

# Dog Fancy

by Kitsune\_SD

A series of linked PWP's of Sirius and Remus' developing relationship.

## Dog Fancy: Remus Gets Caught

Chapter 1 of 3

A series of linked PWP's of Sirius and Remus' developing relationship.

**Summary:** None of the Marauders had caught Remus wanking... and Sirius finds that some situations are easier to manage as Padfoot.

**Disclaimer:** All characters property of JKR, making no money off this, and if JKR really wants it she can have it. In fact, I'll be quite shocked and amused if she does want it... Oh, and I don't mean to piss off anyone with *Dog Fancy* magazine (a purely innocent pet hobbyist publication) either... but they've gotta know by now that there are kinky folks out there that wank to photos of dogs, right?

**Betas:** Reddwarfer and CarvedWood

**Author Note:** Yet another fic influenced by the insanity on the Restricted Section message board... I believe it was Iflie8 who said something about how I should write this, after I made an offhand comment about Remus and/or Sirius wanking to *Dog Fancy* magazine. Original version written for the Silver Snitch fic-a-thon, this version is the updated version and the first in the **Dog Fancy** series.

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As Sirius Black silently padded into the dormitory, he heard the familiar *'slap, slap, slap'* of someone wanking, and he was pleasantly shocked to note that it was coming from Remus' closed bed curtains. He had already done a search of the library and the common room for Moony and was happy to have found him somewhere that they would have the privacy to talk, even if it didn't seem as though talking was what Moony had in mind right now...

Everyone else was in Hogsmeade today, but Remus had said he was staying behind to do some revising. Right. *This* sounded more like the sort of 'revising' James did to that photo of Lily he had slipped under his mattress, where he thought none of his mates would find it even if it was the same spot where Peter kept his copies of *PlayWizard*, and where Sirius kept his collar and vials of lubricant. A prior search of Remus' bed had revealed nothing. Either Moony had a better hiding place, or he didn't wank at all which seemed highly unlikely for a 16-year-old boy. None of them had caught Remus in the act yet, not until now.

*Surprise, surprise! Even Mr. Perfect Prefect had to get caught sometime* he thought. He slipped out of his uniform shirt and bent to carefully pull off his shoes and socks, preparing to sneak over to Remus' bed. He knew he'd have to play this delicately. James had been hinting to him for a while that he was fairly sure Remus had no interest in girls and that he had, in fact, caught Remus surreptitiously checking out Sirius in the Gryffindor showers a few times. The first time James had said something, it had come as quite a shock, but the longer he thought about it, the more things began to fall into place. After a while, Sirius' showers started taking longer, and he now had the most thoroughly-washed cock, bollocks, and arse of all the boys in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry since Remus had started showing up for Sirius' shower times on a regular basis. Just this morning James had said Remus had rushed past him out of the bathroom with a bright red blush staining his cheeks and a not-so-well-hidden erection. Must have been from the wank Sirius had been enjoying during his shower... or so James had said when he'd walked in on Sirius stroking himself to completion.

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"Pads, you need to stop teasing Moony so much " James had whispered to him as they sat in the Three Broomsticks that afternoon, sipping butterbeer and watching Peter stare longingly at Madame Rosmerta's ample bosom. "The poor boy is going to explode if you keep this up."

"Whatever do you mean, James?" he had whispered back.

"Sirius, you never wank in the showers. What was that all about? Trying to wind poor Moony up, until he decides to force himself on you? He's *strong*, that one, so you'd best watch your arse, Padfoot."

"Maybe I *like* him watching my arse, Prongs."

"Pads, you aren't queer *are you?*"

He'd just smiled back enigmatically at James before he pushed himself out of the booth. "Think I'll head back to the castle and find out, eh? Don't rush back, James, I can take care of myself. Or perhaps I'll be taken care of..."

James had started to get up to follow Sirius, but thankfully Evans chose that exact moment to stroll into the pub and thoroughly distract James from following him back to Hogwarts. "And keep Peter busy, yeah? I don't want any interruptions while I'm 'talking' with Remus," he said to James over his shoulder before winding his way out of the busy pub. The last thing he heard from his mates as he was leaving was Peter asking, "Who's queer, James?"

