

Good Things Come to Those Who Wait

by christev

A Death Eater contemplates life, now that the Dark Lord is gone.

One-Seven

Chapter 1 of 1

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ONE

(The story begins shortly after the first 'death' of the Dark Lord.)

He looked at the house, ruined now by the blasts from that night. He hadn't actually come here since before the boy's birthday. And where ~~was~~ the boy? He supposed it didn't matter anymore, since He was gone, too. How could everything have changed so quickly? He was supposed to have been rewarded, given *something* for everything he'd done, all he'd sacrificed. Sure, he wasn't going to Azkaban, but neither could he show his face ever again in wizarding Britain, not since the mongrel had figured him out. What a bloody, bloody mess. Sometimes being human just wasn't worth it...

TWO

He looked at his hand. He was beginning to get used to the deformity, but he still couldn't look very long before turning away. (As a rat, he never gave a thought to his paw.) Looking in the mirror was hard, too. He was a *survivor*, damn it! He'd fooled them all and come out on top! He tried a triumphant laugh... but it was hollow. How long had it been since he'd laughed? *Sirius* had laughed. The echo of that maniacal laugh still haunted his nightmares. Another reason for transfiguring – a rat's dreams only featured running and eating.

THREE

(Several months have now passed since the first two chapters.)

He woke crying again today. He knew it was because he was so bloody lonely. Six weeks had passed since the explosion. Everyone he'd known now thought him dead. Except Sirius, of course, but who knew if rational thoughts still inhabited that mind? Gods, he missed Remus and James – never Lily – and his feelings about Sirius were so complex he avoided thinking of him altogether. But when he thought of Moony and Prongs, it hurt that they would never laugh again or run together again. Even if they were only pretending to like him, he missed them like crazy.

FOUR

All he had these days was time. Finding food was disgustingly easy, once he'd gotten over the cringe factor of eating... well, garbage. But he couldn't figure out what to do with himself. He couldn't help but recycle memories. The four of them had done everything together from the time they were first years. It was sometime during fifth year

that he first suspected all was not as it seemed, that they more *tolerated* him than *included* him. But they still needed someone to be their fall guy, to do their dirty work, to lead their freaking fan club.

FIVE

(It is now about six months after the first two chapters.)

Torturing himself, he thought back to their fourth year, when they'd pushed themselves beyond their lessons, beyond their own expectations. Becoming Animagi – gods, the exhilaration! They'd even made the best of the crap Amimagus form he was stuck with, assigning him missions where his small size was an asset. *They're* the ones who started him spying, really; they'd only themselves to blame. Sneaking into other Houses made it that much easier to spy on his mates. If they'd once – *just once* – spoken nicely about him when they thought he wasn't around. But no. That's when they showed their true colors.

SIX

Human again (shorter and shorter periods these days), he looked at his forearm and remembered the exultant feeling of being Marked. He was trusted! Valued! Important! And oh, so clever. Not even the others so marked knew he was one of them – only his Lord. Outsmarting the Order's brightest, he gathered invaluable information that should have secured the Dark Lord's victory. Seeing Sirius' face when he realized he'd been had was worth all those taunts and teases, those meaningless flirtations that always ended with Sirius turning to the half-breed. And James, who always considered him the weakest? More fool he.

SEVEN

(About seven months have passed since the first chapters, and a new opportunity presents itself.)

"Dad, look! Isn't he pretty? Can I keep him? Please?"

"A field rat, Charlie? I know you've wanted a familiar, but..."

"But he's friendly! He came right up and rubbed his face on my leg. See, he's shivering - and hungry! He needs me to care for him."

"Hmmm... looks healthy enough. I guess Molly can check him for diseases. You'll have to share him with your brothers, you know."

This was priceless! Being 'rescued' by the Order! The boy was too easy! He laughed – or 'shivered' according to the boy. Good things really do come to those who wait...

~fin~

A/N: Thank you again to my dear friend ApollinaV, who not only encouraged me in the writing of this fic, but also surprised me with this lovely artwork!

Since posting this, Alistria has written a wonderful fic from Sirius' point of view during this same short period of time. It's called "His Greatest Mistake," and you can read it here: <http://owl.tauri.org/stories.php?psid=12430>.

