A Tango in Paris

by PhoenixStar73

Summary

It is Magnus and Alec's 1st anniversary. Alec has plans to make it memorable with a few surprises, including one that *doesn't* include two left feet. Won't Magnus be surprised :) This will be *nothing* like Havana, a memory he would rather put aside in the past. Then they will spend the rest of the night just loving and enjoying one another...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Dinner and a Dance

Chapter Notes

For Benghui, a great friend who encourages everything i do! :)

The night is clear, with the golden Wolf Moon lighting up the Paris sky. The Effiel Tower is a spectacle upon itself, standing delicate yet strong against the horizon of the city.

At the very top, suddenly a flash of blue appears -- and it is two fall figures sitting at a small round table, decked in a cream colored tablecloth and place settings. Another wave of long, ring clad fingers with black lacquer, and there's a vase of lavender roses, candles, and two settings of steak, medium rare, along with martinis lit up with blue fire. The taller man smiles as he lifts up his Martini glass to toast that of the slightly shorter man, his hungry gaze lingering over his tightly fitted black blazer with coattails, black necklaces, royal blue button down, and fitted black pants with boots with silver buckles. The gold and blue glitter on his black spiky hair sparkled like stars against the night sky.

Man, Alec thought appreciatively, continuing to drink in the sight of Magnus, how was it that his boyfriend always knew how to dress for the occasion? Just a snap of his fingers, and it was always perfect.

Magnus preened, knowing Alec was admiring the view in front of him. "You're quite a sight yourself, Alexander," he murmured. Alec was wearing a gold button down shirt, collar slightly popped up, a dark slate suit with a sheen to it, and black leather shoes. His hair was gelled slightly in a closed cropped style, so for once his hair was not unruly, and it made it look darker against his perfectly pale complexion. This made his large hazel eyes stand out even more, and Magnus could see the flecks of green pop out of the hazel even more distinctively.

A soft growl came out from Alec's throat as he leaned over to kiss Magnus tenderly, his lips catching Magnus's lower lip and massaging it slowly. Magnus shivered at the electric tingles that evoked in him.

"Mmmmm," Magnus murmured, "Keep doing that, and we will never get through dinner. Alec chuckled softly, as he pulled away and gazed into Magnus's golden cat eyes, glistening with affection. Behind Magnus, rooftops of the whole cityscape that is Paris could be seen for miles. "What a perfect idea," Magnus murmured, leaning over to give Alec a cute peck on his nose. "It has definitely been awhile since coming back to Paris. What a wonderful place to celebrate our first year anniversary together."

Alec's large hazel eyes dilated at hearing those words from Magnus, and the reflection of the moon could be seen in his eyes. "Well, good thing that Izzy was able to take over some duties so we could make this escape," he said, smiling as he thought of his amazing sister. His sister has always supported him and Magnus as a couple, and she had practically pushed them out the door, saying that she would help to pick up the slack. "It's your anniversary!" she had said, when Alec had tried to protest that he still had some things to finish. "I know as well as you do, what you two endured to be together. Just go and enjoy each other!" Ah, Izzy, Alec thought, smiling again.
They sat together, chatting as they ate their steaks, which were perfectly medium rare, in the sousvide type of way. They had their champagne, clinking several times as the night progressed, and leaning over to give one another tender pecks on the lips.

Magnus couldn't have asked for a better evening to celebrate their anniversary.

Suddenly Alec stands up from his seat, and holds out his hand to Magnus. His palm is up, with a rare flourish to his step. Magnus looks at his gesture inquisitively, with a small smile. "What's this?" he asks. The flourish stuff is more his thing, his moves. Also, Alec was signaling to Magnus that he wanted to lead.

Alec grins. "I learned from the best," he states, his eyes never leaving Magnus. Magnus nods, and accepts his position to be led. "You can take it slow, Alexander," he states. "I recall what happened in Havana," he teases, "No worries, we are just here to enjoy ourselves." Alec pouts at that, and wrinkled his nose. "You are never going to let me live that down, eh?" he chided softly, leaning over to give Magnus a quick peck on the cheek. "Well," he drawled, "You can consider this part of an anniversary gift then." He let go of a curious Magnus for a second while he went to turn on the music player he had brought with him. The strains of Shaed's Trampoline started playing.

