Summary

Both Edmund and Caspian are in love with Peter but for both of them it is an impossible love so they come to each other for comfort.

Peter/Edmund Endgame!

Notes

Just fyi, I didn't even plan to write the second part. But then I questioned myself why I was always tormenting poor Edmund so and now here we are.

Enjoy!
nihil sub sole novum

It wasn't like he hadn't seen this coming the moment Caspian clapped him the blanket on his back and put his arm around him, bright and smiling. Alright, maybe he hadn't known it quite at that point, yet he had known that other thing, that spark of desire. That annoying sensation low in his stomach. Because of how tall Caspian loomed over him, how bright his smile and how regal he stood. How Rhindon glinted in his hand.

And he hated Caspian for offering it to him and he loved him for it.

Of course Edmund would have liked to wield Peter's sword but what he really didn't need was another constant reminder of his brother.

From that first sensation it had only been a few innuendo laden words and meaningful, lingering glances over their crossed swords and dinner before Caspian was leaning against the railing at the bow of the Dawn Treader, hidden by night with Edmund hollowing out his cheeks. He kept alternating between sucking and nibbling on Caspian's cock, his hands pumping the base and slipping from the inside of Caspian's thigh up to fondle his balls. It wasn't like he had too much experience with these things but the way Caspian kept clawing at his scalp and swearing under his breath, Edmund guessed he enjoyed himself well enough. Then Caspian's thumb swept along under his eye, prompting him to look up. Caspian was grinning down at him, his mouth half-open. Edmund moaned around the dick in his mouth.

Caspian must think that Edmund was as turned on by this as he was but he can only think about how Peter would not have stood as stock-still as Caspian, not afraid to make Edmund choke and tear up. That's why he had moaned, why he slipped the hand into his pants. Not like it mattered. Edmund doubted that Caspian was looking down and saw him kneeling, anyways. They're both just using each other to make their usual fantasies a bit more lifelike. When Caspian became erratic and Edmund's own balls seized up, he tried to shut out the name falling repeatedly from Caspian's lips and instead thought of every time Peter shouted Edmund's name. Not the context in which it occurred, just the tenor, the rapidity, closed eyes, gritted teeth, strong hold on Edmund.

He spurted in his hand and Caspian pulled out before he did the same.

They didn't say anything after, just went back to their posts and waited until it was time to wake the next shift and they could go to sleep themselves. Breakfast the next morning was not as awkward as Edmund had half feared.

Since rescuing Prince Cor out of Calormene Edmund had had a fierce hatred towards slave traders and now sitting in this dank prison cell only brought back nightmarish memories to his time at Jadis' castle. In short, Edmund was beyond miserable. Yes, even more so than usual. He and Caspian had just watched a bunch of helpless people swallowed up by some weird, green mist, Edmund had no idea where they had taken Lucy and Lord Bern had wandered off in the recounting of his misfortunes, babbled some nonsense and promptly fell asleep. Caspian was sitting next to Edmund, they had given up trying to escape for the moment and brooded silently into themselves. Edmund's head was still throbbing slightly where they had knocked him unconscious. He thought about fooling around but in this place it might be too dangerous, anyone could come in or the old guy woke up.

How annoying, they couldn't even help pass the time then. Edmund wondered what Peter would do in this situation. Probably not give a damn if someone caught them... Edmund huffed.


“How annoying, they couldn't even help pass the time then. Edmund wondered what Peter would do in this situation. Probably not give a damn if someone caught them... Edmund huffed. “Do I look like him? A bit?” Caspian suddenly asked. Edmund stared at him. “Like Peter, I mean.” Edmund's gaze wandered back to his feet.

“Sometimes.” He said. “The way you look when you're annoyed with someone or when you bend over a map and touch your lips with your thumb before pointing something out. Your hands in
general, they remind me a lot of him. And the way you smile, so bright and easy. I always see Peter in that.”
“You, too.” Caspian retorted. “You have the same mouth. Those full lips. But your smile is a bit more mischievous.” He grinned. “And the same cadence in your voice when you're barking orders. Same humor and same distaste for kale.” He teased. Then his eyes grew a bit darker, lust-filled.
“And I imagine you have the same ass, although I have not seen yours—” Edmund's eyes snapped up to Caspian's. “As of yet.” He saw the desire flaring up in Caspian's eyes but he had to clench his fists. Edmund was suddenly, inexplicably... angry.
His voice trembled. “What d—”
“Hey! Get up!” A group of wardens barged in, their heavy weapons clinking menacingly.

Caspian and he didn't get another chance at privacy until they were on Koriakin's island. They waited for everyone to be fast asleep before slipping away. Going some way along the shore. The whole island seemed to be covered in soft, mossy green, so at some point they simply lay down. As hungry as they were for touch, they were just as tired. Leaving them sloppily making out and grinding their still clothed erections on each other.

Edmund kept thinking about what Caspian had said about his mouth, that is lips were very much like Peter's but he couldn't say the same for Caspian's. Still, he had that beard of which Edmund hoped for one it wouldn't give him too much rash and second made him crazy with want.

It reminded him of the last years they had spent in Narnia and Peter's declaration of wanting to grow himself a beard. Susan, Lucy and he had simultaneously spluttered into their wine. Peter, too dignified to even raise an eyebrow at them, continued to eat.

“I'm sure it'll look good, Pete.” Lucy reassured uncertainly.

The three of them had then smirked at each other, not daring to outright laugh. If only he had known just how good it would in reality look on his brother.

Edmund still believed those last years were the pinnacle of his desire for Peter. He pined so much after his brother he lost a number of pounds and only gained a haggard look in his face for it. In that sense it was a blessing for him to fall out of the wardrobe at that point. He had had no idea how long he would have been able to go on like that otherwise.