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Sirius sneaked over to Remus' bed, stripped down to just his trousers with his wand and a vial of lubricant in his pocket... just in case, he thought. He adjusted his half-hard prick in his pants, excited at the thought of finding Remus with his cock out, hard and throbbing in his fist. He heard Remus groan, and padded over to Remus' bed quickly, parting the curtains as quietly as he could, and peeked in to see *what!?!?*

Remus was naked, fisting his gorgeous prick in one hand, and holding a dog-eared copy of *PlayWizard* in the other. *PlayWizard? Had James been lying to him? Was this some sort of prank?* But then Remus let out a moan that sounded suspiciously like "Padfoot," and he whispered back, "Oh, Moony," as Remus moaned "Oh, Pads, Pads... *fuck... Padfoot!?!?*" and threw down the battered magazine and flipped it shut when he noticed Sirius staring at him through the bed curtains.

"Whatcha got there, Moony?" he asked, staring at Remus' slowly deflating hard-on while climbing onto the bed to sit next to him. "Don't stop just because I'm here we can have a wank together, yeah?" He started to unfasten his trousers and stroke his already-hard cock through his pants.

Remus groaned and tried to cover up with the blankets. "Padfoot, I, er..."

"Remus, don't worry about it I won't tell anyone about this, all right?" He grabbed the magazine and flipped it open on Remus' lap to the centerfold. "Didn't really take you for the *PlayWizard* type," he said, then looked down at the photo spread of a large, very male, black dog... "Oh. *OHFinite Incantatem*." Sirius flipped to the cover of the magazine. "*Dog Fancy?*"

Remus hid his face in his hands, but that wasn't enough to hide his blush even his ears were turning pink. Sirius peeled Remus' hands back to look at his downcast eyes. He put a hand under Remus' chin, tilted his face up, and kissed him softly on the lips. "Remus..." He kissed him again, more firmly this time, but as he stuck his tongue out to lick at Remus' lips he was pushed away.

"Sirius, stop taking the piss!" Remus looked positively livid.

"M *not*, Moony," he murmured, "James told me you've been watching me, and I just thought "

"James, *James* put you up to this, did he? Sodding bastard, I'll..."

He pushed Remus back down on the bed and straddled him. *Not* taking the piss, Remus. This is for *you*," he said while rubbing his erect prick against Remus' thigh. He felt Remus shudder underneath him, and was poked in the stomach with Remus' renewed erection.

"Moony," he sighed against Remus' neck as he nuzzled and bit him lightly. He kissed and nipped his way down Remus' chest to the sounds of breathy moans.

*Oh Merlin, what have I gotten myself into?* Sirius thought. *I have no clue what I'm doing here* He looked over, saw the abandoned copy of *Dog Fancy* and had an idea. Sirius let his magic run through him and changed into Padfoot as he buried his muzzle in Remus' groin.

Remus was still shaking as Padfoot began licking his cock and balls with his long, wet tongue. Remus tried to get up and push him away again, so he curled all four of his legs around Remus' leg and began humping his slick cock against Remus' shin, while licking under Remus' balls. He nuzzled down lower and started licking at Remus' arsehole. Remus pushed himself up off the bed, giving Padfoot better access to lick the tight, musky hole, and Padfoot could feel it twitching as he tried to bury his tongue inside. Failing at that, he licked back upwards, laving Remus' balls again and saw that Remus was furiously fisting his prick just as he had been when Sirius had first caught him wanking. He nipped at Remus' fingers until the hand was pulled away and he began licking the underside of Remus' cock with broad swipes of his tongue, each long lick ending with a swirl around the sensitive tip.

"Pads, don't... don't... *unghh*... don't stop..." Remus was thrusting up wildly until his prick twitched and his seed spurted out in long streams onto his chest and stomach. Padfoot wriggled up to straddle Remus' torso and began thrusting his leaking cock against Remus' slick groin, feeling Remus' release soaking into the fur on his belly. Remus rubbed his furry hips, pushing Padfoot down harder against himself, and Padfoot whined as he came, shooting copious amounts of oily spunk all over the both of them. His orgasm seemed to last forever before it was finally over. He changed back to his human form to kiss Remus.