"Ooh, nice choice," Magnus said, starting to hum along with the song. Magnus watched Alec slowly sauntered back to position, and then he bent down to whisper to Magnus, "Places. Argentine Tango 8 step basic to begin. Closed embrace."


Alec smiled. "I thought so," he said huskily, his eyes never leaving Magnus's as he licked his lips. Okay, time to put these dance lessons from the past few weeks to work, he thought, as he started to lead.

I've been havin' dreams
Jumpin' on a trampoline
Flippin' in the air
I never land, just float there
As I'm looking up
Suddenly the sky erupts
Flames alight the trees
Spread to fallin' leaves
Now they're right upon me

Wordlessly Magnus allowed to lead him through the steps, including salidas, turns, and other footwork. Alec would be whispering the move to him a few steps ahead so he could anticipate them. Then a few colgadas came into the routine; Alec slid his arms down to Magnus's elbows, as Magnus did the same. They swayed apart, came back together, repeat, hands firmly on one another's forearms. Magnus found himself growing more and more impressed. This was old hat to him; he himself had had the opportunity to pick up many of the ballroom/classic dancing over the centuries. Leading, or following a lead had become second nature to him. He has always been impeccable when it came to discerning the beat and rhythms of music. But to see Alec concentrating and flawlessly executing these moves -- he was so proud.

Alec hooks his leg around Magnus's and leans in, and Magnus realizes he is about to start the Gancho step, which involves hooking a leg and turning your partner. He is amazed, Alec learned this? As the lead, Alec maneuvers Magnus around him, and it is graceful and exact. Woooow, Magnus thought, half swooning as he comes out of the move...

Wait if I'm on fire
How am I so deep in love?
When I dream of dying
I never feel so loved

As their bodies flow together back to the basic 8 step and the footwork begins again, they gracefully rotate about, Magnus feels truly on cloud nine. This is *nothing* like Havana. He snapped his fingers, and suddenly they were both above the ground, still dancing as if their feet were touching the floor. Alec glanced down briefly to see the soft blue flares of magic surround them. It is a mystical sight, for those who might be looking into the night sky from the ground at this point. "How perfect," Alec whispered. The two figures continued to dance, sway, and turn with the beats of the lilting song. At one point, they are dancing, and float very close to the projection of the moon in the sky. Alec had never seen the projection of the moon up so close, the soft white light glowed around the sphere, illuminating the various surfaces. It was so lovely, it took his breath away. He gazed at Magnus, who had a soft look on his face, gazing back at him. His heart was so full. It was a very romantic scene to behold...

I've been having dreams
Splashin' in a summer stream
Trip and I fall in

I.wanted.it -- to happen

Alec dips Magnus simultaneously in time with the last line. Magnus's eyes are closed, allowing
Alec to dip and bring him gently back up into position. He is like putty in his hands at this point...

My body turns to ice
Crushin' weight of paradise
Solid block of gold
Lying in the cold
I feel right, right at home

As the last line of the second stanza played, the blue magic had brought both lovers back down by their table. Alec stopped dancing for a moment, as he took a lavender rose from the vase, bent and dipped Magnus. He gazed at his boyfriend's perfect face, his eyes half-lidded, with long lashes resting on his high cheekbones. This is the man I love, he thought. Holding the rose by the stem, avoiding thorns, he placed the bud of the rose alongside Magnus's cheek. Magnus's eyes flew open at the unexpected silky sensation, and gold cat eyes gazed at his lover. "Hi there," Alec murmured, never taking his eyes off Magnus as he slowly moved the rose to trace down Magnus's cheekbone, dragging it softly over the sharp outline of his jaw. "Mmmm," Magnus murmured, taking in the sensations, goosebumps surfacing on his skin. Alec slowly dragged the rose bud down into the hollow of his neck, a very sensitive part of Magnus, and Magnus shuddered, arching his neck back. The rose continued its journey down his chest, ending just above the opening of the collared shirt.

