

# Wolfstar's Gift for Regulus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written as a Secret Santa for Rlupin\_kinkmeme community on LJ. The Mewling Quim establishment here is a branch location, which I've graciously been given permission to use from the original creators of it, the authors of *Where Your Loyalties Lie*, the one and only Advanced Smut Making. The greatest thanks to Clairvoyant for her admin expertise and patience! The wonderful JKR owns everything, just letting the HP boys play around a bit.

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In the bitter December air, Regulus Black made his way down the dark, crooked streets of Knockturn Alley, abruptly making a sharp turn on the nearest corner, and walked down the steps leading off the main pavement. Ever since coming of age, he knew his way here like the back of his hand. He entered into a high alcoved foyer of a looming gothic building...the entrance to the Mewling Quim, a clandestine proprietary club known fondly by word of mouth amongst special wizards and witches of the night. From under his hood, his black eyes glittered in expectation and determination. *They're here! He's here...I know it!*

As he entered the house of ill repute, he hissed as his senses took in the sensual scents of heat and sex saturating the air. His eyes adjusted to the dim sconced lighting and hazy mist of pungent incense and exotic tobacco filling the air.

"Ah, young Mr Black, how lovely! Your brother and his guest are already here...are you to join them this evening in Alphard's private room? Or will you be needing a private room of your own to be put on the *family* account?" asked the club's handsome host and victualer, a transgender wizard with mercurial shoulder-length hair, which softly fell on his bared, sculpted shoulders.

"To join them..." Regulus could barely breathe. "But it's to be a surprise... a treat for Sirius' guest... I'm the treat."

"Ah," chortled the host, "I see... lovely. Lucky wizard."

Regulus gave the club's proprietor a terse smile and made to go up to the room...the family room that his uncle Alphard had on account for either his or his nephews' usage.

Passing various couples or threesomes engaged in various levels of frottage, with bated breath, he reached the top-floor landing and counted the doors as he hurried down the hallway. "Third on the left... third on the left..." he muttered aloud impatiently. As the ancient floor slumped lower and curved around, Regulus stopped abruptly in front of a burgundy-coloured door. Whipping his wand out, he paused, his hand trembling, and then whispered, "A knob's pleasure." The doorway glowed, and ever so slowly, he grasped the handle and silently turned it, opening the door. Sounds of bodies wrestling, tussling on bed coverings, met his ears. His thought to put a Disillusionment Charm on himself faded as fast as the pace of the wizard he saw thrusting his cock into his brother: *Remus!*

Closing the door, Regulus silently slunk to the side wall and then lowered himself onto the plush sofa, where discarded pieces of clothing covered it. He watched Lupin's amber, muscular form in action, glanced at how his taut body glistened with sweat, the sandy-haired wizard's rhythmic withdrawing, only to then ram Sirius deeply, in and out, again and again.

The eldest Black's wrists were tied to one corner post of the solid bed. "Fuck, Moony, fuck," groaned Sirius in between Lupin's thrusts, "Yessss... release my cock ring... I need to come..."

Lupin made quick movements, releasing the leather clasp around his partner's swollen cock.

"Fist me, fist me...pump me till I blow, mate!" gasped Sirius urgently.

Regulus watched as Remus realigned his brother's legs on his shoulders to enable him to wrap a hand on Sirius' shaft, and as he began to pump the engorged member tightly in his fist, he simultaneously resumed pumping his thick cock into Sirius' spasming, hot arse, deeper and deeper.

As Regulus' hand found and slowly rubbed his own stiffened member through his trousers, he heard his brother moan and gasp violently, Sirius' come spurting out and over Remus' finger's in the soft lighting of the room.

Remus seemed to be frozen in tormented agony, stalling his intense fucking momentarily as he watched Sirius shudder beneath him. He apparently felt Padfoot's cock twitch, relaxing in his grip after ejaculation, becoming flaccid, and Moony groaned as Sirius' muscles pushed his cock out of his tight rubbery orifice, leaving only his knob's tip halfway in, still seeking and demanding deeper entrance. Seeking and demanding satisfaction.