"Ummm. Pads, that was..."

"Delicious? Incredible? Fantastic? Best you ever had?" Sirius asked, grinning, as he rolled off Remus.

"Messy. I'm covered in come and dog hair "

"Let's go shower, then. Before the others get back."

"You take an awful lot of showers, Pads."

"All for *you*, Moony," he said with a laugh, "all for you."

# Dog Fancy: Remus' Secret Desire

Chapter 2 of 3

A series of linked PWP's of Sirius and Remus' developing relationship.

**Summary:** Two weeks after their first time, Remus is feeling guilty about all the attention he's getting from Sirius - and decides to reciprocate.

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**Beta:** CarvedWood> - any remaining errors are all mine.

**Author Note:** I just couldn't leave well enough alone, this was written a day or two after I finished Remus Gets Caught, which you should probably read first... but I think this story stands on its own pretty well. This story is the second in the **Dog Fancy** series.

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The last two weeks had gone by in a blur for Remus Lupin. After spending the first few weeks of school watching (and lusting after) his friend Sirius, he had finally gotten his wish. Not quite the way he would have hoped - really, who would have wanted to get caught wanking by the object of their affection? Somehow that humiliating situation had turned out well, and he had ended up having sex with Sirius. Or was it really sex? Neither of them had penetrated the other, which is what most people considered to be sex. Instead, Sirius had changed into Padfoot (which had simultaneously mortified and excited Remus - he thought he would never have had the guts to ask Sirius to do *that* for him, yet Sirius did it without being asked) and licked him until he came.

Since that afternoon, he and Sirius had been fooling around whenever they could get a few spare moments away from Peter and James. In the showers. In the common room once everyone else was in bed. An abandoned classroom or two. The boy's lav after they had both left dinner early. Even once or twice in Sirius' bed when James and Peter were revising in the library. And Sirius, wow... Sirius had started giving him blow jobs, which were simply the most *wonderful* thing Remus had ever experienced. Oh, they had started off a bit clumsily, but Sirius had always been a fast learner and quickly figured out how to drive Remus absolutely wild. In fact, he was beginning to wonder why Sirius hadn't expected reciprocation, but he'd seemed content so far to get off by rubbing against Remus or getting a hand job... and his guilt over the inequity of the situation was starting to weigh heavily on Remus.

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"Moony."

It was about one in the morning, and Remus was having the best dream. *He was with Padfoot at the edge of the lake, lazily scratching Padfoot's belly while Pads licked his toes, gazing up at him adoringly. As his hand slipped lower, down past the thick belly-fur, he felt the slickness of Padfoot's erection brushing against his wrist. He heard a low whine and reached down to grasp Pads' cock gently, stroking it to spread the secretions over the shaft, and then bent down to suck on*

"Hey, Moony, wake up!"

Remus slowly opened his eyes to see Sirius grinning above him. "Shit, Sirius. What time is it?"

"Who cares? I've got the map, and James' cloak and tomorrow's Saturday, so no classes..." Sirius whispered, and then looked down at Remus' crotch, hidden under the covers, noting the blankets tenting up over his hard cock. "Dreaming of me, Moony?"

*That randy grin on Sirius' face ought to be illegal.* "Not exactly." Remus blushed.

"Oh? Who, then? Unfaithful to me already?"

"Um, not exactly..." *Unfaithful? Did Sirius want them to be...*

"Ah, you'll have to tell me who you were dreaming about once we get to the Shack."

"What?"

"Put this on," Sirius said, as he handed Remus a robe. "Let's go. We need more than half an hour alone, and I don't want those other two waking up and interrupting us."

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The walk to the Shrieking Shack had been a long and cold one, but as soon as they were upstairs, Sirius had practically ripped off their robes and pushed Remus onto the bed, efficiently warming him up with hands and lips and tongue. Remus kissed him passionately, anxious and eager to find out just why Sirius had brought him here. It was a relief that Sirius was taking things slow; if one could consider having your lover on top of you, rubbing his erection against your own and nipping at your neck, *slow...* which, actually, Remus did since Sirius wasn't pushing him into unfamiliar territory yet. Sirius reached down between their bodies and took both of their pricks in his hand. He shifted his hips slightly, so that his prick rubbed more firmly against Remus' as he fisted them both. And it felt *so fucking good*, but a wave of guilt swept through Remus. He felt that he really should be doing *more* for Sirius, as he remembered the dream that Sirius had interrupted to bring him here...