"Kiss me," Magnus murmured to Alec. Alec's eyes dilate, as he lowers the rose. He brings his face close to the hollow of Magnus's neck, and slowly licks a stripe up, up, past his chin, to Magnus's waiting lips. He then sucks in Magnus's lower lip, before covering his lips with his own, tongue probing in to caress the insides of Magnus's mouth...

Wait if I'm on fire
How am I so deep in love?
When I dream of dying
I never feel so loved

Wait if I'm on fire
How am I so deep in love?
When I dream of dying
I never feel so loved...

"Mmmm," Magnus moaned into Alec's mouth, as their tongues entwined, soft, hungrily, probing each others mouths. Magnus ran his fingers into Alec's hair, not caring that he was probably ruining the perfect coiffed style that Alec had worn tonight. Alec's response, which was to intensify the kiss and hold Magnus more tightly against him, did not appear to mind.

After an eternity, they parted, breathing unevenly. Magnus gazed at Alec. "So, is it time for dessert?" he whispered.

Alec laughed softly. "If you want, my love," he whispered back, his mouth going to Magnus's ear to trace his earlobe slowly with the rough surface of his tongue, knowing that it would send shivers down Magnus's spine. Which it did, as Magnus gasped, and he felt himself get hard.
"Your wish," Magnus whispered, "Is my command." He flicked his wrist, and the table disappears in a flash of blue light. In its place is a chaise lounge with luxurious silky cushions and pillows.

"Perfect," Alec states. He takes Magnus by the lapels of his blazer, drawing him into a kiss again, and slowly walks him backward toward the cushions and pillows...
Magnus sighs as he kisses Alec back just as fervently as he is walked backwards, then feels his the back of his knees hit the cushions on the chaise lounge. He allows Alec to lean their bodies onto the silky surface. Alec is leaning on top of him, still kissing him, his hands gently caressing his face, threading through his hair, and one knee moves in between Magnus’s legs so that he could properly lay on top of him.

“Mmmm,” Magnus murmurs, feeling shivers traveling down his spine as Alec’s familiar weight settles upon him. He closes his eyes just then, opening his mouth to allow Alec’s tongue to lick sensually into his mouth. Then his tongue slowly meets his, entwining together softly, caressing slowly, creating the sparks that make him dizzy with desire. He just feels so complete when laying with Alec like this. His fingers snake up behind Alec’s neck to play with the small tendrils of hair at the nape of Alec’s neck. He knows it is an extremely sensitive spot for Alec, there, and he gently traces little hearts and circles with the pads of his fingers – knowing that the results will produce tingles down Alec’s spine. Sure enough, Alec humms appreciatively, shuddering slightly. His mouth and tongue deepen the kiss as his arms, still threaded through Magnus’s rich, spiky hair, catches hold and tugs slightly, in a way that makes Magnus emit a low growl of desire.

Alec chuckled as he pulled away for an instant. “You like that, huh,” teased the Shadowhunter. Magnus’s gold cat eyes are already on display, looking amazingly radiant against the dark night sky. “Yea,” Magnus murmured softly. Then he pouted. “Where did you go?” he teased flirtatiously, as he stuck out his tongue, and traced the outline of Alec’s lips slowly, languidly, in a way while never breaking his gaze from Alec.

It had the desired effect – Alec’s large hazel eyes dilated, and the most beautiful smile emerged on his face. “Come here, you,” he said huskily, leaning forward to catch Magnus’s bottom lip with his mouth again, tugging slightly before enveloping them in a full blown kiss again. This time it is much deeper, and both men are getting restless, rutting their bodies against one another. Their suits and well pressed shirts are getting all rustled and creased between them.

