

Breathless

by luvsev

Remus is dreaming.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Remus is dreaming.

'Why don't you sit down, Remus? I don't bite, you know.' Severus motioned for Remus to join him on the reddish-brown leather couch in front of the dying fire.

'You may not bite, but I do.' He grinned.

'Well, if you feel the need to bite me, give me a bit of a warning, eh? I'd like to be prepared.'

'Fair enough, I suppose.'

'Oh, you only think it's fair, do you? I daresay it's a little more than fair. After all, I would be letting you...' Severus trailed off, eyes flicking to the fireplace and then to Remus, who was pacing the floor.

'I don't plan on biting you, Severus. How did we end up on this topic again?' Remus continued pacing the cold, bare floor, making it creak beneath his feet.

'You're driving me crazy; stop your infernal pacing, wolf. I can tell you're nervous, and I'd like to know why.'

Remus stopped pacing and stuffed his sweaty hands into the pockets of his loose-fitting khaki trousers. He didn't exactly know what was putting him on edge... No, that was a lie; he did know; he just didn't want to admit it to the one person who would probably hit him for it.

Being alone and in close quarters with Severus made him nervous. Ever since he'd had a dream about kissing Severus, laying him down on a feather bed and teasing him until they both needed release, he hadn't been able to be around him without being reminded of the dream.

'I just have a lot on my mind, that's all,' he said unconvincingly.

'If you say so. Sit down and have a drink.' Severus moved forward and poured them both a measure of scotch.

Remus was feeling a bit worried. It was bad enough he was alone with Severus, but now he was being offered liquid courage...as if he needed it. It took all he had not to indulge his desires.

Severus handed him an ornate, delicate crystal glass filled with golden liquid, which he downed quickly, wincing at the burn as it settled in his stomach.

'Are you aiming to get pissed tonight?'

'Maybe. I haven't thought about it yet, but now that you mention it, it does sound like a great idea.' He sat on the edge of the couch at a safe distance away from Severus. If he moved any closer, he'd not be able to restrain himself.

Severus glanced over at Remus, noting his stiff posture and half-clenched fists. It appeared as though Remus wanted nothing more than to be as far away from him as he could. Sure, there had been no love lost between himself and the wolf in their youth, but he thought that had changed in recent years. He thought they had moved past the childhood grudges and formed a tentative friendship, but Remus's body language of late indicated otherwise.

'Look, if you don't want to be here, then leave. I won't force you to stay if you're this discomfited around me.'

'What are you talking about, Severus? I'm comfortable enough where I am, and I'm enjoying a nice buzz from the fine scotch.'

'That's not the point. I can tell you are uncomfortable; there's no sense in lying about it. Your clenched fists, stiff back, and the fact that you're sitting on the edge of my couch speaks volumes as to where you'd rather be.'

'It's not like that. I'm just...'

'You're just what?' Severus moved closer to Remus.

'Don't do that, Severus.' Remus's voice was fraught as he fought the urge to touch, taste, or do anything to Severus.

'I'm not doing anything.'

'My willpower only goes so far, and you know it.'

Severus's eyebrows were furrowed, and his lip twitched slightly as he looked at Remus in bewilderment. 'What does willpower have to do with anything?'

'It has everything to do with this.' Remus set down his glass and moved so close to Severus that he could feel the man's hot breath wash over his face.

Remus breathed deeply as he steeled himself for what he was about to do. Leaning closer in, he lightly brushed Severus's lips with his own. Resting his lips briefly on Severus's, he waited for him to respond or recoil. When he heard Severus gasp, he pulled back.

'I knew I shouldn't have. I'm sorry I kissed you; I just couldn't resist any longer.'

'Stop apologising...'

Not really hearing Severus, he continued, 'It was just a kiss. I'll... I'll go now.' Remus stood and began to walk to the door when he was halted by Severus's strong chest.

'Like hell you will, wolf. I don't want you to go until I...'

'Until you what? Are you going to hit me?'

'Maybe later, though you'll have to ask for it. I don't much care for violence. I want you to do it again, Remus. Kiss me again.'

Remus hesitated, thinking it was too good to be true. Moving closer, he once more kissed Severus's incredibly soft lips. All resistance melted away as he felt Severus respond by parting his lips in an invitation. Not being one to refuse, Remus swept his tongue along Severus's bottom lip before lightly flicking it inside of his mouth, tasting a hint of habanera pepper and dark chocolate.

Moaning, Severus thrust his tongue against Remus's, battling for dominance as the kiss intensified. His hands which had been at his sides slipped around Remus's slim waist, and he crushed the man to him. Heat radiated between them as they roughly ground their erections against each other.

'Couch?' Remus whispered raggedly.

'Better idea... How about bed...my bed?' Severus swallowed hard as he felt Remus trace his erection provocatively through the material of his black trousers before travelling up his chest.

