Text Talk

by merlywhirls

Summary

Sirius is in boarding school, Remus is in hospital, and they don't know each other until Sirius texts the wrong number.

Notes

**Bold is Sirius**

*Italicics is Remus*

Regular is James

Acronyms used:

Idk/idek - I don't (even) know

Bc - Because

(if i've forgotten one please let me know!)
Monday AM

(10:30) **How much do you reckon McGonagall will kill me for flooding her office?**

(10:32) **Who is McGonagall? And personally, I don’t receive well with having my own things flooded.**

(10:33) **What do you mean who’s McGonagall? How hard did Lily hit you this time? She’s only the love of my life.**

(10:34) **Oh shit. New phone. Wrong number. Sorry.**

(10:35) **I figured. It’s ok. But if she’s the love of your life, why are you flooding her office?**

(10:40) **She’s not really the love of my life. She’s my professor and head of house. I’d like to think we have some unrequited love though.**

(10:41) **I get the vague impression she deals with a lot of shit with you.**

(10:41) **…yeah, but she secretly loves it.**

(10:41) **In that case, I’ll leave you two to it.**

Monday PM

(3:45) **I got 3 months detention and 24 death threats.**

(3:46) **Wrong number again.**

(3:46) **No no, I’m updating you. I flooded an entire floor of dormitories. It was brilliant.**

(3:47) **Not to be mean, Random Stranger Who Texted the Wrong Number, but don’t you have friends you can tell this to?**

(3:47) **Also, floor of dormitories? Where the hell are you?**

(3:38) **All my friends were there, Random Stranger Who Keeps Replying.**

(3:38) **I’m at boarding school. Don’t get the wrong impression though, I’m totally punk rock.**

(3:40) **Anyone who has to say they are punk rock are entirely not punk rock at all.**

(3:40) **Whatever. I’m punk rock. I don’t need to prove myself to you.**

(3:41) **Well don’t get all sulky now. Why did you flood your professor’s office?**

(3:41) **It wasn’t her office I was aiming for, but unfortunately it’s on the same floor as certain persons dorm rooms.**
They were the target. Simply bc they’re dicks.

You sound a bit like a dick.

We’ve gone through this. I’m punk rock.

I have to go to my first detention now. Good bye stranger.

* 

Wednesday MIDDAY

Do they have decent food at boarding school?

Hello to you too. Thanks for consoling me on my detention journey.

Drama queen. Come on. Food. Good?

Not really. Unless you like to eat cardboard and meat mashups.

Meat mashup sounds interesting.

Not until there’s no longer meat in the meat mashup and it’s just pulverized peas and gravy and breadcrumbs.

Is that what you’re having now?

Right now I have a juice box bc I don’t trust what’s in the soup. Last time there was a sock.

And I wasn’t even the one who put it there.

Are juice boxes punk rock?

Duck off Ads hole.

WOW.

ARGH. IT’S A NEW PHONE. **FUCK OFF ARSEHOLE.

Amazing. The eloquence.

I guess your lunch is better than mine, is it?

I thought it wouldn’t be, but you’ve proven me wrong. I have pumpkin soup and jelly. It was either this or sandwiches made of sponges.

Jelly? Are you 5?

Bugger off. Don’t be jelly of my jelly.

You didn’t

I did and will now see myself out. Have fun with detention tonight.
Wednesday PM

(1:01) You were texting at lunch but me and Pete were right there.

(1:01) You don’t have other friends.

(1:02) **How dare you, I have a whole plethora of acquaintances that I can call upon when your ugly arse does not deliver.**

(1:03) Liar.

(1:10) Oh come on, you’re not ignoring me now.

(1:11) **Did I need to respond to something?**

(1:11) Don’t play idiot. You do that naturally enough.

(1:12) **The wrong number I texted the other day. They asked if boarding school food was any good.**

(1:13) They know you go to boarding school? Did you also give them your blood type and home address?

(1:13) **Dude.**

(1:14) What about your DNA sequence? Make it easier for them to just clone you.

(1:14) **What are you even on about.**

(1:15) It’s just weird that this random knows you go to a boarding school.

(1:15) **You’re just overreacting, man. They don’t know which boarding school I go to. They don’t even know my name. I don’t their name. Shit, idk their gender.**

(1:16) Whatever, Pads. Just don’t get murdered, yeah?

(1:17) I don’t want to have to bury your body. You’re too fuckin heavy, man.

(1:17) **Thank you for caring.**

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(1:15) **Hey, what’s your name?**

(1:18) **Not happening.**

(1:18) **Is that what your mother calls you?**

(1:19) **No, but at the same time she does call me Pumpkin and Sweetheart, does not mean that’s my name either.**

(1:20) **You’ve opened a door here, Sweetheart, that you probably shouldn’t have.**

(1:20) **Shit.**
What about gender then? Boy, girl, in between, both, none, come on.

Are you putting me on Craigslist?

Ok fine, I’m a boy.

Is this a disappointing establishment?

Whatever.

*

Thursday AM

I got my phone taken off me. Sorry.

C’mon. You’re not mad, right? What for?

Were you texting in class?

Ah, yeah, and I’m doing it again.

Such a waste.

Shut up. It’s history. Boring.

What are you learning?

French Revolution. So much forehead.

J’aime la Révolution française! remet-toi au travail, connard.

Oh my god I should have known you were one of those people. I don’t even have google translate but I’m pretty sure you just swore at me.

Hardly.

I bet you sweet talk all the girls with your French.

Are you a girl?

No. Is this a disappointing establishment?

Honestly, what was up with that?

Nothing. Never mind.

No, c’mon you were pissed.

I just thought that… you would stop talking to me if you knew I wasn’t a girl. Because I assumed you were a bloke. And that maybe

I dunno. Forget it.

Did you think I would stop texting you bc you weren’t a girl and therefor would not want to interact with you bc obviously I AM A HETERO SEX FIEND?
Thursday MIDDAY

(12:32) What do you do when your best mate is being a dickhead but no amount of explanation (including diagrams) will convince him that he is being a dickhead?

(12:35) *Resort to physical violence, I imagine.*

(12:35) **Ok, let’s narrow it. He’s being a dickhead about a girl.**

(12:36) My suggestion still stands.

(12:37) **I’VE TRIED. MAN HAVE I TRIED.**

(12:37) Is your friend and this girl dating?

(12:38) **No. He just pines.**

(12:38) Then I think he’s being punished enough, hm?

(12:39) You’d think so, but in between the pining is bursts of ‘ SHE LOOKED AT ME’ and ‘SHE DIDN’T SWEAR AT ME TODAY’. He’s too happy to be unhappy.

(12:40) I admire his optimism.

(12:41) Are you jealous of his pining?

(12:42) **NO WHY WOULD YOU EVEN SAY THAT**

(12:43) **WELL YOUR ALARMED REACTION SEEMS TO SUGGEST OTHERWISE.**

(12:45) It’s not jealousy. Just annoying maybe.

(12:45) And idk, he just seems so sure that she’s ‘the one’. Although he’s never said those words. He’s an idiot, not a sap.

(12:46) I don’t follow. Why does your friend having found ‘the one’ make you annoyed?

(12:47) **You’re gonna make me say it, aren’t you?**

(12:47) ?? ??? Yes.
Bc maybe I would like to find ‘the one’ also. And I’m annoyed bc he seems to have found it so easily. This is stupid.

How old are you?

How dare you! You cannot simply just ask a lady her age! The travesty!

Ok, I’m 17.

I’m no expert, but I’m pretty sure it’s completely natural to not have found ‘the one’ at age 17.

Doesn’t make it suck any less.

Just do what every other teenage boy does.

Do I want to ask…

;-)

I’m terminating now. We’ve reached a weird level.

But seriously, don’t worry about not finding the one. It’ll work out eventually.

And until then, your suggestion is wanking.

I’m also 17, not a psychologist.

Yeah, but you don’t have to share a dorm with two other blokes.

No, but I do share a sleeping space with five other people.

That is why the world invented toilets.

I’ll be sure to remember that. In the mean time, I’m going to go to Chemistry now and not think about wanking for fear of something embarrassing happening. I’ll miss you, Darling Pie.

Those two sentences should not be next to each other.

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Friday EVENING

AYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY HONEYDUNKS

what the hell

JOW YOU DOIN AMN

is this drunk texting because i really cant with it right now

COME ONNNNN PIKUMPLIN

i wanna sleep. please stop texting me.
COME ON THTAS NO FUN

I WAS THINKNIG ABOUT YOU

ID REALLY LIKEY TO KNOW YOUERNAME

OR ANTTTHING

BOTH MY FRIENDS DFELL ASELEEP AGTER AN HOUR

IT WAS ONLT BEER

if i tell you something will you let me go back to sleep??

WHOS EVEN ALEPE AT THIS TIME OFNF A FRIDAY LOOOOSER

IM DKIDDIGN

YES SILL LET YOU SLEP IF YOU ANSWED ONE THIBG

will you please stop talking in capitals

dine
gine

**&*fine

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

aer you a virgin??

wow im so glad im awake for this

yout the 1 who told me to wank ouy my feelins

yes i am a virgin

can i go back to sleep now?

I guesss

I eman

I am tooo so yto know its not tha big a deal if u thought it szwas

Swwweet cakes?

Dumplins?

Godonightw tiger

*

Saturday AM
GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE

I HOPE YOU HAVE TEXT ALERT ON OR THE PHONE IS AT LEAST SITUATED NEAR YOUR HEAD SO THE VIBRATION DRILLS HOLES INTO YOUR BRAIN.

why

why would you do this

I don’t know, Virgin Queen, why does anyone do anything?

to cause me misery?

Yes.

Hang on… Virgin Queen?

Scroll up, Your Highness.

Oh no

Oh yes.

My reputation!

Now the whole world knows I’m a sham! I can never show my face again!

This isn’t my low self esteem talking, but I don’t think I’m ‘the whole world’.

Oh but Honey Pumpkin you are my whole world.

Do I have to tell you again that 17 and a virgin still isn’t a bad thing?

Idk, are you going to tell me to wank again?

You really can’t get over that can you.

It’s not everyday a stranger suggests to you to crack one out.

Well it’s not everyday a stranger drunkenly texts you to find out if you’re a virgin.

Touche.

I’m sorry about that

It was probably out of line.

‘Probably’

Ok ok I’m sorry!

I wouldn’t have minded so much if I wasn’t trying to sleep off a headache.

Which is why I have cruelly woken you this morning.
(7:39) Well you got me. I have puked twice.

(7:39) I’ve been there.

(7:40) So… how’s your headache this morning?

(7:41) Fine… thank you. But I have to go now. I’ll let you go back to sleep.

(7:42) Hah, thanks man.

(7:42) Uh… have nice day.

(7:43) Yeah. You too.

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Sunday PM

(2:43) So, drunken me has saved your number as ‘Pumpkin Tit’ and I think we need to rectify this.

(2:43) Mostly bc my mate Prongs thinks it’s a little offensive.

(2:44) Why do I doubt it was ‘drunk you’ that named the contact Pumpkin Tit?

(2:44) Is it possibly because ‘sober you’ refers to your friend as ‘Prongs’?

(2:45) By Jove I think it is!

(2:45) Shut up, it’s a well established nickname.

(2:46) And if you don’t tell me your real name, I’ll have to nickname you too. Maybe something that isn’t Pumpkin Tit.

(2:47) What’s your nickname, then?

(2:47) Padfoot.

(2:48) Are you in a gang? Is this an initiation?

(2:48) Do you want to be forever known as Pumpkin Tit???

(2:49) Well, no…

(2:50) Then describe yourself. Give me something to base the name off.

(2:51) Did you come up with Padfoot and Prongs?

(2:51) Yep. And Wormtail. You don’t wanna know why we call him that.

(2:52) Now come on. Descriptions.

(2:52) This sounds like a thinly veiled sext attempt.

(2:53) Yeah and it might very well be, //Pumpkin Tit//.
Are you going to risk it.

Fine, fine. I, uh, like reading. I’m trying to read now but some imbecile called ‘Padfoot’ keeps messaging me. Um…

I suddenly don’t know a thing about myself.

That’s how it usually goes. Describe yourself physically.

Wow this is a sext

You don’t have anything I don’t. Unless you really do have pumpkin tits.

There’s a lot of take and no give here.

Fine. Black hair. Chiseled jaw. High cheekbones, dazzling smile, sparkling teeth, luscious hair, toned body, most handsome man on the face of the earth.

Light brown hair, green eyes, canine teeth, scrawny body, pale skin, am actually a vampire.

But you said canine teeth.

Hang on… pale skin?

It’s almost luminous.

Like, say… the moon?

I guess that’s a popular description.

I’ve got it.

Drum roll, please.

*drum rolls regretfully*

Moony!

Oh Christ.

It’s good! Come on, you love it.

Don’t you?

I guess it’s better than Pumpkin Tit.

Welcome to the gang, Moony.

Thanks, Padfoot.
Week 2

Chapter Summary

Blushing, Knights in shining armour, football, and sickness.

warning: mentions of abuse (family), offhanded remark of suicide, hospitalisation, and heterosexuality. yikes.

Chapter Notes

**Sirius is bold**
*Remus is italics*
James is regular
*Peter is underlined*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Monday AM**

(9:26) I have realized something.

(9:30) I'm sure it's revolutionary.

(9:31) You chastised me for texting in class last week, but where exactly are you on a weekday morning???

(9:32) I'm... home schooled.

(9:32) I think that is exceptionally less punk rock than boarding school.

(9:32) Doesn't it still count as texting in class since you are in class like 24/7?

(9:33) Usually, yes, but I guess you could say I'm on winter holidays.

(9:34) There's no such thing!

(9:34) Home school advantage. You should try it.

(9:35) Absolutely not.

(9:35) I do not mean it lightly when I say I might very well kill myself.

(9:35) Sorry, that was probably a bit much.

(9:36) It's ok. I'm now worried for your summer holidays, though.

(9:36) It's fine, Prongs' folks let me stay there.
(9:36) I’m very glad for Prongs’ folks, then.

(9:37) Can I tell you a secret?

(9:38) I feel as though you just have, but let’s hear it.

(9:38) I actually love boarding school.

(9:39) You’re going to have to swallow some safety pins and bathe in energy drink now to boost your punk cred.

(9:40) Only if you tell the punk brigade.

(9:41) Then I shall die with your secret, Padfoot.

(9:41) Isn’t weird though that you… live with hundreds of people?

(9:42) I can’t imagine you would get much privacy? Meet new people?

(9:43) That’s precisely why I love it, Moony! I get to know what everyone is doing

(9:43) Snoop!

(9:44) Plus, really, I like sharing a room with two of my best mates. I like that I don’t have to go home for nine months solid. You wouldn’t think so, but there’s so much more freedom here. You can get away with a lot of shit.

(9:45) Really? Is that why you have three months detention? Isn’t that like being grounded? Or at least under house arrest.

(9:45) Ah, but Moony, it also means an hour of quality time with my mistress.

(9:46) …is this the McGonagall thing again?

(9:47) You can’t deny our love!

(9:48) But I thought I was your whole world?

(9:49) Times change, Moony. If anything, you’re the mistress, and McGoo is the one I’m unfaithful to.

(9:50) I refuse to be the mistress.

(9:50) Come on, it’s kinkier that way!

(9:51) I’m sure if you were ever to see me you would realize I am not ‘kinky’ at all.

(9:52) Well, it’s either you or the sixty year old lady.

(9:53) So I’m gonna go with you.

(9:53) Also – you should stop putting yourself down. I’m sure you’re a handsome young chap.

(9:54) I have previously described myself as ‘scrawny’ and my newly found nickname is based upon how pale I am.
(9:55) Some people dig that, you know.
(9:55) What people?! I’ve not met them.
(9:56) Well
(9:56) I mean
(9:56) We’ve not technically met but
(9:57) Oh, please.
(9:57) What
(9:58) Are you honestly trying to say that you think pale and scrawny are attractive traits?
(9:58) They can be on some people.
(9:58) And what makes you think I’m one of them?
(9:59) Bc you keep trying to insist that you’re not.
(10:00) I have to go. Talk to you later, Padfoot.
*
(9:56) Why are you so red in the face?
(9:57) Nothing
(9:57) It looks like a blush
(9:57) Proooooooongs
(9:58) You are totally blushing
(9:58) Oh my god is it the stranger you’re texting???
(9:58) I thought you said he was a bloke
(9:59) He is. So? I’m totally not blushing.
(9:59) I’m staring at you right now. You just got redder. When I mentioned the stranger.
(10:00) Ah, bugger off Prongs. Look, I just tried telling him that he’s probably not as ugly as he thinks, ok?
(10:00) And now he’s left. How could I have offended him???
(10:01) What did you say? To assure him he’s ‘not ugly’.
(10:01) I said based on the description he’s given me he might be attractive.
(10:02) Maybe it’s a homophobic thing.
(10:03) He doesn’t strike me as being homophobic-shit its dumbledore
(10:03) Hah, dickhead, got your phone taken off. So you’ll see this later today. Oh well, my point still stands.

(10:03) You blushed.

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Tuesday PM

(3:34) Are you homophobic?

(3:36) What

(3:36) You didn’t seem thrilled at the prospect that I think you’re really really ridiculously good looking.

(3:37) Was I meant to fall at your feet, Zoolander?

(3:38) No, just

(3:38) You iced me out, man.

(3:40) Honestly, I really just had to go.

(3:41) So it’s not a homophobic thing?

(3:41) I can assure you 1000000% I am not homophobic.

(3:42) Good

(3:42) Good good good.

(3:43) You’re saying good here just a little too much.

(3:43) Can’t I just be glad my friends aren’t bigots?

(3:44) I say I love boarding school, but there are a lot of shit people here. A whole gang of them. They’re vile, and they’re mostly related to me.

(3:44) My first text to you, the flooding? It was them I was targeting. Small victory, but they had to sleep on the football field, camp style, for a week. It was brilliant.

(3:45) So yeah, like, I have a zero tolerance policy on Bigotry and Stupidity

(3:45) This is greatly reassuring.

(3:46) I’m, uh, glad you’re a good person.

(3:46) It’s only just struck me that I could be texting a serial murderer or something.

(3:50) Well, don’t rule it out just yet.

(3:52) I have to go to detention now. Cya, Moony.

(3:52) Have fun with your mistress, Padfoot.
Wednesday MIDDAY

(12:03) *Meat mashup today!*

(12:04) *Oo, does it come with real meat?*

(12:04) *Surprisingly, yes.*

(12:05)

(12:06) *That doesn’t look so bad.*

(12:06) *Not until you realize it’s from the same lot as last week’s.*

(12:07) *…Ah. There’s the catch.*

(12:07) *Let’s see your lunch then.*

(12:08) *Um, I don’t… yeah, ok.*

(12:09)
(12:10) **But that’s breakfast! What are you doing!**

(12:11) *I missed breakfast this morning, so I’m having it now. The toast is cold though. And I don’t have any jam.*

(12:11) **You sound like a grumpy old man.**

(12:12) *A grumpy old man who sections and neatly arranges his breakfast. On a tray.*

(12:12) **Breakfast in bed.**

(12:13) **It’s midday! And I thought I was lazy!**

(12:13) *It’s not laziness. I’m on holiday, I’m allowed to relax.*

(12:14) **There’s relaxing, and then there’s giving up. Are you dressed?**

(12:14) … *No.*

(12:15) **I rest my case.**

(12:15) *Well I’m going to further add to your case and cease this conversation so I can have a nap.*

(12:16) **Honestly?!**

(12:17) *Yes. Shut up. My head hurts.*

(12:17) **Good night, Moony.**

(12:18) *Hah, good night Pads.*

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(1:06) **Men, I am going to describe some symptoms to you and you are going to help me come**
up with a diagnosis.

(1:07) Siriusly, Padfoot. I’m going to fail this class.

(1:08) Wormy, you fail every class.

(1:08) Because arseholes like you keep texting me in class!

(1:09) Wormtail, we have no time for your cynicism and terrible puns. There is a puzzle to be solved.

(1:09) This has nothing to do with whomever you were texting at lunch, hm?

(1:10) Sarcasm is also not accepted into the forum.

(1:11) Oh God is this about that weirdo you keep messaging despite, ya know, not knowing him?

(1:11) Don’t make me delete you from the conversation, Wormtail.

(1:12) Fine, Padfoot, we’re listening. Right, Wormy?

(1:12) Come on then. You owe me your English notes though.

(1:13) As if you think we’re taking notes.

(1:13) Ok, first distinctive symptom that has risen numerous times is low self esteem and frequent headaches.

(1:14) Along with this is paleness, excessive sleeping, and spends a lot of time in bed.

(1:15) Didn’t you tell me that he was our age? Dude likes to sleep, you know.

(1:15) But, but, look at this:

(1:15)
And he says he’s homeschooled. But that doesn’t look like a home, does it?

Ugh, I hate to eat that shit in the hospital when I got my appendix out. You guys remember that?

He’s also said that he shares a ‘sleeping space’ with five other people.

I see what you’re talking about.

AND, ALSO, he skipped breakfast and didn’t even finish that meal. He then had a nap.

So… he’s sick.

Thank you Sherlock, but with what?

We’re not doctors, Padfoot. We cannot possibly conclude /what/ it is he has, just that he has something.

Why don’t you just ask him if you two are bffs

That’s tactless, Wormtail.

It’s straight forward! ‘Hi, couldn’t help noticing that you sent me a picture of hospital food. What’s up with that?’

He seems like a private kind of person. I don’t want to scare him away.

I’m gonna have to go with Wormtail on this one. Just ask him, and if he refuses to answer, move on. It’s not your problem, Sirius.

I can see you pouting. I know what you’re thinking.
You can’t expect to save him, Padfoot. He’s in the hospital. He’s getting help. At least there’s that comfort.

**Small comfort. Doctors can only do so much.**

And so can friends that have never even met. I’m sure your persistent messaging has been some light in his day.

That makes one of us.

FUcK

HAH WORMTAIL

HE WAS NEVER THE MOST DISCREET TEXTER

I WAS WAITING FOR WHO WOULD GET CAUGHT FIRST

If you keep texting Mr Pettigrew’s phone, Mr Black, yours will be confiscated next. Do you understand?

... Yes Professor McGonagall.

Wrong answer. Bring your phone to the front.

And tell Mr Potter to stop laughing or he’ll get a detention.

* Thursday AM

Hi, couldn’t help noticing that you sent me a picture of hospital food yesterday. What’s up with that?

That’s... tactless.

Dammit, I knew it was but

But?

Idk. Stupid question, but are you ok Moony?

I have good days and bad days.

And how’s today looking?

Not great but... not terrible either.

Why didn’t you mention it?

‘Hello stranger, I have a chronic illness’

‘Hello stranger, I come from an abusive home’

It was your decision to share that, Padfoot. Look, I’ve never spoken to anyone who hasn’t immediately known that I’m sick. So it was nice that I had someone who didn’t think I was going to
suddenly drop dead in the middle of the conversation.

(10:21) **Oh my god could that potentially happen? Be that would be traumatic, for one thing.**

(10:22) **No, Padfoot, it could not potentially happen. No offense, but when I’m on my death bed I’m not going to be texting you about my meals.**

(10:23) **Nah, you Instagram that shit.**

(10:23) **Caption: this meal is so bland it’s killing me.**

(10:24) **OhNMy god I shouldnnoT BE LAUGHING**

(10:24) **Ahem. Going to Hell’s Kitchen.**

(10:25) **CHRIST NO I SHOULD NOT HAVE OPENED THIS DOOR**

(10:26) **Hey, what makes you think I’m going to Hell anyway?**

(10:26) **You used the Lord’s name in vain.**

(10:27) **Your family… religious weirdos?**

(10:27) **Actually, yes, but I was just being a smartarse.**

(10:28) **Oh, I know.**

(10:30) **Hey, Moony?**

(10:30) **Hm?**

(10:31) **Are we cool?**

(10:31) **Yes, Padfoot.**

(10:31) **We’re cool.**

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(11:00) **Update, Doctor Padfoot?**

(11:03) **Nothing solid. Chronic, though. I asked and he kinda-ish told. Admitted to being in a hospital, stated he didn’t wanna be defined by it.**

(11:04) Fair enough. Did you use the Wormtail approach?

(11:04) **Yes, and I’m going to kill the little rat bc I was right.**

(11:05) You’re always right, Padfoot.

(11:05) **Hell yeah I am.**

(11:06) You’re almost like a genius… so smart and intelligent…

(11:06) **I’m going to agree here but I am cautious…**
Can you help me with the Trig work? I zoned out while he was speaking and now I don’t know what’s going on.

**You know this happens when you sit behind Lily.**

I wasn’t strong enough today.

**Fine. You buy the beer this week though.**

**DEAL NOW GET YOUR ARSE OVER HERE.**

*  

Hey while you do Prongs’ work come do mine too

**No, your methods of handling delicate situations sucks.**

**We all know we shouldn’t take my advice.**

**But… it did get you an answer, didn’t it?**

**Hmmm Padfoot?**

**Fine. You buy the beer for this week though. And stay awake long enough for it to be fun.**

**DEAL NOW COME DO THIS NOW**

*  

**Friday PM**

It’s a Friday.

Thank you for informing me. I’ll alert the authorities.

**Should I be preparing myself for drunk texting again?**

**Oh come on. I do once, and now it’s a ‘thing’?**

**Just wondering if I should prepare my answers for the inevitable 20 questions.**

**I’ve already found out the important bits.**

**Virginity and health status?**

**Precisely. Do you have low expectations, will you withstand my prowess?**

**Easy tiger, I seem to recall that your expectations meet mine.**

**That’s even better; we’ll both have no clue what’s happening, so who does it hurt?**

**I don’t know how to tell you this, but two men together who have no idea what to do is likely to hurt A LOT.**

**Bit of saliva will fix it all up.**
(2:29) Oh wow. I'm actually, genuinely worried now for your future partners.

(2:30) Stay calm, Moony, the school has a pamphlet system here so they don’t have to actually teach us about sex.

(2:30) Pamphlets?? That’s all you get???

(2:31) There’s also a bowl full of condoms, but it’s in the front office so if you take one about a dozen staff and visiting parents know.

(2:31) This isn’t making me fear any less for your partners.

(2:31) No health classes at all??

(2:32) Wow, you really are concerned, huh?

(2:32) I feel it’s only fair that if I had to have the sex talk with my mother (extensively) then you can get a freaking health lesson.

(2:24) Were there diagrams?

(2:24) Yes.

(2:24) We even had a special guest appearance by a doctor. He brought dummies.

(2:25) DUMMIES?? I THINK HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THOSE AT HOME.

(2:25) OH MY GOD NO MY DOCTOR DID NOT BRING A BLOW UP DOLL THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT

(2:26) TOO LATE I AM ENVISIONING IT

(2:26) CHRIST I MEANT LIKE PHYSICAL MODELS OF GENITALIA. LABELLED AND STUFF. OH GOD.

(2:27) YOU HAVE DUG A HOLE MOONY

(2:27) GETTING BACK TO MY EARLIER POINT will I be bombarded with messages

(2:28) Of course not, Moony. I'll let you sleep.

(2:28) Thank you, Padfoot. Have a good night.

*  

Saturday AM

(1:13) MOOOOOOOOOOOOOONYYYYYY

(1:15) no

(1:15) OkAYbye

*  

Saturday MIDDAY
You lied to me.

Technically, it wasn’t Friday anymore, so I upheld my end of the deal.

Still woke me up at an ungodly hour.

Sorry. How can I make it up to you?

I want to sleep now. I demand a bedtime story.

This should be interesting…

Ok, ok.

There once was the most handsome boy in the universe… with the most glorious hair…

Is this character’s name Padfoot, by any chance?

NO INTERRUPTING

But yes. His name so happens to be Padfoot.

I’m psychic.

Is that what they call your illness?

Ha-ha.

Keep going.

Yes, thank you.

The most handsome boy with glorious hair, found to be named Padfoot, stumbled upon a lonely, gruesome castle.

As he approached the drawbridge, he was intercepted by a fearsome, ugly creature.

Let’s call it Prongs.

Prongs had the most grotesque growths erupting from his temples like antlers, that snagged on the arch of the drawbridge, making deep depressions in the brick.

You’re actually quite good at this.

I know. Now shut up.

The most God-like Padfoot, who also happened to be a knight, approached the beast with confidence.

"Creature,” he called out to it, “What business have you here?”

"I could ask the same of you, fuckwit,” the delinquent creature replied.

But Padfoot was unperturbed. “I am here to rescue the fair prince from your evil
clutches!"

(12:29) Please tell me I’m not the prince.

(12:30) You’re not the prince.

(12:30) Oh thank god.

(12:32) ”You must kill me first!” Prongs roared, and charged at the knight with antlers in front, hoping to impale his victim.

(12:33) But Padfoot was too quick, and ducked to the side of Prongs, and slipped his golden, diamond encrusted blade into its ribcage and piercing its heart.

(12:34) It died.

(12:35) That’s anti-climatic.


(12:37) Smart arse.

(12:38) The brave Padfoot passed the corpse of the beast, proceeding on the drawbridge and entering the castle courtyard. There he found the prince.

(12:39) Just hanging out in the courtyard?

(12:39) Moony I still have a hangover, this is the best I can do.

(12:40) Fine, fine. Continue.

(12:41) The prince gazed upon the knight, in awe of his heroic deeds, and opened his arms to welcome him. “Bravest man I know,” he smiled, “Padfoot, come to me. I must thank you for saving me from the beast. Come, closer, so I may look upon your handsome face.

(12:42) Padfoot, slightly creeped out, approached the prince, asking him, “And what is your name, Your Highness?”

(12:45) ”My name is Wormtail. Closer, son, so I may touch your hair.”

(12:46) By this point, Padfoot was thoroughly weirded out, and stopped in his tracks. “Nah, don’t think I will,” he said to Wormtail, “I’ve changed my mind. Cya later.”

(12:47) But Wormtail was not happy with that. “NO YOU NEED TO COME BACK HERE RIGHT NOW,” he shouted, but when Padfoot turned, Wormtail had transformed into a giant, grey rat, his teeth sharpened like needles and eyes yellow and beady. Upon reflection, Padfoot didn’t think he looked all that different from when he was human.

(12:48) That’s cruel.
Shhhh

Wormtail the rat had started at Padfoot, launching at him quickly, and got Padfoot in his evil clutches. He tried to bite at his neck, but then thick red blood came pouring from his mouth instead, drenching Padfoot in the process. It was hella gross.

Once Padfoot had managed to get the fat, lumping beast off his body, before him was revealed to be his dashing hero, clad in silver shimmering armour. He was pale and scrawny with green eyes, but super fuckin hot.

Jesus Christ

Sweat was glistening from his smooth brow, and extended one arm to Padfoot as he said, “Come friend, you are safe now. We must run off into the sunset and live happily ever after.”

So Padfoot took Moony’s hand, and they both ran off into the sunset and lived happily ever after. The end.

Was that any good?

It was entertaining, for sure.

Sleepy yet?

Oh yeah. But there is a screaming child in here. This is what the rapture sounds like.

Just remember that you were once a screaming child too.

You still are a screaming child.

I’m going to try to nap, regardless.

Thank you for the tale, Padfoot. You have a real flare in story telling.

Thank you, Moony.

(Don’t tell the punk rock brigade)

*  

Sunday PM

Do you like football, Moony?

I like watching. I've never played though, never could.

Do you play?

Yeah, we’ve got a match today. Go Lions.

Do you have to wear the short shorts?

...yeah...
(3:25) And the knee high socks?
(3:25) What are you getting at?
(3:26) Just building a mental picture.
(3:26) Pervert.
(3:26) If it helps, I have the shapeliest legs on the team.
(3:27) I don’t doubt that, Football Boy.
(3:28) I’ve got to get going to the actual game now. Cya later Moony.
(3:28) Good luck Padfoot.
(3:28) Go Lions.
*

(7:56) WE WON LIKE I KNEW WE WOULD BC PRONGS IS A GREAT CAPTIAN BUT WE WOOOOOOON

(7:57) CONGRATULATIONS

(7:58) BUT I MAY HAVE SPRAINED MY ANKLE

(7:59) Oh, Padfoot. What did you do?
(8:00) I may have tried to intercept the ball but instead just tripped someone over and they brought my foot with them.
(8:00) Yikes, Padfoot.
(8:01) Ok, if I’m going to be 100% honest
(8:01) I wasn’t aiming for the ball.
(8:02) You tripped someone on purpose?
(8:02) …yes.
(8:03) So, you kind of deserved this.
(8:03) You say that, Moony… but if you knew him…
(8:04) Did he get any injuries?
(8:05) HE FACE PLANTED INTO THE GRASS AND HIS NOSE ERUPTED INTO BLOOD
(8:05) You seem too excited by this.
(8:05) IT WAS AWESOME
(8:06) Psychopath!

(8:07) Look, he elbowed Wormtail in the ribs and sent him to the ground and the ref didn’t even call it. The ball, at the time, was on the other side of the field

(8:07) I may have gotten a bit angry.

(8:08) Is Wormtail alright?

(8:09) Oh yeah, he’s fine. He doesn’t have a sprained ankle or anything.

(8:09) Fine. Are you ok, Padfoot?

(8:10) Oh I’m fine. There are girls surrounding me here trying to feed me shit and give me massages.

(8:11) Oh god. You aren’t taking advantage, are you?

(8:11) Hell no. I actually kinda want them to leave, but they won’t

(8:11) ONE OF THEM IS IN MY HAIR THIS HAS TO STOP NOW

(8:12) You’re a bit sensitive, huh?

(8:12) NO ONE TOUCHES MY HAIR

(8:13) You just played a game of football, how good is your hair going to look anyway?

(8:14) MASTERFULLY TUSSLED. BUT NOW THAT’S BEEN RUINED.

(8:14) I CAN’T EVEN GET UP TO ESCAPE.

(8:15) Only the good die young.

(8:15) NOT HELPING

(8:15) SEND REINFORCEMENTS.

(8:16) Where’s Prongs? Or your damsel in distress Wormtail?

(8:16) GOOD IDEA MOONY

*

(8:16) WORMTAIL.

(8:17) WORMTAIL??

(8:18) WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY DOING THAT’S MORE IMPORTANT THAN ME

(8:19) I NEARLY KILLED A MAN FOR YOU

(8:19) DAMNIT PETER
PRONGS WHERE ARE YOU I NEED IMMEDIATE BACKUP IN THE COMMON ROOM

not now padfoot im with lily!!

HAS SHE LOCKED YOU IN A TORTURE BASEMENT

no no I think it’s happening padfoot shit gotta go!!!

WHAT

HAS SHE LOCKED YOU IN A TORTURE BASEMENT

WHAT

RED ALERT WORMTAIL IS M.I.A.

AND I THINK PRONGS IS FINALLY GETTING WITH ‘THE ONE’

Aw good on him

OUT OF ALL THE TIMES THIS COULD HAPPEN IT’S WHEN I NEED BACKUP???

I don’t even like grapes.

Are they seriously feeding you grapes? Are they fanning you too?

No but they’re applying ice to my ankle now

OH THANK GOD MCGOOOONIGAAAALLS

The mistress has come to claim her man.

SHE SEEMED TO THINK THIS WAS MY IDEA.

DO I SEEM SO DEPRAVED?

Honestly?

No, shut up. Ok they’re gone.

Just me on my own now while everyone else is up and partying.

Minor detail though…

Mm??

You being objected to pampering by a group of girls.

Just don’t like them up in my personal space, ya know?

Especially my hair.
(8:35) *Haha, yeah ok.*

(8:36) **OH THE PARTY'S GONNA TAKE SHOTS OFF MY RAISED LEG**

(8:36) *What the*

(8:37) *No, I don’t wanna know. Have fun Padfoot.*

(8:38) **THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT MOONY. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT.**

Chapter End Notes

writing 'football' in place of soccer was painful. I'm Australian. The idea of Sirius playing Australian football is fuckin hilarious. He'd do speckys even if they weren't necessary bc he's so fuckin dramatic.

(formating this took forever i am never insert imaged again)
Chapter Summary

The Frank Thing, packing, stripper names, and a phone call.

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold.

Remus is italics.

James is regular.

Peter is underlined.

Alice is everything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(9:12) It’s a Monday morning and my head is killing me.

(9:13) Your mistake, Shot Leg.

(9:13) I knooooooow, I knooooooow don’t rub it in.

(9:14) In other news: Prongs is dating ‘the one’.

(9:14) How does that make you feel?

(9:15) Wow, do people actually say that?

(9:15) My psychologist does and I have to refrain from laughing every time.

(9:16) …you see a psychologist?

(9:16) Most teens with a chronic illness do. No big deal.

(9:16) Ok then.

(9:17) Well yes, I am super stoked for him. I don’t think he’s stopped smiling for twelve solid hours. It looks painful.

(9:17) Only downside is that he still won’t shut up about her, and this time he has solid fact to back up his stupid, whimsical purple prose about her hair. Or something.

(9:18) That’s adorable.

(9:19) Don’t
(9:19) All right, all right. Do you feel replaced, by any chance?

(9:20) Absolutely not. Moony, I can assure you there are no legitimate hard feelings toward the situation and I look forward to the day I get to be best man at their wedding. Mostly bc I’ll get to make an embarrassing speech.

(9:21) ”Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to celebrate the union between these two people, and that one time Prongs did something really embarrassing that I will now tell you all about.”

(9:22) ”I remember the first time Prongs told me about kissing his now wife, and how he described it as like kissing fireworks. What a pretentious wanker.”

(9:23) Did he really?

(9:23) Oh yeah. I used up all my good manners for the year to not laugh.

(9:24) Do you not believe him?

(9:24) Maybe. I guess it’s the ‘the one’ thing.

(9:25) Have you kissed anyone before?

(9:26) A few girls here and there. It was nice, but it wasn’t fireworks.

(9:27) Have you kissed anyone?

(9:27) Yeah.

(9:28) How was it?

(9:29) It was good at the time, but thinking about it now makes me feel a little sick.

(9:30) They’re with someone else now.

(9:30) Oh, shit. Sorry Moony.

(9:31) Oh, it’s ok. It’s not that I even particularly fancied them or anything but the circumstances were…

(9:32) Well, they kind of used me.

(9:32) That’s probably more than you wanted to know.

(9:33) Do you still see them?

(9:34) Hah, yeah, they’re here right now. In this wing.

(9:34) I’m friends with them still, and I’m quite close with the person they’re seeing so I’m fine with it, really. Just remembering it, though, isn’t good.

(9:35) Honestly, this isn’t a tragedy story. I’ve probably made it sound worse than it is.

(9:36) What was their name?
(9:39) Uh… Frank.

(9:40) You kissed a bloke

(9:40) That has an old man’s name?

(9:41) His surname is even funnier, but I don’t think I should tell you that.

(9:41) Damn, I feel like I’ve missed out.

(9:42) Oh you have.

(9:43) All the stalking opportunities… and beating up opportunities…

(9:43) Padfoot

(9:44) Hey, just saying. The offer is there.

(9:45) I think I’ll take that as a token of good friendship.

(9:46) Oh, you bet. No one messes around with Moony.

(9:47) In that case, come beat up my nurse for me. He won’t let me outside.

(9:47) Climb out the window.

(9:48) Wow Padfoot you are a genius.

(9:49) Fine. Next time he tries to, idk, inject you with something, take the needle from his hand and jab it into his neck. And flee to freedom.

(9:50) Maybe I should really reconsider that I’m texting a murderer.

(9:51) Probably. I’m about to kill Prongs. They’re holding hands /in class/.

(9:51) Find a needle. Jab it into your own neck.

(9:52) Will a pen do?

(9:53) Only if you jab it hard enough.

(9:55) I threw a paper ball at them and now I think Prongs will kill me himself.

(9:56) I’ll testify at the trial. You did not deserve to die in so cruel a fashion.

(10:00) What’s happening on your end?

(10:01) Uh… nothing really… mostly everyone’s still asleep…

(10:02) Oh my parents are here. They brought cake. Thank god.

(10:02) I’ll leave you to it, then.

(10:03) Talk to you later, Padfoot. Try not to kill Prongs.

(10:03) I make no promises.
(9:56) What the fuck Padfoot

(9:57) **HAND HOLDING in CLASS**

(9:57) Oh come on let me have this.

(9:58) **Are you going to keep telling me her hair smells like cherry blossoms and her voice is made of dew or something like that??**

(9:59) No, look, I’m sorry if I go on about it… I really don’t mean to.

(10:00) **Nah, man, it’s fine. I’m just making fun of you.**

(10:00) **Really, you are an inspiration to us all.**

(10:01) How so?

(10:02) **If you whine and pine long enough something might come of it.**

(10:03) Oh, shut up. You know, you’re getting a bit that way yourself.

(10:04) **What?**

(10:05) Whining and pining

(10:05) **About what?**

(10:06) More about ‘who’

(10:06) ””””””””””””’Who””””””””””””???

(10:06) That stranger you message.

(10:07) **Moony?**

(10:07) OH MY GOD YOU GAVE HIM A NICKNAME

(10:08) **WELL I HAD TO CALL HIM SOMETHING**

(10:08) WHAT HAPPENED TO PUMPKIN TIT???

(10:09) **IT WAS BC OF YOU I CHANGED IT**

(10:09) Wow. This is either super weird or super romantic.

(10:10) **I’m going to murder you.**

* 

**Monday PM**

(8:34) *I never asked – how’s your ankle?*

(8:35) **Oh, Moony, you do care!**
(8:35) It’s fine. I have crutches and I get to hit people with them. Especially Wormtail, the ungrateful git.

(8:36) He’s not fawning over you for your heroic deeds?

(8:36) No! He’s not! He should be the one feeding me grapes.

(8:37) Your own man servant. I have one of those too. I press a button and they come running. All I want is the window open.

(8:38) That’s cruel abuse of power, Moony. I love it.

(8:38) How were your parents?

(8:39) Oh, good, good. We had a meeting with the doctor today and he thinks I can go home on Wednesday. Winter holidays are over.

(8:39) All good things must come to an end.

(8:40) I’m glad you’re, uh, better though.

(8:40) Thanks, Padfoot.

(8:40) Gotta go. Man-servant says if I don’t get proper sleep I’ll have to stay here longer. It sounds like a threat.

(8:41) One day I’ll beat up your man servant for you. Good night, Moony.

