

Starlette

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A photo shoot gone wrong.

Written for chimbomba for LJ fanfics_express Ginny-centric challenge. Beta: Mony and sweetflag, thank you!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Oi, Sirius, geroff!"

Ron violently waved his hand in the air as if batting away an insistent fly. Sirius leant back, protecting his newest love and pastime and bane of the other residents of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. The magical camera flashed nonetheless, immortalising Ron's annoyed expression and something more. Ron was trying to hide something behind himself. Ron was trying to hide something while being uncooperative.

Not wise.

Sirius grinned widely.

"What are you doing?" he asked innocently, loudly enough to carry throughout the whole room.

Ron glanced at his mum and back at Sirius.

"Nothing!"

Mrs Weasley immediately raised her head from supervising her three sets of darning.

Ron silently cursed his choice of words and, panicking, looked at Hermione for help. Hermione fixed Sirius with a steady stare and spoke as loudly as him.

"Ron, when you're finished with that list of troll wars in the early Middle Ages, please help us with goblin rights, will you?"

"Wha... Oh, yeah! Yeah, sure." Ron lowered his head over the book and assumed a very thoughtful expression.

Mrs Weasley returned to her task. Sirius opened his mouth to point out that the book they had open on the floor didn't quite look like *History of Magic*, but spotting his godson's pleading look, he relented. Ruffling Ron's hair ... a tad too roughly, judging by his wince ... he winked at Harry and went to tormenting others.

His eyes fell on the youngest Weasley sprawled on the sofa. Ginny was reclining on her side, propping her head on her bent arm and flicking through an illustrated magazine. It was a Quidditch magazine, as Sirius could tell by the brooms on every page, but not your average one. Strangely, all the players displayed naked, well-

sculpted chests and strong legs; flexing their muscles, they blew kisses while gliding their hands over their bodies.

Walking up to her, he insolently checked it from up close. Ginny glanced at him and went back to her 'reading'.

Sirius wasn't deterred that easily.

"Ginny, don't study that hard. You might hurt yourself," he admonished mockingly, raising his toy to eye-level. "Smile for the camera!"

Clearly distracted, Ginny looked up at him, lifting a corner of her mouth to accommodate his request.

"That's not enough, not near enough, sweet princess!" Sirius wailed as if her scant smile hurt him personally. "Have you learned nothing?" He wagged his brows meaningfully and pointed to the mag with his chin.

Ginny smiled fully at this, not perplexed by his knowing smirk, and blew him a kiss, posing like a model from a questionable magazine. The shutter went off, and Sirius made a show of capturing her from every possible angle, squatting and towering over her in turns, coming near for the close-ups and then backing off to catch all of her.

"Give me more! Give me more! Yes, that's right... That's right, sweetheart!" he shrieked in a mock high-pitched voice while Ginny writhed on the sofa like a neurotic snake, striking different poses for him. Although she was shielded from her mother's hawk eyes by the back of the sofa, the sounds of her gymnastic feats carried through Sirius' shrieks. Mrs Weasley raised her head again.

"Ginny, stop whatever you're doing and give Mr Black a rest." Molly didn't accept the fact that Sirius allowed, in fact encouraged, all the children to call him by his given name. Neither did she approve of adults acting like ten-year-olds.

Ginny bit her lip to prevent a snort of laughter, but obeyed her mother without a word. She straightened her clothes and wanted to go back to admiring the flexing bodies, but Sirius didn't give up. When she tugged at the edge of her skirt to cover her knees, he admonished her, albeit in a much quieter voice.

"Wrong direction, Ginny."

She raised her eyebrows in disbelief and after a moment of hesitation started to drag the hem of her skirt up her legs, revealing her thighs inch by inch, looking questioningly at him.

"Smart girl." Sirius gave an approving nod and again lifted his camera, this time walking slowly along the sofa, taking several pictures with every step. When her hand reached her upper thigh, she raised her right leg slightly so that he had a clear view of her cotton-clad crotch. Sirius, suddenly less playful and more focused, lowered his camera to admire the view without the lens. Giving Ginny an undecipherable, lingering look, he said slowly, "Looks like you have the makings of a photo model."

Ginny seemed a bit baffled by his words, but stubbornly kept his gaze and didn't cover herself.

