

The Pureblood's Tale, Supplement

by Fawkes_07

A couple of short drabbles just for grownups. These were conceived as part of Chapter 27 of my fic, HP and the Heirs of Slytherin. Sadly, they are just not right for my 9-year-old and had to be kept separate from the main story. Those of you that are reading Heirs might enjoy a chuckle or two.

(a drabble)

Chapter 1 of 1

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The witch peered curiously at the knife. "You know you must keep all of this secret? There are plenty of 'purists' out there that think the Daughters of Modron are even worse than the one who was killed last night. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," he coughed. "They don't call me a 'blood traitor' for no reason."

She laughed. "Blood traitor! So you're a rogue, then?" she queried with mock affront.

This bird had him *pegged*, and in the moment, he felt like plain old Sirius Black. He narrowed his eyes appraisingly. "Aye, fair maiden; just the type your mum warned you about."

"Ahhh. Saving the world from evil and dashing off on your motorbike before anyone learns your name?" She looked as though she could barely keep from laughing.

"Why yes, that's right! And leaving naught but broken hearts in my wake."

Her eyes gleamed and she stepped closer. "Broken hearts? Or broken hymens?"

His response was as much of a gasp as a bark of laughter, and his spine straightened. She smiled again, but the dramatic disdain was gone, replaced by heat of unquestionable sincerity.

"I think I know the perfect end for such an extraordinary day." She opened the first clasp on her robe.

"I think you do, too," he said, and attempted to stand, but was shoved firmly back down onto the stump.

* * Days Later * *

"Don't give me that look!"

"What look?"

"THAT one! That, that... conspiratorial grin!"

"Oh, come on, Harry! I can't really help it, can I?"

"Fine. I was there... TWICE... while you were being laid. Now, can we just drop it?"

The grin got even worse. "Hey, don't get angry with me! I TOLD you I didn't want you in my head! YOU insisted!"

Harry crossed his arms, wanting to deck his godfather on some primal level but unable to articulate why, exactly. "Fine," he grumbled again. "Sorry. Your point's made. Happy?"

"It's a bit strange for me too, you know," Sirius replied in a surly tone. "Never thought I'd share that much, ah, detail with anyone, much less the very same baby boy that slept through the whole thing the first time."

Harry huffed and growled at the same time. "Yeah. Well it's *very* strange being the only person in human history to lose his virginity by proxy."

A strangled yelp made Harry look up, and a certain perverse pride suffused him. Sirius Black was *blushing*.