'Yes.' Remus slid one hand up Severus's chest while the other unfastened tiny buttons on the light grey cotton shirt. His breath caught as the last button slipped from its hole, causing the shirt to fall open and reveal Severus's toned, pale chest and stomach. A thin trail of black hair led from his belly-button and disappeared underneath the band of his tailored trousers.

'This way,' Severus said, shrugging off his shirt and letting it fall to the floor where he didn't bother to pick it up.

Remus paused to cup Severus's firm arse and then followed a step behind him into the other room.

'Like the view, do you?'

'Mmm, more than like.'

'Then come here,' Severus said wickedly.

Remus heard the telltale metallic sound of a zipper being lowered and the soft thump of fabric falling to the floor. Entering further into the room, he saw Severus wearing nothing more than a snug-fitting pair of green boxers and desire glittering in his obsidian eyes. Approaching, he hooked his thumbs in the band of Severus's pants and tugged the material past his hips and down his long, lean legs.

Severus stood completely naked before Remus, who was kneeling in front of him, licking his lips, and looking at him heatedly. He returned the passionate gaze and gasped when he felt the tip of Remus's tongue snake out to lick the head of his cock and then all the way down his shaft. He felt Remus's scorching hot mouth envelop and gently suck on his balls, he hissed, 'Shite. Oh, dear Merlin. That's fucking amazing.'

Pausing, Remus said, 'Merlin has nothing to do with me sucking your cock.'

'No, but...' Severus forgot what he was going to say as Remus resumed pleasuring him.

'Stop...'

'What? I thought you liked what I was doing.' Remus said in a low voice and hung his head.

'Look at me, Remus.' Severus glanced down and wrapped his hands in Remus's greying, shaggy brown hair. 'Believe me; I loved what you were doing. I just want to see you, too. You are decidedly overdressed for what I want to do to you tonight.'

'Mmm, and what's that?' He rose to his feet and then kissed Severus deeply.

'Strip for me and you'll find out.'

'Oh, so you want a show?'

'I don't know about all of that. I'll settle for you getting naked.'

Remus pushed Severus playfully, causing him to fall backwards on the bed where he landed spread eagle on the black and bronze duvet.

'You'll get what you want, Severus, but it will be when I decide and not before.'

Severus propped up on his elbows and watched Remus unbuckle his belt and toss it on the bed beside him. He ran his fingers over the smooth suede as he watched Remus unbutton his trousers and then unfasten the pearlescent buttons on his forest-green shirt.

'Want some help undressing?'

'No, I only want you to lie there and play with your cock for me.'

Severus stroked his cock; he lightly cupped his balls as Remus slid his shirt and trousers off, leaving him in a pair of black silk boxer shorts.

Remus joined him on the bed and traced his hand down the treasure trail on Severus's stomach.

Severus took Remus's hand in his, kissing his knuckles, 'You've explored me, so now it's my turn to tease you and make you beg.' He kissed his way across Remus's chest, pausing to tug and scrape each pebbled nipple with his teeth.

A guttural growl issued from Remus's tightly pressed lips as he watched Severus from beneath his eyelashes. A pink flush spread across Severus's cheeks, and his glittering black eyes were almost shut as he licked each sensitive dusky nipple.

'Yesss, right there,' he hissed as Severus continued licking southward down his body.

'Sensitive, yes?' He saw Remus nod. 'I wonder what else is this sensitive.'

'Keep going; you'll find out. I want your mouth on my cock.'

'I'll get there.' Severus obliged and began to lick Remus's shaft slowly, making him squirm.

'Deeper, Severus, take me deeper in your mouth.' He felt the warmth of Severus's hot mouth engulf his tip as he slid his cock nearly to the back of his throat.

Severus set up a tantalising pace of sucking and brushing his fingers across Remus's arse. Gathering his courage, he wet his finger and then toyed with the tight ring of muscles before sliding it easily past.

'Do you mind me doing this, Remus?' Severus withdrew Remus's prick from his mouth.

'No, it... it feels wonderful.'

Severus continued thrusting his long finger in and out of Remus, and then he added another when Remus's hips lifted off the bed. He must have hit a sweet spot for the man.

'More, Severus. Please?'

'You want more?' Severus whispered. 'How much more?'

'More than what your hands are doing. I want... I want you to fuck me.' Remus sat up and reached for Severus's cock. Grasping it, he ran his finger across the head, spreading the liquid around for emphasis.

'You're sure?'

'Yes.'

'Remus. Remus, wake up,' Severus whispered as he stretched and yawned.

'Mmph.' Remus mumbled and curled against Severus's back, his erection evident as he moved. 'It's morning already?'

'Obviously. You were moaning in your sleep again. Of what were you dreaming?'

'Our first encounter. You woke me just when I was getting to the good part. It's unfair, I tell you.'

'Well, what if I have a good reason for waking you?' Severus retorted.

'Anything short of shagging me senseless is going to be disappointing.'

'That's exactly what I had in mind.' Severus rolled over and kissed Remus.

'Good. Now make love to me, Severus, before I attack you.'

A/N: Written as a present for kittylefish's birthday. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for betaing.