

At The Staircase's Curve

by Jenwryn

Hermione/Sirius. Finding a moment alone at number 12 isn't easy. For the prompt "no-one's looking". 100 words.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Finding a moment alone at number 12 was no easy achievement.

Hermione was fond of the library's fireside chair, big enough for two, but Sirius preferred the nook at the staircase's curve. He'd catch her there unexpectedly, and when she protested, he'd murmur, "Sssh, no-one's looking." Her protesting was mere habit anyway; she always gave in, sinking with a sigh into his embrace and losing herself there until one of their sons – invariably Remus – would discover them and intone, with the grave disgust and mock-retching that only an eight-year-old boy can manage with *such* exaggerated perfection, "Ewww, *kissing*."