues sinuated around each other, a dance that had been perfected over many years. Their eyes and bodies mirrored the fervor of the other. Neither had needed anything so desperately in all their lives.

Hands groped and pulled, unfastened and disrobed until nothing stood in the way of their mutual admiration. They may have been opposite in many ways, but their bodies responded the same, both straining toward their ultimate goal.

Lucius bent on one knee before his cohort and worshipped the beauty of the man in front of him. Longingly and lovingly, he took Severus's hard cock and drew it between his lips, licking around the crown and teasing the ridge. Severus leaned back and closed his eyes, groaning as Lucius's tongue bent and wound around his stiffness, as his mouth engulfed him in its entirety and pumped over his length.

Oh, that this feeling could last forever, but it was not to be. Lucius and Severus knew each other's bodies as well as their own. Lucius's mouth worked its magic quickly and efficiently, bringing Severus to the highest peak and letting him fall back to earth, swallowing the seed Severus released into his mouth.

Lucius wasted no time and stood before the man, who, though spent, stared eagerly at his lusciously engorged cock. Lucius kissed Severus with great warmth, paving the way of his intentions. Then he spun Severus around against the shelves and readied himself for the onslaught.

Severus cried out at the invasion, more in pleasure than in pain. As Lucius thrust himself into the other man's body, he reached around to tease Severus's nipples, knowing it would renew his friend's passion. True to form, Severus hardened as his canal throbbed with the pressure and release of Lucius's erection pounding into him.

Lucius's hand traveled down from Severus's nipples to his awakening erection and wrapped his fingers about it. Both men thrust forward, sheathing themselves in the other's embrace.

Over and over, they pushed through, eager to fulfill their desire. Harder they thrust. Their cries escaped the small alcove and echoed throughout the library, feeding their urgency. The impending conclusion made their movements erratic and jerky, lacking all of their customary aristocratic indifference.

Lucius plunged into his lover's hole as the tension built within him, making his cock overly sensitive to the harsh friction the tight enclosure caused. He felt the tautness in his lower regions climb until it folded within his body and threatened to push outward.

"Severus," he hissed in the other man's ear. "Come, Severus. I am so close. I want you to come for me."

Knowing his friend would hold out until the end, Severus pushed through Lucius's fist with greater force as Lucius's fingers tightened their hold. Giving in to Lucius's power over him, he relented.

"Oh gods, Lucius!" Severus bit out around his ecstasy. "Now, Lucius! I am coming for you!"

And with his announcement came the explosion as his cock seized and released its hold, spewing his seed forth.

The feeling of Severus's climax coating his fingers destroyed Lucius's composure. Devoid of sanity, he growled into the chamber as he came hot and heavy deep inside his lover, thrusting against the violence of his orgasm, intent upon riding it out to the end. They held on to each other tightly as they floated slowly back into reality.

Finally breaking apart, the two men cleaned up and dressed with a few flicks of their wands. Turning to face each other, their gazes mixed blue and black.

Lucius's hand reached to cup the side of Severus's face. His other hand rested over Severus's heart.

At such a gesture, Severus could not help but lean into his touch and confirm their unique camaraderie.

"I love you, Severus," Lucius drawled, drawing away from his friend.

"And I do you as well, Lucius, you know that," Severus answered nonchalantly.

"Yes. Well, old friend," Lucius commented offhandedly, "try not to stay away so long this time."

As Lucius turned his back to return to the party, he heard Severus murmur, "I'll be back, Lucius. *Always* come back."

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