

Saint Patrick's Day

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Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

There was giggling that pulled Zayn out of his sleep, an adorable giggle but it had woken Zayn up, so it was annoying. Zayn rolled over and muttered into his pillow, hoping the giggling would stop and he could go back to sleep, but luck was not on his side. A warm body climbed on top of his, rubbing his shoulders and kissing his neck, “Zayn, get up, baby. It’s Saint Patrick’s Day, I want to spend it with you, I even made green pancakes.” Zayn groaned, wishing for once that Niall was not his boyfriend, why did he have to date the Irish one? Zayn turned onto his back, forcing Niall to straddle his thighs as he looked at his blonde boyfriend, who was smiling happily at Zayn. “Green pancakes, Zaynie! So, get dressed, all green. I bought you an outfit it’s on the top of your dresser, hurry, we have school today.” Niall then skipped out of the room, leaving Zayn to get dressed in the outfit Niall picked out. Oh hell. A pair of tight neon green jeans, a green t-shirt that says ‘I’m here for my Irish boyfriend’, a headband with two bouncing shamrocks on top, green socks, green underwear, green shoes and a necklace with a shamrock to make the outfit. Zayn felt silly, he felt like his was mix matching too much and green was defiantly not his colour, but this was all for Niall. Once Zayn was all dressed he headed down stairs, he had stayed at Niall’s house last night, so they could have alone time. Niall was in the kitchen, eating green pancakes and drinking green milk, smiling to himself happily. Niall was wearing: dark green jeans; a neon green tutu; a neon green beater with a dark green cardigan; a tiara that read ‘Irish Princess’, it was green too; green shoes and socks; plus his hair was temporarily dyed green. Niall took Saint Patrick’s Day very seriously; he was Irish after all, so Zayn had to take it just as seriously.

“Morning, sexy leprechaun.” Zayn said as he kissed the side of Niall’s head; before he sat down to eat the breakfast his boyfriend prepared. School was going to be weird today; people were surely going to stare at the couple more than they usually did, thanks to Niall’s outfit choices. Zayn sat down and ate his green pancakes, he drank his green milk (though it nerved him a little bit to do so, drinking green milk should not be normal), before he drove himself and his boyfriend to school. Usually, Niall would go to church before school but seeing as his mum was in Ireland (she was visiting family for this holiday but it was okay with Niall, Zayn got to stay here every night), so he decided to skip it today and not bother. At school, they were greeted by their other friends, who were decorated in green as much as they were, if not more in some cases. Louis was wearing green leggings, green shorts, a green striped t-shirt, fairy wings, elf shoes (like from Christmas time) and an elf hat. Harry was dressed in his usual hipster attire but it was all green and he was carrying a pot of gold, which was chocolate wrapped in gold foil. Liam and Danielle were both dressed the same: green shorts; knee high green tube socks; green sneakers; green shirts with their names on them, along with Niall’s last name and the year; green hair extensions; green top hats and they had a strip of green paint under each eyes. Li and Dani handed everyone a shirt that matched theirs, it was something they had done for Niall and it made him really happy. Other people were wearing green but none of them had gone as crazy as we had, they just learned that if they didn’t, Niall would pinch them (including the teachers).

School went by fast for Zayn, a constant stream of educational classes and art classes, through in a gym class and lunch. Zayn just wanted to go back to Niall's house, lay with his boyfriend and watch some crap television. Life never goes the way Zayn wants it to, let's be honest. As soon as he walks through the front door, Niall is slamming him against it and licking into Zayn's mouth. It was unusual for Niall to take dominance, he liked being submissive, liked being told what to do. Zayn groaned into Niall's mouth and wiggled his hands into Niall's green hair, yanking his head back. "I am always the one in charge, Leprechaun, not you, me." Zayn growled before he bit at Niall's neck, making the Irish lad squawk. Zayn picked up the Irish lad and carried him up the stairs, before throwing him on the bed, making Niall bounce against the mattress. Zayn began to lick and bite at Niall's pale neck, leaving red bruises behind. Niall raked his fingers along Zayn's back, running his hand up Zayn's back and pushing it up to Zayn's arm pits, trying to convince Zayn to take it off. Zayn got the idea and pulled his shirt off, then he ripped Niall's cardigan open and pushed it off his shoulders, before he pulled Niall's tank top off. Zayn took licking up and down Niall's chest, Zayn bites down hard right above Niall's left nipple.