“Shirts…off?” Magnus joked, looking at Alec and making a gesture with his fingers. Alec nodded but held up his hand. “Let’s do it the regular way, though. While I do love you in a tux, I do love taking you apart, piece by piece,” he murmured, moving his mouth to Magnus’s ear to lick the outside of his earlobe. “And,” he continued huskily, in a lower octave of tone, “I love to hear you fall apart piece by piece.” How did Alec know *exactly* what to say? Magnus wondered. Wasn’t he the one who hasn’t had many relationships before. But here he was, so smooth with many of the lines. He swooned. He whispered back, trying for a seductive tone, “Well, what are we waiting for? I bet you are just waiting for me to scream your name when you make me come…” He glanced at Alec with his gold cat eyes, under impossibly long lowered lashes.

“Oh that’s it,” Alec growled, “Come here.” He pulled Magnus to him, threw off the blazer, and started undoing the buttons of his shirt. Magnus started reciprocating in kind. He actually loved undressing Alec the regular way as well – as his shirt came off, all his runes would be revealed.
This has always been an amazing turn-on for Magnus, especially that Deflect Rune that just peeked out from every shirt Alec has worn. So freaking sexy! And as his chest is revealed, all that wonderful chest hair that Magnus just loves to run his fingers through every morning, night, or whenever they had the chance to be alone together. He still recalled the first time he had saw Alec shirtless – it had been at the Institute, when he volunteered to messenger autopsy reports to the Head. Lo and behold, Alec had been working out at the workout area on the main floor, shirtless with chest hair and his body and runes out in all their glory. Magnus had literally stopped dead in his tracks, just staring Alec had noticed -- and he had just been embarrassed. Then during the conversation which occurred afterwards, Magnus had been even more embarrassed as he noticed he had kept staring at that glorious chest and set of abs, even as Alec kept talking to him. Now that was quite rude of him, and he had done his hardest to tear his eyes away from the body to focus on the face. He hoped it had not been too apparent what he was doing. By that time, Alec had been wearing such a shitface eating grin, and his eyes had been sparkling – to this day he still did not know what to think about it. Imagine, a 400+ centuries year old warlock, blushing over a 20something year old Shadowhunter!

He pulled his mind back to the present. At the moment, the young Shadowhunter had already rid himself of both his and Magnus’s pants and other clothing, and now they were both naked, his caramel skin against Alec’s pale skin, their hard lengths pressing against one another – such wonderful sensations. They slowly moved against one another, savouring the moment with one another, as they dipped their heads together to lick slowly into each other’s mouths, their hands lowering to caress their arms, torsos, abs, and going lower, lower, lower, gently teasing one another. Magnus felt his member being enclosed by Alec’s strong large hand, and he gasped at the familiar yet always warm sensation it always provided. As Alec moved his hand, stroking him, Magnus’s breath quickened as all the nerve endings became alive. Magnus’s hand in turn started wandering down, tracing down Alec’s inner thigh, while made the younger man jump slightly – it was extremely sensitive down there – before coming back up to slide over the balls and gliding over the frenulum – another jump, accompanied with hitched breath of desire from Alec – before enclosing Alec’s length with his hands. He loved massaging Alec’s member, so large, and the perfect girth, relishing every inch of surface he could hold at one time.

He suddenly put his hands over Alecs hand, to stop his current stroking. Alec’s hazel eyes and brows shot up questioningly. Magnus got up and flipped Alec over, using his tongue to trace a path starting from his Deflect Rune, leading to a few others, before stopping at his left nipple and playing around with the tip of his tongue. The Shadowhunter moaned and arched his back. Then he did the same when Magnus bit and sucked on the right nipple. He continued to travel downward, lavishing attention over strong, tight abs, then following the thin trail of hair leading down to the final destination. Alec’s breaths were getting faster, more uneven now, and his hands traveled lower to find Magnus’s head, entwining his hands in this thick hair. Magnus tongued the slit of Alec’s cock, which made Alec lurch upwards in pleasure, before Magnus took a deep breath and swallowed him entirely, down to the root. A sharp intake of breath came out from deep within Alec as he closed his eyes briefly…then another breath came out as Magnus slowly used a combination of tongue and mouth suction to swirl his way back up his cock, making sure to hit both sides equally. Alec moaned, Magnus’s technique has never failed, and it always drove him crazy with lust. His cock twitched in appreciative response. Magnus continued bobbing up and down Alec’s length with his mouth, Alec’s breath and moans increasing. However, Alec did not want to come this way.