"Padfoot, want to suck you..."

Sirius rolled off of him and hissed, "Yesss..." and jerked his hips up off the bed. "Oh please, Moony, do it. Want you *toso bad...*"

Remus blushed. "Erm "

"It's OK, this is your first time, yeah? Nothing to be embarrassed about," Sirius said. He shifted back beside him and stroked Remus' cheek.

Remus murmured something, his voice so low that Sirius couldn't hear him.

"What was that, Moony?"

"I want to suck you while you're Padfoot."

Sirius narrowed his eyes, a look of doubt crossing his face. "Are you *sure* about that, Remus? I come a *lot* when I'm a dog. It's going to be messy "

"I know."

"My cock is much more sensitive, and I'll probably get the urge to hump your mouth, Remus "

"I *know* that."

Now Sirius looked surprised. "You're really sure, Moony? What do you mean, 'you know'?"

"I've, ah, been reading up on it, Pads." Remus blushed hotter. "It's just well, if I can *ddhis* then I know I'll have no problem doing it when you're, well, *you...*" "*And I've been dreaming about it almost every night since September*" was left unspoken.

"All right. But if you need to stop, *stop*. No shame in it, Moony." He scooted up the bed a bit before changing into Padfoot, lying on his side to give Remus the best access to his swollen red prick.

Remus licked his lips and just stared at it for a moment, quite pleased to note that it was the same size as Sirius' human cock, although the shape and colour were completely different. He watched the fluid leak from the pointed tip, as the knot at the base began to swell. He slithered down the bed, breathing in deeply the musky scent of Padfoot's cock before tentatively lapping at the precome oozing out of the hole and wrapping a hand around the knot. It was salty and slightly bitter, yet every bit as delicious as Remus had imagined, so he sucked the head gently past his wet lips and swallowed as his mouth was filled with the taste of Padfoot's arousal. He ran his tongue around the ridge of the head, only managing a few circles before Padfoot was thrusting into his mouth, huffing and panting, insisting on more stimulation. He grasped the base of the knot tighter and the thrusting slowed a bit, enough for Remus to slide his mouth further down the hot length. He swallowed again as the stream of fluid increased, and he realized he would need to swallow almost constantly to keep up with the flow.

Wriggling his tongue along the underside, he slipped his middle finger into his mouth beside Padfoot's prick to thoroughly wet it and pulled it out, reaching under Padfoot's tail to stroke his hole before probing inside slowly. Padfoot arched into his mouth and after a few deep sucks the taste of the fluid changed, became spicier, and Remus knew his lover's orgasm was swiftly approaching. He ran his thumb against the heavy furred sac of Padfoot's balls while pushing his finger deep into the hot channel, and sucking the thick cock all the way into the back of his mouth, the tip tickling his throat. Thrusting his finger in and out of the tight arsehole, he brought Padfoot off. His mouth was flooded with oily come, causing him to choke a bit and pull back, which earned him a spurt of warm seed right in his face. Padfoot whined and Remus swallowed his prick down again, feeling the head slide down his throat, the muscle contractions clenching around the engorged cock as he kept swallowing. Finally the flow slackened and then stopped, and Remus licked Padfoot clean before sliding up the bed to rest.

Sirius changed back and wrapped his arms around Remus, kissing him and licking the spunk off his face. "Mmmm, Moony, you taste so good with my come all over your face," he said with a sated grin. Remus coughed, and Sirius massaged his sore throat gently while murmuring in his ear how that had been the best orgasm he'd ever had. Remus just smiled and nuzzled his neck before drifting off to sleep.

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"Moony."

"Hmmm?"

"Moony."

Remus opened his eyes to see Sirius' grey ones looking at him. "What, Padfoot?"

"Who were you dreaming about earlier?"

"You, Padfoot."

"No. Back in the dorm, when you were sporting that *huge* "

"I was dreaming about sucking off Padfoot, Sirius."

