

# The Born Again Virgin

*by NixtAll*

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Written for Darsynia for the 2008 hp\_springsmut exchange.

Beta'd by Good\_witch, she rocks!

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Two years. More precisely, it was two years, seven months and thirteen days. Not that she admitted to keeping track. The old parchment covered in tick marks on her dresser offered no explanation to the casual observer. Not that said casual observers ever found their way into her bedroom, and therein lay the problem.

She did not know the official length of abstinence to be declared a 'born again virgin,' only that the marker had past. That fiery rush of sensation at being so intimately filled by a man lay long forgotten no matter how hard she strained her memories for it. The knowledge that people often went without sex for long periods of time did nothing to placate her. For Hermione Granger, this was becoming a medical emergency.

Hermione lay in her bed, fully awake with eyes shut while thinking about her predicament. She had never had trouble in the past. She had stepped out a bit after breaking up with Ron. None of it came to anything, so she decided to take a little hiatus. Then the hiatus turned into a way of life. She knew she was too fixated on it. Too obsessed. She had eyed the checkout boy at the grocery yesterday, such was her desperation. The truth was she was not bent on having sex with just anyone. There was a man haunting her dreams of late. One she had never imagined she would see again, let alone fancy. The magical world once again astounded her.

Unconsciously, her fingers brushed against the edge of her knickers as she thought about him. It had all started one year ago today. Ginny was going stir-crazy from being pregnant and had dragged her to a pub so she could eat greasy fish and chips and watch other people, namely Hermione, get drunk. Hermione had not intended to get drunk; it was Ginny's insistence that she have a few drinks that did her in. Two days prior Ginny had unleashed the mother of all Bat Bogey hexes on Percy for 'coughing too loudly' so it was best to just do as one was told around her. Well, a few drinks turned into a lot of drinks, and lowered inhibitions turned into mad snogging with the equally sloshed Justin Finch-Fletchley.

All in all, things were looking well for Hermione. Then Harry burst into the pub, shouting a wild tale about some man appearing out of thin air in the middle of a shopping center in Mexico City who claimed to be Sirius Black.

Ginny did the only sensible thing a woman can do in just such a situation: She went into labor. Harry promptly fainted, Justin puked on Hermione's shoes, and all manner of chaos ensued. So with Harry and the entire Weasley family incapacitated, Hermione ended up at the Ministry's Portkey office trying to talk the after hours employee into granting her a Portkey without the usual twenty-four hour paperwork wait. She was Hermione Granger after all. When that name didn't work, she was forced to drop Harry's. Even then, she still had to resort to flat-out bribery. She never found out if Justin even recognized it was her he had been snogging.

She arrived at the English Consulate in Mexico City several Galleons lighter, hair frayed in every direction, and in desperate need of a fresh pair of shoes. Frank Croaker, an Unspeakable, met with her and led her to a private room.

Her heart had leapt in her chest when she saw him.

She had expected it to be a mistake, or a hoax, but it was no such thing. He looked as he had the last time she had seen him at Grimmauld Place so many years ago. He struck her as more handsome than ever, though undoubtedly he looked the same, and she was more of an age to appreciate it. Bellatrix's curse had left a tear across the chest of his otherwise smart attire, allowing a peek at freshly healed skin. Harry had told her one dark, desperate night on their interminable camping trip how Sirius had fallen into the veil.

Orange light from the smoggy sunset cast a surreal glow in the room. For a long moment, the two stared at each other as if unsure whether the other was real or a mirage. Until Hermione burst into tears and threw her arms around him. He was real. He squeezed her so tight it hurt. She didn't know how long they were like that; only that Croaker had left the room at some point. Sirius and Hermione were never particularly close before, but in that moment, they became the best of friends.

Into the night they talked. Hermione had long since shaken her drunken haze and sleep deprivation. It fell on her to relay the news of Voldemort's defeat and the Order's tragic losses. It was a rough time for both. The news of Remus and Tonks was devastating to him, but there was a light at the end of the tunnel. Croaker had managed to procure a return Portkey, and he brought a message from home. At 11:58 GMT, James Sirius Potter had been born.