He stroked Magnus’s cheek lightly with his fingers, and Magnus looked up. “If you keep going like that, I’m not going to last very long. I want to come inside of you, love,” he whispered softly. He took Magnus, signaling that he wanted him to get up. Magnus allowed himself to be guided so that Alec now folded him up in his arms, just gazing at him. “You are so beautiful,” he said,
nuzzling Magnus’s nose and then covering his lips with his. “And fucking sexy. I can’t decide what I want to do. It’s our anniversary and it’s all sweet, so I want to make love slowly. But I also want to *wreck* you because you are so damn sexy and I can’t keep my hands of you.” Alec said it all with a straight face, only allowing a devilish smile – oh that smile! – escape at the end.

“Let’s be spontaneous, shall we, Alexander?” Magnus murmured, his cat eyes looking directly into Alec’s eyes. Alec shivered. Those cat eyes just always did it to him. His cock twitched again. “Got everything?” Alec asked. Magnus nodded, as he snapped up lube and condoms into his hand. He tore the condom wrapper open, put the condom over Alec’s hard cock, and passed the lube to Alec. Alec proceeded to finger Magnus’s opening to lube him up, pressing one, then two, then three. Every intrusion was making Magnus go nuts. Once the three fingers were in, Alec winked at Magnus and then massaged hard to the right. “Fuck,” Magnus growled, as precome pooled at the tip of his cock upon Alec having hit his prostrate. Alec laughed softly. “Boy I’m good,” he said, smiling widely.

“Let’s lie like this, facing one another,” Alec suggested. “I want to see you.” Magnus settled back onto the chaise, and Alec bent over him, positioning himself, his head against Magnus’s rim. Magnus nodded, and Alec gently entered Magnus, leaning forward to push further into him. Magnus sighed as he was stretched, Alec filling him up, in that delicious way that only he could. Their lips met, teeth and tongue clashed, as Alec thrushed in and out of Magnus. Magnus and Alec alternately moaning and clutching one another, Magnus growing faint every time Alec hit his prostrate, which was quite often. After awhile, Alec’s breath quickened even more, and Magnus could feel his cock inside him pulse as his walls clenched him more and more tightly with every thrust. A warm feeling pooled in Magnus’s gut, and he knew he was going to come undone. Magnus bit his lip, looked at Alec. Alec nodded, and Magnus shut his eyes as he shuddered and moaned through his release. Alec was not done yet thought, he kept moving, kissing Magnus deeply, until he too was about to come undone. And finally he did, releasing himself inside Magnus, shuddering with every breath, then slowly coming back down to reality.

He looked at Magnus, who was gazing right back at him. “Wow,” he whispered.

“Wow,” Magnus whispered back to him, his cat eyes blazing with desire and affection.

Alec got up first, to discard the condom, and then Magnus magicked themselves clean. They both went back to the chaise to cuddle, with Magnus lying on Alec’s chest.

Alec looked up at the night sky with the stars, with Paris in the background. He looked up at the tower, right above them. He still couldn’t believe they were actually in Paris, celebrating. In this spot of all places! The crisp cool air at this height was a sharp contrast against the heat produced by their uneven breaths, tickling the sensitive skin on his neck, as well as the heat of their naked bodies pressed together. He certainly couldn’t have asked for a better night like tonight.

Alec kissed the top of Magnus’s head affectionately. Magnus arched his neck to look at him. They both grinned at one another. Then Magnus shifted his position slightly, and lowered his lips to Alec’s. Then they proceeded devoured one another once again, giggling and with big smiles on their faces, bodies entwined.

What a great way to celebrate their anniversary.
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