

Resimesdra

What you can't leave behind

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Inhaltsangabe

Fred has a secret passion he can't share, but George already knows. What to say to someone who can read your mind?

Vorwort

This is my first attempt at the delicate topic that is incest, or, as in the case of Fred and George, twincest. I tried to make it... well, lets say this was not written for the sake of writing smut alone. Hopefully, you'll like it. I do. ;) Thanks for reading!

Thanks to my fabulous beta Anthimaeria, who agreed on betaing this, even though she had to read DH at the same time! :-*

Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. *



I'm taking a bath, sitting in the bathtub, warm water flooding around and through my body. George is standing at the basin, brushing his teeth. We're used to sharing a bath, like we're used to sharing most things. He's naked, apart from a fluffy white towel around his waist. I watch him, taking in the caramel-coloured freckles all over his body, my eyes raking over the sunburn at his nape (we've been playing Quidditch all day and George – just like me – has very delicate skin) and back to where his muscles twitch beneath the freckled skin at his shoulders whenever he moves his arms. His spine forms a hollow between the muscles of his back, and it trails down to somewhere in the towel. I know it stops just over the cleft of his arse, and there's a round cavity on each side, indicating the buff state of his body. George is not beefy or anything, he's just in a good condition. Just as I am. We're so alike, he and me.

My hand wanders down my body as I watch him, dives into the foam and starts stroking my penis. I'm hard already, watching my twin always has this effect on me. I do it slowly, deliberately slowly, I'm not intending to jerk off just now. I'm merely relishing the feeling of the throbbing flesh in my hand while I'm taking in the forbidden sight.

George turns around, toothbrush still in mouth, and smiles a wry smile at me. My eyes wander down his chest and abdomen, stay fixed on his navel for a second, and then go down to where the towel is tenting in my brother's lap. I knew it would.

It's been like this for quite a long time now. I want him and he knows it. He wants me and I know it. And still it's never going to happen and we both know this. Because we're not meant to be.

Mum and Dad say our fixation on each other is unhealthy. They say we ought to separate from time to time, find other friends, live different lives. But George and I don't want to. Why should we? We get along just fine, we have the same interests, the same aversions, the same sense of humour... we even think and say the same things at the same time. We finish each other's sentences. Why would we ever want to give up on this? Why would we ever want to make friends with people that can never be so close to us like we are to each other?

But even though we don't want to do it, we know that our parents are positively right. It's just – being with other boys or girls never is that satisfying. I tried and dated Angelina Johnson last term, but it was annoying to never know what she was thinking. And when we kissed it made me want to run away. George has had similar experiences with Katie Bell. We have never actually talked about it; we only had to look into each other's faces to know the truth. So our trysts with girls have come to a quick end. I'm frightened by the power we have over each other, but on the other hand I'm happy about it. I couldn't bear the thought of losing George to some girl. Or to a boy. To anyone.

I can't remember exactly since when he arouses me. It's happened step by step, has sneaked into my thoughts like a progressive disease, and before I actually knew what was happening, I found myself wanking to the vision of my brother. Creepy. Wonderful. Wrong. And I sense it about him, too; I just know he does the same, feels the same, thinks the same, like he always does.

There are words for what we feel. One is incest. We're a paragraph in law, a red number, we're an abnormality, a cruel nature's whim – and yet, we're just who we are.

I don't actually understand why sex between brothers should be prohibited. I mean, it's not as if we could ever bear genetically-affected children, could we?

But still it is, and that's why it is out of bounds. I don't think I could ever look into a mirror again if I gave

in to it. Not to mention Mum would sense it. She can scent these things. I vividly remember the incident with Charlie. He came home from a party one night and Mum knew at once he had just had sex. She almost took his head off. Mum's a little sensitive when it comes to sex; perhaps because she and Arthur were so young when baby Bill arrived... Again, the danger of an unwanted pregnancy doesn't concern us, but nobody cares for details such as this.

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At night, George and I lie in our beds in our room. We pushed the beds (which used to stand very close) to the opposite walls of the room to keep the temptation at a minimum. It's easier for us when we're at Hogwarts. Knowing that there are other boys in the dorm with us helps us keeping our hands to ourselves. But here at the Burrow, we are on our own. Percy's downstairs, Ron's upstairs, Ginny sleeps in the room next to Mum and Dad. Nobody would hear anything. Nobody needs to know.

I shake my head at the thought. No. No, no, no! It's wrong and disgusting and if we ever did anything like this it will get us into serious trouble. More trouble than we've ever been in.