Hermione sighed and stretched. Only a year ago... Harry had been irate that the Ministry had lied to him about the veil. It was no portal of death, but rather, one of time and space. Those who traveled through it were transported to a random time and place, most of whom were never heard from again. Sirius could have ended up a thousand years in the future, or in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, or both.

She did not know when she had started to fancy him so much. They were quite close after their night in Mexico, and they shared the bond of being outside of the Weasley family, which was growing more massive all the time. Perhaps it was the way he devoted his life to being a father figure for Teddy or that he had made peace with his past. Either way, Sirius chose to keep his family and friends close, and despite bouts of the sullens, he was a warm and caring man. Hermione's mind turned fuzzy again. A man she wanted to have care about her. This time, her fingers slid under the waistband of her knickers, only to find them already damp. She couldn't help it. She was infatuated.

He had moved in with Andromeda to be closer to Teddy; plus, the company was good for both of them. Hermione speculated about a tryst between the two. Neither was known to date other people, and they were Blacks after all...being cousins never seemed to interfere with that type of relationship.

Clearing her mind of Andromeda, she thought about the way the muscles in his back moved, for in her shyness, she often watched him when his back was turned. She imagined what it would be like to slide her hand in the back pocket of his jeans and give that amazing arse of his a squeeze. Would he like it if she did that? Would he smile, causing those little lines at the corners of his eyes to appear? Would he touch her the way she was touching herself now? She could probably come in an instant if it were his strong fingers sliding into her. She bit down on her lip to keep from crying out as she rubbed harder. The wave of pressure built inside her; she clenched her thighs together over her hand as it crested and broke, leaving her gasping and shaking.

Hermione buried her face in the sheets until she recovered. Only thoughts of Sirius could bring her to such an intense orgasm. It always made her cheeks flush when she had to face him, knowing what she did while she thought of him. She would see him later today, a thought that both elated and embarrassed her.

A sudden weight on the bed signified Crookshanks' arrival. She opened one eye to see his squashed face hovering over hers. Her morning activities had delayed his breakfast. Reality was back in the form of a hungry cat.

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"Happy Birthday, James!" Hermione leaned over and kissed her godson on top of his head. He smiled up at her before he resumed chasing stray pieces of cereal around the tray of his high chair, all the while babbling in his nonsense language. "Congratulations to you too. You made it a year!" Ginny was not looking her finest right now. Hermione started to make herself a mental note not to have children, stopping when she realized that was not a problem. She hugged her harried friend, carefully avoiding the splotches of cake batter and flour that dotted her apron.

"Harry is already talking of wanting another. I may have to kill him." She smiled, but not the sort of smile that gave Hermione the impression that Harry's life was out of danger. "Actually, James is a dear. Most of the time. It's this party that is going to kill me. Dinner is almost ready, but I still have a cake to bake, James is going to need a nap soon, and Teddy has run through here twenty times already. I think Sirius and Harry have been sneaking him biscuits again."

"What can I do to help?"

"Keep everyone out of my kitchen, for starters; ward the door if you have to. James! Don't eat that!"

Hermione took that as her cue to leave. Once outside the door, she bumped into Sirius, of all people.

"Excuse me." He tried to pass, but she threw her arms wide to block him.

"Ginny said no one is to enter under pain of death." He raised his eyebrows. "I rather think she means it too." She held up her chin in an attempt to look intimidating, which was really hard when he was so close. She felt the heat rising in her face, his scent adding to her discomfort. It was sort of woody and manly, with a hint of... Play-Doh?

"Very well." She jumped immediately when he pinched her on the hip. Flustered and ashamed to admit she rather liked it, she didn't notice when he started talking again. "...to see you, Hermione, it's been ages."

"I saw you four days ago." Then it dawned on her: he was joking and now laughing at her. She flushed again, at least having a reasonable excuse for it this time. Silently chiding herself, she followed him down the hall. The sitting room was packed and there were more people coming.

