

“Not my problem,” Sirius snapped. “You don’t like it, take it up with Dumbledore.” They could all bugger off, as far as he was concerned. “Now get out of my house!”

“Charlie. Charlie, please. Come with me. Can’t you see this man is dangerous?” Molly turned imploring eyes on her son, but Charlie’s hand remained firmly on Sirius’ shoulder.

“No, Mum, he’s not. I’m staying here.”

Molly looked at him, tears in her eyes, but when he didn’t move she huffed. “*Fine.*” She turned to the fire, grabbed a handful of floo powder from the tin, and was gone.

Immediately, the anger drained from Sirius like someone had pulled the plug. He was breathing like he’d run a marathon, and leaned back against Charlie’s broad chest. “I’m sorry,” he said hoarsely, belatedly realising that may not have been the best way of handling things. “Charlie, I—“

But anything he might have said was swallowed by Charlie’s tongue pressing furiously into his mouth, the redhead spinning Sirius around and pinning him to the table by his hips. “Watching you stand up for yourself was *so fucking sexy*,” the redhead rasped, lips trailing down Sirius’ stubbled jaw. “Merlin, sweetheart. Don’t apologise. Mum’s had that coming for months.”

Sirius was lightheaded with relief and euphoria and a dozen other things, and he gripped the back of Charlie’s t-shirt. “I need to write to Amelia Bones,” he said dazedly. Charlie stroked his shoulder.

“Not yet. You’re still shaking,” he pointed out, and Sirius realised he was right. His body was trembling, he was going to *fall apart*. So many emotions bouncing around him, so many *positive* emotions he could hardly breathe from it all. The table digging into the back of his thighs was helping a little, but he needed more, he needed grounding.

“Upstairs,” he gasped, and Charlie pulled back to look him over properly. Those beautiful sapphire eyes lit up with arousal. “I need you.”

“Now that sounds like a much better plan,” the dragon tamer drawled, the sound caressing Sirius’ bones. “I’ll take you upstairs, and fuck you into the mattress so hard you’ll see stars. Then you can write whatever letters you want.” He kissed Sirius hot and hard, and when he pulled back this time his face was softer, something else burning in his gaze. “And *then* we can talk about how you told my mum you love me.”

Sirius’ heart stuttered. He had said that, hadn’t he?

But Charlie was smiling, and he was still there, so maybe it was okay.

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The end of term arrived, not with a bang, but with a whimper. Or, more accurately, with an enormous sigh of relief.