

# Sirius Black Has a Plan

*by HogwartsHoney*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written as a present for my most excellent beta, JaneAverage - she does so love the puppies.

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Sirius Black has a plan.

That, in and of itself, speaks of trouble. The fact that it involves desire is doubly troubling. That he won't speak to anyone about it is a recipe for pure disaster.

Sirius Black has a fool-proof plan.

Jamie would say that it's sheer and utter lunacy and that Sirius should devote his time to something a little more likely to succeed, but Jamie doesn't know how the very want and need burns inside Sirius' gut on a daily basis or how sleepless nights are filled with images and imagined scenarios all involving various methods of acquisition.

Peter would be confused that anyone could want anything *that* much, and his inability to grasp the full scope of Sirius' plan and understand the intricacies therein is a clear reason why Peter won't be told.

Remus would look at Sirius in that quiet way he has, as though by careful study he could fathom exactly what it is that makes Sirius tick and what it is about this particular desire that drives him so. Remus might get the closest to understanding Sirius' plan, but even he would fail to see the very heart of it, the true crux of the matter.

Sirius Black wants a motorcycle, and he wants it to fly.

Lily says that the motorcycle is a metaphor for his unfulfilled sexual desires towards Remus. Sirius blinks for a moment as he allows that statement a fraction of consideration, wondering just where the hell Muggles come up with words like that since he doesn't even know what it means. Lily is only too pleased to explain it to him, and all he can think is, *Bloody hell, why can't Muggles just say what they mean?* Sirius refuses to entertain the 'Remus idea' and doesn't really agree with the 'matafor' thing. Besides, he doesn't think that the motorcycle stands for anything other than a motorcycle. It's a Muggle machine, noisy and dangerous, and he thinks it suits his misunderstood personality just fine.

Lily merely smiles in that annoyingly knowing way she has, but Sirius refuses to be swayed from his plan. After all, he has left Hogwarts and is a free man. A small shiver of excitement runs up his spine at the thought he's no longer a boy 'young man' that's him and all the future is open to him.

He's fairly certain that acquisition of said motorcycle won't be difficult. Once enough Galleons are changed into Muggle money and handed to the right person (discreetly, of course), Sirius will have his Muggle machine.

Getting it to fly will be the real trick.

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Remus is almost certain that Sirius doesn't understand basic things, simple facts of life: that the glint of excitement in his eyes as he looks at his motorcycle would be enough to have most of the female population of Hogwarts (and quite a large percentage of the male) dropping their knickers for him in an instant. It's a deeply covetous look, and one Remus longs to be the subject of, but he knows that a stupid Muggle contraption will give Sirius what nobody else can.

Freedom.

Inanimate objects are like that. There's no 'relationship' with a thing, no give and take. It's a completely self-centered and selfish existence, and although it does shine rather an unkind light on his friend, Sirius is and always will be self-centered. *Must be something with rich Purebloods* Remus muses, thinking of the rest of Sirius' family walking around with an air of entitlement that seems to precede them and protect them from the rest of the teeming masses. Even James is a little like that, although he didn't come from quite the level of privilege that the Blacks enjoy, but Remus, having grown up in a very modest home and certainly not entitled to anything... well, Remus can see it all in a way his friends can't.

They all want their freedom, in a way.

James wants to marry Lily and live a life free from the threat of darkness and war.

Sirius wants to be free of the crushing influence of his family and to be able to strike out on his own.

Remus...

Remus wants the freedom to have what he wants.

*Sirius.* Remus wants Sirius.

But Sirius just wants that fucking motorcycle.

So Remus continues to observe Sirius' love affair with his Muggle machine and the way he tinkers with it during the hot summer months. He tries not to stare *at* Sirius exactly, but the way the glistening beads of sweat run down Sirius' face and back as he crouches beside the gleaming machine doesn't do anything to help his cause, nor does the casual interplay of muscles along Sirius' arm, shoulder and back in any way dampen his desire for his best friend.

Remus is troubled, but only slightly, by the way his life has become all about Sirius. James and Lily have moved on with their relationship, and Remus at least can admit that they are good together. Padfoot still accompanies Moony on his full-moon runs, and Remus suspects that Moony believes they are a pack. Perhaps that's the problem. Perhaps Moony has identified his mate, but the human part of Remus knows that Moony just might be wrong.

He doesn't want Moony to be wrong.

Shaking his head to clear those thoughts, Remus goes back inside the house and fixes some tea and biscuits, returning to the porch in the back of the house where he can still see Sirius tinkering with his machine. A book is a useful device because he can pretend to read while still observing Sirius' movements. Remus extends his legs and stretches out a bit on the old wicker couch while still keeping an eye on everything that moves, and he hears Sirius humming softly to himself as he tinkers with the god-awful contraption.

Remus must have dozed off in the warm afternoon, for he is awoken by the shudder of the couch as a young, sweaty body is thrown into it with a huff of mild frustration. He cracks an eye open in time to see Sirius filch the last two biscuits from Remus' plate and lie back on the couch with a self-satisfied smile. Munching and making little noises of approval, Sirius kicks off his shoes and props his feet on Remus' knees as he tosses his too-long fringe out of his eyes with a flick of his head.

Remus doesn't like the fact that his cock is immediately hard. Mercifully, his book had fallen across his lap when he fell asleep, but God, he needs to shift or do *something* as the head of his penis strains most uncomfortably against the zip of his trousers. The soft sheen of sweat on Sirius' skin is definitely not helping matters, and Remus curses the wardrobe gods who made Sirius decide to wear a vest today.