As Sirius caught his breath slowly, he rasped, "Don't worry, mate...not going to leave you all blue balled... are we, Regulus?"

Regulus inhaled sharply as Remus whipped his head around and peered intensely at the younger Black hiding and slouched in the dark shadows of the room.

Slowly, carefully, Remus withdrew his erection's tip from Sirius' arse and lowered Padfoot's legs as he turned away and sat up against the headboard of the four-postered bed.

"Crikey, Moony, you could've finished off inside me...I'm sure little Regulus here would've loved wanking off while watching you fuck me silly," pulling the soft leather ties that held him in place, Sirius twisted his body sideways and turned to his brother, "wouldn't you, Reg?"

Remus' eyes gleamed, waiting in anticipation for Sirius' younger brother to answer. He'd caught Regulus' eye many a time at Hogwarts, secret glances stolen numerous in the Great Hall and in the corridors of the great castle. Once, he even found Regulus wandering lone and silent outside the Prefect's bathroom on the sixth floor. Seeing the Slytherin's hungry look and noticeable hard-on, Remus had had a wild impulse then and there to invite the younger Black into the Prefect's private space for a clandestine rendezvous. But the two young wizards had just stared at each other, neither taking action. Yearning for that which they could not speak. Then their silent longing had been interrupted by a fellow Prefect coming down the hall to use the room, and in the time it took for Remus to concede the space to the other Prefect, when he turned around to the Slytherin, Regulus had disappeared.

*But he's here now....*, thought the shaggy-haired Gryffindor. *He's risked Merlin knows what to get here!*

"How'd you get away from that hell hole?" rasped Sirius sharply, snapping Lupin out of his reflections to once again bore into the wild dark eyes of the young Slytherin.

Regulus stared at Lupin, tongue-tied, due to the object of his desire so very close, finally in reach. He slowly stepped closer to the bed and stammered, "A meeting... I told our parents I had a meeting to go to... with *them*..." He wet his dry lips with his tongue quickly, gazing longingly at the sandy-haired wizard's soft tufts of chest hair forming a joy trail, which led down his sinewy muscled torso, down to his matching-coloured pubic hair cushioning a lovely cock. "You know how eager they are that I please the Dark Lord... in everything..."

"Shut the fuck up about Voldemort...that's not why I invited you here!" Sirius barked, then gave a facetious laugh. "You're my prezzie for my mate." He gave a smug grin to Lupin. "As well as you're being his... *surprise*. Like your prezzie, Moony?"

"I-I'm going to leave the Dark Lord... I've got a plan....," mumbled Regulus underneath his breath, unable to address Sirius' comment about being Remus' *present*. All thoughts of his past or future flew out of his mind as he was mesmerised, drinking in Remus' sinewy form, his warm brown eyes and thick lashes, his gorgeous cock. Hesitantly, Regulus stepped forward and grasped the corner bedpost nearest Lupin, continuing to stare speechless at Remus. The young Slytherin licked his lips again; he wanted to feel the tight, taut muscles of Remus' lean sculpted form, run his fingers through and down the soft tufts of amber chest hair, stroke through his curly pubic hair cradling an angry erection.

As the youngest Black looked again into the sandy-haired wizard's face, Remus held Regulus' gaze and his nostrils flared as he watched how the bold Slytherin looked him over, how the younger Black bit his lower lip as his wild dark eyes appreciatively gazed and fell again and again on his swollen cock.

"Well, just don't stand there, little brother... join us," Sirius tugged on the leather binds holding him in position, "Moony, you can untie me now...."

Not letting his gaze leave Regulus, Remus quipped, "No. No, I don't think so, Padfoot. Not yet."

"Untie me now, you furry berk!" barked Sirius.

But Remus only had eyes for Regulus. The younger Black swallowed hard, staring at Lupin with ferocious need.

"This time, you'll watch," Remus stated firmly.

At Lupin's distinct order, Sirius quieted and resigned himself to watch them. Disgruntled, he conceded, "Right. You're his prezzie...how could I forget? Merry Christmas, little brother. Don't say I never gave you anything."

