

The Awards Night Attraction

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The Awards Night Attraction

by [Lauren \(LaurenThemselves\)](#)

Summary

Written for the [BBT Kink Meme](#), for the prompt *Sheldon/Penny – Backstage. Maybe as a celebratory act after Penny wins her first Emmy. Or after Sheldon wins his Nobel prize. Also, I'd prefer it if they were not discovered in the middle of the act. It makes me cringe. Lol.*

Notes

The Big Bang Theory characters belong to Chuck Lorre, and considering who writes his paycheques, so does Charlie Sheen. Angus T. Jones, Neil Patrick Harris, Sarah Chalke, and Alyson Hannigan, however briefly mentioned, belong to themselves. The fictional TV show that Penny stars in is a nod to concupiscence66's [Em Theory](#).

[Muir_Wolf](#) has very kindly written me a lovely, lovely found poetry piece for this work as part of the Help Japan fundraising auction. It's called [This Will Be the Hard Part](#) and I love it to pieces.

Nobody even expected her to get nominated -- sadly, her fellow *Em Theory* cast members aren't the most pleasant of people -- but suddenly when she is there's a grand flurry and fluster over who'll sit where to accommodate her, to surround her with faux-friend smiles, until Penny puts her foot down and says, "It's okay," and says, "I can stay at the guest table, really, it's no trouble," and considering the speed with which they give in, she thinks they think she doesn't have a chance.

With the same stubborn persistence that got her the role in the first place, she persuades The Powers That Be that she can bring four friends who'll look good on camera if (*when, when, when*) she wins.

"It's not the done thing," they tell her.

Penny just lifts an eyebrow and points out that she's pretty sure shunting a potential nominee for Best Actress off to a different table in the first place isn't the done thing either, and they concede her point. Penny thanks them politely, and then breaks the speed limit racing home to start sorting out the guys' outfits. *This* will be the hard part.

Awards night rolls around after aeons of waiting. Penny puts her hair up, leaves it down, twists it around her fingers, wishes it would stay flat, and finally puts it in a simple French braid before putting on her blue sheath dress. It's low-cut enough to make Howard drool, but then again a turtleneck would be low-cut enough to make Howard drool.

She's pretty impressed by how well the guys have cleaned up, actually. Howard's pants look vaguely normal; Raj is (thank *god*) not wearing a sweater vest; Leonard's overgelled his hair but then he always does that; and Sheldon's wearing his proper suit and not anything monstrous or comic book related. Sure, there's doubtless a lot of comments going around about why she's sitting at a table with four guys instead of with her fellow cast members, but the shots (she imagines) of the *Em Theory* cast table show pretty clearly that there's not a space for her, and never was.

Their own table is a clear afterthought, wedged in a tiny space off to the side, and she swears that Charlie Sheen's only going to the bathroom so often so that he can leer at her, but she doesn't care because she feels good and looks good and her hair's behaving and she hasn't had any dress disasters and Raj is drunk enough to be chatty but not enough to be hitting on anyone. She herself has had two glasses of champagne, the first gulped down, the second, after a warning look from Leonard, sipped more sedately.

Award after award gets called out. Speeches are given. The Supporting Actor award goes to little Angus, who isn't so little any more -- old as he is, they're going to have to start calling the show *Three Men* before long, which isn't nearly as catchy.

Then it's her turn. Or might be (*will be, will be, will be*) her turn. The nominees get read out; she watches the clip of herself and winces and Leonard pats her hand reassuringly. She seizes his hand and holds it in a death grip.

The envelope is handed to the presenter.

The envelope is carefully cracked open.

Penny feels as though if someone tapped her in the right spot she would crack open too, like an egg.

“And the winner of the Best Actress award is... Penny--”

The rest of the sentence is lost in the swell of applause and Raj’s excited squeal in her ear. Penny is frozen for a moment, not needing to feign her surprise for the cameras, until Howard leans over Raj to hug her (and get his face as close as possible to her cleavage, she suspects). That shocks her into movement; she hugs Raj on her left and Leonard on her right and then scrambles as delicately as possible past Leonard.

