***Disclaimer:*** *The events depicted herein are one possible way things could go. They are not meant to be read as a foregone conclusion or prophecy…though I might keep the gift idea. It was the major obstacle to my starting this piece sooner, and, as such, a lot of thought has gone into it.*

**Lanth’s Birthday**

Elsewhere in Azeroth, the day was a herald of the coming spring, warm with a light breeze, as befitting a March afternoon; in Eversong, the perpetual autumn still held sway. Still the sun was out and starting to eye the horizon as Lando left his room. He was in a blue silk shirt – a bit incongruous with his black leather pants – and his hair was pulled back with ribbon instead of the thin strip of leather he normally used for the battlefield. In his left hand was a large basket, its contents covered with cloth. He cleared his throat as he approached Lanth’s door and knocked casually.

“It’s open!” Lando smiled faintly at the contraction. The usually reserved paladin was starting to use them more often, now that he was, as far as Lando knew, happily getting laid at every opportunity. At least, he seemed awfully happy about it afterwards.

Lando pushed the door open and smiled from the doorway. “Happy birthday, love,” he said, hoisting the basket as offering. Lanth was at his desk, drawing something – he couldn’t see what; there was a box in the way – with Calvin curled up on his own personal pillow. The cub raised his head and Lanth turned to look at him with a smile, which faded into shock when he saw the basket.

“Is that a picnic dinner?” he asked, rising from his chair. He was in a white cotton shirt and more comfortable (read: less tight) leather pants than Lando was currently wearing.

“No, dinner’s later. And, um, isn’t a picnic. This…these,” he corrected himself, “are your birthday present. S. Presents.” Still correcting. He cleared his throat. Lanth studied him evenly, and Lando prompted, “You know, it’s not light.” He shifted his hold on the basket. Honestly, it wasn’t *that* heavy, but he wanted Lanth to just take the thing already.

Lanth relented and took the basket. “This is too much, Lando, really.”

“I don’t think so. I think it’s just enough.” He crossed to sit on the bed. “Honestly, I had trouble deciding what to get you. At first I thought a recipe book, and then I thought a sketchbook or some paints, but I didn’t want it to seem like I was just trying to get you to do things for me. And then I thought, ‘Citrus!’, but I get you citrus all the time, and this needed to be special.”

At the mention of citrus, Calvin lifted up into the air and started circling the basket, sniffing. Lando laughed. “Oh gods, he knows the word now?”

“He is too smart for my own good,” Lanth replied, gently shooing the inspecting cub away. He brought the basket to the bed, setting it next to Lando and pulling off the cloth to reveal its interior. “I see a sketchbook and inks and a recipe book…and citrus.” He pulled out a lime and Calvin swooped in on his prey, snatching the fruit right out of Lanth’s hand and taking his prize kill back under the desk to devour it. Lando just laughed again.

“Yes, but there’s more.” He pointed at one item in particular, which Lanth had probably taken to be another sketchbook. It was bound in exquisite leather, soft and supple to the touch. When opened, the first page had lines drawn on it – no, brackets, with spaces. Lanth’s brow furrowed as he saw this and he flipped a page to find it blank. The next one was, too. He noticed it had been bound with a ribbon for use as a bookmark, and he tugged the ribbon open to find another bracket page as Lando watched, trying to hide his worry over the gift’s reception.

“I don’t understand.”

Lando swallowed. “I had it made special for you. It’s...um…it’s for your family trees. One for your mom’s side and one for your dad’s. That’s why the ribbon is there. You can fill in the names on the first pages of each section and then write about specific people on the others.” Lanth looked over at him, and Lando looked at his hands in his lap. “I just know that your heritage is important to you and I thought this’d be a way to have it with you always.” He looked up and confessed, “I didn’t bind it or anything, or make the pages; I had someone who knew what they were doing that. I just supplied the idea. And the leather, for the cover.”

Lanth closed the book and stroked the cover lightly, then smiled at him. “Lando…thank you. Thank you, this is…” He apparently decided not to finish that statement with words, and Lando was relieved, as well as happy, to return the kiss. “You’re so thoughtful,” Lanth replied, nuzzling his cheek.

“I’m glad you like it. I really, really wanted this birthday to be special for you.”

“It *is* special. I’m with you.”

He smiled even as his heart picked up. “But you’re with me every day. Hell, you were with me most every day even before we were…y’know…Together. But this is your birthday, and it’s the first one since I stopped being an idiot…”

“Since we *both* stopped being idiots,” Lanth tried to correct him, kissing his cheek and straightening up.

