

And this was so much better, because Charlie was in a t-shirt and well worn jeans, candlelight flickering gorgeously over the ink on his forearms and biceps, relaxed and smiling and looking at Sirius like he'd just handed him the world on a platter.

"You romantic old dog, you," the redhead teased.

"Oi, less of the old," Sirius mock-scolled. "Just because I'm in my *late thirties* now."

Charlie gave an over-dramatic gasp. "Practically ancient," he agreed dryly. Sirius barked out a laugh, pouring wine for them both.

"Happy Valentine's, Charlie," he said, raising his glass to clink against Charlie's own.

"Happy Valentine's, sweetheart. You didn't have to go to all this fuss."

"I wanted to," Sirius insisted. "We might not be able to do the traditional dating thing while the whole damn world is on fire, but that's no excuse for me to slack off." He always felt like he wasn't doing right by Charlie, wasn't doing enough — he didn't want to let their first Valentine's go uncelebrated.

"If you insist." Charlie's dimples returned, sapphire eyes sparkling. "Then I suppose you deserve your present, too."

Sirius' brows rose in surprise. "You didn't have to get me anything!"

"Technically I haven't, yet." Charlie pulled a folded piece of parchment out of the pocket of his jeans, handing it over to Sirius. Confused, Sirius opened it, and gasped.

It was a pencil drawing of a grim. *His* grim, Padfoot, stood proudly with his head held high, the level of detail incredible. "This is amazing! Did you do this?" He saw Charlie sketching sometimes, but it was mostly dragons.

"No. My, uh, tattoo artist did. He's a friend from Hogwarts, we kept in touch. He did most of my tattoos — there's a few I got out in Romania, but for all the big ones I came back home to see Nick."

Looking at the drawing closer, Sirius could see the similar art style to the tattoos over the rest of Charlie's body. When his gaze returned to Charlie's, the redhead seemed suddenly unsure. "I, uh, have a slot booked for next week. World-on-fire permitting and all. But I wanted to run it by you first. In case you think it's weird."

For a few seconds, Sirius had no idea what he was talking about, and then it clicked. "You want to get this tattooed on you?" he asked, holding up the drawing. Charlie nodded.

"Yeah. If you're alright with it."

Sirius couldn't think of anything hotter than seeing his grim on Charlie's skin, and he said as much, watching Charlie flush lightly. "Where were you thinking?" There weren't many spaces left, not for something that size — perhaps somewhere on his back, or maybe a calf piece.