

Resimesdra

Common Ground

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Inhaltsangabe

Sirius and Remus, the happy couple, are staying the summer with James, who can't help feeling a little... left out. But then there's an unexpected visitor showing up and things get a little more entertaining... Probably AU, but who can tell?

Vorwort

One of my earlier fics (hence the rather clumsy English) and proof that I'm not only capable of writing HP/DM slash ;) Only available in English yet, but I'm thinking about doing a translation - only trouble being the pairing, which seems rather unpopular^^ Pity, really, he's such a cool guy and fun to write about ;)

Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. A Wet Summer Night's Dream ;)

A Wet Summer Night's Dream ;)

*Thanks to Lady_aubrey (once again *g*) for providing the plot bunny, and to crazybee for a lovely and quick (!!) beta! *hugs them both**

It's hard to write about Regulus since there's so awful little information about him in the books. But that also makes it interesting^^ I hope you appreciate the way I pictured him... Total PWP, folks, don't say I didn't warn you!

And don't forget to review! Thanks! ^_-

~*~*~*~

When James Potter opened the front door to his parents' house on a bright evening in midsummer, he found himself face to face with a handsome boy approximately his age. He was slightly taller than James and very slender, and his black hair fell into eyes that were the colour of the Caribbean Sea when close to the shore, a very light but still intense blue. He wore faded blue jeans, white sneakers and a slightly worn leather jacket. When the door opened, the boy took a last drag of his cigarette before tossing it carelessly to the ground and casually grinding it.

If James had been a bit more into Muggle culture, he might have been reminded of a dark haired James Dean – but since he wasn't, the similarities in appearance went unnoticed.

The boy switched his weight from one foot to the other and put one hand on his hip. “Hi James,” he said. “I take it he's here?”

“Of course he is,” James replied, “come in.”

“Pads!” he then called in the vague direction of the living room. “Look who's here!”

“If it's Peter,” they heard a voice muttering in there, “tell him he's got a rotten sense of timing! Moony and I were just...”

Sirius entered the hall, Remus on his heels (both looking a little *deranged*), and froze. “Regulus! What on earth are you doing here?”

“Eh...coming to see you? It's not like I get the chance very often, with you being in Gryffindor and so. And now that you've also ran away from home...”

James and Remus interrupted at that point, both staring at Sirius with bemusement.

“You did what?” James asked, hazel eyes widely opened.

“You told me it was only temporarily!” Remus squalled, frowning.

Sirius rolled his eyes in annoyance. “I never said I'm not going back.”

Regulus cocked an eyebrow. “Mother tossed a candlestick at you when you were leaving, and afterwards she was still so furious she broke the chandelier. You know which one I mean, the dreadful ancient one –“

“Everything about this house is dreadful and ancient,” Sirius muttered.

“- and,” Regulus continued, “I think she even erased your name from the family tree. Even if you wanted to come back, I’m not at all sure she would let you.”

“She did not erase my name!” Sirius said, wide-eyed.

Regulus shrugged. “You weren’t on there, last time I checked. Which was only yesterday.”

Sirius took a deep breath. Remus anxiously looked at his boyfriend but Sirius seemed to gather himself and retained his calm remarkably quickly.

“Well, that’s life, isn’t it? What’s for dinner tonight, Prongs? Will it suffice for my little brother here, too?” He pulled Regulus, who was hardly any shorter, in a one-armed hug, and looked around a little too cheerful.

“Now come on, Reg, tell me all about your summer so far...” he pulled the reluctant boy, who was tossing annoyed glares at Remus and James, into the living room with him, leaving his best friend and his lover somewhat confused in the hall.

“I’ve never seen him like this. It must be really bothering him,” James said, flummoxed.

Remus nodded. “Like hell.”

James looked back at his friend, sternly cocking an eyebrow. “By the way, Moony, you know what I said. No making out on the sofa!”

Remus blushed guiltily. “Eh...Sorry.”