She hesitates when she gets to Sheldon, not sure how he’ll feel about hugging her when it doesn’t involve signed napkins, but he responds for her, first rising to his feet and pushing his chair back so she can get by, then catching her in a surprisingly warm embrace. One hand rests at the small of her back, the other arm going around her shoulders, and she instinctively wraps her arms around his waist in return leaning into him. For a tall, skinny geek, he’s remarkably solid and reassuring. Then he’s releasing her, hand at the base of her spine gently urging her towards the stage--

--but not before he bends his head, looking surprisingly serious in the face of the other three hooting and hollering, and kisses her, shyly but purposefully, right on the mouth.

She doesn’t remember walking up to the stage through the thunder of applause and the lightning of camera flashes. She gives air kisses to the presenter (Neil Patrick Harris, over whom she would ordinarily be swooning, gay or not), accepts her statuette, and opens her mouth to give her perfectly rehearsed off-the-cuff acceptance speech.

What comes out instead is, “Sheldon, what the *hell*?”

She pulls herself together, of course, makes her speech, and then goes to sit back down, where it is very hard to not look at the four men she’s sharing the table with and one of them in particular. She downs another glass of champagne as the final few awards -- for, oh, Best Key Grip In An Action-Adventure Involving A Cute Fluffy Puppy or some similar nonsense -- are given out, and is up on her feet as soon as decorum allows her to be.

“Well,” she chirps, “we should all be heading home now, I guess! Oops, I’ve had too much to drink, Leonard, can you drive the guys home and I’ll just pop into the after-party and mingle, then get a cab...” Her voice trails off because all four of them are giving her different Looks. Howard’s is the easiest to interpret; it’s pretty clearly a *what, and miss out on the opportunity to chat up Alyson Hannigan?* (don’t ask how she knows which actress he’s planning to hit on; she just *knows*) Look, but Raj’s Look has something to do with free Mai Tais, and Leonard’s sporting the classic Kicked Puppy Look.

Sheldon is, as ever, inscrutable. Bastard.

“Penny,” Leonard says, “we’re not leaving you here on your own.”

“Yeah,” Raj chips in, “we have to protect you from the paparazzi.” This almost sounds impressive until he rounds the sentence off with, “Papa-paparazzi,” and does a little Gaga shimmy.

Howard is more blunt and less chivalrous. “Plus, have you *seen* what Alyson Hannigan is wearing?”

Oh well. At least she was right about his intentions.

The after-party is in another room of the same hotel, even more glittery and sparkling and star-studded than the awards ceremony, if that’s possible. Sitting at little tables, it was easy to not realise just how many serious celebrities she was surrounded by, but now that she’s in amongst them all, still carrying her statuette, she’s a bit overwhelmed.

Raj and Howard, the unfaithful cretins, each kiss her on the cheek and then make off into the crowd. Leonard also disappears briefly and Penny has time to look up at Sheldon.

“Do I get an explanation for what you did back there?” she hisses.

“Penny darling!” Oh, *crap*. It’s one of her *Em Theory* castmates. “Congratulations!”

Kisses. “Thanks,” Penny says, smiling, then smiling again for the camera as said castmate flings an arm around her shoulder and pulls her in close for the cameras.

“Who’s your man? He’s a hottie!” comes the whisper in her ear.

“Sheldon? He’s, uh, he’s just a friend.”

This just earns her a wink and a shake of the head. “If he’s just a friend, sweetie, he’s got it bad for you.” And then she’s gone, whirling off into the crowd.

Penny’s still trying to process her statement -- Sheldon? crushing on *her?* on *anyone?* -- when Leonard returns and presses a fresh sealed bottle of Evian into her hand. “Thought you might need this,” he says by way of explanation, and Penny spins the cap off and gulps it down gratefully.

Sheldon still hasn’t said anything.

The night goes on and she has like a million photos taken and has to speak to pretty much everyone at the party, but she finally manages to corner him behind a potted plant near the cloakroom, where he’s attempting to look inconspicuous and actually managing fairly well for a six-foot-whatever guy. She leans against the wall beside him, raises her glass to him, takes a sip of the bubbling champagne.

“What up, Moonpie?” She eyes the short square glass in his hand. “Lemme guess. Virgin diet Cuba Libre?”

“No.”

Oh, how she adores his monosyllabic responses. Not.

“So, Sheldon. To remind you of my earlier question, which I’m sure you and most of the people here remember me asking, what the hell?”

His face turns ever so slightly pink. “I was merely--”

“Merely!”