"Yeah?" A look of concern crossed Sirius' face. "And was it as good as in your dream?"

"It was even better, Pads. *So much better.*"

"Oh good," Sirius' looked relieved, and his voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Because I just had the ~~best~~ dream about you fucking me..."

Remus moaned and rolled on top of Sirius. "Then we'd best get started now, before James and Peter figure out where we are," he said, before capturing Sirius' mouth with a demanding kiss.

## Dog Fancy: Sirius Learns the Truth

Chapter 3 of 3

A series of linked PWP's of Sirius and Remus' developing relationship.

Many of the girls, and even a few of the boys, had taken note of the new spring in Sirius Black's step as he walked down the corridors of Hogwarts. A couple of the more knowledgeable upper-year boys even suspected the reason for it, deciding it looked a little bit like a sore limp and taken in combination with the daft grin he had plastered across his face, they were fairly certain he had lost his virginity in a rather spectacular way. Of course, there was only one person who knew the truth behind the speculation... and that was Remus Lupin, the one who had taken said virginity.

However, none of the students noticed Remus acting differently save one notable exception. This particular boy had noted the sly glances that Remus occasionally shot at Sirius and was quite disappointed to see that Sirius was now smiling back at Remus *much* more often than usual. He went back to eating his breakfast, pointedly trying to ignore this new development between Remus and Sirius.

Peter walked up to the Gryffindor table and sat down next to James. "Remus, would you mind giving me some help with my revising for Defense this afternoon?"

Before Remus could answer, Sirius said, "Sorry, Peter, but I've already asked Remus to give me *ahand* today. Isn't that right, Moony?" Under the table, he pulled Remus' hand into his lap to cup the bulge in his trousers.

"Er right," Remus sputtered out, looking slightly flustered.

"Don't worry, Peter. I'll help you," stated James, while glaring at Sirius.

"Ta, James," the other three Marauders said in unison. This caused Sirius and Remus to begin giggling while James scowled at them. Peter just looked puzzled.

"Oh, bugger, I forgot my books," Remus said, as he stood up from the table. "I'll see you in class later, guys."

"Wait, Remus, I forgot mine as well," said Sirius, as he rushed to catch up with Remus.

"What's *with* those two?" Peter asked. "It's almost as if they've been into your sativa."

"I'm not quite sure, but I intend to find out," James answered. He had the feeling he was being watched and turned to see Snape and Sirius' brother staring at them from the Slytherin table while whispering to each other.

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Sirius had always both hated and loved History of Magic. Hated it, as it was the most positively *boring* class he had ever taken. Loved it, as it was the best class for plotting pranks, or daydreaming as he was at the moment. Remus was sitting beside him in the back of the class, James and Peter were at the desk next to them; both had fallen asleep, Peter's mouth slack and drooling onto his blank parchment. Sirius was sitting with his head on the desk over his crossed arms, watching through half-lidded eyes as Remus took notes, and thinking about their first time having sex. It had been so nice, even if it was a little painful as Remus was quite well-endowed. He shifted in his seat at the slight discomfort, relishing the tenderness as he clenched his arse muscles.

Sirius thought about that morning in the Shack, how Remus had taken quite a bit of time gently preparing him. First, Remus maneuvered him up onto his hands and knees, spoke a cleansing charm, then licked his twitching hole until he had began to relax. Then Moony had thrust his tongue inside as deep as it would go as Sirius pushed his arse back into Remus' face, seeking more of that wet, wonderful stimulation. He had whined when Remus finally pulled away, then moaned as two of Moony's lubricated fingers thrust into him knuckle deep, spreading him open. Remus had twisted his fingers around inside, rubbing at the slick walls of muscle until he found a spot inside that made Sirius need to come the second Moony stroked it.

"All right there, Sirius?" Remus whispered to him, interrupting his remembrance.

Binns was still droning on at the front of the class, something about goblin wars and treaties. He could have been reciting medieval love sonnets for all Sirius cared at the moment. Sirius gave Remus his best randy grin and whispered back, "Mmmm, yeah. Just thinking about our last trip to the Shack. Tomorrow's Saturday; want to go there again tonight?"

Remus gave a low growl before replying, "Don't you have Quidditch tomorrow morning?"

