Couples Cooking: Cocoa Catastrophe
by JA_Authoress

Summary

The events of January 31, 1979 to February 2, 1979

Sirius Black needs to woo his chocolate loving werewolf boyfriend. Obviously this involves cooking, and who better to help than James? How hard could chocolate be to cook with?

Answer: very hard.

“I’m coordinating Valentine’s Day with Prongs.” Remus made a strangled noise. “Now, I know what you’re thinking, but I solemnly swear, we will be on our best behaviour. Floo us if necessary, but for the love of Merlin, don’t go over to his flat. You’re not the least bit curious about what I’m up to?”

“Well, obviously the suspense is killing me, but I am incredibly patient—” Sirius snorted. “—and as long as it’s Prongs’s kitchen your buggering up, I’m not overly concerned.”

Notes

3 chapters for this one! Make sure to subscribe so you don’t miss a second of the mishaps that befall our dear heroes (or don’t, that’s cool too...)

Thank you to everyone for all your support so far! If you liked this episode (or at least this...
part), leave a kudos/comment ^_^

Thank you Bunny dearest for being the best at titles and epic one liners, and for putting up with all my shite.

Remember! When wooing a werewolf with chocolate, make sure you have someone who can actually cook handy, things will go much smoother.

Have a great day/night/life everyone! Chapter 2 is up tomorrow.
Day 1: Failure

January 31, 1979

Remus John Lupin was not a paranoid man.

He had the pleasure of living in close proximity to, and being part of, the most notorious group of pranksters Hogwarts had ever seen (as decreed by Sirius Black circa 1978 in a rather loud obnoxious manner while standing atop the Gryffindor table).

This helped quell the initial bouts of paranoia that snuck up on him sometimes. It was really more of a dull anxiousness that would pop up every once in awhile when something was too quiet.

Today was one such day.

“Pads?”

“Morning Moony!” Sirius answered that far too quickly.

“Morning.” Remus yawned, trying not to look overly suspicious. He watched his boyfriend of one month (37 days to be exact… if one were actually literally counting, that is) flit about the kitchen. From the looks of the sink, and the lingering smell of burnt something or other in the air that a cleaning spell wouldn’t quite get rid of, there was a minor disaster he’d slept through this morning.

Sirius flipped the French toast onto Remus’s plate. He followed his boyfriend’s distracted gaze to the sink.

“Oh, that, don’t you worry, I managed to stop the fire from spreading. Kept the noise to a minimum for you, too!”

“Cheers, mate. I was utterly knackered last night.”

Sirius nodded, shovelling his toast into his mouth at a somewhat alarming pace.

Remus decided to bite the proverbial bullet and broach the topic he was quite certain was going to come up in the very near future. Or so his anxiousness was telling him.

“Hey Padfoot, isn’t there something you want to ask me?”

Sirius, who had been taking a large sip of his tea, choked violently.

“What? Ask you? What are you talking about? What have you heard? Did Sarah tell you? She promised she wouldn’t—” Sirius took a deep calming breath, and resumed his normal pace. “I mean, no, nothing. Nothing at all.”

“That wasn’t suspicious at all.” Remus deadpanned. He took out the ‘Things to do for Valentine’s Day’ list that had been in with his briefcase.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh, that.” Sirius actually looked mildly relieved, which only made Remus more anxious. “Yeah, when I wrote that, I wasn’t expecting to actually be together with you at this point. Now that you’re my boyfriend, it needs to be a surprise.”

Remus’s left eye twitched. “You know I hate surprises.”
Sirius grinned, the sort of shit-eating grin that always promised a whole lot of fun followed by a lot of detentions. It still made Remus’s stomach do acrobats.

“Come now, you’re a Marauder! We love surprises.” Sirius kissed away Remus’s anxious frown on his way to his bedroom.

“Actually, from previous experiences, I think I’m quite right to be alarmed by surprises.”

“I’m off!” Sirius returned to the kitchen, ripped jeans (Sirius’s), oversized fuzzy red jumper (not Sirius’s), and leather jacket (Sirius’s).


“Next you’ll be telling me that your nail varnish is off limits too.”

“It is.”

Sirius waved him off. “I’m coordinating Valentine’s Day with Prongs.” Remus made a strangled noise. “Now, I know what you’re thinking, but I solemnly swear, we will be on our best behaviour. Floo us if necessary, but for the love of Merlin, don’t go over to his flat. Bye, love.”

Remus kissed Sirius goodbye and stared blankly at the fireplace. He was torn between being excited to see what Sirius had planned for him, and contacting Lily to see if she knew exactly what was going on.

