

At last, Sirius rolled over, making eye contact. For the first time all day, there were no shadows in those stormy grey eyes. “Hey.”

Charlie smiled. “Hey, you.”

“I’m sorry.”

That made Charlie frown. “What? What for?”

Sirius scoffed, one arm gesturing to the room at large. “This. Making you baby me all day, deal with my fucked-up head.”

“Okay, first of all, you didn’t *make* me do anything,” Charlie pointed out. “Second, as far as I’m concerned I’ve had an excellent lazy Saturday, reading a book in the sunshine all cuddled up with my gorgeous partner. Pretty sure that’s the definition of bliss in some circles.”

Sirius narrowed his eyes at him. “With the fire roaring on a twenty-eight degree day?”

A flicker of a smirk across Charlie’s face. “I play with dragons, sweetheart. A little heat never bothered me much.” Indeed, Sirius on a Cold day was very much like dealing with dragons; no sudden movements, no expectations, just warmth and steady companionship until they came to you.

“Still,” Sirius muttered, frowning. “I shouldn’t be having days like this, still. I’ve been out for three years.”

“And you were in for twelve,” Charlie reminded, shuddering at the very prospect of twelve years surrounded by dementors. “Don’t beat yourself up, love. Sometimes there are days when your brain just doesn’t cooperate. Not your fault.” He wriggled closer, watching for any sign that he might not be welcome, but Sirius melted into him without hesitation. Charlie kissed him, long and languid.

“You shouldn’t have to take care of me all the time,” Sirius sighed against his lips, and Charlie’s heart ached for the man.

“I’m gonna spend my whole fucking life convincing you that spending time with you is never an obligation,” he decided, “even on your bad days. Taking care of each other is what couples *do*.” He grinned playfully. “Wait til I get burned from shoulder to knee by some dragon and I’m asking you to put ointment on my arse three times a day.”

Sirius snorted. “I still feel like I’m wasting your time,” he said in a heartbreaking whisper. Charlie kissed him again.

“I’m exactly where I want to be, sweetheart.” It might not be what he’d expected for his life, back when he was eighteen, but he couldn’t imagine being happier with anyone than he was with Sirius. “Now, how about we round off this day with a long, hot bath?” He let his grin turn sultry, blue eyes dancing. “Little bit of warm, wet and naked sounds like a perfect evening to me. Maybe work on some other definitions of bliss,” he added with a wink,