

# Rather Vivid

## Of Dreams & Brothers

Von Hoshisaki

**Title:** Rather Vivid

A "Harry Potter" fanfic by R-chan aka Hoshisaki

**Rating:** M

**Pairings:** onesided Albus/Scorpius, onesided James/Teddy, mentioned Victoire/Teddy

**Tags/Warnings:** wet dreams, slight angst, masturbation, pining

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**A/N:** Many thanks to my beta reader and muse-of-sorts!

### Rather Vivid

"And there I was..." Albus Serverus sighed, looking out over the lake. He closed his eyes for a minute and leaned back against the tree trunk. A smile crossed his features as he felt his brother's hand, gently rubbing his shoulder. "Suddenly wide awake, breathing hard and sweaty." Albus paused, blushed. "And sticky..." He buried his burning face in his hands. "And curled up on *his* side!" Albus groaned. "That's what I get from falling asleep next to the guy I fancy..."

Looking up to his brother's face, the 15 year old wizard asked, "How in Merlin's name could I have been so stupid?!"

James just shrugged and patted his upper arm. "So, what'd you do?"

"Thank fuck for nonverbal spellwork. I Summoned my wand and Tergeo'ed off the mess", Albus whispered. "That roused him though. Asked me why the hell I had to wake him up with a bloody Tickling Charm. I, ughm, left him with that particular bit of misinformation."

Jamie chuckled, "Of course, you did." He ruffled the black hair. "You little snake."

"Oi!" Al protested. "What was I supposed to say? 'Sorry for waking you up, Scorp, but I thought it best to cleaning charm my cum off both mine and your pyjama pants, not to mention your sheets!' You've got a better idea, Jamie?"

The older Potter boy blushed a little. "Sorry Al... I, er, don't." Changing the topic, he elbowed his sibling. Al grunted. "What was the dream about, then? Scorpius - obviously - but what else?"

"Are you seriously asking me that!?", Al exclaimed, flushing furiously and all but

jumping to his feet. "Jamie, I, how could y- Merlin!"

He shook his head, unruly raven locks flying around the brightly coloured cheeks. "This is so..."

"Fucked up?", James suggested, trying to be helpful.

"I was gonna say 'messed up', but yeah." Al settled back to his spot between sturdy roots, rough bark and his smirking brother.

"Well?"

Al gave him a dark look, hugged his knees to his chest and started recounting the by far not first wet dream about his crush in a low, nearly hoarse whisper. "We were home in London, my room. I remember it raining outside. There was the sound of drops against the windows. We had a sleepover and he had just left for the bathroom, to change into pyjamas and stuff and-" Al trailed off, nervously picking at his nails.

"You?"

"I-", Albus took a deep breath and continued, "I touched myself." He cleared his throat.

"How?"

Albus glared at his curious sibling, speechless for a minute and tongue thick in his dry mouth. "Well, passionately, I reckon, is a word for it. 'T was still rather vivid in my memory when I woke up - even hours later!" At James' questioning eyebrow Al elaborated. "I, erm, well, didn't... simply wank; more like fucked into my lubricated fist, all while working up to three fingers, teasing my arse and later even... a", Albus coughed, "A dildo that went in, well, balls deep so to speak. Trembling and panting I rolled around the bed. I moaned and gasped his name over and over into pillow and duvet. When I came, I could practically feel him above me, his hands on my hips, his breath on my shoulders, his lips on my neck. Thought I never climaxed like that and never would again. That's when I realised the shower wasn't running anymore. Needless to say that I sort of panicked right out of my *post-orgasmic haze*."

The corner of Al's mouth twitched upwards at the last words. It was a phrase James liked to use to taunt his little brother more mornings than not. Suffice it to say, the Gryffindor liked to pick up certain rumours regarding those of House Slytherin.

James nodded, grinning.

"I scrambled off the bed, threw on a dressing gown just as I heard Scorp coming up the stairs and exchanging a few words with Lils. Darting around the room like a mad man I collected the evidence, y'know, clothes, lube, toys, the lot and - his voice in my ear - tossed everything into the wardrobe. My bedroom door opened and he entered just as I closed the wardrobe's doors. He eyed me for a moment while I pressed my sweating body back against the wooden surface, then laughed and flopped down on my bed. Said, 'Your turn now, Al!' and I'm not so sure if he meant the bathroom or... dunno."

Al scratched himself behind his left ear and sighed heavily. "Anyway, that's when I woke up." Al stretched his arms out in front of him, wiggled his fingers and curled up into a ball again.

The brothers sat in silence for a couples of minutes. It was James who finally broke it. "Y'know, you're kinda lucky. You got out relatively unharmed. Remember last summer when we were on that trip with Dad and Teddy?"

Al nodded, fondly remembering the great time they had had, travelling by Muggle car to somewhere in the Lake District.

"I fell asleep on Teddy's shoulder, drooled on his shirt and woke up with a raging hard-on!"

Al chuckled, "Yeah, you'll never hear the end of that, will you?"

James groaned exasperated. "No, never! He so kindly reminds me of this embarrassing incident every bloody chance he gets. Which is, for example, in every effing letter. Thank Merlin, he hasn't figured out what the damned dream was about." "You never told me either", Al stated matter-of-factly. "I think that has to change now."

His forefinger poked James just right between the ribs to make him yelp.

"That'd only be fair, huh?" James rubbed the back of his neck beneath the loose and untidy shirt collar. "Not much left of the dream though. I do remember however that it was about, well, Teddy and our lovely cousin Victoire. I sort of walked in on them once. Ever since, I..." He shrugged and Al burst out into giggles.

"What?", his brother inquired sullenly.

"Oh please, as if it was a secret that you've always had a special relationship with those two. I might recall several occasions, going back to, oh, let me think, when you were eleven and they started showing interest in each other. And the fuss and trouble you made when they officially got together? Everybody knows."

"Well", James muttered defensively, "She did steal my big bro and best friend."

Albus laughed, clapping Jamie on the back. "Keep telling yourself that!"

James huffed and started pouting in earnest.

Albus just smiled at him, snuggled up to his warm side and hugged James's arm to his chest. Leaning his head on the broad shoulder he murmured, "We'll make it through, Jamie, we surely will."

And his grip tightened as he spotted a familiar blonde wizard coming down from the castle, seemingly making a beeline for the pair of Harry Potter's sons.

~ End ~