Caspian was unfastening Edmund's pants now. Edmund himself was busy groping Caspian's ass and slotting them harder together. He groaned when Caspian touched his bare cock and heard him whisper into his ear.

“Yeah, come on, so good, Peter, so good.”

When they got back to the camp Lucy was gone. Giant footsteps leading deeper into the island.

Koriakin told them something about fighting their darkest desires but Edmund could only focus on Peter and on trying to make his heart work again. Of course he couldn't actually see Peter, he could barely make out the unicorn he had ridden. But he knew what the moving map of Koriakin's was showing. He stood there once himself and had witnessed his brother leading Aslan's army at the front. He remembered it very well, that day.

Edmund had always thought if someone would ever ask when exactly he had fallen for Peter he would have to give them that exact day. Of course there had been moments, small realizations before, but it was on that day when he had not faltered a second to sacrifice himself for Peter and consequently woke up in his very arms that he actually truly understood for himself. Nonetheless, he had still been a child then and the wish to do the things with Peter he was now doing with Caspian only came with later years.

But from that very moment on as Peter pressed Edmund into himself, he knew that he had fallen hard for Peter and to this very day he had not managed to climb even the slightest bit out of this hole Peter had carved into his chest.

Instead of finding the blue star, they'd only found themselves in a days long storm. The waves smashing against the Dawn Treader and the rain hammering into their faces. Edmund and Caspian
just retreated into the study with Drinian at their heels. He's warning them about the last chance to turn back, to keep wary of a mutiny. Although, he didn't say it in those exact words but it was clear to the both of them anyway. Caspian sat down by the table, regarding the swords they had already found. Edmund, meanwhile, pulled of his drenched shirt, put it up to dry at the fireplace and sauntered back over to Caspian. He took the sword out of his hand and climbed into his lap.

“No use worrying about this now.” He said, his hands gliding through Caspian's hair, pulling it back. Caspian's hands running over his skin, the rim of his pants.

“Once the storm calms down and we can see clearly again, everything will work out on its own, you'll see.” He bend down then and their lips met.

Everything will work out. God, he wass such a hypocrite. Edmund had stopped believing that a lifetime ago. He was in love with someone who would never return those feelings. Who didn't see him as anything but his little brother. Who maybe didn't want to see him as anything else. Edmund didn't know, too cowardly to make a move and figure it out once and for all. But that was exactly it. He could never confess to Peter because in his heart he knew Peter's answer and still, in spite of it, he could not let go of his love. It must be true then, he thought. The love which has its course barred, and fails to reach its fulfillment, acquires a particularly strong hold over the human heart.

That night, being swayed to and fro in their hammocks, the waves still thundering on the ship, Edmund saw it for the first time. Initially, he only heard a voice; repeating, calling Peter's name. The voice was woeful, lost, desperate. And it seemed frighteningly familiar to Edmund. Then a shape emerged. Edmund fumbled unconsciously for his sword and then stilled when he realized who exactly it was he saw there. It was Edmund himself. Older, yes, and much more haggard looking, but unmistakeably him. His eyes were fixed at the apparition, only dimly aware of Caspian tossing in his bed, plagued by his own demons.

“Why, oh why can't you make him love you? See you? Why did you have to be born his brother? Why are you still too weak to become a man worthy of his attention?”

The cold sweat broke out on Edmund's skin. He wanted to defend himself but his tongue seemed glued to the top of his mouth.

“Why are you so small? So weak? So unworthy?”

In rising anger Edmund gripped his sword's handle and brandished it forward, “Edmund!” Lucy startled him. When Edmund looked back the apparition was gone.

Caspian and him climbed down a crevice to a magic lake that turned everything to gold it touched. Lucy had stayed topside in case the brittle rope snapped and they're trapped. They just fished out Lord Restermore's sword and Caspian already readied himself for the ascend while Edmund followed another trail of thoughts, leading him to use this magical lake to obtain incalculable wealth and position. Of course Caspian, the king, forbade it.

“Whoever has access to this pool could be the most powerful person in the world. We'd be so rich, no one could tell us what to do or who to live with.”

“You can't take anything out of Narnia with you, Edmund.”

“Says who?”

“I do.”

“I'm not your subject.”

“You have been waiting for this, haven't you? To challenge me. You doubt my leadership!”

“You doubt yourself!

“You're a child! That cannot accept that Peter will never want him!”

“I can't accept that! You are the one strutting around, wielding a sword that's not yours, speaking in a way that's not yours. Touching. What is not yours! And I am the one that cannot accept Peter's disregard? Well, at least I am not that pathetic that I try to be him, just because I can't have him!”

“You speak like I am the only one trying to arouse the image of him. You are so deep in denial, you do not even really know who your brother is! You make up all these little fantasies in your head
because you absolutely know, you'll never have him. But you know what, Edmund?"

Caspian was sneering at him and Edmund was so furious he was surprised at the lack of smoke permeating from his nostrils.

"I, at least," Caspian started. "had him."

Their swords were clashing before the last syllable had even left Caspian's mouth. They both swung with every ounce of pent up anger and it wasn't until their faces were inches apart again, blocked by their crossed blades, that Lucy's voice finally reached them.

"Whatever is going on, you stop this right now! You're being tempted, don't you see? This is exactly what Koriakin was talking about!"

They were still glaring daggers at one another but the pressure behind their blades slowly decreased until they both took a step back and ceased their eye contact, climbed shamefacedly back up to Lucy, her hands supported on her hips.

