

Charlie bit his lip, anxious. “Well, ah. I’ve got some prime real estate here, I was thinking.”

And he held his hand up to his chest, right over his heart.

Sirius sucked in a sharp breath. *Oh*. “Chest tattoos hurt like a bitch,” he said with a weak chuckle, watching Charlie’s lips twitch.

“I know. But I can handle it, for this.”

Another good thing about not being in a restaurant was that there was no one around to care when Sirius abandoned his meal entirely and pounced on his boyfriend, straddling his lap there at the table. Sirius’ skirt, already scandalously short, rucked up around his hips, his arms twining around Charlie’s neck. Large hands pressed hot against his bare thighs.

“You like that idea, then?” Charlie gasped, tilting his head back so Sirius could attack his neck.

“Just a bit,” Sirius agreed breathlessly. “Your artist, how far in advance does he book?” He let his teeth rasp over Charlie’s jaw. “Been thinking it was a while since I got my last tattoo. Thought I might look good with a bear on my thigh.”

Charlie’s hooded eyes dropped to the thigh in question, fingers running reverently over the unmarked flesh, pushing the skirt up even higher. “Right there,” he murmured, stroking the upside of Sirius’ right thigh. “Low enough to see just a peek when you’re in a skirt. High enough that anyone looking to see your cock knows it’s mine.” He looked up, grinning devilishly. “For me? Give Nick a reference and he’ll have you booked in straight after mine.”

“Easy enough,” Sirius assured, excitement building in more ways than one. “I’m sure I’ll have no trouble conjuring a Patronus for him to look at.” Something he hadn’t ever thought possible, not after twelve years in Azkaban, but Charlie Weasley was a miracle in himself.

“One of these days I’m gonna take that damned Animagus potion and you’re gonna look really daft when I’m not even a bear,” Charlie teased, and Sirius snorted.

“That’s a bet I’m willing to take.” He knew his Patronus, knew exactly why it was the way it was.

His magic, his soul, his heart — they all belonged to Charlie. It was long past time he dedicated some skin to the man, really.

.-.-.

Sat at a fairly similar table to his brother, but hundreds of miles away and *definitely* in a very public place, Bill Weasley tapped his glass of champagne against his fiancée’s, beaming.

“Our last Valentine’s before we’re married,” he said teasingly, feeling light as air every time he so much as thought the words. Fleur giggled, tossing her silky hair over her shoulder.

“So you keep saying, and yet we ‘ave not set a date.”