

I Fall Asleep

by lilywillow

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There is no way I could possibly tell him. He would hex my balls off in an instant, if he ever found out of my secret infatuation for him. Okay, so it's more than just an infatuation, but still, it's not like I can come right out and say, "Remus, I love you." Sure, he's the one of us who always has his head on his shoulders, but I am sure he would go ballistic if he ever found out. His head would surely fall right off. So I will have to make do with dreaming about him with my hangings closed, just in case he may see.

I wake up Saturday morning earlier than usual, just to watch him sleep. Gods, the way the morning sun hit his slightly scarred face makes me want to kiss those scars to make them go away. I wouldn't do that though. He would wake up.

He stirs in his sleep, and I quickly close my eyes so he doesn't see me staring. I can't help but watch him; every little thing about him intrigues me. The way he brushes his teeth, the way his tongue sticks out of the corner of his mouth when he is trying to figure out a problem, the song he always sings in the shower, and those scars. The scars that remind all of us of the pain he goes through during every full moon. I am always marking off the days to the moon, so I can watch him more carefully as the time nears.

I once told him that I would do anything for him, and I meant it. It was my idea to become an Animagus after I learned of his "furry little problem". He was against it, claiming he did not want to see his best friends get hurt while he was a wolf. James, Peter and I didn't care. We changed ourselves for him. I changed for him.

"Good luck out there!"

"We'll be rooting for you."

"Kick their arses!"

James walks off to the changing rooms as Remus, Peter and I make our way to Quidditch pitch. Gryffindor versus Slytherin matches always draw the largest crowds, and it is my hope that watching the match will take my mind off of him, if only for a while.

Ten minutes into the game, and I learn I was wrong. He accidentally brushes his hand against mine, and my senses go into overdrive, making my mind mush. All I can think about is the touch of his skin against mine: the roughness of his skin from his potion-making, the small shock of electricity that seems to have formed. How is it that my best friend can do this to me?

I want to tell him, right there, and I almost do, but just then, James catches the Snitch and wins the game. That bastard always had bad timing.

"Way to go, Potter!"

"Yea, great catch, Potter!"

"James! Come on, let's get a drink."

From my seat by the fire, I watch, firewhiskey in hand, as James walks off with Lily, shouts of praise aimed at him. The bastard always gets the girls, but I don't care about that now, not anymore. I am glad we won the match, but I can't celebrate because I haven't been able to stop thinking about him. I watch as Peter scurries behind James and Lily and wonder where Remus went off to. I find out seconds later when, from the corner of my eye, I see him sit next to me. I have to tell him. *Have to.*

"Remus, can I talk to you?"

He raises an eyebrow in question. "Of course. What is it?"

How am I going to do this? Gods, this is harder than I thought it would be. "I don't want to talk about it down here. Can we go up to the room?"

He shrugs. "Sure."

Firewhiskey in hand, I lead the way to our room, locking and silencing the door behind us as he follows me in.

"What was that for?"

"I don't want anyone to intrude."

"Oh, okay then. What's going on, Sirius?"

I sit on my bed and motion for him to do the same. The scars on his face wiggle a bit as his 'thinking' look returns to his features.

Taking a big swig of the whiskey and swallowing it, I wince as the heat sinks to my belly. It's now or never.

"Godsdamnit, Remus. I don't know how I am going to tell you this, but I have to. I love you. We have been friends forever, and I don't want this to ruin our friendship, but I can't stop thinking about you. Every time you accidentally brush my hand, my mind turns to mush, and I want more. I am so sor--"

I was cut off before my apology by the feel of lips against my own. My eyes close as my lips part at the feel of a tongue running against them, inviting that heat to mix with mine. It seems like an eternity before I get to breathe, and the shock comes rushing to me.

"Remus, what the he--"

"Shut up for once, Sirius. I love you, too."

And then just like that, my bed hangings close once again, but this time, to keep anyone else from seeing us as we become a tangle of limbs, lips mashing against each other, hands groping, touching anything they can reach, soft moans ringing in my ears as he bites my bottom lip. I rip off his tee shirt, letting it fall to the floor as I straddle his waist, leaning back to admire his taut chest, the chest I would stare at when he wasn't looking. With a frown, my fingers trace the many scars that mark him, forever reminding him, and me, of what he was. Yet, I love him. I kiss every one of the red lines, making my way back up to his lips before capturing them with mine once again.

Before I know it, he and I are lying next to each other, devoid of all clothes, touching each other, watching each other, memorizing everything about the other. He kisses me, then licks his way down my neck to my chest, when he takes a nipple into his mouth. I arch into the ministrations with a hiss as he nibbles on my nipple, his hand seeking then finding my cock. I gasp out his name as he delves onto my cock, licking it once before taking the whole into his wet, warm mouth. I bite my lip to keep from spilling right then. I want to love him.

Pulling his head to mine, I capture his lips once again, rolling us over so I am again straddling his waist. Without a second thought, I scoot down his scarred body and take his length into my mouth, licking the head in earnest. His gasp and moan of what I suppose is pleasure urges me on as his hand finds my head. I bob up and down on his cock, suckling on his length. I lick down his cock, across his balls, and let my tongue roam around the small puckered bud that is the cleft of his arse. He gasps at the contact, and experimentally, I do it again, probing the tiny hole to open for me. Licking a finger, I slowly press in, taking his cock into my mouth once again, distracting him from my actions on his arse.

"More!"

I look up at him, his eyes now dark, filled with lust. With a 'pop' I pull my mouth from his cock to reach into a drawer next to the bed for a small vial. Kissing him, I apply an ample amount of the lubricant to my finger and press against the opening in his arse again. I smile at him as he groans, trying to thrust himself against my finger. Greedily, I add another, then another, scissoring my fingers to stretch him.

His thrusting lets me know he is ready before he tells me, and I position myself at his opening, kissing him as I push in, the head of my cock breaking the barrier. He is so tight and so damned hot that it takes all I have to keep from letting go right then. Remus moans and whispers a soft "stop", and I wait until he is ready for more. Those brown eyes open, and he smiles at me, and with a smile myself, I press all the way in, stopping once again for him to adjust. His hand falls to my waist, and he grabs my arse, pushing me to him. With a fury, I begin to thrust in and out his arse, eyes locked with his, the heat and tightness of him around me soon becoming too much. I wrap a hand around his cock and jerk him off to the rhythm of my thrusts, and just as I hear him shout my name as he comes around my hand, and I scream his, emptying myself into him.

Exhausted, we fall into a heap on my bed, his arms around me.

"I have always loved you, Sirius."

I smile as I fall asleep.