

Changes

by chivalric

Prequel to "Veritaserum". Fred splits up with Angelina, and everything changes.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is the prequel to "Veritaserum" and it explains about the list Fred and George were talking about in Snape's office. If you are offended by twincest, do not continue reading. This story does NOT contain intercourse, as it is against the rules here at TPP. However, it contains sexual content.

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The day Fred split up with Angelina was the day that changed his life and George's forever.

Not that it would have been that obvious straight away. The changes came subtly, tiptoed in over the weeks and months, and left them longing, scared, and confused.

But first, Fred came home and threw his bag into the corner, swearing, with a glint of hate in his eyes.

"What's up with you?" George asked with his usual mocking subnote, standing by the sink and carelessly downing his second glass of wine. "No luck in talking Angelina out of her panties again?"

"Fucked her 'til she screamed," Fred answered, sounding disgusted. "Fucked it up entirely afterwards."

George put the glass down. "What d'you mean? How can you mess up things after you've made her come?"

Fred gave a bitter laugh. "Should have watched my tongue. Said something along the lines of, 'Wish my brother was here'. Freaked her out, that, and when she demanded me to explain myself, I made it worse by admitting that, in my opinion, sex could be a lot better if we had a threesome." Wearily, he ran his hand through his hair; by the looks of it, he'd done so repeatedly after he'd left his fiancée. "Well. Guess it's over now. Mum will kill me. She was so much looking forward to the wedding."

George needed a moment before he found the right thing to reply. In his stomach, though, fought dragons, one being glad that it was over and one being repulsed at his joy. "She'll come around," he offered. "She knows you're an idiot; she'll forgive you."

Fred snorted, grabbed the half-empty bottle from the counter, and drank deeply. "Maybe. But I don't want her to. I don't want to sleep with her, I don't want to marry her, and anyway, if she cannot accept that I want to share everything with you, even my bride, then staying with her would be unfair, for me as well as for her."

George paled. "You can't be serious! You love her, you..."

"Shut up, little brother, will you?" Suddenly, Fred looked tired and sad. "I tried to love her, I really did. She's good fun, but..." He sighed. "I like her. A lot. But I never loved her. I tried to convince myself that I did, but it's just not true." One more sip out of the bottle. His hand was just a tad unsteady; his voice just a tad slurred.

"Have you eaten anything today?" George asked, watching his twin closely. Because if he hadn't, it would be a good explanation as to why Fred seemed half drunk already.

"Nope. And that's not the first shot I had today, either," Fred answered sharply. "I'll get nicely pissed tonight, if you don't mind." Taking the bottle, he turned and walked into the living room, clearly not caring if his twin followed him or not.

Well, George wasn't entirely sober, either. So maybe this was the perfect time to discuss matters both of them tried to avoid acknowledging under normal circumstances. Like the fact that at the age of twenty-six, they both were still single. Or that they still slept in the same room.

Or that sometimes only sometimes they ended up in bed together after a night out clubbing, hugging each other tightly, not daring to move and both hoping nevertheless that one night, they might do something more than just cuddling.

They were twins; they loved each other. When they'd been younger, they'd happily jerked off together, they had even shared their first tongue kisses for research reasons, nothing else, of course.

Life, though, had become more complicated of late. The house they shared seemed too small for them, they had a go at each other more often than not, and sometimes, they both lay awake at night, feeling so lonely and abandoned that it seemed to break them apart.

When Fred had brought home Angelina, George had tried hard not to show his sudden, ugly jealousy.

When George brought home one of his one-night stands, Fred usually fled the house so he didn't have to hear the moans and gasps emerging from the spare bedroom George sought out on such occasions.

They never spoke of the one time they'd shared a lover Lee because if they had, it might have lead to the conclusion that they didn't want to be separated, not even in bed. Especially not in bed. And what would that make them? Perverts? Disturbed minds? Criminals? Brotherly love could only go so far, and even a kiss was too much, as they both knew.

But Merlin, how badly George wanted to follow his brother and kiss him, taste the wine on Fred's lips and ease the pain that dwelled in both their hearts.

If that were possible at all. If that wouldn't make it worse, even.

George heard Fred move, and moments later, the bathroom door opened and closed again apparently, his brother hadn't been keen on staying in the living room and decided to take a shower instead.

Damn. The image of Fred standing naked under the beam was a bit too much to bear, so George opened a new bottle and poured himself a glass. The whiskey exploded hotly in his stomach, sent warmth through his shivering body why was he cold, anyway? and hazed his mind. Suddenly, stupid ideas seemed not that stupid anymore. Suddenly, George considered it a worthy risk following his brother into the shower. Maybe, the urge to touch him and taste him and kiss him would cease once they talked about it. Maybe, that was all they needed to do: talk about their desire so it would go away like a nightmare in the light of day.

