

# My Virgin Eyes!

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Chapter 1 of 1

"Moony, your ... *offspring* is buggering my grandson!"

"Oh, come on, James. What could be the harm?" Sirius said, propping his feet up lazily on the porch rail.

"What could be the harm?" James asked pointedly, staring at Sirius over the top of his glasses. "Did you really just ask that question with a straight face? 'What could be the harm, James?' Oh, nothing, aside from screwing up *the entirety of the space-time continuum!*"

"Shh, James. Your mum will hear," Remus cautioned. "And since when do you talk of things like the space-time continuum, anyway?"

"Just since you two...well, you, Remus, anyway...started hanging out here," James said, poking Remus with a lanky finger. "Come on, *you* can't possibly think this is a good idea."

"Not particularly," Remus said, "but..."

"But it's tempting, isn't it?" Sirius interjected slyly.

"Well, of *course* it's tempting," James exploded. "Who wouldn't want to know a bit about their future? To see what we grow up to be, what our lives look like ..."

"Oh, come off it, James. You just want to know if you finally manage to get in Lily's knickers," Sirius said, chortling.

"Sod off, Padfoot," James mumbled, blushing and looking down at his shoes.

"It's funny because it's true," Remus said, shoving James lightly with his elbow. "Look, you have to realize that this spell you unearthed has serious risks..."

"But what's life without a little risk?" Sirius asked.

"*And*," Remus said loudly, clapping his hand over Sirius's mouth, "if you'd just once let me finish ..."

Sirius cast his eyes upward in silent apology, then licked Remus's palm.

"Gah!" Remus said, yanking his hand back and wiping it furiously on Sirius's jumper. "I hate when you do that."

"You weren't complaining last night," Sirius muttered sotto voce, reaching up to tweak Remus's arse.

"I did *not* need to see that," James said in a sing-song voice, clapping his hands over his eyes. "My virgin eyes should not be sullied with your wanton lusts!"

Remus chuckled, leaning up against the back of Sirius's chair and wrapping his arms around his boyfriend, who rested his head on Remus's chest. *This staying here with James thing is actually quite pleasant*, he thought to himself, relishing the peaceful moment. Too peaceful, really. Looking around, he suddenly realized that both James and Sirius were staring at him.

"What?" he asked blankly.

James snorted and shook his head. "Um, Remus, weren't you just complaining that we wouldn't let you finish ... ?"

"Oh! Right," Remus said, his tone automatically shifting into the more professorial one he used when tutoring the other Marauders, who teased him mercilessly for it. "As I was going to say, two or three times now, that spell you found has some serious risks. *However*, before you can interrupt me again, I looked it over, and I think we actually might have a chance of pulling it off."

"What?" Sirius shouted, jumping to his feet. "Really, Moony? You're not pulling our collective legs, are you?"

James merely stared at him, a small smile twitching unbidden at the corner of his mouth.

"No, I'm not joking," Remus said, crossing his arms over his chest. "We have all the right components, we're actually in a good location to try it, and best of all, aren't your parents going out tonight, James?"

"What? Um, yeah, I think so," James said, eyes glazing over. "Wow ... we could actually pull this off, couldn't we?"

"If we can master being Animagi, I think we can pull off a little tiny thing like looking into our own futures," Sirius said. "Tonight?"

"Tonight!"

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After James's parents had left for the evening, the three Marauders ran anxiously into James's bedroom, where they crouched together on the double bed.

"Okay, boys," Sirius said, rubbing his hands together in boyish glee. "Here we are. Looking glass?"

"Check," James said, holding up his mother's large vanity mirror.

"Spell?" Sirius asked.

"Right here," Remus said, pulling out a tiny slip of parchment from his pocket. "I was practicing it earlier."

Sirius and James looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

Remus saw them and smacked them both on the backs of their heads. "Joke all you want, but if we get this right, it'll be because I actually prepared. Casting the spell isn't quite as difficult as nicking your mum's mirror, and Sirius, all you did was find the thing, so shut up, the lot of you," he said only half-jokingly.

"All right, Moony, all right," Sirius said, squeezing his boyfriend's shoulder comfortingly. "We were just taking the mick; we didn't mean anything by it. You are a most wonderful preparer, and if we succeed, it will all be because of you, and we shall all grow up to have a dozen Remus Juniors running about in honor of this most fantastic day."

"Oh, you're planning to breed, are you?" Remus scoffed, but his eyes were warm, and he leaned over and pecked Sirius on the lips, taking all the sting out of his words.

Sirius licked his lips and waggled his eyebrows lasciviously.

"Oi!" James shouted. "I'm *in* the bloody *room*, you know. Now, can we *please* get started, here?"

"All right, Prongs, all right," Sirius said. "Remus, if you will?"

"James, you sit here, in the middle, and hold the mirror up so that we can all see ourselves in it," Remus instructed.

The boys shuffled themselves about on the bed, finally ending up with Sirius and Remus crouched, kneeling, behind James, who rested the great mirror against the headboard.