They didn't care to give her an explanation for their behavior and she only let it go when she noticed Eustace missing.

Edmund only gave Caspian a quick glance when he immediately offered to help Edmund in his search for their cousin. Their heated words still stinging in both their breasts.

Eustace Scrubb, cousin to Edmund and Lucy Pevensie, a nuisance without compare, was now a dragon. Edmund couldn't believe it.

He had seen many things in his 'short' lifetime but this probably took the cake. All of them were down at the bay and Lucy just freed Eustace of the golden armband cutting into his flesh. Caspian seemed as lost for words as Edmund. What the hell were they going to do now?

In the end there wasn't much they could do anyhow so Caspian ordered Eustace to sleep on the beach. Lucy and Reepicheep immediately jumped in, wanting to stay with him, so did Gale who was never far from Lucy these days and so did her father.

Caspian and Edmund couldn't really look one another in the eye for longer than a moment. But when Caspian asked if Edmund at least would come back to the ship with him to brood over the map and figure out their next move, Edmund consented.

It was a lot more painful and uncomfortable than Edmund had imagined. But he simply clawed his fingers into the sheets, clenched his eyes and teeth, turned his face away from Caspian and endured these forceful thrusts. Not that he didn't derive any pleasure from this himself, it only came from somewhere else.

As Edmund lay face first on the bed, his legs spread and feet planted on the carpet with Caspian behind him, gripping him hard, slamming into him fiercely, he imagined what Peter would do if he were to walk in on them now.

Probably kill Caspian, Edmund mused. Gripping him by the neck and pulling him down from his little baby brother, punching him bloody and throwing him out of the cabin with brutal force. Edmund, scared by Peter's sudden appearance and maniacal brutality, would cower unmoving on the bed, exposed and naked. After slamming the door Peter would turn around to him then, not saying one word and open his own breeches. Edmund would gasp in shock as Peter's cock would force itself into his entrance, bigger and more relentless than Caspian. Peter would take him then, use him. He would drive into Edmund over and over again, until he cried, begged and bled and then still not release him. He would not grip Edmund's dick to help him find his own satisfaction, instead he would grab his hair, force his head up to look at himself in the large mirror by the bed. He would fuck him and teach him that no one, no one! Was ever allowed to touch him the way Peter did. He would hurt him until Edmund understood that this was more painful for his brother than for him, that Peter just couldn't stand it if Edmund wasn't completely and only his.

Edmund cried out and Caspian, thinking that he was the sole source of this, kept fucking that exact same spot. It felt so good, Edmund was momentarily thrown back into reality, arching his head of the bed. Caspian leaned down, sucked at the hollow on his shoulder, kissed his neck. They were both
sweaty, tasted salty.

What would Peter do then? Seeing Edmund enjoy himself so much with another king? What if he and Caspian were laying completely on the bed, Edmund on his back, facing each other, free to kiss and devour and Peter would enter in that moment when Edmund was grabbing Caspian's messy hair and moaning how good he made him feel. Edmund would notice him enter from the corner of his eye, he would return Peter's appraising look. And then, perhaps, he would simply sit down, there by the door, out of Caspian's line of vision and watch them couple. And Edmund would not alert Caspian and his body would not betray a thing. He would keep seeking out Peter's eyes with every forceful moan and delicious friction that Caspian would provide him with. He would pass it all on to Peter and only close his eyes with the force of his orgasm. When he and Caspian are sated then, Caspian would get up, lean down to pick up his clothes and then he'd notice Peter, still sitting there, gaze still fixed on Edmund. Caspian would not move for a second and then, flustered, excuse himself out of the room. Edmund would lie there, unmoving, Caspian's seed slowly dripping out of him.

“Peter...?” He would ask then, whimper almost.

And Peter would get up, stride over to him.

“So, this is what you do?!” He'd thunder, grabbing at Edmund's ankles, forcing them further apart despite Edmund's pleas and attempts to crouch back.

“Getting fucked by men?” Then touching his genitals, parting his asscheeks, making Edmund writhe in embarrassment but unable to escape.

“This what you do every night?” There’d be some scooped up semen on his fingers, he'd hold it right in front of Edmund's face, then slapping him with it.

“You do this with all of them? First Caspian and in a second Drinian comes down here, until you fucked every single one of them? Huh?!”

“Peter, please.” He'd beg.

“You dirty, little whore.” Peter would release him then, backing away in disgust.

Caspian was spurting into him, wanking Edmund off expertly until he, too, came. He stilled for a moment then, relishing in his orgasm. Until he recovered enough and dropped down on Edmund's side, heaving himself further up on the bed. As if he had to reassure himself, Edmund looked over his shoulder to the door. No one there. So he followed suit and with some small distance between them, lay next to Caspian. Edmund lay a bit higher up, head propped against the pillow on the backrest. He felt like lighting a cigarette. When he looked over at Caspian for a moment, he saw him smile contently into the flames. They stayed like this for some time, watching the crackling fire, occupied with their own thoughts. Or maybe the same, Edmund didn't know.

“You really do love him a lot, don't you?”

When Edmund didn't answer, Caspian looked up into his face.

“Well, I don't get it then.” He said and turned back to the fire.

“What?” Edmund finally asked.

“Why you let me do this. Is it because that's the closest you'll ever get to him? Since he bedded- “

Edmund didn't even know he had moved until he found himself on top of Caspian, his hands around his throat.

“-me.” Caspian rasped out, no surprise visible in his eyes.

Edmund felt that anger, that jealous rage flare up in him again. Nonetheless, he loosened his grip. Then Caspian licked his lips and his pupils blew. Edmund strengthened it instead.

