

Storm On The Horizon

by Ceredwen

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The first time Hermione thought she felt Sirius' eyes lingering on her, she convinced herself that it was all in her head, a paranoid by product of her near constant fantastical daydreaming. Of course, this did nothing to quell her nervous system's automatic response, because whether his soft attention was merely perceived or in fact a real event, her reaction to it would have been the same. The tingle of awareness that tickled along her spine was cold and quiet, like the first flakes of Christmas snow on her face.

When she actually caught him staring at her, he didn't look away, but brazenly held her gaze in his mesmerizing, hurricane eyes. She was shocked and startled, feeling distantly like prey, like a virgin caught in a vampire's thrall until he finally released her, looking away with a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

Now she was caught once again, only this time he wasn't across the room. This time he was close enough for her to feel his warmth, which seemed to radiate from him, much like his charm and gregariousness. Oddly enough, at this distance, it wasn't his eyes that were fascinating her, it was his mouth. That same smile seemed to threaten, the one that was just a little bit wise, like he was remembering the punchline to a particularly filthy joke.

And then it was neither his eyes nor his mouth that drew her attention, but his hand with its long, strong and roughly textured fingers, wrapped gently around the bones in her wrist, the thumb of which was caressing tenderly over the back of her hand. A decision had been made, conclusions drawn, and it struck her that she really shouldn't be as surprised as she in fact seemed to be. Sirius was hardly the type to consider whether or not this was a good idea or whether his affection for her conformed to societal expectation. Sirius was the type to take an opportunity to go after something he wanted; something she wanted too. She was the one who would question and second guess and weigh options and make lists and...

Lips, soft and warm with gentle pressure upon hers short circuited her thought process and her wide, surprised eyes were held once again, trapped in his storm.