(8:41) Good night, Padfoot.

* 

Tuesday AM

(11:12) Do you ever find that you have more stuff when your packing to go home?

(11:12) Even though half of your socks are missing?

(11:13) Oh yeah. I also gain, like, three extra ties too.

(11:14) Wait, you have to wear a tie as uniform?

(11:14) Yes. Boarding school, Moony, it’s fancy stuff.

(11:15) Apparently. Wow. Do you have school houses too?

(11:15) …Go Lions.

(11:15) You’re kidding. You compete against your own school? In your houses?

(11:16) Yeah, and them whoever wins out of us gets to go against other schools. Lions are on top.

(11:16) Boarding schools are incredible.
Do you have to wear hospital gowns all the time?

No, because we don’t conform to stereotypes. They’re only for surgery etc.

We do wear the bracelets, however.

What, like the plastic ones they put on babies?

Yes, Padfoot, like they put on babies. Because they are in a hospital.

So how’s your packing going?

Terrible. You won’t shut up.

You started it.

I DON’T EVEN OWN PINK SOCKS WHOSE ARE THESE

HAHA I ONCE ENDED UP WITH WORMTAIL’S BOXERS. IT WAS HORRIFIC.

Oh my god, they’re Alice’s. They have hearts and everything. I don’t know if I should give them back or

I threw Wormy’s boxers at his head. Try that.

She’s sleeping, she’ll probably kill me. I’ll slip them into her bag, pretend I was never there.

Who’s Alice, anyway?

My friend, beside Frank, I guess. I like her better, though.

She’s the one dating Frank.

Talk about beating stereotypes. Moony, you’re killing it.

What?

Best friends with the girl who took your man.

Oh my GOD NO

just

noooooooooo

You don’t really mention your friends to me. You practically know Prongs and Wormtail’s life stories.

Not much to say, really. There’s only so much mischief three sick teenagers can get up to without dying.

We definitely can’t flood a hospital.

You could try though, and get thrown into jail for it. It’s also really unethical and all.

Exactly.
(11:37) *Oh she’s awake, and has looked in her bag.*

(11:38) *HAH – “where the hell have these been I’ve been looking for them everywhere!”*

(11:39) *Say nothing, do nothing.*

(11:40) *Me – “Oh, that’s strange.”*

(11:40) *Alice – “YOU DID THIS DIDN’T YOU”*

(11:41) *She even used my full name.*

(11:41) *”WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING SO HARD. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TEXTING.”*

(11:42) *Abort mission, she knows too much!*

(11:42) *SHE’S COMING OVER GOOD BYE PADFOOT*

(11:42) *I will make a heartfelt speech at your funeral. Good luck, Moony.*

* Tuesday PM

(7:08) *How did the attack go?*

(7:09) *She tickled me and I made this horrible squealing sound that she won’t let me live down.*

(7:09) *Wow I wish I was there to hear that.*

(7:10) *I sounded like a pig in slaughter.*

(7:10) *Last night in the hospital, huh?*

(7:11) *Yeah. For now, at least. Alice has thrown a farewell party.*

(7:11) *As much a party as a hospital can provide. She’s done quite well, though.*

(7:12) *Am I interrupting?*

(7:12) *No, no, it’s not started yet. Alice thinks it’s a surprise though. Don’t tell.*

(7:13) *Your secret is safe with me, Moony.*

(7:14) *She seems to think you’re a middle aged man preying on me, however.*

(7:15) *Ooo so you’ve told her about me, huh?*

(7:16) *It was either continued to be tickled or tell. At one point she threatened to go through the messages, which is not happening on my watch.*

(7:16) *Does she know about the Frank thing?*

(7:17) *She does not.*

(7:17) *I see.*
(7:18) Do your friends know about me?

(7:18) Oh yeah. Wormtail thinks it’s a little weird. Prongs thinks it’s hilarious.

(7:19) And what do you think? About the whole situation?

(7:20) I think it doesn’t matter how it happened. Just that I’m glad it did.

(7:20) I think you underestimate how much I like talking to you, Moony.

(7:21) I guess I just don’t really understand… why.

(7:21) Wait, you don’t have to answer that.

(7:22) I like talking to you bc you’re funny in a twisted kind of way. And you’re insightful and helpful and idk, you’re just cool.

(7:23) You’re a good person, Moony. I really hope /you’re/ not a middle aged man preying on me.

(7:25) Moony?

(7:25) I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say that isn’t completely stupid.

(7:26) Just take the compliment.

(7:27) Thank you, Padfoot. I must go now, I’m being surprised. Really, though. Thank you.


*

Wednesday AM

(9:44) Hungover?

(9:45) Do you honestly think I would be allowed to drink in a hospital to the point of intoxication?

(9:46) No, but I’d like to hear that you tried.

(9:47) The first and last time I tried to get drunk the Frank thing happened and my mother grounded me. It set a strong precedent.

(9:47) YOUR MOTHER GROUNDED YOU

(9:48) It was ‘dangerous and reckless’. And upon reflection, it really was. I could have killed myself.

(9:49) Oh right, fuck, the sick thing.

(9:50) Correct grammar: fuck the sick thing.

(9:51) Fuck the sick thing.

(9:51) Where are you now?
I’m in the car, mum’s driving. She thinks I’m texting Alice, and I’m not about to correct her.

Would she think it’s weird?

Oh yeah, and probably take my phone away to stop me. She’s very ‘stranger danger’.

They told us in first year about the dangers of the ‘cyberspace’.

Apparentely what they meant was that there are cute boys there.

I don’t need to hear your internet history.

That’s not

Ok

We’re home. I’ll text you when I’m settled in.

Welcome home, Moony.

*

Emergency.

What’s happened?

He called me cute. I think. I’m pretty sure.

Oh my god I don’t know. Maybe I’m being self centered.

When have you even been self centered? Really, Remus.

Ok, ok.

What did you say?

Nothing!

I pretended that I interpreted it another way. He didn’t correct me but…

Oh, Remus.

Now is not the time to be fond, Alice.

I can’t help it. You’re like a lost puppy.

Look, he’s probably freaking out too right now. Because you ignored his advances, and he just called a stranger cute.

This wasn’t – he wasn’t hitting on me.

Are you sure? I think complimenting someone’s appearance is the first step to hitting on them.

Is that what Frank did?
No, he literally hit me and then spent the next 24 hours apologizing.

I wish he’d apologize to me.

For what? What did he do?

Ah, nothing, never mind.

I think, if he compliments you again, or alludes to liking you in a more-than-a-friend-way, you need to get in there, Remus.

And why do I need to ‘get in there’?

So you can stop freaking out and message me every time the boy says boo.

This is the first time.

Yeah, and I get the feeling it’s gonna happen some more.

So supportive, Alice.

I’m glad I could help. Have fun at home.

Have fun in Purgatory.

What’s up with you?

What?

I can feel the table jiggling from your kicking legs from here.

CAN YOU FEEL THIS

DUDE MY BOOKS FELL OFF

My swinging legs know no bounds.

Siriusly, you look like you’re going to faint or something.

Mate?

James, really, I’m fine. You know if I wasn’t I’d tell you.

Just wondering if the Lily thing would stop that. Because I don’t want it to, Sirius. I’m still here for you.

Thank you, lover.

Oh come on.

I need to think it over. Then I’ll tell you. Ok?

Ok.
(10:04) Flirt.
(10:04) John Green bitch.
*

Wednesday MIDDAY

(12:53) I've done it. I've reached heaven. It has home made meals.

(12:54) Unfair. Lasagna today. ¾ of it is just cheese. The remaining quarter is pasta.

(12:54) I'm having pasta sheets and cheese.

(12:55) Homemade fried rice.

(12:56) You're so smug.

(12:57) I am. I've nearly forgotten what food tastes like.

(12:58) You mean it's not all made of plastic?

(12:58) Not in the real world, my friend.

(12:59) In summer at Prongs' we still don't eat proper food.

(1:00) I get the impression that you eat a lot of crisps and chocolate bars.

(1:01) Don't forget the energy drinks that power the punk.

(1:02) Gross.

(1:03) Let me guess: fruit and vegetables?

(1:03) What gave it away.

(1:04) Your overwhelming health. You're just so full of energy.

(1:04) Energized enough to flip you off.

(1:05) Oh, Moony, how scandalous.

(1:06) Head Chef/Mother/Teacher is calling me to 'class' now. I'll talk to you later, Padfoot.

(1:06) Always a pleasure, Moony.
*

(2:09) I'm having a serious problem, lads.

(2:10) Wait, are you have a serious problem, or a Sirius problem?

(2:10) I am not a problem!

(2:11) I mean: is the problem actually minute, but you are blowing it to Sirius proportions?
You make me sound like a drama queen, Wormy.

That’s because you are, mate.

Last time I invite you to my coronation.

Men! Concentrate!

Sorry, Prongs. Continue.

AT YOUR SERVICE, CAPTAIN.

It’s her birthday next week.

You said this wasn’t a ‘Sirius’ problem.

This is a legit concern, Wormy! Like, what on earth will he get her?!

Thank you, Padfoot.

I was being sarcastic, mate. Really? We’re in the middle of a test.

Speaking of, what did you guys get for ten?

Option C

C

Fuck ok thanks

I’m being for real here, guys.

Ask her what she wants, man.

She says we haven’t been going out long enough for me to buy her a present and stuff.

Just take her out somewhere on the weekend then. Have dinner or something.

Brilliant, Wormtail! We overlooked the fact that dating entails actual dates. Prongs, you’re a moron.

You really think that’ll be enough?

You could always try serenading her, but that didn’t work out last time.

Point taken. Thanks guys.

Oh, and Wormtail. The answer for 6 is A. Just to let you know.

I’m not an idiot. Don’t lie to me.

Nah, for real Wormtail.

CHARLES DICKENS DID NOT WRITE THE NOTEBOOK.

Didn’t he?
It is a classic, Wormy.

Good boy. Circle A. Good job.

Stop watching me, weirdo. And stop texting me. Both of you.

Fine, Wormtail.

Guess we won’t help you anymore.

Whatever.

*

Thursday AM

Can I ask a question?

If I don’t want to answer, can I substitute it for another?

I'll allow that. But it means you have to answer the first question at some point.

Deal.

Can you tell me about the Frank thing?

Hmmm...

No, I think I’m going to pass on that today. Sorry.

That’s ok. When’s your birthday?

March 10.

Do you do anything special?

Not really. Last year I slept through it. We used to go to the movies but we haven’t done that it a few years.

Why did you ask for my birthday?

Bc it would be tragic if we were texting one day and I didn’t know! And you – you wouldn’t tell. You’d just let me talk about my socks or something while you wore a party hat and had people sing to you.

We do actually have a tradition of NOT singing. So.

That’s terrible! You have to sing! You have to make the birthday person as uncomfortable as possible!

I like to throw in a lap dance sometimes.

Free of charge? How generous.

Hey, if you’re nice you’ll get one too. Especially since you can’t afford me anyway.
(11:35) We’d ran all out of dog treats.

(11:36) Arse!

(11:37) I have to get back to doing work now. I’ll talk to you later.

(11:37) Cya Moony.

*  

Thursday MIDDAY

(12:02) I know you said you were working, but I have just discovered my stripper name. It’s not actually that good, but I followed the formula so it must be legit.

(12:02) I’ll drumroll myself.

(12:02) *DRUMROLLS EXCITEDLY*

(12:03) Witherwings Grimmauld. Depressing, right?

(12:03) I’d stuff you back into the cake you popped out from. What was this formula?

(12:04) Name of first pet and the street you live on.

(12:05) … Witherwings.

(12:05) Yes, ok, I know. Stupid name.

(12:06) I’m just hoping it wasn’t a dog.

(12:07) Oh, no. Canary. I accidentally let it escape when I was 8.

(12:07) Ok, I say accidentally.

(12:07) I let it go.

(12:08) In that case, my stripper name would be Snuffles Cottage. I sound like a drug den.

(12:08) I’m sorry, you made fun of me for Witherwings when you had Snuffles?

(12:09) Snuffles was a Chihuahua. Yappy little thing, I hated it.

(12:09) You may have hated it, but no one should be cursed with the name Snuffles!

(12:10) Well, guess what your new name is, then?

(12:11) You wouldn’t.

(12:12) I would if I don’t get any of this work done.

(12:12) Sorry, Moony. Just thought this was pressing information.

(12:12) Oh, it was, and I appreciate being informed. Until next time, Padfoot.

(12:13) Yeah, see ya Snuffles Cottage.
(12:15) Lap dances! Stripper names! I don’t understand what is happening here!

(12:16) **I think you’re probably overreacting.**

(12:16) Really?!

(12:16) I can’t even tell anymore.

(12:17) **Did you know, Remus, that friends joke with each other?**

(12:17) Not really. I have you. And Frank. Do we joke about lap dancing?

(12:18) **No, but at the same time we’re not very vivacious. This guy sounds like he is, though.**

(12:19) Which is why I’m confused. Do I take this as a joke or…

(12:20) **This is purely texting, right?**

(12:20) Yeah

(12:21) **Then you’re probably going to have to interpret it as joking. Because you have nothing else to base it off.**

(12:21) **Can I ask you something?**

(12:22) Yeah, I guess.

(12:22) **Do you fancy this guy?**

(12:23) Oh my god, Alice.

(12:23) **Well, do you want him to be joking about all this stuff? Because it sounds like you don’t.**

(12:24) I don’t know. I don't know. We’re reaching dangerous territory here.

(12:25) **You’re allowed to like him, Remus.**

(12:25) Please stop.

(12:25) I’m pretty sure he’s straight or whatever.

(12:26) **’Pretty sure’ is no basis.**

(12:26) It’s safest.

(12:27) **You need to get over whatever this is, Remus. I know you’re lonely.**

(12:27) I’m not-

(12:28) There’s no point lying to you, right?

(12:28) **Right.**

(12:30) **Adda boy.**

*

**Thursday MIDNIGHT**

(11:55) *Are you awake?*

(11:56) **Almost always.**

(11:56) *Surprised you’re awake, though.*

(11:57) *Getting back to sleeping in the house is taking some adjusting. It’s amazing, sleeping without dozens of people crying and puking around you.*

(11:57) *I wouldn’t know. These guys are gross here.*

(11:58) *Hah*

(11:58) *So, what did you want to talk about, Moony?*

(11:59) *Oh, well, um…*

(12:00) *Thought I’d cash in on that question.*

(12:01) *It hasn’t even been 24 hours!*

(12:01) *Don’t feel obligated. It’s none of my business.*

(12:02) *I mentioned it in the first place.*

(12:02) *At my insistence! Really, Moony.*

(12:03) *No, the only reason why I’m so hesitant is… I’ve never told anyone before.*

(12:03) *And it’s not even that big of a deal. This was meant to be Me, Not Making it a Big Deal.*

(12:04) *I think it is a Big Deal, but you keep downplaying it bc you think it’s not a big deal by other’s standards.*

(12:04) *So, you still don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to for any reason.*

(12:05) *But it’s holding me back from doing… things. And it was suggested that I, in crude terms, ‘get over it,’ so I can get on with doing things. I guess the first step of getting over it is to tell someone about it. And hey, you asked, so here you go.*

(12:06) *Don’t take this the wrong way, /please/, but didn’t you say you had a psychologist?*

(12:07) *Hospital psychologist. Sees everyone in the ward. Group therapy. Would want to talk to Frank about it. No thank you.*

(12:07) *Ok then. Tell me about the Frank thing, which we have now come to call it.*

(12:08) *I guess like most cliché stories, it started with liquor and truth or dare.*
We’ve all been there, mate.

We were on my hospital bed, and this was the first time either of us had drunk alcohol, so naturally it took like two minutes for it to take effect. Frank’s brilliant idea to play truth or dare, and I’d never played that either before, so I said ok.

I didn’t really know what kind of questions to ask, so I just re-asked whatever he asked me. We’d both never been kissed before, it turned out.

One of the truths, he asked me if I was gay. I said yes. He picked truth, I asked him if he was gay, and he said he didn’t know, maybe a little.

I then picked dare because I hadn’t yet, and he dared me to kiss him. And because I was drunk and gay I did.

I’d like to interrupt this story for a repeat of the description ‘drunk and gay’.

So, so drunk and so, so gay.

Thank you. Continue.

So, I kissed him. And like you said, it wasn’t fireworks, but it felt right. Like it was normal and natural. So I thought it went ok.

He picked truth again and so I asked him if he was gay. He said again, I don’t know, maybe a little. And not long after we went to bed.

The next day he asked Alice out and she yes.

WOAH WAIT WHAT

When I asked him about the kiss thing he said he was drunk and curious, he hoped there were no hard feelings. Turns out he’s not gay, not even a little bit.

I’d hate to break this to you Moony, but even by regular people standards, this is a Big Deal.

It is also categorized as a Dick Move.

Hah, you got that right.

So, there we. The Frank thing.

And you’re still friends with this guy?

I’m more friends with Alice. He comes in conjunction.

Admittedly, I think I’m more snappy at him than what I would usually be.

I think he deserves more than ‘snappy’. Let’s go for, ‘waspish,’ ‘aggravated,’ slowly move our way toward ‘murderous.’

The transition will be so smooth he won’t understand why there’s a pillow smothering his face.
(12:25) That’s what I like to hear!

(12:25) Just a cheeky bit of murder to finish the night.

(12:26) How are you feeling about it?


(12:27) Dude, you got screwed over by a dick. Not your fault. Personally, I’d like to meet Frank and, say, push him out a window.

(12:28) Calm down, Game of Thrones.

(12:28) I’d have a catchphrase while I do it, too. Like, idk, ‘FOR MOONY!’ and out the window.

(12:29) I think you need to work on your catchphrase a bit.

(12:30) Shush, it’s too late for thinking.

(12:31) Thank you, Padfoot.

(12:31) I didn’t really do anything, Moony.

(12:32) Just for… listening. Offering to assassinate him. Stuff like that.

(12:32) Pleasure is all mine, Moony. I’ve always wanted to kill a man.

(12:33) Oh my god, you are a murderer. This is a lure.

(12:34) HAH no, no. Go to sleep, Moony.


(12:35) Yeah, yeah. Good night, Moony.

(12:35) Good night, Padfoot.

* 

Friday AM

(10:15) Ok, I wasn’t going to mention it, but you look murderous.

(10:16) Have you ever wanted to hurt someone you’ve never met?

(10:16) I’m guessing Hitler doesn’t count.

(10:17) Not quite.

(10:17) So, what did Moony do?

(10:18) Oh, god, nothing. It’s what someone did to Moony.

(10:18) What did they do to Moony?
Short story: they used him. He doesn’t feel good about it.

And this warrants a beating?

Yes!!

Ok, ok, just making sure.

It’s frustrating, Prongs. He’s god knows where and I’m here. I can’t beat up people from here.

Have you ever considered meeting the guy?

Obviously.

And?

He won’t even tell me his real name.

Then I guess you just have to be patient. Write a list of people to beat up for later.

… Still frustrating.

Yeah, I know. So close yet so far.

What made Lily change her mind?

She said I had matured. I guess she’s right.

You guess? When was the last time we set off a fart bomb?

Do you want to set off a fart bomb?

Yeah, but, we’ve established that I have to wait.

I guess that marks your level of evolved maturity.

I’m very specific for when I’m suddenly not mature anymore.

That’s how you’ve always been though. Cheer up, Pads. At least Moony hasn’t hated for six years before talking to you.

Ahh, yes. It always makes me feel better when we compare things to your failed love life. Like, damn Prongs. You’re sad.

Yes, yes, I suck and I know it. I shouldn’t have brought this up. You can stop smiling now.

No.

* 

My grandmother is here. Need immediate back up. Possibly a SWAT team.

Too many biscuits?

Yes. She also keeps asking me about girlfriends.
Whoops.

Does your family know?

My mum does. She’s useless, though. She’s just sitting in the corner of the lounge room giggling.

The grandmother that’s here is my dad’s mum.

Oh my god she’s moved onto University.

Haha. So what are your plans for the future?

Not becoming a grandparent, for one.

I think the gay thing nipped that in the bud.

So did my infertility. There are such things as miracles. She at least won’t ask about kids now.

I hope Prongs has kids so I can hang out with it, but don’t actually have to raise it.

Strategic. I like it. Also means to get to have fun with and without a child.

Exactly!

Oh no, mum’s pulled out the photo album.

Why does this always happen.

The world is cruel, Moony.

Grandma: he looked weird as a boy.

Thanks Grandma. I’m right here.

HAHA HOW CHARMING

Man, I love old people.

Naked baby photos. Oh no.

I’m missing out.

Don’t perve on my baby pictures!

Oh my god no. I’m all for humiliation. Not peadophilia.

Thank god for that. You sound more and more like a criminal every day.

Do you like the danger, Moony?

The potential danger of being killed by a stranger I text everyday? No, can’t say I do.

Would it change your mind if I told you I have a motorbike?
…Do you seriously?

Yes.

Oh my god.

What?

That’s really cool.

Aw, Moony, that’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said to me.

Can you ride it?


Yeah, breathe in that danger.

Mmmm, smells like dead pedestrians.

I’ll have you know that only myself and Prongs have been injured since the creation of the bike.

Creation?

Yeah, I built it from scratch.

That’s amazing. That’s… incredible.

Aw, shucks.

Does it have a name?

Is that something you do?

Well, you made it. It’s like a child in itself.

I’ll have to brainstorm, and then I’ll get back to you.

Please, do. If it’s anything like your stripper name, it’ll be interesting to say the least.

Padfoot?

We’re gonna have to postpone that brainstorm Moony. I just ran into a pole and I think I have a concussion goodbye

Oh my god Padfoot.

I’m sorry, I’m laughing but I can’t stop.

Jesus, Pads.

Dick
Friday PM

(2:32) I’m sorry, you ran into a pole because you were too busy texting?

(2:33) Let me guess: you were texting Moony?

(2:34) **he likes my motorbike**

(2:34) **AND THEN YOU RAN INTO A POLE AND GAVE YOURSELF A CONCUSSION**

(2:34) Shh Wormtail, inside voice, precious ickle Siri is resting off a walk into a pole.

(2:35) call me siri again and I’ll use a pole to whack your head

(2:35) see how you like it

(2:36) Look, Prongs, he must be sick, his texting has gone all slack.

(2:37) I’m just texting how you do, Wormtail.

(2:37) Gentlemen, at ease. We must let the handsome prince sleep. He will be forlorn later when we tell him he can’t drink.

(2:38) **WHAT**

(2:38) Shh Sirius you must rest.

(2:39) I’m going to murder you

(2:39) And no texting Moony, either.

(2:40) **And I’m going to torture you.**

(2:41) Good night, sweet Prince Padfoot.

(2:41) Sleep tight, iddy biddy siri

(2:42) **fuck you both**

*

Saturday

(9:02) *I slept through a Friday night.*

(9:03) **So did I. How boring.**

(9:03) What happened to you?

(9:04) I, um, ran into a pole.

(9:04) *I’m sorry, what? Can you repeat that in simpler terms?*

(9:05) **HEAD GO BANG ON POLE.**

(9:05) **WHY HOW DID THIS HAPPEN**
BC I WAS TOO BUSY TEXTING YOU, YOU GIT. THIS IS YOUR FAULT. MY HEAD HURTS AND IT’S PURPLE.

So, did you sleep the whole day?

Yes. I also get to spend today in bed bc why not, my ankle is sprained too.

Poor baby Padfoot.

Everyone needs to stop patronizing me.

I’m sorry. Are you ok?

I will be.

Do you have a game tomorrow?

Yeah.

Will you get to play?

Hopefully. That’s why I’m taking today off.

…It’s Saturday.

There’s still things that need to be done on a Saturday.

Like tending to Elvendork.

Is that meant to be the bike?

Yes!

What kind of name is that!

A unisex one!

I expected something like… Midnight Beast, Raven’s Plume, something dark and sinister.

Raven’s Plume?

I still think it’s better than yours.

Too bad, Moony. My bike. My namedhjenc

Hi Moony this is Prongs, I have to confiscate Padfoot’s phone now so he’ll sleep. Bless him, he’s got a boo-boo. And gracious, what a foul mouth. Did you know that when we were eleven he laughed so hard he peed himself? Classic Padfoot. Always a lark.

Hang on, I think he wants to say good bye.

Be careful, if Prongs dies now I’m classified as a witness.

It’s me, and I’m not going to murder him. I’m going to lock him away and torture him slowly. OK HE’S REACHING FOR THE PHONE BYE MOONY
Be strong, Padfoot.

* 

Sunday AM

Saturday was a long day.

Oh, you're back.

Let's just forget the whole thing happened, yes?

Do you mean when Prongs took your phone, or when he told me you peed yourself when you were eleven?

I'm going to say both. Forget both. Delete it now.

But whatever will I blackmail you with now?

I was hoping we could avoid blackmail.

Nonsense. Strong friendships are built on blackmail.

I don't know what kind of friends you have over them, but ditch them now.

I don't have many, admittedly. Alice, Frank.

Uh, you.

Thinking about it, I have Prongs, Wormtail, I guess Lily now…

And you.

You still one up me.

I can't help that I'm so popular.

Soo… is this what we're calling it? Are we friends?

I always thought so. Maybe. Hopefully.

Yeah. Yeah of course.


Are you playing today?

Yeah. I'm actually on the field. We start in… seven minutes.

You should probably um… warm up?

HAHA yeah. Prongs is shouting at me now actually. I'll tell you how it goes.

Good luck, Padfoot. Go Lions.

*
I don’t know how to say this, and it pains me to do so, but we lost.

Oh, Padfoot. I’m so sorry.

BY ONE GOAL. I AM RAGE.

No, I’m being mature about it. It’s fine.

NO IT’S NOT.

Ok, no, I’m fine. Prongs is crying, though. Wormtail is avoiding us.

Was this, like, a major game?

No. Prongs just really hates losing.

He hates it so much that we’re not even having an after game party. Lame.

Tough break. I’m sorry for your loss.

Thanks Moony. I’m gonna do last minute homework. Talk to you later.

Cya, Padfoot.

Hey Moony

Mm?

This might be going too far but

Can I call you?

Is everything alright?

Yeah, yeah, I’ve just been thinking about it and I think I want the voice in my head when reading your texts to match with what you sound like. If that’s not weird.

Yeah, no, I get it. Phones don’t always do you justice, though.

Call.

Ok.

[Calling Moony]

“.Hello?”

“Hi. Uh, did I wake you? With the text?”

“Yeah, but it’s fine.”

“Ok. Cool. Um, ok I didn’t actually prepare for this far.”
“Hah, yeah, I guessed. You don’t sound… how I expected.”

“What did you expect? Elderly man?”

“Haha, no, I guess, more high pitched. Not so… manly.”

“Do I sound manly?”

“Oh, please, you know it.”

“You sound more croaky.”

“Argghh, I just woke up. Don’t tease.”

“Haha, no, I like it.”

“…Oh.”

“Uhm… I can I ask you something?”

“I guess while we’re at it.”

“What’s your name?”

“Ok, I’m going to answer this, but you can’t, under any circumstance, laugh.”

“Hey, the same goes for you. Trust me, nothing can be as weird as my name.”

“I’m Remus.”

“…Remus…”

“I said you can’t make fun!”

“I’m not, I’m not, I like it a lot. Ok, now, really, no laughing.”

“Ok.”

“No, cross your heart.”

“Ahh, fine, cross my heart and hope to die.”

“Sirius.”

“I am being serious! I told you-”

“No, no! I mean, my name is Sirius. S-I-R-I-U-S.”

“Oh, shit, I’m sorry. I’m sorry-”

“It’s fine, Moony, I should have expected it. I should let you get back to sleep.”

“You too. You have class tomorrow.”

“Right, yeah.”
“Good night. Sirius.”

“Good night, Remus.”

Chapter End Notes

I feel bad for making Frank a douche. I'll rectify it, sure.
Week 4

Chapter Summary

Deals, dates, nail polish, and the name game.

Chapter Notes

**Sirius is bold.**  
*Remus is italics.*  
James is regular.  
Peter is underlined.  
*Alice is everything*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Monday AM

(9:05) You’re not as quiet as you think you are.

(9:05) *Yeah, mate, next time take it to the other room.*

(9:06) ???

(9:06) The phone call!

(9:06) *Oh my god you heard that*

(9:07) *Yeah, man.*

(9:07) *Oh god no*

(9:08) Oh god, yes.

(9:08) It’s not our fault you can’t whisper.

(9:09) At least there was no phone sex.

(9:09) *Dude!!*

(9:10) Just saying.

(9:10) Sirius, you are red.

(9:10) *Do neither of you have any decency??*

(9:11) *Nope.*
(9:11) Nah.
(9:12) **You sounded like a little girl talking to her crush.**
(9:12) No, no, Wormy, didn’t you hear? He sounds manly.
(9:12) I’m going to fucking kill you both if you don’t shut up.
(9:13) Ok ok mate. We’re just joking.
(9:13) **Mhm.**
(9:14) So what was it like?
(9:14) **Huh?**
(9:15) Talking to him. Was it weird?
(9:15) **It was definitely… surreal.**
(9:16) What was his name again?
(9:16) **Remus.**
(9:17) Very mythical. Do you think it’s a wind up?
(9:17) **My name is Sirius. No, I don’t think it’s a wind up.**
(9:18) So what’s the next step from here?
(9:18) **What do you mean?**
(9:19) Well, you gonna meet the guy?
(9:19) **Idk, if he wants to, maybe. Not, like, now though. I just learnt his name.**
(9:20) Seems logical.
(9:21) I’m still betting on you two meeting for the first time on your wedding day or something.
(9:21) **Shut up Wormtail.**

*  

**Monday MIDDAY**

(12:22) The one things that was a pleasant surprise in that phone call

(12:23) **Mm?**
(12:23) **You swearing.**
(12:23) **I swore?**
(12:24) You said ‘oh shit’ when you got confused with my name.
(12:24) ...Sorry.

(12:25) Stop apologizing.

(12:26) The swearing was a 'pleasant surprise'?

(12:27) You don’t swear much in our conversations.

(12:27) I have some kind of filter when texting.

(12:28) Are you saying you swear often?

(12:28) At least more often than when I’m texting.

(12:29) I demand an immediate ban on the filter.

(12:29) Seriously?

(12:30) I guess I can’t really say that now.

(12:30) It would be appreciated.

(12:31) Sorry.

(12:31) Stop apologizing. It’s nobody’s fault except my parent’s for giving me such a stupid name.

(12:32) Oh, is Sirius not a common name?

(12:32) Ha-ha. But having said that, I am the third in my family.

(12:33) Sirius the Third. What kind of family do you come from??

(12:34) A fucked up one.

(12:34) But I think we’re forgetting REMUS

(12:35) We said no making fun.

(12:35) Hey, I’m just saying, how common is Remus?

(12:36) It’s not. I’m not even the Third or anything.

(12:36) Ah, so less common than Sirius then?

(12:37) I refuse to believe that.

(12:37) So, was it ok then?

(12:38) The phone call? Yeah. Maybe next time make it during the day or something. You know, when I’m not sleeping.

(12:39) Yeah, I can do that.

(12:39) So yeah, besides that it was good.
(12:40) So, we’re saying there’s gonna be a next time?

(12:40) I think so.


(12:41) I think I should do some work now.

(12:42) Yeah, ok. Boring.

(12:42) Remus, one last thing.

(12:43) Yeah?

(12:43) Swear for me.

(12:44) Fuck off.

* 

Monday PM

(3:34) A phone call?!

(3:35) Oh, you got my message.

(3:35) How... intimate.

(3:36) Jeez, Alice.

(3:36) What time did he call you?

(3:37) Like, eleven thirty.

(3:37) Intimate.

(3:38) I may not be very experienced in this area, but I don’t think a phone call at eleven at night is considered ‘intimate’.

(3:38) Why not?

(3:39) There was no... suggestiveness in it. At all.

(3:39) You sound disappointed.

(3:40) Let’s not go there.

(3:40) Well, did you get his name or anything?

(3:41) Ah, yeah.

(3:41) And?

(3:42) Sirius.

(3:42) It’s... different.
Trust him to have a stupid obscure name that is also a basic human emotion.

I can’t say simple phrases like ‘I’m being serious’ or ‘are you fucking serious’ because he has ruined that word.

This is it, he’s stuck here. He’ll never go away.

Let’s not get dramatic.

You’re right. I’m starting to sound like him.

So what did you talk about?

Nothing. It was just… name exchange.

He also said he liked my croaky voice.

REMUS

WHAT

Every thing you have told me about your exchanges so far has indicated romantic implications.

No, Alice, noooooo

You can’t tell me spontaneous phone calls and fawning over voices is somehow innocent.

But I have a habit of misinterpreting … signals.

This is a couple thing. Anyone who’s in a relationship suddenly sees relationships everywhere. You have been plagued, Alice.

This is not a couple thing. And as for your misinterpreting, I can help you out.

Can you?

If you allow me to read the messages.

I’m going to say no.

Then you’ve just proven it.

Because I don’t want you going through my private conversations?!

Yep. Means you’ve told him secrets and maybe even flirted a little yourself and now you don’t want me to see.

Damn, I would have made a great police detective.

You still can, Alice.

No, Remus, we know that can’t happen.

Let’s make a deal. If it turns out that Sirius does have romantic feelings for me, you have to go into training to be a police detective. Yes?
(3:57) *That’s unfair! He’s totally into you!*  

(3:57) Ah, but he has never explicitly stated it. Do we have a deal?  

(3:58) Come on, you can’t chicken out.  

(3:58) *Oh, fine! It’s a deal.*  

(3:59) Excellent.  

*  

**Tuesday AM**  

(9:55) Describe your ideal date.  

(9:55) …What?  

(9:55) Ok, do you mean the person or the going out?  

(9:56) The going out. Please, Moony, we know I’m your ideal date.  

(9:56) I’m using you for Elvendork.  

(9:57) I knew it.  

(9:57) But, no, really. Ideal date. Prongs is taking ‘the one’ out for her birthday this weekend and he doesn’t know where to go or what to do.  

(9:58) Hmmmmm  

(9:58) I don’t actually know. Like, at all. What constitutes as a date? Does a meal have to be consumed?  

(9:59) I think you’re thinking about it a little too hard.  

(9:59) I’ve never been on a date before.  

(10:00) Ugh, neither’s Prongs or Wormy, and I don’t count that time in first year.  

(10:00) My god, that was horrific.  

(10:01) What did you do?  

(10:01) We went to this café thing where all of the beverages were pink. The cookies: pink. Interior design: pink. Now, I have nothing against pink. But there’s a line, Moony. Man, is there a line.  

(10:02) Sounds like a surreal horror film.  

(10:02) It was. I had the ‘Psycho’ music playing the back of my mind every time I stabbed at my (pink) cake.  

(10:03) So, I guess that’s not an ideal date. But it was still a date?
If we HAVE to call it that.

I know Alice and Frank go to this one diner they like. And on better days, the arcade.

Arcade? Really?

Alice is very good at the basketball game, and she likes to remind Frank of that fact.

While this is still very informative and am passing the information on to Prongs, you still haven’t answered the original question.

I think at this point in my life, any date is an ideal date for me.

Oh, come on.

Well, tell me yours and I’ll gage in what I need to consider.

Oh, um, ok.

I like the beach. So maybe we’d go the beach and explore the caves and go swimming and stuff. Picnic maybe. Oh my god, this is sappy.

Not only sappy, but apparently you like long walks on the beach.

OH FUCK I DIDN’T EVEN NOTICE

It’s definitely your turn now. I have embarrassed myself enough.

Fine… ok, mine’s probably boring, though.

Spill the beans, Moony.

It’d probably be something simple like… going to the museum. I don’t know. I just really like the museum.

I dig that.

Wait, museum

MUSEUM. PUBLIC SHOWINGS. GALLERIES.

???

MOONY YOU’RE A GENIUS.

Thank you. I think.

* 

ART GALLERY

PADFOOT YOU ARE A MIRACLE

IT WAS MOONY BUT I KNOW. I KNOW.
(10:15) **Does this mean we can talk about something else now.**

(10:16) Such a downer, Wormtail.

(10:16) And Pads: tell Moony I say thanks.

*

Tuesday PM

(3:36) **I’m watching a soap opera and I am enthralled and appalled at the same time.**

(3:37) **Prongs always tells me that soap operas reminds him of me.**

(3:37) Yeah, I can see that.

(3:38) They’re all so dramatic.

(3:38) He says thanks, by the way.

(3:39) What?

(3:39) **Prongs says thanks for the genius idea. They’re going to an art gallery.**

(3:40) **Technically not my idea, but I’m glad I could help all the same.**

(3:41) **Uh oh, Mary has been cheating on Steven.**

(3:42) **But I thought she was with Fabio?**

(3:42) **She’s also pregnant with Tim’s child.**

(3:43) **Damnit, Mary, Tim trusted you!**

(3:43) **You know he hasn’t been the same since the accident!**

(3:44) **There was so much blood, Mary, you weren’t even there YOU WOULDN’T EVEN KNOW HIS PAIN.**

(3:45) **YOU’RE THE ONLY PERSON HE RECOGNISES IN HIS RETROGRADE AMNESIA MARY HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO HIM.**

(3:46) **You better watch out Mary, I think that’s a pipe bomb in Tim’s mother’s handbag.**

(3:46) **She’ll do it, Mary, she’ll sacrifice her grandchild for the honour of her son.**

(3:46) ***Mary’s funeral***

(3:47) ”She was my favourite neighbor. I miss her lemon cakes and sweet voice. Rest in peace, Mary.”

(3:48) **-Speech delivered by Tim’s mum.**

(3:49) Scandal!

(3:50) **HAHA. Man, I gotta go to detention now. I'll talk to you later.**
Cya, Padfoot. Watch out for pipe bombs and men in eye patches.

* 

Wednesday AM

9:33) I HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT OF CLASS.

9:33) What? What for?!

9:34) BC I PAINTED MY FINGER NAILS.

9:34) ... You’re not allowed to paint your nails?

9:35) THAT’S WHAT THE CHEMISTRY TEACHER SAYS BUT EVANS-I MEAN, LILY-HERS ARE BRIGHT RED.

9:35) I CAN’T EVEN TELL IF THIS IS A DOUBLE STANDARD OR IF HE JUST FAVOURS HER.

9:36) Well, where are you now?

9:36) ...um, well

9:37) Sirius, where are you?

9:37) In the parking lot.

9:38) The teacher’s parking lot?

9:38) ...uh huh.

9:39) By the chemistry teacher’s car?

9:39) I’m only going to slash one tire.

9:40) Padfoot, if you slash his tires then your case for him being an asshole will be ruined. They won’t care what else happened.

9:40) But it’ll feel good.

9:41) But it will feel better if you are able to turn up to class tomorrow with painted nails and shove that in his face.

9:41) And if the Headmaster bans it?

9:42) Well, then you slash his tires. But maybe not the Headmaster’s. Don’t want to get expelled.

9:42) Don’t I?

9:43) No, Padfoot. Prongs and Wormtail are there. You love sharing a room and hanging out with them. Yes?

9:43) ..yeah.
I’m going to the Headmaster’s office.

Good. I’m glad.

Tell me how it goes.

Thanks, Remus.

For stopping you from slashing tires? Hah, no problem.

Really

Yes, ok. You’re welcome.

I’m waiting to see the Headmaster.

Good luck.

Oh, and Padfoot?

Mm?

The nail polish is hot.

Oh jeez

Haha

Cheers Moony.

Oh, here we go.

Stay strong.

* 

Padfoot?

PADFOOT?

Sirius come on, man.

Sirius where are you?

Goin to Dumbledore’s.

Really? Mate, you had the look on your face that says you’re gonna build a car bomb.

Yeah, well

It was pointed out that destroying teachers’ property might not help my case

You mean, Moony pointed out.

Whatever
(9:50) Which colour do you think is better: red or green?

(9:51) **What**

(9:51) I reckon Wormtail could work a blue and Lily says she has one. She also has red and green. Which one?

(9:52) …

(9:52) **Green. Lily is already wearing red.**

(9:53) See, that’s what I thought and Wormtail’s like ‘wouldn’t it be really fuckin lame if you two were matching’ and Lily wouldn’t stop laughing.

(9:54) **That would be so fuckin lame. I wouldn’t want to be seen with you two.**

(9:55) You already don’t.

(9:55) **You do the kissing thing**

(9:55) **Like, stop that.**

(9:56) Jeaaaaaalloooouuuusssss

(9:57) S’ok. One day you’ll meet Moony and there will be all of the kissing thing for you.

(9:57) **Fuck off**

(9:57) ;-)

* 

**Wednesday MIDDAY**

(12:02) After extensively searching the guidelines we have found that there is no rule banning nail polish.

(12:03) **So your chemistry teacher is just a dickhead.**

(12:03) **Yeah, basically. And the Headmaster says that he’s not just going to make up the rule to stop me, so it stays!**

(12:04) **Ahh, sweet justice.**

(12:04) **It gets better**

(12:05) **I have chemistry again tomorrow and Wormtail and Prongs are getting all dolled up.**

(12:05) **That’s real friendship right there. Alice asked me to do hers once and my god.**

(12:05) **It went /everywhere/.**

(12:06) **Not for yourself?**

(12:06) **I have a habit of biting my nails.**
(12:07) I’m actually leaving the house today to have lunch with mum. I’ll talk to you later.

(12:07) Wow, the outside world and everything.

(12:08) I know. Terrifying.

(12:08) Have fun with mumsie.

(12:09) Congrats on the case.

*

Wednesday PM

(4:13) Why did you say that?

(4:14) Say what?

(4:14) Aren’t you meant to be in detention?

(4:15) I am

(4:16) Why did you say that when Moony and I meet there would be all the kissing?

(4:17) Idk. It was a joke?

(4:17) James

(4:18) You guys are just messaging a lot and don’t even know each other. I’m not condemning it. Just. Ya know.

(4:18) I just like talking to him.

(4:19) Yeah I know. Really, it was a joke.

(4:20) Yeah. Ok.

(4:20) Oh, come on. You’re not having a Big Gay Freak Out, are you?

(4:21) Ugh, no, idiot.

(4:21) Well what’s with the interrogation??

(4:22) Idk. Just struck me as a weird thing to insinuate.

(4:22) McGoogoo is back.

(4:23) Treat her sweetly.