“Tell me what he did with you.” He demanded and Caspian smirked, his hands finding Edmund's bare hips.

“It was after the failed raid, remember? Peter and I were so fed up with each other that we clashed swords and I almost freed the white witch. Which thanks to you did not actually happen.” He was
slowly stroking Edmund's flanks.
“Yes, I remember.” Edmund's fingernails grazed idly over his neck. “You were both stubborn, annoying idiots.”
Caspian laughed and Edmund felt it vibrating in his fingertips.
“That night... he came to me.”
Edmund stilled.
“He came to you?”
“I had felt myself such a miserable failure at that time, I would not have dared approach him.”
Caspian's hand left Edmund's side to go through his own hair.
“Anyway, I was out in the surrounding woods, trying to cool my head, figuring out how exactly I even felt about Peter and when the How came into my sight again I saw him standing there. He looked angry, searching the surroundings with his eyes. I stopped and then he saw me. He came walking towards me, snagged me by the collar and pushed me deeper into the woods and against a tree. Although, halfheartedly, I did protest. Asked him what he thought he was doing but he completely ignored me, glanced once over his shoulder and then crashed his lips on mine.”
Edmund's eyes were cold, he forced Caspian's head up, his thumb digging right into that spot under Caspian's jaw. His eyes closed, going back to that night, so Edmund now crushed their mouths together, chasing that kiss. And Caspian gave it to him, grabbed his face and kissed him with a ferocity not shown before. Edmund could feel Caspian's dick hardening against his thigh.
“What then?” Edmund's voice was hoarse, he stroked Caspian's cock.
“I was stunned at first but I kissed him back, let himself rub on me. I had never done anything like that, unlike Peter, as I suspected from the way he handled me.”
Caspian's eyes fluttered shut as Edmund took the both of them in his hand.
“He didn't waste much time with kissing though, turned me around and loosened my breeches instead.”
Edmund's free hand was roaming Caspian's chest.
“You know, it took me longer than I care to admit to understand that what he did with me that night was not out of pure lust or desire for me but merely his need for dominance. He wanted to make it clear, once and for all, who was on top and I confess, I submitted in an instant. Would do it again.”
“Where did he touch you?” Edmund pressed on, not interested in dwelling on Capian's feelings about the whole thing.
“In hindsight I can only say he was pretty rough. Barely took the time to spread some oil on his fingers and prepare me before he shoved himself into me.”
Caspian moaned out the last part. Edmund sank down on his dick and started riding him.
“Fuck.” He said. “Oh Edmund, it hurt so bad at first but by Aslan he made it so good for me. Fucked me so good. Been craving it ever since.” He mumbled, eyes closed, intermittently bucking up into Edmund's tight heat.
“Peter.” He moaned. “Peter.” Edmund increased his speed, conjuring up an image. He came then to the memory of Peter's blue eyes.
Afterwards he let himself simply fall to the side.
“You know, your brother at least had the decency to finish me off, as well.” Caspian said to Edmund's profile.
Edmund didn't respond, so Caspian moved on top of him and spread Edmund's legs.
“Odi et amo.” Edmund murmured while Caspian pushed himself inside of Edmund again.
“What?” He asked.
Edmund winced but with every slow and deep thrust he pressed out:
Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris. Ruscio, sed fieri sentio- “
Caspian moaned harsh as he came, moaned Peter's name as Edmund had done and rolled over.
“... et excrucior.” Edmund finished. “I found that once written inside one of Peter's schoolbooks.”
“What does it mean?”
Caspian was silent then for a long time. Edmund exhausted and cozily warm was already beginning to nod off.

“Odi et amo.” Caspian said to the flames.

Edmund distinctly remembered the day he discovered this quote. He had not known what it meant but he knew Peter had written it himself, it was his handwriting after all. That was what had intrigued Edmund in the first place. Tidy, meticulous Peter would never soil a book like that in his life. So he quickly copied it down and spend the rest of the day, and quite a bit of the night, to figure out what exactly it meant. And when he finally came up with a satisfying translation he was as bewildered as before.

Why would Peter write something like that down? Edmund liked the quote himself, even if he couldn't really grasp its full meaning, yet it touched something deeply inside of him. Still, what did it mean to Peter?

Edmund had found the quote shortly before they had to depart for the professor's and Edmund had memorized it ever since. He thought of it when he realized he was in love with his own brother. Kept coming back to the last part... I feel it happening and I hurt. And now after he felt hurt for so long it's the beginning he feels is were the real truth lies. I hate and I love.

Edmund wondered if Peter ever thought of this quote.

Edmund was standing with his back to the railing, soaking up the sun rays. He felt comfortably sore. Caspian was handling the magical swords of the Lords, going in his mind over the mission's goal and his own worth as a king for the umpteenth time.

But they both felt relaxed around each other again now that the air was cleared and they had shown themselves truly to the other. There were still many things either of them had yet to face, to fully understand and accept but for now everything was good and they knew they had each other's backs. No matter what.

The blue star finally turned up. More literal than Edmund had expected. More beautiful. He and Caspian looked at one another and Edmund knew it was over. They would not touch one another again.

“I think of you as my brother.” Caspian said and handed him Rhindon. Edmund took it, he didn't feel ready but that made no difference.

Caspian gave the speech and the way he looked at Edmund made one thing clear: You and I will face this thing now and we will not back down!

And Edmund was determined not to until it was right before him and everything in him stopped.

“What? You think you'll be happy if you forget him? That you can just get over him and live?”

Edmund tried to block out this voice, he had to concentrate on that goddamn sea serpent. But it wasn't that easy, the mist simply kept circling him, coming right up to his face with it's ghoulish eyes and pitiful voice.