“Bugger.”

10:09 a.m.

James followed Sirius into the muggle supermarket, trying to blend in as best as possible.

“This is the first time I’ve been to one of these without Lily or Moony.” He admitted, standing awkwardly in the entrance. He was shoved out of the way by several annoyed looking muggles.

“Me too, well, I’ve been here with Sarah a few times, but my only job is pushing the trolley.”

James’s eyes lit up behind his horn-rimmed glasses.

“Can I push the trolley?”

“No! I most certainly do NOT trust you with the trolley. Not after last time. Give it here.”

“But—”

“I’ll tell Evans.”

“Fine.” James growled. He wasn’t pouting through; no matter what Sirius would later claim.

“Now, come on then! We’re gonna need a lot of chocolate for what I have planned. Sarah gave me a shopping list and everything!”

11:52 a.m.

“Bloody buggering hell—” James wheezed, finally reaching his flat. “Why the hell wouldn’t you let me do a simple charm to lighten the bags?”
“Because it would interfere with the chocolate!”

“Not the bloody bag!”

“Moony would be able to tell.”

It took several minutes and a lot of swearing, but James finally managed to open his door. He threw the bags on the table and flopped onto the sofa.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“Sleeping. I’d almost forgotten how exhausting being your best mate it.”

Snuffles jumped on him and bounced around until James gave up.

“All right! I’m up, I’m up! Bloody—”

“We’ve got a lot of work to do!”

“I didn’t sign up for this,” James groaned. “What do we need to do first?”

“Melt the chocolate.”

“Sound easy enough.”

1:34 p.m.

James wiped the sweat from his brow, smearing a line of chocolate along it. “I’m sorry, are you certain this is how muggles to this?”

Sirius looked between the stove, and the cookbook in his hands.

“Sarah said this is the easiest recipe to follow.”

“Well, Sarah just so happens to also be a muggle, and a muggle woman at that.”

“That has nothing to do with her cooking skills.”

The small bowl sitting atop the large pot of boiling water tipped unexpectedly, and before James could save it, it sank to the bottom.

“Nooooooooo!” James was almost ready to cry. Almost. There were tears present. “That’s the fourth time that’s happened. Why are we doing this like muggles? We’re wizards, for Merlin’s sake!”

“Because I said so! Now, again!”

2:15 p.m.

“Why did you think calling Wormtail here would help?”

“I have no idea. It was a real shot in the dark.”

“I am literally right here, and I’m holding a fork!”

“That’s wonderful, Wormtail, now how’s that sifting going?”

“Errrrrrr—”
“Bloody hell! Did you manage to keep any of the flour in the bowl, or do you think wearing it will attract a mate?”

3:37 p.m.

“Well, that was disastrous.”

“Tomorrow is February first.”

“Don’t worry, Pads, you’ve still got two more weeks!”

“Bugger off! I had fourteen days of wooing my werewolf, but now I’m going to be down to thirteen because these bloody recipes make no sense!”

“We were making more than one thing?!”

“I tried my best to sift it properly, I swear!”

“Good show Wormy, I know you tried hard.”

“All right, which one of you wankers got chocolate on the ceiling fan?”

The group stared up at the ceiling.

“Is that flour, too? How the bloody hell did that get on the ceiling fan in the first place?”

“Oi, when is Evans due home at?”

James frowned, and looked down at his watch.

“Oh, bloody fuck we are so buggered.”

Before Sirius or Peter could disappear by any means necessary, the fireplace roared to life.

“James, love, are you baking? It smells wonderful, I—”

Lily rounded the corner. She looked a little worn from her day of training. Bright green eyes carefully surveyed the disaster that befell her kitchen.

“Lily, Lily-flower, darling, love of my life, I can explain. It was all Sirius’s idea.”

Bright green eyes narrowed and turned deadly as they darted over to the palest of the young men. His hair was half falling out of its bun and his shoulders slumped in defeat.

“I just wanted to make Remus happy.”

“Well, there’s no salvaging this mess, I can certainly tell you that. We’ll start fresh tomorrow. Now, if this isn’t clean by the time I get out of the shower, I will NOT be happy.”
Chapter Summary

February 1, 1979

“James Fleamont Potter, this is NOT a sodding date, you wanker! Focus on the damn food. Snog your fiancée one more time and you will regret it!”

“Yes sir.”

“That threat extends to you too, Evans.”

“Oh, does it now?”

“… No, not really, but I’ll extend it to Wormtail.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

February 1, 1979

“Good morning, Padfoot.”

“Don’t talk to me!” Sirius whined as best he could while trying not to poke himself in the eye with his eyeliner.

