

Wasted Dreams

by Lady Whitehart

As N.E.W.T.s approach, a young man dreams of the things he desires most. This was a 500-word challenge entry for Romancing the Wizard.

Wasted Dreams

Chapter 1 of 1

As N.E.W.T.s approach, a young man dreams of the things he desires most. This was a 500-word challenge entry for Romancing the Wizard.

A/N The following was one of my entries for Challenge Thirteen: Marauder's Map for the Live Journal Community, Romancing the Wizard. Summary: As N.E.W.T.s approach, a young man dreams of the things he desires most.

WARNING: non-graphic sexual content

Wasted Dreams

The dreams rarely varied much; they just became more vivid each time. This time was no exception.

After Apparating home from work, he stood at the gate, watching Lily play with the babies and their young son. The twin girls squealed with delight as their mother levitated several toys over them. He loved coming home to his wife and family. His son rushed to him. Reaching over to lift the boy to his shoulder, he tickled the child until he screamed with laughter.

"Welcome home," Lily said, scooping up the girls.

"It's good to be home." He walked over to her, kissing her lightly on the mouth. "Need help getting supper ready?"

"I'll manage if you keep can these three busy."

They entered their cottage. He played on the floor with the children, chatting with Lily about her day while she cooked. Over dinner talk was put on hold as they focused on feeding the children. The meal was hectic and messy, but he relished the feeling of contentment. Together, they got the children tucked in for the night and cleaned up the kitchen. Now it was their time.

Tonight they curled up together on the sofa, just holding each other. At first, the caresses and kisses were gentle, but they gradually became more insistent. She was beautiful, and he wanted her. They headed to the bedroom, casting an Imperturbable Charm on the walls.

"I love you, Lily," he whispered, undressing her.

"And I love you," she replied.

They fell onto the bed. His mouth tasted every part of her; her hands stroked him. He covered her body with his, and she called out his name as he sank into her. She wrapped her legs around his hips—

His eyes flew open as he was ripped from the dream. Instead of a cozy bedroom, all he could see was the dusty bedroom of the Shrieking Shack. Desperate to relieve the aching need, he moved his hands rapidly along the hardened length of himself until his climax tore a howl from his lips.

Remus rolled over, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes, their salt stinging the cuts on his face. A wife, children, a home... None of it would ever be his because of what he was. Guilt overwhelmed him. He knew it was wrong to still feel for her like this: she was James' girlfriend. What kind of horrible person lusted after his best friend's girlfriend?

Stop it! he ordered himself. *N.E.W.T.'s will be behind us in three weeks. Lily and James will be married in August. I can't offer her anything she needs or deserves, but James can. He can give her a home, children, security. All I can give her is a snarling beast once a month. It's better this way.*

He had no hope of ever competing against James anyway. Pulling the ragged blanket over his shoulders, Remus sank into an exhausted—and mercifully dreamless—sleep before Madam Pomfrey came to tend to him.