James sighed. “I take it I’m talking to the wrong person here, ain’t I? I shall break it to dear Pads as soon as he...”

Sirius popped his head in. “I heard you. Don’t act like there’s something stuck up your arse, Prongs, your parents aren’t even home!”

James flushed irritably. “That’s not the point! I just –“

“Whatever,” Sirius pulled his head back. “I’m showing Regulus around the house, alright?”

Exchanging a look with Remus, James repeated, “That really is not the point, mate!”

Remus nodded understandingly, but James was fairly sure he didn’t understand. After all, how could he? How was he supposed to know that living with him and Sirius as a happily snogging (and more than snogging!) couple in one house put James through some sort of living hell?

Quite frankly, James didn’t understand it either. He didn’t know what the annoying feelings that pestered him were whenever he saw his two best friends exchanging loving looks or kisses. Or when Sirius took Remus’ hand in his own and started caressing it, so full of love, full of trust. It hurt. Somewhere in his chest, right underneath his solar plexus, it hurt, just like his heart was suffering from aching muscles.

It didn’t make any sense to James. After all, he had been the one to persuade Sirius to make a pass at Remus when his best friend had been lovesick for what seemed like an eternity. He had cornered him, when Sirius, once again, had been on the verge of getting seriously (James inwardly rolled his eyes at the pun – honestly, if there was an adjective which didn’t go with Sirius Black then it was ‘serious’!) drunk, and had

told him to get a move on before Moony, who seemed terribly oblivious to Sirius' feelings towards him, beat him to it and asked out Bertha Jorkins.

To cut a long story short – James had encouraged Sirius to see through with this and it was therefore rather weird that James, of all people, should now turn out to have the biggest problem with their relationship.

He reasoned he felt a little left out. Sure, he still got to see Sirius a lot, but well, he was his best friend and now Sirius stuck together with Remus like glue. It was hardly possible for James to spend much time with Sirius alone. Not that there was anything wrong with Remus, hell no, he was a great bloke and James really liked him – but Sirius was his very best friend, they'd known each other since they were six and James really, really missed being with him, just the two of them.

He would have told Moony about it – but first, Remus was awfully sensitive, and second, dear Pads tended to be a little inattentive when his better half was not present, and would therefore be less fun to be with anyway. Thus, James was a little clueless about what to do.

Perhaps, he mused, things would become easier now that Regulus had shown up. He and Sirius were rather close and Sirius wouldn't want to neglect his brother, not now that he had come here exclusively to spend some days with him, would he?

They had planned a barbecue for that day and so they were soon busy lighting a fire in the fireplace in the garden. Sirius managed to burn a wisp of his disobedient black hair and Remus almost got a fit imagining "what could have happened!" He then tried to keep Sirius away from the fireplace, which progressed into some bickering, which quickly progressed into snogging like they were both in immediate danger of life and this was their last chance to kiss.

Sirius, by all means, seemed to even have forgotten about his disinheritance. Either this or he was just a very good actor. Which James, knowing Sirius, didn't actually doubt.

James and Regulus exchanged annoyed glances, then snickered. Yes, James decided, having Regulus around certainly felt better. Dealing with those lovebirds on his own was rather nerve-wracking, but with Regulus to make fun of them, it felt amusing.

Regulus pinned his fag between his lips, got two bottles of beer from the crate and tossed one to James. "Cheers."

James grinned, opened it and took a healthy draught. Regulus alternated in dragging on his cigarette and sipping on his beer, and they were both watching Sirius and Remus with half amused, half pained expressions on their faces.

"Hey! Are you two stuck? Need any help? Even though I'd feel rather sorry if I had to smash Sirius' hollow skull to end the vacuum you probably created in order to free Remus!" Regulus called, winking one of his incredibly blue eyes at James.

James snorted beer through his nostrils at that and his two friends broke apart. Sirius glanced at his younger brother with venom.

"Don't think I wouldn't," Regulus said, casually taking another sip of beer. "Everything for the greater good!" and then, James broke down laughing.