But my cock is hard and persistent, bobbing demandingly against the fabric of my pyjama trousers. Sighing quietly, I push my hand down and wrap it around the heated flesh. At least no one can sue me for my thoughts. And it is George I think about as I move my hand slowly up and down. George, my brother, my twin, so familiar, so close and so unreachably far away at the same time. My heart hurts, my head hurts, but my cock grows even harder. God. I'm so sick and twisted that sometimes, I really wish I were dead. My hand speeds up, tries to drive those thoughts from my mind, tries to make me stumble over the edge, make me fall into the bottomless black hole that is orgasm, is oblivion, is release.

I bite my lip, hard, and feel my body tensing as I draw near climax. And then I hear it, a small sound only, so quiet I almost miss it, but when I do catch it, it is as loud as the sound of a gong in the silence of a Tibetan cloister, piercing through the pre-orgasmic haze in my mind, shattering my vision to a thousand pieces.

"Fred."

George. Of course, who else would it be? He's standing next to my bed, looking at me with widely opened eyes. I gasp for air and still my hand.

"What is it?" I manage. George doesn't answer. He slips into bed with me and I hold my breath, frightened of myself, of my brother, scared for the both of us, our sanity, our souls.

"Fred," he murmurs and then our lips touch for the first time ever since we were little boys kissing for fun in the front yard (to our parents' eternal horror). But it's hot and wet and needy and desperate now, not innocent like those kisses were, so many years ago. George is naked, I realise in amazement, and his body fits so perfectly with mine, it's almost spooky. Almost, not quite.

"Fred," he moans against my lips, into my mouth, and I can tell he's crying. I only then realise I'm crying as well, hot tears streaming down my cheeks and into my mouth, his mouth, mixing with saliva. I sob and pull him close, closer, as close as two bodies can be pressed together, and his erection is rubbing against my groin and my cock. Struggle? Don't make me laugh, how could I? Even though my mind keeps yelling at me, even though I know we shouldn't be doing this... but it's his naked skin against my belly, his throaty little moans in my ear, his tongue against mine... it's George, George, George all around me and I think I'm losing my mind.

"Just this one night," he gasps breathlessly, briefly coming up for air. "Just this one time and then we'll stop."

I nod and sob and push my hips up against his and pull his head down to kiss him again.

Please, God, if you're up there – make this one night last forever.

But God isn't interested. Or maybe he's just not there. The friction we create is enough to make us come within mere minutes. George moans and groans my name as he buries his face in the crook of my neck, his body shaking with release, and I can feel spurt after spurt pulsing over my heated skin. He holds me close, impossibly close, it feels as though he means to crawl inside my body, and I want him to, I want us to be one, like we should be.

We lie together afterwards, glued together by sweat and slowly drying seed, evidence of our weakness, of our sinful desire.

I would cry, had I any tears left, but I don't; I would scream, could I breathe, but I can't.

George's fingers are in my hair, stroking my face, just as I reach out to stroke his hip, his sticky belly.

"Sometimes," George whispers in my ear, his breath brushing over my heated skin. "Sometimes I wish we could get away. Just you and me. We could leave school and go somewhere, some place where nobody knows who we are."

I smile in his sweaty hair. "That wouldn't work," I say. "They only have to take one look at us to know we're brothers."

He sighs, almost noiselessly. "This is killing me, you know?" he whispers. "Knowing that no matter what, no matter where, I will never be able to take your hand in public, that I will never be able to tell anyone how I feel for you."

"You could tell me," I say, nuzzling his hair.

"I could, but you already know," he says, his hand finding its way down my body, gently touching my member.

"Don't," I say. "Stop it. Just this one time, remember?" My body, however, is already reacting to the barely there stimulation, blood thundering around my body again.

"I don't want to stop," he breathes, fresh tears hot and salty on the skin of my face. "Never. Never again."

And I let him, because I don't want to stop either, never, not in a thousand years. I wrap my hand around his hardening cock instead and work him, trying to pull another orgasm from my brother. We keep staring into each other's faces, all the while, and it's like masturbating in front of a mirror, alien but strangely pleasing in its weirdness.

"George," I say. "Oh fuck, George... I want you, oh God, I want you so bad!"

"I know," he whispers back. "I know, I know, I know..."

This night, we sleep in each other's arms, not thinking about the danger we're in. We're well aware what would happen if Mum were to come in in the morning, finding us in the same bed, naked and with dried sperm on our skin – but right now, our bodies next to each other are so comforting, so soothing, that we can't bring ourselves to care.

This is our night.

He is my sin, and I am his.

I wouldn't want it any other way.