“…and I wanted to make sure everything was perfect. Speaking of which, if you’re hungry, I did make dinner. And dessert. Not cookies though; no one else’s cookies are as good as yours.” He grinned just a little, and was gratified to see his boyfriend smile. “It’s downstairs waiting. I tipped the maid to make sure no one messed with it while I was changing and getting things ready.”

“Hold on, let me stash the …certain parts of your gift I don’t want certain young cubs getting into,” Lanth dodged around the ‘c’ word in Calvin’s hearing, “where he can’t get at it, and then we can go down. Though, should I dress for the occasion?” He fingered Lando’s silk shirt.

He pretended to consider this. “Nah, better not. If you get out of your clothes, I may not let you get back in them.” Lanth laughed, cheeks tinging pink just a hair. It was good to know he could still make him blush.

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“Really? You didn’t think the chicken was overcooked?”

“It was fine, Lando, really. And those were very good cupcakes, really.”

He beamed, pleased at compliments from Lanth, from *LANTH*, on his baking. “I wanted to make you a cake, originally, but then I found out how much work it’d be to really make it look good, and it sounded like too many chances for me to screw something up. I had to keep it somewhat simple.”

“They were delicious.” Lanth started for Lando’s room out of habit, because it was nearest the stairs, but Lando kept walking. Lanth caught up quickly when he realized they were headed to his room. “My room tonight? My, we really *are* doing things differently.”

“I need the longer walk to work off all those cupcakes,” Lando joked.

Lanth laughed. “Yes, well, perhaps you shouldn’t have had four.”

“Maybe I had so many so I’d have an excuse to walk them off.” He held Lanth’s own door for him, and Lanth walked in. The window was still cracked for Calvin to go in and out as he pleased, and the night’s cool air was starting to invade.

“You could just say you wanted to go to my room. You’d have less chance of going into sugar shock that way.”

“I’m building up a tolerance,” he commented, closing the door behind him. He turned back to Lanth and his eye caught on the large box on the desk again. “What *is* this?”

“Oh, that.” Lanth rolled his eyes and sat on the edge of his bed. He’d normally tug off his boots, but neither of them had bothered with footwear while inside the manor. “Rath sent me a birthday present. Or…several, I suppose.”

Lando eyed the box critically now. “Why do I get the feeling I know what’s in this?” He approached it and opened it carefully. It contained many, many, MANY covered jars, padded heavily for the post.

“Because it’s Rath?” Lanth replied. “He says it’s a year’s supply.” Lando pulled out a jar and unscrewed it, sniffing at the ointment inside.

“Ooh, smells nice.” He eyed the label. “Fancy stuff. Nice to know he values our sex life so highly.”

Lanth chuckled. “I like your gift better. And I am actually *not* just saying that because you’re my boyfriend now.”

He grinned, turning to Lanth, still holding the open jar of faintly-scented lubricant. “Good, ‘cause you know you’re required to say that.”

“Of course.” Lanth leaned back on his hands.

Lando crossed to the bed and sat next to him. “And his gift has excellent timing.”

“Does it?” Lanth tried playing innocent. The smirk on his lips belied his make-believe.

Lando nodded. “Oh, yes. We can put this to some very definite use…in a minute or two. Or five.” He sat the jar down on the opposite side of the bed from Lanth and leaned in to kiss his beloved. Lanth returned the affection eagerly, shifting his weight to one hand to thread his other into Lando’s hair.

Lando slid an arm around Lanth’s waist, supporting him; Lanth therefore pulled his other arm up to loop around Lando’s neck. Gently, Lando laid him back on the bed, stretching out alongside him as he moved his lips down to Lanth’s throat. His free hand slid down along Lanth’s shirt; by now, he’d gotten good enough that even with his eyes closed and his face buried in the crook of Lanth’s shoulder, he could work open a pair of pants with ease. Of course, Lanth was gladly helping him with it, so perhaps he shouldn’t get all the credit.

Lando sat up, dropped another kiss to his lover’s lips and smiled as he started to slide back towards the edge of the bed, tugging the pants, and Lanth’s boxers, with him as he went. Lanth dutifully raised his hips to help with the removal. His legs, from the knees down, dangled over the edge of the bed, and Lando had to squat a bit to get the pants and underwear truly gone. Once they were, Lanth’s legs parted for him and he smiled. He stood again to unbutton his shirt.

