

Making Wishes

by pelespen

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Chapter 1 of 1

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They were her gods.

Omnipotent wonders to her, even though she knew that, scientifically, they were just balls of gas. Many of which had likely blinked out already, with their light crossing such a distance that it would burn for eons even after their demise. It gave her more comfort and strength than any religion to look up at them and know they were there. They were her silent sentinels, gleaming down steadfast over time.

Old light..

Throughout her personal struggles as a schoolgirl, and even during the war, when their whole world and existence was threatened by the power of a madman, she could always find peace by looking up at the night sky. The very vastness of space and time reminded her of just how small and inconsequential everyone was, and for some reason that gave her a deep sense of comfort.

By the time she had turned eleven, she had learned the names of every constellation and every nameable, identifiable star. Astronomy lessons at Hogwarts had been her secret indulgence, so sacred to her that she'd felt an irrational compulsion to hide its importance to her from others, claiming Arithmancy or Ancient Runes as her favourite subject instead.

The irony was not lost on her, of course.

Sirius. The brightest star in the autumn night sky. His eyes a pale silver, echoing that gleaming speck above them. She'd even wished upon that star as a little girl many times before she outgrew the childish practice - before she'd learned to rationalize superstition with psychology, replace faith with logic.

Hermione sighed, melancholy seeping into her soul like the October air against her clothes. There he was, just below Orion's belt, twinkling at her the same way his eyes would when he was teasing her. She missed the ability to believe in such frivolous things.

A streak of light made a sudden descent across the sky. *Meteor...*

"Make a wish."

Hermione jumped slightly at the unexpected sound of his voice.

Speak of the devil...

That telltale warmth spread through her chest and up her neck to her cheeks, simply because she was out there in the dark. Alone. With her. She couldn't help but chuckle bitterly at herself, shaking her head.

Gods, you're hopeless, Granger.

She was glad he couldn't see her face in the dark. A glance back at him made her swallow. She couldn't help but admire the casual way he leaned against the railing of the back porch. His lean legs were snugly encased in jeans, his leather jacket hung loose, and his dark hair carelessly swept over his eyes. He was timeless. No other wizard his age could pull off a look like that without them seeming like a walking midlife crisis. Yet no wizard half his age was man enough to pull it off, either. Of course, her opinion might be biased...

When she didn't say anything in response, he pushed off the old railing with his shoulder and sauntered over to her. She swallowed again against the sudden dryness in her mouth, trying to calm her heart rate. This was ridiculous. He was just enjoying the autumn night air, same as her. She was seriously going to have to consider moving out if she didn't get this stupid crush under control...

"Well?"

"Well, what?" she practically squeaked, then cleared her throat, rolling her eyes at herself.

"Did you make a wish?"

Hermione frowned thoughtfully. "It was just a meteorite, Sirius. And I don't believe in wishes."

In the faint light of the moon, she could see his eyebrows shoot up and his lips curved with amusement.

"Don't believe in wishes," he repeated softly, chuckling. "At all?"

"Of course not!" she scoffed. "Making a wish is nothing more than asking the ether for something you're not willing to work for yourself. It's like... like asking 'God' to give you a pony instead of finding a way to simply acquire one. I believe if you want something badly enough to *wish* for it, then you should find a way to get it yourself. It's far more rewarding," she said with a sniff before turning back to the night sky.

"I see," Sirius murmured wryly and turned his attention upwards as well.

They stood like that for several minutes, looking up at the stars. Hermione wondered silently why he wasn't going back inside. She trained her focus on her breathing while methodically naming the silver pinpoint to herself. She refused to be frightened off by his presence, especially when he was only being friendly.

You refuse to be frightened off by your foolish little schoolgirl crush, is more like it she amended to herself.

Suddenly, without looking away from the star-filled sky, he said, "Close your eyes."

She jerked her head around to look at him. "What?"

"Close your eyes," he repeated, chuckling.

"Why?" she demanded, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"You don't trust me?"

"No, I just *know* you."

"It's nothing bad, Hermione," he reassured. "Just close your eyes," he said again, softer this time, a gently impatient plea.

She sighed, resigned to be the target of yet another practical joke. Sometimes it was like living with a group of third-years - sharing the house with Sirius, George, Ron, and Harry.

"Fine," she grumbled, closing her eyes while she turned to face him, bracing herself for the worst.

She very nearly jumped out of her skin at the unexpected touch on her lips. Her pulse went into overdrive, suddenly pounding like a jackhammer in the span of a microsecond when she registered that it was *lips* against her own that she was feeling. *His* lips.