Remus poked his head into the bathroom with a suspicious frown.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” Sirius said a little too quickly, this time actually poking himself in the eye. “Bugger!”

“Does this bad mood have anything to do with you smelling like chocolate yesterday?”

“Excuse you, I didn’t hear you complaining in the least.”

“I do believe I did complain a little when I saw my jumper in the hamper, but I’m not going to question it.”

“Good, I’m already an entire day behind schedule.” Sirius exited the bathroom while twisting his hair up into a messy bun. He was quite proud of the fact that he could finally do it without looking in a mirror. It only took him about six years, but he was the master now.

“Behind schedule for what?”

“None of your business!” Sirius threw on his leather jacket. “Where’s my wand…?”

Remus pointed to Stuffed Snuffles, who had the magical object in question tucked safely behind his ear.
“Cheers, love!”

Sirius stabbed his wand through his bun, holding everything firmly in place.

“What time’ll you be back?”

“Counting down the hours until my return?”

“More like counting down the hours of freedom.” Remus smirked and rolled his eyes. “Unless you’re working with chocolate again, because in that case I’ll be counting down the hours.”

“Maybe I could drop by the book store if I finish up early and—”

“No, no, that’s quite alright. You don’t have to do that.”

“You’re not the least bit curious about what I’m up to?”

“Well, obviously the suspense is killing me, but I am incredibly patient—” Sirius snorted. “—and as long as it’s Prongs’s kitchen your buggering up, I’m not overly concerned.”

Sirius kissed his boyfriend. He tasted like blueberry jam and milk tea.

“I’ll be back before dinner. What could possibly go wrong?”

10:01 a.m.

Lily whirled around and gave her fiancé the death glare.

James quickly manhandled Peter in front of him.

“It was Pete! He pushed the cart into your heels, not me. I swear!”

Peter finally realized what was happening and vehemently protested, while trying to worm his way out of James’s iron grip.

“It wouldn’t have hurt so bloody much if you weren’t carting around an extra twelve stones.”

Sirius gasped at the accusation, knees practically tucked up to his ears. The trolley was far too small for a grown ass man to ride in, but he won the race fair and square, and was entitled to reap the benefits however childish they may seem. “How dare you.”

“Sod off, Black.”

11:45 a.m.

“I’m hungry.”

Lily and Sirius both whipped their glares towards Peter.

“You know what, I think that was just some indigestion from this morning’s second breakfast. Yes, definitely that. I’m all good now.”

He nibbled on a stolen piece of chocolate as soon as their backs were turned.

“Bloody hell Black, you seriously want to make all this shite?”

“I’m always Sirius, Evans.”
“… Eight years and that pun never gets old.” James rolled his eyes.

“Right then, time to get to work. I have a werewolf to woo people, let’s get cracking.”

1:17 p.m.

“James Fleamont Potter, this is NOT a sodding date, you wanker! Focus on the damn food. Snog your fiancé one more time and you will regret it!”

“Yes sir.”

“That threat extends to you too, Evans.”

“Oh, does it now?”

“… No, not really, but I’ll extend it to Wormtail.”

“I’m standing right here, watching the chocolate like you ordered—oh no.”

“Wormtail… did the bowl sink again?”

“I was being super careful, Padfoot, honest!”

“Wormtail, you disappoint me.”

“Bloody hell, Black, it’s your fault for making him use the tiny bowl.”

3:48 p.m.

Lily Evans was not happy in the least. Cooking she could handle for the most part.

Eggplant parmigiana with a side of homemade garlic bread. Yes.

Shepard’s pie? Hells yes.

Bangers and mash? In her bloody sleep.

Cookies? Most definitely!

This monstrosity on the other hand…

“Evans! I thought you were meant to be helping me. At least yesterday is smelled alright. What is this?”

Lily’s wand hand twitched, even if magic did tend to muck up the taste of food, it certainly would do something about the management around here.

“Look, Padfoot, I know you have this big, grandiose plan to ‘woo your werewolf’, but how many times do you want us to restart? I mean, I love Lily, but I wouldn’t really go this far for her, mate.”

James was promptly punched in the arm.

“Why don’t you just buy Remus chocolates? A good bar of Honeyduke’s finest always goes a long way.”

“I don’t want to buy anything.”
“For Merlin’s sake, Peter’s crying! When will you stop this madness?”

Peter wasn’t exactly crying. I mean, yes, he’d hidden himself in the corner and was currently writing sad poetry in his diary (“‘The bowl of melting chocolate sinks like all my attempts at life. I’m forever alone’. Hmm, what rhymes with ‘forever alone’?”), but he wasn’t shedding tears just yet.

