In which a prank turns up the heat in the Gryffindor Tower, literally and figuratively.

Kink: Aphrodisiacs

"It's too hooooot," James moaned, his head thrown back into the sweat-soaked pillow. He was naked, hair plastered to his brow, his eyes wide but unseeing as he writhed in the sheets, looking for relief that simply wasn't there to find. He was, in a word, miserable, and the cause of his misery was sitting on the side of the bed, wringing out a cold, wet cloth and looking guilty as hell.

"Shhh...." Sirius tried to quiet his best friend, pressing the cloth to James' head, where it was immediately warmed through. There was no change to James' temperature however; he was still burning up. It had been meant to be a joke, a prank of sorts. How was he to know that James would steal Severus' glass of pumpkin spice at dinner and drink it, there in front of everyone? It had been meant as a fairly harmless bit of mischief; he'd bought a vial of Love Potion No. 9 during their last Hogsmeade weekend, and while it'd have made Severus declare his undying love to Lily Evans there in front of everyone, Snape was a potions whiz and would have been able to right himself
soon enough.

Instead, things had backfired terribly. James had quaffed the dosed glass, and proved a perplexing hypothesis that many had mulled over time and time again: *What happens if you give a love potion to someone that loves themselves the most?* It turned out that this was the result. James was, through no effort whatsoever, getting himself so worked up that he was by this point incoherent.

Sirius had dragged him out of the Great Hall before anyone got too suspicious about why James was squirming in his seat, gasping in little breaths that Sirius found utterly sexy and adorable - much to his own horror.

"Sirius," James whispered, head tossing slowly from side to side, his eyes mere slits as he fisted the sheets. "I can't," he claimed, unable to form complete thoughts.

Sirius was at a loss. Right now, Remus was down in the potions dungeon, under the pretense of 'extra credit', trying to whip up something, anything, to counter the love spell-turned aphrodisiac. "Serves you right for being such a right egomaniac," he muttered, but he couldn't quite shift enough of the blame on James to assuage his own guilt. Not just for the potion, but also for the fact that he couldn't stop himself peeking at James' exposed body, out there in the open for all to see. Soon, the others would be venturing up to the Gryffindor Tower, and Sirius hoped desperately that Remus would arrive before he'd have to explain why James was in this state.

He cooled the rag again for James' brow, stroking his friend's arm in what he hoped would pass as a friendly manner. In reality he was just burning with curiosity about whether or not James was as soft as he looked. Certainly he was well-muscled, an athlete for certain and quite fit besides. But his skin was so smooth and almost girlish, Sirius couldn't help but want to touch. He'd never dare under normal circumstances, but this was hardly normal, was it? He'd sat here and watched James fist himself, pounding away to three violent orgasms in an attempt to work the potion's magic out of his system. They'd done nothing but make James sore and even more desperate; and perhaps make Sirius' pants more tight than he liked them, generally speaking. Where was that Remus? Certainly he was no potions master, but this was ridiculous.

As if summoned through the sheer force of irritation, Remus banged into the room, clutching a book instead of a potion, much to Sirius' alarm and growing irritation. "I've got it, I've got it," Remus wheezed. He must've run all the way up from the dungeon, and the idea of straight-laced Remus racing pell-mell through the halls was amusing in its own right, but there was no time for amusement just now, not with James' broken sobs and panting gasps growing more desperate by the moment.

"It says that what's happened is a state called 'heat'," Remus explained, brandishing the Muggle tome as if it were made from gold. "Apparently, it's this whole thing with Muggles. Alphas and Omegas, and heat cycles... anyway, apparently our magic keeps this sort of thing from expressing, but in this case, the potion has weakened James' immunity, causing his latent trait to be exposed."

Sirius took a moment to process this. Unlike Remus, he wasn't completely oblivious to such things. "So you're saying that, if we were all Muggles... James would be an Omega?" Sirius took no pleasure from the fact that his cock twitched at the very idea. Their James, leader of the pack, boisterous and boastful James, could have been destined to be someone's *bitch*.

"Nevermind that, Sirius," Remus continued on, flipping through the pages of the book and absentely patting James' ankle in distracted sympathy. "It says here the only way to get him through this is to..." He faltered, ears reddening as he turned the book to show Sirius a quite detailed, moving image of just what got Omegas through their heats.
"There's no way, he'd kill us," Sirius said matter of factly, even as he considered it.

Remus snorted inelegantly. "Like as not, he's going to kill you anyway once this is all done. Let's just... do what needs doing."