"And exactly what are you laughing at, stag?" Sirius asked, tossing a tomato at James.

James, letting his seeker reflexes take over, caught the vegetable and threw it back at Sirius, who quickly

dove for cover. The tomato got smashed on the chair Sirius was sitting on, almost spraying juice on Remus.

“Hey,” Remus exclaimed, staring incredulously from James to Sirius. “No battling with food! Honestly, how old are you, five years?”

Sirius reappeared over the table and sulkily pursed his lips. “Spoilsport,” he said lovingly and picked up another tomato which he popped into Remus mouth like a gag-ball to hinder him from replying.

Regulus made a gagging noise. “Boy, you two are absolutely nauseating! I wonder how poor James stands having you around?”

“Oh shut up, younger offspring of my sick and twisted family, or I’ll take up on old traditions of the house of Black and use a fork to spool your guts with,” Sirius growled in mock anger.

“Uh, Sirius!” Remus slapped him on the back of his head.

“What was that for?”

“That was for being gross! You’re not sticking any piece of cutlery anywhere!”

“Quite frankly,” Sirius whispered with a predatory grin, “there are other things I’d prefer sticking somewhere...”

“Ugh! That does it!” Regulus leapt to his feet and pulled out his wand. “Let go of him at once, Sirius, or I’ll hex off your bollocks and we’ll see if you can behave if I neuter you!”

James and Remus were snorting with laughter which caused Sirius to toss his boyfriend an irritable glance.

“I can’t believe you think this is funny! Where’s your loving loyalty to your boyfriend and his privates?”

“Well, Regulus has got a point there actually,” Remus said, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. “You do behave like quite the... dog.”

“Now come on, Pads, I know it’s hard for you but let’s just try and eat like civilised human beings, all right?” James speared a piece of beef and waved it temptingly into Sirius’ direction.

Sirius still seemed a little grumpy, but at the idea of food, his features lightened up.

He even managed to behave – apart from that one sausage with which he put up quite the show, sucking it between his lips and worse. Until Remus – ears blazing red – snatched it from his fingers and bit off the tip with a significant look in Sirius’ direction, which made him gulp and put a stop to his virtual fellate of the food.

Regulus snorted with laughter, which caused him to blow beer all over the table. “Well, it’s rather obvious which of you wears the breeches in your relationship.”

Sirius appeared scandalised. “You think your painful death might shut you up, Reg?” he asked, wagging the fork at him threateningly. “I have a fork and I’m going to use it!”

“Sirius! Would you please stop talking about ripping out peoples’ guts while I’m trying to eat?”

“Sorry, love, but there are times in life when an older brother has to do what...”

“You’ll shut your trap now or it’s no sex for a week!”

“What?! Remus!”

...but apart from that, dinner almost went in harmony. Clearly, Sirius knew Remus well enough to not dare him to see through with his threats. Remus was not one to make empty threats, and his wand always sat ready at hand.

Afterwards, they played cards and Regulus, who seemed to have an additional brain for stories and jokes, told them amusing anecdotes. Eventually, James noticed that Sirius and Remus became less talkative, laughed at the wrong places or not at all – and were both developing a profound blush.

Oh no, they couldn’t be...

Regulus cleared his throat and exhaled in resignation. “Sirius, Remus... we are both painfully aware you both currently have your hands in each others pants. So by all means – if you can’t hold it off any longer, would you please fet a fucking room and spare us the sight of you getting off against the picnic table? Thank you!”

The two boys exchanged a quick look and then got up, murmuring a quick excuse before heading towards the house.

James and Regulus stared after them until they – giggling like little girls and tripping over each other with eagerness to get into a more private place – had gone out of sight.

“Blimey!” Regulus said and popped a piece of chocolate in his mouth. “Wouldn’t have thought they’d actually do it. Are they always that ruttish?”

James cracked a grin. “You have no idea! You don’t want to sleep in the bedroom next to theirs, now really.”