“You will ever only love him. Your love for him is the only part of you that's pure. It's your duty to support him, to see only him. What are you worth if you desert him? Nothing. You're nothing.”

“STOP IT!” Edmund yelled, slashed through the green mist, turned around and stabbed the sea serpent into the roof of its mouth.

“I know all that...” he said.

Edmund threw his arm around Lucy's shoulder like a blanket and they watched Gale finally reunite with her mother. Lucy smiled at him but her eyes were sad. Edmund understood.

Now on their third adventure in Narnia Edmund felt for the first time something he had not before. A longing for a life with his family in England. He squeezed Lucy's shoulder one last time and went to help the rest of the crew.
“This isn't fair!” Eustace protested and Edmund thought Is it ever? But he wasn't bitter this time. Well, not much anyhow. He could accept it, anticipate this special brand of hurt and loss he would now experience for the third time.
He and Caspian had not had time to find a last moment for themselves. But that was okay there was nothing left to say between them anyway. They embraced and Edmund memorized Caspian for what he knew to be the last opportunity. The breadth of his shoulders, the smell of him, the warm gust of air grazing over his neck.
I will miss him, Edmund thought, but then he faced the water and when he walked through, his steps were sure.
He deposited the letter right in front of Lucy's bedroom door, so she'd be sure to find it right away in a few hours. He had thought for a moment to tell her that he'd leave but then he wouldn't have been able to make her stay either. Maybe if he would explain it. Why he had to go. Where he had to go. Maybe she'd understand. Maybe she'd always known. Edmund had never been sure. His little sister was at times frighteningly perceptive to these things and at other times still too much of a child to really understand all the implications. And anyhow, it wasn't Lucy he wanted to talk to about this.

It's weird, he thought, the first time they rode this train the way seemed endless as if they'd never arrive. Carted off to a completely new land... he laughed about that for a moment. But that's how it was to him. He thought even if he managed to escape the watchful eyes of his older siblings, he would never find his way home. He remembered how frightening a thought that was, how horrible a thing to be so completely dependent on Peter.

And now he was back. Standing at the platform and feeling as forlorn as the first time. Descending the few steps he almost expected Mrs. MacReady to pull up in her old horse carriage but of course she wouldn't. He didn't tell anyone that he was leaving and he didn't tell anyone that he was coming. So he marched on. The way he would never forget. The way that lead him to Narnia. To who he really was.

As soon as the mansion came in sight Edmund's heart started thudding horridly. He had to collect himself for a second before advancing to the big oak doors. For a moment he had thought to walk around to the servants entrance, which had been the path they'd been ushered through all these years ago. But he decided against it, he didn't want to give Mrs. MacReady a heart attack by making her think there's a burglar or worse in the house. Besides who knew if she'd even recognize him?

There was no doorbell and when he knocked two, three times he could hear the echo of it resounding through the whole estate. His mouth went dry. For a long time there was no sound. Edmund didn't know if he should feel relieved about that and then he heard strong, swift footsteps. The door creaked open.

“Yes?” Mrs. MacReady said, haughty as ever. Edmund gave her his most winning smile. “Mrs. MacReady! So nice to see you again.” She pulled up an eyebrow. “I didn't expect you to recognize me, I'm Edmund Pevensie. Here to see my brother.” “Pevensie?” She repeated. “Not the little rascal who smashed his cricket ball through the leadlight window and destroyed an invaluable knight's armor?” Edmund's smile froze in his face. “The very one, I'm afraid.” Mrs. MacReady pursed her lips but opened the door wider. “Let's hope you grew into some manners then.”

After explaining to Edmund that Peter and the Professor were out of the house for some field studies and not expected back earlier than dinner, she put him up in Peter's room. Incidentally, the exact same room they had used to share the last time.

Once Mrs. MacReady closed the door behind her, Edmund let out a giant gush of breath and fell backwards onto the bed. Peter's bed, he thought and pressed his face into the pillow.

Edmund managed to stay put all of fifteen minutes, meandering through the hall, the library, the spare room with the wardrobe, his finger running over busts and book backs. But it wasn't enough.
Staying in this house and waiting for Peter to come back was driving him insane.

The wind had picked up and Edmund saw giant, gray clouds in the distance but it was still sunny and he didn't plan to walk too far in case it actually started to rain. So he headed on, hands in his pockets. He walked by the big oak tree under which they used to read or more often sleep. He went and stood on the exact same spot he stood three and a half years ago and smashed the window. He walked out to the little pond in which Susan and Peter had tried to teach Lucy and him how to swim. Where he had for the first time consciously noticed his brother's body. Tall, sturdy, tan. Water droplets running down his back, dampening his hair, cropped close at the neck.

He walked on along fields and saw crows, deer and rabbits. And all of a sudden he felt a wet splash on his nose and in the next instant the rain was pouring and the sky thundering.

He was further away than he meant. Even though he'd been running for the last ten minutes now the mansion was still nowhere near in sight and he was completely drenched. Edmund kept walking forward nonetheless, his breathing irregular, up ahead he saw some kind of stone columns. He stopped dead in his tracks, didn't recognize them at all, had he lost his way and already passed the mansion? But there was no point wondering about that now, the lightning was getting more frequent and he'd best not dwell in these woods.

Edmund stayed there god knows how long, the storm having, unbelievably, picked up even more. The rain was coming down so hard, he'd hardly been able to see and the lightning blinding him in between. The thunder was roaring in his ears, he was shivering uncontrollably now and he'd be a liar if he didn't admit to feeling at least a bit uneasy.

And then he heard someone calling his name. He stopped rubbing his arms and strained to listen. There it was again.