"Forget Quidditch, Moony I'd rather fuck you," he said as he pulled Remus' hand into his robes to stroke his erect prick, loving the look of shock Remus gave him when he realized Sirius had nothing on under his robes.

Remus tried to pull his hand back while saying, "Padfoot, I need to take notes..." but Sirius caught his wrist and thrust up into Remus' palm.

Sirius reached over and ran his other hand over Remus' groin, feeling the other boy's cock grow harder under his caress. "Don't worry. Evans will share her notes with you, and then you can share them with the rest of us." He felt Remus start stroking him in earnest, and said, "I'd like to go back to what I was thinking about before..."

Now, what was it Moony had called that little spot? Prostrate? No, prostate... Well, whatever it was called, it was *brilliant*. The way he had stroked it, first gently, and then more insistently once he noted that it was driving Sirius wild. A third finger had joined Moony's other two and Sirius felt stretched, almost uncomfortably so. Remus had pulled out all of the fingers a minute later and then flipped Sirius onto his back, pushed his legs up to his chest, and began to lick his hole again. Sirius had felt more open this time, much more so than when Remus had first started licking him, but it still didn't make the pressure from Moony's large cockhead much easier to take. Thank Merlin Remus had been patient with him, just rubbing the leaking head of his cock against Sirius' tight ring of muscle before oh-so-slowly slipping just the tip inside. Just as Sirius had felt the painful burn of being entered, Remus had leaned down for a searing hot kiss, distracting him from the pain. Before Sirius had realized what had happened, Remus had buried his prick balls-deep inside him and held perfectly still until Sirius had been able to relax his muscles around Remus' thick cock. Remus had asked if he was all right, and he had nodded at Moony and ground his arse against his lover's groin. That was all the prompting Remus had needed to begin fucking him, slow long strokes at first, then faster when Sirius wrapped his legs around Remus' waist and arched up to rub his cock against the soft hairs on Remus' belly. Then Moony had changed the angle of his strokes to repeatedly hit Sirius' prostate, and he had felt his sac tighten and had known he was about to

Remus interrupted him again, whispering, "Pads, if you don't stop that I'm going to come "

"That's the idea, Moony."

"Oh, *fuck* "

"Here? In class? Why, you kinky beast! Too bad people would probably notice if we started fucking..."

Remus groaned.

Sirius focused all of his attention on getting Remus off. "Pity I can't get under the desk and suck you off, either," he whispered, his breath hot in Remus' ear. He gave it a lick. "Lick your balls. Would you like that, Moony?" He slipped his hand in Remus' pants, only slightly disappointed that Remus stopped stroking him. That was a sure sign that Remus was getting close... He slicked his palm with the precome from the tip of Remus' cock and began fisting him, pulling his foreskin back and forth over the head. "I'd swallow you down, suck you deep into my throat, make you come in my mouth. Mmmm... you always taste so good... Come for me, Moony. *Right now.*"

Remus moaned and spilled over Sirius' fist.

The entire class, except Binns who kept on with his lecture turned to look at him.

"You all right, Remus?" James asked muzzily, waking from his nap.

"Ah, just a... stomach ache..." Remus said, looking rather flushed.

"I'll take him to the infirmary, James. Probably just something he ate... C'mon, Remus." Sirius grabbed Remus with his dry hand and pulled him out of the classroom, glad that his own robes effectively hid his erection. Once they were out of the room, Sirius licked all the come off his sticky hand, while Remus avidly watched each swipe of Sirius' tongue.

They only made it as far as the closest boy's loo before Remus fell to his knees, pushed up Sirius' robe, and did all the things Sirius had threatened to do to Remus in class.

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When James and Peter came back to the dorm after class, Remus and Sirius were sprawled on Sirius' four poster. Studying. If that wasn't suspicious enough, Sirius was laying on his stomach, head toward the foot of the bed and running his toes through Remus' hair.

"How was your trip to the infirmary, Moony?"

"Ah... fine, Prongs. I'm feeling much better now." Remus slapped Sirius' foot away. "Stop it, Sirius," he hissed.

"Right," James said, giving Remus a disbelieving look.