“--congratulating you on your award.” His facial tic goes off.

“Congratulations, my ass. Sheldon, you barely *hug* me, let alone kiss me. If I have to stand here all night until you tell me what the hell’s going on, I will.” She sips more of her bubbles and gives him an expectant look.

“I’d really rather not, as you would say, ‘go there’.” Sheldon waves an autograph hunter away from her imperiously. “It was purely the heat of the moment.”

His eye twitches again.

“Uh-huh.” Penny looks around, sees nobody in particular watching them, and opens the cloakroom door. The two attendants are at the far end of the counter and chatting away animatedly to Sarah Chalke. She catches Sheldon’s hand and drags him in behind her, letting the door click closed.

The cloakroom’s an array of nearly ordered shelves and clothing racks. Penny ignores all of this and tows Sheldon briskly to the back of the room, where a second door, marked “Lost and Found”, awaits them. The keys are hanging up beside it, and she lets them in, pushing Sheldon ahead of her.

“Penny, what *are* you--”

“Shut up, Sheldon.”

The accumulated possessions of hundreds of people from hundreds of ceremonies are sorted into crates that line the walls. Penny locks the door behind them and then turns to Sheldon, who looks equal parts confused by her behaviour (and boy does she ever know *that* look), and fascinated by the neat sets of coats-scarves-shoes-bags-watches-wallets-keys-glasses-shorts-shirts-skirts-jewellery all sorted so meticulously. Here is a fortune in missing things waiting to be claimed.

Penny sits down on a crate, hiking her dress up a little so she can settle. It’s periwinkle blue and just long and tight enough to be uncomfortable to sit down in.

“Penny, what are we doing in here?” Sheldon asks.

“It was the only place I could think of to talk to you privately, and considering you wouldn’t talk to me publicly, I figured maybe you’d speak up in private.” She gives him an even stare.

“So spill, Sheldon. Why did you kiss me?”

She shifts uncomfortably, one polished black shoe to the other, and she gestures impatiently for him to sit down. When he looks like he’s going to take at least ten minutes just to decide where to sit she glares and he hastily sits down on the crate to her left. But then he remains quiet, just looking at her.

“*Sheldon*. I’m waiting.”

“I...”

She’s waiting for an admission of a crush or something like that because lord knows she’s heard enough of those over the years, and while Sheldon’s the last person she’d expect to hear it from, he’s sure got that sort of look on his face, that kind of stammer to his tone.

“I thought it would improve both our public standings if you were to be seen with the most intelligent man in--” he pauses for a second and settles on “--the state, and mine to be seen with an award-winning actress.”

Her heart skips a beat and it’s not down to the traditional romantic nerves or idio- idiot-whatever it is Howard’s got, but sheer anger because how *dare* he? She’s on the verge of snapping as much at him before she realises that he wouldn’t have seen it as using her, but rather as a mutually beneficial, if bizarre, gesture.

No. She’s going to have to try a different tactic to get him to understand.

“Sheldon, sweetie,” she says, “I don’t think it was such a good idea.”

“Why not?”

“Well, see, if you kiss someone like that, it usually means more than just a shot at publicity. There’s usually emotions involved, y’know?”

“Oh. But I’ve seen you kiss many men in a similar, if not more intense fashion, and you haven’t formed any lasting emotional attachments to any of them, so I assumed that it would be all right.”

The anger is bubbling back up inside her, threatening to spill out. “What, and you thought it’d *improve* your social standing if you got seen as another one of my, what, *conquests*? *Jesus*, Sheldon!”

“Penny, no, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Then. How. Did. You. Mean. It?” She’s thinking, *Backpedal faster, bitch*.

“More like you’d seen sense at last and sought out someone with a greater potential for a lasting relationship due to having higher intelligence, earning power, and respect for you.”

“So that’s how you meant it, huh.” Her voice is flat, but Sheldon doesn’t pick up on that kind of thing.

“I don’t understand, Penny. Have I offended you somehow?”

For someone who’s supposed to be so intelligent, sometimes he can be dumb as a bag of sand.

She gets up off her crate and moves to stand in front of him, one hand snapping out to land against his chest and push him back down when he tries to rise to his feet. “Yeah, you kinda did.” She steps forward so her feet are either side of his, bends her knees, and sees the wide-eyed shock on his face when she settles straddling his lap. “But it’s okay.”