Regulus snorted and emptied his bottle (James cringed at the idea of mixing chocolate with beer, but Regulus didn’t seem to mind).

“I can imagine this, man,” he thought about it a moment, then screwed his face up in horrified disgust. “Uh... but I shouldn’t, I really shouldn’t.”

James snickered and took another draught from his own bottle.

“So,” Regulus said, slamming his bottle back on the table. “What are we doing now until those lovesick prats come back? If they come back at all, that is.”

“Don’t know,” James said, thoughtfully turning the bottle in his hands. “Play Spin the Bottle?”

He had meant it to be funny, but Regulus merely huffed.

“I don’t need a bottle to kiss you,” he said and took the empty bottle out of James’ hands.

“Huh?” James replied, genuinely confused.

Regulus cocked an eyebrow. “Hey, I’m Sirius’ brother, in case you forgot,” he waved into the vague direction of the house where Sirius had just disappeared. “You thought only he was... like that?”

“I...uh...” James said. Truth was he hadn’t thought about this at all. Great, now he was stuck with two perverted Blacks.

But before he had come to terms with his discovery, Regulus had already leaned in and captured James’ lips with his own. James, too stunned to react in any way, let it happen, eyes wide and mind whirling like a spin.

“Wow,” Regulus sighed, backing off after what seemed an eternity. “I’ve wanted to do this ever since I set foot on your doorstep, James. You’ve got very tempting lips.”

“Heh,” James replied, grinning sheepishly. This was just too much for him to cope with. Sirius shagging Remus right through the cushions of the sofa he could deal with – but Sirius’ younger brother making a pass at him? No. Really not.

“What now?” Regulus asked, licking his lips. “Chickening out, James?”

James automatically shook his head to say no, no he was not chickening out – simply because James Potter never chickened out – but Regulus must have misunderstood something. He pressed his lips against James’ again, more forcefully this time. When James felt the tip of the other boy’s tongue tickling his lips, though, his overtaxed mind decided Hey, let’s just give it a try and James parted his lips in cooperation.

He had never kissed a bloke before. Girls, yes, sure, quite a number of them actually – but with another boy? Negative. Though, he thought, curiously nudging Regulus’ tongue with his own, it felt not bad at all. Quite the contrary actually. Regulus was a very skilled kisser and James soon let go of all the doubts and worries he had in mind, only concentrating on the strange and rather exciting feeling of Regulus mouth against his. Regulus tasted of a funny mixture of beer, cigarettes and chocolate – but flying in the face of logic, the flavour was not bad at all.

He couldn’t hold back the involuntary moan escaping his throat when Regulus bit down on his lower lip, sucking it in his mouth just a little, just to the right amount. And then – oh Merlin, bless gay sex for it’s outright immediacy – he felt Regulus’ hand on his crotch, cupping his rapidly hardening cock in his palm.

“You,” Regulus breathed, forehead resting against James’, “have a very nice way of kissing, Mr Potter.”

James wanted to come up with something ready witted, but his doped mind was still trying to process the sensation of a bloke’s hand on his private parts – which were showing a somewhat disconcerting interest in the whole situation – and so he had to content himself with a poorly aspirated “Oh”.

Regulus chuckled softly against James’ lips, his fingers kneading the constricting fabric of James’ jeans.

“Don’t tell me you’ve never done this with a bloke before?”

James shook his head, unable to answer vocally.

“Wow,” Regulus grinned. “And that with Sirius as a best friend! One should think he should be unable to keep his hands off a handsome bloke such as you...”

James gulped. Sure – he had thought about doing such things with Sirius. After all, Sirius was good looking and one could hardly escape the ideas that surged up in one’s head at the needy moans coming from Sirius’ or Remus’ bed at night, could one? But then again, Sirius was like a brother to him, and the idea of doing stuff with his own brother...

“So this is a first for you?” Regulus interrupted James’ flow of thoughts, his other hand trailing over James’

shoulders and back. “I suppose I should be exceptionally gentle then...”