"Anything else?" James asked breathlessly. "Are we ready?"

"I think that's it. Right, Moony?" Sirius asked, clapping Remus on the shoulder.

"That's it," Remus said. Exhaling, he grabbed his wand and glanced down one last time at the parchment. Closing his eyes, he ran through the spell. Then, opening his eyes, he focused his wand at the mirror, twirled it around in a complicated gesture, and whispered, "*Revelio Futurum*."

Immediately the mirror turned a shade of milky gray, with roiling clouds swirling across the surface. As the boys watched, mesmerized, the clouds coalesced into a ball which erupted in rays of bright light, then disappeared, leaving the mirror cold and empty.

"Was... Was that it?" James asked, disappointed.

"No, wait. Prongs, that's not your bedroom," Sirius said, peering over his friend's shoulder.

"Is that ... ?" Remus's voice trailed off.

"That's my bedroom at Grimmauld Place," Sirius said quietly. "So, I end up back there, huh?"

Remus wrapped an arm around Sirius. None of them had ever been there to visit, so they didn't know what the place looked like, except for what little they could piece together from Sirius's stories. But this room seemed rather light and airy, not at all dank or gloomy like they would have expected.

"Wait, Pads," Remus said. "*That's* your room?"

"Yeah, of course," Sirius said. Then, looking more closely, he said, "Except ... it looks different somehow. Cheerier. I must have hired a redecorator, yeah? How'd you like that? Merlin, I'd love to get in there and gut the place, but then, I guess I do! Hah!"

He sat back on his heels, a small smile creeping across his face.

In the other bedroom, the covers on the giant bed wriggled.

"Ooh!" Sirius said, pointing. "Is that me? I mean, future me?"

"Sirius, come off it. If you lived at Grimmauld Place in the future, wouldn't you take the master bedroom?" James whispered. "Maybe that's your kid or something!"

"Kid? Me?" Sirius said, flabbergasted, looking askance at Remus. "Unless old Moony here is interested in stretch marks..."

"Pads!" Remus barked, laughing. "Come on, then; let's see who's in your bed."

A shock of dark black hair peeked out from over top of the duvet, and a sleepy face emerged soon after. "Oi, Ted, shove over, you're stealing all my leg space," a strange voice sounded.

"Merlin's balls on a cracker," Sirius said softly. "James, is that *you*?"

"That's not me," James said. "But bloody hell, if I had a brother ..."

"And who's *Ted*?" Remus asked. "And why is he in bed with James, the sequel, here?"

"Maybe he's our love child," Sirius barked, elbowing Remus in the side. "Maybe I knocked you up after all, and he takes after us in all of our manly ways! Come on; show us your stretchies, Moony."

"Why, you..." Remus answered, shoving Sirius to one side and ducking when he pounced back.

But the people in the mirror distracted the boys before Remus could knock Sirius off the bed. "Knock it off, James; you've plenty of space." A gruff voice came from under the duvet.

"James?" the three boys mouthed in unison.

"Bloody, *bloody* hell," James said, wide-eyed, staring at his lookalike. "My son's in bed ... with a *man*! My eyes, my virgin eyes ..."

"And ... you're sure that's not you," Remus said flatly.

"No," James said softly, shaking his head. "Maybe... Maybe he's James Junior! Haha, boys. Take a look. That's my son!"

"James has a son? Dear Merlin, there goes the neighborhood," Sirius teased.

The black-haired boy in the mirror yanked the covers away, rolling over to reveal a slightly older, sandy-haired man curled up in a ball in the center of the bed.

"James Sirius Potter, so help me, I will kill you," the mystery man said.

"Oho!" Sirius crowed. "You named the little tyke after me, did you? Amazing!"

"Don't know what I would have been thinking," James muttered, looking apologetically at Remus, who shrugged.

"You will do no such thing, Theodore Remus Lupin," James II said sleepily. "You want the covers back? Come and get them."

"Whoa," Sirius said, staring at the young man. "Remus, is that ... Could he really be ... ?"

"Well, they're certainly not brothers," James pointed out. "So he's got to be yours, eh?"

"Oh, well spotted," Remus snarked. "Unless Sirius here isn't in the picture and those two are *our* love children, Prongs."

"But then why would they have different last names?" James asked blankly.

"Merlin, I was *kidding*," Remus snapped, running his hands through his own sandy hair nervously. He leaned forward over James, staring intently at the bedroom.

"Look, guys. Do you see what I see?" he asked, pointing to the nightstand near the second James.

James and Sirius looked forward, squinting. "Good Lord, Moony, is it near the full moon or something? I can barely see what you're looking at," James said.

"Family pictures, you dolt," Remus whispered. "Look! There's one of you and ... Oh no."

"Lily!" James crowed. "Guys, that's it! That *must* be my son! I married Lily! I knew it!" He jumped off the bed, dancing maniacally in the middle of the floor.

"Prongs! Calm down, or you'll knock the mirror over," Remus admonished. "Besides, I don't think he's your son."