And she kisses him.

It’s a much longer kiss than the earlier one, shut away here without an audience to comment on it or people waiting for her to get up on stage. Her hands cup his face, her lips move against his, and she presses close to him. It’s only when she slips her tongue against his lips and he’s still paralysed-frozen, not moving to touch her in return or even kiss her back, that she stops and pulls back a little.

He looks utterly stunned and shaken, like she’s just slapped him across the face with a dead fish instead of kissed him.

“Something wrong, Sheldon?” She leans her forehead against his. “Isn’t this what you wanted for me?” She’s aware of the sarcasm in her voice; wonders if he is. “Wasn’t this what you had in mind when you kissed me?”

She doesn’t wait for his answer. She just kisses him again, driving her lips and tongue against his closed mouth, one hand going up to grip his short hair and pull him in closer, the other curling around the back of his neck. It’s like trying to figure out how to open his puzzle box, working out where to touch him and how to crack through his cool calm exterior.

His arms creep tentatively around her, hands settling awkwardly midway up her back, fingers spread out like he doesn’t quite know where to put them. His lips part slightly under hers and she tastes at the inside of his lower lip with her tongue. The noise this draws from him is partway between protestation and need. She shifts her weight over him to settle more firmly against him and he makes the noise again and it’s that noise that shoots past sensation to tap her brain on the shoulder and go, *um, excuse me, you’re making out with Sheldon Cooper, what the hell?*

Her brain doesn’t care. Her body’s sending it other more important messages, like the way that his hands feel warm against her back, and they’re creeping up from where they were to touch her bare skin, sliding off the low-cut material of her dress.

“This was not what I had intended at all,” he says breathlessly, his lips brushing against hers with every word.

“I know, I know, public standing, blah blah blah. Are you telling me you don’t want this?” She slides her lips over his cheek to his ear and nips the lobe, hears him gasp.

“Penny -- you’re my friend. I never thought -- this wasn’t what I expected--”

“Haven’t you ever heard the phrase ‘be careful what you wish for’?” She punctuates this with another nip to his earlobe and feels his fingers tighten on her back.

“It was only meant to be for show.” His breathing is getting decidedly uneven.

“You’re the one who always insists on having an elaborate back-story for every lie,” she points out. “Don’t you think we should have at least *some* sort of... *experience* to back the story up if anyone asks?” She licks a hot stripe up the side of his neck and then leans back to assess her handiwork.

His eyes are half-lidded, his cheeks flushed red, his mouth still hanging slightly open and wet from kissing. Combined with the fact that he’s wearing the suit that she picked out for him for the speech that he gave that she thought looked hotter than hell on him from the moment he walked out of the dressing room, that bit of her brain that’s still going *but wait it’s Sheldon, what the hell are you thinking?* is quite effectively shut up.

“Tell me you don’t want this, and I’ll stop,” she whispers, nipping the side of his neck. He actually jerks up against her at this and she realises that even if the look on his face is purely puzzled, his body certainly has its own ideas about what it wants.

“Penny,” he says, his voice choked. “Stop. Please.”

It takes a second for his words to sink into her brain and then she’s recoiling in horror. “Oh, god, Sheldon, I’m sorry, I--” She tries to get back off him, feeling utterly mortified and more than a little ashamed of herself, but his hands are still on her back and her dress is tight around her knees and she can’t manoeuvre herself away. She looks back at him, her cheeks flaming, and sees the tiny wicked curve to the corner of his lips.

“Bazinga,” he says.

“*Sheldon!*”

He’s *laughing*. He *never* laughs. Mind you, he never makes out with her in cloakrooms either, so it’s not like tonight’s exactly setting the bar for ordinary Sheldonian behaviour.

“I’ve noticed that alcohol lowers my inhibitions somewhat,” he confesses, and she’s about to say *no shit, Sherlock*, when his arms tighten around her and his mouth finds hers and this time it’s *him* teasing apart *her* stunned lips with *his* tongue.

That sweet contact breaks the spell for her. She kisses him back again and now she can taste the rum on his tongue.

“Sheldon. You’re not just doing this because you’re drunk, are you?”

“Penny, Penny, Penny. I said alcohol lowers my inhibitions. I did not say it made me lose my senses completely.” She can feel the curve of his smile against her lips. “I wouldn’t do this if I didn’t want to.”