“Not that I’m trying to persuade you here,” Lanth commented suddenly, propping himself up on his elbows and smiling down the length of his body at the increasingly-shirtless Lando, “but you have been very insistent on not doing what we do every other day. And this…”

Lando raised a finger. “I said I wanted things to be *special*. And they will be.” Lanth’s eyebrows rose in surprise, and his smile threatened to go wide. Lando stifled a laugh as he tugged his shirt off; good for the ego to know that the thought of a *special* blowjob could get a reaction like that. Instead, he moved forward and bent to his task.

He usually took his time at this, for the pleasure of both of them, but today he was exceptionally slow. And light. Very light with his touches and licks. Lanth, for his part, had already gone back to laying down, and would gasp sometimes, lightly shiver others. Lando ran one finger up and down the length of Lanth’s erection and kissed the tip teasingly. He was waiting for something.

He continued to tease until Lanth finally propped himself up again, opening his mouth to protest, at which point, Lando took just the head of his dick into his mouth. That did it. Lanth flopped back down again with a light groan but was otherwise silent. Lando moved slooooowly down, and Lanth seemed to have given up complaining about the treatment, as every inch was lavished over by eager lips and tongue.

In the midst of his rapturous enjoyment, something occurred to Lanth. Not only was Lando taking his own godsdamned sweet time with things, but it was the *only* thing he was doing. Normally by now, Lanth had a finger or two, slicked with lube, inside him, and the hunter was damn good at using his mouth and his fingers in concert. There was nothing except Lando’s mouth on his penis, which, honestly, was already coming close to more than he could bear. The slow tortuous buildup was testing his stamina, and Lando showed no signs of caring about anything other than unhurriedly savoring inch after inch of him.

Part of him was curious why Lando wasn’t doing more to him, but the rest of him simply Did Not Care. What he was doing was more than enough. Lanth just laid back, closed his eyes and enjoyed it. He was allowed to, after all – it *was* his birthday. Lando was moving up and down his shaft more rapidly now, the tongue licking along as he went up, and there was a brief warning in his mind that this really was going to be more than he could stand soon. He half-sat up again, attempting to dissuade Lando, to warn him. A hand slid up to his chest, and bowstring stung fingers pushed him back down. He pushed against the hand briefly but it was too little, too late. His orgasm dropped him down to the bed again, and he was only distantly aware of Lando’s actions after that point. His mind focused in on breathing and rebooting his brain.

The mattress shifted as Lando crawled up next to him and kissed his ear. He tried to say something, but one of the hunter’s fingers appeared over his lips, and a soft, “Shhh,” was breathed into his ear. He gave up, and the finger slid away. Lando was nuzzling his jaw and neck, and it occurred to him that he should probably be doing something. He reached a hand towards Lando’s pants, to get them open, but it was grabbed hold of quickly.

“None of that. Just relax.” Lando lifted the hand to his lips and kissed the backs of his fingers, and Lanth grinned happily.

“Romantic,” he charged.

“Guilty,” admitted the accused. “And I finally have someone to be a mushy, romantic mess all over.”

“I think I was the mess just now,” Lanth replied, and Lando chuckled.

“Don’t worry, I cleaned things up pretty well.” A chilly wind came in through the window and Lanth shivered. He hadn’t sweat much, but what perspiration there was seemed to suddenly turn to ice on his skin. “Cold?” Lando asked. He frowned thoughtfully, and then leaned in to kiss Lanth softly. “I can fix that.”

“Please do,” Lanth responded, his breath pretty much back. He just now realized that Lando had retrieved the jar of lubricant from earlier, and the question from earlier resurfaced. Maybe the point was to give him time to “recharge” as it were? Lando was dipping out a…rather large amount, actually, and rubbing fingers into his palm, spreading the ointment out.

His orgasm-rocked brain was just putting 2 and 2 together when Lando’s hand slid over his cock. He hadn’t yet gotten it up again, but it didn’t take more than a few seconds of this attention for that problem to start correcting itself.

“This isn’t…”

“This is special. Besides, I have to keep one of my favorite parts of you warm, right?”

“ ‘One of’?” he asked, forcing a pout. It was hard, under the circumstances – pun intended. “It’s not your favorite?”

“Nope, but it’s in the top five.”

“What are the others?” And before Lando could start in on the list, he suggested, “My hair?”

Lando nodded. “That’s one. Your eyes. Your smile. And your cute ears.”

“I see a pattern.”

