

Accidents of Time

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Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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The first time it happened was an accident. It was a full moon so Remus was at the Shrieking Shack, and Peter was having a rare detention with McGonagall. We were researching Animagi and drinking mead. A lot of mead. I barely remember stumbling up the long curvy staircase to our room tearing each other's clothes off, and fucking on his bed. I'm not sure what induced it, but it happened. The next morning was so awkward. We couldn't look each other in the eyes for a week. Everyone just assumed we had had a fight. We didn't discuss that night ever again.

The second time was also influenced by alcohol. I remembered that time very vividly though. We had just won the Quidditch House Cup, so of course we all got pissed in celebration. James slung his arm over my shoulders and declared to the crowd that we were both beat and needed some rest. Befuddled, I followed him up to our dorm. He quickly closed the door, startling me for a second. But in that second he slammed me against the door, pinning my wrists above my head and kissing me with all his might. My eyes were blazing, staring at him in complete shock. My body had betrayed me though, as I had started kissing him back. One thing led to another, and before I realized it we were fucking again, his cock buried deep in my arse, both of us moaning in ecstasy.

After that time we agreed to become fuck buddies. I think both of us knew that we felt more than that, but since James was deeply in love with Lily, we thought it shouldn't go farther.

The last time was two weeks before he died. I think Lily had to know about us by that point. She'd glare at me whenever James and I strode off to the bedroom and put locking and silencing charms on the room. That last time was the most beautiful time. We took our time, explored every nook and cranny of each other's bodies, held each other close as we cried the other's name and rode out our orgasms. It wasn't fucking anymore. Now it was love making.

I wish we had realized it before. Everything would have changed, perhaps for the better.