She thinks of the man who awkwardly hugged her for the first time all those years ago, who got used to her bathroom schedule when she slept over, who helped her make all those Penny

Blossoms, who couldn't fall asleep when he was sick without her singing "Soft Kitty" to him, who was cynical when she first auditioned for this role and then delighted when she actually got it, who got better at driving so he could get her to the studios for early calls to give her an extra half hour nap in the car, and feels like this is not only right, but inevitable, like this was where they were headed all along.

Seems kind of weird that it's backstage at an awards show, but she's not going to quibble about that part considering that his fingers have found the tiny hidden zipper that runs down the back of her dress and are pulling it open.

"Sheldon..." She's not even sure what she's going to ask him.

"Penny." He kisses her and she loses herself in the kiss and suddenly the where and the why and everything else doesn't matter, just that it *is*, is happening and is now and good and right. Her knees are getting sore and she's pretty sure her dress will never look the same again and he's kissed all her lipstick off, but what the hell.

They don't really talk much after that. Oh, they make noises and stuff, but it's not exactly what anyone would call talking per se. The moan that Penny lets out when her dress puddles around her waist and Sheldon's eager mouth fastens onto her nipple is *almost* his name, if that counts.

Somewhere in it all the thought crosses her mind that she hopes someone lost a mirror somewhere in here, because if she goes out there looking like this she's going to be on the front pages tomorrow for a hell of a lot more than just her statuette, which is sitting on a crate at her side next to her bag.

She knows there's no sense getting totally naked for this. Apart from anything else it'll take longer and the longer they're gone the more likely it is people will put two and two together. More prosaically she just doesn't want to wait too much longer to do this.

She raises up on her knees, which only gives Sheldon even better access to her breasts, and he makes full use of it, which then makes it more difficult to achieve her original goal of getting her hands down between them and getting his pants open. She manages, though, because as soon as her hands are on him he stops breathing and though she can feel his lips and tongue still pressing against her skin they stop moving.

"Breathe, Sheldon," she whispers.

He sucks in a breath and then hisses it right back out again when her fingers slip the leather of his belt free of the buckle and flick open the button.

She has to get off him then because there's not really any feasible way of getting her panties off otherwise. When she stands up the dress falls to the floor and she makes a futile grab for it before just letting it go, stepping out of it, and tossing it onto the crate with her other stuff. Sheldon, god love him, reaches out and actually starts *folding it up* while she drags her panties off. She tosses said panties at him and he yelps and bats them away.

"We don't have time for you to go all OCD on me," she informs him, straddling his lap again.

“Do you really want to go back out there with your dress all wrinkled?”

“It’d get you that publicity you were looking for.” She’s working on his zipper now, palming him through the fine cloth of his pants, and savours the moan he lets out. “‘California’s Finest Brain Gets Screwed Out’.”

“That wasn’t exactly what I had in mind for a headline.”

“I know, I know, I know.” She frees him from his stupid tighty-whities and strokes him, is gratified by the fact that it shuts him up. Shame she didn’t know about this all those years ago; it would’ve been useful. “We can worry about the banner once we’re done writing the story, okay? There should be a condom in my bag.”

He doesn’t reach out, instead just giving her a blushing look, and everything stops for her as the realisation hits her.

“Sheldon...”

“Yes, Penny?”

“This is your first time, isn’t it.” Not a question, and the look in his eyes is answer enough anyway. “Holy shit.”

“What?”

“I just -- don’t you want it to be special?”

Sheldon kisses her again and slides one hand up her thigh. “I’m backstage at an awards night with the Best Actress. If that doesn’t qualify as special, I don’t know what does.”

Penny half-laughs and shakes her head. “I more meant because we can’t really take time with this.” Yet she’s reaching out for her bag herself, although she just about drops it at his next words.

“We can take time next time.”

“...next time?”

“If you’re willing,” he says, and she can practically see the diary pages in his head, Thai night and Chinese night, laundry night and Penny night. “I know I said that you often kissed men with whom you shared no emotional attachment--”

“*Sheldon!*” She squeezes him and he gasps, but keeps doggedly speaking.

“--however, I believe that this time that’s not the case.”

Oh. So he *is* telling her he has a crush on her, after all.