James shuddered against Regulus’ narrow frame. This was taking it a bit fast, wasn’t it? On the other hand... Regulus’ hands on his body felt amazingly good. And his cock didn’t seem to mind these were his best mate’s younger brother’s hands on it. Unbuttoning his fly...and ...Oh GOD...

James exhaled sharply when warm and clearly experienced fingers closed around his painfully hard, suddenly very bare member.

“Merlin...”

“Quite,” Regulus panted close to James’ ear. “That’s a pretty impressive cock you’ve got there... and fucking hell, you’re hard...”

James moaned desperately. It was all too fast for him. There he was, innocently sipping on his beer and having a chat with a friend – and all of a sudden the said friend had turned into a man eating vamp and... and...

“Regulus,” he breathed. “Wait, stop, please... we can’t... I can’t...”

Regulus backed off a little and the muscles in his cheeks tightened in excitement.

“Right you are, Jamie. Simply jerking you off would be a pretty poor way to celebrate your first night, wouldn’t it?”

“Ah...” James said, a little out of breath, his cock throbbing happily in the tepid night air.

Regulus’ tongue darted out and licked over his bottom lip in a way that made James’ eyes go wide. The younger boy nodded his head to the table.

“Get your trousers down and lie on your back.”

James tilted his head and looked at him like he’d just been spoken to in Swahili. “Pardon?”

Regulus impatiently rolled his eyes. “On your back, Potter. I’m going to suck you off.”

James’ eyes went wide and he swallowed thickly. Was he sincere about that?

“Now come on, I can’t do it if you stay there. Or rather – I could, but it wouldn’t be half as comfortable.”

He was serious, James realised with amazement and his resistance shrunk rapidly. He sat on the table – feeling the cool plastic pressing awkwardly to his naked arse – and Regulus helped him push down his trousers. James’ cock poked curiously in the air, enjoying the soft summer breeze brushing over it.

Regulus smiled at him. “Ever had your cock sucked on your parents’ picnic table, James?”

James shook his head. He hadn’t had his cock sucked at all yet. The girls he had dated so far had never offered something like that. Quite frankly, James had always been more than happy to be allowed to sneak his hand under their blouses... And now, with blood rushing in his ears and elsewhere, everything seemed so surreal to him. Even the chirping of the crickets sounded louder and somewhat artificial. And did the nightly summer air always smell of hay?

“This should be the best night of your life then, Jamie,” Regulus announced before leaning closer, dragging

a wet pink tongue slowly over James' shaft.

James' head hit the table with a numb thud and the crickets were blown from his mind. So that was why blokes all over the world made such a fuss about blow-jobs, he thought vaguely, lost in the sensation of a talented mouth engulfing his pulsing dick. Bloody hell.

Regulus' head bobbed up and down in James' lap and James worried his bottom lip to keep from moaning out loudly in the peaceful night. His fingers dug into the plastic and his breath came in ragged fits and starts. He did not exactly consider himself to be a quick shooter – but still he sensed he wouldn't be able to stand this for long. The friction Regulus created with his mouth was simply too good to be true, and now that he was stroking James' scrotum as well...

“Fuck!” James panted and his eyes fluttered open while his hips bucked up and he spurted his cum in deep hot shots down Regulus' throat, his heart jack-hammering in his chest, blood rushing in his ears like the Niagara Falls.

“Bloody hell,” he breathed when his climax was slowly ebbing away. “That was...”

“An awful lot of cum, mate,” Regulus said, wiping white drops of sperm from his lips and nose with the back of his hand.

“Just a little hint for the next time you get a blow-job – warn the bloke before you get off, will you?”

“Uh...sorry,” James said with a sheepish grin. His mind was still too misty with post-orgasmic haze for him to come up with something better than that. Regulus seemed to understand, though. He merely shrugged and returned the smirk.

“Wasn't that bad actually,” he snickered. “You taste rather nice.”

