

# I'll be good

## A Jegulus Story

Von CorvinGallagher

### Kapitel 6: Part Six

James quietly closed the door behind himself, after he had left the hospital wing. Peter left it an hour ago already, as he was tired and Sirius stayed with Moony, as always. He never left his side during the three days around fullmoon and it seemed to really help Remus bearing with it.

The Potter ruffled his hair and sighed deeply. What an exhausting night. He was still slightly confused about meeting Regulus in the middle of the night, still worried that he knew too much about Remus.

The Gryffindor decided to talk a walk through the castle to clear his head, even though it was in the middle of the night - almost early morning - but he didn't mind.

His way lead him up to the seventh floor as he wandered around absentmindedly, and it was the wall carpet that made him realise where he was. Not that it mattered much. He sat down on the stone bench and enjoyed the silence. As much as he loved adventures and such, he welcomed a moment to relax. It didn't last long tho.

After a few minutes the brick wall parted and a slender person stepped into the corridor, not even noticing James, who just sat a few steps away. Even though the boy looked at the floor while waiting for the wall to close itself, he recognised the younger Black with no problem.

"Isn't it funny that I catch you out of bed twice in a row?", the Potter asked half used, half annoyed.

Regulus jerked as James' voice suddenly appeared out of nowhere and he just shortly threw a look at him, not even bothering with an answer and walking off.

The few seconds were enough for James to recognise the even paler face of the Slytherin and the red puffy eyes. For someone who aimed to be emotionless the little Black looked quite upset. After a second of hesitation, he jumped up and followed the younger one.

"I didn't mean it like that, what's wrong, Regulus?", he asked as he caught up to him. Regulus immediately straightened his shoulders and put on his usual pokerface. As if anyone would ever see him weak. And feelings were weak. Crying was especially weak.

"Nothing, Potter. Bug off", he said as dryly as he was able to bring up right now. Somehow he didn't manage to keep a real straight face, the fear was too strong.

His shoulders dropped at the same moment as the headboy sympathetically put his hand on his right shoulder: "Come on, little Black. It's only you and me here. Nobody's

gonna judge you."

Regulus took a deep breath, torn between talking to him and just brushing it off. His education won.

"It's nothing. I'm completely fine. Don't be ridiculous.. And please take your hand off of me. Thank you", he said arrogantly and stepped away from the taller boy. Which gave him the weird feeling of doing something wrong. That was nonsense.

"You and your brother.. Your fake pride won't make you guys happy", James shook his head and crossed his arms in front of his chest. He was actually worried about the little Black. Other than Sirius he didn't have friends to support him and he seemed to be always alone. When he thought about what his best friend told him about the home he came from, he was even more worried about Regulus safety.

"I don't strife to be happy. And you don't know me at all. Just.. Just stay away from me, okay", the Slytherin grumbled and pushed James away. But the head boy managed to catch his wrist, giving Reg a stern look which made the younger one's heart race.

"Regulus Black, you listen to me now, you stubborn brat. People are worried about you and want to help you and you act like the whole world is against you. Stop being so egoistic and pushing everyone away. Do you think Sirius will be happy if he finds you dead somewhere? ", James said seriously, forcefully even, his eyes piercing. Regulus' confusion grew. James' behaviour confused him, his words confused him, but the worst, his own feelings confused him. The warmth spread in his body and he became.. Nervous.

Somehow he pulled himself together enough to free himself from James' grip.

"I don't want your help. I can't even stand you. Leave me alone." Before James could grab his arm again, he ran off.

James let his arm sink in confusion and also, somehow, disappointment. The little Black was out of sight within a few seconds, his palm still tingled from the moment he touched Regulus' arm.

It stung his heart a bit that Reg rejected his help. But on the other hand, why was he surprised? They never came along very well. Why did he think the Slytherin would want his help?

"You're such an idiot, Prongs", he murmured to himself and rubbed over his face, before heading off to the Gryffindor tower.