

# Padfoot and Prongs

*by thefrylord*

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## Rife With Boyish Attitude

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Hey, James."

A fifteen year old boy slipped in between the burgundy bed hangings. He was handsome in a rough, angry way, with a mass of shaggy near-black hair cut jaggedly back from his face and dark features. The beginnings of a beard demanded attention, but the most noticeable thing about him was his palatable aura of restlessness and defiance.

Sirius' face was devoid of its usual rebellious expression tonight, however. As the heavy velvet curtains settled back into place behind him, he knelt down by the bed to consider the sleeping figure in front of him with an almost reverent air.

The dim light filtering through the curtains settled lightly on his face to highlight the attractive nose, the full, well-drawn lips, the low but distinct cheekbones. His dark eyebrows were scanty and undefined underneath his mess of black hair, but sleeping like a statue, he seemed all but flawless. No one could deny that James Potter was a very beautiful boy.

Sirius rested his head on the edge of the bed and blew lightly onto the sleeping boy's face in a gentle attempt to wake him. James' smoky lashes fluttered, but his face remained as if carved from stone.

"Hey, James!" he breathed again in a husky whisper, punching him lightly on the shoulder. "James, c'mon!"

Blurily, James opened one hazel eye. It rolled around vaguely in its socket, trying to take in the surroundings. Upon encountering his friend's face, he opened the other eye, then blinked twice and pulled himself upright.

"Oh, Sirius, s'you. Whajja wake me up for?" he asked, looking annoyed.

"Let's get outta here, man. I can't breathe being stuck inside." Sirius leaned forward earnestly, eyes burning with energy. It was easy to see the cramped stone walls and heavy draperies of the Gryffindor dormitory smothering him as he spoke. The daily parade of stunningly boring classes in musty little chambers was barely tolerable for him—at night he was like a caged wolf.

"Mmph." James combed his finger through his hair, then ran a hand down to the back of his head to roll out a cramp in his neck. He looked strangely posed. "Why can't

you go by yourself? I was asleep..."

Sirius' lips quirked upwards on one side. "Well, I know that, idiot. I woke you up. But seriously, man, you gotta come with me. The forest blows alone, s'just a bunch of trees. And plus, I didn't wanna piss you off--" a sideways grin spread over his face as he pulled something shimmering and silver from his cloak and waved it in James' face—"when I took *this* without permission..."

James spluttered, mouth open indignantly. "Where'd you get that from? I thought I hid it really—I mean, I didn't—that's mine!"

He snatched for it, but quick as a flash Sirius yanked it away, and James fell halfway out of the bed. Laughing, James scrambled up to grab Sirius' arm, only to be left looking back and forth in a frenzy when Sirius disappeared. He made several wild grabs at the air, then cried triumphantly when he hit a solid form. Tackling it, he pulled the cloak off with a flourish and shook it in Sirius' face. Sirius threw his hands up, and both teens collapsed over the bed in laughter.

Between spurts of hilarity, James choked out, "we gotta-- We gotta be quiet, or they'll--wake up--", gesturing with an outflung arm beyond the bed hangings at the other beds and their presumably sleeping occupants.

Sirius agreed between gasping breaths, staring at the ceiling in an obvious effort to stop laughing. He rolled onto his side with a devilish smile to add, "So, guess you're awake enough to come with me now, hunh?"

James groaned and rolled his eyes. "Bastard!" he said in defeat.

Sirius grinned, delighted to be an annoyance, before quickly rearranging his features to assume a shocked expression. "Was that a slur to the name of--" He cleared his throat importantly and adopted a dottering old man's voice, "The Noble And Most Ancient House Of Black? Watch out, Potter, I might have to set the family on you!" He laughed a grim, self-deprecating laugh. The lighthearted tone left his voice, and he added in an undertone, "Merlin fucking Ambrosius. What a bunch of idiots." James nodded in sympathy.

They both remained quiet for several seconds, unsure of what to say.

James broke the awkward silence by jumping to his feet and stretching his arms wide, yawning theatrically. "You were right," he said. "I'm never gonna get back to sleep now."

Still lying on the bed, Sirius pumped his fist in victory.

"... but I get *this*!" James added, snatching up the cloak and cradling it like a baby. Sirius sprang up after him and punched him playfully as, laughing and joking, the two slipped out the door.