Lupin let his legs fall open and slowly began to stroke himself.

Regulus began to breathe heavier, strained, watching him.

Remus grimaced as his engorged cock demanded release soon. "Touch me," commanded Lupin to Regulus, beckoning him closer.

Regulus raised an eyebrow. Then, like lightning, he quickly tore off his outer garments and stealthily crawled onto the bed, kicking his ankle-high boots off, and placed himself between Remus' now-spread legs with his full erection throbbing in anticipation.

"Wait," Remus stopped him, seeing the hungry look in Regulus' eyes, and whispered, "Clean me first." He Accioed a wet, warm cloth and held it out to the younger Black, but Regulus huffed and pulled his wand out from a deep side pocket of his trousers, sending a cleansing spell over Remus' body, but still, Lupin held out the dampened cloth. "Now clean me Muggle style." He gave Regulus a wry grin. "Trust me."

Regulus grabbed the cloth and clumsily straddled one of Lupin's legs. "Touch me," instructed Remus softly like a prayer. "Rub me. Every inch." The hungry Slytherin gingerly wiped over and around Lupin's cock and bollocks, his finger's trembling, until he impatiently threw the cloth on the floor and eagerly touched Remus' flesh for the first time unimpeded. As Regulus' fingertips made contact with the hot silky skin of Remus' shaft, Remus swooped forward to grab Regulus by the neck and clamped his mouth to his with a demanding kiss.

Regulus tightened his hold on Remus' burning erection, hungrily exploring Lupin's mouth with his tongue. They spent several seconds grinding their mouths together,

exploring and tasting each other; Regulus roughly began jerking Remus off until Remus broke off their kissing to hotly whisper in the Slytherin's ear, "I want you to suck me...take me in your mouth... lick my balls, my staff... I want to fuck your mouth."

They broke apart, and Remus felt Regulus trembling and the Slytherin's hot breath on his face and neck, only then to have Regulus kiss and nip his salty, musky flesh and eagerly continue to lower his head, trailing downward orally in heated need.

Remus ran his fingers through the young wizard's dark hair, pulling it back to watch the younger Black suck and lick down to his rib cage, further down to his abdomen, and reach his pubic hair. "Ah, fuck," he groaned as Regulus swooped lower and burrowed his head into the werewolf's crotch, spreading the Gryffindor's thighs wider apart. Lupin felt his balls being fondled, suckled softly, his perenium licked and teased, the exquisite feeling of Regulus' tongue pressing against it, taunting to go lower and rim him. Regulus took one bollock into his mouth and swirled his tongue around and around, only to quickly switch and minister the same suckling to the other one, wetting the soft, fuzzy pubic hairs in the process.

Over the suction sounds and sensation, Lupin watched Sirius' brother, as best he could through his half-closed lids and in between pleasurable grimacing, as he felt Regulus begin to nibble his shaft from the cradle of his bollocks slowly upwards, his pointed tongue and tight lips pressing on his cock's centre vein until the Slytherin's tongue reached his knob's sensitive tip. Regulus licked the pre-cum seeping out and began to take him in deep, deep, deeper... inch by inch into his mouth. Deep-throating him. The werewolf arched, grunting in exquisite ecstasy, his head lolled backwards as his body responded instinctively...he began to thrust, needing to fuck an orifice, any orifice. His buttocks clenched in growing intensity, and he felt his balls tightening up.

Remus forgot his name as Regulus' strong hands surrounded his cock's base and began to pump him tighter and tighter while increasing the pressure of his sucking and bobbing up and down, in and out, demanding that Remus come in his mouth.

*Regulus is like a starving man, more...like a beast gone wild!*"Regulus...I...I..." Remus felt his balls tighten up and Regulus, in the second, swallowing his come down as he released and spurted out and down Black's throat. Panting in starts and stops, Remus jerked as Regulus continued to suck every last drop out of him.