“EDMUND!”

“Here!” He answered, stepping out between the columns. “Peter! I'm here!”

And, finally, they found one another. Peter was squinting, wearing their father's old jacket and just when Edmund thought Peter’s face was gonna change into the exasperated look he had so often received before- Peter grinned. And Edmund huffed, releasing the breath he had hold and grinned too.

“What on earth are you doing here?” Peter screamed over the storm, advancing on Edmund, “Enjoying the calming English countryside!” He answered, half smothered in Peter's hug.

Peter clapped Edmund on the shoulders then, smiling and shaking his head as if he couldn't believe Edmund was really there. Then he took his hand “Let's go!” and lead him home.

Peter took up a swift pace and Edmund hoped he wasn't gripping Peter's hand too tightly. His heart was almost jumping out of his chest.

Back at the Professor's, Mrs. MacReady had already prepared a hot bath and ushered the boys promptly upstairs to get out of the wet clothes and into the tub.

As soon as the bathroom door closed behind them, Peter pulled his shirt over his head. Edmund, suddenly self-conscious next to his brother, stood stock-still. When Peter was down to his underwear he finally noticed that Edmund had not even begun to undress.

“Sorry.” He said, now distinctly noticing the blush on Edmund's cheeks. “You go first.”

Edmund was too embarrassed to look at his brother, let alone say anything. So Peter grabbed a big towel together with a bathrobe and closed the door behind him.

Edmund felt something like a panic attack coming on but he told himself that was only happening because he got closer and closer to the situation he had spend years on trying to avoid. Revealing his true feelings to Peter. He sank slowly into the almost scorching water. It felt heavenly on his sore muscles and gradually he began to relax. Letting the day's impressions pass through his mind once
more. Peter's smile and his hug, his warm hand, everything they said to one another and his consideration in the face of Edmund's awkwardness. And then Caspian came to his mind again. “You don't even know who your brother is!” And with a startling knot in his stomach Edmund thought he was right. In all the scenarios he had entertained over the years Peter had usually been forceful and dominating, brutal even. When in reality that was only a small part of Peter which Edmund, for some reason, had blown out of proportion. Because Peter... Peter was in his very nature a gentle and good man. He had never been willing to hurt or kill, it were the circumstances that pushed him to do these things. His obligation to be responsible for his smaller siblings and later a whole nation. So of course Peter would never do something that would harm Edmund.

He swallowed once. Hard. Edmund had understood something. And he had to be the cruel one this time. For both their sakes.

When Edmund got back to the room, armed with a bathrobe of his own and a second towel, he found Peter seated at the edge of his bed leafing through a book. “You really take these studies serious, huh?” Peter looked up a bit startled, then again this grin. “Finished already?” “You're free to go.” Edmund said, rubbing his hair and marching over to his own bed. “I'll hurry up then. The Professor insists on eating together, you know.” “I'll wait for you.” “You don't have to. You must be starving.” “I want to.” He said and Peter, standing close to him now, smiled and lightly flicked his forehead before leaving the room. Edmund unconsciously brought a hand up to his head. That grin was beginning to unnerve him.

The Professor didn't take long to go over all the niceties of asking how Edmund was doing, what he was doing, where he was doing it to subtly but unmistakeably inquire about further tales from Narnia. Both the Professor and Peter were looking at him expectantly and Edmund, about to take a drink, set the cup down again and gathering that Peter told the Professor everything about the second time already began to recount the latest story. Both of them listened intently, laughed and gasped at the appropriate places and waited with their questions until Edmund had finished each segment. When he had ended the Professor leaned back in his chair, drank a few sips from his wine and basked a bit longer in the vivid images Edmund had painted for them. Peter looked just as lost in thought but Edmund could understand. “But you and that Prince Caspian-” “He's been King Caspian for a number of years now, actually.” “Yes, of course.” The Professor said. “So you and the King Caspian parted on good terms? After the argument on the volcanic island?” Edmund felt Peter's watchful gaze hefted on him. “Oh yes, that night we basically laid everything bare and worked it out. In a very similar way as Peter had done with him once. Or so I was told.” He pointedly did not look in his brother's direction. “Well, I'm glad your adventure had such a good outcome then.”

Back in their room Peter was a lot more icy now but Edmund had anticipated that. Mrs. MacReady had lit the fire place for them and it was comfortably cozy. Peter did not so much as look at Edmund and just walked over to stand in front of the fire. Edmund had the impulse to simply jump between the bed covers and call it a night. But Peter's back was rigid and Edmund felt tormented. “High time to go to bed.” “Peter...” But Peter didn't turn around, just put his hands up against the mantle. “Why are you here, Ed?”
“You already know, don't you?”
He was gripping the mantle piece hard now, knuckles turning white, veins protruding along the arms.
“I'm your big brother.” And he said it like a threat.
“Yes.” Edmund stepped closer but Peter reacted fast and retreated to the window. The storm still raving outside.
“Why now?”
“I guess because I grew up.”
“You did that before.”
“That was different.” Edmund said, slowly advancing again. “Somehow all of us knew we wouldn't stay forever. Even then.” He stood right behind Peter now and one tentative hand settled on his arm.
“I tried to stay away, you know?”
“Yes.” He reassured him, cautiously turning Peter around.
“I tried to protect you, so that you would never even think about these things.”
“I know.”
“I never meant for any of this to happen. I'm sorry.”
“Don't be.”
Edmund saw how frightened Peter was, so he cradled his face.
“Edmund.” He pleaded.
“It's okay.”
And then Peter's hands mirrored Edmund's and they held each other firmly.
“If I do this, if you let me do this, I won't be able to hold myself back ever again.”
“Good. Neither will I.” Before Edmund had even finished, Peter was already sliding their mouths together, moaning like a drowning man.

