

# Apples and Hickeys

*by norwegianeyes*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It was a beautiful summer night as the two families sat under the willow trees. The couples watched their children jumping around, clasping their hands in attempts to catch a firefly.

Sirius gestured with the green apple in his hand to his godson. "What's that on your neck, Harry?"

The man blushed, matching his lover's red hair.

His godfather barked out a laugh. "I *thought* so." He grinned wickedly. "'Mione, do you want to show them *your* love bite?"

Her blushed matched her best friend's. "Sirius, stop being so..."

"Dashing? Irresistible? Intelligent?"

"I think she wants you to stop spitting bits of apple on her face, mate," Ron stated, and for a change he was the only one in the group not blushing.