Sirius crossed his chocolate smeared arms over some band t-shirt and scowled. His hair was falling out of its bun, but it had been stuck back in relative place with chocolate and cinnamon.

“Fine, abandon me in my hour of need, my Moony will just have to deal with a second rate disastrous boyfriend who can’t even get through a romantic holiday without buggering everything up.” Sirius looked genuinely upset for all of ten seconds.

Lily was actually starting to feel bad for him.

A sly smirk suddenly spread over Sirius’s pale face and Lily threw away all feeling of sympathy.

“You know what? I can just get someone else to help me instead. I’m sure Marlene and Dorcas would help me, or maybe Mary. Yeah, I’m sure Mary would love to help. I hear she goes right above and beyond everything. Bloody well exceeds expectations at everything she does, doesn’t she?”

James flailed behind his fiancée, trying to stop Sirius from going in that direction. Angry Lily was one thing. Competitive Lily was another thing all together. He finally managed to bring himself to look at the pictures Lily had developed from her most recent drunken competitive escapade. (Mind you, he did look rather dashing in that wreath, but that tinsel was everywhere for days)

Lily’s sharp green eyes took on a certain gleam, not unlike her fiancé’s when he had a particularly perfect prank planned.

“Oh, this is happening boys. Not today obviously, but I expect you lot back here bright and early. We are wooing your werewolf.”

“I have work first thing!”

“Sorry Peter, I forgot you have an actual job. We’ll meet at twelve then, that alright?”

“I’ll fake sick to take the rest of the day off work.”

“Good show, Pete.”

Chapter End Notes

Will Sirius ever succeed at wooing his werewolf? Will James ever stop snogging his fiancée? Will Lily overcome the baking curse?? Will Peter ever think of a word to rhyme with ‘forever alone’ that isn’t entirely cliche?? Will I ever be able to walk past a Japanese bakery without the overwhelming urge to go in and buy everything????

Thank you to everyone for your lovely comments and such so far! And thanks to Bunny for being generally awesome again.

Please leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed this episode! Up next: the third and final
attempt.

Remember! Success is the end result that everyone sees, they don't necessarily see the absolute fuckup of a road that gets there.

Have a wonderful day!
Chapter Summary

February 2, 1979

“Try not to set anything on fire today.”

Sirius barked out a laugh and kissed his boyfriend. “I make no promises. Cheers, love, be back for dinner.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

February 2, 1979
9:58 a.m.

Remus was calmly drinking his second cup of tea, reading another chapter before he had to head into work. It was only a matter of time before—

“Merlin’s saggy bollocks!! Moony! MOONY!”

“Yes, love?”

“Why the bloody hell didn’t you wake me up?” Sirius flew from his bedroom into the bathroom.

“I was told, quite explicitly as I recall, to never wake you up unless someone was dying and/or if you gave me written permission to. No one was dying, and I never received a written note.”

“Ughhhhhhhhhhhh.” Sirius groaned loudly, flying back into his room. “You and your sodding rules! It’s your Valentine’s Day that’s at stake here!”

“I told you before, I’m perfectly fine with a bar of Honeyduke’s, a kiss, a balloon or two, and some more of your bad poetry.”

“Merlin, Moony, I’ve given that to you every year since we were twelve. How can I repeat things from school and still call myself a Marauder, eh?”

Remus beckoned his boyfriend over to the sofa. He licked his thumb and brushed away the smudged eyeliner from under Sirius’s right eye.

“Try not to set anything on fire today.”

Sirius barked out a laugh and kissed his boyfriend. “I make no promises. Cheers, love, be back for dinner.”

12:01 p.m.

“I will never understand why it takes us so bloody long to do the shopping.”

Lily gave a side-long glance at her fiancé. Was it James’s fault? Yes, it most certainly was.
“No time for idle chit-chat! We’ve got baking to do. Wormtail!”

“Oui, mon capitaine!”

“I expect the flour to stay IN the bowl today, is that clear?”

“Oui, oui!”

“Good show.” Peter scampered off to carefully measure out the dry ingredients. “Prongs!”

James snapped the sweatband on his head. “Yes, sir, my brother, and shoddy dictator?”

“How many times are we going to drown the chocolate today?”

“None, sir, I’ve taken the liberty of transfig—er—buying a bigger bowl.”

“That’s my boy.”

James went to the stove to give the chocolate, the pot, and himself a pep talk.

“Evans!”

Lily snapped to attention, green eyes blazing with determination.