*

Thursday AM

(10:02) I am going to ask the most obvious question and I already apologize most profusely for it.
I think I already know what it is. I’ll allow it.

Ugh ok

How did you know you were gay?

I’m sorry.

It’s ok. I was expecting it.

Yeah, but you shouldn’t have to bc it’s a stupid question

You can ask me how I knew I was a dickhead.

How did you know you were a dickhead?

When I asked that question, it really solidified it for me.

The Frank Thing was pretty solidifying.

Yeah. But. He asked you before it happened if you were gay and you said yes.

Well, there were earlier indications.

Ugh ok I’m going to tell you.

Is it embarrassing boners?

Not quite but there were a few close calls.

Ok, so there was a hot doctor.

Hot doctor? Like, McSteamy?

Shut up. I was 13. Hot doctor.

Oooo doctor, examine me.

Oh, Christ.

That’s the spirit.

Ah, stop it! We never speak of this again!

Fine, fine.

You know I have to return the favour now, right?

Eh?

It’s only fair I ask you how you knew you were

Well, I mean. I don’t want to assume.

Oh, like
Right. Um.

Well. It’s kinda why I asked.

I don’t really know.

Oh, ok.

We can add it to the list of ‘things that are ok to not know/have done by 17’

Well, you know! Prongs knows!

Fuck, even Wormtail knows.

It’s just clearer for some people. There’s no need to panic, Padfoot.

I’m not panicking, you’re panicking.

I just don’t… want to be someone’s Frank.

I think the fact that you despise the Frank thing so much would stop you from being a Frank.

Or I’d just hate myself.

Ok, maybe you just need to test the waters in a neutral place.

Where the fuck am I going to find a neutral place?

I was thinking a club, or something.

I…

don’t think I like the idea of kissing strangers.

Right.

You’ve said you’ve kissed a few girls. Did you know them?

Yeah. They go to school here.

And you said it wasn’t fireworks.

It just felt like… something do to.

But I don’t think that automatically makes me gay by elimination.

You’re allowed to be something other than gay or straight. It’s not all black and white.

You think it’s a bisexual thing?

I don’t… It’s not my place to have an opinion. This is all up to you.

But there is still more. There are entire spectrums of sexual attractions and romantic attractions. Because those are two different things.

This is starting to sound overwhelming.
Like I said: don’t panic. You are only 17.

Also, the internet is your friend. Google some things.

Is this like the wanking thing? Are you telling me to watch porn?

What!? No!

Actually

It could be helpful. Even though it wasn’t my original suggestion.

Do you recommend any videos?

You’re foul.

You’re a magazine kinda bloke, huh?

Oh my god

Go away

Aren’t you in class or something?

Aw look you’re all flustered.

Piss off weirdo.

Ok, ok.

Thanks, Moony.

My pleasure, Padfoot.

Thursday PM

I have been left to care for children.

I can hardly look after myself.

How many children?


Why is ginger important?

They are just so, so ginger.

They even have the freckles. THEY ARE BREAKING THINGS

Haha, wow, have you ever baby sat before?

No. People usually baby sit me.
Then you should know what kind of things are involved!

Yes, but I was always a compliant child. These… things just don’t listen.

What are they doing now?

Using ceramic plates as a stacking tower.

Are you… going to stop them from doing that?

I’m actually too impressed to stop them. They have a good balance going.

Moony, you’re useless!

Or at least a terrible authority figure. They need to bathe now hang on.

They are finally in.

Whose kids are these? You didn’t just take some, right?

Of course not. Distant relative and a friend of a friend. I’m not actually quite sure. All I know is that their mother (and mine) are thirty minutes late from picking me up.

Are you at their house?

Yeah. It’s actually very cozy in here – uh oh they’re having a water fight.

Please tell me you joined in.

I joined in. I am soaked. The bathroom is flooded. The boys have collapsed on the couch in towels. They are now watching Spongebob.

Bath time did not last as long as I wanted it to.

What episode of Spongebob is it?

…Krusty Krab Pizza.

Mmm. Good episode.

Why does this not surprise me.

Be I am actually still a child?

That seems most logical.

Oh my god kids are hilarious

”Bill, you look a bit like a pizza.”

”Shut up, Charlie, you’re as dumb as Patrick Star.”

LAYIN’ DOWN SOME SICK BURNS

HAHA APPARENTLY. THEY ARE PILLOW FIGHTING NOW.
Children are fascinating. I want exactly zero of them.

Like we’ve mentioned, you can cash in on someone else’s kids.

Alice and Frank?

Alice refuses. The idea of pregnancy terrifies her. I think Frank's slightly relieved by that.

Pregnancy looks terrible. Women deserve the world after all the shit they go through.

I remember you mentioning you couldn’t have kids.

Add it to your list of symptoms.

Sorry, that was intrusive.

Oh, no, it’s fine.

Are you actually trying to figure out what it is, though? I don’t mind if you are.

It crosses my mind.

No, I lied, I have a page full of theories and symptoms.

Wow

Sorry. I like puzzles.

NOT THAT YOUR ILLNESS IS AS TRIVIAL AS A PUZZLE I JUST MEANT LIKE

Sirius

I DIDN’T WANT TO HAVE TO ASK BC I ALREADY ASK YOU TOO MUCH SO I THOUGHT

Sirius!!

Yes

I don’t mind. I’m actually quite eager to see if you can figure it out.

Ok but you have to tell me now if it’s like super obscure and only you, Alice, and Frank have it.

It’s not obscure. Quite well known. Frank and Alice don't have it, by the way.

Oh, ok.

And you have to figure it out. If I think you're just guessing, I will disqualify you.

Do I get a prize?

Hmmm
Mum’s here. I’ll think about your prize and get back to you.

Ok. How’s the boys?

Haha, they fell asleep nearly twenty minutes ago.

You’re magic, Moony.

I am finally home.

Dude, how far away do you live from their house?

Twenty minutes. Mum wouldn’t stop talking.

Yikes.

It did give me some time to think about your prize, however.

And have you thought of something?

I may have. If it’s not over stepping the line.

I’m sure whatever it is I am willing.

And if you are not, then you can always just not correctly guess at all.

Come on, then.

Um. Well.

I was thinking maybe. Once you guess it, we could meet. Or something.

Ok maybe this was stupid now that I’ve said it aloud.

No, no, that’s

I like that. Yeah, let’s do that.

Ok. Cool.

Moony, you just became my consolation prize.

Oh my god

I’m going to bed before you keep going

Good night, Remus.

Who Am I?
(9:31) A dickhead
(9:31) Padfoot.

(9:32) Oh har har, you two are so hilarious. Come on, just play the game.

(9:32) Fine. But if it’s like last time and the answer is ‘James’ and the clues are ‘smells like glue’ we’re going to have to ban you.

(9:33) Answer: Peter. Clues: Looks like a horse. These things hurt, Padfoot.
(9:33) Wait, hang on, I’m have a premonition.
(9:33) Is the answer Moony.

(9:34) That’s a grammatically incorrect sentence, Prongs, you should be ashamed.

(9:34) It’s not really a question. The answer is Moony. I already know.

(9:35) Look, I’m sure he’s a great guy and everything, but damn can we talk about something else.

(9:35) A proposition has been made: if I can figure out what illness Moony has then we will meet.

(9:36) …Wouldn’t this be cheating?

(9:36) He doesn’t have to know.

(9:37) So is this forreal? You gonna meet him?

(9:37) The plan is to figure it out as soon as possible and then gage when I want to meet him. SO LET’S PLAY WHO AM I, HMMMM?

(9:38) FIIIIIIINE. This class is boring anyway.

(9:38) Ok, go.

(9:39) Who Am I?

(9:39) My physical features are pale and thin. I have moments of health that can suddenly decline to the point of hospitalization. I can’t play sports.

(9:40) I have headaches. I puke (I think) and am infertile.

(9:41) Infertile? The fuck kinda stuff do you guys talk about?

(9:41) Obviously, I am now greatly reassured he won’t accidentally knock me up.

(9:42) I’m glad. I don’t think I can handle two babies.

(9:42) Be quiet Prongs.

(9:43) Bottom line: whatever it is I have, it is chronic.

(9:43) And not something we haven’t heard about. It’s apparently ‘well known’.
(9:44) Why don’t you look up popular charities and list off those illnesses?

(9:45) He says I can’t just guess. I have to figure it out.

(9:45) What are your theories so far?

(9:46) NOTHING. I HAVE NOTHING.

(9:46) You need to gather more data.

(9:47) Thanks Professor Wormtail.

(9:47) That’s Professor Pettigrew to you, Black.

(9:48) That’s Mr Black to you, Professor Pettigrew.

(9:49) What are the rules on interrogation?

(9:49) I’m going to assume I can’t just out rightly ask for more symptoms. They have to be revealed.

(9:50) What is he, a fucking pass the parcel? Unwraps a layer each round?

(9:50) Or he’s a real person who is slowly trusting me. But idk. Take your pick.

(9:50) Ok you two. Padfoot, we’re going to need more information.

(9:51) Ok. I think I can manage that.

*  

Friday MIDDAY

(12:22) I’m free!!!

(12:23) Congratulations! Welcome to the real world again!

(12:23) It’s amazing. Nothing out here is white. There is colour.

(12:24) I know. Wait until you eat something.

(12:24) Now we’re just waiting on Frank.

(12:25) How much longer do they think he’ll have to be in there?

(12:25) I don’t know. He’s been fine these last few days. But you know him. He could be dead by tomorrow and he wouldn’t tell us.

(12:26) Yeah, I know. Does this mean our walk-a-thons are on again?

(12:27) Oh yeah. Get your walking shoes on, boy.

(12:27) I regret mentioning it.

(12:28) It’s good for you! Mind and body!
I can never keep up with you.

I’ll go easy. Relax.

How’s lover boy?

And who the hell is that meant to be?

Hmmm just who do you think???

You’re unfair.

Because I’m right?

We have a deal. If he can guess what illness I have, then we meet each other.

Wow this is getting serious, huh?

Damn, you’re right. Can’t use that word anymore.

See what I mean?

How much does he know?

Admittedly, not a lot. Strongest thing he’s got is the infertility thing.

What the hell brought that up?

Can you and Frank have a child so I don’t have to?

Frank and I ever having children is up there with me becoming a police detective.

Meaning, you’d bet my love life on it?

Sneaky bastard.

I’ll come to yours at nine tomorrow morning.

Why so early??

So I can be assured you got out of bed at a proper time.

Fine. I’ll be ready by nine.

Adda boy! We can do this!

Please refrain from sounding like my personal trainer.

That’s not the kind of negative attitude I wanna hear! Let me hear you can do this!

I can… do this?

LOUDER

We’re texting, Alice.
(12:52) **Louder, Remus.**

(12:53) *I CAN DO THIS.*

(12:54) **Excellent. See you tomorrow, Champ.**

*

**Friday PM**

(8:22) *Do you smoke?*

(8:23) *What?*

(8:24) *You have this whole punk thing going on with the motorbike and the painted nails. Does it include smoking?*

(8:25) *Ahhh… not anymore?*

(8:25) *Oh, Padfoot, really?*

(8:26) *Well. You know. Wasted youth.*

(8:26) *No kidding.*

(8:27) *Look, it was pretty much ‘what can I do that will piss my parents off the most?’*

(8:27) *’Lung cancer.’*

(8:30) *Fine, I’ve thrown them all out the window.*

(8:31) *So now you’re littering?*

(8:32) *I’m kidding, Padfoot.*

(8:32) *But um. Thanks.*

(8:33) *S’ok. Been meaning to do it, you know.*

(8:34) *I guess it must be annoying for you.*

(8:34) *Not ‘annoying’. I’m more just… incredulous.*

(8:35) *So… lung thing?*

(8:36) *Haha, yeah, I guess you gained a clue out of my scolding.*

(8:37) *Don’t freak out. I’m kinda stumped.*

(8:37) *I’m not freaking out. I’m the one that suggested it.*

(8:38) *Yeah, but if you wanna back out for any reason, like, don’t feel pressured to go ahead with it. I’ll understand.*

(8:39) *I want to go ahead with it.*
(8:40) Ok. Yeah, me too.
(8:40) Better get thinking, then.
(8:40) I’m going to bed. Early morning tomorrow.
(8:41) What are we talking here? Six, seven in the morning?
(8:42) I have to be out of the house by nine so. Ten minutes before then.
(8:42) Don’t bother adding this to your clues. I just really like to sleep.
(8:43) Yeah, I can tell. Twelve hours, man.
(8:43) Well, what time do you get up on a Saturday morning?
(8:44) Like, eleven.
(8:45) And when do you go to bed?
(8:45) Tonight? Probably midnight. Usually later though, but no one’s drinking.
(8:46) Ok, I see your point now.
(8:47) Mhm. Good night, Sirìus.
(8:47) Good night, Remus.

* 

Saturday AM

(8:45) I’m at your front door.
(8:46) You’re early.
(8:46) You should be up by now, anyway. Getting ready and all that.
(8:47) I have sat up.
(8:47) I’m in your living room, Remus. Come on!
(8:48) Blech.
(8:52) Fine, I’m ready now. You’re still too early though.
(8:52) Just get your arse through here.

* 

Saturday MIDDAY

(11:56) MOONY!
(11:56) MOONY MOONY
(11:56) BO-BOONY

(11:57) BANANA FANA FO-FOONY

(11:57) FEE FI MO-OONY

(11:57) MOOOOOOOONY

(11:59) What the hell just happened

(12:00) The name game just happened, Moony. Come on.

(12:01) Shall I do Remus instead?

(12:01) No, that’s ok.

(12:02) REMUS.

(12:02) REMUS REMUS BO-BEMUS

(12:02) BANANA FANA FO-FEMUS

(12:03) FEE FI MO-MEMUS

(12:03) REMUS

(12:04) I don’t understand

(12:05) Where is your culture, really.

(12:06) Mooooooooooonyyyyyyyyy

(12:06) Prongs is out and Wormtail is in Saturday class, you need to keep me entertained.

(12:07) Here’s something: imagine me being chased by a dog in a local park.

(12:07) Also, imagine Alice sitting at the bench laughing.

(12:07) Now imagine her immediate death.

(12:08) DID YOU REALLY GET CHASED BY A DOG

(12:09) I may have had biscuits in my pocket that it wanted. But not knowing that at the time, I allowed it to chase me around the park while the owner did fuck all.

(12:10) Oh my god

(12:10) OH MYGOD YOU GOT CHASED BY A DOG FOR BISCUITS

(12:11) Why do you keep biscuits in your pocket?

(12:12) …To snack on? Not for dogs, that’s for sure.

(12:13) When did this happen?
(12:13) About two hours ago.

(12:14) OH SO THIS ISNT EVEN LIKE A TRAUMATIC CHILDHOOD EVENT

(12:15) No, no, I have a blue bruise where the thing fucking bit me on the leg.

(12:15) Not a dog person?

(12:16) For some reason dogs don’t like me. Most animals don’t, actually.

(12:16) I like you.

(12:17) …Unless we have reached new levels in genetic engineering whereby animals can text and hold decent conversation, I don’t think you’re counted as an animal, Padfoot.

(12:17) I’m practically an animal. You have to feed me and bathe me or I won’t do it.

(12:18) That’s pretty much the same with me. I have three alarms telling me to take medication because I’m likely to ignore the first two.

(12:18) Do you get McGonagall to bathe you?

(12:19) Oh yeah. She’s super delicate too, and conditions my hair by running her long fingers through it.

(12:20) Then you shake the water off and roll in some dirt?

(12:21) Yes. Yes, exactly.

(12:22) Oh, I’ve been invited to play football with some people from the team. I’ll release you from my clutches.

(12:23) I should probably bathe, since we mentioned it. I did exercise this morning.

(12:23) I don’t think running away from a dog counts.

(12:24) 1: it totally counts. And 2: I went for a walk this morning, thus why I ended up at the park. I did actual walking. And a little jogging. It was horrific.

(12:24) RIP Remus’ will to live.

(12:24) Exactly, considering it’s going to be a weekly thing. Send help.

(12:25) No can do. I’d miss out on all the great shenanigans you get up to.

(12:25) You’re useless. Go do your running/kicking thing then and be smug in your athletic abilities.

(12:26) Oh I will.

(12:26) If it makes you feel better I’m in the short shorts again, so there’s always that.

(12:27) Smug.
(1:33) We’re on our way back now. Turns out I know nothing about art.

(1:33) **Should you really be texting me while you’re still on the date?**

(1:34) She’s, uh, actually fallen asleep on my shoulder. And while it’s lovely, it also means she’s not talking. I am bored. This is a long train ride.

(1:35) **So you suck at art, huh?**

(1:35) She kept talking about all these artists and their life story and what each picture represented and all I could do was nod. I had no fuckin clue, man.

(1:36) **At least she liked it?**

(1:36) Oh yeah, she thought it was fantastic. I still looked like a fool, though.

(1:37) **It is the thought that counts.**

(1:37) Yeah, I guess. Moony’s thought, but whatever.

(1:38) **He got chased by a dog today. Bc he had biscuits in his pocket. Who the fuck keeps biscuits in their pockets? Him. And it’s endearing.**

(1:38) Wow, Padfoot.

(1:39) **I know, Prongs. Trust me, I know.**

(1:40) You sure this isn’t a Big Gay Freak Out?

(1:41) **It's Big, and it’s settled down to less of a Freak Out and more of a Hmmm Should Do Something About This, but it is not Gay.**

(1:42) Big Bi Befuddlement?

(1:43) **HAHA NO BUT I WISH IT WAS THAT'S A GOOD NAME.**

(1:43) **But I have been informed that**

(1:43) Moony informed you that

(1:44) **Alright, yes ok. Moony informed me that there are many spectrums and many different… things to consider. So not even a bi thing. But we’ll see how things PAN out.**

(1:45) Ok but why did you capitalize PAN?

(1:45) **It was meant to be a sexuality joke. I guess that flopped.**

(1:46) Maybe save those for the only gay guy you actually know.

(1:47) **Yeah. Moony will appreciate my puns.**

(1:47) Or he’ll hate you more. We just don’t know.
Moony could never hate meeeeeee

He hasn’t met you yet.

Ha-ha

Don’t say things like that.

Ok, ok. Our train’s pulling in now. We’ll see you soon.

Did you bring me back something?

Piss off.

*

Sunday PM

I’m bored.

Remember when you were bored and I provided a light hearted tale?

Yes, I require one of those.

It has just occurred to me that you’re probably playing a game. Damn you.

Lucky for you, I’ve been benched.

Did you trip someone again?

…Yes.

We haven’t had a phone conversation this week.

No, we haven’t. Are you suggesting that now?

We’ve still got an hour of this game. I don’t like watching without playing.

Ok.

[Calling Padfoot]

“Hey, babe.”

“You did not just call me babe.”

“Hell yeah I did, trophy wife.”

“This is going too far. Divert the conversation.”

“YOU’RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEAK UP-”

“STOP SHOUTING!”

“-I’M AT A FOOTBALL MATCH, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?”
“How’s this?”

“I guess that will do.”

“I hope you have conversation starters. I would hate for this to get awkward.”

“Never fear, Moony. I plan on commentating the game to you.”

“Ok then, if you think you can make that interesting.”

“Of course I can. I know everyone that’s playing, so you also get to hear interesting backstories.”

“Oh, how I look forward to it.”

“I know you’re ecstatic.”

“Get on with it, then. The hour isn’t going any faster.”

“You have terrible phone manners, Moony. Anyway, Prongs has the ball. You probably know enough about him to write a report.”

“I am yet to acquire his fingerprints, sad to say. I can’t frame him for murder just yet.”

“Oh, I’ve sent them in the mail. They should arrive soon.”

“About time.”

“He’s passed it off to Gideon, who’s a big lumbering guy and once threw me bodily down a flight of stairs—What the fuc—“

“Oh, it was fine, we had pillows on the staircase.”

“The more I hear of your boarding school, the less fancy it sounds.”

“Oh, yeah. The only thing that makes it fancy, Moony, is the amount of money you pay to be in there. And sometimes the hot chocolates are good.”

“God bless the hot chocolates, then.”

“Alright, Gid has passed it off to his brother, Fabian. Who is also large and muscular. He’s the handsome brother of the two, but don’t tell Gid I said that.”

“In case he throws you down some stairs?”

“Yes, for exactly that reason—OH FUCK FABIAN’S BEEN INTERCEPTED. BY MY BROTHER NO LESS. THIS IS SHAME.”

“You have a brother?”

“Yeah, but let’s not go there on back story just yet. He looks like me, except I’m the handsome brother of the two. You can tell Gideon that one.”

“I’ll take your word on that, lest Gideon decides to cause me injury just for my state of scrawniness.”
“Oh, nah, Gid’s a gentle giant. He’d cradle you like a kitten.”

“Still not encouraging.”

“Sorry. OK MALFOY HAS THE BALL AND IS GOING UP TO THE GOALS-SHIT OH NO.”

“What?”

“WORMTAIL’S THE GOALIE. OH MAN THIS IS TENSE-AH FUCK HE GOT IT IN.”

“So are you winning or losing?”

“IT’S A DRAW, MOONY. OH MY GOD.”

“Are you—are you jumping up and down?”

“Yes, yes I am. It’s exciting stuff, Moony, I’m surprised you’re not on the edge of your seat.”

“Boy, it’s tempting.”

“Ok, Prongs in his God-like majesty has the ball. He’s passed it over to Gid, who then kicks it over to Crouch-Oh my god Barty is just going for it. That guy’s a loose canon.”

“Barty?”

“No need to sound so blunt, Moony.”

“That’s a name you give to a small boy.”

“He is almost like a child. More childish than me, would you believe. When he talks to you he rubs his hands, which can be creepy, but he also licks his lips a lot, which is creepier.”

“Barty doesn’t sound like a winner.”

“Barty doesn’t have bounds, he just keeps going. He’s slicing through everyone. Prongs is pissed.”

“Is he a ball hog?”

“Yeah, and we always know that by the time he gets to the goals he panics and kicks the ball to the opposition-oh he’s up there now, come on!!”

“What’s their goalie like?”

“Rosier. Lovely name, but he tried to sell me meth once, which was just a bit beyond my punk loyalties.”

“I went to a state school for, oh, maybe a year? When I was fourteen. The people I met there were nothing like this. They were… nice.”

“Nice?”

“Well they didn’t try to sell me drugs, so I guess I’m already one up on your private education.”
“I feel like there’s a ‘but’ here.”

“They managed to fit me into a locker.”

“Christ, Remus.”

“It could be worse. I could be on meth.”

“Barty missed the goal, by the way.”

“I figured, I think I heard someone swearing.”

“That was Prongs. He’s been carded. Fucking idiot.”

“You guys really takes sports for real, huh?”

“You’ll be like us soon if you keep those walks going.”

“Fuck off.”

“What?”

“You’re making fun. See - stop laughing!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“No you’re not, you’re still laughing! Arsehole!”

“Ok, Ok, I’m stopping. Oh shit-fuck. Fabian and Mulciber are punching each other. Christ, guys.”

“Does this happen often?”

“What, the violence?”

“Yeah, it seems pretty feral over there.”

“It’s just this team. Our rivals. Been like this since the beginning, and if we lose this week, then they won’t shut up about it for the next year.”

“What’s the team?”

“Slytherin. Snakes. Fucking slimey gits.”

“Snakes aren’t slimey, Padfoot.”

“Cold blooded gits, then.”

“That sounds like a better insult.”

“Haha, yeah, oh god. Prongs is punching Malfoy now and- oh the whole team is in on this. We are going TO BE DISQUALIFIED.”

“Is football even being played anymore? What’s happening?”
“Nope, the ball has been stranded. Everyone is just pairing up and punching. We’re out numbered – oh, because I’m on the phone.”

“…If you are waiting for permission to punch people, I don’t think I can allow that.”

“Just a friendly bit of fighting! Come on!”

“What the hell- no you stay on that bench. Now I’m turning into /your/ mother.”

“Oh, speaking of mumsie, she’s watching from somewhere. I hope she saw me trip Reg.”

“I’m going to assume that’s your brother.”

“Yeah. Ok, ref is breaking it up now. Hang on… HAH! They’re calling the game off. No one wins!”

“At least you won’t get mocked?”

“Exactly, Moony! We should do this more often!”

“Sports people are nuts. You guys are crazy!”

“We prefer to be called ‘free spirits,’ if you would please, Moony.”

“Psycho.”

“Aw, you mean that affectionately, right?”

“Yeah, sure. My sweet psycho.”

“How adorable! I love it, Moony. How about – oh, ok, I have to go now.”

“Yes, I am hearing the words ‘shut up’ and … ‘boyfriend’?”

“That’s Prongs, definitely ignore him. Like, yeah. Ignore him. Ok. I have to go now. Bye, Remus.”

“Congratulations on the, uh, win? Bye, Sirius.”

“Bye, babe.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

(6:32) Prongs broke his glasses and Wormtail has a busted lip. Meanwhile, I got to enjoy the view of the fight and remain uninjured. Good call on that one, Moony.

(6:32) Mother knows best.

(6:33) Aw, Moony, you’re like the mother I never had.

(6:34) How’s Slytherin looking?

(6:34) Unfortunately, Regulus is still alive, but nothing can be helped for that. Prongs got a
good swing into Malfoy so he has a black eye. I’ll be able to gage a better injury report
tomorrow morning.

(6:35) I look forward to it.

(6:36) It was … good. Talking to you, I mean.

(6:37) Yeah. Your commentary was subpar, though. You just swore half the time. But it was good
swearing.

(6:37) Suppose I can’t be disappointed by that. ‘Hmmm, yes, there was some good swearing in
that conversation.’

(6:38) Shut up.

(6:40) Ok, I better do last minute homework or something. Or at least pretend while I throw
paper balls at Prongs. But whatever. It was fun today.

(6:41) Yeah. I thought so too.

(6:41) Oh, one more thing.

(6:42) Yeah?

(6:43) Padfoot.

(6:43) Padfoot, Padfoot.

(6:43) Bo-Badfoot.

(6:43) Banana fana fo-Fadfoot.

(6:44) Fee, fi, mo-Madfoot.

(6:45) Padfoot.

(6:46) MOONY YOU ARE THE BEST.

(6:47) I know.

Chapter End Notes

Every time I read a fic that centres around one of the characters wondering "why, how,
when on earth did they start fancying blokes?!??!?!!?! noT PossIBLE AM
STRAIGHT???
I like to call it the Big Gay Freak Out plot device. So there you go.
Something Sirius is not having.

And ahhhh oh my god. I am overwhelmed by all the nice messages you guys are giving
me (on here AND tumblr like woahhh) and I just asdjfhfdj thank you all so so much, you
have no idea how much they brighten my day. So yeah. You guys are awesome uwu
Week 5

Chapter Summary

Shakespeare, baking, a huge misunderstanding, and a surprise encounter.

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold.
*Remus is italics.*
James is regular.
Peter is underlined.
*Alice is everything.*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(9:28) Rosier is limping. I did that. I am a machine.

(9:28) *Wormy, you used the pikes on the bottom of your shoes. That’s cheating.*

(9:29) *All’s fair in love and war. I still did better than you.*

(9:29) *I didn’t do anything.*


(9:30) I ws half ‘specting u 2 fin Reg off.

(9:30) *It’d be an unfair fight, considering I am so much more superior.*

(9:31) *Are we ignoring my comment?*

(9:31) Pointedly.

(9:32) Aw, so Moony’s nt gonna cum b our cheer leader?

(9:32) *I could ask, but I don’t think he’d wear the skirt.*

(9:33) *Nah, he’s just Sirius’ groupie.*

(9:33) *Don’t make me eat your homework, Wormtail. I’ll do it again.*

(9:34) *Please don’t. It was terrifying, watching you do it last time.*

(9:34) *Let it be a lesson to you.*
(9:35) N-e new symptoms 2 add, btw?

(9:35) **Nah.**

(9:36) So the best we have is can’t go to school and can’t have kids?

(9:36) **Yep, pretty much.**

(9:37) U need 2 find out wat system is affected, I reckon. Then its ez sailing.

(9:37) **Hey Moony, can you digest food to shit? Yes? What about heart then? Have a cardiac arrest lately? Ah, bummer.**

(9:38) **Obviously, you would be more subtle.**

(9:38) **Sure.**

(9:39) **Malfoy looks like a blackberry.**

(9:39) I wldnt no, I cnt c shit.

(9:40) You’d think you would have a back up pair of glasses, huh?

(9:41) Sod off Wormtail w/ur logic.

(9:41) **HAH can you see how far away he’s holding the phone from his face?**

(9:41) **Ah, bless. I’m looking forward to when he runs into something.**

(9:42) Scrw both of u

(9:42) **Squinty.**

* 

**Monday MIDDAY**

(12:11) **Frank is coming home on Thursday!**

(12:12) Woo hoo! Now I get to go back to third wheeling.

(12:13) **Invite lover boy over and it can be a double date.**

(12:13) You’re unbelievable.

(12:14) **I’ll take that as a compliment.**

(12:14) You shouldn’t.

(12:16) Any updates on that front?

(12:16) He commentated his football match to me yesterday.

(12:17) **On the phone, that is.**

(12:17) Ooo another phone call. Things are getting, I guess you could say, ‘serious’.
Ok, ok, that one was pretty bad.

And his guessing game?

He now knows it’s lungs. It’s only a matter of time.

Are you ready?

I thought I was.

But?

You know the plot to The Fault in Our Stars?

You are not a tragic young adult novel.

I’m starting to feel like it. This is so typical.

Look, he knows you’re sick but he’s still there. He could have cut this off long ago but he hasn’t. Don’t worry about it.

How eager do you think he’ll be when we meet and I’m coughing phlegm all over him? He knows I’m sick, yes, but he can’t see it or hear it. He’s disconnected.

You’re not looking too bad now.

But next week I might be Death personified.

Well, then, when he figures it out you have to tell him this stuff. Make sure he understands.

Oh, he’ll understand. And then feel obligated to stay. And then eventually start hating me for forcing him into this situation.

Remus, shut up.

If he begins to feel obligated, then that’s his fault. We’ve been told this. What others do around us is entirely up to them, and if it makes them unhappy then they are within the power to leave.

I don’t want him to leave.

I know, Remus. I’m sorry.

I guess I’ll just have to see what happens.

Yes. Until then, we bake a cake for Frank.

Really? When you say ‘we’…

Yes, you are baking the cake with me.
(12:38) I don’t think that’s wise.

(12:39) I don’t care what you think. See you Wednesday.

*

Monday PM

(1:11) There are twelve year olds kissing in front of me.

(1:12) Well, don’t watch too long. That could be a felony.

(1:12) It actually looks really depressing. The girl is ready to fall asleep.

(1:13) You could always sweep in and save her, Sir Knight.

(1:14) Is that a dare?

(1:15) God no-Yes, I mean yes. Go on then.

[Calling Moony]

“This is a bad idea.”

“Hello to you too. As I seem to recall, this was your idea. Don’t worry, I’m not going to abuse the kids.”

“I feel like Frankenstein. I’ve created a monster.”

“Shh, you love your creation. Ok now shut up and listen.”

“This is bad!”

“Ahem – Excuse me, sir? Sir? Yes, hello, do you have a moment to talk about our lord and savior, Jesus Christ?”

“-the fuck you playin’ at, man-“

“Oh, I am appalled! Such vile language. Please, come to Church group. Your mother is worried sick.”

“Go away, you fucking weirdo!”

“May God have mercy on your souls and redeem you to heaven-“

“Piss off!”

“Good bye and God bless- ah shit!”

“Padfoot?”

“He threw a juice box at me. YOU WILL BURN IN HELL FOR THIS.”

“Oh my god – Padfoot!”
“Moony! You’ve used the lord’s name in vain! How dare you! Also, stop laughing.”

“I-I can’t! You’re a fool!”

“This was your idea!”

“Oh, god. *cough* Padfoot, you’re *cough*, you’re-“

“Moony? Are you ok?”

“I’m-*cough*-I’m fine. Real-ahem-ly. S-sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry. You good?”

“Ahemm. Yep. All good.”

“When I said I liked your croaky voice… Not quite what I meant.”

“Haha, yeah I figured. How’s the boy?”

“He put his finger up at me. The insolence.”

“He will burn in Hell.”

“Oh, shit, I should probably get to class. I’ll talk to you later, Moony.”

“I look forward to the next time you terrorize small children.”

“Take care of yourself, Remus.”

“You too, Sirius.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Tuesday AM

(10:23) What do your English classes look like?


(10:24) And then?

(10:25) Mum was studying English at University when she got pregnant. She reads it and marks it. Not really that hard.

(10:26) Dare I ask how many times you’ve done this?

(10:26) Ah, yeah, there’s been a lot. Too many to count.

(10:27) Any of it Shakespeare?

(10:27) Marry.

(10:28) …Oh no.
(10:29) Dost thou hath a problem?

(10:29) What have I done.

(10:30) Pray, wherefore dost thou fie upon the Shakespearean tongue?

(10:31) Good Christ, Remus, you must be googling this.

(10:32) Come hither and speak that, thou saucy mongrel!

(10:33) STILL NOT A GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE TO USE THE WORD SAUCY.

(10:34) VILE WENCH.

(10:35) I feel like I’ve stepped back in time.

(10:36) I’m surprised. I expected you to join in.

(10:37) I just had to step back this time and appreciate your dedication to the concept.

(10:37) I hope you’re satisfied.

(10:38) Forsooth. Verily.

(10:38) That was poor.

(10:39) I’m still reeling from the ordeal.

(10:39) Get back to me when your mind is on track.

(10:40) That might take some time. Give me a moment.

(10:40) Weak.

* 

(10:30) You look like you swallowed a fish and it’s now trying to swim back out your throat.

(10:30) Moony is speaking to me in Shakespearean.

(10:30) I think I’m in love.

(10:31) Good god, Padfoot. This is getting out of hand.

(10:32) Oh, don’t look at it like that.

(10:32) I told you I loved you the second day we knew each other.

(10:33) That is true. You are a freak like that.

(10:34) I’m just saying, though, that whatever this elusive sexuality is that you have

(10:34) It definitely has a hard on for Moony.

(10:35) Just let me enjoy this boy’s strange humor without becoming match maker, ok?
(10:35) Yeah, Padfoot.
(10:35) Sure.
*

Tuesday PM

(2:34) Are you kidding me.
(2:34) What’s happened?
(2:35) My mum got me a goldfish.
(2:35) Aw
(2:36) Because she thought I was lonely. What the hell is a goldfish going to do for that?
(2:37) Comedic relief?
(2:37) Is that not you?
(2:38) Ha-ha.
(2:38) Have you told your mum about me yet?
(2:39) No, which is probably why she thinks I’m lonely. That I just sit in my room all day and do nothing.
(2:39) I mean, that's partially true, but sometimes it's broken up by your inane chatter.
(2:40) I see loneliness has made you charming.
(2:40) You haven’t seen anything yet.
(2:42) Are you lonely? Honestly.
(2:43) God, I don’t know.
(2:43) You’re lying, Remus.
(2:44) Well if you knew the answer
(2:45) No, I’m saying YOU know the answer.
(2:45) Ugh
(2:46) Look. Ok. Maybe someone being here wouldn’t be that bad.
(2:46) Alice does as much as she can and I appreciate that. But she can’t be here all the time.
(2:47) I can, though.
(2:47) But not physically.
(2:48) No. At least, not yet?
Yeah I guess. Yet.

I have another pressing question.

And what is that?

What have you named the goldfish?

Oh, goodness. Nothing, yet.

!!!!

Fine. Padfoot, will you name my goldfish?

I’d be happy to, Remus!

Nothing like Elvendork, though!

Sigh. Fine.

Good boy.

*

Is the fish male or female or undefined?

Uh…

I just asked my mum and she said she doesn’t know. Undefined.

Good. Doesn’t have to conform to gender biases now.

You’re really getting into this sexuality and identity stuff, huh?

I’m yet to find something that fits me just yet, but it’s really interesting stuff. You’re right. The internet is amazing.

Just don’t be surprised when you accidentally stumble upon the neo-nazi blogs and stuff. That was a terrifying day.

Wow. Ok.

ANYWAY. GOLDFISH. DRUMROLL PLEASE.

*drumrolls nervously*

Bathsheba.

I am never letting you name anything ever again.

Awww, come on Moony.

Fine, I’ll meet you halfway. I’ll call them Sheba.

I guess I can’t complain with that.
(5:04) Will Sheba have a friend?
(5:04) Yeah, it's meant to be me.
(5:05) No, another fishy friend! Come on, Remus.
(5:05) No, I am not getting another fish. This is already too much responsibility.
(5:05) Yeah, I hear you have to feed those things, like, every day.
(5:06) Shut up. No more fish. I'm not getting another fish just so you can name it.
(5:06) Fiiiiine. You and Sheba have fun then.
(5:07) Oh, we will. We will have so much fun. I can’t even contain the excitement.
(5:07) You’re face is deadpanned, isn’t it?
(5:08) Obviously.

* 

Wednesday MIDDAY

(12:09) Alice is making me bake. I need immediate assistance.
(12:10) Ooo baking. What chu baking?
(12:10) A cake. From scratch. Like, why from scratch?!
(12:11) Is she not there to tell you what to do?
(12:12) She wrote me a recipe and is doing her own thing.
(12:12) COOKIES! SHE IS MAKING COOKIES! WHY COULDN'T I GET THAT ONE? THAT’S SO EASY.
(12:13) Life is full of challenges, Moony. You just gotta take them.
(12:14) I feel as if I’ve had my fair share of challenges. Fuck, why couldn’t she just get me a cake mix? Eggs and butter and I’m done.
(12:15) I’m so terrible at baking. I don’t know why, but somehow things catch on fire and I get covered in flour.
(12:16) Alice has informed me that I have flour on my nose. Brilliant.
(12:16) That’s adorable!
(12:17) I am not adorable.
(12:17) Yes, you are.
(12:18) I am rage.
(12:18) **You’re a kitten.**

(12:19) *Ok, I’m using an electric beater now. This isn’t going to end well.*

(12:20) **I have faith in you.**

(12:27) *I got it on the walls. Alice is hitting me with an oven mitt.*

(12:28) **Tell her a frying pan is more effective.**

(12:34) *She’s kicked me out. About time.*

(12:35) **Wow, are you really that bad?**

(12:36) *Yes. I am more a consumer of goods instead of a creator.*

(12:37) **What’s the baking for, anyway?**

(12:38) *Frank is coming home. Welcome back cake.*

(12:38) **Oo, can you make a pie and throw it in his face?**

(12:39) *I really hope you don’t meet Frank.*

(12:40) **I do. I have a few things to say to that boy.**

(12:41) *She’s yelling at me now. Ok, ok, I have to go, she’s getting the tongs to pinch me.*

(12:42) **Have fun with your baking adventures!**

(12:42) *Not likely.*

*

Wednesday PM

(10:58) **Pst. Moony. You awake?**

(10:58) **Mhm.**

(10:59) **Shit, did I wake you up again?**

(11:00) *No, no, I’ve been lying here since nine. Staring at the ceiling. Being bored.*

(11:01) **Should have hit me up.**

(11:01) *Didn’t want to bother you.*

(11:02) **You could never bother me, Moony.**

(11:02) **You can keep me amused, however.**

(11:03) **How?**

(11:04) **It’s night time and I’m bored. I require a scary story.**
Are you huddled around a fireplace in the middle of the woods?

No.

Then it can’t be done.

You owe me a story! I gave you a story. A nice lighthearted tale.

OO I have marshmallows if that makes it any better.

Where the hell did you get marshmallows?

From under the bed.

That wasn’t quite what I was asking but I don’t think I want an answer anymore.

Do you know what I want? A scary story.

Ok, fine, but don’t expect it to be fantastic. I’ve never told nor really heard a scary story before.

Really? Man, you’re missing out on some real anxiety over creaking floorboards in that case.

Ok. Hang on, give me a second.

[Calling Padfoot]

“It’s more affective this way, I think.”

“Mm, I agree. I’m going to have to whisper because it turns out Wormtail and Prongs were listening in on our last late night conversation.”

“Fair enough. I’ll whisper to so you don’t fall into a normal speaking voice.”

“And so you don’t wake up Sheba.”

“Of course. Obviously.”

“Now, Moony, provide me with a story.”

“I can’t think of a way to start this that isn’t cliché.”

“I’ll do it then: it was a dark and stormy night.”

“It was a dark and stormy night when you came walking back to your dormitory after an exceptionally good night of… motobiking.”

“Wait, you’re making me the protagonist?! Dude, you’re gonna kill me!!”

“I don’t want to write my own death! Plus, you wanted the scary story. You might as well get kinda scared from it.”

“Fine. I was coming back from an exceptionally good night of motobiking.”
“Everything was pitch black around you, and the night was silent bar the crunching leaves underfoot. You tried not to let the darkness get to you, but you couldn’t stop the shiver that ran down your spine as an owl hooted in the distance.”

“I sound like a baby.”

“I’m pretty sure you had a rule of no interrupting.”

“Arrh, ok go.”

“Sneaking back into your dorm room was difficult, as the old building creaked under your steps. The wooden floor nearly shook with each passing step, and when you heard a creak three steps down, you hardly noticed.

“The door groaned as you slowly opened it, and you found all your dorm mates were fast asleep. You throw your helmet onto your bed, and slump down on it to pull off your shoes when you notice the door still open, letting in streaks of moonlight.

“You get up to close the door, an itching feeling tickling your back, and when you reach out blindly to find your bed your hand brushes a solid form. It feels like a jumper, and you jump back but immediately start punching into the darkness, but there’s nothing there. Clicking on your phone, you see nothing in the new light, and thus resign to go to bed.”

“Did I suddenly become a dickhead in this story?”

“I’m just describing what would be real to life.”

“You think I’d punch some air and let it be?”

“Ok, I lied. I think you’d squeal like a child and flail about a bit.”

“I would not!”

“Would so! Now shut up, you’re ruining the atmosphere.”

“Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiine.”

“Ok. Um. Oh, ok, so you’re lying in bed and trying to sleep off the exhaustion of an exceptionally good night of motorbiking when you notice the door is still open. You throw the covers off exasperatedly, and slam the door shut in your frustration.

“But your dorm mates don’t stir.

“You try to convince yourself it’s just a draft that’s shivering the back of your neck, and when you crawl into bed you try and ignore the sudden coldness of the bed.

