

“And if you’re talking euphemistically, well; I’ve taught more than a few people how to *love*, and I’d be very happy to remind you of the finer details,” he drawled huskily, dry lips pressing feather-light against Sirius’ jaw.

Something deep inside Sirius broke. All of a sudden, his free hand was cupping the side of Charlie’s face, pulling him into a deep, *filthy* kiss. It wasn’t their first, not by a long shot — but it was the first Sirius had initiated. Charlie moaned deeply into his mouth, gripping Sirius’ shoulder for purchase, his tongue doing truly *sinful* things.

“You win,” Sirius admitted in a raw, ragged whisper, once they parted. “You persistent little shit, you win. But don’t blame me when I break your heart.” It would take a stronger man than him to keep denying this beautiful man, this man who seemed so determined — determined not only to woo him, but that Sirius was truly someone worth wooing. And Sirius *wanted* it, so deep down it hurt his soul, he always had — he’d dated his way through Hogwarts, always desperately seeking the kind of connection James had with Lily, the connection he later learned Remus had with Snape.

He wasn’t lying when he said he thought the dementors had destroyed his ability to form a connection like that. But Charlie Weasley made him want to find out for sure.

Charlie kissed him again, running fingers through his hair. “The only way you’ll break my heart is if we get off this roof and you tell me you’ve changed your mind,” he breathed. Sirius smirked into the kiss.

“Why don’t we get off this roof and find out, then?”

Truly, he was amazed neither of them fell and broke their necks, the way they were so eager to climb down to the balcony. But they made it, Charlie’s fingers like brands as they chased Sirius’ bare skin, sneaking up his shirt as soon as both of them had two feet on solid ground. Sirius’ heart was racing like it hadn’t in years, he felt *alive*, he felt *wanted*, he felt like if he didn’t get Charlie on a flat surface in the next ten minutes he might combust from the force of his arousal. He pinned the redhead against the wall, devouring his mouth, and Charlie groaned loudly.

“Knew it would be hot when you finally pushed back,” he declared smugly, eyes bright. “Fuck, that feels so good,” he said, pressing up against Sirius’ body. One of his hands snuck down to squeeze just the right side of too-hard on the bulge in Sirius’ jeans. “Was starting to wonder if this had fallen off from lack of use.”

“Cheeky fuck,” Sirius growled, pulling back and grabbing the redhead’s wrist, hurrying him towards the door. “I’ll show you *fallen off*.”

“Yes, please.”

Thankfully, they weren’t disturbed as they snuck up to Sirius’ room, and a silencing ward hit the door as soon as it was closed. Sirius stared as Charlie shamelessly began to strip, revealing tanned, freckled skin and a number of detailed tattoos. A good number of burns and scars, too; Sirius couldn’t wait to get his mouth on every single one of them.