“Make sure Prongs and Wormtail don’t muck anything up.”

The redhead smirked. “With pleasure, Black.”

12:11 p.m.

“Why does the chocolate hate us? Liiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiliyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.”

“Shut up, Potter! Stop being such a twit, just give it here and—” There was an ominous crack and a splash. “Oh bugger.”

The four stared at the chocolate covered cookbook.

“Any chance you memorized all those recipes?”

Sirius stared at the book, slowly shaking his head.

“Mate, I’m so sorry.” Peter put a sympathetic (and already heavily flour coated) hand on his friend’s shoulder. James put a chocolate covered hand on the other shoulder, effectively ruining yet another one of Remus’s jumpers.

“For Merlin’s sake, we’re wizards! We do magic, all we have to do it whip out a wand, and—”

“Look, I cheated all the time growing up. I don’t want to cheat on this.”

“Well then if Remus cheats on you because you didn’t come through for Valentine’s Day, don’t come crying to me!”

“How would A lead to B, Evans? How?!”

Lily looked about ready to walk out, or kill something. Sirius threw up his hands and stalked out of the room in a huff.
She took out her wand (James and Peter immediately ducked for cover) and before anyone could say anything, did a quick cleaning spell on the book.

“That never happened, understood?”

James and Peter nodded diligently.

Lily pinned her hair back up with her wand.

Sirius returned to the kitchen three seconds later, sporting the same hairstyle as Lily.

“Evans! What’d you do to the book?”

“I cleaned it. You wouldn’t understand, I’m a woman, and a muggleborn. A muggleborn woman. We’re very resourceful, and bloody clever.”

“Can I kiss you?”

“No you may not.”

“I wasn’t asking you, Prongs.”

“I concur with my fiancé. You may certainly not kiss me.”

Sirius licked the chocolate off her cheek instead.

“Black!”

“All the complaining at Christmas and NOW you want to lick something?!”

3:49 p.m.

“Oh.”

“My.”

“Merlin.”

The four worn out bakers stared at their masterpieces. Yes, the kitchen was an utter disaster and it probably would never be the same again, but it was finished.

“Wormtail, Pete, are you crying again?! But it turned out so brilliant this time!”

“I know, I’m just so happy. I can go home now! I won’t have nightmares of horrific cooking disasters to keep me up at night.”

“I’m going to sleep for two days.”

“If you crawl into bed looking like that, I’m not joining you.”

“But Liiiiiiiiilllllyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy—”

“No.”

“Get your coats on! We’ve got to walk this over to my flat now.”

Everyone who was not Sirius groaned.
Remus could tell that whatever Sirius had been up to for the past three days had finally worked out. For one thing, the flat smelt absolutely amazing, there was a light dusting of flour, or icing sugar on the floor, and James and Lily were dead asleep on the sofa.

“Pads?”

“In here, my Moony!”

Remus smiled, heading into the kitchen. Sirius hadn’t changed, or showered yet, and was still covered in whatever catastrophe he’d left at the Potter-Evans flat.

“What are those?” Remus’s mouth was watering at the sight on the kitchen table.

“These, my darling Moonbeam, are chocolate dipped cinnamon sugar cookies.”

Remus took one and ate it in one bite. He nearly cried. “This is amazing.”

“Ah yes, when Moony speaks with his mouth full, you know you’re on to something.”

Remus rolled his eyes and gestured to the second plate.

“Chocolate drizzled cinnamon rolls. Don’t eat this in one bite, believe me, Wormy tried and nearly dislocated his jaw.”

Remus finished it off in four bites. He was quite certain he a) shed an actual tear, and b) had chocolate smeared all over his face in a rather unattractive fashion.

“And what awe-inspiring name have you given these here?”

“Oh, those are just brownies.”

“Really?”

“Yes, the only awe-inspiring thing about them is that Wormtail accidently dropped an entire bag of icing sugar on them.”

“Remind me to thank him later.”

“So do you like it?”

Remus looked at Sirius in disbelief.

“Are you daft? I bloody love it, you stupid git. Consider your werewolf successfully wooed.”

“And there’s still twelve more days to go until the finale!”

Sirius licked the chocolate off of Remus’s face before kissing him properly.

Chapter End Notes

Day 3 is finally finished! I'm sleepy... If I've made any huge mistakes, please let me
Thank you Bunny for the awesome lines and being generally awesome! (And next time I'm in Canada, please make me those sugar cookie things...) Thanks to everyone who left lovely comments and kudos'! ^_^ Remember! Please lick responsibly. (And be extra careful of licking your best friend's fiancée.) Have a wonderful day/night everyone!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!