“Is any of this doing anything?”

“The floor board just creaked so yes. Keep going.”

“I feel like an idiot.”

“Keep going! I need to know how I die now. Come on.”

“Ok fine. The wind outside was howling, and through the crack in the windowsill it sounded like
screams. While lying in the bed, you can’t help but feel an overpowering presence in the room. You can’t see a thing with your eyes open, but you imagine a stoic figure standing in the corner of the room, watching you watch him.”

“It is pretty fuckin’ dark in here.”

“You’re not entirely sure, but you think you see the shadow in the darkness shift, and without thinking croak out, ‘Prongs?’ But he doesn’t respond.

“You pull the blanket over your head, lighting up your phone in you makeshift tent, and through the blanket can see a dark spot moving over you.

“Padfoot? Sirius.”

“No talking. Just story.”

“Ok, ok. On your phone, you start to text Prongs and Wormtail frantically, and in the darkness you hear their phones buzz, but their bodies don’t move. Suddenly, the shadow moves away from vision, and you strain to listen for it in the silent night.

“Then you feel a heavy drop at the foot of your bed, as if someone sat-”

“AHHHH HOLY FUCKING SHIT HOUSE!”

“Padfoot?!”

“JEEEEEEEEESUS CHRIST.”

“There’s no need to be mocking.”

“PRONGS YOU ABSOLUTE PRICK.”

“What?”

“YOU FUCKING DICK I’M GOING TO KILL YOU. I’m sorry Moony, Prongs just pulled on my foot because he’s a twat with no respect.”

“At least you got scared, huh? Wasn’t that the aim?"

“Foot grabbing is cheating! And I’m going to be honest, I /was/ freaking a little from your stupid story. Did you really have to set it to where I am currently?”

“Maximum affect.”

“No kidding. Oh god. Prongs won’t stop laughing. Moony? Oh no, not you too!”

“You squealed! Like I said you would!”

“Stop laughing at me! Damn you, of course I squealed, I’m a big baby.”

“Big frightened baby. Big squeaky baby.”

“Ok, I get it! Baby!”
“Don’t get mad now, baby.”

“The next time you call me ‘baby’ I’m taking it as a term of endearment-shut up Prongs!”

“I guess your whispering didn’t work then.”

“No, amazingly. I guess I should go to bed now. It’s nearly midnight.”

“I’ll talk to you later, Padfoot.”

“Yeah. Cya, Remus.”

“Good night.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

**Thursday AM**

(9:38) Some interesting comments coming from the background last night.

(9:39) Hm? Like what?

(9:39) ”Stop flirting and go back to sleep.”

(9:40) That’s just Prongs being a wanker. Ignore him.

(9:41) Frank comes home today. We are having a party with my failed cake and there will be people there.

(9:41) You can do it, Moony.

(9:41) How’d the cake turn out, anyway?

(9:42) Alice fixed it up and there’s enough icing on the top to disguise how disfigured it looks.

(9:42) I’m sure it’s a masterpiece.

(9:43) Alice has the hand writing of a goddess, and in stupid loopy letters managed to fit ‘Welcome Home Frank’ onto the monster. It’s incredible.

(9:43) I better get ready for it then.

(9:44) You ok Moony?

(9:44) Of course. I’ll talk to you later.

(9:45) Have fun, Moony.

*

**Thursday MIDDAY**

(12:23) So the welcome home party is at Frank’s house and his mother is hilarious.
(12:24) **Baby pictures?**

(12:24) *No, she just insults everyone whilst wearing a duck on her hat.*

(12:25) **Ducks are cute, Moony! Don’t be dissing!**

(12:25) *No, it’s a literal duck. Shot and stuffed and stitched onto a hat.*

(12:26) **Yikes. Wait until she pulls out a swan scarf.**

(12:26) *It really wouldn’t surprise me.*

(12:27) *She just told me that my ‘eyes will go square if I don’t stop looking at that thing,’ meaning my phone.*

(12:27) **She has a valid point, Moony. It’s a very severe condition, the Square Eyeitis. I wouldn't want you to fall victim.**

(12:28) *I already wear glasses, I don’t know what else could go wrong for me.*

(12:28) **YOU WEAR GLASSES?**

(12:29) *...Yes? Just for reading.*

(12:29) **WHY WAS I NOT INFORMED SOONER??**

(12:30) *What, do you need to give me swirlies in the toilet for being such a nerd?*

(12:30) **Moony, this is the best news I have heard all day. You’re such a dork. An adorable dork.**

(12:31) *I’ve already told you, I’m not adorable.*

(12:31) **Yes, yes, you’re an angry young man in glasses. What kind of glasses?**

(12:32) *I’m not answering that.*

(12:32) **Pleeeeeeese, Moooooony?**

(12:33) *Ugh.*

(12:33) **Black. Thick rimmed.**

(12:34) **Are you telling me…**

(12:34) **YES I have hipster glasses, ok?**

(12:35) **Oh my god.**

(12:35) *I was fifteen! It was a fad!*

(12:35) **And they are JUST FOR READING.**

(12:36) *’Just for reading’… are you wearing them now?*

(12:36) **I want to move on from this topic.**
You are wearing them now, aren’t you?

Ugh, well I’m reading, aren’t I?

Neeeeeeerdd.

Grandmother Frank has just called me Four Eyes. Why is this happening.

They’re a beacon. The hipster is strong.

Say that again and I’ll come at you with my bicycle and ukulele.

Oh, how horrifying. Scarier than your story.

I like to think of it as a team effort between me and Prongs. You squealed like a pig.

Yes, ok, I get it, thank you! Prongs wears glasses too. Circular ones, bc he’s an even bigger dork than you.

And does Prongs look, as you say, like an adorable dork?

Ew no, Prongs is like my brother. Don’t be weird, Remus.

I mean, if I could pick my brother, I’d pick Prongs.

Beside this mysterious brother I only heard about last week, do you have any other siblings?

Nah, but I have too many cousins to count that are – were – always at the house. My house. Old house.

Fuck, house I used to occupy.

Their house.

Their house. Yes.

Do you have any siblings?

No. Just me and Sheba.

I can guess which is the favourite child.

If you say Sheba I’ll hurt you.

With your bicycle and ukulele again?

Yes. So don’t provoke me.

You’re cute when you’re angry.

Stooooooop

I’m kidding, I’m kidding. I’m sure your anger is valid.

I’m not really angry. You’re just insistent.
Grandmother Frank says I’m ‘too skinny for my own good.’ Charming woman, really.

Grandmother Frank is starting to sound as dick-y as Frank himself.

Hang on

That line was a plot to get me to eat cake.

YOUR cake??

Oh my god I’m eating my cake.

How is it?

Surprisingly good. It’s chocolate, so you can never go wrong with that. It’s difficult to fuck up a chocolate cake, even with my skill set.

Bc chocolate is that good?

Because it’s hard to see and taste wrong chocolate when it’s all mixed in together.

Ok, Alice is threatening to take my phone.

Very well. It seems someone has come between us once again.

It won’t be long until I can return to you.

I long for that day, Moony. Until then, farewell.

Remember me, Padfoot.

*

Thursday PM

My mother has become aware of your existence.

And you still have the phone? Miracle.

Alice dobbed me in. Betrayed my trust. We don’t talk to her now.

Harsh. I like it.

Ugh, now my mum keeps asking when we can have you over for dinner. Like this became ‘Meet the Parents’.

HAHA I know what you mean.

??

Haha, well, all my friends think you’re my boyfriend

What?

Ahh sorry. That’s weird.
It's not really. I mean. I think mine tops that.

Why?

Alice calls you lover boy.

HAHA OH MY GOD

So our friends seem pretty intent on us actually being together.

Right? Friendship is subpar for them.

The Couple Effect, I call it. They are in a relationship, so every one they see who isn’t needs to be in one immediately.

Oh I like that. Yeah, Prongs was never like this before meeting ‘the one’. He’s not doing it to Wormtail, though, which is annoying.

His time will come.

It better.

Is Frank in on this?

Yeah, he’s pretty into pushing me off. I think it's guilt.

He never deserved you.

Oh

Um

Thanks?

Haha, Moony. Really, though. You deserved better than that.

Well I've got you now.

That was a weird reply, I'm sorry.

No, it’s, uh, ok. You’re right though. I mean, you have got me.

Yeah?


Wow that sounds lame.

It’s ok. I don't think I could get rid of you even if you left, anyway.

I wont leave

I know you probably don't believe me but really, Remus. We’ll be 80 and I’ll send you a stupid picture of a dog I saw on the street or something.

Padfoot... I won’t make it to 80.
Then I won’t leave for as long as you’re here.

Thank you, Sirius.

We’re totally not boyfriends, huh? Haha.

Haha, maybe we should rethink.

I mean. Like. If that’s. Something to consider.

Idk.

Uh, yeah ok. I’d like that.

….ok maybe you weren’t being for real.

I’m sorry.

Shit.

* 

REMUS IT’S SIRIUS I AM SORRY MY PHONE GOT TAKEN OFF ME IN THE MIDDLE OF CLASS AND THE FUCKING TEACHER READ OUT OUR MESSAGES IT WAS MORTIFYING AND IM ON PRONGS’ PHONE NOW IM SORRY IM SORRY WE’LL TALK TOMORROW WHEN I GET MY PHONE BACK PLEASE DON’T BE MAD.

IF IT’S ANY TESTAMENT TO HOW SINCERE I AM JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO CONSIDER THAT YES I HAVE MEMORISED YOUR PHONE NUMBER.

REMUS?

SHIT.

* 

Friday AM

Frank and I are outside. Morning walk!

No.

Come on. We told you yesterday that this was happening.

And I promise I’ll do it next week. Not today.

No, because next week you’ll say the same thing and we end up in that same cycle as last year. Get out of bed, Remus.

Not today, Alice, please go away.

What’s happened?

Nothing.

Is it lover boy?
(8:37) Stop calling him that.

(8:38) **So it is about him.**

(8:39) I’m going back to bed.

(8:40) **No, not again. Your mum is going to let us in and we’ll man handle you out of the bed if we have to. And then you will walk, tell us what's happened, and we’ll help you.**

(8:41) Why are you doing this

(8:42) **Because we’re your damn friends, Remus, now let us in.**

(8:43) Let me put pants on first.

(8:44) **Good boy.**

*

(9:21) **Has he replied to your phone?**

(9:22) No, Padfoot.

(9:23) **Shit. Fuck. I fucked up.**

(9:23) You haven’t fucked up, Sirius, Slughorn has. This is his fault.

(9:24) **Yeah, but Moony has no way of believing that!**

(9:25) There’s nothing you can do about that, mate.

(9:25) **WELL THANK YOU JAMES THAT’S EXACTLY WHY I AM SO DISTRESSED**

(9:26) Ok, ok, chill! You just gotta… convince him somehow.

(9:26) **Wow, that never occurred to me.**

[Wormtail Was Added to the Conversation]

(9:27) I’m out of ideas. Pete, I need help here.

(9:28) **If this is the Moony thing, have you tried calling him?**

(9:29) **Not this morning. He had his phone off last night.**

(9:29) **He never has his phone off.**

(9:30) Battery died?

(9:31) **Let’s be real here. He was avoiding me. Still is.**

(9:31) **Try calling him again after class. He has to turn it back on at some point.**

(9:32) **Do you think he’ll forgive me if I learn how to say ‘I’m sorry’ in 32 different languages?**

(9:32) I think he’ll forgive you as soon as you’re able to fully explain the situation. This will blow
over, Sirius, I promise.

(9:33) **Besides texting in class, you’ve done nothing wrong.**

(9:34) Until you are able to call Moony after class, we must plot revenge against Slughorn.

(9:34) **Yeah! Well, if it makes you feel better. It would make me feel better.**

(9:35) **Did you have something in mind, Prongs?**

(9:36) Yes. And it involves Evans. That’s how insidious it is.

(9:36) **I’m listening.**

(9:37) Gentlemen, let’s get down to business.

*

*[Voicemail Left at Ten-Thirty Five AM]*

“Shit. Oh. Remus, it’s Sirius, if that wasn’t immediately obvious. I’m calling you about yesterday. You haven’t replied to any of my messages and just... uh, well, I guess I’m saying sorry again. The same bastard that kicked me out of class that one time confiscated my phone and read our messages to the class. This doesn’t mean that I take back what I said. Not at all, man, please believe me. I just – shit I’m nearly out of time. Ah, please call or text me or something and don’t you dare think you’ve done something wrong. I was being for real. Truly, honestly for real. I was being so real that you could almost say-”

*[Voicemail Complete. Press 1 To Delete Message]*

*

(10:40) He left a voicemail. Oh god, what do I do?

(10:41) **What we discussed.**

(10:42) What if he takes it badly and we stop talking all together?

(10:42) **Don’t let it make you stop talking all together. I think it’s fair, and if he doesn’t, then you know he won’t respect you.**

(10:43) **What you’re doing is fine.**

(10:43) **And if it turns to shit then we’ll beat him up.**

(10:44) I’d really like to see you beat someone up.

(10:45) **I totally could! I could beat your arse any day.**

(10:46) **And Frank’s?**

(10:46) **Remus, you have no idea. That boy is a softy.**

(10:47) **I could take you both at the same time.**
I know. That’s why I’m kinda scared of you and will do whatever you say.

Then drink some cement and talk to lover boy.

Aye, aye, Captain.

*

Friday MIDDAY

What messages did he read out?

From ‘I won’t leave you’ to ‘I’d like that’.

I’m sorry your teacher’s a wanker.

And I’m sorry I haven't been replying.

It’s fine. Just. Are you angry?

No. Mostly I’ve just been scared.

I get that. I’m sorry.

You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m sorry.

You didn’t do anything wrong, either.

No, but the next bit will be my fault.

What do you mean?

You said you don’t take back anything you said yesterday.

Uh huh.

I don’t either.

But I may have reconsidered some… aspects of it.

Oh. Such as?

The, uh, bit we were going to consider.

You don’t want to consider it anymore?

I don’t want to consider it right now. While you’re still over there and I’m here and I don’t even know your fucking surname.

Black.

…I don’t get it.

Doofus, my surname is Black.

Are you kidding me??
Your name is Sirius Black.

Yup.

That’s ridiculous. That’s a name from a book or something.

Trying very hard not to get offended here.


Maybe we should get back to the conversation?

Yes.

Well, just because you told me your surname does not change how I think we should do this.

How should we do this?

Whatever this… is.

That was going to be my other point. We don’t know what ‘this’ is and I think we should postpone it until we actually… meet, or have been meeting or something.

You know, how regular people do these things.

That sounds… sensible.

Are you upset?

No, Moony, of course not. I understand and yeah I see why that would be a better idea.

And just so we’re clear: not because I don’t want to.

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

And not be I don’t want to either.

Cool. Um. Good.

Ok. Let’s move on, be this has been incredibly tense, Remus.

Lupin.

Is that meant to be

My name is Remus Lupin.

Holy shit this better than I could have ever expected.

Nice to meet you, Remus Lupin. I’m Sirius Black.

Good morning, Sirius Black. Pleasure to make your acquaintance. And some.

I look forward to future encounters with you, Mr Lupin.
(12:33) And you, Mr Black. Until then.

(12:33) Fare thee well.

*

(12:40) BACK YOUR BAGS LOSER YOU’RE GOING TO POLICE SCHOOL.

(12:41) DAMN YOU REMUS LUPIN I TOLD YOU I WAS RIGHT!

(12:41) AND LOOK! YOU NOW HAVE A CAREER BECAUSE OF IT. YOU’RE SO SMART, ALICE!

(12:42) When I get my degree, the first thing I’m going to do is use my newly attained knowledge to kill you.

(12:43) I look forward to being murdered by you, Alice.

(12:43) Damn right.

*

Friday PM

(1:38) How’d it go?

(1:38) He’s smiling, so it must have gone ok.

(1:39) And he hasn’t set anything on fire.

(1:39) Yes, it went fine, thanks for asking.

(1:39) Well?

(1:40) Well what?

(1:40) Do I have a brother-in-law or?

(1:41) Oh, god, no.

(1:41) But the messages Slughorn read out seemed to suggest otherwise…

(1:42) Yeah, well, maybe we decided that not actually meeting was a bit of road block in the relationship lane.

(1:42) Long distance just isn’t for everyone.

(1:43) So, wait, is that it?

(1:43) No? What do you mean? We’re still talking.

(1:44) Oh, so, it’s not weird?

(1:44) Well, not for me at least. I don’t know about him.

(1:45) I guess what these series of events has done is given us an understanding of where we’re
at with each other. Or something. He used the term post pone.

(1:46) So, what? You’ve both acknowledged it and are now…?

(1:46) Moving on until further notice, yes.

(1:47) That’s cool. Considering you don’t really/know/ know the guy, right? Like, you still don’t even know what illness he has.

(1:47) Oh, I completely forgot about that. But yeah. I guess that’s a factor.

(1:48) In other news: the entire school knows you’re now at least a lil gay.

(1:48) I’m not bothered.

(1:49) Let me rephrase: your family knows you now at least a lil gay.

(1:49) Still not bothered.

(1:50) Dude, your family is terrifying. They’re not likely to let this drop?

(1:50) Oh I’m sure Reg will have some stern words to say and if I could ‘just cut it out already’ be I’m ‘making mum cry’ (which I strongly doubt) but other than that I think they’ll leave me alone. Or, treat me much the same.

(1:51) If you say so.

(1:51) And if not, we’ll be behind you, ready to kick the living shit out of ‘em.

(1:52) Yeah, what he said!

(1:52) Cheers, guys.

(1:53) Does this mean we stop Operation Salt?

(1:53) Hell no.

(1:54) Then we still have work to do.

* 

Saturday AM

(10:32) I have been given too much power.

(10:33) I knew I shouldn’t have mentioned it.

(10:34) I’ve not yet clicked the link. But it’s there. He has one.

(10:34) It was a joke! I really don’t think you should do it.

(10:35) I know. It’s tempting though. There’s only one profile and it has to be him. Who else has a name like that?

(10:35) This is getting weird.
I knowwwwwwww Alice. I know. But surely you’d be curious too.

I am curious.

Ok, what if I look and tell you anything… relevant. That way you know but also don’t know.

Right. Ok. Seems fair.

Especially since you don’t have a Facebook yourself. He can’t stalk you.

Can we not use that word?

Stalk? I’m sorry does your stalking make you uncomfortable?

Shush ok I know, I’m a creep.

Just as long as you’re aware of it. Ok. Black, wasn’t it?

Yes.

Ok here he is. I’m doing it.

Ok, ok.

His profile picture is a fucking motorbike. He’s one of those people.

That would be Elvendork.

I don’t wanna know.

Ok so his profile and pictures are on private, but I can at least confirm that he’s 17 and lives in England.

Oh thank god.

Can’t see any pictures of him though. Sorry.

I think it’s just as well.

Hey, what do you get when you search my name?

Ummmm

Oh my god

What?!

Oh good lord send help

Alice what the hell did you find

Myspace

No
THERE ARE PICTURES

NO NO THIS IS NOT HAPPENING

CHRIST REMUS YOUR ABOUT ME IS JUST LYRICS TO BLACK VIEL BRIDES

SHIT I CAN’T REMEMBER THE PASSWORD IT’S NOT LETTING ME IN

DID YOU TRY WOLFBOY96?

Oh thank Christ, Alice you’re a genius. Oh my god this is terrible.

HAH YOU’RE IN MY TOP FRIENDS THOUGH

No you’re kidding, I deleted it I swear I did.

Everything is blank but you still have a display picture. Nice coon tails.

Frank doesn’t know. Oh my god this is the worst.

I don’t know where to delete the account. They’ve done this on purpose. Myspace wants every one to live in their past misery.

Just… delete all photos and info and change your name to Jericho McHindleburg.

And when I say change your name, I mean you are no longer Remus Lupin. You must move on with your new identity.

I am heavily considering it. This is tragic. I think I want to become a new person now.

At least we found it before our respective significant others.

I feel as if I should point out that Sirius is not really my significant other, but yes I am relieved that this thing dies before he finds it.

He is so your significant other.

Ok, Frank is here, I need to do this later. FIND THE DELETE ACCOUNT OPTION PRONTO.

Will do, Lieutenant.

At ease, soldier. Good luck on your mission.

Saturday PM

We’re not weird, are we?

I’m not if you’re not.

I’m not. Prongs asked if we were so I thought I would make sure.

Well, it’s all good on this end.
This end too. Which is lucky bc there’s no match this weekend, so there’s no training, so I have nothing to do.

I get to pound at my chest like King Kong. Makes for a funny visual.

Especially considering you are no where near the size of King Kong.

I am when I hold a Barbie doll and people throw paper planes at me.

HA

Why ARE you pounding your chest?

Treatment. It’s weird, I know. It works though.

And how’s your walking?

Is this idle chat or a check up?

Both.

No dogs this week, which I was thankful for. But a footpath doesn’t exactly accommodate three people.

Third-wheeling hardcore.

It’s even worse when they’re holding hands. Like, is it really necessary?

You need to find a forth member. I’ve got Wormtail when Prongs has ‘the one’ with us and they’re being gross.

I should hold auditions. Seeking: one new friend to alleviate boredom while the other two are touching and stuff.

I’d audition.

Can you act?

They don’t call me a drama queen for nothing.

I actually played Romeo in the drama production for English last year.

You’re kidding.

Nope. Prongs was pissed bc Juliet was ‘the one’.

Oh my god.

Did you have to kiss her?

No, luckily, bc I think Prongs would have killed me.

Did you have to do the whole Shakespearean thing? If so, I’m highly disappointed for your efforts earlier in the week.
Oh, no, we did a ‘modernized’ version where we kinda rewrote the scripts.

My very first line was “Damn, I wanna bang Rosaline.”

No

Yes.

This is unacceptable.

Prongs was Benvolio and Wormtail was Mercutio. When it came time to kill Tybalt, Prongs just screamed “DO IT FOR THE VINE” and Wormtail body slammed the guy playing Tybalt. Unscripted, mind, but it was fucking hilarious.

I’ve changed my mind this sounds great.

Before avenging Wormtail I shouted “THIS. IS. VERONA.” And kicked Tybalt in the chest.

OH MY GOD

Yeah, we’re not allowed to put on plays anymore.

No kidding. You shot it up.

I’m feeling pretty bad for Tybalt, too.

OH it was Gid, he was fine.

You sure he didn’t cause you bodily injury?

We had to pay him with some of our fart bombs but other than that he was cool with it.

Fart bombs. This does not surprise me.

Heh heh. You’d think we’d’ve grown out of it by now but… Prongs is stocking up tomorrow.

We have a plan.

Oh god what for?

One does not simply humiliate Sirius Black.

Please don’t slash his tires.

Oh, it’s nothing so illegal Moony! Lighten up.

Really?

At the time I was murderous and was literally restrained by Prongs and Wormy, but now I’m in the calm calculating stage.

Somehow that scares me more.
Yeah, it probably should, but it also guarantees that nothing illegal will take place. At least nothing I’ll get caught doing.

I’m nervous. What are you planning?

Don’t be nervous, Moony! It’s fool proof. I’ll tell you how it goes when we do it.

Oh god that makes me even more nervous.

It’ll be fiiiiiiiiiiine. Worry wart.

Reckless punk.

Oh, I like that.

Weirdo. Ok, mum’s yelling at me because she ‘doesn’t hear enough exercise going on’. Or whatever. I’ll talk to you later.

Cya Moony. Have fun “exercising”.

I’m using a Wii Fit. This hardly counts.

Wii Fit Yoga?

Hah, no. You wish.

No stretch tight pants?

And no leg warmers.

You’ve truly disappointed me, Remus.

I do what I can.

Stop texting me and go get all sweaty.

You stop texting me. And don’t be weird.

No, you hang up first.

 Fucking loser.

;-P

Oh my god, never do that again.

I need to have the last word.

Fine.

Fine.

*

Sunday AM
I’m going out to the public world today.

Wow, leaving the house? All by your lonesome?

I know, it’s tragic.

I hate public people.

Public people?

It always seems like nice people stay home. You never run into a stranger that is kind. Public people are arseholes and dirty.

That is true. I have stayed home today.

And you’re definitely not an arsehole.

’Course not.

What are you doing in the big world, anyway?

Buying books. Also, it’s apparently ‘bad’ for me to do walking in converse chucks so I’m buying actual running shoes.

Oo, are you going to get the bright fluorescent ones?

What do you honestly believe the answer to that question is?

Way to let me down gently, Moony.

I’m probably going to have to buy childrens’ shoes because my feet are so small. So if they aren’t fluro yellow, they’ll probably have Dora the Explorer on them.

I can’t complain with that.

Doesn’t make me intimidating for when I threaten to gutter stomp someone, though.

…How often do you threaten to gutter stomp someone?

Uh, Alice, yesterday.

Wow, talk about intense.

She was being very annoying, I promise.

Damn, I’ll take your word for it.

Alright, my stop is here. Can’t text and walk or I’ll end up like you with a stupid concussion.

That was one time.

Good luck on your shoe adventure.

Yeah, thanks. I’ll need it.
I've done it. I bought shoes that fit and aren’t children’s. This is what victory feels like.

(12:39) Aw, so no Batman design?

(12:39) I’m afraid not.

(12:40) That’s a huge letdown.

(12:40) I’m sorry my shoe selection isn’t up to your standard.

(12:41) Are you on your way home now?

(12:41) Yeah, I’m on the bus. And there’s a guy behind me smoking.

(12:42) What?

(12:42) He is smoking

(12:43) ON A BUS.

(12:43) Hang on, my mum’s calling.

(12:43) Ok.

(12:58) She worries too much.

(12:58) I’m a little worried, to be honest.

(12:59) Oh come on, not you too.

(12:59) Smoking guy has overheard my conversation and is now calling me a mama’s boy.

(1:00) Wow, you’re right about public people.

(1:00) He’s in the seat directly behind me and keeps talking.

(1:01) I am inhaling the smoke this is not good.

(1:01) Moony, you have to move.

(1:02) Yeah.

(1:02) Moony?

(1:05) Hello did you move??

(1:10) Remus??

(1:15) Sorry, I had to run off the bus.

(1:15) He blew smoke into my face and I coughed so hard I threw up in someone’s garden.

(1:15) Oh my god
Remus, are you ok????

Yeah, I’ll be fine.

There's a couple that got off to help me.

They've even offered to break into someone's car to drive me to a hospital.

How considerate.

Right?

Holy shit

What?

Sirius don’t freak out but I think I just met Moony.

WHAT

Ok ok he’s gotten off the bus now

DUDE

I KNOW

I’M SORRY

DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDE

ARE YOU OK?

I DON’T KNOW.

I MEAN

YOU MET HIM BEFORE ME??????

HOW COULD YOU

I DIDN’T MEAN TO I SWEAR.

Oh god

This is a disaster

Tell me everything

NO THAT’S A VIOLATION

No no, tell me, you owe me.

Do you want me to tell you?
(1:31) Yesssssssss

(1:31) Ok. Well. First off, he’s a funny guy.

(1:32) DUH JAMES COME ON.

(1:32) Well I just mean that when the guy was pestering him, he asked Moony who he was texting (which I assume was you) but he replied “Your dad, wondering when we can meet up and he can blow me.”

(1:33) HOLY SHIT

(1:33) Yeah. But after that he was choking so that was the end of the one-liners.

(1:34) Ok I’m going to ask the obvious question.

(1:34) What did he look like?

(1:35) Yeah.

(1:35) Well, pretty much how he described. Pale. Thin. Green eyes and all that.

(1:36) So hey, you weren’t being catfished.

(1:36) Catfishing involves making yourself appear more attractive.

(1:37) Well, I’m going to be honest, but he downplayed it A LOT.

(1:37) What do you mean?

(1:38) Hang on.

(1:39) Lily says that he’s gorgeous in the way that he’s a shy-blushy type, but when he smiles it quickly becomes sexy.

(1:39) Yeah, but Lily’s dating you so I don’t exactly trust her judgment.

(1:40) Trust mine. The guy’s hot.

(1:40) Ok good.

(1:41) I mean, it doesn’t matter at all.

(1:41) But it helps.

(1:42) It’s a good bonus.

(1:42) Does he know he met /you/?

(1:43) Yeah. I kinda… jumped out of the seat and hit Lily, shouting “it’s him.”

(1:43) Oh, so, subtle then?

(1:44) Shut up.

(1:44) How did he take it?
He looked surprised. He didn’t really know what to say.

Is he talking to you now?

Nah, he said he should see a doctor and we’ll talk about it later.

Right.

I’m sorry if I scared him away.

I doubt you have. Don’t worry about it, man.

I guess… thanks for looking after him?

He said you offered to steal a car and drive him to the hospital.

Oh shit yeah that reminds me.

Mm?

I… know what he has.

His illness?

Yeah.

Oh

I think that would breach the terms of our contract.

Padfoot, I think the contract might be off after this.

We’ll see.

Do you want to meet him?

Of course!

It’s ok if you don’t.

I do.

Then?

Well, obviously Prongs, I’m fucking scared.

Of what?

…What if he thinks I’m annoying?

I was joking Sirius. You’re not annoying.

But what if he thinks I am?

He won’t. Because you’re not.
(2:03) What if he thinks I’m weird

(2:03) Or trying too hard

(2:04) Or pretentious

(2:04) Or an idiot

(2:05) Padfoot! Stop!

(2:05) WHAT IF HE DOESN’T LIKE ME JAMES?

(2:06) HE WILL LIKE YOU SIRIUS BECAUSE YOU’RE A LIKABLE PERSON AND YOU’RE AN AMAZING FRIEND WHO’S LOYAL AND FUNNY BUT ALSO WISE AND CARING AND please stop worrying Sirius. He likes you now and he’ll continue to like you when you meet. I swear to you.

(2:06) Honestly?

(2:07) Hell, I’d even say seriously.

(2:07) Arsehole.

(2:08) Punk ass loser.

(2:09) Thanks, Prongs.


(2:10) Never say that again.

*

[Voicemail Left at Eight-Twenty Two PM]

“Hey, Padfoot. I’m not ignoring you but I’m in between tests and stuff and don’t really have much time to reply. We’ll talk tomorrow. I’m pretty sure they’ll either let me loose or confine me to a bed. Whichever, I should have time. Until then, Prongs is really nice, and so’s his girlfriend, and I don’t think I properly said thank you. So if you could pass that on, that would be great. I’ll talk to you soon. Promise.”

[Voicemail Complete. Press 1 To Delete Message]

Chapter End Notes

A big thank you to everyone who has been so supportive and helpful!! It really just makes my entire week. You're all so lovely and I just can't handle it go my gosh.

As I'm writing I always have so much to say about the chapter but then I get here and I suddenly don't know what to say. So um. Yeah. Enjoy!
Week 6

Chapter Summary

Flirting, sexting, hospitals, and more flirting.

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold.
Remus is italics
James is regular
Peter is underlined
Alice is everything
-Lily is italics, underlined, with hyphens.-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(9:01) How are you feeling?
(9:02) Heavy in the chest. Otherwise, fine.
(9:02) Ok. Now emotionally.
(9:03) I don't really know. You?
(9:03) Confused, I guess. Where to go from here.
(9:04) Yeah. Well, um, I guess you know what it is.
(9:05) No. I mean. I could ask Prongs but I haven't.
(9:05) Oh. Why not?
(9:06) Didn't know if you would want me to.
(9:06) I always knew you would find out eventually. Betted on it, even.
(9:07) Yeah, but asking Prongs would be cheating.
(9:07) I don't mind.
(9:08) Why don't you tell me instead?
(9:08) Oh. Ok.
(9:09) I have cystic fibrosis.
I know. Figured it out a while ago, actually.

Then why didn't you mention it?!

I was scared you wouldn't like me.

Of course I would like you, idiot.

I was always worried you wouldn't like me.

Of course I would like you, idiot.

Then there we go.

Yeah. Now what?

don't know. I'm still waiting results. They'll probably need to drain the mucus from my lungs.

Too much info?

I should probably get used to it.

Oh. Ok.

So… if you have to stay in the hospital...

We wait. You're not visiting me in the hospital as the first time.

Ok. I can respect that.

Thank you, Padfoot.

Ok, I'm being seen.

Good luck. I still like you, idiot.

Yeah. You too, idiot.

*

Is it happening?

No. He doesn't want me seeing him in the hospital.

That's… fair enough?

Yeah. Of course.

I'm seeing us keep putting it off, though.

Right. So. What are you gonna do?

I don't know. Wait until he's out of the hospital and broach it again?

Sounds like a plan.
Let's hope it works.

* 

Monday MIDDAY

I'm back in.

But we all just got out!!! Unfair. What happened?

Smoker on a bus. But that's the least of my problems right now.

Oh?

He knows.

WOWH

I ran into his friend on the bus (when the smoking thing happened) and yeah it kinda went from there.

So are you meeting now?!

No!

WHY NOT THAT WAS THE DEAL REMUS

I am not meeting him while I'm in the hospital. It should only be a few days and then I need to rest at home, but so I can't leave the house.

Damnit, Remus, it was so close.

I know. But. He said he's known for a while.

What?

He knew I had cystic fibrosis but just didn't say anything.

Why?

He claimed it was because he was scared I wouldn't like him.

'He claimed.' You don't believe him?

I don't know. How could he possibly be scared I wouldn't like him? I'm the sick one!

Maybe the whole 'I'm good looking and I know it' schtick is a facade.

No. He's got the voice of a hot guy.

Really? That's your proof?

What are you saying? This is a catfish?

I don't know, Remus. Just providing insight into why he would be scared to meet you.
I was thinking more he was scared I was ugly.

REMUS!!

What, it's valid isn't it? I haven't exactly sold myself either.

Based on what you know of this boy, do you really think appearance is a big concern of his?

Good looking people have standards, right?

If he was concerned about that, he would have asked for a photo by now. Right?

Yeah. I guess.

You know I'm right.

Yeah. Ok.

If you're so concerned, why don't you ask him?

"Sirius, what are your main insecurities?"

Dick. You know what I mean.

Maybe. But he'd ask me back.

Then be prepared to answer.

We'll see. I'll think about it.

Damn right.

* 

Monday PM

I'm back to the shit food.

Crying children?

Not yet, but it's still early.

Haha

How long do you reckon you'll need to stay there?

Few days at most unless something tragic happens (I die of boredom) but then I get to be bed ridden for a few days after that.

Woo movie marathon.

I think by this point I have seen every film in existence.

Even all the Alien renditions?
(6:29) Yes. And the Predator ones. Multiple times.

(6:29) Wow. I was kidding. Didn't think you'd be into that.

(6:30) There's something about a baby alien bursting out of someone's chest that's very satisfying.

(6:31) …Are we sure you're not the serial murderer?

(6:32) And what, my weapon of choice is aliens?

(6:32) Do you have aliens? Tell me now.

(6:33) Well, Sheba does look awfully suspicious.

(6:34) Are they the kind of goldfish with the big bulgy eyes?

(6:34) Yes.

(6:34)

(6:35) OH MY GOD IT'S A PICTURE OF SHEBA

(6:36) I've been meaning to send it to you. They have to stay at home while I'm here.

(6:37) So much for keeping you company.

(6:37) I know. We send each other smoke signals but it's just not the same.

(6:38) You should try doves. Very efficient.

(6:39) I'll keep it in mind.

(6:41) In second year they decided that Prongs, Wormtail, and I couldn't share a dorm so we were like "fine but we get to pick which dorm we ARE in"
(6:42) So obviously we picked dorms right next to each other.

(6:42) *It's like your teachers didn't even try.*

(6:45) *I know. Outside the building we set up a pulley system so a bucket could be transported the length of the three dorms. We also each had a bell outside the window with connecting strings so when the bucket arrived to a certain window we could ring their bell to let them know.*

(6:46) *Most people leave the room and sneak in.*

(6:47) *Yeah, but we were arseholes. It took the school months to figure out what the ringing bells in the middle of the night was.*

(6:48) *You guys were arseholes. So elaborate for something so minute.*

(6:48) *Hey, we got to share a dorm forever after that! Also started up some great rumours about a Bloody Mary in the school.*

(6:49) *Oh you would have loved that.*

(6:50) *I did. We dressed Wormtail up in a dirty white dress and sent him out on the school grounds for Halloween. Everyone screamed. It was amazing.*

(6:51) *No, no. You are definitely the serial murderer.*

(6:52) *We could be murder husbands.*

(6:52) *Murder husbands? Is that a thing?*

(6:52) *Sure. It is now.*

(6:53) *If this is your proposal, it sucks.*

(6:54) **REMUS LUPIN I CAN'T FIND A REASON TO LIVE AND KILL WITHOUT YOU. WOULD YOU DO ME THE GREATEST HONOUR AND HAVE MY HAND IN MARRIAGE?? SAY YES OR I'LL MURDER YOU.**

(6:55) *I guess you leave me no choice*

(6:55) *But to kill you first.*

(6:56) *I'd like to see you try.*

(6:56) *It wouldn't be very exciting. I would probably poison you.*


(6:57) *I'm not very physically strong. Poison it is.*

(6:57) *I'll be wary of drinks left around you then.*

(6:59) *When we were 15, Frank, Alice and I used to make paper airplanes and throw them to each other with a message.*
(7:00) That sounds a lot easier than our pulley system.

(7:01) Definitely. Frank's messages were mostly dicks though, and Alice kept writing limericks.

(7:02) Any memorable ones?

(7:03) Not really. All the ballsack to penis ratios were very inaccurate.

(7:03) …I meant the limericks.

(7:04) I know.

(7:04) One of the nurses happened to find one written about her so naturally it's burned into my head.

(7:05) Oh god yes

(7:06) "There once was a nurse named Pince

(7:06) Who's needle jabbing would make you wince

(7:06) When asked "What's the deal?"

(7:06) She'd let out a squeal

(7:06) And we haven't really been the same since."

(7:07) Based on a true story. She hates us now.

(7:08) Oh my god

(7:09) She was scary before this happened.

(7:09) Do you just spend all your time pissing off nurses?

(7:09) I don't mean to! She was never meant to see the limerick.

(7:10) The curse of the dreaded limerick.

(7:11) Ah, and the revenge of the nurse. She's yelling at me to get off 'that god-awful gadget'.

(7:11) Sometimes I forget that I'm talking to you through a phone.

(7:12) Well, it's definitely not morse code.

(7:12) Not what I meant.

(7:13) I know. And yeah, I get what you mean. This might be weird but - sometimes it feels like you're beside me and talking to me.

(7:14) I like to pretend that you're here talking to me. Even though I'm in the dining hall.

(7:14) Oh, it's a HALL is it? How grand.

(7:16) Shush! And it's not 'grand,' it's great. It's the Great Hall.
(7:16) I have a bed tray. I think I win.

(7:17) You also have to get off that god-awful gadget.

(7:18) Wow, thank you Nurse Pince.

(7:19) I'll talk to you later, Remus.

(7:19) Cya, Padfoot.

*

Tuesday AM

(9:45) This might be weird but

(9:45) And this isn't some ego thing

(9:45) But, uh...

(9:46) Come on, Sirius, spit it out.

(9:46) How do you imagine me?

(9:47) Oh. Um.

(9:47) It's probably entirely wrong.

(9:48) Well, then, I'll let you down gently. Come on!

(9:50) Fine. Ok. So it's something like… long hair. Like, touching your shoulders? And black. And this is embarrassing.

(9:51) Woah, dude, you're actually right so far.

(9:52) You're kidding.

(9:52) Nope. Keep going.

(9:54) I told you I was psychic.

(9:55) If it adds, I have to wear my hair as a bun when I'm playing.

(9:55) You definitely have to be kidding now.

(9:56) Again: Nope.

(9:56) This is incredible.

(9:56) What?

(9:56) Nothing.

(9:57) Leather jacket as casual wear and some big threatening boots.

(9:57) Threatening?
The kinds of shoes I would wear when I wanted to threaten to gutter stomp someone.

Ahhh. Gotcha.

Also very accurate.

Wow. I should do card readings.

Your turn, then.

I have the upper hand of having first account witnesses to the beauty that is Remus Lupin.

That's stretching it.

Nonsense. I have been greatly reassured by both Evans and Prongs that you're one hot motherfucker.

Oh Christ no

They lied

They would never! I'm frankly starting to consider you to be an unreliable narrator, Moony.

But, but… /glasses/

Oh yeah. AND APPARENTLY CARDIGANS?

Oh fuck no this is too much.

The punk and the dork. What a pair we make.

We sound like the worst sitcom ever.

It provides for an ultimate comedy duo! Although admittedly, Prongs might be a bit jealous of that.

I suppose you two are the comedy kids.

The jokers of the class! Speaking of which, we must prepare for phase one of Operation Salt. I'll talk to you later.

What is Operation Salt? Do I really want to know?

I told you, I'll tell you how it goes when we're finished. Relax, Moony, it's not like you're going to get into trouble.

Yes, but I won't have much to do over here if you get your phone revoked (again)

I can assure you that if you stop messaging me now then my phone won't be revoked.

Fine. Don't get caught.

That's the spirit.
Lily, are you in position?

-I thought we agreed on code names, Black.-

In that case, Evans, start using mine.

Yes, Padfoot, I am in position.

Excellent work, Redhind. Prongs, update on your front?

Good. I have my hand firmly situated over Wormy's mouth so he doesn't squeal.

Is this really necessary?! We could be expelled!

We've already told you, Wormtail! You won't get convicted for this. You used your free pass.

Dodgy time to use your one and only free pass, though, when your best mate needed you most.

Sirius, I love you, but this is going too far, mate.

Boys, you can squabble later! Do I do it? Now??

YES REDHIND. INITIATE PHASE ONE OPERATION SALT: NOW!

Here goes nothing.

This is excruciating.

Prongs, if you fuck this up bc you got territorial I will rip your throat out with my teeth.

I reckon Redhind would do it first, mind.

PRONGS YOU'RE IN GO GO GO.

This is terrible. I'm so anxious.

Wormy, you're not even doing anything.

But still! I don't want all my friends to go to jail.

We won't be put into jail!

No, just life long detention. And really, what's the difference?

What's this about prison?

REDHIND YOU'RE ALIVE. HOW'D IT GO?

I got the details. His number is saved onto my phone. Do we tell Prongs that he can stop talking to him now?
(11:02) Nah, he looks like he's going to cry from boredom. I wanna see how far he takes this.

