

I'll Be Waiting

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It is time again.

Time to face the tense, searing agony of treacherous desire – unsolicited, unreciprocated, and unfulfilled. For those few precious moments he will gaze in private upon the one he hungers for yet cannot have. Bitter words will replace those of kinder intent as tight lips press together, aching to soften and caress. Eyes adamant will allow no tenderness to escape while a heart longs for hope.

When had this started? He knows not. Contempt and disdain, mixed with a goodly portion of fear, had mutated over the days of painstaking brewing month after month, the few moments of open despair seen in those weary eyes, into a deep need to heal, to protect, and to care. However, the uncertainty of his position will not allow him the comfort of reaching out to another, and his tainted soul deserves no succour.

A knock at the door. A stiffening of resolve accompanied by the inevitable stiffening elsewhere.

“Enter!”

“Good evening, Severus. I have come for—”

“I am aware of the date. Be thankful of that, or *this* would not be ready, Lupin.”

“Remus. My name is Remus. You’d think after spending so much of your time brewing Wolfsbane for me you could at least feel free to use my first name, Severus.”

“I brew the potion to protect the children of this school. Do not assume otherwise.”

“I realise it is not your choice, but I appreciate your skill and dedication all the same. Thank you. Well... Bottoms up! Taste doesn’t improve, does it?”

“So you say every month, Lupin. Now, do you have any further business, or may I continue with my work?”

The desperate need to maintain his composure wars with the other man’s masculine presence, which tugs at his libido, tightens his pants, and brings a sheen of sweat to his palms.

Suddenly, the distance evaporates between the two men as frustration and the internal wolf take hold. Pinning the dark wizard against the wall, the usually meek DADA professor uses his preternatural moon-given strength to emphasise his point. Faces inches apart, each exhalation shared, bodies pressed so intimately secrets are no longer concealed, he snarls.

“My. Name. Is. REMUS!”

Behind the fall of black hair a groan escapes. Firm fingers force the pale face up until black eyes meet grey and concede defeat. Thumb idly tracing the discomposd Potions master's lips, the incipient werewolf thrusts his hips.

Once...

Twice...

Three times.

Eyelids flutter shut as a soft cry of long-awaited release provides confirmation.

Twisting away and grasping the door handle, Remus Lupin turns back to the man slumped against the wall. "I'll be back."

The door slams.

A sliver of a whisper floats through the air, dancing on the heavy scents of passion and need.

"I'll be waiting."

A/N: Written as a gift for kittylefish's birthday. Thanks to PajamaPants for the beta.