

Inked

by NixtAll

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Sirius shows Hermione that all work and no play... is no way to live.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"What have you got there?"

Hermione did not look up from the parchment she was writing on. "It's a permanent marker. Muggles use them. I'm doing a report on them for work."

"Why?"

"To see if there are any positive or negative interactions when mixed with magic."

"Why?"

"To make the world a better place."

"Why?"

"You are such a child." A barking laugh filled the library. She ignored him, continuing on with the report. Sirius picked up the pen and examined it.

This isn't any more exciting than any other quill... Other than it smells bad... Lord, Hermione can be boring; she needs help.

The boring girl in question looked up at her best friend's godfather, fearful that his sudden silence meant he was up to something. She held back a choke of laughter when she saw him sniffing the pen and frowning.

"What?"

He was still scowling, his long black locks fallen artfully over one eye, his lips pursed in a childish pout. It was so ridiculous and in a strange way... Alluring.

Alluring? Where did that thought come from? This is Sirius Black we're talking about. Sure, he's fanciable, but leave it at that, you're not in his league, bookworm. You've been inhaling pen fumes too long!

"Nothing, you just," and she struggled to keep a straight face, "you just have a bit of ink on your nose."

"Bloody hell! How permanent?" She laughed outright this time.

"Nothing magic can't cure." She left her work at her desk to rescue Sirius from his own devices. "Here, keep still." She sat next to him on the sofa, taking his chin in her hand, wand pointed at his face, and whispered the spell. "All better."

He didn't say anything, just looked into her eyes. They sat this way for what could have been an eternity or just a few seconds. Hermione started, realizing the position they were in. Sirius unleashed a wicked grin.

So she is interested... Time to play with the big boys, Hermione.

"So, how permanent is it without magic?"

"On skin, it'll wash off in a few days; on fabric, it's pretty much permanent." She really didn't care for the mischievous glint in his eye. "Why do you ask?"

He only shrugged and pulled down the collar of his shirt and began to doodle on the edge of one of his tattoos. Hermione watched with curiosity.

"This is no good. Here, give me your leg."

"What?"

He sighed and rolled his eyes. Without asking again, he reached over and pulled her calves into his lap. He studied her narrow shin with deep consideration before lowering the pen to the skin above her ankle. She gasped when he made the first short, curved line, then another and another. She didn't move though and allowed him to continue.

By the time ten minutes had passed, they had readjusted themselves on the couch, facing each other. Hermione's right foot was trapped between his leg and the sofa cushion while her left was nestled between Sirius's thighs, her toes brushing his firm torso. He gripped her calf with one hand, holding it in place as he made soft strokes with the pen in his other. His own feet were propped against her hips, occasionally digging his toes into her soft waist.

Hermione was in a trance, lower lip caught between her teeth, watching the dark forms take shape on her skin. More accurately, she was watching the wizard focused intently on his artwork, creating curved lines that wrapped around the sides of her leg in an anklet of sorts.

This is so wrong! All he's doing is drawing on my leg, and Merlin help me, it is the most erotic thing anyone has ever done to me.

He heard her sigh and shuddered himself when her toes brushed his stomach again. He had half a mind to pull that foot down to his crotch and let her feel what she was doing to him.

He was just putting the finishing touches on the front of her leg when he realized he needed a game plan for the back. He looked up at her dreamy expression.

"Roll over a bit." He nudged her in the hip for emphasis.

She complied only too willingly. Leaning back over the arm, she twisted her hips, giving him access to the back of her leg. She casually let her shirt catch, showing off a strip of golden skin.

There, I'll give him a little something if he's interested; if not, I can play it off as an accident.

He took in the sight of the witch laid out before him and had to cough to cover the groan that escaped him. She was a masterpiece, blissfully innocent of her own appeal. He wanted so badly to show her just how appealing she was.

She draped herself comfortably over the end of the couch, eyes closed, thinking only about the light touches on her leg. It was difficult to relax with her blood boiling. She hoped he didn't notice the effect he had on her.

He noticed.

After drawing the last line, he leaned over and blew on her heated skin. He smirked when her whole body shuddered.

"Let me see," she demanded, desperate to distract him from her reaction.

How embarrassing. I'm drooling all over him just for making a little doodle on my skin... Hey, that's Snuffles.

The Grim look-alike was nestled in a thorny bush, the branches of which twisted all the way around her ankle.

"Snuffles. Nice likeness." He was grinning at her, and she realized her foot was propped up on his shoulder. He gave her a roguish wink.