(11:03) He is risking his life for you. You might want to be kind to him.

(11:03) Wormtail! Stop this! No one is dying or being sent to prison. Just shush.

(11:04) Whatever. I'm not bailing you guys, is all I'm saying.

(11:10) Really, Padfoot, you were just gonna let him talk to me for half an hour?

(11:10) It was fifteen minutes. Relax.

(11:11) Redhind, I hear you were successful?

(11:12) *Phase one is complete. Mission accomplished, gentlemen.*

(11:12) Hey, that's my line!

(11:13) *Very well.*

(11:13) PHASE ONE IS COMPLETE. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, COMRADES. TOMORROW WE SHALL PROCEED. I'LL SEE YOU THERE.

* 

Tuesday PM

(5:34) Still alive, I hope?

(5:35) Wow, you and Wormtail are insistent on the pessimism of the operation.

(5:35) I've started a eulogy. Just wanted to know if I could carry on.

(5:36) Carry on, by all means. You won't be needing it anytime soon, however.

(5:36) So the operation went on without a hitch?

(5:37) Not a single one. It was beautiful. So smooth and elegant.

(5:37) Do I get to hear about it or must I wait until the whole operation is complete?

(5:38) Hm... I can tell you each phase. Today was the preliminary stage. Preparations. The real deal starts tomorrow.

(5:39) And what did you do today?

(5:40) I acquired the teacher's - Slughorn's - phone number.

(5:41) Your flirting knows no bounds.

(5:42) Ew no. No, no, no. Redhind did the flirting.

(5:42) Sorry, uh, Prongs' girlfriend.

(5:43) This is a gang. You have initiated someone else into the gang through means of nicknaming.
She thought it would be appropriate that we had code names, what with it being a top secret mission and all.

Redhind?

You've met her.

Your creative input then?

Oh, yes. I am the nicknaming master, after all.

Ok then. You had an underage girl flirt with your chemistry teacher. How legal is all this?

That's probably the most legal thing we'll do, actually. Since Slughorn would be the one convicted. Hey, maybe I could just report him for vile conduct towards students.

That would be the mature thing to do.

Naaaaah. They'd just let him off. He's never actually done anything. Anyway, Redhind was able to flirt her way into the storage cupboard so she could muck around with the experiment we were doing.

I should add that she's already a favourite of his bc she's really good at chemistry. And everything else for that matter.

Prongs sounds lucky.

Yeah, and you can bet your arse that it's all entirely out of luck.

So, what did she do in the cupboard?

Well, it also doubles as his office. He keeps his things in there while he teaches. Including his phone. So Redhind simply texted her number from his phone and wala. Phone number.

Prongs called him over for help as a decoy. It was wonderful to watch. The man just doesn't shut up.

Does he not password protect his phone?

Apparently not. What a dickhead. He lives in a building with hundreds of teenagers. He needs all the security he can get.

So what happens now?

That's for me to know and you to find out, Moony. All in due time.

You said something about this being the most legal part of the operation...

Don't you worry your pretty little head over it. We've spent an entire weekend going over the details. It'll be fine.

Are you sure?

Absolutely.
(5:53) If I were to go to jail, would you write to me every day?

(5:54) Every second day. I don’t want to look clingy.

(5:55) Would you send photographs?

(5:56) As long as you promise not to share them with Big Bob the Cell Mate.

(5:56) I’d keep them tucked under my pillow.

(5:57) Would you kiss them goodnight?

(5:57) Oh of course, Moony. I’m not heartless.

(5:57) That’s good to hear. I’ll go prepare the folio.

(5:59) Make them extra saucy.

(6:00) Still not a good enough excuse to use the word ‘saucy’.

(6:01) Touche.

* * *

Wednesday AM

(10:24) I get out tomorrow.

(10:25) **Hey, that wasn’t so bad.**

(10:25) Yeah, I know. They even think I could go for walks.

(10:25) **Oh, excellent!**

(10:26) Yes, I knew you would be excited.

(10:27) **So this begs the real, pressing question...**

(10:27) Yes?

(10:28) **DOES THIS MEAN YOU’LL SEE HIM THIS WEEKEND?**

(10:28) God, Alice! If I didn’t know any better, I would think you wanted to meet up with him.

(10:28) **Well, if you’re offering I come along I would not protest.**

(10:29) Weirdo. You have Frank. Stick to your own.

(10:30) **Like you can talk.**

(10:31) ???

(10:31) **Nothing. Why won’t you see him this weekend?**

(10:33) I can walk, but I can’t run.
(10:33) What did you mean by that?

(10:34) *Nothing. I'm sure meeting up with him for lunch won't be too tiring.*

(10:34) Alice stop trying to change the subject.

(10:35) *It was nothing, really. I think if anything, you're trying to change the subject.*

(10:35) Yeah, because that was a strange thing to say.

(10:36) *It was just a joke.*

(10:37) And what was the basis of that joke?!

(10:37) *You're being paranoid.*

(10:37) You're being cryptic.

(10:39) *Look, I wasn't going to mention it because Frank suggested not to.*

(10:40) Mention what??

(10:40) *Now you're being cryptic.*

(10:42) I want to be sure we're on the same page, is all.

(10:45) *Frank told me that you kissed him.*

(10:50) Remus? Is it true?

(10:52) Were those the words he used?

(10:52) *What does it matter!*  

(10:53) It does, ok! Did he tell you context?!

(10:53) *No, I didn't ask for the details of my best friend kissing my boyfriend!* 

(10:55) He wasn't your boyfriend at the time.

(10:56) *Wow, is that meant to make me feel better!!*

(10:57) No, it means he hasn't told you the whole thing!

(10:58) *I don't want to know! This is why I didn't mention it, because I knew you would get weird.*

(10:59) I'm not being weird! I just want you to know that it's not as weird as you might think it is.

(11:01) *No, it's still pretty weird.*

(11:02) That's because you're not letting me explain.

(11:03) *I don't want you to explain it. It's done. It's dead or whatever.*

(11:04) *Meet up with Lover Boy. Let it die. Remus.*
It is well and truly dead, Alice. I don't fancy your boyfriend.

That's not what he says, and being honest, I get that feeling too.

Oh my god, no. Absolutely not.

Whatever you say.

Alice, come on.

Alice.

... Fine.

*

Wednesday MIDDAY

Phase two has begun. No reaction thus far but I'm a patient man.

What's phase two?

I'm glad you asked, Moony!

Phase two is when the texting begins.

I'm not following.

Oh, Moony, I trusted your clever wits to work it out.

Not now. What's phase two?

Well, we possess a phone number. When you had your little altercation with the dickweed smoker, Prongs and Redhind were purchasing throw away phones.

You're great plan is to text him?

This is only phase two, Moony. Have faith.

Mm.

What's the matter?

Don't worry about it. What kind of things are you texting him?

We are trying to gage what his interests may be. Would he like to subscribe to sexting with a foxy young blonde, brunette, or ginger? We really hope it's not the last one or we may need to pull Redhind out of school.

If he consents to flirting with one of our serviced beauties, we progress to phase three. But that's for another day.

This just sounds a little strange so far.
(12:28) Trust me Remus, we have bigger plans.

(12:28) Now: What's wrong?

(12:30) Alice is angry with me.

(12:31) Why?

(12:31) She knows about the Frank thing, but she also doesn't really know about the Frank thing, and will refuse to let me explain it.

(12:33) What does she think she knows?

(12:33) Frank told her that I kissed him, but nothing about the whole dare thing. She didn't even know it was before they were together, so I can only imagine what Frank led her to believe.

(12:33) Frank is sounding less and less likeable.

(12:35) Yeah, I know what you mean. They both, apparently, think I fancy him though.

(12:35) But you don't?

(12:35) Of course not! Jeez. I thought of all people you would know that.


(12:36) Feeling insecure?

(12:38) SIRIUS BLACK NEVER FEELS INSECURE. UNLESS IT'S A BAD HAIR DAY.

(12:38) How's today looking?

(12:39) As dashing as ever. I had sport this morning so I put it up in a bun (your favourite).

(12:40) Yeah, yeah, ok.

(12:41) Don't deny it, I can see right through you.

(12:41) Shush now.

(12:43) You're blushing aren't you?

(12:44) I am going to utilise the power of lying texting presents to me by saying, no absolutely not.

(12:44) I knew it.

(12:45) So what are you going to do about Alice?

(12:46) I don't know. I don't know if I should talk to Frank to clear this up. I don't know if I should do it now or see them tomorrow.

(12:46) Like, in person?

(12:47) Oh, yeah. Um, I'm being released home tomorrow.

(12:47) Right. Well. Maybe it's a face-to-face conversation?
(12:49) Probably.

(12:50) *I'm never drinking or kissing ever again. Too much trouble.*

(12:51) *Now don't say that! You'll break my heart.*

(12:52) *I won't do the two things at the same time again?*

(12:52) Better. Sounds more promising.

(12:54) *Promising?*

(12:54) *Mhm. Future prospects and all.*

(12:55) *You're fucking blushing again, aren't you?*

(12:55) It doesn't help when you point it out! You're not even here and you're being terrible. Enough.

(12:57) *How do you think I feel? You all the way over there, glasses and blushing! It's very unfair.*

(12:57) *You've really fixated on the glasses.*

(12:58) *Are we not mentioning your thing for nail polish?*

(12:58) No, I said we were stopping this! Stop talking. Right now.

(12:59) *You're lucky I have to go to class.*

(12:59) Go on then, piss off. Leave me be.

(12:59) You wound me.

(12:59) You embarrass me.

(1:00) I'll miss you too, Moonshine.

* 

Thursday AM

(9:37) *Where are you*

(9:37) Service desk.

(9:38) *We're out the front.*

(9:38) We?

(9:38) *Yes Remus. We have walking to do.*

(9:39) Just walking?

(9:39) *We can talk at the same time.*

(9:39) Will you let me talk?
(9:40) Yes. Don't worry, Frank is in trouble too.

(9:40) About time.

(9:40) Don't push it, Remus.

(9:41) Ok.

(9:42) I'm glad you're here, Alice.

(9:42) Yeah. Me too. Come on then.

* 

Thursday MIDDAY

(11:49) So she doesn't hate me.

(11:50) Hey, there's something. What happened?

(11:51) Turns out Frank did not tell her anything solid. He got the scolding of his life.

(11:51) Least he deserves. Really, Moony, if I ever meet that boy...

(11:53) You'll kill him, I know.

(11:53) He apologised and everything. It was amazing.

(11:54) Alice sounds like a firm hand.

(11:55) Oh yeah. You have no idea.

(11:55) Crisis averted?

(11:57) I guess you could say that. Tell me about phase two.

(11:58) Oh it's going great!! We have found out his preferences and everything.

(11:58) Gross Sirius.

(11:58) Look, trust me, the prank gets better. Really.

(11:59) Not red heads, I hope?

(11:59) Thank god no. Not even underaged girls, which was also a concern.

(12:00) But what if?

(12:02) We report him then, like damn. But yeah we have set up a small sexting service for him. Phase three begins tomorrow.

(12:02) Padfoot… Are you actually texting him things?

(12:04) Yeah. It's disturbing, to say the least. He likes it when I call him big boy.

(12:05) Oh my god I don't need to know.
(12:05) Feeling insecure?

(12:06) Feeling grossed out.

(12:07) I could call you big boy if you wanted.

(12:07) Fuck off.

(12:09) No? Something sweet then? I could go back to pumpkin and sweetheart.

(12:09) Yeah, when we mentally age to 80.

(12:10) Don’t say it like that, dear.

(12:10) Ok, ok, maybe something more modern. Babe? Baby?

(12:10) No

(12:11) Bae

(12:11) NO

(12:11) Ok, cupcake, I'll go with none of those then.

(12:13) Look, sugar, Moony is enough for me.

(12:13) But honey cakes how will people know you're mine?

(12:15) Plum, you're just gonna have to live with it.

(12:15) BUT PEANUT!

(12:15) No buts, dumpling. Shush now. Moony has to eat lunch.

(12:16) I'll talk to you later, love.

(12:16) Bye, love.

* 

Thursday PM

(3:22) It's your turn. I can't do this anymore.

(3:22) What happened to: "I'M SIRIUS BLACK AND I AM THE MASTER FLIRTER. I CAN FLIRT MY WAY INTO ANYTHING."

(3:23) I do not doubt my abilities. I am thoroughly weirded out though. I need a break.

(3:23) I don't want to do it.

(3:23) PRONGS PLEASE. HELP A BROTHER OUT.

(3:24) No, this was your idea.

(3:24) Come on, just do it for an hour, tops. Please, mate.
(3:26) I expect to be paid for this.

(3:26) You will. Heavily. And Lily.

(3:26) Why Lily?

(3:27) You'll see why when you start texting him.

(3:27) THIS ISN'T A FETISH THING ABOUT MY GIRLFRIEND IS IT?????

(3:39) GOD, NO NO THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT

(3:39) JUST

(3:39) YOU'LL SEE.

(3:40) I'm scared. I demand great compensation.

(3:40) You'll get it. I swear to you Prongs, you'll get your reward.

* 

(5:34) PADFOOT!!!!!!

(5:35) Yes Jamesy?

(5:35) THIS WAS A TRAP!!! YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!!

(5:35) Don't be so dramatic

(5:36) I mean, I know it's bad, but it's not /that bad/

(5:36) NO IT IS THAT BAD

(5:36) I WAS WITH LILY

(5:37) LIKE /WITH LILY/

(5:37) AND THEN THE F**CKER TEXTS ME

(5:37) "HEY BABE WAT U UP 2"

(5:37) MAKING OUT!!! WITH MY GIRLFRIEND!!!! WELL NOT ANYMORE!!

(5:38) I told you I'd pay compensation!

(5:38) CAN YOU COMPENSATE FOR ME AN EVENING OF EMBARRASSMENT?? LILY WOULDN'T STOP LAUGHING

(5:39) That's more your poor choice in women.

(5:39) YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN

(5:39) Yeah

(5:40) Well
Trying to flirt with Moony just makes me feel weird now

I know what you mean. I feel tainted.

Sooooo

We're admitting you flirt with him now?

Shut up.

You're a little boy with a little boy crush.

Do I need to remind you of all the embarrassing things you said and did before Lily took pity on you?

Noooooope. Because it's irrelevant. You're the 'cool' one, or so you keep saying.

I am the cool one. At least I haven't told him I love him.

I was twelve, it doesn't count.

It so counts

Does not. Does he flirt back?

In his own way, I think he does. Mostly he just tells me to shut up.

You two are adorable.

I will set you on fire.

Come get your dirty phone. I don't want it near me anymore.

Fine.

BRING MARSHMALLOWS.

Where am I going to get marshmallows???

Kitchen.

You want me to break into the kitchens?!

You said compensation.

Arseno.

*[Calling Moony]*

"Erhh?"

"Moonbeam!"

"Sirius, what the fuck- it's midnight, what the hell?"
"Slughorn won't stop texting me. The guy doesn't sleep, Moony."

"Apparently neither do I."

"I'm reaching a breaking point. I don't think my imagination can keep up with him."

"I really don't want to know."

"No, but I need your help!"

"I am not helping you get off some middle aged creep."

"What if I paid you?"

"Stop whoring me out!"

"It worked on Prongs."

"Well, he's easy then, isn't he?"

"You play hard to get. I see how it is."

"I'm playing dead. I am sleeping."

"Noooo, Moony, come on. Just a few more minutes. If I'm alone with this guy I think I might jump out the window."

"What do you think, Sheba, do we let Sirius jump out of the window? ... They say yes."

"Lies. I heard them distinctly say, 'No, Moony, why on Earth would you suggest such a thing? Sheba isn't a monster."

"...Sheba says you're a dick."

"Stop turning Sheba against me!"

"Sheba prefers me and you know it."

"We should have never divorced. It's ruined Sheba."

"They're happy you've moved out. They couldn't take the drunkenness anymore."

"I'll see you in court, Remus. I will get Sheba back."

"Over my dead body."

"Oh no."

"What?"

"He wants a picture."

"Tell him that breaches the terms of agreement."

"You're a genius."
"I know. Hey, Sirius?"

"Mm?"

"How… How come you've never asked me for a picture?"

"I'm not really going to jail, Remus, I don't need pin-up shots for lonely nights."

"You know what I mean. Surely you're... curious, or whatever."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"Then how come you haven't asked me for pictures?"

"I'm curious not… scared. Or anything."

"Scared of… me being weird looking?"

"Yeah. I mean, it's not a concern of mine. No one can fake confidence like that without knowing their hot."

"And you think it would be a concern of mine?"

"Yes."

"How could you possibly think that!?"

"Oh, no, not like - I'm not scared you think I'm weird looking because you're snob but - but, I don't know, because I think I'm weird looking, so."

"I wouldn't care even if you looked like Simon Cowell."

"That's... is that meant to be reassuring?"

"The guy looks like a foot, and his personality isn't much better."

"Right. That's a fair observation, actually."

"I... I think I know what I am."

"What you are? Human, surely."

"No, no, just - hey, shut up!"

"Hah, I know what you mean, Sirius! Go on, then."

"Still testing the waters though, just not in the way you've previously suggested."

"Ok."

"And it's just... so far this is what I've figured out."

"You don't have to retain the title forever, Sirius. You can come and go as you please."
"Alright. That makes me feel better."

"Ok then."

"Ok."

"Are you going to tell me?"

"Yes."

"You've not said it aloud yet, have you?"

"No, I haven't. What if it turns out I have been mispronouncing it wrong all along and - not only may I be misidentifying myself, but I also can't even say the word."

"If you don't want to say, then you don't have to, Padfoot."

"I want to say it. It's important in reassuring you."

"Reassuring me? This is about you, you don't."

"Pansexual. I think. So far."

"I… elaborate."

"I like the person. Personality and all that. Not the gender or sex or looks. It's what's on the inside that counts, and all that crap."

"So as long as the person is awesome, personality wise, the rest is just unimportant?"

"It's unimportant to how I feel about the person, yeah. So you could be a girl, boy, both, neither, sometimes one and sometimes the other, you know. There are so many genders, Moony. Did you know there were so many genders? It's awesome."

"Padfoot."

"Right, right. The point is, I like you, Moony."

"Oh."

"Haha, yeah. Oh."

"So as long as I look like Simon Cowell but am not acting like Simon Cowell, that's all good for you?"

"Uh huh. Doesn't mean I can't appreciate how hot you actually are, though."

"Oh my god."

"Really, I just hit a jackpot."

"Stop, you're being embarrassing again!"

"One day you'll flirt back."
"You should be flirting with Slughorn."

"I think he fell asleep."

"I wonder what that's like."

"Fine, fine, I'll shut up."

"Oh, I like it when you talk Padfoot, just not at… one in the morning."

"I'll keep it in mind."

"You say that, but I doubt you will do it."

"No, you're right."

"There's no point lying to me Sirius Black, I can see right through it."

"Wow, we sound married."

"At least we acknowledge it. Good night, sweet cakes."

"That's my bit."

"Hang up the phone."

"Sleep tight, love."

[Call Disconnected]

*

Friday AM

(10:23) **Phase three has been launched.**

(10:25) I can't read right now, some arsehole woke me up at an ungodly hour and so now I am dead.

(10:25) **And you say I'm the drama queen!**

(10:25) **If I were being you right now it would be more like**

(10:26) *OH MY SWEETEST MOONY I WOULD LOVE TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW BUT ALAS, I HAVE BEEN RENDERED LAME, AS MY BRAIN HAS TURNED TO ASH AND BILE FROM FATIGUE AS SOME NITWIT DECIDED TO CALL ME AT THE CRACK OF SATAN'S ASS.*

(10:27) I showed this to Prongs and he says this is accurate.

(10:27) **You're so predictable. What's phase three, then?**

(10:29) **Phase three is using the three other throw away phones Prongs and Redhind bought to text him about different services.**
Like… spam emails for sexting services. Soon he'll become annoyed and I imagine he'll try to unsubscribe.

What happens when he tries to unsubscribe?

That's phase four, Moony, don't get ahead of yourself.

Very well.

What if he goes along with it? Like, all of the four sexters.

Surely a man his age doesn't have that much stamina.

That's what I'm banking on. If I have to keep going on with this, I might as well start charging him and create a business from this.

I hesitate to ask but… are you any good?

Do you want to find out first hand?

No thank you, I think it might just breach my comfort zone right now.

If you say so. I must be, I guess. I mean, he keeps replying. Boy, does he keep replying.

I'll let you two be alone, then. I have Wii Fitness I must attend to.

I told you, I don't want to hear about it unless it's yoga.

Then stop talking.

Cya.

Friday PM

I want to ask a question.

Ok.

That means ask the question, Padfoot.

I'm trying to formulate how I'm going to ask.

What's the basis of the question and I'll figure it out.

I know what illness you have.

Ah.

When are we meeting?

I still want to. Obviously.

Yeah, me too, me too.
(6:57) Um. I don't know. I don't think I physically can this weekend.

(6:57) And I have school during the week.

(6:58) So maybe next weekend?

(6:58) If it's not, um, too short notice.

(6:58) No it should be fine. It is fine.

(6:59) On Saturday? I have a game on Sunday.

(6:59) Yeah that's good. I guess we'll go into details closer to the day?

(7:00) Yeah that's a good idea.

(7:02) Cool. Ok.

(7:03) Ok. Wow. I just wanted to make sure it was still an ok thing to do.

(7:03) Yeah, yeah of course.

(7:04) Alright.

(7:05) Alright. I'll talk to you later.

(7:06) Yeah, cya Moony.

*

Saturday PM

(6:51) I'm watching Jurassic Park.

(6:53) What... for the first time?

(6:53) Since I was a kid, yeah.

(6:53) Stupid premise for a movie.

(6:54) Dinosaurs aren't stupid, Remus! How dare you.

(6:54) Who would logically think that genetically recreating dinosaurs would be a good idea? And then marooning them on an island? I just don't understand.

(6:56) But think of the adventure!

(6:56) I don't need to, it's playing right out in front of me. People die.

(6:58) You must be a blast at the cinemas.

(6:58) Don't worry. I usually reserve my comments until the film is over.

(6:58) I suppose I take some comfort in that.

(6:59) I do eat all the popcorn though.
(7:01) We'll buy a big bucket then.

(7:02) Is this how to spend your Saturday nights?


(7:03) Damn Remus, you need to get out.

(7:05) And do what? Imagine me at a night club.

(7:05) I'm imagining glitter and neon.

(7:06) Well you would be incorrect. I'm obviously more a leather kind of homo.

(7:06) Oh Christ

(7:07) And pray tell what you're doing on a Saturday night?

(7:08) It's some snob's birthday, so we're at a bonfire thing by a lake.

(7:08) Don't those usually occur at the beach?

(7:10) Yeah, but we're no where near a beach. So the lake had to do.

(7:10) So you're at a bonfire but you still text me about Jurassic Park?

(7:12) Jurassic Park is cool, Moony.

(7:13) More interesting than a bonfire party, huh?

(7:13) Yep. There are only so many marshmallows you can toast before it becomes tedious.

(7:15) How long until a person is thrown into the fire?

(7:16) Oo, tasty. I don't suspect long. Most of them have been drinking.

(7:17) Oh, and you're worst nightmare Moony. Someone has suggested truth or dare.

(7:17) You're not drinking are you?

(7:18) I'm not drunk.

(7:18) Lucky. Don't want any mishaps.

(7:18) Have there been any mishaps? Since Slughorn read out the messages.

(7:19) Oh. Ah, yeah, I've been disowned.

(7:19) WHAT

(7:19) It's no big deal. Long overdue, really.

(7:20) No, Sirius, what happened?

(7:20) Oh it was very formal and very cold. She wrote me a letter saying that they don't want me home anymore and that I shouldn't talk to Regulus lest I soil him.
(7:20) I really don't care, Moony. I'm glad it's over with.

(7:21) I guess it's better than the alternative.

(7:21) ?

(7:21) Correction Camp.

(7:23) Oh. Yeah. Way better then.

(7:23) And what about everyone else?

(7:25) Reg and his friends are dicks, but it's not like they're worse. They just use different words now.

(7:26) I guess Prongs told his parents though because they phoned me and told me they were cool with it.

(7:27) Oh that's good. That's great.

(7:27) Yeah, they're fantastic people.

(7:29) HOLY SHIT TRUTH OR DARE HAS TAKEN A TURN

(7:29) WORMTAIL GOT SNOGGED

(7:29) MY LITTLE BOY IS ALL GROWN UP

(7:30) Congrats to Wormtail.

(7:30) I think he's shaking oh my god.

(7:30) Ok I have to go rescue Wormtail before he combusts in front of all these people.

(7:31) I just got up to the interesting part of Jurassic Park, so, I'm fine on this end.

(7:32) Good good. I'll talk to you later, Remus.

(7:32) Have fun Padfoot.

*  

Sunday AM

(9:25) How's Wormtail?

(9:25) Catatonic. He got her phone number.

(9:27) Wow, Wormtail.

(9:27) He's a ladies' man, to say the least.

(9:27) And how did Jurassic Park go?

(9:29) Dinosaurs won, humans lost. Lone white male survived. The usual.
I see, I see.

It's a Saturday morning and you're not hung over?

I have a game today, not that it's deterred me in the past. But. I don't know. Wasn't feeling it.

Are you ok?

Oh, yeah. Moony I'm not broken just bc I didn't get smashed.

Just making sure!

Worry wart. Prongs is making us cram in extra training so I gotta get going.

Prongs sounds like a worry wart.

He fucking is, he needs to calm down. I'll tell ya how the game goes.

Good luck.

*

Sunday PM

This is Remus, right?

Uh, yeah?

Uh, hi. It's Prongs.

Hi.

You should say something else because now I'm just getting worried.

Oh, it's nothing terrible.

I mean, ok, it's a broken arm

But he's not dying.

I was under the impression you weren't meant to use your arms in football.

Hah, you're not. It just goes to show how much of a dickhead he is.

I thought I'd message you to let you know. He's going to be out of it for a while, and when he comes to idk if he'll be able to message with one arm.

Thank you. I appreciate it.

No problem. Um, I'll see you around.

Haha, yeah. Probably.

Ok bye

Bye.
[Calling Moony]

"You're alive."

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Prongs messaged me."

"Arsehole. I bet he told you lies and slander."

"He told me hardly a thing, actually."

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Hospital stays. It's terrible in here."

"You get used to it. It's like a second home for me by now."

"Oh. That's."

"Depressing?"

"It's weird in here."

"Then talk to me. What happened?"

"I collided with a bloke from the other team and landed on my elbow."

"Yikes, Padfoot."

"I know. It made a crunch and everything. I banged my head a little, too."

"How are you feeling?"

"Sleepy, but I can't sleep. I don't actually know what time it is, though."

"It's just past nine."

"Ok."

"You sound tired."

"They put me under the anathesiatrics. Anathesis. Anathesiologist. Anna sneezed an ologist. I don't know words."

"Nice try, though. Why'd they put you to sleep?"

"I have metal rods in my arm. I'm on my way to being a cyborg."

"Is anyone there with you?"

"Prongs' mum is here. She's asleep in the chair, though, so I don't want to wake her."
"Are you only there for the night?"

"Yeah. Yeah, just because it was so late when I woke up I guess."

"I have to ask the important question."

"And what's that?"

"Did you at least win the game?"

"Haha, oh god, I don't even know. I don't know."

"We'll find out tomorrow then."

"Yeah. I think I'm gonna try to sleep."

"Ok. That's a good idea. I'll go to bed too."

"Can you-"

"...Yes?"

"Never mind."

"No, go on."

"Just. Um. Can you stay on the line? Until either of us falls asleep first. Christ that's embarrassing."

"Of course."

"I don't like it here, Moony."

"I know, Sirius. Just close your eyes."

"Ok. They're closed."

"Now stop talking."

"Ok. Stopping talking. Now."

"Good night, love."

"'Night, love."

[Call Disconnected]

[Time Duration: 3h25m34s]

Chapter End Notes

1. I know Pince is the librarian; it's easier to rhyme Pince, however
2. Redhind is a combination of the red deer, and the name given to female red deer is a hind. Means Lily gets a doe association to complement James, and it coincides with her hair colour. I was impressed with myself.
3. As I am posting this I am watching Jurassic Park. It's terrible.
4. Since a few people have asked, my tumblr is mssrsmoony.tumblr.com
5. Thank you for all the lovely comments and support!!!! You're all so amazing. uwu
6. EDITED 07/2018 because the part where he explains pansexuality has bothered me since I posted it.
Week 7

Chapter Summary

Letters, Operation: Salt, shopping, and The Day.

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold.
Remus is italics.
James is regular
Peter is underlined.
Alice is everything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(10:45) How are you?

(10:46) sore. hungry.

(10:46) Are they not feeding you?

(10:48) they have. shit this is hard.

(10:48) What?

(10:50) I hand texting

[Calling Padfoot]

“This is easier, then.”

“Much easier, thanks.”

“No problem. What are you going to do about Operation Salt?”

“I’m gonna have to force Wormtail into it, make him take over a phone. Also bribe Prongs. Maybe become Redhind’s slave for a while.”

“If you want I… you could send me a phone, you know.”

“You really want to get involved in this?”

“Not really, but I’m taking pity on you.”

“Pity? What could be pitiful about me.”
“I don’t need to see you to know you’re pouting.”

“I’m not pitiful.”

“You sound like a child.”

“Ok, fine. My hair is a mess. I’m not pleased about it.”

“Baby.”

“If you really wanna take over a phone… I mean, it’s your choice.”

“It should be interesting.”

“It’s distressing, Remus.”

“Anything to appease the pouting baby boy.”

“Haha, fine, ok. Thanks, Moony.”

“No problem. Are you still in the hospital?”

“Yeah, I go back to school at midday. I don’t even have to go to class.”

“There’s always a bonus.”

“Yeah, but my right arm is the shit arm. I can’t even write things. I can’t doodle.”

“You can’t what?”

“Doodle. Oh my god, draw. I can’t draw.”

“Don’t get exasperated with me. You said doodle.”

“You’re meant to be the mature one.”

“Am I? What a shame.”

“OH! I forgot to mention: the fabled Pince is attending to me.”

“No, really?”

“Uh huh. Wow, dude, we might be next door neighbours and we don’t even know it yet.”

“I will have to send you an address to mail that phone.”

“I promise I won’t make any surprise appearances. I’ll just watch you from the garden.”

“Just be subtle about it. Are you all good for Saturday, or…”

“Oh. Uh. I should be fine, I mean, it’s not like both of my legs are broken.”

“Ok. Just making sure.”

“Yeah, well I’m all good on this end. Ok, Mrs P is back. I’ll talk to you later, Remus.”
“I’ll text you my address. Have a good sick day.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Monday MIDDAY

(12:11) Alice.

(12:12) Alice.

(12:13) ALICE

(12:14) aLiCe

(12:15) ALICE!!!

(12:15) Jeez, Remus, calm down.

(12:16) You wouldn’t reply.

(12:16) It was four minutes!! What’s got you in a tangle?

(12:17) We’re meeting this Saturday.

(12:17) OH MY GOD

(12:17) YES DO YOU SEE WHY I’M FREAKING OUT NOW

(12:18) THIS IS EXCELLENT NEWS

(12:19) ALICE IT’S ACTUALLY GOING TO HAPPEN

(12:19) YEP

(12:19) THAT’S TERRIBLE

(12:19) DON’T TELL ME YOU’VE GOT COLD FEET

(12:20) I HAVE COLD FEET I DON’T KNOW IF I CAN DO THIS

(12:20) Remus you can do this!! It’ll be great!!

(12:22) Oh my god what if I embarrass myself.

(12:22) You won’t embarrass yourself.

(12:22) Are you sure? I’m not the most graceful person.

(12:24) Would he think any less of you if you fell face first into the ground? If the answer is yes, he’s not worth it.

(12:24) That is true. I mean. He did break his fucking arm yesterday.

(12:24) Well there you go. His legs suck just as much as yours.
Aww maybe it could be like in the movies where you both fall into each other’s arms. Literally.

He would drop me.

And stop writing fanfiction about us!!

What are you guys gonna do?

Don’t know yet. Waiting closer to the day to decide.

The Day.

Yep, that’s pretty much how I’m thinking about it too. The Day.

It’ll be great. You’ll finally have him there.

Yeah. He won’t be just a distant concept anymore.

I’m happy for you, Remus.

Thanks Alice.

I think I’m happy too.

Jst wat did u tel ur mum???

I’m sorry, can I get that in English?

dnt b a dik

Ok, Lefty, settle. What are you referencing to?

she jst gave me the talk

Like… ‘The Talk’?

Yep. Stuff bout emotions nd all

HAHAHAHA

james!!

THIS IS FANTASTIC

its not its embrrssing

Don’t worry, I got the same when I told her I was dating Lily.

cept im not rly dating moony

she knw his name man wth???

Look, you got that letter from your mum and you said you were ok but I knew you weren’t
(and don’t even deny it) so I might have told my mum about it and I had to give her background information.

(2:26) **might have**

(2:26) Ok, DID. Better?

(2:28) **no. she told me I had 2 b sure I was ready b4 doin ‘’things’’**

(2:28) Trust me, mate, I got the exact same speech.

(2:29) **did she give u pamphlets on anal??**

(2:29) WHAT OH MY GOD

(2:30) **yeah she also wnts moony ovr 4 dinner**

(2:30) Guess you should meet him before he meets the parents, though.

(2:31) **oh. um. saturday we r meeting**

(2:31) WHAT WHEN WAS THIS DECIDED???

(2:32) **few days ago.**

(2:32) AND YOU ONLY MENTION IT NOW

(2:33) **thinking bout it 4 too long makes me scared**

(2:33) This again. What are you scared of?

(2:35) **moony. moony scares me.**

(2:35) What, you think he’s going to beat you up?

(2:37) **no. fool.**

(2:37) **just. him. meeting him nd being near him.**

(2:38) You can do it. Getting there initially will be the hardest part. But then after that you’ll be all good.

(2:38) **hope so. thanks james.**

(2:39) No problem. Now stop messaging. Your text talk is giving me a headache.

(2:39) **rude**

*

*[Calling Moony]*

*[Call Disconnected]*

(5:22) *Hang on.*
“Sorry, I was having dinner.”

“Oh, shit, sorry I didn’t even think.”

“It’s ok. Means I don’t have to do the dishes now.”

“Well I’m glad I could assist you in that.”

“What’s up?”

“I’ve sent the letter.”

“Letter?”

“Phone, shit I meant phone.”

“Letter.”

“Yes, ok, I may have handwritten a letter. Badly, might I add.”

“I thought you said you couldn’t doodle?”

“I can’t, so, pre-warning, I don’t actually have the hand writing of a three year old.”

“It wouldn’t surprise me, though.”

“Oh, no, Moony. I could write in cursive before I could walk.”

“Those are some strange priorities.”

“My family is full of strange priorities.”

“Mine’s insisting we play scrabble. Dad’s home tonight.”

“I’ll let you get to it, then.”

“Ok. I’ll tell you how long it takes me to play an inappropriate word.”

“Oh, you’re one of those people.”

“Yes I am. Proudly. Ok – ok, I’ll see ya later.”

“Bye-a, Moony.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

(6:02) Third turn. ‘Fingering.’ 75 points.

(6:02) omg.

(6:03) Mum hit me with the tile bag.
(6:03) ur a bad man remus lupin

(6:04) Can’t be tamed.

*

Tuesday AM

(9:34) I can feel the life slowly drain from me.

(9:34) I promise there will be compensation

(9:36) There better be heavy compensations, Black.

(9:36) I’ll give you all my old dirty mags

(9:37) That’s weird. I don’t want them and I don’t want to know why you’re giving them away.


(9:38) I want you to provide the booze this week.

(9:38) Fine, I guess that’s ok.

(9:39) I see your texting is back to normal, though.

(9:39) We’ll, I have predictive text on.

(9:39) *We’ll

(9:40) *Well. I hate this taking

(9:40) Oh my god I hate this thing

(9:41) This is painful to read. Almost as painful as Slughorn.

(9:41) How dare you.

(9:42) I was given immunity from this prank. How did I end up here?

(9:42) Extreme circumstances my friend

(9:43) I get to reuse my immunity.

(9:43) Fine. Traitor.

(9:44) Don’t cry, Winter Soldier.

(9:45) Get to work, Wormtail. You have an overweight man to sext.

(9:45) Wanker.

*

Tuesday PM
(2:21) So we’re still good for Saturday?

(2:23) Uh huh. Any ideas on what we’re going to do?

(2:23) Uh, idk. Ajar do you wanna do?

(2:23) *What

(2:23) I don’t know. Anything.

(2:25) We’ll come back to this point, then.

(2:25) Yeah. Ok.

(2:25) We’re not very good at this.

(2:27) Hah, just as long as our friends don’t know that.

(2:27) That’s true, although given the chance, I think Alice might set it up herself.

(2:29) I think Prongs would do it just to shut me up.

(2:29) And they’d be so smug about it too.

(2:29) Ugh, they would.

(2:30) How is phase three?

(2:30) Reports from Wormtail and Prongs show that he isn’t slowing down.

(2:32) I’m… a little impressed?

(2:32) I would be if I wasn’t thoroughly grossed out.

(2:34) I guess I’ll know soon enough.

(2:34) Prepare yourself.

(2:35) I am. Mentally. I don’t need happy memories anyway.

(2:35) So overrated.

* 

(3:45) ALICE

(3:46) What is it now

(3:46) DOES HE THINK IT’S A DATE?

(3:47) I don’t know, Remus, I can’t read minds!

(3:48) What if he thinks it’s a date?!

(3:48) Do you think it’s a date?
I don’t know!

Do you want it to be a date?

I don't know!

You’re not giving me a lot to work with here!

Should I assume it’s a date? If it is a date and I assume it’s not then he get embarrassed but if I assume it’s a date and it’s not I’ll get embarrassed.

This sounds like something you should ask him.

Yes, Alice, but that would mean actually asking him!

Go with your instinct. Have either of you acknowledged it’s… date potential?

…No. Just. Meeting up.

Then you’re just meeting up.

But when you do online dating and then you meet up with them it’s under the premise of a date.

But you’re not /really/ online dating.

It’s fucking close though.

Again, this is something you should talk to him about.

That’s not helpful, Alice.

Look, date or not, I’ll help pick out your outfit and everything.

There’s not much to work with.

Then what are you doing on Thursday?

Nothing. Ever.

Then we’re going shopping.

I almost immediately regret this decision.

Shush. It’s happening whether you like it or not.

Yes Sir.

Hey Babe can I ask you something?

Babe?

What the frickdeeks
(7:16) Padfoot, are you ok?

(7:16) No, Babe, I don’t know what’s happening

(7:17) SHUCKS WHAT THE FRILLING H.E. DOUBLE TOOTHPICKS IS GOING ON

(7:17) Are you possessed?

(7:18) I bet it was That Gorgeous And Irresistible Man James P.

(7:19) That Gorgeous And Irresistible Man James P.

(7:20) FLAPJACK CREEPS I MEAN *****PRONGS THIS WAS *****PRONGS

(7:20) He’s mucked up my Anal Cavities

(7:20) *****PREDICTIVE TEXTING

(7:21) Jiminy Geesh!!

(7:23) I think you should stop talking Padfoot, or my insides are going to burst from laughter.

(7:24) BABE YOU’RE ONLY ENCOURAGING HIM

(7:25) Frilling H.E double toothpicks he short cut ***moony to babe

(7:27) I admire his creativity.

(7:29) That monkey farmer is going to get his gluteus maximus beaten.

(7:31) There are tears down my face

(7:32) Rem-dawgs this isn’t helping

(7:32) OH BLEEDING MARY

[Calling Moony]

“Stop fucking laughing!”

“I can’t help it – oh my god!”

“Mooooony!”

“This is the best thing that’s happened to me all day.”

“It didn’t even happen to you!”

“Exactly! It’s at your expense.”

“Wait one second. Take this time to let your laughter flow.”

“As you command, sir.”

“Oh bloody – he put a child lock on it! I can’t delete any of them!”
“Prongs is a master. I’m thoroughly impressed.”

“I need a passcode – ok, hang on… Shit, it’s not Lily’s birthday.”

“It’s probably something meaningless. You know him too well.”

“I’m going to have to bribe him to tell me the passcode. This is a nightmare.”

“This is the highlight of my evening.”

“Well I’m glad you’re entertained.”

“Aw, are you pouting?”

“Shush. I have a man to kill.”

“Sirius?”

“Yeah?”

“What were you going to ask me?”


“Ok. Dispose of the body responsibly.”

“I always do.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Wednesday AM

Dear Remus,

I couldn’t let this opportunity pass without writing to you. Just a different form of media to message you, right? I don’t think you’ve seen the crop circles I’ve left for you.

Your phone contact is called May-Sue. You’re blonde, double D, like it up the backside. I will refuse to make an anal joke here.

He’ll usually text at break and lunch, which is 10:30-10:50 and then 12:00-1:00. But you can text him all day. I encourage it, even. Tell me if he tries to unsubscribe.

Oh, and don’t worry if you think you’re doing bad because Wormtail is pretty shit too.

If it’s ok with you, I’d like to put you in a group message with Wormtail and Prongs so we can update on where we’re at.

I think that’s all. Look through past messages if you’re unsure but I think it’ll be fine.

I look forward to seeing you on Saturday. I guess we won’t have any problems noticing each
other. I mean, I have a broken arm.

I guess I’ll wrap this up now. Have fun on your sexting adventure.

From Sirius
*

(10:31) I got your letter.

(10:32) Oh no

(10:32) It was lovely.

(10:34) Lovely?

(10:34) Yes.

(10:35) Oh.

(10:36) Ok. I’m glad you liked it.

(10:37) It almost makes up for the messages I’m being bombarded with.

(10:39) Almost?

(10:40) Next time write me a poem.

(10:41) Done.

(10:41) He ‘misses me’ and ‘wishes I were there with him’.

(10:44) Yeah, he’s clingy like that.

(10:44) And he sends this stuff to all the contacts?

(10:47) Yeah, pretty much.

(10:48) So not only is he a creep, but he’s an unfaithful creep.

(10:49) Do you feel betrayed?

(10:50) I just can’t believe he’d do something like this to me. I thought we would be together forever.

(10:52) Love dies, Remus.

