You Remind Me of Me

by norwegianeyes

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Notes: It has never been stated when Fabian was born and died. So I am just making
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Sirius' birth is still canon (1960). This story takes place in 1980.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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*"It's traditional to give a wizard a watch when he comes of age. I'm afraid that one isn't new like Ron's, it was actually my brother Fabian's and he wasn't terribly careful with
his possessions, it's a bit dented on the back, but-"-Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows (USA), pg 114*

"No human is ever a one man show. Every decision you make will affect the countless people who care about you."-Yu Yu Hakusho

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*Sirius panted and moaned as he heard the slap of Fabian's bollocks against his bum and felt his lover's long, thick shaft thrust in and out of him rapidly. The heavy rain
poured on their naked forms as if trying to douse their heated lovemaking. They climaxed at the same time, collapsing onto the ground and kissing slowly and tenderly as if
the other would break if they kissed too hard.*

"Sirius!"

Sirius jumped and turned to see his lover standing in front of him. "Merlin, you scared me!"

"I've been here for five minutes screaming my head off trying to get your attention," Remus shouted. He wore a pair of Sirius' pyjama bottoms loosely around his waist,
exposing his scarred chest. His delicate hands were at his hips. "Why are you staring out the window anyway? Rain is so gloomy and-"

Sirius turned his attention back to the window. He used to hate the rain. It seemed to spoil a perfectly good mood. But Fabian had changed all that. Fabian loved the rain
and would frequently run outside into the streets whooping and dancing like a child. Fabian had taught him to love the rain, to cherish it.

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It was a routine Order meeting, just reporting on the casualties, progress of missions, ideas on how to recruit new members. Sirius sat in the middle of the table with Remus

on his left and an empty chair to his right where Fabian always sat. Sirius would absentmindedly stare at the chair and only come back to reality when Remus squeezed his hand. Sirius would pay attention to the meeting for a few moments, then stare back at Fabian's chair.

Remus squeezed his hand harder than ever. Sirius let out a low yelp and released his grip.

"And that concludes tonight's meeting. You may go home." Dumbledore cheerfully announced

The screeching of chairs moving hurt Sirius' ears as everyone got up simultaneously. Hand-in-hand, Remus and Sirius marched straight toward the door. A loud "Ahem" made everyone stop and turn to Dumbledore. "Sirius, I want to talk to you privately." Everyone else shuffled out of the tight room. Sirius hugged Remus, and as the werewolf turned to leave he threw quick glances at Dumbledore and Sirius, then shut the door silently. Soon, only Sirius and Dumbledore were left, standing on opposite sides of the room.

Dumbledore smiled weakly. "Sirius, I-"

"I know this is about Fabian."

The air was thick. The old man rubbed the bridge of his crooked nose. "Sirius, it's affecting your work."

Sirius snarled. "So? Who gives a shit?"

Dumbledore's anger grew. "Would you like to start with*Remus*? Are you so self-absorbed that you think he doesn't know?"

His dark eyes widened. "What?"

"Give Remus the credit he deserves, Sirius. He's an intelligent young man and a protective partner. Since you're marked as his life mate," Sirius instinctively touched the bite mark on his neck that Remus had given him two years ago. The mark made it clear that Sirius belonged to Remus. A side effect was that the Werewolf mate would by instinctively know what his mate was feeling and thinking. "he can tell very easily if you are not faithful."

Sirius flopped into a chair. "I didn't know." He snorted. "No, that's a lie. I do know… I just forgot."

Dumbledore sat next to the younger man, clapping his hand on his shoulder. "You don't think, Sirius. You let obsession and lust cloud your mind."

"Fabian loved me!" he snapped.

Calmly, the old man took off his glasses and began to clean them. "Sirius, you know that's a lie. Fabian was a brilliant man but love was something he had not comprehended. If he was still alive, he would have tossed you away like the others before you." Shaking his head, Dumbledore stood up and straightened his posture. "Just think about it and clear your head. I'm sure you'll understand the truth."

He left Sirius in the small room in a painful silence. Sirius tried his best to hold back the tears. He would not be fooled by Dumbledore. Fabian had told him that he was going to spend the rest of his life with him; and he would have too, if he hadn't ended up dying. Sirius heaved a long sigh and dropped his head onto the table with a loud thud. His shoulders shook as he lost the fight against his tears.

"Padfoot?" a gentle voice asked. Sirius glanced up to see a very concerned expression on his partner's face. "Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

Sirius let out a hollow laugh and fiercely rubbed the tears from his cheeks. "Everything… and nothing." Swiftly getting out of the chair, he squared his shoulders and took hold of Remus' small hand. "C'mon. Let's go home."