Sirius rolled onto his back and looked at James, upside down. "Is it time for supper, Prongs? I got so involved in studying for Charms "

"But that's your Transfiguration text, Padfoot," Peter pointed out.

"Yeah, er, Moony's studying Charms, I'm "

"No, Moony's got his Potions text "

"Oh. Well. Heh. Time for supper, right? We'd best get going, eh, Moony?" Sirius sat up and quickly put his shoes back on, grabbed Remus and headed out of the dorm. "We'll see you downstairs," Sirius called, as they rushed out the door.

"Coming, Prongs?" asked Peter.

"I think I'd best check my stash first, make sure they haven't nicked any," answered James, as he opened his trunk.

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The rest of the evening passed without much comment. James and Peter did give Sirius a bewildered stare when he and Remus turned in early for the evening, refusing the Firewhiskey Peter offered as well as not smoking with James. *Completely mental* was James' assessment of the situation, and Peter had to agree.

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Sirius woke Remus sometime around 1:30 to sneak out of the dorm. The walk to the Shack was even colder than their last trip, so Sirius cast warming charms on the blankets as soon as they got upstairs. Remus pulled off his robes and dove under the covers, complaining the whole time that if Sirius had learned such effective warming charms, he should've cast them on their robes. Sirius just laughed and mumbled something about not wanting to be deprived of the fun of warming his Moony up whilst nibbling at Remus' collarbone.

After a few minutes of snogging and groping, Sirius rolled on top of Remus and rubbed the moist head of his cock against Remus' tight arsehole. "Can I fuck you, Moony? Want to know what it feels like being inside you feel you hot and tight, surrounding me..."

Remus looked guiltily up at him. "Padfoot, would you mind changing?"

Sirius frowned. "Moony, why do you want me to? It's almost as if as if "

"What is it, Sirius?"

Sirius rolled onto his side next to Remus. "As if you don't want me. You just want "

"That's not true. *Not*. True. You think I go to the park, trying to lure people's pets away for a little fun?"

Sirius looked at him sheepishly while picking at the blankets.

"You *do* think that. Sirius, I "

Sirius reached out and stroked Remus' cheek. "I'm sorry, Remus. *Please*. Explain it to me? I want to understand..."

Remus took a deep breath and sighed. "Well, you know I've always been different... I was surprised that I was offered the opportunity to come to Hogwarts, what with my 'furry little problem' and all..."

"Go on."

"Third year as if being a werewolf wasn't bad enough I realized I was queer as well. Ah, at least I realized I had no interest in girls... I suppose I started noticing my attraction to boys in fourth year..."

"And your attraction to me?" Sirius whispered.

"Fifth year. When you all showed me that you had learned the Animagus transformation, it... well, it really touched me, you know? That you all cared enough to do it..."

Sirius looked sheepish again. "Moony "

"Oh, I know you all did it for other reasons as well, but still... it meant a lot to me. *It means* a lot to me. And you... a dog... another *canine*... it just..." Remus blushed.

"What, Moony?" Sirius moved closer, wrapped his arms around Remus and kissed his cheek.

"It was like we were connected, you know? Made for each other, perhaps, and... *Merlin*, I sound like such a girl..."

"S okay, Moony. I'd still like you even if you were a girl."

"That *really* doesn't make me feel better..."

"What I mean is, it's *you* I I-like, Remus. I don't care if you're a boy, a werewolf "

"Well, that's good, since I'm *both* of those "

"We've gotten a bit off the topic you were going to explain why "

"I'm getting to that." Remus let out a long breath. "Fifth year. I realized I was attracted to you. I tried to ignore it, as I didn't think you would be interested *in me*."

"Since you're a queer werewolf and all..." Sirius said with a sly grin.

Remus laughed. "Well, yeah... But I didn't think *you* were queer, didn't think you knew *I* was queer "

"I didn't. James had to tell me I can be a bit thick sometimes."

"Very true."

With an indignant look, Sirius said, "Oi! You don't have to *agree* with me!"

Remus smiled. "Anyhow, finally I couldn't ignore it anymore after I spent my summer hols thinking about you... and I guess it became obvious to James "

"You *did* change your routine and started showing up in the showers at the same time as me, *every damn day*..."

