

Stained

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Winner of November's pterpr0nprompts "Cherries" challenge. Heads up for dirty talk, and hints of D/s.

Poik!

"Ouch!"

Severus clapped a hand to his stinging left ear, glaring around at the foliage of the Hogwarts garden. Either a bee had gone out of control or the shrubbery had started launching artillery. The latter was not entirely out of the question, considering recent experiments with the Venomous Tentacula had bequeathed it some sentience, and it had viciousness to spare.

Glancing at his feet, he spotted a beige pip upon the packed dirt of the path; upon further inspection, it proved to be a cherry stone. Not the bees, then, and probably not the Tentacula unless it had changed its diet.

It opened another possibility, though, which promised a much more entertaining afternoon than returning to marking homework...

With a last, exaggerated look around the garden, he gave a defeated shrug and bent to study a rosebush, tracing the petals and inhaling the scent as he waited for the next assault. He used the interim silence to slide his wand from his pocket, shielding the movement with his body.

Poik! On the shoulder, this time, but from the same side and roughly the same direction. He spun to find a thick azalea bush, looking as innocent as any plant that wasn't harboring his attacker.

Professor Remus Lupin, however, did not look so innocent a minute later, sitting as he was amongst the remnants of leaf and twig that had shortly before been the bush. He smiled weakly at Severus or, more likely, the point of Severus' wand, which was leveled at his face. Next to him sat a bowl of shining black cherries, plump and ripe, with a scattering of stems and pips on the ground.

"There are other ways of getting my attention, you know," Severus said, lowering his wand. "Ones that won't get you hexed in lieu of foreplay."

"I know. But this one was fun." Remus cocked his head. "And we haven't done it in the gardens yet."

"Mmm. A seduction attempt, was that what this was?" Severus asked, licking his lips. It had been weeks since their quick tumble in the Quidditch changing rooms, and the tension in his groin was shooting up by the second.

"I was hoping the bush could cover us, but I didn't count on your... reaction."

Severus saw Remus' gaze flick to his crotch, lips parting. His sweet, pink, and oh so talented lips...

"Cover us?" Severus sneered. "If you wanted cover, you little slut, you'd have pulled me into a classroom."

Remus flushed at the epithet, and Severus grinned. It was going to be a good afternoon.

"No, you want us doing this out in the open, don't you, where anyone can see. Such a little whore for my cock, aren't you? *Aren't you?*"

Remus nodded. Severus frowned and stepped forward until he loomed above him. He casually rubbed his palm over his crotch, massaging himself through the cloth.

"Say it."

"I...I'm a whore..." Remus whispered, squirming. Severus saw the bulge in his khakis and felt his own cock tug in response.

"You're a whore for what? Hm?"

"Your cock, Severus..."

"That's right. And if you want to act like such a whore," Severus said, eyeing the cherries with speculation, "then I think you should look like one. Stand and give me the cherries."

Remus jumped up, losing a few fruit on the process.

"Good boy." Severus plucked a ripe, dark cherry and slowly sank his teeth into it, tearing it in half; it was tart and perfect, and he licked his lips slowly.

Remus whimpered like a puppy.

Disposing of the pit, Severus held the remaining half in his fingers. Gripping Remus' sandy hair to hold his head still, he smeared the cherry over his pouting lips, staining them scarlet with the juice. Remus flicked his tongue out, tasting the juice, but Severus tugged hard on his hair in admonishment. He wanted his lover as messy as possible, to look thoroughly ravished even before they began.

"Little painted whore," he breathed, smearing more juice over Remus' cheeks until they glistened far past the flush of arousal. He paused to survey his handiwork, taking in the scarlet lips and cheeks, flecked with pieces of cherry flesh. Remus was writhing now, little whimpers escaping his throat as he strained to get at Severus.

But Severus had no intention of letting his lover get off that easily. Spitting cherry pits, after all, was something to be punished.

"Kneel," Severus said, keeping a hold on the sandy locks as Remus dropped to the ground and put down the bowl. His brown eyes were fixed on Severus' crotch, and he reached out to the button of his trousers. Severus allowed him to undo his trousers and take out his cock, but pushed his hand away before it could wrap around him.

"Another cherry, slut." Severus took the proffered fruit, split it apart, and flicked away the pip. "You like cherries, don't you?"

"Yes," Remus moaned.

"You like my cock?"

"Yes!"

"Well then, little whore," Severus murmured, lowering his hand, "you're in for a treat today."

The flesh of the cherry was warm and moist, and Severus bit back a moan as he rubbed the halves back and forth over his cock. It was so different from Remus' mouth or arse; it reminded him of pussy, the few times he'd faked interest in it: warm and wet and soft. He rolled the fruit over the head of his cock, hissing in pleasure. Remus, eyes wide and mouth open, stared at Severus' scarlet cock.

Severus dropped the remainder to the ground, looking down at his cock. It was the same glistening red as Remus' lips now, speckled with pieces of flesh and dark against the pale skin of his upper thighs.

"My cock is dirty," he said harshly, gripping Remus' hair yet again. "Clean it, little whore."

Remus didn't need to be told twice. He swallowed Severus' cock on the first go, making him throw back his head and moan aloud. Warm and moist the cherry might have been, but Remus' throat was hot, his tongue soft and silky as it stroked the underside of his cock. He sucked hard as he pulled back, drawing another groan from Severus. Damn, but he could suck cock.

Severus looked down, panting hard. Remus met his eyes even as he encircled the head and swirled his tongue around it. The sight of him painted with the juice, red lips around Severus' still-stained cock, was one of the most erotic things Severus had ever seen; his balls tightened. He wasn't going to last long, he knew, but he wanted to see Remus come.

"Touch yourself," he rasped through the haze of pleasure. "Take out your cock and wank yourself while you suck me."

It was a mark of Remus' talents that he licked at Severus even as he unzipped his trousers; his cock sprang out the second his fly was open, and his fist wrapped around it.

"That's it," Severus said, enraptured by the sight of Remus' sliding fist. "Jerk yourself off. Little whore... masturbating while you, mmm, while you suck me. Oh, Merlin, you little..."

Remus moaned around his cock, and the vibrations went straight to Severus' balls.

"Come for me, Remus..." he moaned, gritting his teeth against the urge to thrust into that hot mouth and spill his come down his throat. "Hold my cock in your mouth and come... like the little whore we both know you are..."

Remus whimpered and redoubled his speed, eyes dropping shut. Severus knew the signs, knew the little frown that appeared between his eyebrows as the orgasm built, the whimpers growing more frequent. Remus' head rolled, moving over Severus' cock and making him moan, before the familiar shudder racked his lithe body and he came, spilling come over his hand and over the ground. He sucked hard on the head of his cock and Severus, turned on beyond belief, abandoned all control; seizing the back of Remus' head, he forced him down onto his cock, thrusting into his throat in time with the waves of his orgasm. Never before had Remus sucking him felt this good, ended this well, and Severus growled his pleasure as he came.

Remus swallowed all of it when it finally stopped, and Severus slumped to the ground, utterly spent.

"You realize," he panted, "that now cherries will forever make me hard."

Remus smiled, flopping down to cuddle for a few minutes. The juice was gone from his lips, though he still looked like a child who had got into his mother's blusher. "Sorry."

"You are not."

Remus kissed him, tasting of cherries and come. "To tell the truth, I wasn't expecting what you did. Thought you might just eat them sensually or something."

"Bring bananas next time and we'll see."