

For James's Shoes

by Noelani Sitara

He would have done almost anything except betray his best friend. 2nd in LJ community hpfic_contest's Secret Challenge.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

He would have done almost anything except betray his best friend. 2nd in LJ community hpfic_contest's Secret Challenge.

She lay on the couch, smiling softly as she slept.

The room was silent except for her steady breathing.

He watched her; she was unaware of the turbulent feelings that rushed through him whenever he thought of her.

His fingers traced her cheek, the barest of touches. He longed to see her eyes stare into his with that unrestrained declaration of love – the look he always saw in her face whenever she was near James.

James, James, James.

Damn it, *everyday* he had to see her with James. His hands would itch to reach out and grab her, swing her around and set her against the wall to properly *know* her for once.

Merlin. *Just once*. So he could have even the smallest memory to keep, to treasure for the rest of his godforsaken life.

She stirred now, and he quickly pulled away, standing next to the fireplace.

"Mm – Sirius?"

Taking a deep breath, he turned and grinned. "Had enough sleep? Those snores made it sound like you did—"

She laughed and sat up, groggily rubbing her eyes. "Damn you, Sirius, I don't snore!"

He only paused a second before replying, "I know," with a small chuckle. "Don't I know..."

She stood up. "Thanks for letting me rest for a while. See you tomorrow at Remus?"

"Sure."

She left.

Unmoving, he stared at the small indentation her head had left on the couch arm.

He was going to kill him. He was going to rip out his heart and feed it to the bloody pigeons – he'd die a ~~very~~*very* painful death.

A mad glint sparked in his eye as he faced him. The other was trembling, wringing his hands – Sirius raised his wand to end it all.

Bam! – he was gone. *Damn*, Sirius swore. Then he saw it – that filthy rat scurrying into the bushes, and all that was left was a disgusting, fat little piece of a finger.

He strode forward, intent on finishing what he came to do when he was suddenly forced down by a group of Aurors and dragged away.

He listened; they were charging him with the murders of James and Lily Potter. He laughed – laughed, laughed, laughed – and couldn't stop.

Murder. Of the one woman he could never touch, the one who had meant everything to him. And the murder of the man who had stood in his way – who'd been his best friend to the end.

He laughed.

Later, huddled pitifully in the corner of his cell, he rocked back and forth. Memories attacked him from all sides, and he couldn't stop them.

He tried desperately to think of any happy memory, but those times with the Marauders seemed so distant.

He thought of Lily. And with those thoughts he realized that he had no happy memories of her, no lasting recollections of passionate embraces or sweet, fervent kisses.

The last of his barricade broke down; he shook, tears coursing down his face as he wept.