

Something You Don't

by Jenwryn

Sirius/Remus, pre-slash. Marauder Era. "So maybe Remus doesn't know everything after all..."

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"... and for the love of Merlin, Sirius, stop with the staring off into space already. What's gotten into you, anyway? D'you know James and Pete are taking bets that you've fallen for someone? Pete reckons Mary McDonald." Remus put down the book he'd been studying, a crease of mild irritation between his brows. "Honestly, you look like you've just discovered you're adopted or something."

"Ha diddly ha ha," retorted Sirius. "And Mary MacDonald *isso* not my type."

"Oh? Really? I'm sure she'd be devastated to hear that."

"You have no idea," muttered Sirius wryly, then pushed a little crankily at the stack of parchment and dog-eared books in front of him. He made a half-hearted effort to change the topic, grumbling, "This takes boring to a whole new level. Who gives a flying fart about goblin trade unions and – and – and whatever the rest of it is."

Remus rolled his eyes and pointed his quill accusingly in his friend's direction. *You* will, Padfoot, when you're sitting in your OWLS and can't just ask me the answers." He tried to sound cross, but there was a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Sirius leant back in his chair, making it rock on two legs. For a moment he just swayed there, back and forth, one hand holding the table edge loosely, and his grey eyes fixed on Remus. Then he drawled, "Oh, you think you know everything, don't you?"

Remus snorted in the direction of his carefully written notes. "More than you, anyway."

"*Really?*" inquired the darker boy, suddenly sugary. Then he darted a glance around the empty common room, swung his chair back onto four legs with a clatter, leant across the table, cupped his hand under Remus's chin, and planted the quickest little kiss on the other boy's mouth.

Remus dropped his quill, stared like a frozen person, and crimsoned a shade awfully similar to beetroot juice.

"Wha— what was that?" he stammered.

Sirius stood up with a smug grin. "That, Moony, was proof that I know something you don't, something you haven't worked out yet." And he sauntered out of the room, leaving Remus to sit and stare unseeingly at the piles of books, fingers at his lips.