(10:52) Oh, that’s depressing.

(10:53) Sorry. How’s your replying ability?

(10:53) Awkward, but he doesn’t seem to notice.

(10:55) Good good.
Oh, and it's fine, by the way.

Hm?

Group message with Prongs and Wormtail.

Oh, cool. Alright. We’ll do that tonight, then, try and tire Slughorn a little more.

God, if I can, sure.

Thanks Moony. I appreciate this.

Anything for the war effort.

* 

Wednesday PM

WHAT IF HE DOESN’T TURN UP?

WHAT IF HE SEES ME BEFORE I SEE HIM AND HE DECIDES TO LEAVE

Don’t be an idiot.

WHAT IF HE THINKS MY HAIR IS STUPID

I feel like you’re projecting your own fears onto actions he might take.

As insightful as that was, Prongs, it’s entirely wrong and you should be ashamed.

You should be ashamed! Stop trying to chicken out.

I’m not chickening out! I’m just worried it’ll all go to shit and it can’t be like it was.

So you’re saying you just wanna text this guy for the rest of your life?

We can text our vows to each other, I don’t see why it’s a problem.

Meeting him will be good for you.

Meeting him may potentially ruin me.

Stop being a big baby and drink some cement.

Wow Prongs you really know how to put a guy at ease.

You’re being irrational. We’ve been over this.

Look, I’ll come with you if you want.

…Really?

Yes, of course, Padfoot.
(2:08) *Just as like... a backup. In case something goes wrong.*

(2:09) *Yes Sirius.*

(2:09) *Ok.*

(2:10) *Ok. Now stop sending me freak out messages.*

(2:11) *Never.*

* 

(3:45) *I’m going to be in a group message with his friends.*

(3:46) *Is that a problem?*

(3:46) *It’s daunting. It would be like him talking to you.*

(3:47) *I don’t understand.*

(3:48) *He’s more or less told me that they are the equivalent of being his family.*

(3:49) *You’ll do fine. You have an irresistible charm.*

(3:51) *You’re a liar.*

(3:51) *You have a cynical quirkiness?*

(3:53) *Getting better.*

(3:54) *They’ll love you. Just relax.*

(3:54) *I’m not good with new people.*

(3:56) *These are his people. Good people.*

(3:56) *Yeah. Yeah ok.*

(3:58) *Go blow ‘em away.*

(3:59) *Wow, weird, don’t do that again.*

(3:59) *Go away.*

* 

(5:23) *You busy?*

(5:24) *Dinner. Give me half an hour.*

(5:25) *Ok.*

* 

(5:50) *Ok, gentlemen, listen up.*
(5:51) You are not to, under any circumstances, insinuate more than friendship, tell random embarrassing stories, or ask him any questions about me/anything personal. Got this?

(5:52) Trying to save your own arse at the last minute, huh?

(5:53) Making sure you don’t make him severely uncomfortable.

(5:53) We’ll behave, Padfoot. Right, Wormy?

(5:54) Yeah, yeah.

(5:54) Ok. I’m adding him now. Really, guys.

(5:55) Yes, Padfoot, do it!

[Moony Was Added to the Conversation]

(5:56) Moony, this is Wormtail, and Prongs you’ve already met.

(5:56) Uh, hi.

(5:56) Hi.

(5:56) Hey, mate.

(5:57) Since I am out of action for this phase, I will be director and call on each of you to present your findings.

(5:57) Typical.

(5:57) Wormtail, don’t make me come over there and kick you in the shins. Tell us your findings first.

(5:58) My findings? He’s a kinky bastard and I think I need therapy!

(5:58) That's pretty much what I’ve come to find, too.

(5:59) Moony?

(5:59) Yeah, I don't know how you three can sit in a classroom with him.

(6:00) Trust me, it has become increasingly difficult.

(6:00) Any sign of tiring? Boredom? ANYTHING?

(6:00) Padfoot, I think the plan has backfired.

(6:01) He’s really into it, mate.

(6:01) I’m making dick puns and he’s still enjoying it.

(6:02) Dick puns?

(6:02) It’s really not that hard.

(6:02) Hah.
(6:03) Do you have a Plan B, Padfoot?

(6:03) I’m thinking. Give me a moment.

(6:03) This will be a while.

(6:04) I can still read your messages, Prongs.

(6:04) Then you can read about me and Wormtail tell embarrassing stories.

(6:04) I SAID THAT WAS FORBIDDEN.

(6:05) OK OK STOP THROWING THINGS AT ME

(6:05) I DIDN’T EVEN SAY ANYTHING CUT IT OUT

(6:05) Are you all together but still texting each other?

(6:06) We gotta talk to you somehow, mate.

(6:06) We thought a phone call would get messy.

(6:06) Oh. Ok.

(6:07) Padfoot, any ideas yet?

(6:07) We need to find a way to make him unsubscribe himself. That’s preferable bc it makes phase four more affective.

(6:08) So, we need to make him as uncomfortable as we are?

(6:08) Are you suggesting we suggest even more unsavory things?

(6:09) Yes. We need to weird him out so much he wants us to stop messaging him all together.

(6:09) Moony, you’re a genius!

(6:09) Except there’s always the risk that… he’d be into it?

(6:09) Unless he’s really wrong on the inside, I don’t think he’d be into calling his text babe ‘mummy’.

(6:10) That’s awful.

(6:10) Exactly! The weirder the better. Then he’ll be forced to call it quits.

(6:11) Men, are you up to the challenge?

(6:11) I’ve read Wormtail’s diary, I think I have few things to go on.

(6:11) Fuck off! Don’t tell me I have to hide it again.

(6:12) “I got my first kiss tonight”

(6:12) “She tasted like orange juice”
“She gave me her phone number but I don’t think she remembers it happening”

I’M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU TWO

SHIT

HE’S ON A RAMPAGE

MOONY CALL THE POLICE

TELL LILY I LOVE HER

TELL LILY /I/ LOVE HER

WHAT THE FUCK PADFOOT

NO TIME TO TALK THE RAT HAS BEEN UNLEASHED

It’s been a pleasure talking with you Moony, and I’m sure Sirius would say the same, but I’m afraid he’s a little dead at the moment.

That’s a pity, but I suppose it can’t be helped.

I’m sorry to say so. I can resume the role of boyfriend if need be.

What?

WORMTAIL YOU ARE GROUNDED

LISTEN ‘I, ROBOT.’ I’M GOING TO POUND YOUR FACE IN

Ok, they’re actually going at it. I might as well release you.

Have fun… cleaning that up.

Hah, yeah, one’s got asthma and the other’s got one arm. Not a lot of damage is happening here.

Pleasure talking to you, Prongs. And Wormtail too.

Yeah, you too mate.

Wormtail made my nose bleed.

Reading someone’s diary is very harsh, though. I’m on his side.

Ugh, you would be. Goody goody.

Decent human being.

I’m literally bleeding here.

Poor baby Pads with his ickle dripping nose.
I hate you.

You don’t mean it.

Of course not.

Um, this might be really stupid but

Did they like me?

Did who

OH

Remus, of course.

Just… I didn’t say much.

But you came up with the master alternative! Really, Moony, stop fretting. They like you.

Ok. Just. Hoping I wasn’t embarrassing.

Moony, don’t be silly.

If anything, I’m embarrassed. Sorry about Wormtail.

What about Wormtail?

The… thing he said. Boyfriend thing. idk it was uncalled for.

Oh that.

It just took me a while to understand what he was, uh, insinuating?

Haha, yeah. Um. So. Sorry about that.

It’s fine.

Ok. How’s your creepy texting going?

Well, so far. He keeps trying to steer it away from the weird stuff and I won’t relent.

Good to hear. You’re a true soldier, Moony.

How are they doing?

Wormtail is the King of Uncomfortable, and he’s giving Prongs a hand.

Cool. It’s all going swimmingly then.

Yeah, you could say that.

Are we still ok for Saturday?

Yep! Hope you don’t mind arm slings.
Do you have a cast?

No. But you can still write on it if you want.

I’ll have to think of something clever then.

Just don’t do a Wormtail and start calling me by robot names.

Oh, is that what the ‘I, Robot,’ thing was about?

Yeah. I told him I have metal rods in my arm and now he won’t stop.

I like it. I have to get up early tomorrow, so I should go to sleep.

Damn, Moony, how early?

Like, early. Eight in the morning. Alice is going to kill me this way.

My thoughts and prayers are with you.

Thanks. Good night, Wall-E.

Good night, Eve.

* 

Thursday AM

Get in loser, we’re going shopping.

I’m going to push you in front of a bus.

* 

Up bright and early, Moonlight?

I am yawning as we speak. Why are you up?

Prongs was snoring again, so I’ve been awake since four.

Surely you’d just hit him and wake him up?

I have learned through the years that it does nothing. He also hits back in his sleep. He’s a strong guy.

You could always try strangulation. I’ve smothered Alice before. I got a huge lecture on it, but it worked.

You attempted to kill another human being for a night's sleep. That’s strong motive. Totally.

I was six! And tired! If it makes you feel better, I’ve never tried it again.

I hope not. That would be manslaughter.

You are the murderer.
(8:38) You’ll find out on Saturday, won’t you?

(8:38) So it’s still happening?

(8:40) Still happening. We should probably figure out what we’re going to do.

(8:41) Oh. Right. I’ll think and get back to you.

(8:42) I can live with that.

(8:44) Cool. Why are you up so early, anyway?

(8:46) Walking with Alice and then we are … shopping.

(8:47) Shopping?

(8:47) For clothes. For me. Send help.

(8:51) Why on Earth would you submit yourself to that?

(8:52) You can’t tell Alice no. And I guess it’s also greatly needed.

(8:53) Surely there’ll be cardigans?

(8:56) She says jumpers and sweaters I’m afraid.

(8:57) That will do just as well.

(8:57) Do you have a thing for knitwear?

(8:58) And?

(8:58) Strange, is all.

(8:59) It’s endearing.

(9:01) Wool is endearing.

(9:03) Stop questioning it, Moony.

(9:04) Sorry, sorry. I’ll leave you and the polyester be.

(9:05) Feels nice, ok?

(9:06) Ok C3PO, I believe you.

(9:07) Wormtail has already used that one.

(9:09) Looks like I have competition.

(9:09) Ok, Alice says I have to stop texting unless you’re going to provide constructive criticism.

(9:11) I do have a lot of opinions on knitwear.

(9:13) Yeah, too many.
(9:15) I’ll leave you to it.

(9:16) Please don’t, she wants my opinions on things.

(9:18) Always pick the second option she provides you. It means the first one was so shit that she had to get something else.

(9:20) You’re a genius.

(9:23) Oh, you flatter me.

(9:24) You’re kinda smart sometimes?

(9:26) You’re kinda a smartarse sometimes.

(9:26) Ok I have to physically put things on now.

(9:28) Do I get to provide opinions on that?

(9:28) Saturday.

(9:30) Excellent. I look forward to it.

(9:31) Yeah.

(9:31) Me too.

*

(9:45) Why’s there pink shit everywhere?

(9:45) Are you being for real here?

(9:45) It’s Valentine’s Day tomorrow.

(9:47) Oh. Nobody told me.

(9:47) Why else would we decorate the entire building with hearts? In February?

(9:49) It’s February?

(9:51) Are you sure you didn’t break your brain?

(9:54) We can’t be certain, but there is a strong probability.

(9:54) If it is broken, I think it’s also safe to say it happened before Sunday.

(9:57) So I guess you and Lily will be going out tomorrow or something?

(9:57) Uh, is that a problem?

(9:59) No, it just means I have to deal with a drunk, weeping Wormtail on my own.

(10:02) Just give him some paper and a pen and tell him to write his feelings. Save the page so we can read it later.
(10:05) I think he would literally kill us this time.

(10:06) Probably.

(10:07) So, it is Valentine’s Day tomorrow…

(10:09) Yes, I have been informed.

(10:10) And you’re meeting Moony the day after…

(10:13) Spill it, Potter, what are you getting at?

(10:14) Well is it like… a date?

(10:17) Prongs I didn’t even know it was Valentine’s Day.

(10:17) Did he, though?

(10:19) He’s not mentioned it.

(10:21) Maybe he thought he didn’t need to?

(10:23) Oh my god

(10:24) Am I going on a date?!

(10:25) Idk, man, are you??

(10:27) Idk. Idk idk idk idk

(10:28) I’ve never been on a date before. Tell me now, Man Who Has Dated, am I going on a date?

(10:29) I went on a date with a girl I’m actually dating! So I don’t know!

(10:31) And if I recall correctly, it was Moony that decided what my own actual date would be.

(10:33) Ok. OK I THINK IT’S GOING TO BE FINE

(10:34) ???

(10:37) We haven’t decided what we’re going to do yet, but if Moony suggests the museum or the beach then I will know if he thinks it’s a date.

(10:37) Why the museum or the beach?

(10:39) Irrelevant, I just know things.

(10:41) Ok. And if he suggests, like, the movies or something? That’s still pretty date-y.

(10:43) I think regardless of what we pick, it will sound date-y.

(10:45) Why don’t you just… nip it in the bud?

(10:46) And what?
(10:47) Just ask him on a date.

(10:49) We’ve not even met, Prongsy, I think that would be jumping the gun.

(10:51) Whatever you say.

*

Thursday PM

(2:41) I’ve had to explain to Alice the sexting service and she is thoroughly weirded out.

(2:43) Why did you have to explain it to her?

(2:44) Second mobile phone. She thought I was involved in some illegal business.

(2:46) Well, technically, he is messaging under aged minors.

(2:47) Excellent, I’m Lolita now.

(2:49) How’s it going, anyway?

(2:51) Uh, he’s telling me he’s not interested and I’ve told him if he wants to stop he can unsubscribe, but he insists we just talk about something else.

(2:53) I think I need a new brain after this activity.

(2:56) Yeah, I owe Wormtail and Prongs a new brain too. They hate me.

(2:58) I know I asked for this but I can see where they’re coming from.

(2:58) What is this leading to, Padfoot?

(3:01) You’ll see. You’ll see.

(3:02) Ok then.

(3:02) How’s Sheba doing?

(3:04) Swimmingly.

(3:05) Oh my god.

(3:05) You set yourself up for it.

(3:06) They don’t even do anything. So much for company.

(3:07) They do the best they can! You don’t appreciate them enough.

(3:09) I’ll appreciate them once they started back flipping or talking or something.

(3:11) You have high standards.

(3:12) Don’t worry, you make the cut.

(3:14) I’m honoured. How was shopping?

(3:17) But was the objective met?

(3:17) Objective?

(3:19) No one randomly gets a wardrobe change.

(3:20) Oh. Well. Alice seems pretty pleased that I will be, uh, presentable on Saturday.

(3:21) I can't believe I told you.

(3:23) AW REMUS

(3:23) Shut up

(3:25) You could turn up in a garbage bag and I'd be pleased.

(3:26) Usually when someone turns up in a garbage bag, it means they're dead.

(3:28) Dead or not, your presence is all I require.

(3:28) So if I turn up on Saturday and suddenly forget how to hold conversation?

(3:32) I can just stare at your pretty face the whole time.

(3:33) Don't forget my pretty clothes.

(3:35) And of course your pretty clothes.

(3:35) That's reassuring. Because it may be likely that I won't know what to say when I see you. Just warning.

(3:38) We don't have to speak.

(3:38) If you know what I mean.

(3:39) Oh my god

(3:39) Upstairs brain, Sirius!

(3:41) Hehehe

(3:42) Sorry.

(3:42) Does it make you uncomfortable when I say stuff like that?

(3:45) Not uncomfortable just

(3:45) I never know how to reply unless it's to admonish you.

(3:48) Surely you've had some practice by now.

(3:49) Oh god no let's not go into that territory

(3:50) I'm not going to repeat to you what I sext a creepy man.
Fine, fine.

I'll get there.

No pressure, Moony, I'm just having fun.

I know.

I should get going to my detention now.

You still have it, even with your broken arm?

Yep. She's wicked, that McGooGoo.

Go sweep her off her feet.

I always do.

* 

Are you sleeping?

Nope.

[Calling Padfoot]

"What's up?"

"Nothing. Bored."

"Ok. Hold on."

Alright. I'm the bathroom. Now I don't have to whisper."

"Ok. How was detention?"

"She made me clean the Home Ec room. One handed. That's like... slave labour."

"Was there whipping?"

"No, but it sounds like the kind of thing she'd be into."

"Loin cloths?"

"No, unfortunately."

"This is all very disappointing."

"I'm so sorry, Moony! Next time I'll make my detention and torture all the more gruesome for you."

"Just as I hoped. I want there to be a stretching rack."

"Breaking on the wheel?"
"Drawn and quartered."

"Water boarding."

"Iron Maiden."

"Shit, Moony, I'm all out."

"That's a weak effort, Padfoot. I expected more from your knowledge of medieval torture devices."

"Bamboo shoots under the nails?"

"Bold and the Beautiful."

"Those dreams you have where you are naked and on the toilet but everyone can see you and they keep telling you to hurry up while you try to cover your bits but actually it's not a dream and it's really happening to you."

“…What?”

“I was dreaming earlier. It got weird.”

“I think those are the sorts of things you tell your therapist.”

“You don't count?"

“I think I've told you before that I'm not a psychologist.”

“No, but you are like my own personal confessional.”

“Really?”

“Uh huh. Does that surprise you?”

“Surprises me that you don't share some of this stuff with Prongs or something.”

“Oh. Nah. I mean, not that he wouldn't get it or he wouldn't be helpful but he's better at some things more than others.”

“I see. You're the same for me, in case you were wondering.”

“But you used to see an actual psychologist.”

“There's only so many times they can say the words ‘cognitive intervention’ before I tune them out.”

“What’s cognitive intervention?”

“Changing the way I think so everything seems a little bit more hopeful.”

“Do you… is that a problem for you?”

“Don’t worry Padfoot, I’m alright.”

“That's not really answering the question.”
“Sometimes it’s hard. It’s getting easier though.”

“Well, that’s good.”

“This is really embarrassing, but it’s gotten better since… you.”

“…Oh.”

“Well, that’s good. So, I actually called you because. Um. It’s not a great night.”

“Ok. I get that. Like, I understand Remus. But, because it’s different for everyone… what can I do?”

“Just talk to me about the most pointless shit you can think of.”

“We have kittens!”

“What?”

“Our school has a family of cats living here and they had kittens. I’ve named them.”

“Of course you have. You have to named everything.”

“Helps build a connection.”

“You literally named me.”

“…Helps build a connection.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Stop laughing at me. Do you want to know the cat names or not?”

“Would they be considered the step siblings of Sheba?”

“Of course. I don’t know how well they would get along though.”

“There’s always tension when new children are introduced.”

“The mother cat is named Patches.”

“Splotchy cat?”

“How’d you guess?”

“Just a hunch.”

“Named after Patches O’Houlihan.”

“From… that Dodge Ball movie?”

“Yep!”

“Incredible. You’re incredible.”

“I’ve named another one Dorkus, Caramel, and Tiny Tim. The other ones don’t come out to
“Why hasn’t your school gotten rid of them? Not that I condone the culling of stray cats or anything...”

“The janitor refuses anyone to touch them. They came from his own feral cat, whose name I will not speak. BUT OH AND I NAMED ANOTHER ONE MINERVA.”

“You seem really excited about that one.”

“That’s because it’s McGonagall’s first name.”

“You named a cat after your head of house?”

“Stop sounding so surprised, Moony.”

“I don’t understand how, but you just keep astounding me.”

“I’m taking that as a compliment.”

“Might as well.”

“You honour me most profoundly Moony – oh, hi Gid. Moony, say hi to Gideon.”

“Oh my god – hello, Gideon.”

“He says hi. He’s taking a piss now – don’t aim at me you freak!”

“I thought you said you were in the bathroom?”

“You don’t have toilets in your bathroom?”

“No, we keep it in a separate room so this sort of thing doesn’t happen.”

“Well I can tell you now, it doesn’t happen to me often. Gid, don’t you have any kind words to give to Remus? ...He just asked ‘the fuck is a Remus?’ He’s a charming bloke, really.”

“He can say all he wants about me.”

“You’re still hung about the stair thing, huh? Hey Gid, I told Moony about the time you threw me down some stairs and now he’s scared of you.”

“Hey, don’t tell him that!”

“He’s just laughing. Let’s just not tell him we think Fabian is better looking.”

“I would like Gideon to know that I have no preference over the brothers.”

“Ok - Moony says he’ll have the both of you!”

“Padfoot!”

“Ok, ok. Gideon, you’re dismissed. No no, we’ve had our fun – oi! He splashed water at me.”

“I understand the sentiment.”
“It’s suddenly occurred to me that you may very well cause me real injury when we meet.”

“I do have a lot of pent up annoyance at you.”

“Please be gentle with me.”

“That would defeat the purpose.”

“Can I ask for a safe word?”

“Supercalafragalisticexpialadoshus.”

“Are you fucking with me?”

“Of course.”

“Smartarse.”

“Ok, ok, precious. I should probably sleep now.”

“Yeah, ok. Alright.”

“Uh… thank you. For talking. About shit.”

“I was talking about my kittens, Remus, how dare you call them shit!”

“I'm sorry, thank you for talking to me about your kittens.”

“You’re most welcome. Tell me, ya know, whenever you need me to talk about my kittens.”

“Ok. Thanks, Pads. Good night.”

“’Night, Moony. I'll talk to you tomorrow.”

“Talk to you tomorrow.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Friday AM

(9:23) When the Moony

(9:24) Hits your eye

(9:24) Like a big

(9:24) Pizza pie

(9:25) That's a moreeeeeee

(9:25) What?

(9:27) I'm serenading you.
Are you? Really? Is that what's really happening here?

Do you mean to say that you are not, in fact, swooning?

There was no dance number.

I have a broken arm, Moony! This is all I can give.

Needs work then.

Spoil sport. Very well. I'll try harder next time.

I'm a little worried now.

Nonsense, Mooncakes. It'll be fun for everyone!

Not filling me with confidence here.

You'll see, Moony. I'll have you fawning all over me by the end of the day.

I'm terrified.

*

GOT ME LOOKIN SO CRAAAAAZY RIGHT NOW

Oh no

YOUR LOVES GOT ME LOOKIN SO CRAAAAAZY RIGHT NOW

Stop!

LOOKIN SO CRAZY IN LOVE GOT ME LOOKN GOT ME LOOKIN SO CRAZY IN LOOOOOOVE!

Why are you doing this to me?

Everyone loves Beyonce, Moony, and don't lie and tell me you don't.

I don't like Beyonce.

Don't even talk to me Remus, you've crossed a line and I don't think we can be friends.

I'm sorry.

You're lucky you're cute.

I'm feeling you're a more old timey-wimey music person.

What does that mean?

A bit of Hey Jude?

Maybe not.

Come on Moony, don't make it bad.
I'm not?

Take a sad song and make it better.

Oh god I nearly fell for it.

Don't let it under your skin.

Still isn't working.

Damn. I'll be back, just you wait.

Oh, and how I look forward to it.

Hey there, Moony, what's it like in your bedroom?

I'm a thousand miles away but boy tonight you look so pretty

Yes you doooooooooooooo

Nope.

Why not Moony I'm trying my hardest!

It didn't even rhyme.

This is a lot more difficult than it looks, you know.

Why are you doing this, anyway?

I have been informed that it's Valentine's Day.

Oh.

It is?

Uh huh. The school's decked out in hearts and naked babies.

I guess that explains why my parents aren't home and Alice isn't answering my texts.

Yeah, I get to spend quality time with a pissed and lonely Wormtail tonight.

Hang on, your idea of Valentine's gestures was... singing?

Admittedly, there are some flaws in the plan.

Some?

Don't diss my singing!

You haven't technically sung.

Is that a challenge?
Absolutely not!!

ttyl, I'm about to get busted for texting

Ok

No singing!

*

[Calling Moony]

"...I feel like I'm going to regret answering."

"MOONY TAKE ME SOMEWHERE WE CAN BE ALONE-"

"Sirius, no!"

"I'LL BE WAITING, ALL THAT'S LEFT TO DO IS RUN-"

"This is - oh my god."

"YOU'LL BE THE PRINCE AND I'LL BE... well, also the prince."

"Holy fucking god."

"IT'S A LOVE STORY MOONY JUST SAY YES."

"You are the worst thing that's happened to me."

"How do you think I feel? I'm in the Great Hall."

"Oh my god."

"I may or may not have leapt up on the table."

"No."

"Yes. It's ok, no one's really noticed. They're all doing their own thing. Wow, even Wormtail."

"With the girl he kissed?"

"I can't tell, there's this ombre hair fad so I can't tell them apart - oh, yes I think it is. Freckles."

"You don't just remember people by features, right?"

"Why not? Prongs was 'Glasses' for three weeks until I actually spoke to him. Wormtail was 'Sweaty'."

"You're so charming."

"I was a little shit, but the names have become kinder in recent years."

"Glad to hear it."
"Well, then, are you falling to my feet?"

"You're unbelievable."

"There's no hiding your love any longer, Remus. We all know."

"As strange as it was, you're actually quite a good singer."

"Oh. Thanks, man. Ah. Ok."

"Oh my goodness, has it happened? Have I made the incredible flirting extraordinaire Sirius Black blush?"

"N-never!"

"You're a liar."

"Don't tell anyone, it'll ruin my reputation."

"Are you kidding me? I'm marking this on a calendar."

"Sure, you explain to everyone how to made me blush on Valentine's Day."

"A suggestive wink will be enough to make them blush."

"Oh, Moony, you fox."

"I can't be contained any longer."

"I look forward to this. Ok - I have to get to class now."

"Thanks for the serenade."

"My pleasure, Moonpie."

[Call Disconnected]

*

Friday PM

(9:12) Slughorn asked for the Valentine's Special so now I'm telling him about my various cats I keep as boyfriends.

(9:13) If I were an animal, Moony, I'd be a dog.

(9:13) I wasn't really talking about you, but at least I have that piece of information now.

(9:15) So he hasn't unsubscribed yet?

(9:16) No. I asked him if he had a Valentines this year and he said no and I called him a loser AND HE IS STILL MESSAGING.

(9:18) Damn, this guy is incredible.

(9:21) I'm beyond admiration now. I'm starting to think he's a bit thick.
Tell him about the time you spent Valentine's Day eating ice cream and watching Marley and Me.

Oh, you mean the movie where the dog dies? Excellent, sure.

Rude!!

So are you nursing an intoxicated Wormtail?

No, Wormy's with Freckles.

Padfoot.

Ok, her name is Amelia.

Are you on your own?

Nah, I'm with Gid and Fab. Are you on your own?

I have Sheba.

God bless Sheba. Hey, what are we doing tomorrow?

Oh God, I've been thinking so much about it happening that I haven't actually thought about what we'd do.

Well, you're near the Three Broomsticks, right?

Yeah.

Maybe we can just meet there and decide from there.

Ok. What time? I don't know how close you are, but it'd be a ten minute bus ride for me.

Getting there at ten won't mean I have to wake especially early, so.

Ok. The Three Broomsticks at ten?

Yeah. If that's cool for you.

Yeah, of course.

Alright.

[Calling Padfoot]

"Just calling to make sure we're all good for tomorrow."

"Smartarse."

"It's always good to double check."

"Triple check."

"Quadruple check. Yeah."
"Moony?"

"Mm?"

"I'm gonna be honest. I'm nervous."

"Haha, me too, Padfoot. I'm terrified."

"Ok. As long as that's out in the open."

"Yep. I should add, though... it's also the good kind of nervous."

"Oh, yeah, me too. Like, to put it lamely, butterflies. That's so sappy."

"Hah, I know what you mean though. Actually, I think I've got a lion in there."

"Would you like a lion in you?"

"Oh my god! Is now really the time?"

"I told you I was nervous!"

"So you're a nervous flirter. Just my luck."

"I should think you're incredibly lucky, Moony."

"I am. It's not everyday I get hot boys flirting with me."

"Which is a real crime."

"I guess I'll just have to settle for you."

"Settle? How dare you. I'm deluxe."

"Optimum male."

"Prestige."

"I guess I'll find out soon enough."

"Yeah. Yeah."

"Ok. I should get to sleep, even though I don't think I'll be sleeping that much tonight."

"Same. Happy Valentine's. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Happy Valentine's. Cya Padfoot. Love you."

"What?!"

"Oh my god!"

"Did you-"

"No, oh my god! I'm so sorry! Damnit, I do this all the time!"
"OH MY GOD, MOONY."

"I'M SORRY, IT'S A REFLEX. I SAID IT TO THE PIZZA BOY YESTERDAY."

"You're cheating on me with the pizza boy?"

"Well, he does have pizza, which is what I look for in a partner."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"This is mortifying."

"Don't worry about it, Moonray. Love ya too."

"I hate you."

[Calling Disconnected]

*

Saturday AM

(9:15) Rise and shine, hot stuff.

(9:16) Hello.

(9:16) That's not very enthusiastic.

(9:17) HELLO MY ONE AND ONLY.

(9:19) There we are. Ready?

(9:21) Yes. Definitely.


(9:26) Ok. I'll see you in, like, half an hour.


(9:28) See ya soon.

*

(10:04) Ok, I'm here.

(10:12) Youuuuuuuuu are not.

(10:23) Moony

(10:30) Come on man this isn't funny.

(10:35) Remus?

(10:43) At least answer me, man.
*  

(10:45) **James I've been stood up.**  
(10:46) He's probably freaking out in a bathroom somewhere. Be patient.  
(10:47) **It's been nearly an hour! He's not answering my messages.**  
(10:47) Give him another ten.  
(10:48) **Ok.**  
*  

(10:58) **Reeeeeeemus**  
(10:59) **If you're freaking out in a bathroom somewhere**  
(10:59) **Like**  
(10:59) **Don't**  
(11:00) ????  
*  

(11:01) **He's still not here.**  
(11:01) Call him?  
*  

*[Calling Moony]*  
"*Hi, this is Remus. I can't answer at the moment, clearly. Leave a message.*"  
*  

(11:03) **He's not answering. James he's not fucking answering**  
(11:03) Ok ok calm down. I'm coming.  
(11:04) **Jesus Christ**  
*  

**Saturday PM**  
(1:34) *If you didn't want to meet you could have just told me. I would have understood.*  
(1:45) *Ignoring me isn't going to make me any happier.*  
(1:50) *I am trying very hard not to be angry.*  
(1:57) **REMUS?!**
(2:13) Fucking hell

*

(4:21) I just hope you know how embarrassing that was.

*

(8:35) It's only just occurred to me that something could have happened to you.

(8:47) You'll forgive me if I hope so.

*

Sunday AM

[Calling Padfoot]

"What."

"Oh my god, Sirius, I am so sorry."

"Just. What."

"I - well, I didn't stand you up on purpose, for one. You should know that immediately. Sirius, I want nothing more than to see you. Really."

"Ok."

"My parents, they're going away starting tomorrow and I was meant to stay at Alice's but her dad can't do it."

"The point, Remus."

"I was ambushed in the kitchen on my way out and now I'm on a bus to some summer camp for the chronically ill and disabled, despite the fact it's not even fucking summer."

"What?"

"In ten minutes I won't even be in the country."

"Oh. My god."

"I can't stay on my own without someone there who knows how to help me in case of an emergency. So while my parents holiday in France I get... Wales. Which I'm sure is lovely but I've lost all interest in the place."

"You're babbling."

"I'm so sorry, Sirius, I really, truly am. When I told them I was seeing you, my dad kind of freaked out a little because I 'didn't actually know who you were and you could be some nut case' - so he took my phone from me for the day. I didn't mean to ignore you or ditch you or humiliate you and I'm so sorry."

"Hey, hey, it's ok. I mean, it wasn't at the time, but I get it now. You're ok, Remus."
"I'm sorry."

"Stop apologising."

"I don't think I can."

"Hey, you're not - are you cry-"

"Shush. Don't mention it."

"Ok. Sorry."

"Now you need to stop apologising."

"This is a mess."

"This is fucking awful, to be honest."

"Yeah. Pretty fucking awful. How long's the camp?"

"Two weeks."

"This sounds like a prison sentence."

"Yeah. Some forewarning would have been nice."

"Yeah, it would have. For both of us."

"Shit, I was so ready."

"Hey, it's alright. You're not really going to prison."

"So you're not going to send me pin-up shots for lonely nights?"

"That's not what I said."

"I promise I won't share with Big Bob the Phlegmy Cell Mate."

"Hah. We'll get there. I'll see you when I get back. You, me, and Sheba can have a welcome home party."

"Oh shit."

"What?"

"I forgot about Sheba."

"What's that suppose to mean?!"

"Molly - our family friend, she's house sitting, but she doesn't know about Sheba. Molly's not staying there."

"You're not going to let Sheba starve, are you?"

"I'm in no position to collect them."
"I. Well. I could get Sheba."

"It's just a goldfish, Sirius."

"How dare you. That's SHEBA the goldfish. You can't just let another creature die!"

"You could get Sheba?"

"If that's not weird."

"No. Just. No, ok, it is a weird suggestion."

"Just an offer."

"Didn't say I wasn't considering it. Admittedly, I am quite fond of Sheba."

"Fond enough to forget about them?"

"I said I was fond of them, not in love with them. Jeez."

"Well, I do know where you live. Wow that sounded threatening. But you know."

"Yeah. Ok. Molly should be there tomorrow morning to see my parents off - they leave at eleven, so avoid them at all costs."

"Ok. Will Molly just let me in?"

"You tell her you're a friend of mine and it'll be fine. She'll tell you where to go."

"Ok. Alright. I'm getting Sheba."

"Thanks, Padfoot. And I'm sorry, again."

"Don't swea- it, -emus. We're get- closer."

"You're breaking up a bit - fuck, ok, we're getting into the middle of nowhere now."

"-Kay, talk to you -ater, Remus."

"I'll see you soon, Padfoot."

"Soon."

[Call Disconnected]

*

Drafts of Sirius' letter to Remus:

Dear Moony Remus Moon Remus "Moony" Lupin

I am writing to inform you that the phone has arrived. Well obviously, actually. I mean it came with this letter. This is stupid and redundant.
I’m an idiot,

Sirius Black Sirius Padfoot

- 

Dear Lupin

I have never called you by your last name before and it’s weird. I mean, it’s a lovely name. Very cool. Everyone loves werewolves. But calling you Lupin is very formal and strange. Especially since I imagine us

No that’s weird I’m going to stop.

From Black

- 

To: Remus

RE: Phone

Subject Title: Hi!

Body: I’m a fucking loser.

- 

Dear Remus

Um. Hi. I’m sorry about the state of my hand writing. Who even hand writes letters anymore? This guy. Me. Sirius Black. Biggest dickhead to walk the earth.

I’m just kidding, there’s always Prongs.

Do I talk about him too much? I probably do. Don’t tell him that though, it’ll go to his head, and we just got it deflated and everything.


- 

Dear Remus

Here’s the phone. Like I said, I promise I haven’t stalked you. I put this in the post box and everything. I put on four whole stamps. The woman at the post office said one would be enough but
I couldn’t pick between them. My favourite’s the werewolf because it reminds me of you

Shit

-

Dear Remus

I’m sorry I’m emotionally stunted and I’m terrified about seeing you on Saturday but I won’t tell you that because I know you’ll think it’s your fault but it’s not Remus you are the most amazing person I have ever known and I don’t know what kind of person I would be if I hadn’t accidentally texted the wrong number like trust me to make the best mistake of my life out of a slip of the finger this is so stupid because I haven’t even met you yet but thinking about you and thinking about seeing you gives me butterflies and that’s so sappy and lame it makes me groan at my own stupidity but secretly I hope it’s like this for you too.

I am never ever ever ever ever ever ever sending this letter ever.

From a Very Embarrassed Sirius Black

-

Dear Remus

I didn’t use to believe in fate

-

Dear Remus

Why am I so shithouse at writing letters? You would know the answer. You know the answer to everything. You’re like an enigma. WHY IS THIS SO HARD??

-

Dear Remus

I'm a buff baby that can dance like a man, I can shake-a my fanny, I can shake-a my can! I'm a tough tootin' baby, I can punch-a your buns!

Punch-a your buns, I can punch all your buns! If you're an evil witch, I will punch you for fun!

-

Dear Remus
You’re a sexy lady – wait. The phone I mean. Ah bugger all of this.

Dear Remus,

I couldn’t let this opportunity pass without writing to you. Just a different form of media to message you, right? I don’t think you’ve seen the crop circles I’ve left for you. Don’t fret, they were just nudes.

Your phone contact is called May-Sue. You’re blonde, double D, like it up the backside. Hey, at least that part is consistent for you. I will refuse to make an anal joke here.

He’ll usually text at break and lunch, which is 10:30-10:50 and then 12:00-1:00. But you can text him all day. I encourage it, even. Tell me if he tries to unsubscribe.

Oh, and don’t worry if you think you’re doing bad. I’m sure you fantastic at it because Wormtail is pretty shit too.

If it’s ok with you, I’d like to put you in a group message with Wormtail and Prongs so we can update on where we’re at. I need them to approve of you too.

I think that’s all. Look through past messages if you’re unsure practice with me if you’re really concerned but I think you’ll it’ll be fine.

I look forward to seeing you on Saturday. Like, really looking forward to the point where I don’t want it to happen. I guess we won’t have any problems noticing each other. I mean, I have a broken arm. You have a gorgeous face, or so I’ve been told.

I guess I’ll wrap this up now. Have fun on your sexting adventure without me.

Love From Sirius

Chapter End Notes

1. Do you know how hard it is to write a conversation between four teenage boys without using the word "seriously"? Very. Very very hard.
2. Fourth wall, what fourth wall?
3. Oh, I’m sorry. I’m so so sorry.
Week 8

Chapter Summary

House visits, Operation Salt: Completed, Sheep Wars, and a surprise.

warning: homophobic slurs and homophobia spoken about (not depicted)

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold
Remus is italics
James is regular.
Peter is underlined
Alice is everything.

IMPORTANT: chicleeblair brought to my attention the problem with Remus, Alice, and Frank each having cystic fibrosis. Because of the nature of the illness, bacteria can be transported very easily and make the person sick. In the case of cystic fibrosis, if this bacteria is transmitted from one person with CF to another person with CF, it could have fatal consequences. So it is often advised that people with CF do not stay within a few feet of each other to avoid this transmission and, basically, avoid killing each other.

Yikes.

So, from hence forth you should read the story with the assumption that Alice and Frank do not have CF. I have edited previous chapters so that it is not implied that they have CF. Although it is not discussed in the story, Alice has rheumatoid arthritis (whuddup girl, represent) and Frank has Type 1 Diabetes. This means the three could have still met in the hospital.

ALSO: A friend just pointed out and I forgot to mention - in this story Sirius and Tonks are not related. Why does everyone have to be related to everyone???? It's so messy. Too many connections that just become entangled. So yeah, if anyone was wondering!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(11:03) It has just occurred to me that you're skipping school to get my goldfish.

(11:04) The least I could do. Also means I get to ditch classes this morning.

(11:05) Are you going to get into trouble?

(11:07) Probably, but it's not like I can get any more detentions.

(11:09) Ok. If you say so.
(11:11) How's camping?

(11:12) Technically we can't actually camp. I can't even participate in the camp fires because of the smoke and shit lung combination. So it's more like a furnace house in the middle of a freaking field.

(11:15) At least you have reception.

(11:17) I have to hold the phone above my head as if I were praying to God to get my messages sent.

(11:19) Are you sure you're ok with me, like, being in your house?

(11:20) All in the name of Sheba.

(11:22) Ok. I'm at the front door. Tell me now if you change your mind.

(11:23) Go. Save the poor fish.

(11:23) Ok.

(11:30) Molly's lovely.

(11:32) She is.

(11:34) I haven't seen red hair like this except in Gid and Fab.

(11:35) It truly is monumental hair. Her husband isn't much better.

(11:36) She's making tea. Wow, nice lounge suite.

(11:37) Oh my god - it was my grandma's.

(11:39) Your grandma had class. Love me some florals.

(11:41) Don't bag out my dead grandma!

(11:43) I'm not!! It's comfy too. Molly insists I have some biscuits.

(11:45) She's like that.

(11:47) Could Molly not have looked after you?

(11:48) She has two kids, Padfoot! And I don't need 'looking after'.

(11:50) Ok, ok, sookie. Ooo I'm being led to the bedroom.

(11:50) Don't get weird.

(11:51) THE SMITHS??! YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS WHEN I WAS SERENADING YOU!

(11:52) I didn't want to give you ammunition.

(11:53) You're a cheat, Remus Lupin.

(11:54) Don't snoop through my stuff!
I'm not I'm not! It's just a big fucking poster, man. Oh my god Sheba.

Are they ok?

They're fine - uh, Remus?

Yeah?

How am I going to carry a bowl of water on the bus with one arm?

Carefully.

Helpful.

I'm sure you could put Sheba in a bag or something and carry them in that.

Fine. I hope Molly knows where to find those.

Plastic bags are in the bottom of the pantry.

Ok. Remus?

Yeah?

Don't freak out.

Well, now I am. What is it?

There are a lot of pictures in your house.

Oh. I didn't even consider that.

So I was right all along.

What?

YOU'RE FUCKING HOT YOU GODDAMN LIAR.

OH MY GOD STOP

I like the one on your desk. I assume the girl is Alice?

Yes. Oh my god this is terrible.

If you want terrible, I'll send you Wormtail's selfies and tell you they're mine.

You're so cruel to him.

He'd say the same about me.

If you want I could you a picture. You know, to be fair.

No, don't worry about it. How's Sheba doing?

They're all packed and ready.
(12:29) Ok. Good luck on your mission.

(12:30) Hah, yeah. Let's see how well this goes.

*

Monday PM

(1:23) PADFOOT WHY IS THERE A GOLDFISH IN OUR DORM?

(1:24) Oh, that's Sheba.

(1:25) WHO THE FUCK IS SHEBA? YOU'VE NOT REALLY ANSWERED MY QUESTION.

(1:26) That's. Um. Moony's goldfish.

(1:33) Prongs?

(1:34) I'M SORRY I'M JUST TRYING TO COMPREHEND WHY THE FUCK YOU WOULD HAVE MOONY'S GOLDFISH

(1:35) I told you, he's away on some camp. Someone needs to look after the goldfish.

(1:36) And you're the only friend he has to do the job????

(1:39) Calm down James, it's just a fish.