“I believe that would be acceptable,” she says softly, leaving the bag for a moment to kiss him again, fingers framing his face with its unfamiliar expression of mingled shyness and

arousal.

“Penny.”

“Mmmm?”

“We’re going to be missed if we don’t hurry up.”

“I don’t want to rush this.”

Sheldon settles one hand on her lower back and pulls her tighter against him, his tongue slipping against hers in an interesting flickery way that makes her wonder what else he might be capable of doing with that tongue. “I do,” he says, and then hurriedly, “Not in a premature ejaculation sort of way, you understand, but--”

“Shut up, Sheldon,” Penny says fondly, snagging one of the condoms out of her bag, tearing the packet open with her teeth, and watching the way his eyes flicker closed when she rolls the latex down over his erection, smoothing it down with her fingertips. This at least she has to take time with; photos of the Best Actress and her mystery man are one thing, but a baby nine months from tonight would be a little less mysterious.

When she sinks down onto him it’s like the moment when he first kissed her multiplied exponentially, shocking and new and good, only this time she’s not surprised. Oh, and she doesn’t have a thousand people watching her, which is a good thing. It means that she can focus on just the two of them without having to worry about her posture or her smile or the way her dress looks.

“Penny.” Sheldon’s voice rumbles through her body as she rocks astride him, his hands tight around her waist. “I wasn’t expecting things to go this far.”

“It’s a little too late to stop now, sweetie,” she gasps.

“Don’t want you to stop.” His fingertips dig into her skin. “Don’t stop, Penny, don’t...” Then his mouth presses hot against her collarbone, tongue darting out to taste her skin, and she shivers and clings to him and her knees are never going to be the same again but who gives a damn about knees, her dress will cover it and that’s if she ever leaves this room and doesn’t just stay here with him forever.

Which is kinda impractical, but she’s not thinking as clearly as she could be.

Sheldon’s hands slide down to cup her backside and pull her even tighter against him.

“More,” he whispers against her ear. “Please.”

Penny has a tendency to subscribe to the “less is more” school of thought in some respects, like her clothes, and although she’s aware of the time constraints involved here, there’s one thing she really can’t resist doing. She shifts right up onto her knees so just the tip of him is inside her and starts making tiny little movements, staring into his eyes as they go wide with shock and then narrow as he cottons on to what she’s doing.

“Penny.”

“Yes, Sheldon?”

“Please?” His voice is practically a whine.

“Please *what*?”

“Don’t tease...”

“What do you want me to do then?” Penny asks coyly, circling her hips a little and watching his eyes roll back in his head.

He’s apparently lost all coherency, because he just claws at her and whimpers and she finally relents and moves down hard against him and covers his mouth with hers just in time to catch the loud moan he lets out before it can escape and be heard by anyone else.

It might have been too fancy a move for his first time, though, because although she can feel her climax building-building-building inside her, his is building faster, and she feels his whole body shudder before he goes stiff and lets out a strangled moan into her mouth.

“Oh, Sheldon,” she whispers, leaning her forehead against his.

“I’m sorry. I believe that could have been better for you.”

She contemplates their situation and ends up just smiling at him. “Next time, Sheldon.”

“Next time,” he agrees, reciprocating her smile.

She eases back off him and scuffles through her bag to find tissues to clean them both up. Fortunately there’s a trash can near the door; she can feel his eyes on her as she walks over there and back, even though he’s ostensibly focusing on neatening his clothes.

“You got your tattoo changed,” he comments as she slips back into her dress and tugs it down to cover her abraded knees.

“What -- oh, yeah. Yeah, I couldn’t stand the thought of you knowing I had an incorrect tattoo on my butt, so I had a guy fix it up.”

“But you didn’t tell me.”

“But now you know,” she counters, picking up her bag and her statuette. “Come on, we need to get back out there.” She checks him over with a critical eye, but he doesn’t look like he’s just had sex. Pity. She’ll have to do something about that next time.

“Penny, wait. I still have your underwear.” He holds it up.

She can’t resist. “I still have your virginity.”

Sheldon sniffs. “Typical sarcasm. Very funny.”

She kisses him again, quick but deep. “Get used to it, Moonpie.”

And this time he doesn't protest her use of the nickname, but just smiles.

Works inspired by this one

[Into the Fire](#) by [Lauren \(LaurenThemselves\)](#).

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