"Wh-what?" James exclaimed. "But he looks just like me! And you said there I am with Lily!"

"Yeah, but look next to it. There are you and Lily holding a baby, but then who are all those other people?" Remus said, pointing.

"I dunno, Moony, maybe we had a whole brood!" James said, grinning broadly.

"But you're not in any of the other pictures," Remus said. "But that one, with the dark hair, who also looks just like you. I think *he*'s your son. See?" Remus pointed to a few of the magical photos waving on the table.

"I have a son!" James cried, undeterred. "With Lily!"

"Yes." Sirius snickered. "Which means *that*" ...he pointed at the black-haired man... "is your poofter grandson."

"Don't care," James said, still running in circles excitedly. "I mean, I care, because I have a grandson and all that, but I don't care if he's a poofter. I get Lily! She'll be my *wife*, guys! The mother of my child!"

Remus and Sirius guffawed. "He's just happy he gets to do the baby-making with her, if you catch my drift." Remus laughed.

"Well, wouldn't you be?" James asked. "Wait. Don't answer that. Not with Lily. I'll kill you! But wait... I don't have to! She'll be mine! You two can have each other and make that other guy if you want to."

"But if *that* James is your grandson, then does that mean that that Ted guy is mine?" Remus asked, pointing at the two men cuddling in the mirror.

"Dunno," Sirius said. "He seems a little older than James II. Not much, though."

"Well, are there pictures on his bedside table too?" James asked.

Remus shook his head. "How is it possible that in the midst of all your horny enthusiasm, *you're* the one to come up with the reasonable questions?"

"Oi!" Sirius exclaimed. "I take umbrage."

"Just because you have a large *vocabulary*, Padfoot ..." Moony chuckled.

"I represent that remark," Sirius said, waggling his eyebrows at Remus, who rolled his eyes and grinned.

"All right, let's see what we have here," Remus said, peering once more at the mirror around James, who had rejoined them on the bed. "Looks like ... Oh. Oh. *Oh!*"

"What? What??" Sirius asked. "Is he our grandson, or what?"

"I... Uh, I think he's my son," Remus whispered, a blush stealing over his cheeks. "I think that's me in that picture. And, uh, some bird with pink hair."

"What?" Sirius shrieked.

"Hey, now!" Remus said, throwing his hands up in the air. "Don't look at me; I haven't done anything yet!"

Sirius frowned, crossing his arms across his chest. "I'll be keeping a very, *very* close eye on you, mister," he said grumpily.

"You'd better," Remus said, threading one arm through Sirius's and placing a small kiss on his cheek.

"Oh, my... Merlin's bloody beard," James said. "I just realized what this means. Moony, your son and my grandson are pooft... er, *together!* We're related!"

"Oh, shut up, Prongs; I'm trying to come to terms with the fact that I have a kid!" Remus rejoined.

"Well, you shouldn't worry about your bloodline ending. There, Prongs," Sirius said. "From the looks of those pictures, your James there has a brother *and* a sister."

"Whoa!" James said, smiling. "Wonder who they're named after?"

"Guys!" Sirius said. "We have namesakes! How *cool!*!"

"Yeah," Remus echoed. "All three of us! How'd you like that?"

Ted wrapped an arm around James II, snuggling in and kissing him tenderly on the neck. "Seeing as how you're awake and all ..."

James II rolled his eyes in an absolutely perfect imitation of his grandfather, turning his head around and kissing his partner. "It's a good thing you're so cute," he said snarkily. "But" ...looking down at his erection tenting his pajamas... "waste not, want not, as they say."

Ted chuckled low in his throat and spun James around to face him, kissing him deeply, hand palming the younger man through the thin fabric of his pants.

"Faugh! Moony, your ... *offspring* is bugging my grandson!" James shouted, covering his face with his hands. "My eyes! My bleeding virgin eyes!"

Remus and Sirius cackled with glee at their friend, who was rolling around on the bed trying to hide his face in the covers.

"Ah, like father, like son, eh, Moony?" Sirius said, his eyes twinkling.

"Damn straight. Or, in this case, damn bent." Remus laughed.

"Make it stop!" James's muffled voice emerged from the duvet. "I've seen enough!"

"All right, all right," Remus said. With a few whispered words, the mirror returned to normal, the young men in the other Grimmauld none the wiser. "There? Are you happy now?"

James sat up and smiled. "You have no idea."

"So," Sirius asked casually. "Now that we've successfully dominated time and space, what's on the agenda for tomorrow?"

"I'm owling Lily," James said decisively.

Remus looked slyly at Sirius out of the corner of his eye. "I could think of a few things with which to occupy myself, eh, Pads?"

Sirius smiled crookedly back at Remus. "I love the way you think. After all, if you're going to pass your skills onto your son, there, they're going to need some massive fine-tuning. Practice makes perfect, as they say." Leaning forward, he kissed Remus deeply, hands running slowly up his thighs.

"Gah! My eyes! Get a room!"