(1:40) HOW DID YOU ATTAIN THIS FISH?

(1:42) I went to his house and got it.

(1:43) Are you being difficult on purpose?

(1:45) No, I literally went to his house this morning to pick it up.

(1:46) WHY

(1:47) James I think we have joint custody of a fish.

(1:48) NO KIDDING. IF MRS NORRIS FINDS THIS

(1:49) She won't she won't!! No one will ever know. It's just for a fortnight.

(1:50) So you've never met the guy, but you've been to his house and now possess his goldfish??

(1:51) Yeah. Crazy, right?

(1:52) Understatement.

(1:53) I saw a picture of him.

(1:54) And?

(1:54) Wow.

(1:55) Uh huh?
He's a big fucking dork.

It's amazing.

If I have to hear you pine for the next two weeks...

Then you will know what the last six years have been like.

Dick.

Tosser. Are you in the dorm right now?

Yeah, spare period.

Could you feed Sheba?

What am I, Uncle James?

Please. Godfather James. We made a pact.

It's a sin to have children before marriage.

Yeah, bc me being with a bloke isn't the big sin here. It's a fish.

Fish are holy symbols and you've tainted it with your adultery.

Should I tell the big guy what you've been up to with Lily?

You tell God nothing.

Then keep your mouth shut about our fish.

*

I may have made a tactical error.

Oh, hello to you too, Remus.

Hello Alice.

I may have made a tactical error.

Yes, you said. How's Wales?


I don't. Never been to Wales before. It's must be nice over there.

Wet, sheep, nature. Stop making me repeat myself.

Maybe Frank and I will live in Wales.

Alice!!

Ok, ok, I'm just teasing. What error have you made?
I suddenly don't want to tell you.

What questionable decision have you made regarding Lover Boy now?

I

Well

Long story short, he has my fish.

You mean the fish you keep by the picture of us?

Yes, that fish.

You mean the… fish you keep in your room? Your house?

Yes. That fish.

Oh my god Remus. It takes me three years for you to talk to me, but you just let a stranger into your house?

You're odd.

You know how you said it was the fish by the picture of us?

Yeah?

He had to retrieve the fish which was by the picture of us. Me.

Oh. And?

He's still messaging me, which is always a good sign. But that's not the issue.

What's the issue then?

He offered to send me a picture of himself and I declined.

Do you regret that?

Yes and no. This will sound really sappy.

Go on.

I kinda wanted us to see each other for the first time in person.

But now that's been ruined.

Yeah. So I don't know if I hold out until we meet in person or make it fair and have a picture.

Pictures don't always look the same as in person.

Yeah. That is true.

So you think… wait?

I think so. You already have this ideal to see him for the first time in person. Keep that.
Doesn't matter if it's not the same for him.


(4:02) **Any idea when the new meeting will occur?**

(4:03) Oh, no. We haven't spoken about it. I think Sirius might still be a bit weary of me after last time.

(4:04) **I'm really sorry, Remus.**

(4:05) It's not your fault.

(4:06) **But we left it so last minute!**

(4:07) Yes, but you didn't physically remove me from the country. I don't blame you Alice, you're fine. I don't blame your dad, either.

(4:08) **He's so tired. And he's sorry too.**

(4:10) Tell your dad it's fine. Really.

(4:11) **Ok. Thank you.**

(4:12) No problem. Thank you.

*

(9:42) **Hey Remus**

[Message Failed. Send Again]

(9:45) **Hey Remus**

[Message Failed. Send Again]

(9:46) **MOONY!**

(9:47) Woah, what?!

(9:48) **Oh, nothing, just the message wouldn't send before.**

(9:51) Yeah, reception is shit out here. Sorry.

(9:52) **That's alright. Wait, did I wake you?**

(9:53) No. New bed and everything, can't sleep.

(9:54) **Excellent. Can I call you?**

(9:55) You could try, but I don't like your chances.

(9:56) **Ok, hang tight.**

[Calling Moony]
(10:03) Shit.

(10:04) Ah. Hang on, I have an idea.

(10:05) Ok.

[Answer: 9401****]

"…Moony?"

"Yeah, hi."

"What phone are you on?"

"Landline. It's outside though. I'm fucking freezing."

"Is it ok for you to be outside?"

"Yeah, I have a hot water bottle. God, Mum, stop fretting."

"Sorry. Don't want you catching pneumonia, ya know."

"I'll be fine. Couldn't sleep?"

"Nah. Tell me what it's like there."

"Alice asked the same, but there's not much to tell really. It's constantly raining, but that's no different from usual."

"How are the locals?"

"Baa-baric."

"What?"

"They're sheep, Padfoot. There's just a lot of sheep."

"Oh. No chance of running into Big Foot out there?"

"Don't rule it out. We are yet to go hiking."

"Really? Are you going to go hiking?"

"One of the compulsory activities, unless our health fails. I'm not saying I'm hoping for it, but…"

"Oh, Moony! A little walking never killed anyone."

"You underestimate the mountains of Wales."

"Hey, at least there won't be bears."
"Unless one of these sheep goes rabid, there won't be much to see there at all."

"Think of the positives, Moony."

"Like?"

"..."

"See, you don't even know."

"You just gotta… I don't know, pretend there's something waiting for you at the end."

"Imminent death."

"Well, duh, Moony, death is always waiting."

"Do you have any suggestions then?"

"Imagine… Brad Pitt at the end."

"Brad Pitt? Really?"

"You don't think so?"

"Not really, no."

"Ok, then. Maybe. Oh, the lead singer guy of the Smiths."

"How about you?"

"...Oh?"

"Drowning in the ocean."

"Whatever floats your boat, Moonlight, but personally I'm offended."

"Admit it, you were flattered there for a moment."

"Yeah, and then you dashed it away. Oh, but would I be in swim trunks while I'm drowning?"

"Hmm… I suppose it only makes sense."

"Excellent. Imagine me in swim trunks… drowning. That last bit is optional. I'll leave it up to you."

"Leave it up to me, huh?"

"Yep. Any ideas?"

"A few."

"Well, do share."

"I'm imaging that I'd have you - ah shit."
"Moony, don't be a tease."

"Uh, gotta go. Whoops. Talk to later, Pads."

"WHAT, MOONY-"

[Call Disconnected]

*

Tuesday AM

(7:23) I'm sorry, I got busted by the camp leader talking on the landline 'out of hours'.

(7:24) How early did you get up?

(7:24) Seven. Did I wake you?

(7:26) Yeah. S'ok. I guess this means I'll eat breakfast this morning.

(7:26) Most important meal of the day.

(7:29) Thank you, mother.

(7:30) Did they literally kick you off the phone?

(7:31) Yes. They said there are certain hours allocated for phone calls and that I need to sign up for it.

(7:32) Wow. I really was kidding when I said it was a prison.

(7:32) So I hope you're available at five in the afternoon.

(7:34) Uh, yeah, sure.

(7:34) You're not going to use it to call your parents or something, though?

(7:36) This may be childish but I'm purposely ignoring them.

(7:36) Right. Ok.

(7:38) So I'll talk to you at five.

(7:39) I look forward to it.

*

(10:38) PADFOOT!!!!!!! IT'S HAPPENED!!!!!

(10:39) ALIENS HAVE DESCENDED TO THE EARTH??

(10:39) NO FUCK FACE, HE WANTS OUT!! SLUGHORN WANTS OUT AND SO DO I PLEASE END THIS.

(10:40) OK OK HANG ON.
(10:41) **SEND HIM TO THIS LINK.**

(10:43) WHAT IS IT?

(10:44) **DON'T CLICK THE "UNSUBSCRIBE"! JUST SEND IT TO HIM.**

(10:45) FINE FINE.

(10:47) OK I'VE DONE IT.

(10:48) **EXCELLENT JOB COMRADE. YOUR WORK HERE IS OVER. I RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR DUTIES.**

(10:49) OH THANK FUCK. DO I TELL WORMTAIL?

(10:51) Nah, let's see how long it takes for him to crack.

(10:52) You're the biggest arsehole I know.

(10:53) **That's why we're best friend.**

(10:53) Yeah.

*

(11:01) **Phase three is complete.**

(11:02) **Oh I forgot about that. I'm afraid Mary-Sue is at home.**

(11:03) **That's ok. We've moved on to phase four, but don't tell Wormtail.**

(11:03) **Arsehole.**

(11:04) **Why does everyone say that?**

(11:05) **What's phase four?**

(11:07) **Well, we've been pushing for him to unsubscribe so I could send him a certain link which would do certain things.**

(11:09) **What kind of things?**

(11:11) **Patience, Moony!**

(11:13) **You're unbearable!**

(11:14) **That's why you love me.**

(11:15) **I accidentally say it once...**

(11:16) **And you know you'll never live it down.**

(11:17) **Unfortunately.**

(11:19) **What are you doing?**
We're making jam drops. I need to get out immediately.

Jam drops are delicious Moony. I don't know what your problem is.

PADFOOT YOU KNOW I SUCK AT COOKING

And now everyone here knows it too.

Why are you making jam drops though?

Something to do. My days are now going to be divided up into small group activities.

After this we get to watch a movie!!!!!!!

I'm detecting sarcastic enthusiasm.

What gave it away.

Chin-up, Moony. At the end of all this, you'll have jam drops.

Some burnt jam drops.

So your camping experience isn't improving, huh?

I'm determined to make it terrible.

Sadist. You gotta make the best of your situation.

I'm in the middle nowhere.

Now what are some positives of the place?

If we keep all the doors and windows closed it's kinda warm in here.

Moony.

The people are ok, I guess. There's someone else here just as shit at cooking as me.

Excellent. You have found your brethren.

She has bubblegum pink hair too. She's quite funny.

It's not all doom and gloom.

I guess.

Shit she JUST CAUGHT THE CURTAINS ON FIRE GOTTA GO.

WOAH DUDE

OK

DON'T BURN TO DEATH.*
Hey, they look alright.

This is the batch that didn't burn.

How'd the fire pan out?

Fine. No one choked to death, which is always a positive.

Yeah, death would really put a downer on those treats.

Oh, Padfoot, would you like one?

I would love one, Moonface.

And one for Sheba?

They're dieting.

What?!

You were overfeeding them, Remus! You're irresponsible.

At least I'm around!

But when you are you bitch and moan! Sheba doesn't need that kind of negativity.

I can't believe this. You're taking over my child.

Sheba's mine now. No take backs.

I'll tell Patches you've abandoned her.

How dare you! The insolence!

Shit, I'm getting told off for messaging. Back to the movie.

What movie?

Star Wars. Don't ask which one, I have no idea.

You're meant to be the movie whizz! All that free time!
Yeah, and I clearly spent it watching Aliens and fucking Jurassic Park.

Wasted.

Ok, really now.

Enjoy Star Wars. And pay attention!

Whatever.

* 

Tuesday PM

Ok, lads, just watch Slughorn this period. Just watch him.

What for?

For reasons, Wormtail, just do as I say.

Usually when I do that I get into a lot of trouble.

Grow a backbone, Pettigrew.

What if we watch him and nothing happens?

Then we watch tomorrow, Prongs. Jeez.

Nothing's happening.

I have found a flaw in the plan. Meet back tomorrow.

You're fucking hopeless.

* 

[Answer: 9401****]

"Mooncream?"

"Ok, I was going to ignore it, but what's with the alterations of my name?"

"Just changing it up. Keeping it fresh."

"Can I call you Paddycakes?"

"You can call me whatever you like."

"How was your day then, shithead?"

"Phase four has been halted. Turns out I missed over a vital detail."

"Great. So I assume your arrest is soon?"

"Don't be silly, Moony. I won't get caught."
"Oh my god, what are you planning?"

"Not a single thing."

"Liar."

"It's a secret. Also, if I told you, you'd probably freak out."

"PROBABLY?"

"Don't get yell-y!"

"I'M ALREADY YELL-Y, SIRIUS BLACK!"

"It's fine, look, I'll have Prongs as look out - ok?"

"Holy fuck Pads, look out for what?"

"I need Slughorn to have his phone on him at all times for phase four to be effective. But during class he keeps his phone in the back room."

"So what are you going to do to keep it on him at all times?"

"I either have to fuck up the lock to the back room…"

"Or?"

"Or, failing that, make him feel insecure about his phone's security by… nicking it."

"I don't like either of these ideas."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"When are you attempting the lock thing?"

"Tonight. I need to act fast."

"Ok. Be careful."

"Always, Remus. Now, we have unfinished business."

"Do we?"

"I believe I was in swim trunks."

"Oh, yes. You were about to wrestle a bear with your long black hair blowing in the wind."

"This sounds like one of those covers of those romance books. Ya know. The one's with horses and totally ripped guys groping a woman in a white dress."

"Oh, yes. I know. They're actually quite well written."

"You're kidding."

"You underestimate how much time I have on my hands."
"Then you should be spending that time imagining me in compromising positions."

"Who says I don't?"

"Well, you're not giving me a lot here."

"I like to keep you on your toes."

"You have been. Congratulations."

"Why, thank you."

"It's weird… but, it feels like you're further away."

"I know what you mean. Even though we've never been together I feel away from you."

"We're a couple of saps."

"Oh, yeah. I thought you would know that about me by now."

"You're a big, mushy puppy."

"And you're not as punk rock and you lead to believe."

"I'm soft punk. Still hardcore, but with feelings."

"Hah!"

"Don't laugh at my emotions."

"My apologies. If it makes you feel better, I am wearing a cardigan."

"Excellent choice, Remus. Oh - do you have many freckles?"

"Oh god."

"Come on, the picture didn't give me much."

"I - yes, kind of. A lot on my arms, but only a few large ones on my back and neck."

"Hm."

"You… sound pleased."

"I'll have you know that I am."

"Arg, shut up."

"Blushy Moony."

"If you're so soft punk, does it mean you have piercings?"

"Only one."

"… Do I have to imagine?"
"No, but I'm curious to where the thoughts went."

"Ear. Obviously."

"You're no fun."

"But correct?"

"Yeah. School won't allow facial piercings."

"A true crime."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"We're getting somewhere."

"I'm very disappointed in you, though."

"What? Why?"

"Lots you can do with ears."

"Indeed, I have overlooked this."

"I promise I won't tell."

"You are a god among men, Moony."

"Don't you forget it - ah, fuck, Nymphadora!"

"What's that? Some fancy swear?"

"N-no, it's - what? What do you want?"

"Remus?"

"Oh. Turns out it's been an hour and our time's up. Which Nymphadora - sorry! Which 'Tonks' has so rudely informed me."

"We were just getting to the good part."

"I know. She wants to talk to her Mum though."

"Alright then. I'll talk to you later, Moony."

"Yeah. Good luck on your mission, Padfoot."

"Cheers. See ya."

"Bye."

[Call Disconnected]
(9:43) *Have you done it yet?*

(9:44) *No. Slughorn goes to bed at ten, precisely.*

(9:45) *How do you possibly know that?*

(9:47) *I make it my business to know!*

(9:48) *I have memorised each teacher's schedule. For insurance.*

(9:49) *You're too well prepared for things like this.*

(9:51) *You have no idea. We also have a map for the entire building.*

(9:52) *How?!*

(9:53) *We figured in first year that if we're gonna live here for a while, we might as well get to know the place.*

(9:55) *So you nicked a map.*

(9:56) *Don't be so medieval. We made a map.*

(9:58) *That's...*

(9:59) *Go on, say it. I won't tell mother.*

(10:00) *Impressive.*

(10:01) *I know. We're great.*

(10:02) *Ok, we're going in.*

(10:03) *Please don't get caught.*

(10:04) *Don't worry, Moony. We've done stuff like this before.*

(10:05) *I'll bet.*

*  

(11:02) *How did it go?*

(11:04) *Good. He shouldn't be able to unlock the door now without breaking it down.*

(11:04) *Is he likely to do that?*

(11:05) *Nah. He's pretty useless.*

(11:06) *Dare I ask... what you did to the lock?*

(11:08) *Oh, we stuffed it with clay. It should be solid by morning and unless you chip away at it, nothing is getting in.*

(11:09) *That's. Quite clever.*
I'm trying very hard not to get hurt by your surprised text tone.

So he should have his phone on him tomorrow?

Yeah. I mean, he better. That's the point.

I wish you good luck, then.

Thanks, Moony.

[Message Failed. Send Again]

Thanks, Moony. Good night.

Good night, Padfoot.

*  

Wednesday AM

Here we go. Show time.

Can I know what's meant to happen now?

Nope. Wait until it happens.

Ok ok he's found the cupboard locked. Means the phone should be in his pocket.

All according to plan.

I'm imaging you stroking a cat or something.

My fingers are steepled under my chin and I am cackling evilly.

I knew it.

HE LOOKS PANICKED.

What's happening?

Ok, so, just like I expected, he's really shit with technology. He still has the vibrate alert on his text messages.

And now he can't put the phone in the back room...

It's on the front desk vibrating like crazy. He keeps-excusing it but it won't stop and he can't turn it off.

Redhind: Sir, would you like me to change the settings?

Slughorn: NO NO MISS EVANS THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY JUST IGNORE IT.

Complete with chin wobble.
IT'S VIBRATING SO MUCH IT FELL OFF THE DESK.

But WHY is it vibrating so much?

We got him to unsubscribe.

And by unsubscribe, I mean upload his phone number to an online forum where posters were informed to spam him like crazy.

Spam him with what?!

I said no pictures, so he's not going to jail or anything like that. Unfortunately.

Oh my god, Padfoot.

Ok, Moony, it's my time to shine. I'll get back to you.

What do you mean your time to shine?

PADFOOT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Damnit, Sirius.

*[Calling Moony]*

"Sirius?"

"Oh my god, calling worked! Excellent!"

"What did you do!"

"I got my own back, is what I did. Remus, I am proud to say that Operation Salt was a success."

"Well, tell me what happened. You already sound like an excited puppy."

"I AM AN EXCITED PUPPY, REMUS. IT WAS BRILLIANT."

"No need to shout."

"DON'T KILL MY VIBE, MOONY. Ok, ok. Calming down."

"Tell me what happened. Now."

"Alright, so, even better than planned he decided that we would have an impromptu test. So the whole classroom was silent while his phone buzzed like crazy and by this point a few other students have asked him to turn it off and Slughorn, being the wanker he is, just told them to mind their own business and ignore it."

"How incompetent."

"Right? Anyway, after the ten minute mark I said 'Sir, I seem to recall that when it was my phone going off, my messages were read out to the class'."
"Oh, so you were subtle about it, then?"

"Subtle enough. Prongs and Wormtail got into badgering him to read the messages. Then
Redhind told him 'Sir, those are you own rules. You have to follow your own rules.' And then
suddenly, the entire class was hammering him to read out the messages."

"No."

"Yes, Moony, it was glorious."

"This only happens in movies."

"I may or may not have bribed a few people before class to agree with whatever I said."

"Ah, there it is."

"Shut up. My story still isn't finished."

"Very well, carry on."

"While the class hounded him I took it upon myself to grab his phone and start reading out his
messages."

"Oh my god, Padfoot!"

"It was interesting, to say the least. Some very imaginative people on the internet."

"Are you going to prison? Are you using your one phone call right now?"

"No, Moony, I am nicely tucked away in my dorm room right now."

"What messages did you read out, then?"

"Let's see… Some of them were hilarious. My favourite included 'I want to kiss your awesome
neck, then your awesome shoulders, and then kiss your nice boob, and then maybe your other
nice boob, and maybe if I'm up for it your pudgy belly'."

"What?!"

"I know, it was incredible. Some of them were actually quite… raunchy, too, which was
brilliant. One said: 'I'm sitting at my desk fantasizing about how hot it would be to do it in my
office.' Except I pretended that was a message Slughorn wrote."

"Oh my god, Sirius!"

"I know."

"And you read those out?"

"Yep. The class collectively told him that it must be done, fair is fair. He went so red, Remus, it
was the single most glorious moment of my life. And the best bit?"

"Mm?"
"He'll try to blame me, but he won't be able to report it, because that would mean telling Dumbledore he read out my private messages, and he has no definitive proof it was me. And he never will."

"You're the devil."

"I'm just well prepared."

"So besides going red, how did he handle it?"

"He was nearly crying, but if I'm going to be honest with you Remus, I nearly was when he did it to me too. So there's that. He snatched the phone from me and threw it out the window and tried to tell us he'd contracted a virus on it. That's when Wormtail helpfully pointed out that you only get a virus if you visit one of those sites or services in the first place."

"You're... incredible."

"I know. Refrain yourself, Moony, I know. He was so mortified."

"You sound so gleeful."

"I am."

"...Me too. He's a bastard."

"That's it, Moony! Good to hear it! Ok, I have to go, but I read out many more messages."

"Do tell me about them."

"Will do. See you at five?"

"Yeah. 'See me' more or less."

"You know what I mean."

"Yes. See you, Padfoot. Congratulations."

"Cheers, Moony."

[Call Disconnected]

*

Wednesday PM

(2:12) I can't wait to have your strong legs wrapped around me.

(2:14) It took me too long to realise this was one of Slughorn's texts.

(2:15) I'm sure there was great embarrassment on your part.

(2:15) Mostly confusion, a little repulsion.

(2:16) You don't want to wrap your strong legs around me?
In a choke hold, maybe.

Oh, Moony.

There's a party in my pants and you're invited.

That's just a really shit pick up line.

I know, but there was a lot of detailed stuff in there even I wouldn't read out.

I find that hard to believe.

I want you to choke me while you ram me against the desk.

Not that detailed.

Oh, I'm sorry, have you heard better?

Keeping in mind I'm reading these out to other people.

Ok fine, I get it.

You're high maintenance, Moony.

You wouldn't want me any other way.

I miss you, babe, please come to me. I miss your smell and the way you fill me up.

I would like this to stop now.

Wow, you cracked easier than Slughorn.

Are there still more?

Yes. He read out ten lines of our message, so I read out eleven.

Aren't you meant to be in detention right now?

I'm living on the edge, Remus, nothing can tear me down from this high.

Except maybe expulsion?

Fiiiiiiine. Goody goody. I'll talk to you in half an hour then.

I'm sure you can survive the wait.

Our second phone call for the day. People will think we're in love."
"Or that I'm contractually obliged."

"Don't deny our love, Remus. It hurts."

"It's better if we keep it a secret."

"I cannot wait any longer without your mouth all over me."

"...What?"

"Slughorn's."

"Please, please, don't just slip that into conversation."

"Uncomfortable?"

"Turned on, until there was context."

"HOLY SHIT."

"Look what you've done."

"I'VE MADE A MIRACLE HAPPEN IS WHAT I'VE DONE."

"But then you ruined it."

"Damnit, Moony, you've got to give me warning. Holy crap."

"Just as well, really, there are people everywhere here."

"Oh right. You're outside, aren't you?"

"Yes. And for once it's not raining."

"You sound miserable."

"Do you think you could come get me on your motorbike? I won't even care if you can't legally drive it."

"Don't tempt me, Moony. I probably would if my arm was in working order."

"Argh, I forgot about that. How is it?"

"Annoying, mostly. I'm going to the hospital on Sunday to get the wires pulled out."

"Will your nose buzz red if they touch the edges?"

"I sure hope not. And before you ask, no, I don't have a wrenched ankle either."

"This is truly disappointing news."

"We tried playing Operation drunk once."

"Of course you have."

"Wormtail threw the game out the window because he kept touching the edges, and whenever
he did Prongs would laugh so hard that he cried."

"We were banned from playing the game in the ward because it scared the smaller children pre-op."

"I had a light hearted tale, and you just came swooping in with crying children."

"For some reason, most of my stories involve crying children."

"I hope you're not including me in that category."

"You are number one crying child. The biggest sook. The ultimate baby."

"Let's not get carried away."

"Is baby Padfoot going to cry?"

"Sirius Black does not cry."

"Sirius Black is a liar."

"How dare you! Say that to my face."

"Was that meant to be intimidating?"

"Yes. A little. Wasn’t it?"

"Not even a little."

"You must have nerves of steel, Moony. Most men cower at my feet."

"Most men don't know you very well, then. You're a little china doll."

"Pretty and smooth?"

"And hollow inside."

"Don't go telling people these things about me. It will ruin my street cred."

"How you managed to gain street cred in the first place astounds me."

"It's all in the punk, my dear Moony."

"Uh huh. What do you tell people when they ask how you broke your arm?"

"Jumping from tall buildings during a police chase."

"That's not punk, that's just illegal."

"After a protest? For new social order?"

"Getting more punk, I guess."

"I could always put a safety pin in my ear."

"Ouch."
“I’ve put worst shit in there.”

“I… don’t want to know.”

“A bobby pin.”

“I said I didn’t want to know!”

“Am I intimidating yet?”

“No you’re just really gross – ow!”

“Ow?”

“Tonks. Ow. Ok, she’s hitting. Now there’s someone who’s intimidating.”

“Just because she set a kitchen on fire…”

“And she could very well set me on fire. Can’t risk it.”

“Fine then, wouldn’t want an immolated Moony. Talk to you later.”

“Good bye, Padfoot.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Thursday AM

(9:02) Padfoot, it’s happening, it’s hiking day.

(9:02) Hell yeah! Get that blood pumping, Moony.

(9:03) I’m considering slitting the throats of one of these sheep, summoning the Dark Lord Satan, and asking him to take me to Hell.

(9:03) A few things wrong with that scenario.

(9:03) Do tell.

(9:04) You would need to sacrifice a goat, for one. Goats are Satanic symbols.

(9:04) Of course you know that.

(9:05) And secondly, I thought you were already in Hell?

(9:05) One of many, simply requesting a transfer. To a drier Hell, maybe.

(9:07) Are you wearing running shoes?

(9:08) Hiking boots. I’m not an amateur.

(9:08) Neither option is very sexy.

(9:09) This isn’t Wales’ Next Top Model. My legs look like lollipops.
But I bet you look fierce.

I am fiercely angry.

[Message Failed. Send Again]

I'm fiercely angry.

[Message Failed. Send Again]

FIERCELY ANGRY.

Woah, Moony, ok.

Sorry. Reception is cutting out. I guess this is good bye.

How long is your hike?

Short route. Twenty minutes.

Are you fucking kidding me.

Byeeeee Padfoot.

*

Nice view.

Yes. It can be nice here.

So I’m assuming the hiking didn’t kill you, then.

I survived, miraculously.
I'm sure it was a strain on your physical efforts.

Just remember that it was the thought of you drowning that kept me going.

We both know that’s not what you were really thinking.

Not even in the slightest.

You flatter yourself.

I distinctly remember an incident yesterday…

That you hopelessly ruined with the reminder of Slughorn?

One of the gravest mistakes of my life.

I have to get going. Our turn for the pool tournament.

Pool tournament?

Tonks entered us. If we win, we get a trophy.

The mother of all prizes. You must win it.

I’m scared to lose.

Like I said, Tonks is intimidating.

Helpful hint: hit the white ball into the socket.

I know how to play pool, Padfoot. You can’t fool me.

Worth a try. Good luck, then.

Thanks. See you.

Thursday PM

Slughorn looks like he’s going to have an aneurism.

I don’t know if I should be pleased or worried.

Worried that you committed manslaughter?

I’ve opened a door here, Prongs. I’m susceptible to payback.

Payback from Slughorn? Don’t worry about it, mate. If he were to get back at you it would so noticeable it would be laughable.

Noticeable like… being invited to the Slugclub party tomorrow, noticeable?

…Yes. Noticeable like that.
FUck. I fucked up.

Easy fix. Go to the party.

And be publically humiliated by a single, bald man?

And publically humiliate a single, bald man before he can humiliate you.

I like where this is going…

I already have a few ideas.

Don’t tell Lily.

I won’t. New Operation?


Mission Mischief has been initiated.

May Slughorn rest in peace.

I want you to whisper dirty things in my ear, you bad boy.

How many more of these are there?

Four more.

Get another one out of the way, then.

Spank me harder, you dirty monkey.

If I were Slughorn, I would retire.

He’ll wish he had soon.

What else are you planning?

I got invited to his super exclusive, secret nerd club party tomorrow night.

Maybe he’s trying to make amends.

He’s already asked me to join his elitist group. He never asks twice.

I’m definitely going to be visiting you in prison. Or in critical condition in a hospital bed because you can’t let things go.

Ye have little faith.

Ye have little brain cells.

How’s your pool tournament going?

We’re coming second. Tonks is pleased, which makes me pleased.
(2:34) Turns out I’m not that bad at pool.

(2:35) You are full of surprises, Moony.

(2:38) Ok, we’re up again.

(2:39) I’d give you a good luck kiss, but you’re sort of in another country.

(2:40) Send it in the express mail then, I should get it by tomorrow.

(2:41) Go win yourself a giant, glorified cup.

(2:42) I will use it to drink the tears of losers.

* 

(3:01) We need Wormtail in on this.

(3:02) Why?

(3:03) Reasons. I have a role for him to play.

(3:03) Ok, but how do we get him in? I’m going with Lily.

(3:04) I don’t have a date.

(3:04) So?

(3:04) Oh. That could work.

(3:05) Tell him you have to pretend to be actually dating.

(3:06) Why?

(3:06) See how far he goes.

(3:07) You’re evil. A case of beer says I can get him to kiss me.

(3:07) You’re on.

* 

(3:23) Wormtail! My buddy! My best friend in the whole world!

(3:24) The fuck do you want?

(3:25) Will you go out with me?

(3:25) Are you practicing for Moony, or something?

(3:35) No, Pete, you’re the only one for me.

(3:36) I’ve longed for you.

(3:36) I thought you told me the Gay Agenda thing was a myth.
(3:37) It is, I need you in Slughorn’s party tomorrow and the only way to get you in is as my date.

(3:38) Why do you need me at Slughorn’s party?

(3:39) Because you do a perfect rendition of Teenage Dreams.

(3:40) I’m a fucking decoy?!

(3:41) Why am I always the decoy?!

(3:42) You really go for it, mate. It’s glorious to watch.

(3:43) Whatever. Fine. But I’m not wearing a dress this time.

(3:43) What about the purple tie? I like the purple tie. We can co-ordinate outfits.

(3:45) What??

(3:45) Slughorn won’t believe you’re there as my date unless we actually look like we’re dating.

(3:46) You’re fucking kidding me, aren’t you? This is a joke?

(3:47) I never joke about Marauder business!

(3:48) It’s just one trauma after another with you.

(3:49) I’ll do your English homework for a week.

(3:50) Done. Deal. No take backs.

(3:50) Wow, Wormy, you’re really easy.

(3:51) Well, if I’m going to become a trophy wife...

(3:52) Believe me, Peter, you would not be my first pick for a trophy wife.

(3:52) Fuck you, I look great in a bikini.

(3:52) I know, Wormtail.

(3:53) I was there in second year.

*

[Answer 9401****]

“Hey there tiger.”

“Go back to calling me Moonray or something.”

“Moonpillow, how are you?”

“We won the pool tournament. Tonks is drinking Gatorade from the trophy cup.”
“She knows how to party hard.”

“You know how football players will pull their shirts over their heads and run around in circles?”

“Prongs does it every fucking week.”

“Yeah, they had to pull her down from the pool table.”

“A truly monumental win then, huh?”

“She told me she’s never won anything before.”

“Really?”

“Mustn’t be a lot of opportunity for her to compete in the first place, I think.”

“Tell Tonks I say congratulations.”

“I will. What are you doing?”

“Making preparations for tomorrow. It involves a dance number and some puppy spray so far.”

“Puppy spray?”

“Chew stopper. You spray it on your clothes and stuff so your puppy will stop biting you. It tastes like shit, but it’s not poisonous.”

“Good, because we wouldn't want to kill anyone.”

“Not in the middle of a good dance number led by Wormtail.”

“He doesn’t strike me as the dancing type.”

“You’d be surprised. The guy’s hips don’t lie, I’ll tell ya that.”

“Can you dance?”

“I’m too cool for dancing.”

“You can do ballet, can’t you?”

“Let’s just say that for our first dance, Moony, I won’t be the one treading on feet.”

“You assume I can’t dance.”

“Yes.”

“Arsehole.”

“Because I’m right?”

“Alice tried to teach me but... Well, it was painful for the both of us.”

“I wish I could bring you to Slughorn’s stupid party. Might make it bearable.”
“With my terrible dancing?”

“I would kill to see your terrible dancing.”

“You told me the puppy spray wasn’t poisonous.”

“If it would bring you here, I would kill them all.”

“I’d have to fly over to talk you down.”

“Whichever, I’m not fussy.”

“I wish I could be there too. Or at least, anywhere that isn’t here. And with you.”

“Is it really that bad over there?”

“…No.”

“Try to enjoy it, Moony. It’ll make staying there easier.”

“I guess. Yes, I know.”

“Until then, we’ll stick with phone calls. Like you’re on tour, or something.”

“I could wage a war with the sheep, if it makes it more believable.”

“I’d like to see that. And you have to go all out in the camo and war paint.”

“Dog tags?”

“God, yes.”

“My mother even packed me binoculars.”

“It was meant to be this way. She knew the Sheep Wars were approaching, and she was preparing you.”

“She knew the Sheep Wars were coming, and decided to send me to Wales?! That’s cold.”

“She knew you could be a soldier.”

“A shit soldier.”

“They’ll take anything. It’s not like it’s a popular war, what with all the farmers’ protests.”

“I’m considering switching sides. The farmers make compelling arguments.”

“That’s what the sheep want you to think!”

“Come to think about it, the sheep are quite cute.”

“They’ve gotten to you. Oh my god they’ve – OH MY GOD.”

“You’re getting a bit dramatic now.”

“HOLY MOTHER OF CHRIST WHAT THE – OW, PRONGS, WHAT THE FUCK?”
“Padfoot?”

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, Jesus.”

“What’s happening? Is that a woman screaming?”

“No, that’s Prongs with his knackers out. Ooooh my god, no. No, no, no.”

“With his – what?”

“I just caught Redhind and Prongs shagging – arh, fuck. That’s not something you want to see. Ever.”

“Where?”

“In our dorm – on my bed!”

“You didn’t knock?”

“Didn’t knock? They shouldn’t be shagging on my bed in the first place!”

“Yes, ok, that is …”

“Gross, it’s gross. I want my eyes burned out. If Redhind won’t do it for me, Moony, I need you to do it.”

“I’m not burning your eyes out.”

“I don’t see how else I can come to terms with this.”

“You could always get payback. That’s the kind of thing you do, right?”

“As much as I’d love to fly you over to fuck on Prongs’ bed – I just don’t see how it’ll be time efficient.”

“That’s not – oh, god, no. That’s not what I meant.”

“I’m just teasing.”

“I know, but I have an actual idea. I have to go, but I’ll text you the details. Just. Don’t ask how I know.”

“Know what?”

“You’ll see. Bye, Padfoot.”

“Bye, Moony.”

*

(9:21) Ok, Padfoot, I’ve cleaned your sheets.

(9:22) Good maid.

(9:23) Will you stop avoiding me now?
I’m not avoiding you.

You are avoiding me. I haven’t seen you since…

I walked in on you and Lily shagging?

Yes.

Well, maybe I’m taking some time out to recuperate.

You’re being a child, Padfoot.

Just. Did it have to be MY BED?

We didn’t exactly plan it!

I hope you used protection, then.

Ok, when I said we didn’t plan it…

Oh, so it was arranged, but then got moved TO MY BED?

IT JUST HAPPENED OK? WE DIDN’T MEAN TO PICK YOUR BED.

Do you suddenly lose all concept of time and space with your hand up Lily’s skirt?

Yes.

You’re fucking hopeless. Most people put a sock on the door, or something.

I’ll remember that for next time.

What have you been doing, then, if not avoiding me?

A little project with Moony.

I don’t want to know.

PADFOOT? WHAT IS THIS?

You said you didn't want to know.

iS THIS – OH MYGOD PADFOTO YOURDFUCKING GROSS

Am I?

IS THIS YOUR FUCKING SPUNK ON MY BED? WHAT THE FCK?

Now you know how it feels.

OH YMGOD I ACCIDENTALLY PUT MY HAND IN IT JEEESUS CHRIST

You're being a child.

SIRIUS YOU'RE A FUCKING ANIMAL YOU'RE DISGUSTING
(9:51) Maybe next time you won’t pick my bed?

(9:52) I’M SORRY I SHAGGED MY GIRLFRIEND ON YOUR BED SIRIUS BLACK NOW WILL YOU PLEASE COME CLEAN YOUR JIZZ OFF MY SHEETS YOU FUCKIN WEIRDO

(9:53) Nah.

(9:53) NAH?

(9:54) THIS ISN’T OPTIONAL I CLEANED YOUR BED NOW YOU COME CLEAN MINE

(9:55) I don’t think I will. Not necessary.

(9:56) This is beyond funny, Sirius, this is really really gross.

(9:57) It's funny on this end.

(9:58) I’m going to strANGLE THAT END IF YOU DON’T COME HERE NOW

(9:59) But I already came there

(10:00) SIRIUS

(10:00) Ok, ok, I’ve had my fun. Relax, Jamesie, it’s just flour and water.

(10:00) What??

(10:01) Boil flour and water together, let it cool, and ta da. Fake gunk.

(10:01) You made fake jizz just to get back at me.

(10:02) Yes.

(10:03) How the fuck do you know this stuff anyway??

(10:04) Technically, Moony knows, but I’m not allowed to ask why.

(10:05) You’re a massive prat. A wanker.

(10:05) Heh heh

(10:06) Oh, bugger off. You know what I mean. You’re an arsehole, and I’m suddenly very scared when you and Moony meet up.

(10:06) We will be an unstoppable force.

(10:07) Now I have to clean my second set of sheets for the night.

(10:08) Before you do that, can you make up my bed? I think I’m ready to sleep.

(10:09) I fucking hate you.

(10:10) Good night, Prongs!

*
(8:19) **Hey, Stranger.**

(8:19) Hi, Alice.

(8:19) **How are you going over there in Wales?**

(8:20) Alright. How’s the comfort of your own home?

(8:21) **Alright. It is lacking in best friends, though.**

(8:22) Same with Wales.

(8:23) **You’ve nearly got a week under your belt. That’s got to be something.**

(8:25) It’s felt like a month instead of a week.

(8:26) **Have you made any friends over there?**

(8:27) There’s one girl here who seems to tolerate me.

(8:28) **People don’t tolerate you. Remus, they like you.**

(8:28) The boys I dorm with don’t seem to pay me any mind, though. I’m starting to feel that’s a good thing.

(8:30) **Are they not nice?**

(8:31) I’m not sure. I overheard one of them tell their friend to ‘stop being such a fag.’

(8:32) **Oh. Are you ok?**

(8:34) Like I said, they don’t really pay attention to me. I’m fine.

(8:35) **How’s Lover Boy?**

(8:37) I really wish you’d stop calling him that.

(8:37) **But then you’d stop getting all embarrassed and I can’t have that.**

(8:39) Sirius is fine.

(8:40) **Fine, or fiiiiine.**

(8:41) Oh my god, Alice.

(8:43) **You never let me talk boys with you!**

(8:43) Because you get pervy.

(8:45) **That’s how the conversation is meant to go.**

(8:46) It’s too early for you to be this intrusive.

(8:48) **One day you’ll indulge me.**
At least let me have breakfast first.

Oo, is it happening?!

There might be something I need your advice on.

Wonderful! I look forward to it.

You’re too pleased.

Get eating, Lupin. We have things to discuss.

Oh, Christ.

I’ve only got three fartbombs, but I think Wormtail is hiding some.

Ugh, he would. He’s also refusing to wear a glitter suit.

How did we get stuck with such an uncooperative friend?

I don’t know, but I want a refund.

I think his warranty is up. We’ve damaged him too much to return.

Can’t we upgrade?

I can’t afford an upgrade! Do you think I’m made of money?

What are you going to tell Lily?

I’m going to deny all involvement. Sorry, mate.

No problem. Hopefully Wormtail will pick up the slack.

I’ll leave the bombs on your bed.

Ok, but make sure it’s just the bombs. No little surprises this time.

Fuck off. Good luck, Padfoot.

Cheers.

Surely you’ve had breakfast by now.

I have.

Come on, then. This was your idea.

You can’t laugh.

When have I ever?
Almost every time I have an embarrassing question.

Ok, if I do laugh then I won’t tell you.

Ok.

Can you teach me how to flirt?

You’re taking too long to respond.

I’m googling.

Googling??

Well, you can’t exactly brush his shoulder and suggestively suck on a straw, so I’m googling how to flirt through text.

So you weren’t laughing?

I never said that.

You’re a cruel person.

Ask him questions. Make them open-ended so they lead to conversation. This shows that you care about what he’s up to and how his day has been.

… I already do that?

Ok. Hang on.

Tease him with light insults and allow him to insult you back (all in good fun). If he has a silly nickname, call him that.

Alice, this isn’t helping.

I’m on WikiHow, Remus, it’s fool proof.

I already do that stuff too.

Silly nickname?

Padfoot.

This is ridiculous. Ok.

Don’t be so shy. Accept a compliment, and pay one back.

That’s the bit I’m having trouble with.

Which bit?

All of those bits!

He literally can’t see you Remus, how is this hard for you??
I get stuck on what to say. What if I say the wrong thing?

**Say what you’re thinking, I’m sure it can’t be wrong.**

I’m sure it can be.

*[Message Failed. Send Again]*

I’m pretty sure it can be.

**You have to have confidence.**

Oh, and where am I going to pull that from?

**Your arse, like the rest of us.**

Ever heard of the phrase ‘fake it until you make it’?

**Just fake it, Remus. Fake it hardcore.**

Your grand advise is to fake it?

**Yes.**

I really hope this works.

**Make it work. You can do it.**

I can do it.

**Remus Lupin the Flirting Master.**

Let’s not go overboard.

**Whatever. Go get ‘em, tiger.**

I told you to never say that again.

**Shut up.**

*

Friday MIDDAY

Congrats, Wormtail! You just signed up for the decoration committee. You start at four thirty.

Wait, what??

I need you to install some stuff for tonight.

Why can’t you do it????

I have detention and then talking to Moony. I can’t make it, I’m afraid.

It's bad enough I'm giving up my Friday night for you, but now I need to put up crepe paper
I would really appreciate it?

You have to do my Chemistry homework too.

Fine, Wormtail. You’re so high maintenance.

Not as easy as you thought I was.

I need you to put up the balloons I’ve put in the fifth shower stall on our floor.