"Hermione!" George scooped her up in an off-the-ground hug.

"Hi, George," she gasped. "Hi, Angelina. Fred's looking well." The little boy looked up at mention of his name and grinned, allowing Teddy to steal his crayon.

"Teddy! Give that back." Sirius used his best grown up voice; Hermione almost believed it and had to laugh a little. It was only fair after all. Sirius made a face at her.

All the seats were taken up by Weasleys and their spouses. Hermione made her own on the arm of Harry's chair. Arthur and Molly were there, as were Percy and Audrey. Little Molly was sprawled across her grandfather's lap, sound asleep. Molly sat on the floor, offering help to Fred and Teddy on their drawing projects. All the kids in the house made Hermione feel a twinge of regret. Everyone here had their own family, even Sirius, though she eschewed her thoughts of him right now. Why did she not settle?

"Good to see you, Hermione, dear," Arthur said. "Bill, Fleur, and their troop should be here soon. Ron and Luna will be a bit late, but they're coming."

"I should go help Ginny," Molly volunteered.

"I don't think that is a good idea, Molly. I think she wants some time to herself right now." Sirius laughed, but stifled it as soon as Molly glared at him.

"HERMIONE!"

"Then again, maybe I should go check on her." Hermione was a little afraid to go. Ginny was armed and irritated. She thought it best to be prepared before entering the kitchen.

Ginny only rolled her eyes upon seeing Hermione with her wand at the ready. "I'm not going to hurt you." She was not so sure of that, the way Ginny was wielding that wooden spoon. Molly would be proud. "Please take James up to his room and put him down for a nap." Hermione nodded. Still not making any sudden moves, she stowed her wand and picked up James while Ginny returned to scraping the last of the cake batter into a baking tin.

"I think I can handle that. As long as I don't have to cha...Oh, I do. Thanks a bunch, Ginny."

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"Happy Anniversary, Sirius." They were both leaning over the crib, waiting for James to fall asleep. Sirius was so kind to rescue her from dirty nappy duty. She knew she fancied him for more reasons than just his looks.

"You remembered."

"How could I forget? I've never had to bribe anybody before or Portkey under the influence. I don't recommend either."

He smirked at her. "I'm not sure I ever thanked you properly. I was pretty dazed myself at the time."

She flushed a bit as she thought of a way he could thank her. "Quite all right. You're here now. That's all that matters."

"Yeah." His smirk faltered.

He looked as if he was going to say something else, but didn't. He had been down lately, as he was sometimes prone to be. She hardly thought herself qualified to give advice. Her own problems were trivial compared to what he had been through. She couldn't even claim to have gone without sex as long as he must have while he was in Azkaban; though she was sure the Dementors sucked those urges away. Her eyes rested on the sleeping boy while she was lost in thought, so much so she didn't even notice Sirius had stepped away until he motioned to her from the door. With one last glance at James, she tiptoed away from the crib.

Just as the door clicked shut behind her, Bill came bounding up the stairs, his giggling daughter tucked under one arm.

"Quick, hide! Teddy's coming. We're playing hide and seek." He ducked into the bathroom, shoved Victoire in the cupboard under the sink and jumped into the bathtub, pulling the shower curtain around to hide himself. "Shh!" He admonished as she was still giggling despite being crammed under the sink.

Harry darted up the steps and disappeared into his own room.

Sirius grabbed her by the hand and dragged her down the hall. She cast a quick Colloportus on James' door before being pulled into the guest bedroom. No one deserved to incur the wrath of Ginny right now.

Before she knew it, she was trapped in an empty armoire with her arms pinned to her sides and her spine pressed against Sirius' chest. And she thought this was going to be a boring party.

"Sirius, is this..." one of his hands clapped over her mouth. There were noises coming from the hallway. Her hand brushed his thigh, purely on accident, a result of their close quarters; nonetheless it had quite an effect on both of them. He jerked as if the touch had burned him. She shuddered when she realized what she had done, making him grip her tighter.

