

Lessons Learned

by HogwartsHoney

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Something *changed*.

A/N: Written for snegurochka_lee's birthday.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Cool, sir!" said Dean Thomas in amazement.

"Thank you, Dean," said Professor Lupin, putting his wand away again. "Shall we proceed?"

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

I cannot tell what changed that day, but all I know is that one look into the eyes of that boy and I was lost.

They were crafted of deepest brown, so close to black that, in the dim light of the staff room, I could not tell the difference. Warm and entirely open in pleased surprise, they spoke volumes; but to me, those eyes spoke of the darkest nights, when the moon was just a shadow of itself appearing near dawn; when the entire darkened sky sparkled with jewels of the distant stars, and I felt at peace. I felt safe.

One look, and I was at once suffused with a throbbing desire for him in ways that I couldn't properly articulate, and yet I was repulsed that I could have those feelings, those... desires for a young boy. Thirteen years old, already taller than the rest of his classmates, with a bone structure that spoke of Nubian elegance and grace, the likes of which I'd only read about in my father's books. His teeth flashed white in his dark face, and inside me something shifted, either into, or out of, place.

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Dean Thomas smiled at me and the lesson continued, but that moment haunted me for years.

I managed to get through that entire year at Hogwarts without anything worse than wanking myself raw at the thought of dark hands on my prick. Truth be told, sometimes I would watch him as he concentrated in my classes a good student and quick to grasp new ideas, even though he was not a natural at defense and nearly embarrass myself by almost coming in my pants, untouched, like a teenager. My blood would thrum in my body during odd times, but never so much as one afternoon when I watched his face alight with joy as he wrestled with Seamus Finnigan on the grass. I never thought it possible to burn with jealousy like that, but the flames consumed me.

I have often questioned my attraction to this particular boy. There had been my fleeting interest in Kingsley just after leaving Hogwarts, but even as a young man, he was too much, too in control, not right. The true reason eludes me to this day, and I often wonder whether it makes me a bully, or an animal, to want to take and possess and have someone.

I love my family; of course I do. My wife is young and willing and so full of life that it seems to almost spill from her pores. I was never that young, or that carefree, yet she wants to waste her youth and her love on me, an embittered old werewolf with a penchant for young men. I doubt I could ever trust myself enough to confide in her and certainly not *those* kinds of thoughts even though I know that she would change her body and soul to give me what I want.

Unfortunately, she can never be... him.

I think I knew it was a dream because my knees didn't ache, even bent in their position as I straddled his groin. It *must* have been a dream because I have no idea how I got there, his thick cock plunged deep inside me as I rocked back and forth, grinding downwards to take him in deeper, and more, and *more*. He smiled, that flash of white again, and my heart thudded in my chest, the blood pounded in my ears as my entire body and soul responded to him. His hands were on my hips, guiding me, and I swore I felt the ridges of his cock against the edge of my hole as I lifted up, almost far enough to pull him out and then back again, wanting and needing this contact so desperately that my body ached with it.

I arched by back and canted my hips because I knew that would set the right angle, and I was rewarded for my efforts by our combined shouts of pleasure as he grazed the sensitive spot inside me. I knew it well having touched it myself so often, each time shouting his name as I came, and this time was no different. Frantic with the sensations and my need to come, every inch of my body was acutely focused on the points of contact between us and the glorious slide of cock against flesh. It was there, coiling, waiting, and he threw back his head, neck exposed, muscles straining. I watched through the haze of my lust as a single bead of sweat trickled down his throat and onto the pillow below. For some reason, that was my undoing, and the world itself shook as my climax hit, seeming to take all of me, my life's essence, with it as I spurted, hot and thick, crying out as I came fully awake, still shuddering through my orgasm.

I was shaking, and sweating, and mercifully alone as I struggled to come down from both the frantic high that the dream produced, and the horror that the most intense orgasm of my life had been the result of a wet dream about a young boy.

Years later I was surprised to find him again, now taller than me but with the same ready smile on his face. He shook my hand enthusiastically, and the air between us seemed alive with everything I wanted from him. We were in hiding he from the Death Eaters and me from Dora. Harry had refused my help in hunting for Horcruxes, calling me a coward of all things, and I couldn't face going back home to wife and baby, precious though Teddy was to me. I still couldn't fathom a return to that just yet.

Dean had arrived at the safe house after me, shining with excitement and the tinge of danger that surrounded everything we did in those days, the knowledge that wartime was very different from peacetime, and that our lives were not guaranteed to be long.

Perhaps that was the crux of why things changed, but after a few days and nights spent in close proximity to each other, and after enough Firewhisky, it soon became apparent that young Mr. Thomas more than shared my proclivities, and that fact burned me almost as hotly, but quite differently from the jealousy that had burned so many years ago.

I think his slow smile must have been my final undoing, especially coming after my very pointed and thinly-veiled attempts at seduction. It turned out that Dean knew more than a little bit about seduction himself, if the way he disrobed first me and then himself was anything to go by. The soft firelight made him glow in an ethereal and otherworldly way, and I confess I found myself even more enraptured and utterly smitten with him than ever before. Those hands, so small in my memories, were large and capable so very, very capable holding my cheeks apart while he licked me into insanity, and all I could do was beg.

Then that mouth and those lips stretched around my cock as he lay on his back and I fucked his face, driving my pelvis down into the mattress, wanting to choke him, to hear him splutter around my cock; wanting to defile that young face in my memory, and all the while his hands kept me spread open while his two little fingers fucked my hole. It was beyond bliss, not for the lack of size, but for the way he crooked them inside me, surprisingly long and nuanced and rubbing me in all the right ways. He groaned as best he could around my girth, and I fucked him without mercy, feeling the tip of my cock hit the back of his throat repeatedly. Fortunately for him, I was so far gone at just the sensations of his skin against mine that, with the double stimulus, I slammed through my orgasm with incredible speed and collapsed, shaken and exhausted, at his side mere moments later.