Sirius smells, too, of grease and oil and *mechanical* things, and the desire that Remus has tried to repress for so long stalks to the fore, spurred on by the way damp strands of hair stick to the back and sides of Sirius' neck. Remus finds that he's been staring at that neck, at those strands of hair, for entirely too long, and he shivers as the wolf stirs inside him, definitely disliking the foreign smells around him and wanting to cover Sirius with his own smell and mark him as pack.

Belatedly, Remus realizes that Sirius has been speaking.

"... and I need to feel the power of that thing between my legs, and feel the vibrations in the seat of my pants. I just need to *ride*."

"Then ride me."

The words are out of Remus' mouth before he can even realize he's thought them.

"What?"

Remus is shaking now, and he doesn't even know whether it's solely from desire or the fear that Sirius will break out of his reverie and laugh, slap him on the shoulder and continue with his bloody machine. He licks his lips, but it doesn't help, and the wolf plunges forward.

"Ride me, Sirius. Ride me like you'd ride that fucking machine, and don't ever stop."

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Sirius blinks as he processes just what his friend has said, but his moment of hesitation lasts but a split second. Suddenly, Sirius is climbing into Remus' lap, and they're both quickly naked as someone mutters a spell. They're devouring each other's mouths, biting and sucking, and Sirius' heart is absolutely pounding in his chest as Remus growls. He tries to concentrate long enough for the proper incantations and just manages to do it, and although they're sloppy it'll work.

Sirius bites Remus' bottom lip a little too hard and tastes blood the second before Remus licks him over and over with the flat of his tongue, sitting up in the couch and nudging Sirius backwards onto his cock. For another split-second there's a pause, just enough for Sirius to catch one single breath, and then there's nothing but a slow, sweet burn, and he is panting like his canine counterpart as he inches slowly down, wanting and trying to take all of Remus but *knowing* that he can't. Somehow, that makes the burn of wanting it so much hotter. Remus' legs are spread as wide as he can, and his hips are sticking into the back of Sirius' thighs, but he doesn't care because of how fucking good this feels. Remus runs his hands up Sirius' legs and pulls his arse cheeks apart as he spreads his own legs just a bit wider, and the stretch is incredible and Sirius shouts he can't help it because Remus is deeper inside him than anyone has ever been, and he almost can't see for the tears in his eyes. He breathes, his own panting sounding harsh in his ears, and Remus' grunts and growls call to the most primitive part of his animal's brain and all he must do is fuck and fuck and *fuck*.

Sirius starts to move slowly because he wants to feel this, to feel it all, but everything is too much, so powerful, and his cock is as hard as it's ever been, almost bursting out of its skin. Sirius takes himself in hand as he rocks forwards and backwards, minute shifts at first to get used to Remus' girth, and even his panting is helping somehow, or maybe he's stretched enough, he doesn't know, but he can almost feel the ridges on Remus' cock as it slides in and out of him. Remus' hands are gripping Sirius' arse cheeks roughly, but they're not forcing his movements, and the scratches made by Remus' nails burn like fresh whip marks on Sirius' flesh, and somehow that makes things just *that* much more exciting. His legs tremble as he starts a more regular rhythm, lifting himself off of Remus and then sitting back down, grinding his seat into Remus' pelvis just to get more, more of that feeling inside him, and finally Remus' hands leave Sirius' cheeks and move up to his hips.

"Fuck, Padfoot. Move."

It's only a whisper, and Sirius moves, rocking backward and down until he's sure he can't take another inch inside him, and then forward and up, feeling the most delicious burning as Remus' cock slides out of his body, and then back and down again, wanting all of it, his entire body shuddering and shaking with pure, unadulterated need. His hand grips his cock as he feels the silvery threads of ecstasy flow through his body, and he slides his hand along his length as he matches his own rhythm. He feels Remus' hands move down the front of his legs and his fingers splay out over his groin, not touching Sirius' cock but rubbing along the crease of his legs and under his bollocks. Sirius has never been touched there, not that way, and he can feel his asshole clench of its own volition in a way that causes Remus to moan.

"Oh god, Remus, do that again! Oh god, oh god, again, again, shit!"

And Remus does, sliding his thumbs underneath Sirius' sac and down between their bodies, pressing against Sirius' perineum every time he lifts himself off Remus' cock, and Sirius knows he can't possibly last, because the rough slide of cock inside him, the slick slide of his own hand on his own cock and Remus' *fingers* in unexpected places, and suddenly it's too much, and the explosion starts from deep inside him and travels out with lightning speed, ripping all reason and thought and speech away, and he feels as though he's flying as he comes and comes and comes, his body jerking just as his cock does, and the only sounds he can make are unintelligible, open-mouthed groans.

Because Remus is coming too, his eyes closed tight and his face twisted in an orgasmic grimace, and Sirius can feel the flood of heat inside him and the pulses of Remus' cock as he empties himself, and he never imagined that anything could ever feel *this* good.

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The two young men lie in the gently warm afternoon sun, the harsh sting of the midday sun's rays replaced with the happy, toasty light that only late summer afternoons can bring. Eventually, Remus shifts as Sirius disentangles himself from their embrace and goes back to his motorcycle, and Remus smiles at his friend's slight limp and the careful way in which he moves. He gently traces the new scab over the cut on his lip as his eyes follow Sirius' every footstep, and he can't help but worry that they have made a mistake, that they've pushed their friendship beyond all normal bounds, but just then, with a careless flick of hair, Sirius half-turns and smiles back at him.

"I'm beginning to wonder whether flying on this thing will ever feel that good."

Remus' breath catches as his heart pounds with an excited nervousness, and he thinks that perhaps there may just be something to that motorcycle after all.

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