A roar of laughter burst out in the hall. Bill had been caught. Sirius dropped the hand over her mouth, just in time, too, because, had he held her mouth open any longer, she was afraid there would be drool and felt that was not very sexy.

That train of thought ended the moment she felt his newly freed hand wind into her hair. Her skin erupted in goosebumps, and this time, not on accident, she gripped his thigh. His skin was hot through the denim. She didn't know the how or why of what was going on, only that it needed to happen. She knew there was no way he could fail to notice her shivers, but judging by his ragged breath, she was not imagining this. His nose bumped against her ear as he whispered her name so quietly she was sure she would not have heard it had he not spoken it against her neck. She tipped her head back as best as possible. He saw this as her signal to proceed and tilted his own head so that, for the briefest of moments, their lips could meet.

"Caught you!" The armoire door flew open, revealing a grinning Teddy Lupin. Neither of the occupants moved, still frozen in a tight embrace.

"I could stun him."

"Sirius!" He released Hermione and jumped out of the armoire. She was hoping this would not be a lasting or damaging memory for Teddy; it surely would be for her. Sirius tickled Teddy until he was shrieking with laughter, then slung him over his shoulder and carried him out of the room. Hermione remained frozen in place wondering what had just transpired in the armoire.

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"Nice hair, Hermione." She lifted her hand to feel the back of her head after Bill teased her. A quick examination confirmed it was sticking out everywhere, more so than usual.

"Must have snagged it while I was hiding." George whispered something to Angelina. Whatever it was, she smacked him for it.

"Dinner's ready." Ginny entered the room, looking quite sane and cake batter free. Hermione suspected she may have started drinking already.

"I'll tell the others."

"Anything to drink, Hermione?"

"Whatever you've been having." She sat down in her chair again. When Ginny returned, she set down a cup of coffee. It was not what Hermione had expected, but thanked her anyway.

"Hi, Her-my-nee." Teddy crawled into the chair next to her, sitting on his legs so that he could reach the table as the rest of the group filed in.

"Hi, Teddy, it looks like you've been having fun." He didn't say anything else. He only continued to stare at her and smile, bringing about concern that she might have a bogey. She wiped her nose hastily, but there was no cause for alarm. She really did not need any more embarrassment today.

Sirius hoisted Teddy into the air and conjured a cushion for him so he could sit properly before swinging him back in his seat. She was glad to have a break between them. Both made a conscious decision to not make eye contact.

"Hermione, I know we're here for James' first birthday, but would you like to say a little something about the other anniversary we're celebrating today?"

Hermione's throat went dry as the entire table looked to her. Two weeks ago, she had only mentioned in passing that they do a little something for Sirius at the party. Now, Molly was staring at her like she should have an entire speech planned. Hermione forgot her resolution to not look at Sirius who had forgotten the same thing. Only, he was smirking, apparently amused at her obvious horror.

She slowly rose from her chair, desperate to think of something witty.

"In a time when we lost so many, it would have been easy to give up hope, to run away, to do anything but stand and fight. Even when there was no fight left, there were still memories, nightmares." She looked to Ginny who nodded appreciatively; she had more than her fair share of nightmares. Teddy watched so attentively; she knew he did not understand what she was talking about, but his support meant a lot to her. She set a hand on his shoulder and continued. "But, there was always hope, sometimes in the form of a ring, a promise, a laugh, a wish."

She made the mistake of looking at Sirius. He was not smirking any longer. The knot in her belly tightened. He was looking at her the way she always wanted him to, and it frightened her. Time stopped when their eyes met. Feelings that had lain dormant in her for years yawned and stretched. Her gaze dropped to the table in an effort to salvage her composure.

"Uh, sometimes hope is a many-changing form." She gave Teddy's shoulder a squeeze. "We may never know what miracles lie in store, we can only stay hopeful and be thankful of every one. One year ago, we got two in one day." She sat down quickly to a round of polite applause. "I'm so glad you're back, Sirius."