Crouching at her side, Sirius directed the camera at her midsection, dropping all pretences at doing anything else. His shots travelled from her knee, along the inside of her thigh and to her bunched skirt.

Ginny's fingers reached her groin and halted there. Putting aside the camera, Sirius rolled his eyes at her and spoke quietly.

"Now, we're not going to stop at this, are we? Where is your sense of adventure?"

Molly Weasley, with her acute timing, chose this moment to chime in.

"Ginny, have you prepared your homework? Look at your brother, he's preparing for the next term. He could help you with your History scroll."

Ginny cast a vengeful glance in the general direction of the trio, somewhere behind the arm of the sofa, and replied in a sweet voice.

"I have already prepared *all* of my homework, and I have better grades than Ron, anyway."

"Ginny, don't talk back! You could benefit from having elder siblings, especially now that they've decided to put an effort into their studies."

Ginny didn't see Ron blushing and opening his mouth or Hermione's stalling hand. She did see, however, Sirius' amused smile... At her expense.

Stifling the reply that threatened to burst from her mouth, one that her mother wouldn't appreciate, Ginny locked her gaze with Sirius'. Narrowing her eyes, she slipped her hand between her thighs and pulled the gusset of her panties aside. The stretched fabric bit into her groin, exposing the patch of sparse, red hair.

Sirius didn't seem to notice at first; only when her annoyed expression morphed into challenging did he sweep his gaze along her body, spotting the difference.

Spluttering, he loosened his grip on the camera for a split second. It slipped from his hands, and Sirius awkwardly pressed his arms against his chest, desperately trying to catch it. The inadvertently activated flash burned his skin.

"Damn!" he swore, jumping and dropping his camera entirely. The whole room looked at him: children with delight and adults with varying degrees of reproach written over their faces.

"Flash," uttered Sirius. Ginny's eyes widened, and she immediately let go of her panties. "I've burnt my hand." He looked at Ginny, with a silent 'I know who's to blame'.

Ginny shot him a winning smile and straightened her clothes. Still smirking, she went back to perusing her magazine.

Both Hermione and Mrs Weasley jumped to their feet, offering their help.

"It's nothing," muttered Sirius, healing his injury and pinning the culprit down with a stare that belied his words. He picked up his toy from the floor and inspected it carefully. The prodding and shaking didn't have any effect: the camera didn't work. "Broken," he announced in a mournful voice.

"Let me take a look, Sirius. It would be a pity to waste a new camera." Arthur folded the *Prophet* he'd been reading and got to his feet. They both sat at the table near the window, leaning over the broken mechanism. Sirius chose the seat from which he might not have the best view of what Mr Weasley was doing but definitely offered an unconcealed view of Ginny. Muttering his 'uh-hms' and 'uh-hus' in all the right places at Arthur's remarks, he didn't take his eyes off the girl on the sofa.

Ginny felt his heavy gaze and looked up briefly to confirm her suspicions. He tipped his chair back, the palm of his hand propped against the brim of the table and the other crammed into his jeans pocket. Ginny couldn't help but squirm uneasily. Though his hair got into his eyes and she only glanced at him for a moment, she knew she had his undivided attention. It made her anxious. She shifted again, not able to find a comfortable position.

"Look! It seems that that little piece of metal stuck there blocks the whole mechanism. Easy!" Mr Weasley sighed happily. Sirius muttered another 'uh-hm' and reluctantly turned his head towards the table because he didn't have any excuse to be looking elsewhere. Arthur gave the camera the finishing touch and exclaimed, beaming, "Ready! Give it a try!"

Sirius took the camera with a strange lack of enthusiasm and took a haphazard shot of the room. "Yes, great... works. Thank you." He nodded to Arthur and offered it to him. "Maybe you'll try for yourself?"

Arthur wiped his palms on his trousers and reached for the camera.

"Not now, Arthur." Mrs Weasley clapped her hands and stood up. "Time for supper. Harry, Hermione, Ron, pick up your books. You'll finish tomorrow," she added when Hermione opened her mouth to protest; she and Mr Weasley both had the same defeated look on their faces.

Ginny was the first to spring from the room which suddenly seemed stifling to her. It didn't do her any good, though. In no time, Sirius was right behind her in the dimly lit corridor.

Before the others filed from the room, he managed to tug at her hair and whisper.

"I'll get you for this, ginger."

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