

“Are you kidding?” Charlie whispered, stroking Sirius’ damp cheeks. “That was amazing. You’re amazing.” He propped himself up on his elbows, his erection digging into Sirius’ thigh. “I could get addicted to watching you enjoy yourself, Sirius Black.”

Something fierce in Sirius’ heart lurched to the surface, and part of him knew he was done for there and then. “Well, I might be a bit... sensitive, but I’ve never left a lover unsatisfied, and I don’t intend to start now,” he remarked, shifting his hips a little and moving upwards, clenching Charlie’s cock between his thighs, whispering a quiet Lubrication charm to ease movement. Charlie’s eyes rolled back, a purring groan spilling from his lips. Sirius held his breath, enraptured, watching the redhead fuck his thighs with abandon, pleasure written all over his face.

Charlie wasn’t the only one who might get addicted.

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The school was rapidly becoming something of a war zone. After almost an entire school year with Umbridge looming over them, having her become headmistress was the last straw for so many; or perhaps it was her unseating of Dumbledore that had the students so shaken. Either way, there was something... feral about the Hogwarts student body, these days. The Weasley twins were happily in the centre of it all, and business was booming for the pair as they sold their inventions to kids all over the school. Students were dropping from DADA lessons like flies with some ailment or another, and Umbridge knew it was not natural illness but didn’t seem to be able to catch any culprits. Subtle rebellions against her ridiculous rules were everywhere; untucked shirts, holding hands in hallways, copies of the *Quibbler* — new copies, entirely unrelated to Harry Potter, but still banned — turning up in Umbridge’s classroom and office and even, reportedly, in her private rooms.

Harry thought it was brilliant, though he didn’t have much to contribute himself; all his anti-Umbridge energy was going towards keeping the HA running, and making sure everyone who needed it learned how to do the necessary charms after a Blood Quill detention session. The day after his own detentions had finished, he came across a pair of second years with bleeding hands in the common room — Umbridge had procured more of the blasted quills, obviously frustrated at how slow it was to punish only one student at a time.

And then the invitation came.

“Potter!” It was Filch, shuffling down the corridor in Harry’s direction, a twisted look of glee on his face. “The headmistress wants to see you!”

“What for?” Harry asked warily. He was with the Weasley twins, who stood either side of him with their arms folded intimidatingly, and Filch stopped abruptly. But then he smirked again.

“You’ll soon find out, won’t you?” He looked positively joyous, and that was definitely not a good sign. “Reckon you two will finally get what’s coming to you, and all,” he added, glancing at the two redheads.