

# Black's Worst Memory

*by ItrustSeverus*

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Beta'd by Alley B.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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After the meeting with the Order, he had argued with Snape, as usual, and he knew what this meant: he was going to have nightmares again. But he'd rather be skinned alive than ask Snivellus for a dreamless sleep potion, so, just as he thought, he had quite a hectic night.

*"Who wants to see me doing him a favour and getting rid of these hideous and graying pants?" shouted James, amused.*

*The group of students gathered around them cheered in agreement, and James, happy to oblige, took a bow and made Snivellus' worn out underpants disappear. Snape, still hanging upside down, tried to cover himself with his hands as fast as he could, but James forced him to keep his hands away with a wave of his wand.*

*An astonished silence surrounded the crowd.*

*"Mate, this is..." started someone.*

*"It's huge," said another one, with eyes wide open.*

*"You're lucky that Evans is already gone and she hasn't seen this, Prongs, or you'd have serious problems to woo her," laughed Peter, earning himself a furious growl from James.*

*"Oy, Snively, doesn't it hurt that thing you have there?" said James, recovering from the impression and pointing his wand to his groin. "Maybe we should do you yet another favour and reduce its size a little; your back must be broken from carrying that weight, man. What do you think, Padfoot?"*

*As Sirius didn't answer, James turned to look at him. Sirius Black was livid and open-mouthed.*

*"Are you all right, Sirius?"*

*"Never better," he answered, after a few unsuccessful attempts to speak. He stopped the Levitation Charm, and Snape fell on the ground with a thud.*

*Sirius walked off towards the castle without looking back, paying no heed to his friends calling him behind him.*

He woke up in the same state as always after having this recurrent nightmare. His reaction to it hadn't changed a bit after so many years of dreaming the same thing. Why

the hell did James have to take Snivellus' pants off?

His breathing still heavy, he lifted a hand to his sweaty forehead, stubbornly ignoring the colossal hard-on that the sheets were hiding, until, in a burst of anger, he banged his fists on the bed and shouted, "I'M NOT GAY!"

As always, the only answer he got was the echo of the last word reverberating in his mind, again and again.