He is just toying with me. It's on now, old man. You are going to sweat like I have the last half hour!

"My turn!" She hopped to her feet and grabbed the pen from his hand easily while he was surprised. "Where do you want it?" He grinned even more wickedly at such an invitation, his hand brushing the waistband of his jeans, but opted to play it safe and not frighten her away so pulled off his shirt instead.

Oh, this backfired. He's bloody gorgeous, and I just remembered I can only draw stick figures.

He strolled over to the hearth rug and lowered himself to the floor, propped up on his elbows. He looked at her over his shoulder and winked again. Steeling her courage, she strode over to him and straddled his arse, wriggling a bit for good measure. He didn't even pretend to hide his groan that time.

She poked and prodded his back a few times on the pretense of aligning her drawing. She decided to make a large sketch of the Whomping Willow...because anyone can draw a tree, right? Tracing a basic outline across his shoulder blades, she couldn't help but marvel at how fit he was. He must have been doing something other than lazing around the house by day and crawling pubs by night. Well, she knew he was doing more than that; her bedroom was a floor down, and she had heard him and whatever 'special lady' he'd brought home on more than one occasion. Between that and Harry and Ginny, it was a wonder she got any sleep at all. The redhead was a bloody screamer. Hermione had enough money for her own flat, but Harry insisted she stay with him since she would be over all the time anyway. She knew it was true; they had all been through so much together. Grimmauld Place became a boarding house of sorts. A safe, happy and (finally!) clean place for their little family. Lost in her reverie, she sighed, making a smudge on her drawing.

Shit! Well, maybe it's supposed to look like that. Surely it has a few wonky branches after Ron and Harry hit it with the car.

She leaned forward to brush his hair away so she could draw the topmost branches. Her inner thighs tingled were they brushed against his sides. The action made her realize her knickers were a bit damp as well. He had to bite his hand to keep from moaning.

Whatever she's drawing, it's big, but unless it is the words: "Please fuck me right now, Sirius Black," I really don't care.

"How is it going back there?"

"Uh, about done!" She wasn't sure what she was going to do when she finished, so she'd been adding little touches here and there, trying to prolong the moment. "There we go," and she recapped the pen with a flourish, "it's a masterpiece!"

That's an exaggeration. It looks more like a Whomping Willow that has been attacked by another Whomping Willow.

"Are you going to let me up?"

"Hmm, maybe. Promise to be good?"

"Never!" With that, he twisted, knocking her to the side and rolling on top of her. Before she knew what hit her, she was pressed to the hearth rug, arms pinned to her sides by his strong hands, legs knotted with his.

Okay, Sirius, you win. I can't stand it anymore; kiss me now! He just winked at me; did I say that out loud? Shit! This is so embarrassing, I can never look him in the eye again! Shit! Shit! Oh... Kissing now... That's good... Uh... Good...

He couldn't take it anymore; he knew she was hot for him, and he was pitifully horny. Sure it would be awkward later, but her touch felt a hell of a lot better than regret right now.

And she tastes so good... So responsive...

They broke apart to gasp for air. Not wanting words to mess this up, he covered her mouth again, releasing her arms to tangle his fingers in her hair, lowering his body over hers slowly. Something about the weight of him crushing down on top of her drove her absolutely mad with lust. Heat pooled between her legs, and when she felt his erection thrust against her, she knew her knickers had to be positively drenched. Now that her arms were free, she ran her hands down his sides to his hips, causing him to shudder and hump her again.

Okay, she's obviously fine with this; let's get these clothes off, pronto!

He raised himself up on his knees to tug her shirt over her head. She had her bra unsnapped by the time he'd chucked the shirt away. He pulled it off too, only to be stunned at the sight of her pert young breasts. That was about where he lost his mind with passion. He wrapped his arms around her ribcage, yanking her chest to his mouth. Her head dangled above the floor, her eyes were on the back shelves of the library, but she saw nothing, blinded by his teasing assault. She raised her hands to his hair and moaned his name.

"Sirius!"

He lowered her to the floor again, licking and nipping as he went. Strong hands went to her cotton shorts immediately upon releasing her. He wrenched them down, knickers and all, fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips as they went. She twisted her legs to aid the offending garment's removal. He paused a moment to take in the glorious treat laid out before him. The panting witch was shivering in anticipation; he didn't think he'd ever been so hard in his life.

