

All I Want For Christmas Is My Brother

by norwegianeyes

Charlie only has one secret that he is hiding from his brother. Will it be revealed on Christmas Eve?

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The icy mountain wind whirled inside as the two men quickly opened and closed the front door. It was snowing heavily, but what else would you expect on a Romanian Christmas Eve? Bill and Charlie wordlessly toed off their snow boots and stripped themselves of their wet cloaks, hanging them over the dining room chairs. Charlie pulled his wand out, casting a charm: the fire roared to life. Instinctively the pair walked to the fireplace to cling to the warmth. Charlie couldn't help but steal quick glances at his older brother. Bill was such an attractive man. He let on the image of a rebel with his long hair, a single skeleton earring, and knee-high dragon skin boots. But Charlie had known Bill all of his life. He knew there was much more to him than that. He had been trusted with all of the secrets Bill kept hidden deep beneath the surface and hoped that no one (besides Charlie) would discover. Likewise, Charlie had told Bill everything about himself, except for one detail. He neglected to confide in Bill that he was in love with him. It was sick after all, and he didn't want to lose his brother over emotions like *that*.

"It's so quiet" Bill stated, his teeth still chattering. "I'm going to put on the radio... if that's okay with you?" Charlie quickly nodded. He knew that silence made his brother uncomfortable. He watched as Bill's arse wiggled its way to the tiny, old Marconi radio that his father had given him for Christmas two years ago. The older Weasley twisted the dial to find a non-static station; finally succeeding and hearing the Christmas tune, he scowled. "What is this? Those weird squirrels?"

Charlie laughed. "It's *The Chipmunks*."

"Well, squirrels, chipmunks, same thing. You really dig those Muggle Christmas songs, don't you?"

"Well, with Dad piping in the house every Christmas, how could it not rub off on me?"

Bill shook his head and sighed, starting to retreat from the room. "I'm gonna take a shower." He paused and turned back to his brother. Charlie was taken aback by the hopeful expression that was played out on Bill's face. "Want to join me?"

Charlie nearly died of a heart attack. "Wha-what?!"

Bill shrugged it off. "Just a joke." In a flash, he was gone.

Wide-eyed, Charlie couldn't believe what he had heard. His brother couldn't have offered... he couldn't be saying... No, Bill was not gay, and if he was, he wouldn't be a fool like Charlie and fall in love with his own brother.

Nonetheless, he couldn't help but imagine Bill showering - the water trickling down his hard six pack as he rubbed soap all over his body. Charlie cursed when he realized

he had a hard on. His brown eyes darted to the stairs that Bill had gone up, and he listened closely until he heard the running water of the shower before proceeding to unzip his fly and pull out his thick cock. At first he kept his eyes locked on the stairs, watching to see if Bill was coming down, but he soon abandoned that notion and let his lust consume him, closing his eyes and moaning softly. He would quicken his pace, almost on the edge of climax, only to slow down to start the process over. Finally, his breath came in short, quick gasps. He arched his back, crying out Bill's name as he came all over his stomach and jeans.

"I thought so," a deep voice said.

Charlie's eyes snapped open and took in the sight of his towel-clad older brother. Despite his fears, the sight of his brother was even better than he had dreamed of. He was completely wet, water still dripping from his long hair and sliding down his muscles. Charlie thought that Bill sparkled in the fire light. He shook his head, reaching for his wand to clean up the mess he had made.

"Wait."

Charlie looked up, but did not meet his brother's gaze. He was so afraid; surely, he had lost his brother forever, the only person he had ever loved.

He bit his lip and shut his eyes as a calloused hand lifted his chin. "Charlie," Bill seemed to whimper, "please look at me." Charlie shook his head, fighting back the tears. Bill growled, "Damn it, Charlie! *Look at me.*"

Ever so slowly, he raised his head and met his brother's warm eyes. He was surprised when Bill smiled. "I always wondered if you had a thing for me. I'm glad to find out that it was true." He leaned toward slightly, only mere centimetres from Charlie's mouth. "May I?" Bill asked huskily. Charlie hesitated but nodded. He closed his eye tightly, waiting for the inevitable. The seconds ticked by and nothing happened; he was beginning to get anxious. He took a deep breath and peeked only to feel the sensation of his brother's lips crashing onto his. Charlie couldn't believe this was happening; it was unreal. His own brother was kissing him, exploring his mouth with his festive tongue. He grabbed Bill's long, wet hair and pulled him closer, moaning into the kiss. Bill broke away, kissing down his brother's exposed neck and began to lift the hem of Charlie's sweater.

"No, no." Charlie was gasping, trying to push Bill away with no success. "Bill, I said stop it!" he screamed.

Bill instantly retreated from his brother, a puzzled expression displayed on his face. "What did I do wrong?"

Charlie shook his head. "This may sound odd, but I want to go slow. I want this to be right. All of the relationships I have had have always been rushed and always ended badly. I don't want to screw this up. Not with you."

Bill smiled, cupping Charlie's cheek in his palm, rubbing his thumb in gentle circles. "Don't worry, Charlie. I know this is going to be perfect."