

Droplets On Window Panes

by Jenwryn

Remus/Sirius. Drabble written in answer to the prompt "change". Post-Hogwarts, but pre October 1981.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Nothing ever lasts, does it, Moony?"

Sirius was lying on his stomach, arm outstretched, drawing crooked little spirals in the condensation on the window beside the bed.

Remus watched as the clear water dripped and ran beneath Sirius's touch. "Suppose not," he admitted. "Can't stop change. I guess everything finishes in the end."

"Even this?" asked Sirius softly, without taking his eyes off the window.

Remus didn't think he was talking about the condensation or the rain pummelling down outside. "I hope not," he whispered. Sirius rolled towards him and traced his face with frozen, droplet-laced fingertips.

"I hope not."