A gasp and a whimper parted her mouth as all thought fled from her brain. Rough fingers cupped her chin gently before sliding around to the back of her neck, pulling her closer as his mouth moved over hers, his tongue barely teasing along the crease.

He broke away, his hand still tangled in her hair, his uneven breaths fanning across her face, smelling faintly of mint and chocolate. She wished he'd kiss her again... yet still he didn't move, but pressed his forehead against hers, as if uncertain.

Hermione steeled herself and took her own words to heart, tilting her head up and pressing her lips to his once more. The soft growl that sounded from his chest was utterly unreal, and in that moment she was certain that she simply *had* to be dreaming, but she just didn't care. His mouth was full and soft yet firm, the rough stubble on his chin rubbing deliciously against her as he returned her kiss. When his tongue traced the inside edge of her lip this time, she met him, inviting him in for a slow, sensuous dance.

Her head was swimming now, an unmistakable heat dancing down her spine and back up again, lighting her nerves on fire as he continued to tease and explore her mouth. When he bit gently down on her lower lip, her knees buckled slightly. She grabbed onto his jacket for support, effectively pulling him even closer.

His other arm snaked around her waist, his hand pressing against the small of her back, fingers curling into the thick knitted material of her jumper as he deepened their kiss again before slowly breaking away. He didn't release his hold, however, but cradled her closely, his lips tracing along her jaw now, teeth nipping softly at her skin. Hermione sighed, letting her hands slip inside his jacket to feel his chest, sliding up over those muscles and around his neck to plunge into his soft, black hair.

"Oh, sweet angel," he whispered roughly, close enough to her ear now to send shivers down her spine. "Do you have any idea how long I've wanted to do this?"

"No," she panted weakly, her eyes losing focus as his teeth scraped lightly along her earlobe.

"Too fucking long," he growled softly before dipping his head lower to nibble at her neck.

He walked her backwards, still holding her and doing things to her neck that should have been outlawed, until her bottom bumped into the edge of the old stone table where they all frequently lunched. Dropping his other hand to her hip, he guided her to sit, positioning her legs on either side of his thighs.

Sod it, Hermione thought heatedly. She knew she was playing with fire, and that whatever this was, she might very well get hurt in the long run. But how often did a chance like this come along? And *sweet Circe*, the things this man was doing to her senses just by snogging her was creating a very tense situation in her knickers. She wrapped her legs around his so their bodies were nearly flush and inhaled sharply at the hard bulge that was suddenly pressed against her.

"That," he said roughly, looking into her face. *"That* is what you do to me, Hermione."

Her eyes were wide as she searched his face silently, shocked at the raw, honest desire she found there. Reading her expression perfectly, he smirked and nodded.

"Months, princess. Ever since I got back, actually."

Hermione shook her head in disbelief. "How I mean... why - ?"

She absently slipped her hands back down his front, her fingers trailing hungry patterns over the warmth radiating through his tee shirt. She didn't even realize she was doing it until Sirius took a ragged breath and closed his eyes, a soft rumble coming from his throat. When he opened them again, they were so dark in the shadowy night that they seemed almost black.

"You really need to ask that, you silly little witch?" he said, then grabbed her chin roughly, his other hand squeezing hard at her hip. He looked into her eyes for a long, piercing moment before possessing her mouth again with a ferocity that took her breath away.

"Tomorrow," he muttered against her lips as he slipped his hand up under her jumper, his fingers dancing hotly across the flesh of her lower back. "I promise I'll give you a list of reasons a kilometre long."

He pulled away briefly, grinning smugly at the little sound of protest that slipped from her mouth.

"Unless, of course, you're not interested," he said, although his tone was only half-joking. He flicked his gaze at the house and loosened his hold on her. "I'll let you go, if that's the case, but this is your only chance."

The feel of cold stone against her back as he eased her down on the table, now shirtless... his lips and tongue and teeth feasting on her breasts through the silk of her bra... strong callused fingers slipping beneath denim and lace, tearing an ecstatic moan from her as they found her wetness... his free hand smoothing back her hair so he could watch her face as he pleased her... his kisses swallowing her cries as that sweet searing wave of climax swept through her... the sinful grin on his lips as he sucked her wetness from his fingers...

Hermione closed her eyes briefly and opened them again, exhaling blissfully and smiling at the heavens while the stars winked back.

She would never look at them the same way again.