Hermione did not have problems speaking in front of a crowded room. Giving a speech about a good friend and longtime crush who had just kissed her in a dark armoire was an entirely different tale. Her cheeks were still pink when she looked up to see Harry grinning at her. She clamped her hands together in her lap to hide their shaking. When Sirius' hand closed over her shoulder, speaking the 'thank you' his mouth was incapable of uttering, she understood what she was feeling. It was magic; magic in its simplest form.

It was not the blistering fire of passion, but a trickling warmth sliding down her spine and instilling her with hope. He said nothing. She said nothing. Their shared gaze spoke volumes.

For Hermione, this dinner could not end soon enough. She took a sip of her coffee and almost choked when she was met with the surprise taste of alcohol. Apparently, Ginny had paid attention in Charms.

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Sirius' mouth was so hot and his tongue was doing the most amazing things. She wrapped her arms around his neck and dipped her tongue into his mouth to taste him as he had tasted her. The bump forming on the back of her head from where he slammed her against the door throbbed, but his strong fingers were kneading her arse so well, she really didn't care. Using the last of her common sense, she drew her wand and silently cast an Imperturbable Charm on the door.

They came up to James' room on the pretense of putting his gifts away. Bill had laughed at her. He may have known all through dinner, not that Hermione remembered if she ate anything at all. Her thoughts were solely for the man sitting one small child away from her. Whether it was just then, or after watching the two exchange glances over roast beef and potatoes, Bill had their number and even went so far as to distract the rest of the partygoers to cover their escape. Hermione made a mental reminder to send him a thank you note.

There was a familiarity with him, something no amount of sexual attraction could fake. They were already emotionally close, so neither felt any hesitation in completing their physical connection. All at once, she felt hot, cold, pulsing with a desire that shot through every nerve ending, obliterating any rational thought. Her only focus was on him, touching every part of him until she was part of him.

The point of no return was long past. With deft fingers he had her shirt unbuttoned. Her skin blushed with every brush of contact. "Hermione." He moaned the word against her throat before raising his head to meet her eyes. His hands found her arms and gripped. Hard. "I want you so much. I don't think I can wait."

"Don't then, please..." His lips on hers silenced her plea.

"I want you. I've wanted you for so long." Hot realization pooled in her belly. He had fantasized about her as she had for him. The irony of it would have made her laugh had the memories of all her frustrated nights not come flooding back as well.

"You...you have?"

"Ever since you showed up in Mexico smelling like vomit and Firewhisky."

She smiled, wide and honest. "That has to be the most romantic thing anyone has ever said to me." He pulled her into a tight embrace. "You've got some strange kinks, Sirius Black, but I'll take you." His grip loosened as he leaned back to take her in. She was beautiful; swollen lips and smudged make-up, trophies from his affections, could not belie that fact.

"You will, will you?" He pressed a kiss to her temple, continuing down to her ear, her neck, along the parted opening of her shirt to nip lightly at her nipple through the lacey fabric of her bra. She moaned and arched her back at his ministrations, her body set aflame once more. His tongue trailed across her chest to attend to her other breast. The effect was electric and nearly too much for her to stand. Her hand caught a fistful of hair at the base of his neck and pulled him up to her. Once again, their tongues were dueling. She worked frantically to undo the buttons of his shirt, finally giving up and yanking it open, sending the buttons cascading to the floor. He let go of her long enough to free himself from the garment's remains. His chest was lean and smooth, the muscles of it flexing under her caresses.

Her hands moved even lower, finding the answer to her question of what that back pocket felt like. He parted her legs with his knee, raising his leg until it was pressed against her core. The pressure and friction from only slight movements set her gasping. If this is what he could do with his knee, she could only imagine what he could do with his...

"Sirius!"

He immediately lowered his leg and reached under her skirt to yank her knickers down. She managed to free one leg of them before his hands were under her skirt again. His fingers slid along her wet folds, pressing further into her to find her warm and ready for him. "Now, Sirius, I can't wait..." she pleaded against his ear.