When he released Remus' cock from his mouth, the young Slytherin slowly continued to worship Lupin's body, making his way upwards more controlled and assured, feeling every inch of him, every sinewy muscle and angle of Lupin's torso, planting kisses over every scar and mark.

As Regulus sat upwards, Remus grabbed his face and kissed him hard, tasting his own essence in Regulus' mouth.

"Remus," harrumphed Sirius, forgotten by the aroused and enamoured pair. "Untie me now."

Remus paused from Regulus long enough to wave his hand and release the binding spell non-verbally, then immediately lunged back, pressing Regulus down into the mattress, demanding, kissing him until he heard the Slytherin whimpering in need beneath him.

Rubbing his wrists, Sirius smirked and gave the couple an odd look, but discreetly scooted off the bed and made his way over to the sofa, picking up his clothing and dressing himself while his brother and Remus continued a rough dance of sorts around on the bed, ferociously kissing and grinding into one another.

Remus had just flipped Regulus onto his back and pinned him down, straddling him, when they both heard Sirius call out, "Merry Christmas, you two! Moony, I'll give Prongs and Lily your greetings...be careful, little brother! Once you've had Remus, you won't want another!"

Neither heard when he left. Nor did they care.

Remus sat straddled across Regulus' thighs. He stared soberly into the black eyes, and then his keen olfactory sense brought his eyes down to Regulus' straining erection tenting from underneath the cloth of his trousers. Lupin slowly unfastened, one by one, the clasps and, with swift rough grasps, tugged off the well-hung youth's trousers and underpants together, tossing them on the floor.

Remus began to unbutton Black's shirt, but the Slytherin stopped him, whispering, "My shirt stays on...."

Neither spoke. Neither needed to.

Remus' swiftly placed his head in Regulus' lap and took the long, hard cock in his mouth.

Black grunted and moaned in sporadic huffs and with expletives so much that Remus paused.

"It's so intense," panted out Regulus. "I...I've wanted this for so long with you, and now..."

Remus took him further in his mouth and gave fleeting glances to Regulus, watching how the young Slytherin scrunched his eyes tight and feeling how his hips began to undulate, rolling, as he jerkily began to thrust upward into Lupin's mouth. Abruptly, Remus stopped sucking Regulus' cock, but immediately let his hand replace it and firmly pumped his shaft up and down as he raised himself enough to whisper into Regulus' ear, "What do you really want, Regulus? What do you want me to do?"

Regulus kissed Remus and, unable to speak, slowly rolled on top, pushing the werewolf down on his back. The young Black searched over Remus' body, slowing down as he stroked decisively around and under Remus' sculpted buttocks before exploring between the muscular thighs. His fingers traced around and under Remus' scrotum, feeling their warmth and heavy fullness, to the soft skin leading to that which he wanted, that he needed to enter. Feeling the soft, moist entrance of Remus' arse, Regulus tentatively pressed his finger around the warm rim and gently began probing in and out of the tight puckered entrance of Lupin's anus.

Breathing deeply, Remus relaxed, welcoming Black's finger's to probe him; he undulated his hips to allow Regulus a deeper angle. With the keen sensation of blood rapidly pooling in his groin, his cock became more and more rigid as Regulus entered his arse up to his knuckle and slowly probed it in and out, stretching it gradually around and around, then deeper and deeper.

His own penis rigid with need, the Slytherin clumsily uttered, "I want you," he tongued Remus deeply, exploring and tasting his mouth, "I want... I want... to penetrate you.... but first..." Regulus guided Lupin, turning him on one side. Regulus then lunged down and ran his tongue around Remus' soft pucker, his sharp tongue's tip rimming his sweet rubbery hole, in and out.

"Fuck, Regulus, you're so..." Lupin growled, but halted, surrendering himself to the sensation, squirming and pressing down into the mattress, feeling his now-pulsating hard-on throbbing. Remus grunted and moaned as Regulus tongued his hole, swirling, with sharp jabs and pokes, pressing in deeper with each urgent thrust.

Regulus paused to slowly position himself on Remus and decisively spread his buttock cheeks strategically placing his cock's tip at Lupin's entrance.

