

Balance of Power

by Bambu

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters and plot of the seven-book Harry Potter series do not belong to me, being JKR's and her assignees, I'm merely taking them out for a little writing exercise. Please be aware this is a rather Dark piece.

Author's Note: For Droxy

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The aged house settled for the night like an elderly aunt with rheumatism, slowly, creakingly, with relief. Her residents slept as if they had been enchanted, but it was merely the aftereffects of grief and fear, and too much seen, too much done in one day. In a dimly lit room, Remus was bent over the side arm of a couch, held in place by long fingers wrapped around his neck, pressing his face into the upholstery. The guttural noises he made joined his tears in the muffling absorbency of the pillows, but the fire in his arse was nothing compared to the suffering of his soul.

He no longer knew why he had sought Snape after his return from the Department of Mysteries; a perverse need to look into the other wizard's eyes for some sign of guilt or proof of innocence. Instead of a conversation, Remus had broken down like a homesick firstie, sobbing into his hands, and incoherently begging for relief from one of his only remaining childhood acquaintances. Once, long ago, he had hoped to be friends with Snape, but that was before Sirius' ruthless jealousy had destroyed whatever chance there might have been.

The great irony was that Sirius' death had triggered Remus' drunken confession. In this mausoleum where the tapestry of the Black family tree crept like a fungus around the walls of the room, Remus had told Snape, in a halting, broken voice, that he had once fancied the pants off the Slytherin.

He would never clearly remember the chain of events which followed and had led him to his current position. A particularly hard thrust shoved him off-balance and Remus grunted. When he drew breath to speak, the fingers encircling his throat tightened even as the wool of his tormentor's teaching robes scratched his back.

Stringy hair and hot breath tickled his ear. "It isn't about affection, Lupin." Stroke. Searing ecstasy. Remus arched his back in accommodation. "It isn't about compassion." The fingers of Snape's other hand snaked along Remus' pelvis, grasping his painfully erect cock. Remus moaned low in his throat. "Or Lust," Snape said, his voice low and remarkably vibrant. His thrusts sped up until he was pistoning into Remus so forcefully the couch moved, but Snape was unrelenting. "It's about power."

Motes of light sparkled in the periphery of Remus' vision, white against the black field behind his eyelids. His breath came in short, panting gasps, and he burned with an

aching, desperate need to fill the gaping wound in his heart. That need manifested in his groin, tingling along nerve endings as his body prepared for release.

Snape whispered, "The balance of power." Then, suddenly, he straightened. Thin, grasping fingers dug into Remus' hips as Snape slammed into him, shuddering through his own climax while chanting, "Mine."

And then, before Remus knew what was happening, Snape withdrew. Frigid air replaced the hard, heated body which had been pressed against him, and Remus, teetering on the brink of his own release, turned his head in time to see Snape slip from the room, his billowing robes dusting the ancient floorboards as he left.

Dazed, Remus sank to his knees as he stared at the door in disbelief, then he pressed his forehead to the cold floor and sobbed. The trickle of seminal fluid leaking down his thighs finally reminded him of his circumstances. With a few grim, hard strokes he dealt with his aching cock, but there was little pleasure in it.

As if he were as ill-used as the house, he made his way to the small room he called his own. Silently he passed the room where Arthur and Molly snored in harmony, walked lightly past the room the twins shared, pausing only at Harry's door. The boy had finally succumbed to exhaustion and a vial of Dreamless Sleep. Remus rested his hand on the doorknob for a long moment, but thought better of it. He was in no shape to ease Harry's suffering. He snorted derisively; none at all.

Continuing on, his mind numb and movements jerky, Remus paused at the threshold of Sirius' room. The only comprehensible thought in this mind was *you reap what you sow*.

When he finally slipped beneath the comfortless covers in his own bed dawn poked its nosy way into his room, but Remus turned from the window and closed his eyes. His last thought was to wonder what he and Snape had sown.

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