

# On His Knees

by Keppiehed

Winner of Mod's Choice at PtterPronPrmpts! Peter has a secret he can't let the others know about.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Ship:** Peter Pettigrew/his hand?/The Marauders

**Disclaimer:** This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

**Prompts:** One of the Marauders, "the classics."

**A/N:** Winner of Mod's Choice at PtterPr0nPrmpts! I have to take this moment to give huge hugs and many thanks to my great beta and friend, MystressXOXO, and also to acknowledge the extra spit-shine that the incomparable AStopperInDeath gave it. Many thanks, ladies!

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"The whole thing is absurd. We haven't had it themed in the past; why start now?" Remus asked.

"Well, I think it's a grand idea. It'll give me another reason to impress Lily," James boasted. "I already asked her, and we're going as Paris and Helen of Troy."

The boys were eating breakfast in the Great Hall and discussing the recent announcement that the upcoming All Hallows' Eve Ball was going to be themed. It was "strongly encouraged" that everyone attend as a character from one of the great classic novels. This suggestion was met with overwhelming negativity amongst the majority of the student population. Nevertheless, it seemed as if the decree would stand, popular or not.

"What about you, Sirius?" Remus asked, biting into a blueberry muffin.

"I'm going as Zorro," Sirius replied lazily.

Peter looked down at the table and tried to suppress a shudder at the thought. Sirius in a black mask with a gleaming sword was nearly too delicious to contemplate...

"Well, if you lot are all going, I suppose I might, as well. Don't want to get left behind, eh?" Remus grinned. "What do you think? Would Sherlock Holmes suit me?"

"It's elementary, my dear Lupin." James grinned. "Oh, we're forgetting Peter! Whom are you going as?"

Peter looked up to see everyone looking at him. "Oh... I don't know yet," he demurred.

"Better make up your mind soon, old chap," Sirius said as he chomped down on a piece of toast. "The ball's next week. You asking anyone?"

Peter felt himself blush and merely shook his head. He let the conversation flow around him as he listened to the others laugh and joke. He could watch them all at his

leisure this way, when they were engrossed in their own banter. He was part of the group, but he stayed back a little, too. The better to enjoy them all.

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"Come on, Peter, you're going to make us late!" complained Remus.

Peter scowled. "I don't *want* to go like this! Why do I have to dress like Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

Sirius tried to school his features, but he couldn't entirely suppress his mirth. "Because you waited until the last minute, that's why, and all the rest of the ideas are taken. Come on—the knee breeches look smashing on you. They really pull the outfit together."

Peter allowed himself to be dragged down the hall, but only because Sirius placed a hand around his arm. Peter tried not to sigh at the contact. Sirius had no idea what direction Peter's thoughts ran in. If he did, Peter would most certainly be on the outs. In fact, even Snivellus would be higher on the social totem pole than he would if his secret ever got out.

Just before they entered the Great Hall, Peter pulled back. "Go on, guys, I forgot something back at the room."

"You sure? You're still coming, right?" Remus asked, his cape swirling about him.

"Yeah... go on. I'll be right there," Peter assured him.

"Come on." Sirius caught sight of James and Lily, and they were off.

Peter felt a telltale tightening in his breeches as he saw James' well-muscled abs. His costume as Prince Paris left little to the imagination, and Peter shot a jealous glance at Lily before he turned away.

He didn't want to go all the way back to the room... He searched the corridor until his eyes fell on an unused broom closet. He slipped inside.

Peter closed his eyes, and the thoughts of his three friends bloomed to life before his eyes. He could picture them easily, as he saw them almost constantly in a state of undress in the showers or in their dorms. The last image he had was of James' naked stomach. Peter pictured unbuckling the fake gilded sword and letting it fall. He thought of himself on his knees before the three of them—how glorious their cocks would look all lined up in a row. Remus would be biggest; he was a wolf, after all. Sirius would be savage and merciless, Peter imagined. James might start off sweet, but he seemed to have a streak of something in him. He would want to be in charge, maybe want to slip in a bite unexpectedly. Peter's cock hardened at the thought.

He reached inside the velvet breeches and stroked the burgeoning hardness there as he thought of his friends, how he would be a slave for them. He would do whatever they asked of him, on his knees and begging for it. It was so real...

*"You dirty whore, suck me!" Sirius growled.*

*Peter did his best to fit the strong cock in his mouth. It was awfully long, though. He began to choke.*

*"Get it all down! Did I say stop?" Sirius snarled, grabbing the back of Peter's head.*

*"Hey, hey..." James crooned. He came around behind Peter, stroking soft circles on his hipbone. "It'll be okay."*

*Peter's eyes began to water as Sirius face-fucked him. He wasn't lulled by James' tone, because a moment later, he felt a sharp breaching in his back passage. James grunted harshly as he forced himself into Peter's arse.*

*"Look, boys, he likes it rough," remarked Remus, who was stroking himself.*

*Peter couldn't deny it. He liked being controlled, used, hurt by his friends. The sounds of them nearing their completion brought him to his own. He stroked his own cock faster until he came all over his hand.*

Peter let his head fall back against the wood in the closet. He tucked himself back in and cast a cleansing charm. When his breathing was back to normal, he opened the door and stepped out, his secret consigned to the darkness where it belonged. He went to the ballroom. No one had even noticed his absence.