Edmund's grip on his brother didn't loosen either. On the contrary, he kissed just as demanding and stood just as steady as Peter. And he kept it up until Peter accepted that they were equal now and treated him like that. So while Peter not once broke the kiss he tried to coax Edmund to move. Down, backwards, it didn't seem to matter as long as Edmund would submit. But he did not. And before long Peter made an unsatisfied, slightly frustrated, noise. His hand took hold in Edmund's hair and he reluctantly parted them. He said nothing however and when Edmund looked into his eyes he saw a mix of wonder and annoyance.

"Why won't you do as I want you to?" they seemed to say. Edmund couldn't help but laugh a little then.
“So, Caspian really was right then. You just 'need' to dominate everyone.”
Now Peter's gaze shifted more into the annoyed territory. His hand slid from Edmund's scalp.
“Well, if the two of you already figured that out...” And at once he grabbed Edmund by the hips and threw him over his shoulder. “Then why won't you just let me?”
“Peter!” Edmund exclaimed surprised but then the world tilted again and he was dropped on one of the beds.

“Get those clothes off.” Peter ordered, already pulling up his own shirt. But Edmund kept laughing instead. The next thing he knew was that Peter had crawled on top of him and grabbed his chin.
“Why can't you just do as you're told?” He said, the mirth clearly visible in his eyes.
“Because I love how much it riles you up!” Edmund retorted and threw his arms around Peter's neck, flipping them over.

Peter didn't fight it but he still grumbled under all the kisses Edmund bestowed on his pouting lips. It was only when Edmund's fingers found his nipples that Peter opened his mouth again and actively returned Edmund's kisses, albeit a bit more inattentive than earlier. But that only made Edmund smile and he soon abandoned his brother's lips to trail a path down his warm, responsive body. Peter's hands soon finding Edmund's hair again.

Before long Edmund arrived at his planned destination and he rested his forehead on Peter's lower
stomach, meticulously opened the fly and breathed him in. Edmund froze. Not out of a sudden reluctance but he just needed a moment to ground himself. After all he was about to unclothe his brother's cock. How often had he fantasized about it, imagined its weight, shape and size, its taste, dreamed up this very scenario a thousand times.

“Hey.” Peter said softly and Edmund tilted his face up. “We don't have to do this right now.” Edmund smiled. Gentle Peter.

“I thought you wouldn't be able to hold back ever again?” He teased.

“C'mere.” Peter just said and Edmund let himself be pulled up willingly. They were face to face then, lying on their sides. Peter softly nudged him with his nose and Edmund responded by kissing him again. Not quite as starved and passionate as before but no less filled with the deepest love. For the love of God, Edmund had not expected to freeze now. Although, Peter, confident, carefree Peter, didn't seem to be deterred. He reciprocated the kisses, though he let Edmund set the pace, and his hands, though straying, caressing and exploring, stayed strictly above the waist and over cloth. Gently Edmund stopped the kisses and they ended up lying nose to nose, looking contently into each other's eyes.

There was a giant ball of giddiness jumping inside of Edmund but there was also something else overshadowing it. Something he felt needed to get out first. “I'm sorry I slept with Caspian.”

Peter didn’t respond immediately but Edmund caught his jaw working. Then he readjusted himself onto his back. He stroked the hair from his forehead so Edmund wasn't able to see his expression when he said “Well, I guess so am I.”

“But you weren't in love with hi-”

“And you were??” Peter's head whipped around, his eyes intent.

“I- No! I mean.” Edmund began startled. “Not like this.”

There was a pained expression on Peter's face but he masked it right away. Edmund scooted closer so that his whole body was pressed against Peter's and his face hidden in his shoulder.

“I just never thought I'd get here. And I am... I am scared of how much I feel for you.”

Peter fumbled for his hand and pressed it to his lips. Then he turned his eyes on Edmund again.

“I am not.”

Edmund felt his heart break in a wholly new way. He clutched Peter's face and kissed him desperately.

“Show me.” He whispered against his lips.

So Peter sealed their lips together again, this time taking control and moving on top of Edmund. He only broke the kiss to plaster more of them to Edmund's neck and right up to his ear.

“So you'll finally submit to me then?” His voice possessive. Edmund had parted his legs and Peter ground down on him.

“Yes, as long as you make me yours.” Edmund moaned and Peter grabbed his ass.

“Then. Get. Those. Damn. Clothes. Off.” He growled. Edmund, although suppressing a laugh, complied at once. Rucking up his shirt and letting Peter pull it off before both hurriedly went to work on their own pants, discarding them somewhere on the floor.

And there they were, naked as the day they were born. Peter stood proud and erect in front of the bed and Edmund was in love.

When he managed to look up into Peter's face he caught him grinning mischievously.

“Like what you see?”

Edmund snorted, ignoring the fact that he was blushing. “Just get back here, and he held out a hand that Peter immediately seized and pinned over his head once they were horizontal and their lips meeting again. This sensation of warm skin on skin was just delicious. Especially, where Peter's body came into
contact with his genitals, his hip and his leg, the ghost of a hand that stroked along his sides and over his ass. Edmund felt like he died and went straight to heaven. And he felt Peter's dick, as well. So hard and wet at the tip. He reached out a hand, keeping his eyes open to watch Peter's face but it was buried in his neck and all he heard was a broken sound from Peter's lips. He then shifted his legs a bit to give Edmund more room to work.

Edmund couldn't believe how good this felt and how different it had been with Caspian.

