

A Little White Lie

by norwegianeyes

"Please, don't say yes. Please, tell me you didn't do it. Tell me it was just a sick joke that Malfoy made up."

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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I staggered backward after James punched me with a powerful blow. I felt dizzy and held my head, trying to make the world stop spinning. When I finally collected myself, I stared angrily at my lover, only to have my heart break when I saw the multitude of expressions in his brown eyes. Distrust. Pain. Hope. I almost began to cry right there. I wanted to get down on my hands and knees and beg for forgiveness. Instead, I found myself frozen in my spot.

James' fists were clenched at his sides. They had some of my blood on them. He stared down at the floor, body shaking. "Please, don't say yes. Please, tell me you didn't do it. Tell me it was just a sick joke that Malfoy made up. Please..." His deep voice sounded so weak and desperate.

I licked my lips. My mouth was so dry. I couldn't possibly tell him. I didn't think James would forgive me. If I told him, I was certain that it would be the end ~~of~~.

I think my silence angered him even more. His head shot up, trying to hold back his tears. In an instant he rushed forward, grabbing and pinning me to the wall, his face full of hatred. "Tell me!" he roared, "Did you or did you not fuck your brother?!"

I had to think fast. I softened my expression, trying to look innocent. "James, how could you ever *think* that? It's so sick. I know my family has a history of incest, but you *know* I'm not like them. Plus, how you could trust a syllable that git utters?" I caressed his cheek, "James, you *know* me. I'm your best mate, your lover. I trust you with my life. Please, believe me."

James shook, let go of my shirt and raked his bangs in front of his eyes. He attempted to choke back a sob. I put my arms around his waist, pulling him close against my chest. I rocked him as he muttered apologies. I shushed him, reassuring him that I was not mad.

I never told him the truth. I didn't want to lose his friendship. I think if he knew, he'd break. Sometimes, the truth is better left unsaid.