

I'll be good

A Jegulus Story

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Kapitel 12: Part Twelve

Stupid Potter, with his stupid peacemaker attitude and his stupid smile and stupid calming voice and stupid ability to find the right words. Regulus was unable to sleep as he was lying in his bed and stared at the bed above him. His mind kept racing about the whole situation like a brain with damaged brakes.

James bursting into his room and acting like it wasn't even an issue that it was the Slytherin dormitory. For a moment the Black would've bet an arm that he was going to punch him on Sirius' behalf, although he knew it wasn't common for the Potter. And the fact that he knew stuff like this made him uncomfortable enough. They never had to do much with each other and that Sirius was James' best friend didn't change anything on that, since they barely talked at all. And what he had said..that him and his friends would have his back and that Sirius still cared about him..he desperately wanted to believe that. So so much. It even caused some kind of burning feeling in his stomach. But he couldn't. The voices of his parents in his mind were louder and convinced him that the teenagers only wanted to use him for getting informations, now that he was officially a member of the deatheaters. And honestly, that made so much sense, because he couldn't remember one time they have reached out to him until now. So it could only be like that. But James seemed so honestly concerned...His thoughts went back and forth between these two extremes the whole night and he didn't notice that the sun was rising until his room mates started to make the sound of business in the morning - which was a miracle already, because he didn't hear them coming in last night. Like on autopilot he managed to leave his bed and get ready, though the view into the mirror was something he would've liked to avoid at any cost. Unfortunately he had to see what he was doing with his hair. His parents usually wanted him to keep it short and neat and Regulus felt like it was because of his brother wearing his hair longer than Walburga did. Due the winter time he wore hats when he was seeing his parents and that allowed him to grow the hair longer. It started to become a bit wavy as it grew to touch his ears and made him look less strict...less..like he'd be a military guy. Something he liked. But man, the rest didn't look good. The stress of the last days really left its traces...what did he say the last days, it was more since he was the only heir of the Blacks. He quickly looked away and stepped out of the bathroom, before throwing over his jacket. Being such an early bird had the perk of having time to wander around a bit. Except for the ghosts he only crossed ways with very view people when he made his way to the outside. Cold winter

air brushed over his face and made him shiver for a moment, but he loved the clear air. It made him feel less under pressure and not like he had to swim against a wave. He walked a few steps through the snow and was almost blinded by it, as it reflected the sunlight so much. It was so peaceful...almost automatically he looked up at the Gryffindor tower as he was close enough and almost expected hanging one of the Marauder's from the window, but nothing to see there. Regulus finished his walk and as he stepped back into the castle, he already felt a bit better about the whole chaotic situation. He entered the Great Hall and looked at the Gryffindor table. Sirius and Remus were sitting on their usual place, the Lupin's face disappearing behind the Daily Prophet, Sirius staring at his breakfast plate with a grumpy expression, like he tried to make it jump into his mouth on its own. Reggie felt a stitch of guilt as his eyes met Sirius' hands. The redness was visible even from afar and he felt terrible for making his brother upset enough to damage himself. The dark mark on his arm seemed to burn even more after seeing that. That was terrible. "He will be fine", James' s voice appeared behind him, followed from an arm wrapped around his shoulders, "but you can't think that you don't matter to your brother anymore if it bothers him that much." Regulus almost jumped to the side when James touched him, but could hold himself back in the last moment, because he didn't want to seem completely ridiculous: "Potter, can you finally stop to always touch me?" He didn't want that to stop, but what else should he say? James grin was almost smugly enough to make him think that he knew it, but that was nonsense, of course. "Sorry, little Black. I keep forgetting that you won't die of lack of attention and affection like Sirius would", Prongs replied with an amused undertone. But he became more serious in the next moment already again, as he took his arm away: "But you heard what I said? Also what I said yesterday?" A brief moment of silence came up between them, in which Regulus only looked at Sirius. And finally, he nodded almost invisibly: "Yes. I guess...you aren't completely wrong. But it doesn't help the circumstances at all. And I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't keep interrupting my life with trying to play the peacemaker. Some things can't be changed and I know you want to help Sirius, but..help him in other things." "Some things can't be changed, that's true. But you're wrong in one thing: Your situation can. And it would be so easy. You just have to say yes", the headboy said calmly, but also quite determined. And for him this wasn't only about Sirius. He also didn't want Regulus to be in such a situation; it was clearly visible how it affected the younger boy and that it wasn't his own will, no matter how hard he tried to convince himself of it. "The last time I just said yes brought me into my current situation, so thank you, but- ", he stopped talking when he recognised eyes piercing at him from the Slytherin table. Mulciber was staring at him and his chest seemed to squeezed by a rock in the size of a mountain. Blood rushed in his ears and his hands started to tremble. When he was seen talking to James it could have consequences he didn't want to think about. Not good. "I have to go", he pressed out between his lips and gave James an angry look, before disappearing from the hall as fast as he could. James looked after him in full confusion. What in Merlin's name had bitten the Black now? He really didn't understand him. Being used to Sirius' moodswings was one thing, but Regulus usually seemed more grounded. But maybe that was just part of his attempt to stay distant. Who knew.