Silently, George put his empty glass on the counter and followed the sound of water rushing down the drain. With his fingertips, he pushed the bathroom door open, having already shed his shoes and socks on his way through the bedroom.

Steam filled the bathroom, but unlike usual, Fred didn't whistle. *He always whistles when having a shower*, George thought and opened the buttons of his shirt. That his brother didn't do so now said more about his state of mind than any words could have done.

The shirt fell to the ground and was accompanied by trousers and briefs only a moment later *I'm drunk. I shouldn't do this when I'm drunk* but his reasoning didn't make that much sense to George, so he opened the door the shower and stepped inside quickly before his mind could persuade him in the last moment to turn around and leave unobserved.

"What the hell?" Fred said and reached out, touching George's shoulders. "You crazy, little bro? I'm having a shower, in case you haven't noticed. Wait until I'm done before you trample in."

But he didn't remove his hand from George's shoulder. Instead, he pulled his brother closer until they were only inches apart.

"Done with what?" George asked and found he didn't have full control over his voice. "A wash or a wank?" Slightly unsteadily, he let his hand slip along Fred's soap-covered back until it rested at the small of his back.

Just above his arse.

Fred froze, his muscles trembling with the effort not to...

Not to do what? George wondered and cupped his brother's face with his other hand. "If you want to beat me to pieces you better do it now because otherwise, I'll kiss you."

"You can't do that. We are brothers, for fuck's sake!" Shock rang clearly in Fred's words. Shock and desire. Very loudly, desire.

"I know. Can't help wanting to kiss you, though. Touch you. Taste you," George replied and brushed his lips over Fred's cheek. "Oh, and I'm drunk. That's always a perfect excuse." He let his hand slipped lower; he grabbed Fred's gorgeous arse and squeezed.

Fred gasped. But he didn't pull away. His hands developed a will of their own and began roaming over George's body, he licked his lips, and then he gave a shaky laugh. "You're crazy. Utterly mad, you know that?"

"Can't hear you complaining about my presence. So we both are," George replied and kissed him.

Water ran into their eyes and over their bodies, shampoo burned in George's mouth from where it was washed off his brother's hair, and the heat was nearly unbearable. Still, he didn't want a single thing to change, especially not when George slipped a hand between their bodies and grabbed a hold of both their cocks.

George's time to gasp; he truly hadn't expected it could feel that good, being touched by Fred. And Fred didn't stop at simple touching: he began to work their cocks, pressed his pelvis against his brother's, and groaned in utter delight.

"Don't stop," George whispered, bucking against his brother and thrusting into his hand.

"Won't," Fred rasped, and pushed him against the cool wall.

Bodies entangled; hands busy. Kissing lips, grasping fingers. There would be bruises tomorrow, telltale signs of their forbidden passion, visible tracks that they had taken a step too far along the road of incest. But they had fallen for each other a long time ago, and only because Fred had split up with Angelina and one glass too much Firewhisky, they had finally admitted it.

Fred, his face held into the water's beam, turned his head a bit so his twin's mouth would find his throat. George, biting, licking, sucking, tasted the sweat despite the water's rush and smelled his brother's arousal as well as his own. They would come soon, spill over their entwined hands that worked both their cocks, and what the hell should they do afterwards? Would they be able to look at each other at all, would this destroy them or strengthen their relationship would it break them?

Eventually, there was seed on their hands, slowly getting washed away by the water. Maybe tears on their faces, but then, that might have been water, too.

They were laying in bed together, holding one another without looking at each other, but that was okay, for now. Later, in the morning, when they sat at the breakfast table, they would have enough time to look and to talk and to ponder about the change in their lives.

Was it a relationship at all? They were brothers; they were family. Did families, did brothers have relationships with each other?

Lazily, George stroked along Fred's naked back and decided that yes, they definitely had one.

"If we aren't careful, we'll end up shagging each other," Fred suddenly said. George felt the tension; it was in himself as well as in his twin, and he wondered whether the tension would vanish anytime soon.

He guessed not.

"I know," George murmured and kissed his brother's shoulder. "We just have to find someone who can cope with both of us. Someone who wants us both, who doesn't have a problem with us getting close but who prevents us from going too far."

Fred just snorted. "Easy. Won't be a problem at all. We can make a list of all suitable candidates in the morning."

George slipped his arm over his twin's waist and rested his head against his shoulder. He felt warm and safe, as always when he was with Fred, only that now, he knew what else there was between them. "Do you regret it?"

"Nope."

George grinned. "Let's write the list and then let's seduce them, one after the other, and find out if there is someone out there at all who doesn't mind twins in his bed."

"Perverved twins," Fred mused, and now, George could hear the slight slur in his voice created by a drink too much and an unexpected, forbidden orgasm. "Kinky. Twisted. Abnormal."

"I love you, too," George rumbled, blew out the candle, and then they went to sleep, hugging each other and dreaming of each other, and hoping, even in their dreams, that they would find someone who would save them from themselves.