

The Truth Is Rarely Pure

by Jenwryn

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The title comes from a quote by Oscar Wilde.

Hermione pushes against him, rides the pressure of Sirius' thrusts—

It's five a.m. and, outside the window, the sun is rising. The world is oddly silent but for the heaviness of his breathing and the little gasps that escape her. Soon the others will wake, and it will be as though this never happened.

'*Merlin*,' she moans, the word escaping her lips – trained after years of dormitory-living to come in silence – because she knows how much he loves it.

His fingers clutch her hips, digging against purple thumbprints he left the morning before. '*Mione*,' he gasps and closes his eyes as he comes. 'Oh, *Mione*.'

It's probably wrong, this secret pleasure in the traces of early morning light. Molly would die if she knew and then kill them both. Not just her – nobody approves. But it's all they have; no-one else needs them now the war has passed. The uselessness... This small square of sin is all that keeps them sane.

She rocks against him, then collapses on his chest, hair damp across his tattoos, catching her breath. He strokes the length of her back.

The truth is rarely pure and never simple.

They survive each day just for this.