He grinned, still stroking Lanth. “It’s one head or the other, pretty much.”

Lanth laughed breathlessly and shifted. “So, is this headed where I think this is heading?”

“Depends,” and Lando nuzzled in against Lanth’s ear to whisper, breath hot against his skin, “If you think this is heading to you taking me for a change, at least once, so we can experience every single part of each other, then, yes. And if you think it’s going anywhere else, well…” He pretended to consider for a moment. “…the answer to that is probably ‘later’.”

Lanth returned his grin, then cleared his throat. “You know, I haven’t really…um…”

“Topped?” Lando stopped what he was doing to marvel at Lanth. “Really? Not *ever*?”

He shook his head a little, and exhaled a bit harshly. “Most of my time spent with men – before you – was when I was drunk.” He blinked over to see Lando’s brow start to lower, his happy grin beginning to shift into a scowl. Hastily, he added, “And I like being…on the bottom, really. That…that’s fine with me.” He combed a hand into Lando’s hair again (the hunter vastly underrated how nice his own hair was), and looked him dead in the eyes, forcing his lover’s darkening mood away (or trying to). “Especially with you. For a man who has been unwanted for so much of his life, to feel wanted like that…I really do enjoy it. It isn’t something I just tolerate for your sake, Lando.”

Lando cursed quietly under his breath and pulled Lanth in close, using his wrist on Lanth’s back rather than his lube-slicked hand. He kissed Lanth’s hairline and murmured, “I do want you, Lanth. I want you every way I can have you, including this way. There is no such thing as too much of you, and I cannot imagine my life without you in it.” He pulled away to hold Lanth’s gaze again, much as Lanth had just held his. “If you honestly don’t want this, I’m still more than happy to go back to the way we normally do things. I just wanted this to be special for you. I wanted you to experience this…and I want to experience it, too. But if you don’t want to be on top…”

“Maybe…maybe a compromise?” Lanth asked. “I mean, it’s not that I don’t want…I just…don’t think I’m ready for that yet.”

“Compromise?” Lando was so cute when he was confused, and Lanth leaned up to kiss his nose for it.

“I can be on top, but still have you inside me.”

The light dawned. “If you like.” He smiled faintly.

“I would like, very much.” He kissed his hunter briefly then commented. “So, hand me that jar and get out of your pants.” He sat up to start unbuttoning his own shirt, which they hadn’t bothered with at first.

“Say please,” Lando replied, pulling the jar away and holding it out behind himself.

He tossed a look back over his shoulder briefly. “You know, technically that’s *my* lube, not yours. It was a gift.” He let his shirt fall away down his arms and tossed it off one side of the bed.

“Possession is 9/10ths of the law.”

“So tithe it back to me.” He reached for the jar and was happily (un)surprised when Lando took the increased proximity to pull him down onto his side and kiss him deeply instead. He pretended to give up and gave as good as he got until Lando’s arm came back within reach. He broke the kiss and snatched the jar away at the same moment. “There! My property returned to me, thank you.”

“You make me sound like a thief.”

“Is this where I’m supposed to say you *are* a thief because you stole my heart?”

Lando grinned. “I dunno. Is that true?”

“Of course it is.” He kissed Lando briefly. “But it sounds cheesy and trite, so I’d rather not say it.” He was dipping out a similar amount of ointment – it felt nice too, slippery without feeling greasy – and rubbing it into his palm.

“You already did.” Lando was on his back, shimmying out of his pants with no small amount of haste. He kicked them and his boxers off as if they had suddenly become poisonous snakes, then rolled quickly onto his side to beam at Lanth again.

“Damn, I guess you’re right.” He set the jar down on the bed between them (it barely fit, they were so close, though Lando’s wiggling around had opened up more room there) and his hand honed in on Lando’s cock with the certainty of long practice. Lando just smiled at him and picked up the jar again.

He nuzzled Lanth’s neck, dropping kisses and occasional licks to his skin. An arm dropped gently over him, reaching around. Even knowing what Lando was doing, he couldn’t help giving a slight start when he felt a finger probe at him. “Cold?” Lando asked again.

He nodded. “It’ll warm up.” This was difficult, them both being on their sides like this, but he didn’t mind a challenge. He nestled in closer once he realized the jar seemed to have disappeared again (he hoped it was shatter-proof; Lando had a terrible habit of throwing the things), and while his ministering to Lando was made a little harder (ha ha, terrible pun), it made the rest of what was going on much easier. Eventually he gave up stroking Lando entirely, as his lover was more than ready enough, and his fingers inside him were distracting, to put it mildly.

