

# make me whole - the brightest star

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## consumed in doom

"Sierra Orelia Black, you're such an utter disgrace!", the young girl mouthed as her friends asked her about her summer.

"I see... So as pleasant, as expected", James Potter laughed, "no for real siri, you gotta get out of there"

"as if I didn't know...", she said quietly, sighing heavily. The summer had been horrible for her, even worse than the years before. She couldn't wait to start the fourth year of Hogwarts, it was her home, where her friends where, where she could get a glimpse of a life without the family she was born into. A glimpse of a life that she could just choose herself.

But this summer was the worst since, well always, her mother got gradually harder on her, the older she got, and the worst, ever since she got sorted into Gryffindor.

*"what man would ever marry you, look at you, why are you wearing those trousers, let your nice hair down, always dirt in your face, this is no way a lady behaves, you're such a disgrace to the name, if you weren't my first born, I would get rid of you right away."* - only to quote the nicer things Walburga, her mother, had to say about her.

Over this summer, puberty had hit her like a truck, and she could no longer deny how different she was to her best friends. She even noticed how the others started to act weird around her and she didn't want it, she didn't want any of it. She just wanted to be one of them, just like them.

Sierra sat on the train, quieter than usually, staring out the window, tugging at her skirt, the skirt she only wore on the day her parents brought her into London to get to school.

The first couple of years she snuck away right away to change into the comfy trousers, but this year, her mother had burned them all.

She looked at her friends, giggling stuffing their face with chocolate from the trolley, even Remus looked happy. He had grown a couple of inches over the summer holidays, towering over the rest of the group quite a bit. His voice was all shrieks and breaking, much to the amusement of Peter and James.

Would they stop sneaking her into their bedroom so they could plan their mischief all night just because it got so appeared that she was in fact a girl and not one of the boys? Sierra worried.

When she found them in the train this year, shocked stares had awaited her, a silence which James had broken first, inviting her in, as usual.

Had Remus blushed when he scanned her? Sierra was sure he had been looking at her chest. She had turned away, she didn't want it. She didn't want anything to change.

And she hadn't been aware, that things did change so drastically, until mother cursed her until she got into that awful ribbon dress to find a suited husband for her, at a family gathering this summer. Sierra only knew she wasn't promised to anyone yet, because there weren't any cousins in her age.

James and she had been joking about that, but it wasn't any more a matter of jokes, it was reality. Her family had married each other for centuries, causing insanity and more of these horrible thoughts of purity.

She was sure if she'd continue to be so stubborn and rebellious, they would make her, - force her - to reproduce with Reg.

Her baby brother Regulus who was the only ally she had. The only one who didn't call her Sierra but Siri, like her friends, at least he did when they were alone. She couldn't even think about it with vile flooding up in her mouth. It was wrong, what her family did was wrong. She really needed to get out.

She was a woman, she had started that journey shortly before, and the morning she woke up to her stomach cramping, was the first time in several years Walburga didn't look at her with disgust, almost smiling, - it was disturbing.

But Sierra wasn't happy, she had cried the whole day. She had cried a lot that summer, had taped her mirror shut with her Gryffindor tapestry, because she couldn't stand looking at herself.

Her body was rounding, and there was no denying it, and she didn't want it, not any of it.

She didn't want to admit it, but she had changed. She noticed with every day more.

Her friends tho, these three plainly amazing boys, had gotten used to her changes quickly, and James, an absolute gem of a person and her best friend gave her like three pairs of his trousers, which where to large but miles better that her skirts. They did not treat her any differently to the previous years and soon Sierra, who even some if the nicer Professors called Siri, forgot again - a every year - forget that horrible family and the life she was bound to be living.

This was her happiness, and she could, wouldn't disturb it with thoughts of her parents, her family or anything.

Here she was Siri, one of the Lads, and she loved it.