

Caught

by luvsev

Sirius and Lily get caught in the rain.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The sky became purple and cloudy. Rain seemed imminent; I could smell it on her--she always reminded me of a summer's gentle rain. Cool. Beyond wet. Quenching my thirst like nothing, no one else ever could. I stared at her while she released the snowy white sheets from clothespins out on the line--her and James's laundry from earlier in the week. She was trying to tend to it before it started raining. She failed. Rain came down as hard as ever, soaking her flowery sundress, the material clinging to her curves.

I hurried to help her gather the sheets and towels into the huge wicker basket.

'Sirius! I'm getting soaked; so are the clothes.' Lily stuffed a damp towel into the basket, quickly grabbing up two more.

'It's a waste of time, love. They're all soaked now.'

'I know.' She sounded defeated. 'I love how the flowers and fresh air lend their fragrance to the clothes. It's why I hang them to dry instead of using a charm. James says there's nothing better.'

'I remember, Lils; you used to tell the house-elves to put your robes and things outside while we were at Hogwarts. I don't think any of them ever did, though.'

She laughed. 'Once. A little elf named Hnossa did it for me. It rained then, too. The old caretaker found them and reported it to Dumbledore. He thought I'd get in trouble, no doubt. The headmaster understood why I had requested it--it reminded me of my mother. He smiled kindly at me, but never allowed the little elf to do it again. Not to punish me, though. He didn't want the other students to talk. It was hard enough back then.'

'I never knew.'

'Of course not, Sirius. There're loads of things you don't know.'

'Oh, really? I don't suppose you're going to tell me, are you?'

'It wouldn't be a secret if I told you, now would it?'

'No, I suppose not. Still, I'm curious.' He unpinned a pair of trousers from the line and folded them, tossing them on top of the other white things.

'Don't do that! They'll bleed onto everything!' Lily hurried to remove the offending garment from the basket.

'Well, where else are they supposed to go? I don't see another basket anywhere.'

'Conjure one, why don't you?'

'It's your laundry; you do it.'

'Real mature, Sirius.' she said, taking her wand from behind her ear, and promptly dropping it from her slick fingers. 'Dammit!'

'Maturity has never been one of my strong suits. I can't see that changing, either. It's too much fun this way.'

'Would you stop nattering on and help me find my wand? I can't see it.'

'*Lumos*,' he whispered, extending his wand.

There it was, lying in a puddle about three feet away from her. He bent to pick it up, but before he could, he felt Lily's hand on his back, pushing him down. He hit the wet grass with a dull thud, turning before muck could splatter on his face. She straddled his waist, pinning his arms with hers.

'What do you think you're doing, Lils?' He chuckled dryly.

'Exactly what I want.'

'Why?' He choked when she ground her hips against him.

'I don't think I need a reason... And you're not complaining, now are you?'

'No, but--we'll be seen. James is just inside. He could easily see us from the deck.'

'Aww, I thought you liked a bit of danger now and then.' She brought his hands to her breasts. 'Mmm. Touch them the way I like.'

Sirius complied, cupping her breasts in his hands, then giving her nipples a rough tweak.

'Good boy. Something needs a little attention, I see.' She ground against his growing arousal.

'You could say that. Are you going to take what you want, or do you need me--'

'I don't need you to do anything but stay there. Well, you could unfasten your trousers for me, give me better access.'

She lifted her dress while he unbuttoned his fly and released his hard cock. He began to rub his shaft with languorous movements.

'No, no touching. That's my job.' Lily straddled him, guiding him inside of her. She rode him to near completion, when she heard James's voice.

'Lily, Sirius! What the fuck do you think you're doing? Get off of him!' James yelled.

Lily grabbed her wand from in front of them and pointed it at James, whispering, *Obliviate!* She then watched him stumble back into the house and out of the rain.

'Oh, don't look at me like that! I don't want to fight with him later, especially when he's guilty of the same thing with Bellatrix. Besides, what he doesn't remember won't hurt him.'

'James and Bellatrix? Seriously?'

'He likes a bit of...'

'There's no need to explain, Lils. Really, I don't need to know that about him.'

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