

Christmas Laughs

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Some Hermione/Sirius fluffy smut, just in time for the holidays! A huge thanks to JenniferLupinBlack for alpha reading this and to kyriecolors for her beta skills. I hope you all enjoy!

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"Hello, love," Sirius said, wrapping his arms around his wife of two years, Hermione Black, née Granger.

"Hello yourself," she replied, washing her hands in the sink.

"What are you doing?"

"Prepping the turkey," Hermione replied, turning around. "What are you doing? *In my kitchen no less!*" she added in a scandalous voice. "I thought I told you to leave to me be."

Sirius grinned, pulling her in for a kiss. "I just wanted to see you. I was bored waiting for you upstairs."

"Why don't you call Remus and ask him to come over early? Then you won't be bored," she suggested.

"It's Christmas morning, Hermione; he's probably in bed with Tonks or playing with little Teddy," Sirius said with a sigh. "And Harry's off with Ginny, and I'm just here... alone... bored." He looked at her pleadingly.

Hermione sighed. "Sirius, love, I really need to get this done."

"But why? Can't we have a little fun and just come back to cooking later?" he asked, a hopeful grin on his face.

"No," Hermione said. She glared at him, placing her hands on her hips. "Sirius, you were the one that wanted to have Christmas dinner here. Who did you think would do all the cooking?"

"Kreacher," he supplied with a shrug.

She rolled her eyes. "He can help, but some things are better left done by hand."

"Well, I guess I'll just sit here and watch." He took a seat at the table.

Hermione arched her eyebrow, skeptic of his behaviour. "Only if you promise no more interrupting."

"Can't promise anything, love," he said with a Marauders' style smirk. He picked up *The Daily Prophet* off the table.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Well, just sit there, okay? Why don't you read the paper?"

Sirius made a face, but she ignored him. She needed to get this turkey stuffed. *Honestly, this is the worst part of cooking*, Hermione thought to herself. *But at least I had already taken out the giblets.*

Sirius watched with interest as Hermione washed the turkey. She then dried it off and put some seasonings on top.

Hermione then made stuffing, just like her Mum always had. It was a Granger recipe, one that she would pass onto her children someday.

Now it was time to stuff the turkey.

Taking some of the stuffing, she proceeded to stuff it inside the turkey. She did it a few times before she heard Sirius let out a cough.

"What?" she asked, wondering what was so amusing to him although she had a feeling she already knew.

"Why are you putting that inside the turkey's arse?" Sirius asked with a snort.

Hermione flushed. "This isn't the turkey's arse! It's the stomach cavity!" she explained, thoroughly embarrassed.

He grinned at her. "Can I stuff your arse later?" He waggled his eyebrows.

Hermione shook her head. "Stop it!" She turned around to reface her turkey. "Get out of my kitchen."

Sirius chuckled, returning to the newspaper.

Hermione finished stuffing the turkey and placed it in the oven. As soon as the oven door was closed, she felt a pair of arms wrap around her. "Sirius," she sighed.

"Kreacher can finish the rest of the cooking," he whispered, placing a kiss beneath her ear. "Watching you stuff that turkey was the sexiest things I've ever seen." He pressed his erection against her bum.

Hermione squirmed. "I don't see how. Stuffing a turkey is so unsexy," she said huskily.

Sirius chuckled, turning her around so he could look into her eyes. "Watching you stuff that turkey made me want to stuff you."

She laughed. "You're ridiculous." Her heart thudded in her chest, and she felt her pulse quicken.

"Yes, but you love it," Sirius countered, claiming her lips in a kiss. Hermione moaned into the kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck and arching her body into his.

The kiss grew heated after seconds. Sirius pulled away from her lips with a growl. "I need you," he said hurriedly, sliding his hand up under her skirt.

Hermione moaned, her fingers tangling themselves into his hair. "Now, please," she begged.

Sirius led her towards the table. Grasping her hips, he picked her up and placed her on the table. When she lay back, he climbed on top of her, the table creaking as he did so.

"Is this a good idea?" she asked breathlessly as Sirius continued his assault on her neck. "The table?"

"Table's fine," he murmured, his fingers eagerly finding her slit. "Already wet, love." Sirius moaned. "Just for me." He pressed his lips to her neck once more, kissing her softly.

"Just for you," she replied, her body aflame with desire. "Please, no teasing today, Sirius. I need you inside of me... NOW!" she practically shouted the last word.

Sirius growled, quickly pushing up her skirt and pulling down her knickers. He undid his pants with record speed and quickly buried himself within her warm heat.

Hermione hissed, her hands gripping his shoulders as her body adjusted to the feel of him.

"Sweet Merlin, Hermione," Sirius groaned, slowly moving within her. He pulled himself out before slowly moving back in.

"Faster," she commanded, pleasure building within her already.

Sirius obliged. He began to thrust into her, in and out, quickly. Hermione eagerly met him thrust for thrust. The two of them were panting heavily as they made love on the kitchen table.

"Merlin, I love you," Sirius panted, leaning down to capture her lips in a searing kiss. Hermione moaned at the sensation, feeling herself grow closer and closer to her climax.

"I love you too," she replied, the words ringing true in her heart. She loved this passionate man. He always brought out the aggressive side of her, and she loved that. Being with Sirius was never boring.

Sirius continued to thrust, quickening his pace when Hermione started to gasp beneath him.

"Sirius!" she cried as she tumbled over the edge, her nails digging into his shoulder. "Oh, Sirius," she cried out once more.

The feel of her walls fluttering around him and his name tumbling from her lips was all Sirius needed. He came with a gasp, emptying himself into her.

Sirius collapsed on top of her, and the two of them lay there for a few moments.

"That was amazing," Hermione said with a sigh. She gave Sirius a grin.

"Yeah. Now you're all stuffed properly and ready for eating," Sirius said with a grin, burying her face into her neck.

Hermione squealed, squirming on the table beneath him. There was a loud creak.

Sirius sat up, still grinning.

"Maybe we should get off the table? It's been creaking a lot," Hermione said nervously, sitting up slowly.

"Don't worry, Hermione, this table can handle anything." Sirius chuckled.

"Yes, but—"

"Fine, I'll get up," Sirius said. However, as he sat up on the table, there was a loud snap. Hermione and Sirius tumbled to the ground in between the two broken halves of the table.

She laughed, looking around disbelievingly. "You broke the table!"

"I did no such thing!" Sirius protested, unable to stop the laugh from escaping his lips.

"Yes, you did," Hermione said, lost in her own fit of giggles.

Sirius waggled his eyebrows at her. "It was worth it."

Hermione blushed. "Well, that may be, but now you have to find a replacement table. Everyone will be coming over for Christmas dinner in three hours."

Sirius's grin fell. "Bollocks."