He scarcely took the time to regulate his breathing before he had me on my back, my legs over his shoulders and his cock breaching my hole. I barely had time to catch my own breath as I was impaled on his considerable cock, and the absence of any lubrication made it burn unbelievably, but I felt it was my penance for lusting after a child, penance for years of masturbating repeatedly to his memory and reveling in the dirtiness of it all, and most of all, penance for doing this to Dora and Teddy my new family, my new little boy.

For all the ripping pain, it was still glorious, a sort of absolution, if you will, cleansing me with its sheer power, to be so thoroughly controlled and debauched by one to whom I had done this and worse in my imaginings. Perhaps that was the crux of the matter, that he was willing to do this, and I relaxed and let it happen to me, wanting to live through one of my dreams even if only this once. He pushed against me further, lifting my legs from his shoulders and holding them straighter, opening me up even more as he bent to his task, crawling forward on his knees to deepen the thrusts. Already I was impaled by him, but the sight of so much dark skin against the paleness of mine made me shudder with pleasure, to see his jaw clench in concentration and determination as he thrust and thrust sent tingles of utter lust through my body. I took and took everything he gave me, my spine bowed almost impossibly as he pushed my legs further back, opening me cruelly with his cock, but I was past caring as I saw his eyes fluttering, signaling that orgasm was near.

I felt my own excitement build again, coiling but not as urgent as before. His body began to shake and his thrusts became less rhythmic, and somehow his descent into a little death spiked my arousal and I was coming over my belly, chest, and neck as he shouted his own release. It sounded like a victory cry to my ears, although whose victory it wasn't easy to tell. He held me in that impossible position until he had emptied himself fully, still thrusting through his orgasm as though marking me, forcing his seed further into me, owning me.

I wanted to be owned.

He kissed me then, at first with an intensity and passion that suggested the beginning of our tryst, not the end, but then slowly, and as the urgency of fucking gave way to the lassitude of post-coitus, his kisses turned sweet and thick as molasses, long and lingering on the tongue and in the mouth even as his body still undulated in its barely-sated desire.

I shivered, but not from any cold. I shivered at the sheer potential of this young man and all the ways that he could make me feel.

We fucked often in that hideout as we waited for word from the rest of the Order. Our instructions were to remain hidden until called, and even then, only by Patronus corroborated by a Charmed Galleon that Dean possessed. Days went by without a sign of shimmering animals or burning coins, and we fucked to fill the time. We fucked to fill ourselves and gorged on the freedom of being able to do just that. I fucked him until we were both insensate, until neither of us could remember our own names. The cabin was redolent with the fumes of Firewhisky and the reek of sex, but I didn't care.

We didn't speak much really, for there wasn't any need or desire. My only desire was to somehow slake the thirst for flesh and muscle and sinew and cock that I'd harboured for over five years.

"I would die for you," he said one night, shattering the already-deafening silence with his soft utterance. He shattered my illusion too, the illusion that we could remain here,

suspended in time, while battles waged without us, but reality hit me with the force of an angry hippogriff. Those words, which I'm almost certain came from the heart and were meant to draw us closer together, served to do just the opposite and snapped me back into the reality from which I'd tried to hide. I had a wife, and a child, and perhaps it wasn't love, but Dora would die for me, or die to protect Teddy. My body curled in on itself involuntarily as I realized both that I must leave this solitude and the haven of Dean's arms and return to the life I had chosen, albeit reluctantly.

I was no coward, despite what Harry had said, and it would be cowardly of me to stay. It would also be cowardly of me to let this beautiful young man think that there could ever be anything more between us than what had already been shared.

"Dean..."

"No, Remus. Don't say it back. I don't want you to lie, but I needed you to know how I feel."

This time, the sex was without words, almost without sound, as though anything other than the merest grunts and sighs of pleasure would fracture what was left. I wanted this to be my final gift, a symphony of sensation and emotion that was as close to love as I could give to anyone.

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Hogwarts has been breached! Death Eaters are in the castle!

Minerva's Patronus faded and I was already at a full run, my insides twisting with a fear so deeply-seated that I couldn't know its source, even if I'd had ten years to think on it. The castle walls rocked down to the foundations, and I felt pieces of me coming apart, as though everything I'd built my stability and sense of self upon was crumbling, as was my marriage and my life. Furious, I sprinted harder towards the Great Hall where many had gathered, and a quick glance around found Dean with the other Gryffindors, united around Harry.

My heart knew a moment's peace.

Under Kingsley's orders, we moved onto the grounds, but it wasn't long before the battle found us. Dark shapes, too many to count, descended upon us with wands blazing, and we were quickly driven back to the castle walls. I fought as a man possessed, remembering Sirius during our last battle together at the Ministry, and imagining that I could see the madness in my own eyes the way it had gleamed in his. Had he too fought for love?

Many in my group had fallen, and we retreated into the castle through a gaping hole in one of the walls, followed closely by the group of Death Eaters. Dolohov aimed his wand at me, and as purple light streaked towards me, I turned, and twisted in the air, desperately trying to avoid what I *knew* would be my end. Behind him, there was a sudden flash of white, and out of the darkness, an enraged shout rose above the noise of battle as Dean burst into the corridor, his wand drawn, and threw himself into the fight.

Agony ripped through my body and intensified as I crashed to the ground, but even that impact could not sustain my consciousness. As the world grew colder and I faded, still rippling with pain, I could only hope that whatever Dean did with his life, he wouldn't die for me.

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