Remus felt the exquisite pain as Regulus pushed his tip slowly in, pausing and waiting until Lupin's body relaxed a tad around the cock inside him.

Black bit down on Lupin's shoulder as he ever-so-slowly pressed further into the Gryffindor's arse, bit by bit. The tightness and hot texture of Remus' anus caused him to grunt and cry out, so intense, painful and pleasurable. Regulus felt the firm hand of Remus grope around and press on his thigh and give a tight squeeze of encouragement to continue on penetrating him. As Black inched deeper inside him, Remus whispered expletives, huffing in between Regulus' shallow thrusts. Then a wave of uncontrollable need hit Regulus, and he pushed through Remus' sphincter by force, fully encasing himself deep inside of Lupin, both crying out in the intense sensation of it. Remus grabbed behind, grasping Regulus' buttocks, urging him to fuck him hard.

And so Regulus did. Black's thrusts, erratic and jolting at first, soon became smoother, pumping rhythmically deep and hard.

Remus clenched his eyes; his mouth gaped open...Regulus' cock grazed and then hit his prostate gland, and an explosion of sensations cascaded through him, causing his cock to rigidly stand, bent and throbbing in attention. Harder and harder, Regulus fucked him, biting into Lupin's shoulder and crying out in animalistic sounds of mixed pain and pleasure. Deeper and deeper, he pumped until Remus felt Regulus become rigid, crying out, shooting his wad deep inside him, and then the Slytherin collapsing

on his sweaty back, his steely hard-on pinned between the damp sheet and his burning torso.

Minutes passed as Regulus caught his breath and slowly felt his cock being squeezed out of Remus' arse by his tight muscles. He buried his head into the nape of Remus' neck and slowly, but surely, kissed and sucked, planting a love-bite for Lupin to remember him by. When finished, he whispered, "I have to go..."

Turning around to him, Lupin's hands roved over Regulus' rippling back muscles felt through his shirt, through his damp long hair, and down his back again, feeling and massaging in suggestive circles Black's buttocks. As Regulus continued to suck another passion mark onto his neck, Remus initiated further his need to Black, running his fingers around Regulus' arsehole and resolutely inserting a finger into the tight rubbery opening.

Regulus pushed himself up, and looking down at Lupin, he kissed him ferociously before uttering in a begging tone, "Fuck me."

"Take your shirt off... I want to feel all of you."

With a wild look in his black eyes, Regulus tore off his shirt, wet with sweat, and threw it aside.

Remus stared at the Dark Mark on the young wizard's arm, but Regulus was afire with sexual need and crushed Remus' mouth fiercely, distracting him away from his master's mark, whispering, begging, "Don't look at it! Don't look, just..." Tongue met tongue, and then Regulus abruptly twisted away from Lupin and lay face down. Taking the cue, Remus kissed and nipped his shoulders, his fingertips outlining Regulus' lean Quidditch Seeker's back down to his toned buttocks. Using his saliva to lubricate Regulus' soft pink pucker, he proceeded to probe the hot orifice with first one finger, around and around, in and out, and then he slowly inserted a second finger, relishing Regulus' whimpering moans and tight clenching sphincter muscles. He made slow circular movements, spreading the opening wider and going deeper. He swooped his head down and slowly began to rim Regulus, reciprocating what was done to him before by his voracious lover, his tongue dancing in and out of Black's anus, only to alternately be replaced by his fingers, watching and feeling Regulus' body tremble, monitoring how more and more his moans of pleasure and need grew.

"Please," came a muffled plead. "Fuck me. I want you inside me."

Remus kept his fingers inside Regulus until he positioned himself on his knees, angling himself, and placed his cock's tip at Regulus' opening as he pulled his fingers out. He pushed immediately his tip in, rougher and deeper than he had meant to.

Regulus stilled himself, only to then wiggle his arse slightly and push upward and back. "Further, deeper... Remus, don't hold back...", he rasped and demanded.