He reached down and cupped his erection through his trousers as if wondering what to do with it, his blue eyes raking over James' naked form.

James hesitantly reached out to join the boys fingers at his zip. Regulus – a pleasant smile playing on his lips – let him and set his hands on both of James' sides on the table.

“Yeah, that's it,” he said hoarsely when James' fingers made their way through the unzipped fly and fumbled with the boys underwear (which was – as James could see in the dim light coming from the fire – black and silver. Who would've guessed?), slowly pushing it down.

James felt a little awkward since he'd never done anything like that before, but when his hands brushed over the silk skin at Regulus' thighs and he saw the throbbing organ poking out from a nest of softly curled black hair, he abandoned his worries. Regulus – and there was no point in denying it, even though James would have never thought it possible he'd ever think this about another bloke – was gorgeous. There was a beauty to the pure, boyish body in front of him James had never seen before. Admiringly, shyly, almost as if he was touching something sacred, he stretched out his fingers and allowed them to trail over the velvety skin that was Regulus' cock.

Regulus hissed appreciatively and James, feeling more confident, wrapped his right hand around the hard flesh. There was perfection, he decided, closing his eyes at the sensation, in the way an erect penis felt on a man's palm.

He concentrated on the feeling, almost meditatively, and took in with awe how Regulus pushed his hips forward, thrusting in James' hand. It was like he was polishing a steel pin with a very soft cloth, but this was much warmer and pulsed organically in his hand, fiercely reminding James that he held something vivid.

“Oh bloody fucking hell,” Regulus breathed, his eyes fluttering closed and his cheeks flushing as he picked up speed, bucking his hips faster and more savagely into James’ fist, who had trouble in keeping up, steadying his hand against the fierce thrusts. “Rub it, yeah, like that, just like that!”

And James did. He wouldn't have wanted to stop anyway, but Regulus' utterances of growing arousal made it even better.

“Oh yes, yes...God...almost...almost...I’m...” Regulus panted and his breath was ragged and shallow, sounding like he’d just won a marathon. James stared up at his face, not wanting to miss the moment when he came, not for a thousand galleons and the Quidditch cup on top. He could feel the tension in Regulus’ body building up, could nearly sense how it accumulated in him...And then the door to the house flew open and voices filled the garden, piercing gruesomely through the former peaceful night air.

Regulus froze on top of him, his cock throbbing desperately in James’ fist, and they both turned their faces towards the intruders.

Sirius and Remus stood there like rooted to the ground. James realised the way Remus’ hazel hair was ruffled and he even noticed Sirius fly was still unbuttoned. It didn’t escape him either how Sirius’ eyes had widened, unbelievably shocked, and the way Remus had blushed to an astonishing geranium pink.

Funny, James thought vaguely, that those two shameless exhibitionists would be that abashed when walking in on people having sex, wasn’t it?

Sirius then seemed to have found his voice again. He cleared his throat and looked from James to Regulus to James, his brows knitted in a scathing way.

“Bloody hell! You’re bloody shagging my brother, James?!”

“Uh...” James said, squirming under Regulus, looking uncomfortably at his best friend. “No... not quite...”

“Bloody hell!” Regulus cried in a melodramatic voice, and slapped a hand on his mouth in mock shock. “You’re shagging my brother, Remus?!”

“Eh...” said Sirius.

“Eh...” said Remus.

“Ha!” said Regulus. “Now clear off both of you, James and I have some unfinished business to attend to. That is –“ he said, biting down lasciviously at the knee James had pulled up to cover his rather exposed genitals “unless you’d rather witness the show...?”

“Oh God,” Sirius whined, covering his eyes with his hands. “My brother is a bloody incubus! That’s just revolting!”

Remus lead him back to the house, soothingly padding his shoulder as they went, and Regulus grinned down at James. “That should keep them off for a while,” he said, clearly extremely pleased with himself. “Now where were we... Ah, I remember...”