Oh, what have I got myself into? But it feels so good... No, no, we'll both regret this, we shouldn't... But I want to.....Hermione, this is your conscience speaking, I know you're busy, but hear me out. I've always kept you on the moral high ground, all your past lovers have been kind and attentive, but face it dear, you need a first-class shag. Go for it and know that if you don't...and I speak for all of us here, your ego and id too...we will never forgive you....Okay, okay, oh, Merlin, is he really going to touch...Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh!

Her scream shook the room. Sirius pulled his wet fingers out of her in surprise.

Oh, shit, I went too fast. I didn't want to scare her, she was just so hot... And dripping... And... Oh, I can't stop now, I'll just have to make it up to her.

He drove his fingers back into her soaking cunt. This time he licked and sucked at her clit while slowly pressing circles against her inner walls. She came like a rocket.

Sirius stripped off his remaining clothes in record speed before pouncing on the trembling witch. Hermione regained some of her senses when she felt his skin sliding over hers again. Her hands that had been gripping the carpet for support began an exploration of their own. Then her mouth joined the party. She stroked her way down his chest, feeling the hard muscles twitch, all the while kissing and nipping his neck. His sharp intake of breath hissed in her ear when she wrapped her fingers around his hard cock.

He's huge... How is this going to work? The same way it always works, stupid. Just take a deep breath and relax... Open your legs and... Ohhhh, he's right there... Hold on, he's looking at me, did he just say something? I can't very well say 'Sorry, I wasn't listening; I was fantasizing about you fucking me.' Then again, it is Sirius; he's a sport.

"Sorry, I wasn't listening; I was fantasizing about you fucking me."

Did I really just say that? What happened to Hermione Granger, queen of eloquence and decorum? Oh, right, she died of boredom, writing some daft report about marking pens.

Sirius grinned wildly; all he'd asked was 'are you ready?' and he got the words he'd been dying to hear all day.

Music to my ears!

"Why fantasize?"

He thrust into her with brute force. She cried out again in pain and pleasure. Once her body adapted to his size, she looked into his grey eyes, near black with lust, and nodded. He rocked against her, setting a blistering pace. The mewling noises that escaped her lips drove him wild.

"You feel so incredible, Hermione... So damn hot... So tight..."

Her legs were wrapped around his waist, heels digging into his arse. He buried himself to the hilt inside her and stayed deep, pulling one leg, then the other up to his shoulders, kissing her pen-tattooed ankle on the way. He seized her thighs roughly and pounded into her.

Hermione was lost. The pleasure was almost unbearable; she wondered if it was possible to die of ecstasy. She hoped her will was in order. Another rocking wave hit her. Her muscles clenched around him, pulling him along in her orgasm. He came hard with her, emptying himself with every last ounce of strength.

They lay together, ragged breaths slowly becoming deeper, beyond words. He gently kissed her lips before collapsing next to her, deeply sated. She whimpered when he placed that sweet kiss on her bruised lips, the tender gesture in sharp contrast with their brutal lovemaking. She fell into an easy sleep, snuggled against his warm chest.

The sound of the front door opening brought Hermione to reality.

"Sirius, psst, get up. Ow!" She had rolled over on to the pen that started it all. "I mean it; someone's coming."

He only grumbled something that sounded like 'my house' and laid his arm over his eyes, instantly back in a deep sleep.

"Fine then." Her eyes fell on the pen again. A Sirius-worthy grin spread over her face.

Footsteps approached in the hallway. With a quick peck on the cheek for the sleeping man, Hermione gathered up her clothes and Apparated to the safety of her bedroom.

"Oi, Sirius!" *Crash.* "What the fuck? If you're going to sleep starkers in the library, lock the door! Have you been drinking again?"

"Sod off, Tonks." He rose slowly, grumpy and disoriented from the sudden awakening. Tonks desperately kept her eyes trained on his face. To her relief, he turned around, searching for his pants.

"Is that the Whomping Willow?" He gave a glance over his shoulder, not that he could see anything anyway.

"I s'pose."

"Why don't you go ask Hermione to babysit Teddy; I don't think Sirius is up to it," Remus's voice of reason cut in. Sirius grunted as he fished his boxers off the lampshade, ignoring his traumatized cousin as she stomped out of the room.

"What's that look for, Moony?" He gave him a lascivious smile, "See something you like?"

"Not particularly, though it looks like someone liked it."

"Huh?"

"Oh, nothing, I was just mildly curious as to how the letters HJG wound up on your cock."