Taking a deep breath, Sirius nodded. He could do this. Hell, he wanted to do this. Watching James touch himself from such a close vantage point had taught him just what James liked, so he barely hesitated, reaching out to take James in hand. He wasn't ready for the sound of pure, keening need that came from James in response, the writhing boy arching up into his hand sharply, pre drooling from his piss-slit and coating Sirius' fingers. "Merlin," he cursed under his breath, stroking James faster, greedy for more.

"Is it just me," Remus asked, almost tentative, his expression apologetic as he looked on, "Or does he smell...different?" They teased Remus for his unnatural olfactory talents; James in particular liked to suggest that Remus might well be able to smell the future. But this time, it wasn't just Remus being a weird werewolf; Sirius had noticed it as well. As soon as he was close enough for James' arousal to be on his own skin, he'd noticed it. James still smelled like James, but his inner dog was sussing out something else, something more. He smelled like warmth, like fingers on skin, like salty, sweaty abandon. He smelled like dirty thoughts, and it was hard to explain but his cock was straining against their confined nonetheless.

"No," Sirius said, his voice thick as he worked James over, spreading the naked boy's legs wider in an effort to get closer to the source of that maddeningly delectable scent. "It's not just you."

"He's going to kill us anyway, right?" Sirius whispered, not looking away from that forbidden opening, clenching and relaxing in time with James' mindless thrusts into Sirius' hand.

"Right," Remus agreed. Equally transfixed, Remus scooted in closer, wanting to get in on 'curing' their best friend. He reached forward, less assertively than Sirius had, and traced his fingertips over the tiny ridges around James' asshole.

"Please!" James keened loudly, his voice pitched high enough that it sounded like he was in pain. "More," Sirius urged, squeezing James' cock in his hand as he pumped slowly.

Remus nodded, dipping his fingertip into James, and rather than meeting resistance, he was able to sink a full inch inside before stopped by the boy's natural resistance. His eyes wide, he looked over at Sirius. "It's so tight," he marveled, sounding drunk, his eyes glassy and wild, so reminiscent of the wolf he could be, the wolf he was. He pulled out, then thrust more deeply, earning a whining moan from James, and so encouraged, he repeated the action. Gathering some of the copious precum James was leaking like a faucet, Remus was soon thrusting two fingers into the warm resistance of James' hole, in perfect time with Sirius stroking.

"Oh, please! Please," James begged, fists shoving hard into the bed as he writhed, too fucked-out to do anything but take it all and beg for more. "I...Oh, here," he panted. "There!" he demanded, head thrown back. "Oh, oh! Alphas!"

Uncertain where or how James had found that to call out of all things, neither Sirius nor Remus could dwell on it very long as James erupted, shooting wads of cum straight into the air, landing with messy spatters all over his bare, glistening skin. Hips thrust downward to take Remus' by now three fingers inside fully, he pulsed and clenched and came and came til he finally collapsed with a
shrill shriek, at long last going still on the bed, his chest and stomach plastered with the evidence of his explosive orgasm. Unconscious in mere moments, it fell to Sirius and Remus to clean up the evidence of what’d happened, invoking a cleaning spell to get James into a presentable state before sliding his pajamas on. Both boys changed into their pajamas as well, wordless.

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"So," James asked, some weeks after the incident. "Are we ever going to tell Remus and Peter?" he wondered.

"For what?" Sirius asked, eyes closed. They were lying on a blanket on one of Hogwarts' many secluded rooftops, enjoying the sun and each others' company after a vigorous makeout session in which James had finally given Sirius his first hand-job. It'd been clumsy as hell, but that just made it better to Sirius. He was greedy; wanted all of James' firsts. Oh sure, he'd probably grow up, marry Lily Evans, and pop out two-point-five little bundles of terror. But for now James Potter was all his, and he wasn't ready to share. "They didn't tell you that they were snogging between classes, after all."

James' head shot up from where it'd been resting on Sirius' chest. "Are they really?" he asked, incredulous. At Sirius' lazy wink, James punched him in the shoulder. Sirius winced; James might be soft and pliant when he got aggressive these days, enjoying the feeling of submitting to Sirius’ perverted desires, but he was still a strapping young man with a powerful punch, and it'd do Sirius well in future to remember it before teasing him.

"No, they aren't," Sirius admitted, before slowly pulling out a vial of Love Potion No. 9 from his robes with a mischievous look. "But they could be," he hinted, pleased at the wicked gleam that was mirrored immediately in James' eyes.

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