

A Shared Favorite

by phoenix

What happens when a sleepless night leads two men to realize they have more in common than they thought.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for some sort of smut challenge on LJ a couple of years ago which I sadly did not write down in the file and my brain has failed me. A fluffy bit of fun for all you Severus/Remus shippers out there. I hope you enjoy.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all the characters within belong to the wonderful and talented JK Rowling who I would love to thank for creating this marvelous universe full of rich characters for us to harmlessly play with for a short while.

Remus couldn't sleep and decided to go down to the staff room and relax by listening to the Wireless. As late as it was, he was surprised to see the door cracked as he approached. He was even more surprised by what he heard – someone was listening to the wireless, but he could swear that it was Muggle classical music and not anything from the wizarding world. He stood outside the door for a few moments, trying to identify the music. It was familiar, but he couldn't place it.

When the song ended, an announcer confirmed that they were listening to Classical Hour on BBC Radio. That was very strange, since he wasn't aware that the Wireless could pick up Muggle broadcasts and electric devices did not work in Hogwarts. A part of him thought that he should leave whoever it was alone, but the other part of him was curious to see which of his fellow teachers was a classical music aficionado.

"I hope I'm not intruding," he said as he entered the room. "I couldn't sleep and heard the wireless. I'm quite a fan of classical music." He hoped it didn't sound too trite.

"You? A fan of classical music?" came Snape's snide retort as he turned around in the high back chair that had hidden him from view.

Remus' mouth dropped open in shock. Severus was the last person he had expected to see.

"You'll catch flies," Severus quipped.

Remus forced his mouth closed and decided to take the other seat near the fire. While Severus had not exactly been friendly, Severus had not told him to go away. "My mother used to play it every evening, sometimes on the radio and other times on her cello."

Severus merely sniffed and returned his attention to watching the flames. Remus really wanted to know how Severus had gotten the wireless to pick up Muggle music, but he could tell his companion was not interested in conversation at the moment.

The two men sat in silence enjoying the music. At the first few drum beats of the next song, Remus couldn't help himself from commenting. "Ah *Boléro*. This has always been one my favorite pieces," he said wistfully.

The glass that Severus had been holding fell from his hand, shattering as it hit the floor. He leaned forward to look at Remus. "Tell me you aren't serious," he demanded.

Remus came to the realization that this must be one of Severus' favorite works as well. "But I am. The depth and complexity of it has always mesmerized me as it shifts from instrument to instrument on which is favored." He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes to savor the complexity of the music. This version was just perfect, not too fast as many of them tended to be.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw Severus looming over him, but not in a menacing way. "I thought you might like something to help you relax," Severus said as he held out a glass of amber liquid.

Remus warily accepted this small token of friendship. The two of them sat in silence listening to the music and occasionally glancing at the other.

As the music began to crescendo, Remus could feel a stirring in his loins. This music reminded him of his first time, and he shifted in his seat trying to get comfortable. That did not alleviate his discomfort, and he reached down to adjust himself. Out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed Severus watching him. Surprisingly his colleague had a look of interest and not one of disgust.

Drawing on the liquid courage of the Firewhisky he had just indulged in and the interest Severus was showing, he undid his waistband and slid his hand into his trousers. Closing his eyes, he lost himself to the music as he pleased himself, recalling happier days.

After a few moments, he was interrupted by a warm hand on top of his. Opening his eyes, he found himself getting lost in Severus' dark gaze. No words were necessary, and Remus moved his hand to allow Severus free access.

Severus started with slow, long strokes that went from the tip of his erection to his balls, moving in time with the music. Remus soon found himself moaning in pleasure. It had been so long since someone had made him feel this way, and it was only fitting that it should happen during *Boléro*.

When he felt Severus take him in his mouth, Remus no longer felt surprise, but moaned, "Oh, yes!" The wet warmth was welcome and nearly enough to send him immediately over the edge.

It didn't take long before he could no longer hold back his impending orgasm, and he tightly gripped the arms of his chair as he gave in to his animal instincts and climaxed along with the music.

After Remus had finished, Severus pulled away and wiped at his lips. With a devilish grin on his face, he quipped, "I believe the decent thing to do is to return the favor."

Remus couldn't have been more in agreement.