

# **I'll be good**

## **A Jegulus Story**

Von CorvinGallagher

### **Kapitel 1: Part One**

Regulus remembered the night his brother left his home. He remembered that he felt betrayed and left alone, but he didn't find the courage to speak up.

Sometimes it even haunted his dreams and he woke up with regret.

The younger Black felt jealous when he saw Sirius having fun with Remus Lupin and James Potter and he felt replaced - as a friend first, but as a brother even more. That was where he started to be really mad at James Potter who stole his brother.

He trained hard to beat Potter at Quidditch, at playing the piano and violin, to be better than him in everything and it didn't matter that the Gryffindor was older than him. He still wanted to be better.

But sometimes had changed in the last months. His eagerness to beat him disappeared and he became more impressed of his talents.

He started to notice the elegance in his movements, the curls on his head and the warm colour of his eyes. He started to notice his laugh and his excitement over well working pranks and the way he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He started to feel the pain in his chest on the day Lily Evans finally agreed to go out with James. And this was the moment he knew that he was doomed and was probably more like his brother than he had believed.