Sirius didn't need to be told twice. His hands gripped her thighs and lifted her up. She could feel the slick wetness on his hand, triggering another wave of lust to course through her. Pressing her back against the door for balance, she hooked her legs behind him, freeing his hands to help her with his own trousers. She teased the head of his cock with her thumb, before tracing the imposing length of it and gripping the base with a light squeeze. He gave a cracked groan, his whole body shuddering under her touch. Regaining enough control to position himself to take her, he sought her eyes. The short distance did not allow him to focus properly, but he saw it all there, the need, the desire that matched his own.

"Sirius, I thought you ought to know, it...it's been a while for me." She mentally upbraided herself for speaking at such a moment. He was ready, she was ready, no past experience was going to hold them back now.

"How long?"

"Two years." He smiled in spite of himself. "Seven months and thirteen days." His grin widened even more. She looked put out that he would be amused by that.

"Sorry, sorry." He closed the minute distance between their mouths to kiss her softly. "It's just... Well, we'll have to do something about that."

She smiled and shifted her hips just enough to take the head of his cock inside her. With eyes locked, noses brushing, breath mingling, he pushed into her. She let out a sharp cry of surprise; the immediate rush of sensation at being filled so completely spread through her like Fiendfyre. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and gave a strangled yell. She was so incredibly tight for him, he had to take several breaths to regain his control.

Slowly, he drew out of her only to thrust back in, and again, each strong stroke filling her completely, flooding her with waves of ecstasy as he rubbed against her most sensitive spots. Her body hummed with pleasure at his every touch. She had found what was missing and could never live without it. Her heels dug into his arse in an effort to hold him closer. He shifted her body so that with each stroke, he brushed her clit, stoking the already rampant fire.

Sirius redoubled his efforts, knowing he would not be able to hold out much longer. Her hands came to his sides, the sheen of sweat on his skin allowing them to slide easily over his flesh. Moaning her name, he came. He reached to where they were joined, rubbing small circles on her clit until she found her own completion, crying out without care that the entire Weasley family save Charlie was in the same house.

Neither spoke as he eased her back to the ground. She wasn't sure her rubbery legs would support her. They shared a languid kiss that spoke all the words they couldn't find. Somehow, over the pounding of her pulse in her ears and the sounds of his ragged breath, she heard footsteps in the hallway, footsteps of someone small.

"Teddy," she whispered. "Teddy's in the hallway."

"I told you I should have stunned him." They broke apart, each listening carefully for more noises from the hall. "I should see what he's up to." Hermione nodded. Sirius made a hasty repair of his shirt, and they both straightened their appearance as best as possible before he opened the door. Sure enough, Teddy was in the hall, peeking curiously into the guest room.

"What are you up to, little man?"

"Sirius!" He ran forward and latched on to Sirius' leg.

"You know, I can tell Harry to watch him tonight. Teddy won't be any trouble, he's bound to pass out soon anyway; we've been giving him biscuits all day."

"Well, since your evening is free, maybe you could swing by for a visit," Hermione offered.

He reached down and covered Teddy's eyes before kissing her lightly. "Sounds like a plan." He picked up Teddy and headed to the stairs, turning before he got there. "Are you..." His brows knit. "Are you all right, with everything?"

"Nothing ever felt more right."

His face relaxed into a naughty smile. "I just wanted to make sure it was good because...it's been a while for me, too, a long while."

Hermione was not sure exactly what he meant by that, surely he...?

"Just how long ago are we talking?"

"Oh." He paused, knowing she would be surprised. "About 1981." Her jaw dropped. With a wink, he turned and skipped down the stairs, Teddy waving at her over Sirius' shoulder.

How could he? She had never really thought about it before, but when would he have had the chance? In Azkaban? On the run? Locked up in Grimmauld Place?

A slow smile spread across her lips before she Disapparated to her flat. She had just deflowered the born again virgin. And with only five minutes past, she couldn't wait to do it again.