By a Hairs' Breadth

by Jory0994

Summary

Sometimes its the actions of others that make it so you know exactly how close you came to losing everything.

Sirius Black will always be grateful to who ever got the ICW after Voldemort.

Lily Potter woke up slowly, warm and relaxed, head resting on her husbands chest.

Lily Potter jerked up right, fully awake and scrambled out of the stupidly big bed, waking James up with her curses.

"Waszet?"
"Its already almost noon why didn't the baby wake us up?"
"Oh Shit Harry!"

Almost tripping down the hall to the nursery they stumbled to a stop in the doorway. their friend Sirius Black was asleep in the rocking chair. Harry was laying across his chest. Sirius had tear tracks on his face.

"Oh, thank Merlin."
"Right after that I need tea, wake the mutt up while I put the kettle on and start breakfast."
"Take Harry? He probably needs to be changed soon."
"And Sirius is emotional loudly"
"....And Sirius is emotional loudly"

With a smirk Lily scooped up Harry and sauntered out the door.
"Happy All Hallows' Day by the way."

With a grin James knelt by the rocking chair and shook Sirius awake.
"Hey Padfoot, wakey wakey times a wasting.
"Huh what oh right. Morning Prongs."
"So imagine my surprise when I get to sleep in 'til noon for the first time in over a year, what's wrong Pads?"

Grin fading the longer his best friend was silent, James looked closer, noting the details he had missed at first: the scruff, the clothes that were the same as yesterdays, the confusion and grief etched on his face, the way Sirius wouldn't meet his eyes.
"Padfoot?"

James fell back on his bum when Sirius abruptly slid out of the chair and grabbed him in a hug. It took him a moment to decipher Padfoots words through his tears but he seemed to be asking for forgiveness? Hugging him back just as tightly he rubbed his back and asked.
"Hey. Hey. It'll be alright but you need to tell me what I'm forgiving you for."
"You alm--it was --they--hic"
"Breath mate calm down first then tell me, hey no no match my breathing one..two..three."
After a few minutes Sirius's breathing slowed enough for him to shift so he could speak, still clinging to James.
"M'sorry" he muttered.
"Don't apologize for your tears, you know what mom said."
"Sign of a man not a boy yea yea..."

The two men fell back into silence, listening to Lilys terrible singing from the kitchen ("Now we are here in Xanadu, Xanadu, Xanadu..."
"You up to telling me what's wrong now mate?" James asked softly, resting his chin on top of Padfoots soft hair.

Sirius tensed in his lap then forcibly relaxed himself and took a few deep breaths. Now James was even more worried.
"Last ni-- Last night an ICW strike team arrested You-Know-Who along with nearly thirty Death Eaters and killed several more."
"What that's great!..why is that not great?"
"Besides me being the new Head of the Black Family?"
"Weren't you disowned?"
"Apparently not. So on top of all this bullshit with Peter my magic feels like I stuck it in Lilys smoothy maker."
"Oh man you are definitely staying hear until it calms down, but what bullshit with Peter."
"...Lily needs to know about the rest of it but, I wanted to tell you first. Peter was there to turn you three over to the dark lord, he has the dark mark."

James' blood instantly turned to ice. His thoughts were spinning as he frantically tried to deny it but he couldn't not with Sirius sitting hunched over like he expected James to blame him. The sight brought his thoughts to a halt, and he quickly pulled Sirius back into a hug. He believed him, Sirius would never joke about Harry's safety.
"It didn't happen but we are moving back to the family manor today screw Dumbledore's plan, it obviously didn't work anyway."
"Maybe it did."
"What?"

Sirius turned so he could finally look James in the eyes, a solemn look on his face that made the ice
"Why didn't we ever let Peter look the headmaster in the eyes after a prank we weren't going to take credit for?"

Thrown by the apparent non-sequitur he took a moment to answer. "He couldn't keep the headmaster...out...of...his...head...no."

James didn't know what his face looked like but it had Sirius hugging him again. He couldn't even find his voice for moment and just clung to his best friend. "Why?"
"I don't know Prongs but I did ask that when I was pulled in to the investigation, I have Peters Power of Attorney for some reason." "What about his mom?"
"She's missing and there are no signs of anyone but Peter in her house." "Oh."

Falling silent they both tried to reconcile the friend they thought they new, with the kind of person who would turn a toddler over to a dark lord.
"Hey wait a minute were you apologizing for PETER being a traitor?"
"Umm."

Sirius bolted to his feet and made for the stairs, James hot on his heels.

Ducking into the kitchen, he tried to hide behind Lily, but she turned on a snitch and grabbed him to hold him still for James to tickle. They all three ended up in a heap on the floor breathless with laughter, Harry shrieking in glee from his highchair.

"Can I get up now?" Sirius asked from the bottom of the pile. "I don't know, Lily he was blaming himself for other peoples actions again do you think he's been punished enough?"

Lily gave James a wicked grin where Sirius couldn't see it. "Hmm...I don't think he's responding well to negative reinforcement James, we should try positive reinforcement instead." Well if that's how his wife wants it.

Eyebrows raised he nodded and looked at Sirius considerately. "Guys?" Sirius said weakly. "You are my best friend and I'm very glad I met you." James said firmly, leans down and kissed him full on the mouth.

Sirius stiffened in shock until he felt Lilies hand in his hair gently pulling him away from James. He looked dazedly into her green, green eyes as she asked "Is this okay?"

He could only nod dizzily, they want him? "You are a brilliant man with a beautiful soul, I hope you let us keep you the way we want." and kissed him the same way James had. James who had started kissing below his left ear and down to his shirt collar, up and down.

"You are so gorgeous when you are covered in grease from working on your motorcycle." "I like watching you with Harry, you would make a good dad." "I trust you with my family." "I always want to sit on your face when you lick ice cream cones."

They traded praises and kisses until Sirius was flushed, eyes closed trying not to let the tears fall,
holding on and kissing back, nonverbal and hard as a rock.

Until James abruptly pulled back, and jumped up.
"The stove is on fire!"

Sirius and Lily sit up from the floor, Lily straddling Sirius's lap. When she burst into giggles and thumped her head on his chest, he was sharply reminded that this was his best friends wife sitting on his crotch wearing only a quiddich jersey and a bathrobe.

When she felt him stiffen she glanced up through her lashes and smirked at him. Sliding her fingers into his hair she pulled him down for another deeper kiss, pressing him back against James's chest, who was somehow behind them.

James' hand gently pulled his hair back until Lily had to kiss down his throat, hot breath in his ear.
"Will you watch Harry for us today, while we open up the manor Padfoot?
"Wha-un-YEs, yes I will watch him, pleasedon'tstop."

Lily chuckles from around one of his nipples, letting go with a small sucking noise, when had his shirt got unbuttoned?
"Don't worry Sweetheart, we might have to pause while we move, but later tonight after we put Harry to bed? James and I are going to take you apart."

Sirius whined as Lily started buttoning his shirt back up, not wanting them to go.
"Shh we aren't going to leave you alone here, you are going to come to the manor and sit on the lawn with harry and let your magic settle alright."
"Yes Sir- I mean."

James stopped him with a slightly harder jerk on his hair, tilting his head for a deep, languid kiss.
"Good boy."

An hour later beside a napping toddler, Sirius watched as his best friend and his best friends wife started waking the wards of the Pottery out of dormancy.

Glancing down a Harry and gently poking a brand new hickey he couldn't help but ask "How long have they been planning this?"

The toddler didn't answer.

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