"Zayn, trousers, off, off!" Niall whined as he wiggled under Zayn, reaching for the button of Zayn's trousers but Zayn slapped Niall's hand away. Zayn grabbed a hold of Niall's tute, trousers and pants, yanking all three off of him in one swift moment, before he pulled off Niall's socks too. Zayn stood up and took off the rest of his clothes, before he crawled back on top of Niall, kissing Niall's neck lovingly. Zayn reached into Niall's bedside table and pulled out a tube of lube, Zayn was just about to sit on the bed when he realized it was a different lube than the usually use. It was tinted green and was mint flavour with shamrocks all over the bottle; Niall had even gotten Saint Patrick's Day lube. Niall looked up to notice Zayn being shocked at the lube, Niall laughed loudly and smiled at his boyfriend, "I thought different lube was needed, plus the bottle says it causes a tingling sensation, which sounds bloody hot." Zayn shook his head, placing the lube by Niall's hip as he crawled down his boyfriend's body, kissing and biting as he went. They were past doing things slow; they had been together for three years and had been sexual together for all of those three years. Once Zayn was looming over Niall's lower legs, Niall rolled over and got on his knees, wiggling his arse in Zayn's face. Right on Niall's right arse cheek was a temporary tattoo of a pot of gold and a rainbow, Zayn gasped at the sight and licked at the tattoo, lapping at the skin making Niall moan. "Zayn, get to it, baby. It's a temporary tattoo; I can always apply more later on, put your fucking fingers in my arse." Zayn laughed at Niall's impatience, flicking open the lube and spreading it over his fingers, before he pushed his index finger into Niall's tight ring of muscles. Niall groaned and rocked back against Zayn's finger, "Another, please, please." Zayn complied with Niall request and added a second finger, crooking them and scissoring them, opening Niall up.

A while ago, they both decided they would not to add more than two finger, kinkily enough, Niall likes the burn of being stretched by Zayn's c*ck. Zayn pulled his fingers out, lubing up his d*ck and feeling the tingle of the mint, before he pushed himself into the Niall's hole. They both groaned in unison as Zayn's hips came flat against Niall's arse, before Zayn started to plow in and out of Niall. Zayn kept one hand on Niall's hip and used his other to grab

Niall's shoulder, forcing him up on his knees and to have his back resting against Zayn's chest, groaning into the darker man's neck. Niall had a constant stream of zaynzaynzaynzaynzayn oozing out of his mouth as Zayn continue his assault on Niall's arse, Niall's untouched red c*ck bouncing on his stomach. Zayn was getting tired of this position, so he grabbed onto Niall's thigh and flipped him over onto his back, before he reinsured himself and pounded into Niall. While in this position, he put Niall's leg over his shoulder and leaning forward, causing his stomach to rub against Niall's own prick. "Nooooo~. Zaynie, you are...uh...your gonna make m'cum too soon...nuh!" Zayn grinned evilly, before he picked up his pounding, going faster. Zayn bit at Niall's neck, until he felt the Irish boy go still beneath him, letting out a loud scream as he came all over both of their stomachs. Zayn's thrusting became erratic as he quickly came to his climax, squirting deep inside of his boyfriend, who groaned at the over stimulation. Zayn pulled out of Niall and rolled next to him, both panting loudly and their chest heaving with each breath. After a few moments, both guys got up and head into the shower, cleaning each other off. Giggling and smiling happily, sharing kisses as Niall washed Zayn's hair. Once they were washed they headed back into Niall's bed, cuddling up together and flipping through the channels on the television.

"I think Saint Patrick's Day is my new favourite holiday as long as I get mind blowing sex with a leprechaun every year." Zayn spoke while smirking at Niall, who blushed a little, before he punched Zayn in the arm. Niall secretly wishing for more St. Patrick's days with Zayn because this one was the best he ever had, but that could also be because his mum wasn't here to force him to eat blood pudding. Blood pudding was nasty, Niall thought so, Zayn thought so, most of America thought so. Sure, it was an Irish tradition but it was still gross, nasty to the highest level. Niall usually hated St. Patrick's Day, it was boring, especially with his parents and Greg. With Zayn though, it was anything but boring, it was hot and sexual. Plus, having sex with Zayn was one of Niall's favourite things in the entire world; it was even above eating at Nandos. Niall shook his head and turned into Zayn, sticking his face in Zayn's neck and lightly kissing the skin. "I think I have a thing for temporary tattoos on your bum, we should spend an entire day, applying them and letting me lick at them. I'll even eat you out..." Yup, St. Patrick's Day was one of their new favourite holidays.

End Notes

In order to write this, I googled Saint Patrick's Day and spent hours learning about it, trying to figure out what to make this about. Turns out that Saint Patrick wasn't even Irish, he was Welsh and his name wasn't even Patrick. Shocker, right? Also, while learning about St. Patrick's Day, I learned about blood pudding...all makes sense doesn't it? Yup. Anyway, enjoy and I hope you enjoy the next installment of Holiday Memories.

Comments and kudos are always welcomed! :) <3

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