"And *you* seemed to take a certain amount of pleasure in tormenting me... Honestly, Pads, who takes 45-minute showers?"

"As much as I'm enjoying this line of discussion, what does this have to do with you wanting me to fuck you as Padfoot?"

"I'm getting there, Sirius. You know this will be my first time, and I want to remember it. Every bit of it, for the rest of my life. And this... this way... I will always remember it was *you*. There won't be any possible way I can ever forget it was *you*."

"Until you meet some other canine Animagus, and run off into the forest with him..."

Remus looked away, obviously hurt.

"Oh, Moony! I'm just kidding... I think I " Sirius put a hand under Remus' chin, pulling him back to look deep into his eyes, and then kissed him. "Yes. Now I understand why, and... *yes*."

Remus rolled up onto his hands and knees as Sirius moved behind him. "You need to prepare me a bit before you change, though your cock will provide enough lubri oh, *God!*"

Sirius buried his tongue in Remus' hole, alternately thrusting deep inside and sucking at the crinkled ring of muscle. The flavour left much to be desired it reminded Sirius of black pepper and musk but the effect it had on Remus was worth it. "Prepare you like this?" he asked. Remus just whimpered and pushed his arse back against Sirius' lips. Sirius thrust his tongue in as deep as he could and changed into Padfoot. He wriggled his tongue a bit more, and was disappointed to find that it wasn't as well suited for the job as his human one, so he pulled out and lapped long, wet swipes from Remus' sac up to his hole.

Padfoot's cock was hard and dripping, the furred sheath pulled completely back. He couldn't wait any longer. Instinct was taking over, and he could think of nothing but mounting the willing body in front of him. He scabbled up onto Remus' back, claws scratching into tender flesh as he sought purchase to fuck his mate.

Remus hissed at the pain, but instead of complaining, said, "Do it, Pads. Want to feel you inside me "

Padfoot pressed the pointed tip of his prick against Remus' hole, but he couldn't get the angle quite right. His cock kept slipping up Remus' arsecrack, until Remus reached between his legs to position Padfoot's cock at his tight hole. He was able to sink all the way in with one thrust, and he licked the nape of Remus' neck in thanks.

Padfoot began thrusting his hips, quickly pumping his leaking prick into his mate's slick channel. He felt Remus shift under him and could tell that Remus was stroking his own cock in time with Padfoot's thrusts. He could feel his mate twitching around him, gripping his prick, then *oh* he felt his cock brush that little gland inside. It felt so good on his cock, so he kept rubbing against it, and Remus was panting and moaning underneath him. It was just too much, *too much*, and

Padfoot howled as he came, his seed filling his mate. He stilled, and felt the knot at the base of his cock swell, stretching Remus' hole to the limit, while his cock jerked and continued to pulse out hot streams of come. Remus was cursing and sobbing underneath him, frantically fisting his own prick until he sprayed his spunk over the bedding. Remus fell forward in an exhausted heap, and Padfoot lurched forward with him, still trapped tight inside Remus by the knot.

Some time later Padfoot's cock finally began to soften and the knot receded enough for him to pull out. He frantically lapped at his mate's stretched arsehole, cleaning away all the bitter come. Remus rolled on his back and Padfoot began the same process on Remus' cock and belly, lapping up the stray drops of seed until Remus was squirming under his tongue, begging him to stop.

"It's too much, Sirius stop it. *Merlin*, just change back, please "

Sirius changed, blushing when he looked Remus in the eye. "Sorry, Moony. It's just instinct, you know? I can't "

"It's all right, Pads. I just got a bit overstimulated... God, I need a shower, but there's no way I can walk back to the castle now... too tired..." Remus yawned.

Sirius cast *Scourgify* on the blankets before curling up with his body wound around Remus, pressing tight against his back. "Mmmm. Sleep does sound nice right now. Do you think if we nap here we can still make it back before Wormtail and Prongs wake up?"

Remus didn't answer. It appeared that he had already fallen asleep. Sirius nuzzled the hair at the nape of his neck and whispered, "Love you, Moony."

There was no reply, other than an almost imperceptible tightening of Remus' fingers, which were intertwined with his own. But Sirius might've imagined it.