Remus, not needing further encouragement, his painful hard-on begging for release, pushed swiftly and smoothly into him, ripping through Regulus' tightness even as Black cried out in pain. As Remus rammed him to his hilt, his balls slapping against Black's, he felt a wolflike rush of possession and need overtake him and began pulling back, only to ram deeply into Regulus' hot arse again and again. He knew not where he was, only the sensation of his cock burning and pounding through tight flesh, fucking Regulus into the mattress, relishing his cries of carnal pain and ecstasy. "I...Remus...fuck...fuck...fuck!" Regulus cried out, coming and shuddering beneath Remus. Delirious with his welling need to explode, Remus pounded mercilessly into him until his balls tightened up once again, and in a seizure of pain and release, he spent himself, his hot come spurting deep into Regulus.

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They lay together; Remus spooned up against Regulus, one arm and leg draped over the Slytherin's body.

Remus felt his cock twitch as Regulus shuddered involuntarily. "I've got to go," confessed Regulus. Remus cocked an eyebrow and noted Regulus' eyes clenched tight and how he bit his lip, nervous.

"You just came," he teased wryly.

"The meeting..." Regulus' eyes opened wide, and Remus saw a wild gleam in them as if peering looking through the walls of the Mewling Quim to a spot way beyond, as if to a beckoning force. "He's there... waiting... waiting for me... but I have a plan..."

Remus' eyebrows rose speculatively. It was only then that he honed in again on the Dark Mark Regulus bore on his lower left arm. His jaw muscles clenched tightly as he loosened his hold. "There really is a meeting?"

Regulus all but threw Remus off him as he bucked, sitting up. Running his hand through his long, dark locks, he vigorously nodded his head and bolted up, frantically dressing himself.

Remus watched quietly and thought of forcing Regulus to stay, to hex him...anything to stop him from going *chim*: Voldemort.

"You don't have to go, Regulus. Stay with me. They won't notice..."

"Won't notice?" he mocked incredulously.

"I'm sure Voldy has lots of other recruits eager to impress him...say that you were ill."

Regulus halted his frantic actions of shoving his boots on and stopped still, as if Petrified; they stared at each other in silence, both faces neutral. Remus broke the silence. "Come back to bed. We've the room for the night...Sirius won't be back..."

Fully clothed, Regulus lunged on top of Remus, pinning him down. Mouth clashing on mouth, Remus felt Regulus' tongue searching and probing, his kiss taking all of the air out of him, devouring him. Abruptly, Regulus broke it off and stood up, panting heavily. He gave Remus a wild, desperate stare and then whipped around, grabbing his cloak and throwing it around him..

"This has been... this has been," the young Black was searching for words, "all that I needed... You have been..." Regulus spasmed as if cowed by an unseen force, and Remus seized the moment to rise and slowly walk towards him.

"Don't go, Regulus. You don't have to go to them... I'll help you. Sirius will... together... we'll help you break free, together..."

"Break free?" cried Regulus. Then he laughed. Not a hyena laugh like his brother's, but a hard, bitter, cruel laughter... A laughter of one who's beyond the point of no return. "If you only knew..."

With a frantic, wild-eyed look, he turned and opened the door to leave.

"Why, Regulus, why don't..."

"It's all going to be all right!" Regulus cut him off. He gave a haughty, secretive look to Remus. "I've got a plan... Tell Sirius... tell Sirius that I lo...tell him thank you."

And with that, Regulus left Lupin.

Remus threw himself down on the bed...Regulus' rejection to stay with him longer struck him hard, and he thought of how he wished to move Heaven and Hell to have Regulus again. The thoughts of him fucking and being sucked by the vivacious, sex-starved Slytherin... so alike and yet unlike his brother... made him become semi-hard again.

Lupin rolled over and closed his eyes and slowly started to drift off to sleep from the evening's physical exertions with the insatiable Black brothers. He reflected on how he

had given his fullest to Regulus and desired to do so again, but would have to be satisfied with this impromptu arrangement of Sirius' for both him and Regulus. Perhaps, there would be a next time. One could always hope. Even a werewolf.

Contentment was rare in Remus' lonely life, but tonight, for a brief while, it had truly been his.

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