

Deduction

by SS Lupin

Fred and George decide Sirius needs a bit of fun on the night of February 14. One-shot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Sirius changed the sign of the shop from 'open' to 'closed,' sighing as the first snowflakes of February ghosted over the door on the other side of the glass. It was going to be another boring night for him – just some beers and maybe a Muggle porn video before bed. He tried not to think about how happy he had been in his youth – especially when now You-Know-Who was dead, which had never been the case when he was twenty.

His breath fogging the window, Sirius quickly drew a picture of a cupid stick figure with an enormous penis before turning to finish closing up shop for the night. It was a bore to be sure, but the tedious habits of checking the cash register and sweeping up the shop kept him sane – until the point where he would snap from the inanity of it.

"Still here, Sirius?"

"We thought you'd be off at some party somewhere."

Sirius' head snapped up from the spot of floor he had been sweeping. Two redheaded faces grinned at him.

"No, boys, I was just on my way upstairs – as soon as I finished closing up." Sirius smiled, but he winced mentally *sound old – or like Remus*.

"Now where's the fun in that?" Fred asked, taking the broom from Sirius.

"Besides, there are charms for this. You could close up in seconds have some fun tonight." George Summoned the broom out of his brother's hands and sent it to sweep the floor with a flick of his wand.

Sirius crossed his arms. "Who said I wasn't going to have fun tonight?"

"We did of course."

"You should have closed up early."

"On Valentine's Day? That's when all the hopeful witches and wizards buy your Amorentia Lollies and Back Shop items."

The twins shrugged. "We get great business all year round," Fred said.

"And," George added, "we figured you could spend the night with someone special."

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Who?"

"Us."

Sirius barked out a laugh. "Sounds like fun. We're off to the Three Broomsticks then?" It wouldn't be the first time that they'd lured him out of the shop after he closed it up for the night.

Something in the twins' eyes changed then. They were still a mischievous blue, but now they looked... predatory.

"Actually," Fred began.

"We were thinking of something a little more..." George placed a hand on Sirius' shoulder.

"Cozier." Fred placed his hand on Sirius' other shoulder.

Sirius was no fool. He may have only thought of the Weasley twins as his prankster protégés and eccentric employers (never mind the fact that they were gorgeous and that Sirius would've had them both if he were younger), but apparently they saw him in a different light.

"What are you up to?" Sirius asked, a curious smile playing on his lips.

"Nothing much," George said, moving behind him.

"Just a bit of fun." Fred stood in front of Sirius and leaned in so that their noses were barely an inch apart.

Sirius felt his heartbeat quicken and blood rush south. "You don't know what you're doing, boys."

"I believe we haven't been boys for some years." George pressed up behind him, and Sirius could feel the insistent heat of George's erection against his arse. Fred did the same, setting his hands on Sirius' waist and aligning their hips. Sirius barely held back a moan, his almost nonexistent sense of restraint crumbling.

"Do you know what doing? Harassing an old geezer like me?"

"You're not old," Fred murmured into his neck.

"Not even a gray hair on your head," George agreed, slowly rubbing against Sirius' arse.

"Why are you doing this?" Sirius couldn't help but ask, even as he cupped Fred's chin and pulled him in for a kiss.

"It's simple, really," George said, his fingers moving up Sirius' back under the thin fabric of his shirt. "We've noticed several things over the past few years."

"First," Fred said, lowering himself onto his knees, "was that you were one of the Marauders, a group of the greatest pranksters of this century."

"Besides us," George added, helping Sirius out of his shirt.

"Right you are, George." Fred made short work of unbuttoning Sirius' trousers and releasing his cock from the straining confines of his boxers. "The next thing we noticed was that you came back from the dead."

"I just walked out of the veil. No great feat there," Sirius gasped as Fred curled his fingers around Sirius' cock and began to stroke.

"Third... we realized that we were both gay – Fred more than me." Sirius wasn't sure if he could agree since George was licking a trail down his spine and showed no signs of stopping once he reached the crack of Sirius arse. He tried to look behind him to see what exactly George was doing, but a tug on his cock brought his attention back to Fred.

The man had a talent for giving handjobs, memorizing the feel of Sirius' cock with every stroke. His thumb would occasionally pause to smear the liquid forming at the head before joining the hand in varied twists and pulls. Sirius felt a familiar pressure building and, trying to stop himself from coming too fast, went back to the conversation.

"Any other reasons for this?" he asked, his knees buckling and threatening to let him fall.

George, noticing this, eased Sirius down unto the floor and began to nip and kiss his chest. Moaning as George found a sensitive spot just below his collarbone and Fred went back to stroking his cock, Sirius threw his head back, colliding painfully with the floor.

The twins took it all in stride, Fred continuing his ministrations as George cast a Cushioning Charm on the floor.

"Way to kill the moment," Sirius muttered.

"I disagree," Fred said, extending his tongue to lick at the base of Sirius' cock.

"We haven't even finished listing what brought this on," George said around a nipple.

"Feel free... to enlighten me," Sirius managed to groan out, his hips rising off of the floor.

"Next thing we realized was that you're hot. All those tattoos..." George said, placing an open-mouthed kiss on a lion in mid-roar on Sirius' bicep.

"What else did you learn? Or is that all?" Sirius gripped the back of George's head and pulled him in for a kiss.

"Last thing is... we like to share." And with that, Fred closed his mouth around Sirius' cock.

Sirius moaned into George's mouth, the sound swallowed in the kiss. Sirius pushed his cock and tongue further into each twin, breathing heavily through his nose.

Their hands were roaming now, George's fingers pinching and twisting his nipples, Fred inching his fingers down his balls and the puckered skin further back.

Sirius came with a hard thrust into Fred's mouth, his cock emptying himself into the other man's greedy swallows.

When his orgasm had subsided, Sirius sighed with contentment. "It's a shame, really. Here I am, falling into a post-orgasm nap, and you two haven't been taken care of yet."

"Oh, we will be," Fred said, hoisting Sirius up on one side with George on the other.

"We have a whole selection of Back Shop items that we have to try out tonight," George said, his hand wandering to the vicinity of Sirius' backside.

"Feel free to deduct it from my paycheck," Sirius said as he led the twins up to his flat.

- end.

Author's Note: This was written for BB, who requested Fred/George/Sirius, and probably wanted the smut. Happy Birthday. Thanks to LPG and S. Kaiba for reading it as soon as it was finished, and especially to Southern_Witch_69 for the awesome beta job.