He focused his mind on the logistics. “Hmm, perhaps we should stay like this until we get…ah…situated?” he asked. “Then you can just roll back, and…”

“Let you ride?” Lando grinned and Lanth felt his face heat up. *Dammit, this was your suggestion*, he chided himself.

He nodded once before commenting, “I hope you’re an epic mount.”

“Oh, that’s hurtful!” He didn’t sound hurt at all; Lando looked like he was trying not to laugh, which was not normally a good expression when one was in bed with someone else. But he loved the verbal jousting and poking they did at one another, and it made him mirror back the grin Lando’d just recently had on his face.

“I guess we’ll find out soon enough,” he commented, intending to kiss his hunter’s nose and ending up with some cheek instead as Lando shifted around. Ah well, good enough. He felt the fingers pull out and smiled, before looking down to set himself at their task.

And it was a task. Getting their legs out of the way was the biggest challenge, but once they finally figured it out, and Lando was sliding into him, all he could think was *Worth it*. Lando started to roll back, but he grabbed hold of his shoulders and tugged once. *Not yet.* He slid his hand down to Lando’s hip and pulled himself closer, thus getting more of him inside. Lando moaned appreciatively and resumed neck-nuzzling, which he seemed to like doing. Lanth wasn’t complaining. He was far, far, far past complaints at this point. He shifted again and, satisfied with the set-up, nodded at Lando. “Okay. Now.”

Lando held onto Lanth’s hips and rolled onto his back, and Lanth nearly did end up Lando-less in the action. *It’s more like riding than I thought*, he realized as he struggled to get and stay on top. For a moment, they just stayed there like that, savoring the victory, but then Lando’s hips arched up – a quite definite reminder of what they were supposed to be doing.

They’d gotten pretty good at setting a rhythm, but this was different. Lanth had to raise himself up and come back down to compliment Lando’s thrusts, and it was a slightly different motion. Occasional sighs escaped them both, but nothing truly great, until Lando took hold of Lanth’s already lubricated cock. He moved his hand on Lanth in time to his own movements inside Lanth, and, oddly, this made it easier.

“What…am I?” he asked, breath starting to come raggedly. “A metronome?”

“Hey, it…it works, right?” He had to give him that one, but he was rapidly losing brainpower for thought on the subject. It was starting to feel good, really, *really* good, and he could barely spare a thought that his thighs were getting quite a workout.

He bit back a moan and tried to shoo Lando’s hand away now. *I’ve got it –* ***we’ve*** *got it – stop, stop, STOP doing that…* “Love…” he managed shakily. “If you keep…doing that… I won’t…be able to…”

It took his love a bit to realize what he was getting at. He was very much a “if this feels good, keep doing it” type, which wasn’t really bad in and of itself, but Lanth didn’t want to come too soon, not yet. When it finally broke through Lando’s brain, he stopped and abruptly sat up, wrapping his arms around Lanth as he did.

“oh gods,” Lanth breathed against Lando’s skin, gripping his shoulders and closing his eyes. Lando was back to lavishing attention on his neck, his shoulder, his jaw, the kisses being brief and hard now, punctuated by grunts and moans and desperate inhalations. He ran a hand into Lando’s hair and luxuriated in this, this, all of this. Lando was the one inside him, yet he felt engulfed by Lando’s presence: the scent of him (mixed faintly with the scent of the lube), the feel of so much of his skin against so much of his own, strong arms completely around him, and, at times, he could feel Lando’s heartbeat against his own chest. It was too much, it was almost worse than being jerked off had been, but he held on, he had to, because he wanted more of this, of Lando, of being with him and being this close to him, and he never, ever, ever wanted to let go.

Lando was starting to hiss for breath though, which meant his teeth were clenched, which meant he was fighting. Oh dear, dear, sweet man to want him to come first. He bent his face towards Lando’s, managed a half-assed kiss, and then let his body do as it wanted, causing him to arch, head thrown back, a loud moan bursting from his lips. He could feel Lando’s response as well, heat shooting into him, before he sagged back against his hunter, wrapping both arms around Lando’s neck and just letting himself drape there.

Lando eased them back onto the mattress, but Lanth fought to stay wrapped up with him. They were both quiet a long moment, getting their breath back, until Lando kissed his face again. “Happy birthday?”

“Very,” he responded quietly, smiling and still not opening his eyes. “Very very much.”