Caspian and him mainly cared about making themselves feel good. It was never like this, that Edmund desperately wanted to pleasure Caspian the way he wanted to do for Peter now.

“Edmund.” Peter panted before long. “You need to stop or I'm gonna come.”
“Isn't that the goal?” His own voice strained.
“Wanna come with you.”
“Don't you mean 'inside' me?” He asked not quite jokingly.
Promptly Peter's hand covered Edmund's and stopped his movements. He was looking into Edmund's eyes.
“I want to do unspeakable things to you.” He said serious. “But only if I get to do them 'with' you.”
Edmund felt chills run along his spine. Then he guided Peter's head closer so that he could plant a deep kiss on his mouth.
“Good thing then, that I really, really need you to fuck me right now.”
“Mhmh.” Peter murmured, kissing the corner of his lips. “I don't want to fuck you.” And he looked up again. “I want to make love to you.”
If Peter's eyes hadn't been so serious Edmund would probably have laughed but instead he cradled him closer and their lips met once more. Peter thought he wouldn't be able to hold back ever again? Edmund wasn't sure if his heart could even take one night. Already spilling over with unending love.

Soon Peter's hand reached for the bedside table and rummaged around the drawer.
“Is that really what I think it is?” Edmund asked, looking at the small tube in Peter's hand.
“You didn't expect me to only be studying, did you?”
“I don't know, maybe you had the farmer's boy over for some biology lessons.” He joked but only got a pinch to his bottom for that. Which made his chuckle turn into a yelp.
“Cheeky.” Peter said, coating his fingers with the lube and reaching between Edmund's legs.

Peter was apparently trying his damnedest to drive him crazy, Edmund thought. In his attempt to distract him from the fingers that he was shoving one after the other into his hole, he kissed and caressed his nipples, sucked dark marks into the hollow of his neck and rubbed his body over Edmund's cock. Providing him with all sorts of frictions but simply not enough to tip him over the edge.
So Edmund lay there, hands running over the bed sheets and Peter's scalp and he took and took and took, squirming and flushing, moaning and begging.
“Peter... please, I'm ready.”
But Peter did not stop, instead he simultaneously pressed his fingers into and ground down on him, effectively giving Edmund a foretaste of what was to come. Edmund wanted to scream but he muffled it by biting into his own hand.
Then the fingers disappeared and Peter lay warm and heavy over Edmund. The tip of his cock now positioned at the entrance. Peter cupped Edmund's face and kissed him for a long moment.
“I love you, Edmund Pevensie.”
“I love you too.”

And when Peter finally, finally pressed into him, Edmund's eyes shut close and he released a broken moan. Peter was moving with him, watching him. Alas, they were both already so near the edge, starved and overwhelmed with want that it was only a matter of minutes before Edmund gripped Peter's biceps hard and shuddered with the force of his orgasm, spurred on by his brother's
encouraging words.
Peter held on a moment longer, relishing in the feeling of pleasure not quite fulfilled but steadily increasing. Edmund was still breathing hard and trembling slightly, doing his best to move along with Peter's thrusts.
Peter himself was hyper-sensitive to Edmund's warmth, his smell, the way his thighs slid along his hips and when he looked at his eyes, filled with love and adoration, he came too.
With the aftershocks still flashing through their bodies they slung their arms around one another and held each other close.

Much later that night as they were recovering on the rug in front of the fireplace, Peter dozing on his stomach, Edmund next to him on his side, he ran his fingertips lightly over his back, outlining his shoulder blades, following the line of his vertebrae down to his butt and between the cheeks.
Peter grunted drowsily.
“Are you trying to kill me?”
Edmund smiled and planted a kiss on his shoulder and before he could react Peter had already lifted his arm and seized Edmund closer, successfully muffling him and his protesting laughter.
“Hm? Wanna kill me, do you?” He teased and tickled the squirming Edmund.
“No! I promise I don't!” He laughed but not fighting too hard to be released. The energy seemed to leave Peter soon enough though and he simply snuggled up to Edmund's side, closing his eyes again.
“Pete?”
“Mmh?”
“Do you remember that phrase you once wrote in one of your schoolbooks?”
Peter went completely still and Edmund turned around to catch a look at his face.
He sighed then.
“You know when I first thought you had found it, I was terrified.” Edmund's brow furrowed and he turned his whole body towards Peter.
“Why?”
“Because I was essentially still a kid back then. I didn't understand the way I began to feel for you, let alone why I felt that way. But I did have a basic idea that it was wrong. And when I suspected that you practically stumbled upon that I became sick with worry. Because I know how clever you are and once something festered in your mind you wouldn't be able to let it go until you had every little detail figured out. But it was just a stupid sentence, I thought. What harm could it possibly do? Reveal how much? And in the end you only watched me closely for a week or two and I thought that was it. But a year went by and then another and I kept feeling about you the way I do except I also started to want you, to touch you. That was what really terrified me and the only solution I saw for that was to keep you at a distance and be very strict and grown up with you. And I knew it hurt you because you didn't understand but I didn't know what else to do. And then we went to Narnia. And my worst nightmare and biggest dream came true. Because the way you looked at me had one day changed. And I was so lost and helpless I didn't know what to do, so I figured if I'd just ignore it, surely it would simply disappear. But it never did, did it? And in the end all I did was hurt you and I am sorry for it.”
Peter concluded, eyes cast down.
Edmund took his face in his hands then.
“You are right. I was hurt and you wounded me. And for a long time I couldn't forgive you that but I have and now I need you to promise me something.”
“Anything.”
“Never leave me.”
Peter kissed him in answer.
“I promise.”

And he never did.
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