

Not one to be outdone, Sirius pulled his shirt over his head, enormously glad for Ceri's insistence on over-feeding him in the last two years. He was a far cry from the skeletal figure he'd been when he escaped; still a little skinny, but with more muscle, a healthy flush to his olive complexion.

Certainly nothing to be ashamed of, especially the way Charlie was looking at him, both of them stood naked in Sirius' room. "Get on that bed, right now," Charlie said huskily, pupils blown with lust. "I've been waiting far too bloody long for this."

Sirius didn't need telling twice, practically launching himself onto the bed, reaching greedily for Charlie. The first press of warm skin against his own had his vision almost whiting out, the simple feeling so *incredible* he could hardly stand it. "Fuck, touch me," he begged. "Don't care where, just— your *skin*, so good."

"I've got you, sweetheart," Charlie assured, hands somehow everywhere at once on Sirius' body, his bulky form pressing him down on the mattress — comforting, not suffocating, grounding him to reality, the only thing stopping him vibrating out of his own *skin*, Charlie's lips whispering words of affection between open-mouthed kisses down his neck and collarbone. He was so *warm*, Sirius wanted him all over, warming all the parts of him he'd thought Azkaban had turned cold forever.

Sirius whimpered, a sound he might've been embarrassed by if he hadn't lost control of himself entirely, so overwhelmed by the contact. For a second he thought he might be *too* overwhelmed, and tensed up in fear — Charlie immediately pulled back, still whispering to him, still touching him but not quite so much.

"I forgot it could feel like this," Sirius gasped, utterly broken. He might have been crying, it felt so good. He was probably embarrassing himself, probably making Charlie regret the whole decision. What kind of thirty-six year-old man couldn't handle being *touched* while naked? Charlie hadn't even laid a finger on his cock yet!

"Oh, sweetheart. Sirius," Charlie murmured, still there, still looking at him with so much adoration in his eyes, more than Sirius could handle. "I'm going to make you feel *so good*, I promise, baby steps." His hand stroked Sirius' flank, his powerful thighs still tangled with Sirius' slimmer legs. "I'll take care of you, I swear, fuck, you're so beautiful. Never thought you'd actually let me do this."

His touch was reverent, his kisses like molten gold, and it didn't surprise Sirius when he tipped over the edge of bliss with a full-body shudder, going boneless in Charlie's embrace. The redhead moaned, pressing him down into the mattress once more as Sirius' hands scrabbled at his back, urging him closer, needing that weight to cover him before he floated away entirely.

When sense slowly returned, his cheeks were burning, and he could hardly look Charlie in the eye. "Sorry," he muttered. "Probably not what you were expecting." His first time being intimate with another person in fifteen years, he should've expected a bit of an overload, but he hadn't anticipated a full fucking breakdown and the most premature orgasm he'd had since puberty!