What’s in them?

Nothing deadly this time, you can touch them.

Oh, and give up your fartbombs.

I’m giving a lot to this Mission with little return.

I’ll do your English History too.

You don’t even take English History!!

So? How hard can it be? Men wage war. People die. Women are screwed over, again. Yes?

I guess. I haven’t been paying attention.

Just put the balloons up, please.

Yeah, whatever.

Good lad.

Let’s play a game.

I’m concerned.

I’m bored, come on.

Fine. What’s the game?

Would You Rather.

I hate these. I always want to pick neither, but apparently that’s not allowed.

No, it is not, and I will not tolerate it. You’re also not allowed to pick ‘both’ or alter any answer. Straight up, option 1 or 2.

I’m going to regret this.

Easy one: Team Edward or Team Jacob.
(3:02) What the – how is that easy??

(3:02) Come on, everyone knows their answer already.

(3:03) Immediate death?

(3:03) Did you read the series? You’d go Jacob, at least until the last book.

(3:03) Plus, Jacob Black, you can’t deny our connection.

(3:04) So I’m meant to pick him because you both have the same surname?

(3:04) Duh, Moony.

(3:04) You’re incredible. My turn.

(3:05) Flying or invisibility?

(3:05) Flying. Shit, no invisibility. Could get away with so many pranks with that.

(3:05) But flying would be so coooooool.


(3:06) Flying would be terrifying.

(3:07) A flying motorbike would be cool.

(3:07) Only you would think of that. Go on.

(3:09) Eat healthy or exercise regularly?

(3:10) You’re evil. Pure and utter evil.

(3:10) Is it really that hard?

(3:11) I don’t like vegetables.

(3:12) You get to pick what the healthy foods are.

(3:12) Healthy food then.

(3:13) Would you rather go on the Amazing Race or Survivor?

(3:14) Oo, Amazing Race. That would be wicked! Travelling around the world, eating terrible shit and jumping off stuff. Good fun.

(3:14) Sifting through foreign animal feces…

(3:15) Good times to be had. Be a vampire or a werewolf?

(3:16) That’s tricky. Neither look like fun.

(3:17) Vampire is a twenty-four hour thing, though.

(3:17) But it can be controlled, to a degree. Werewolves just go vicious without control.
Can’t eat garlic bread if you’re a vampire.

Guess as a werewolf I can be kept in a cage for a night…

Werewolf. Begrudgingly.

They’re so much more cooler, anyway.

If you say so.

Ok then: brains or brawn?

Clearly, Moony, I like my men with a bit of muscle.

Ha-ha. I meant for you. Would you rather be smart or strong?

Oh. Smart seems to be working for me.

This is you being smart?

And this is you being a smart arse.

I would choose brawn so I could punch the smugness off your face.

You’re a very violent man when provoked.

Just ask your question now.

Ok. Would you rather your first time be in a car or a bed?

I’ve been waiting for this kind of question.

Moony, we both knew where this game was going.

Car sounds very… Claustrophobic.

Do you even have a car?

Are you saying your first time will be with me?

…Shit.

AW MOONY

Be quiet

This is the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.

I can’t believe this. Why does this keep happening to me.

Don’t fret, Moony.

I’m not a big fan of the car idea myself.

Ok then.
Would you rather us take it slowly or desperate and hungry, while we are in this bed.

Woah shit

Um

Hmmm... Slowly. I'd take my time to learn every inch of you.

Make it last longer.

I feel like we've waited long enough.

Then a little more won't kill you.

It could. You never know.

Sounds like somebody wanted me to pick the 'desperate and hungry' option.

I don’t mind, just as long as it happens soon.

I have to get going, it’s my turn to help make dinner. Imagine fifteen teenagers with varying degrees of physical abilities trying to make a meal for fifty people.

I’m imagining a lot of swearing and maybe some violence.

Also a few close calls with boiled water. Possibly not accidental.

Good luck. I hope you don’t get boiled.

I’m not getting boiled.

I’m doing the boiling.

* [Answer 9401****]

“Moonypup.”

“Paddywhacks. How are ‘preparations’?”

“Wormtail is setting up as we speak.”

“Not you? Isn’t this your idea?”

“I have a Moony that needs talking to. How was dinner making?”

“No fatalities, but we are yet to eat the meal. We made it early.”

“Right, right. What did you make?”

“Just vegetables and a slab of chicken.”

“How nutritional.”

“That’s what the camp runners keep trying to tell us, but we're not so sure.”
“Yeah, the brochure here promises three course dinners. They’re not lying, but I am yet to want a second course.”

“What’s Slughorn serving tonight?”

“If I have my way, nothing anyone wants to eat.”

“You cruelty knows no bounds.”

“No kidding. Wormtail is coming as my date and he’s convinced we have to actually be dating.”

“I wonder what gave him that impression.”

“Are you implying—”

“Yes.”

“You’re starting to know me too well.”

“I know. It is truly horrifying.”

“Do you have any plans tonight?”

“There’s probably some group activity that I will be trying to avoid.”

“You gotta get in there, Moony. Make some friends.”

“I have friends. I will only have to stand these people for another week, so I don't see the point.”

“Makes the week easier.”

“We’ll see. I get the feeling I’ll have some extreme reprimanding to do tonight.”

“I’ll give you a live feed of it all.”

“Excellent, I'm going to have a heart attack at seventeen.”

“Maybe just some mild anxiety.”

“I’m in a constant state of mild anxiety when talking to you.”

“Because I’m so lush?”

“...Lush?”

“Yeah, come on, luscious.”

“Oh. No, I meant more like, ‘he’s capable of injuring himself far too easily, what will happen next,’ kind of mild anxiety.”

“You really know how to woo a man.”

“I seemed to have managed with the skill set given.”
“Even I don’t know how you managed.”

“We’ll put it down to that concussion you got.”

“ Seems like the most logical explanation. You, on the other hand, have no excuse.”

“A moment of weakness. It won’t happen again.”

“Of course it won’t. I’m your one and only. You’re going to lose your virginity to me, remember?”

“How did I know you would bring that up?”

“Bragging rights. It hasn’t happened yet, but I like that I can brag about it already.”

“Good Christ, you’re embarrassing.”

“Also means I have good blackmail material.”

“There it is. The real reason.”

“I live only to torment you.”

“I’m beginning to see that. Is it too late to back out now?”

“Definitely. Yes. Don’t you dare leave.”

“I was only joking, Padfoot. M’not leaving.”

“Well I have to.”

“What?”

“Oh god – sorry, that came out wrong. I have to get going. Wormtail just messaged me saying he doesn’t even own a suit, so we have to go scavenging before the party. I’m sorry, Remus.”

“It’s ok. As long as Wormtail looks his best.”

“I don’t really know anyone else his size – we’ll probably have to roll the sleeves on Fabian’s jacket. Damn. My date is going to looked wretched.”

“To the event you’re planning on destroying? Don’t think it matters that much.”

“Appearances matter. Now, bringing you on the other hand…”

“Yeah, yeah. Go away now.”

“I’ll text you.”

“I should hope so. Have fun, Sirius.”

“I plan to.”

[Call Disconnected]
(8:32) Let’s get this party started.

(8:32) I have hot chocolate and biscuits. I’m ready.

(8:33) Oh, do you have knitting needles too?

(8:33) Maybe a fat cat on your lap?

(8:34) I’ll stab you in the eye with my knitting needles.

(8:36) Wormtail won’t hold my hand.

(8:36) Is it because you’re using it to text me?

(8:37) Ah. Shit. Yes.

(8:37) Doofus. What are you up to?

(8:39) Casually spraying Chew Stopper on the platters. Am yet to meet Slughorn, but my brother is here. He looks furious. I love it.

(8:40) I don’t know how to respond to that.

(8:40) Don’t, then. Prongs is convincing Wormtail to eat the cheese platter. I’ve already sprayed it.

(8:40) Why is he still your friend?

(8:41) You only ever hear the bad stuff. Get Wormtail drunk enough and he talks about how we’re the best things in his life.

(8:42) Can it really be that sincere when he’s drunk?

(8:42) Shush, it’s the best we’ve got.

(8:43) THE EAGLE IS IN THE NEST. I REPEAT: MAMA BIRD HAS BROUGHT THE WORMS.

(8:43) What?

(8:44) I have spotted Slughorn. He’s wearing a green suit, so last season.

(8:45) But that’s ok, because soon it will be red.

(8:46) Oh, good lord. Can you at least wait until he tries something before you pull a Carrie?

(8:46) too LATE

(8:47) PADFOOT

(8:48) It’s all in place, Remus, can’t back down now. Ok, gotta go, I’ll text you later.

(8:48) I hope you become red too.
(10:01) It’s time.


(10:03) Wormtail become collateral damage?

(10:04) Wormtail takes one for the team.

(10:05) WORMTAIL IS KILLING IT. He’s really good at Katy Perry on Karaoke.

(10:05) Katy Perry?

(10:06) It’s a hidden talent. Makes my Friday nights interesting.

(10:06) WOAH HANG ON

(10:07) I’m still half asleep, remain calm please.

(10:07) Someone turned off the lights. This wasn’t me. This is not my plan.

(10:07) There is smoke on the floor someone literally hired a smoke machine what the fuck

(10:08) I said remain calm.

(10:08) SOMEONE IS OUT-DOING MY PRANK, MOONY, I CAN’T REMAIN CALM.

(10:08) There’s – shit, there’s things around my ankles.

(10:09) Oh my god are they rats

(10:09) PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING. THIS IS A DISASTER.

[Calling Moony]

[Connection Failed. Call Again]

(10:10) ARE YOU KIDDING ME THEY RELEASED BIRDS INTO THE ROOM

(10:11) MOONY? I’M LITERALLY BEING ATTACK BY PIGEONS RIGHT NOW.

[Calling Moony]

“Hi, this is Remus. I can't answer at the moment, clearly. Leave a message.”

[Call Disconnected]

(10:14) Moony, did you fall asleep?

(10:15) Silly git.
I made it out alive, just so you know when you wake up.

I'll complain more tomorrow. When you're actually there to respond sarcastically. Because honestly, that's the best part.

Sleep tight, Moony. Sweet dreams.

*

Saturday MIDDAY

I'm sorry, Padfoot. They let me sleep in this morning. Bad idea.

I'm glad to hear you weren't ravaged by pigeons.

Morning, sunshine.

No, you're quite lucky I wasn't mauled to death by tiny winged rats.

Why am I lucky?

Well for one, my perfect face would be all scratched up.

A true tragedy.

And also if I was being attacked by fearsome creatures, and died, while texting you… you would be responsible. You would have let me die because you fell asleep when I needed you most.

With all of my teleportation skills to save you in time.

I don't know how long you've been in Wales, Moony, but we have this funny thing here called a police and ambulance service. You can call them in case of emergency and everything.

This is truly valuable information. I'm so glad I have you.

So, glad I wasn't killed by pigeons?

I have said that already, yes.

Just double checking. NOW HERE COMES THE BAD NEWS.

You couldn't fulfil your pranking heart because somebody did it better?

Did it better?! Moony!!

I'm sorry, did you have something better than wild pigeons at a party?

I was going to have Wormtail do the Thriller.

That's weak.

Ok, but really, I had fake blood in balloons and … you know what, it doesn't matter. That's not the problem here.
The problem, I am assuming, is that you have competition.

You’re on spot, Remus! I need to find these mysterious pranksters and... eliminate them. Or train them. Take them under my wing.

What if they’re better than you?

How dare you even utter those words.

And it wasn't even Gideon or Fabian. I already asked.

They said their sister will kill them if they got any more detentions. I don't even know who else to consider.

Looks like you have a mystery to solve.

And I'll be damned if I can’t find out who it is. Challenge accepted.

Is this going to become your new obsession?

Yes. Wait, I mean, what are you talking about? Obsessions? I don’t have those.

You’re a compulsive liar.

Well, I just wanted to check in and see if you were still alive. We’re going into the town this afternoon and I don’t know what reception will be like.

I’ll wait for you.

I’ll return to you soon, my love.

[Message Failed. Send Again]

I'll return to you soon.

Buy a ton of shit, Moony.

That is the plan.

Good news and bad news.

Bad news first.

Some wanker in my dorm kicked a football at the phone and broke it. No one is sending or receiving phone calls.

Fuck.

Good news?

Oh, well, I bought some books today.

Moony, you silly nerd.
If luck is on our side, I might try to call you later on my mobile. It looks like it’s going to rain, though, so I do not like our chances.

This doesn’t sound good, Moony. I don’t think I can go twenty-four hours without hearing your voice.

Use your imagination.

Oh, I do.

And with that, I am leaving. I’m on cleaning duty.

You leave me broken hearted.

It’s what I like to do best.

*

[Calling Padfoot]

[Connection Failed. Call Again]

[Calling Padfoot]

[Connection Failed. Call Again]

I want to call you, but I can’t.

[Calling Moony]

[Connection Failed. Call Again]

I can’t get you either. Are you alright?

It’s a Saturday night and I’m sharing a dorm with four other boys. They keep asking…

Questions?

“Oi, Lupin, you ever been blown by a chick?”

You know how I like boys?

I got that vague impression of you, yes.

Well, I’ve decided I no longer like boys.

I’ll try and not get too offended.

Can you not tell them?

I don’t know if it’s safe. I don’t know. I don’t know.

It’s ok, Moony, just ignore them. Or do what you do best and reply sarcastically.
(10:20) *I have been for an hour and they won’t stop.*

(10:21) *I’m sure they’d stop once you did tell, maybe.*

(10:22) *Yeah, and then get beaten to death.*

(10:22) *I have to stay with these people for another whole week. If they react badly to this…*

(10:23) *Then you kick their arse!*  

(10:24) *I physically cannot do that, Padfoot.*

(10:25) *Report them to the camp officials or whatever they’re called.*

(10:25) *And become the gay dibber dobber? I can’t. They won’t do anything and I’ll become an even bigger target.*

(10:26) *You’ve got to stick up for yourself, Moony.*

(10:27) *I can’t, Sirius, not when I’m out numbered like this! I’m sorry I can’t have your bravado and just throw who I am at everyone without fear. I don’t have you or Alice here to back me up if there are negative consequences.*

(10:28) *This has happened to me before. It’s not good.*

(10:31) *I’m sorry.*

(10:32) *No, I’m sorry. I went a bit overboard there.*

(10:32) *You’re right. I’m sorry, Remus. I’ve never had to deal with this before, I guess. Have they left you alone?*

(10:34) *Hardly. I’m just waiting for them to get the message that I don’t want to talk.*

(10:34) *Do you want to talk to me?*

(10:35) *Always.*

*[Calling Moony]*

“*It actually worked.*”

“*I’m as surprised as you are.*”

“*I’m too scared to move now. I’m on the bed.*”

“*Are they there?*”

“*Yes. Looking… predatory.*”

“*Let’s not draw attention, then. You can call me ‘mum’ if you want.*”

“*I’m having terrible flashbacks to my conversations with Slughorn.*”

“*Oh god – delete the text history on that phone before you give it back.*”
“No, I want you to read every last message so you can share my distress.”

“Prongs sat on me and read out his conversations on Tuesday. It wasn’t fun.”

“I could make a suggestive joke here, but I don’t want to be overheard.”

“Moony, I would not oppose to being sat on by you.”

“There it is. I’m glad one of us could make it.”

“I will always be here to fill in for the dirty jokes.”

“One of them has fallen asleep. It’s a cue. The rest should follow soon.”

“So they’ve stopped bothering you?”

“For the mean time, it seems. Thank you, Padfoot.”

“No need. I’m sorry it had to be done in the first place.”

“Me too. Me too.”

“What are you going to do now?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I’ll – ok, I’m being shushed. I guess I’ll sleep too.”

“Ok then. Good night, Remus.”

“Padfoot?”

“Yeah?”

“Can you… can you stay on the line? Until I fall asleep?”

“Yes. Do you want me to keep talking?”

“Ok.”

“Alright, then. What can I talk about… I’ve still turned up zero suspects for the Mystery Pranksters. So nothing to talk about there. Um. I have a big plan tomorrow, but you’ll hear all about it then. I wish you could be there for it, though. I pretty much wish you could be there for everything. And it’s only been, what, nearly two months? How weird is that? Like, I remember a time before you. But it feels like that… not that you weren’t there, just that you were missing from the memory. Like when Wormtail got his position as goalkeeper because he let Crouch kick the ball right into his… well, balls. And Prongs and I laughed so hard my sides hurt. But you were probably watching from the sidelines or something. Not in the memory, just missing, off the side. It sounds crazy. It’s not even logical. I’m sure if you were awake you’d call me an idiot or something and roll your eyes. I imagine that you roll your eyes at me a lot. I hope I get to see it soon, though. I hope I get to see –”

[Call Disconnected]

*
(1:25) I may have made the best and worst decision of my life.

(1:26) *Is this the same decision?*

(1:26) Absolutely. Oh my god.

(1:27) *Are you going to make me guess?*

(1:27) I'll give you clues.

(1:27) Ok then.

(1:28) I'm lying on my stomach.

(1:28) *Massage parlor. Happy ending?*


(1:29) *Cupping. You're trying to watch your figure.*

(1:29) No. You're really shit at this.

(1:29) You're not giving me a lot here.

(1:30) Fine, I'll just tell you.

(1:30) I'M GETTING A TATTOO.

(1:30) WHAT

(1:30) FUCK YES

(1:31) *HOW? AREN'T YOU UNDERAGED?*

(1:31) Moony, please. Do you really think I've gone this long without a fake ID?

(1:32) I can’t believe this. Do you look over 18?

(1:32) I must.

(1:32) How did you – how are you paying for this?

(1:33) Well. I might have…

(1:33) Oh my god. You haven’t sucked a dick for this tattoo have you?

(1:34) No! I pick pocketed my brother last night and... Took his credit card. That’s connected to the family account. Who happen to be rich.

(1:34) You stole from your own birth family.

(1:34) Yep. I have no regrets.

(1:35) Ok, I have some regrets. Tattoos hurt.
(1:36) What are you getting?
(1:37) It's a surprise. My arm got numbed so they could remove the wires and I thought I would take advantage of that numbness.
(1:38) But you said it hurts?
(1:39) Yeah… it’s on my shoulder blade. The numbing didn’t go that far. I was not prepared.
(1:40) Idiot.
(1:41) Prongs thought it was hilarious. I wanted to hurt him, but alas I am pinned to a table but a rather intimidating black haired woman.
(1:43) Is he not there now?
(1:44) Prongs? He’s gone to the match. But I’ll probably still be here when the game’s over.
(1:45) Always good to have an audience. How’s your arm, then?
(1:46) Oh, fine. Sans metal wiring, so I won’t be picking up good TV reception anymore.
(1:46) That’s a shame. How long until the cast is off?
(1:47) Three or four weeks. Now. Whenever I want.
(1:48) Don’t try to play the badass and jeopardize your entire arm.
(1:48) It’s fiiiiiiine.
(1:49) Ok then. Just tell me what it is.
(1:50) No, Moony!! Surprise!!
(1:50) You’re not fair. Come on.
(1:52) Nope. Not telling. You have to wait.
(1:53) How long?
(1:54) A few hours. There’s a lot going on back there.
(1:55) Fine. I guess I’ll wait.
(1:56) Good Moony. I didn’t get much sleep last night because I was so excited, so I’m gonna try that now.
(1:56) Sleep well, little star.
(1:57) See you soon, moon eyes.

*  

[Answer: Prongs]
“Hello?”

“Hey, it worked. Padfoot said it mightn’t. I’m phoning on his behalf. Hello, Moony.”

“Hello, Prongs. How did your game go?”

“We smashed them.”

“I’m going to assume that’s good.”

“Haha, yeah mate, that’s bloody brilliant.”

“Glad to hear it.”

“Oh, right, I had an actual message from Padfoot to you.”

“Yes?”

“He says he’s dying and he’s leaving all his possessions to you.”

“Excellent. I get all of his drug paraphernalia. Just what I wanted.”

“I have no objections, but can I have the motorbike? I want to dismantle it and use its parts.”

“I have no objections.”

“He’s shouting at me from the table. Apparently he doesn’t like that idea.”

“He’s a bit sensitive.”

“No kidding. He’s threatening to kill me.”

“That’s adorable.”

“He does sound like a mewling kitten. Four hours without food will do that to you.”

“How much longer does he have?”

“To live or finish the tattoo?”

“Both.”

“To live, he has about two hours left in him. Tattoo, I have no idea. I’ve told them to keep going once he dies.”

“Can’t have an unfinished tattoo after all that.”

“Exactly. He’s not appreciating my jokes a lot, though.”

“Tell him no one will think less of him if he backs out now.”

“You want to lie to him?”

“If it makes the pain easier.”

“Hey – Moony wants to know if you want him to hold your little baby hand – he says to go fuck myself.”
“He must be high strung. He’s never been opposed to something like that before.”

“HAHA, OH MY – oh, he’s cranky. You talk to him.”

“Ok.”

“Mooooooooony.”

“Does it really hurt that much?”

“No. It’s just been so long. My shoulder is tender and then BEING STABBED BY LITTLE NEEDLES. My sleep didn’t last long.”

“You sound like a disgruntled toddler who got woken up from their nap.”

“I did get woken up from my nap. By Prongs. The inconsiderate git.”

“Big meanie Prongs.”

“Don’t mock me. I’m in pain. I require cuddles and chocolate.”

“You sound so overage right now.”

“Mooooooooony.”

“I’m surprised that they haven’t thrown you out for being a whine.”

“I’m not whining.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Am not!”

“You’re doing it again.”

“Oh my god, Prongs is taking pictures – nooooooo.”

“Can I talk to Prongs again?”

“Can you – uh, yeah, ok.”

“What’s up?”

“Is he crying?”

“No, but there are tears in his eyes.”

“Make sure you get that in the pictures.”

“Way ahead of you, mate. He’s calling you a traitor, by the way.”

“I expected as much. Nothing he hasn’t shouted at me before.”

“Something tells me it isn’t even that bad.”

“Oh, no, he’s just being a drama queen.”
“You got that right – ok, he’s doing grabby hands. I’ll hand you back.”

“I can’t believe you. You turned on me. Teaming up with Prongs?! I thought it was you and me forever.”

“I like to change it up a little.”

“I feel like I need to save my reputation by saying it’s not actually that bad.”

“Yes, we figured as much. You’re just an attention seeker.”

“How dare – actually, no, you’re one hundred percent right.”

“I’m surprised reception has lasted this long.”

“Yeah, me too. When I was talking to you last night it cut off pretty quickly.”

“I know.”

“You – oh. Oh.”

“Don’t get all embarrassed now.”

“You probably think I’m a weirdo or something.”

“Not at all. I can understand what you mean. But I see it as… that this was inevitable. That’s so cliché. Yours was better.”

“Yours makes more sense, on some philosophical level.”

“If you watch enough romance movies.”

“Do you?”

“No! Maybe. Some.”

“You’re totally into them.”

“Would it kill you to throw rocks at my window and sweep me away in the middle of a starlit night?”

“No boom box over my head?”

“You’ve already serenaded me. Let’s leave it there.”

“Roses clenched between my teeth?”

“And a box of chocolates. I deserve nothing less.”

“Moony, I’d get you a helicopter and we’d have a picnic on Everest.”

“Are your helicopter flying skills as good as your motorbike driving?”

“In terms of legality? Yes.”

“It better be the best damned picnic I’ve ever had. It’ll probably be my last.”
“Probably, not going to lie. Oh, ok, I’m all done. I’ll talk to you later, Moony! Thanks for the company.”

“Bye, Padfoot.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

(8:12) Are you ready for the reveal?

(8:13) Definitely.

(8:15) Hurry up.

(8:16) Impatient. Hold on, Wormtail is shit at taking photos.

(8:16) Did I mention that tattoos are really hot?

(8:17) Oh my god, Moony.

(8:18) Picture. Now.

(8:20)

(8:21) Oh my god.

(8:22) It’s a phoenix!!

(8:22) Yeah. Wow. It’s amazing.
(8:23) Thanks, Moony.

(8:24) That’s incredible, Sirius. I love it.

(8:25) Hah, thanks Remus.

(8:26) I’m exhausted.

(8:27) Go sleep, then. Finally.

(8:29) Yeah. I’ll have to sleep on my belly. Oh well. It’s worth it, courtesy of mama and papa Black. Unbeknownst.

(8:31) That makes it all the better.

(8:31) It sure does. Good night, Remus.

(8:32) Good night, Sirius.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for being so patient! I know it's been a long time coming. Any consolation, it was quite a longer chapter, right???? HAha right???
Anyway, thank you to everyone who have continued to send me such lovely and encouraging messages! And thank you to those who understand that writing is fricken hard, man.
Especially thanks to all those who have gently pointed out problematic plot points and phrasing presented through the story. I thank you for your patience and the help you have provided with fixing these problems.
If I continue to fuck up, tell me. Please, tell me.
Week 9

Chapter Summary

Two letters, the Marauders, a stake out, and Counter-Pranksters.

Chapter Notes

Remus is italics
Sirius is bold
James is regular
Peter is underlined
Alice is everything

Special thanks to Ali for her help on the Spoon Analogy, Jess as my Wales consultant, and Vin for being my beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dearest Padfoot,

It is currently Wednesday afternoon while I write this. I hope it’s ok that I’m writing this. There was a return address on the letter you sent me, and even though it was just the school, I hope by putting your name on it that it reaches you. If not, the stranger who is reading mail not address to them, what the fuck is wrong with you?

I hope Sheba is behaving. No, I hope you’re behaving, and that you’re not getting my goldfish entangled with your shenanigans. They are an innocent bystander to whatever rubbish you’re concocting over there. I hope I get my goldfish back in one piece.

My parents come home next Sunday, and I get back the next day. They’ll be home in the evening, though, so if you could bring Sheba back on Sunday morning? If Molly isn’t there, there’s a spare key taped to the wind chime at the front door. Yes, the one with all the stars and planets circling the sun. My parents were new wave philosophers, or something. But I guess so were yours, Dog Star.

Wales is cold and miserable and I’m willing to bet that wherever you are it is not. This is very unfair.

I probably don’t give this impression a lot, but I want to be wherever you are. Even if it were in Wales where it’s cold and miserable. I’d follow you wherever you go.

That’s probably not healthy, but I’m trying not to dwell on it.

Yes, I am aware my handwriting is very feminine. Alice says she could probably use it as a Microsoft font. You’re not allowed to agree.

You’ve just defeated the terrible Slughorn in the fortnight-long battle. I whine at you to be responsible but really he deserved much worse. I'm proud, Padfoot.
I’m having too many thoughts and no thoughts at all currently, so I guess I’ll conclude this letter. I had a spare afternoon and… well, I liked the letter you sent me. I may or may not keep it in my jean pocket. But I would never admit that. That would be sappy.

Talk to you later, Sirius. Or probably in five minutes. This is strange.

From Moony

*

Monday AM

(9:31) I got your letter.

(9:32) Oh dear, I’d forgotten about that.

(9:32) Sheba is doing fine, by the way. Wormtail is quite taken with them.

(9:32) I’m glad Wormtail has finally made a nice friend.

(9:33) Prongs and I are totally nice!

(9:33) Ok, small lie.

(9:33) Big white lie. How’s your shoulder?

(9:34) No, no, we have to dissect your letter further.

(9:34) No, come on, Padfoot!

(9:35) Did you honestly know that already or did you google my name?

(9:35) What?

(9:36) Dog Star.

(9:36) Oh! Tonks told me. She’s really into astrology.

(9:37) And the handwriting…

(9:37) No, really, how is your shoulder blade?

(9:38) I’m surprised you didn’t dot your I’s with hearts.

(9:38) I’m sure it must be really sore.

(9:39) Alice is right, you could use this as a font.

(9:40) Maybe I’ll ask Prongs to give you extra hard pats on the back.

(9:41) This isn’t fair, I can’t conspire with Alice!

(9:41) Which I am eternally grateful for. That force would be terrifying.

(9:41) I don’t know if I agree with her affiliations though.
Frank is better, I swear. He stopped being weird after Alice found out. And well, when you happened too.

Bc he knows I'll beat his arse?

That's gay.

BC HE KNOWS I'LL PUNCH HIM IN THE FACE?

I… yes. I might have mentioned it to him.

Woah, really?

Well this is embarrassing now.

MOONY WHAT DID YOU SAY OH MY GOD

I might have said that if he lies to Alice again, especially about me, then…

Go on.

No, I can't do it.

Moony!

You have to promise it won’t be weird.

My God, Moony, what did you say?

I… Might have said that my boyfriend would gladly punch him in the face.

IS THAT ME

It sounded more intimidating than “my friend who I text all the time will punch you in the face.” But yes, that’s you.

Oh my god

I hope I haven’t made it weird now.

Of course not, Moony.

It’s just we said we wouldn’t go there until we met and I broke that rule.

I really, honestly don’t mind.

I'm sorry!

Moony! Stop! I. Actually quite like it.

Oh.

Did it work?

Pardon?
(9:58) Did it intimidate Frank?

(9:58) Oh, yes. Alice also filled in that you had a motorbike and was probably in a gang.

(9:59) That last one isn’t quite true.

(9:59) Are you sure?

(10:00) We’re not a gang! We’re... a group! We’re a group of friends.

(10:00) Ok sure.

(10:00) A group of friends who happen to have a collective name.

(10:01) I’m sorry, what?

(10:02) Haven’t I mentioned this?

(10:03) Mentioned what?

(10:03) In our first year, Wormy, Prongs and I decided that we needed to leave a mark on the school. So we had to have a name for ourselves.

(10:04) You’re... I was always joking when I asked if you were in a gang. Never did I even consider the possible truth.

(10:05) It’s not a gang!! Come on, Moony. We didn’t make you go through any weird initiations now did we?

(10:06) What? Why would you?

(10:07) You’re one of us, Remus, come on.

(10:08) I’m... What, exactly?

(10:09) You’re a Marauder.

(10:15) Remus?

(10:16) I’m taking a moment.

(10:16) What's wrong?

(10:17) This sounds like a thing you have with your friends.

(10:17) Are you not my friend?

(10:18) But, I mean. Wormtail and Prongs are your friends and that’s your friendship group...

(10:18) And now you’re in that friendship group too.

(10:19) Don’t Prongs and Wormtail mind?

(10:19) Of course not! Don’t be ridiculous, Moony. Prongs adores you! And Wormtail is quite taken with your fish. They like you.
I like you.

Please say you’ll be in our totally-not-a-gang gang?

Padfoot, I would love to be in your totally-not-a-gang gang.

It makes me all warm and fuzzy on the inside to hear you say that, Moony.

It makes me all warm and fuzzy on the inside to be in your gang, Padfoot.

It’s not a gang.

It is a gang. And you are now launching a gang war with the new mystery pranksters.

I have a list of possible suspects but Prongs doesn’t want to hear about it. He’s high strung on the match this weekend.

Important?

It decides who will be in the final against Slytherin. After the final are the interschool matches.

Are you playing this week?

You bet, Moony!

Padfoot!!

What?

Your arm!

You worry toooo much. I’ll be fine.

No, Prongs will have to call me to tell me you’re in hospital. Again.

It happens one time so now it’s a thing?

Yes.

I promise I will be careful.

Better.

I must partake in the compulsory team building exercises now.

Go team.

They’ve been building a hut out of sticks for half an hour now and the camp runners have only just realized I’m not helping.

And why aren’t you helping, Moony?

Tonks has got a good hold on it. I also don’t want her to yell at me.

OK SHE’S YELLING AT ME ANYWAY. I’ll talk to you later, Padfoot.
(10:39) Cya, Moony.

*

Monday PM

(5:23) I miss our phone calls.

(5:24) Me too. I was half way through my detention when I realized I didn't have that to look forward to.

(5:25) I miss you.

(5:26) I miss you too, Moony. You’ll be home soon.

(5:27) Not soon enough.

(5:28) Next Monday, right?

(5:29) Yes.

(5:29) Six more days.

(5:30) Six more days.

(5:31) I haven’t wanted to mention it before, but…

(5:32) I mean, considering what happened last time, I didn’t think I should

(5:33) I. Fuck. I can’t think of the words.

(5:34) I want to see you, Moony.

(5:34) I want to see you too. Preferably as soon as possible.

(5:35) Six more days. And then we’ll see when we can fit it in.

(5:37) Ok. We can do that. That’s good.

(5:38) I miss you.

(5:38) I miss you too.

*

(9:56) Good night, Padfoot.

(9:57) Good night, Moony.

*

Tuesday AM

(10:01) You never did tell me how your shoulder is.

(10:02) It’s swollen. I look like a hunchback.
Do you have a bell tower?

Unfortunately not. Maybe you can make me one out of sticks.

Har.

My parents have written to me about the whole bill thing, though.

Written to you? Do they not have your number?

The whole reason why I got a new phone was so they couldn’t contact me.

Oh.

Yeah. The Potter’s got it for me as a belated Christmas present.

So I guess you could thank shitty parenting for us meeting.

I think I’m going to thank the Potters. Or your clumsy fingers.

I’m not going to thank them for anything. Besides your birth, I guess.

Birthing me was the best thing they ever did, indeed.

So what did they say about the bill?

They said I will be paying them back, but I’m going to ignore it. They can’t prove it was me. I can’t be tattooed. I’m underage, after all.

Ah, the tricky technicality.

I’m surprised you’re not chastising me for dishonesty.

I feel like it’s the least they owe you.

You know how you said that uh.. Frank didn’t deserve me?

They never deserved you.

Aw shucks, Moony.

That’s kind of you to say so.

Kind of me? It’s the truth, Padfoot.

Ok.

I can’t text, McGonagall is watching me like a hawk.

Oh, ok. Bye, Padfoot.

* Can you tell me what I did wrong? It’s referencing his parents.

*
What do you mean? The guy had to leave.

He’s been known to be caught rather than stop texting.

You’re being paranoid, Remus.

I don’t like the idea that I upset him! What if I do it again?

Remus, for crying out loud, you’ve not done anything.

His answer was very abrupt.

God, it’s like you’re having your pre-teen crisis late.

My pre-teen crisis involved an oxygen tank, I have a lot to catch up on.

You’re meant to be the empathetic one, Remus.

You know I can only solve other people’s problems. Come on, Alice, help.

Look, maybe his parents are a sore spot for him.

Yes, I know that already.

Then don’t push it.

Really?

Really, Sometimes it’s better for Frank if I let him tell me he’s fine.

But is that short term or long term?

Short term. If it gets bad, he’ll come to me.

Remus, he’ll tell you when he needs to.

I hope that’s true.

When am I ever wrong?
Ha.

No, tell me. When have I ever been wrong?

Alice.

I want to hear you say it.

Alice, you have never been wrong.

Exactly. Remember that.

And never question me again.

*

Tuesday PM

You know how you say that we’re really mean to Wormtail?

Because you are, yes.

Well he has taken to patting me on the back. A lot. Like, unnecessarily a lot.

Years worth of payback?

I can’t believe you’re on his side, Moony. The betrayal.

I always root for the underdog.

I’m actually feeling very empathetic for Wormtail right now.

Tonks find your diary?

No.

Ah, so you hid it well, then?

No – that’s not what I meant. I don’t have a diary.

You don’t have ‘Mr Remus Black’ scribbled in a notebook surrounded by hearts?

No, I put that in my scrapbook along with a lock of your hair.

I could send you over some fingernail clippings too, if you would like.

I would greatly appreciate it. It would make a nice border for your page dedication.

Tonks volunteered me to help organize a party. You know, like what you did to Wormtail last week?

Do you want his number? He can give you tips on how to sticky tape crepe paper. Or blow up balloons.

Yes, I’m sure I of all people will be given the task of blowing up balloons.
Haha – sorry, Moony. Forgot.

It’s ok. I just help pin things to walls a few hours before it starts, I guess. I wasn’t even planning on going, but now I’m decorating it.

Moony, you’d be the life of the party!

You’re so funny.

I bet you stand in the corner and shit talk everyone.

I absolutely do not!

Are you lying to me?

I don’t shit talk. I just… Make very bitter remarks.

About people.

Alice is usually the one that starts it.

You seem to blame an awful lot on Alice.

She gets to be my scapegoat until the two of you actually meet.

And then when we do I’ll tell her all the horrible things you’ve said about her.

You wouldn’t! Surely!

You’d have mercy, wouldn’t you?

I don’t know… It’s very tempting…

Resist the temptation. Or I’ll rally Wormtail into a resistance.

I’m sure I can keep my mouth shut for a short while…

Mm.

I want to try and call you tonight. If that’s ok.

Of course. I wish you the best of luck in it.

I’m giving up a virgin sacrifice for reception.

There’s no point in the phone call if you sacrifice yourself, Padfoot.

But you’re the one I choose to hear my dying words!

And what dying words I’m sure they’ll be.

“T-tell… Prongs… he’s a… wanker.”

“Padfoot said you are the best wanker he’s ever known. He’ll miss that the most.”

Wanker.
“Padfoot said I was the best wanker he’s ever known. He’ll miss that the most.”

Hm, can’t complain with that one.

I knew you wouldn’t.

I’ll hopefully talk to you tonight.

I’ll anticipate it eagerly.

*

[Calling Moony]

[Call Failed. Try Again]

[Calling Moony]

[Call Failed. Try Again]

It’s not working.

[Calling Padfoot]

[Call Failed. Try Again]

Nor I.

Ah, bollocks.

Is everything alright?

Yes.

No.

I don’t know.

It would just be nice to hear your voice.

[Calling Padfoot]

[Call Failed. Try Again]

Your virgin sacrifice didn’t work.

Fuck.

Hang tight for a moment. I have an idea.

Ok.

[Accept Audio File from Moony]

Did it work?
(9:21) **Shush, I’m listening.**

“Ahem, ok. Hello, Padfoot. Somehow this is stranger than actually talking to you. I suddenly don’t know what to say, but your wish is my command. Here is my voice. I hope you’re ok. And if not, I hope this makes you feel even the slightest bit better. I’m not going to start theorizing what is wrong, and I’m not going to ask either, but I want you to know that whatever is wrong you can talk to me about. I’m still, unfortunately, not a psychologist, but I will listen and help you in whatever way I can, in whatever way you want. Well, within reason. I’m not going to kill someone for you, for instance. Sorry. Unless they deserve it. Excellent, now I sound like you. Ok, I pray that this sends successfully, and that I can call you in the near future. Preferably very near future. In the present, maybe. Alright. Bye, Sirius.”

(9:25) **Thank you, Moony. That was… thank you.**

(9:26) **That’s alright.**

(9:27) **I’m going to go to bed. It’s been a long day.**

(9:27) **Alright. Sleep well, Sirius.**

(9:28) **Yeah, you too, Moony.**

* 

**Wednesday AM**

(9:01) I’m tired. Aren’t you tired, Pete?

(9:02) I’m pretty damned tired.

(9:02) And why are you tired, Peter?

(9:03) **Oh, just the usual.**

(9:03) Yeah, I understand that.

(9:04) **Just that someone…**

(9:04) Someone we will not name…

(9:04) **DOESN’T KNOW HOW TO TURN HIS FUCKING VOLUME DOWN**

(9:05) **WHEN LISTENING TO MUSIC AND APPARENTLY AUDIO BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

(9:06) **Audio books?**

(9:06) **Also, fuck you two.**

(9:07) Idk what it was, but there was no music to it. Just a voice.

(9:07) **Oh, right. I couldn’t sleep.**
(9:08) Well thanks to you, neither could we!

(9:09) Wormtail you could sleep through the Apocalypse, I don’t know what you’re on about.

(9:10) The Apocalypse hasn’t got shit on your emo music.

(9:11) My Chemical Romance is not emo.

(9:12) Did those words just honestly come out of your mouth?

(9:12) No Prongs, I’m doing this funny thing called texting

(9:12) But yes, I’m willing to admit I’m wrong. It’s so emo.

(9:13) So fucking emo and so fucking loud.

(9:13) I’m sorry!!

(9:14) Padfoot, you don’t have to wallow in self-pity.

(9:14) (That’s not the term we agreed on, Wormtail!!)

(9:14) Self-pity?

(9:15) Sorry, he means… depressive state.

(9:15) (That’s also not the term we agreed on.)

(9:15) Depressive state?!

(9:16) You were… down, yesterday. We want to remind you that we are here at your disposal.

(9:16) We know your family puts you in the shits and that letter from them yesterday wasn’t exactly a ‘we miss you’ declaration.

(9:17) Wormtail, you’re so fucking good at this.

(9:17) …I am?

(9:17) No, you’re as gentle as a brick to teeth. Jesus.

(9:18) It’s fine. He’s right.

(9:18) How are you today?

(9:19) Not at the highest point, not at the lowest.

(9:20) What can we do, Pads?

(9:21) Nothing, I’ll sort myself out.

(9:21) Mate, if you’re not going to talk to us, at least talk to Moony.

(9:22) I don’t need to talk about anything to anyone! I told you, I’ll be fine. Leave it.

(9:23) We think it’d be good for you to talk about it!
(9:30) Padfoot?

(9:35) Please don't give us the silent treatment.

(9:40) We know you're really not that interested in the Tennis Court Oath.

(9:41) Leave him, Wormtail.

(9:42) We'll talk to you at break, Sirius.

* 

(11:09) S'mae!

(11:11) I'm waiting for you to correct whatever spelling mistake that is.


(11:13) You're going to start talking to me in Welsh now? That's like rubbing salt into wounds.

(11:14) You have a paper cut, Moony.

(11:15) It still bleeds.

(11:18) I wanted to thank you again for the thing you did.

(11:19) It was no problem. Do you want to talk about what's bothering you?

(11:20) No and everyone needs to stop asking.

(11:21) Ok, I'm sorry.

(11:22) It's not your fault. I'm – let's talk about something else.

(11:23) Ok. I did archery this morning.

(11:24) Like Katniss Everdeen archery?

(11:25) Uh, well, not quite. I mean, I didn't shoot a teenager if that's what you're asking.

(11:26) You wouldn't survive the Hunger Games, Moony.

(11:27) Thank you for the confidence!!

(11:28) You're too gentle! You'd believe someone if they told you they wouldn't kill you and then wonder why you're bleeding in the stomach.

(11:28) But you'd avenge me, right?

(11:29) Oh, sure.

(11:30) Your answer was too nonchalant there. I want a redo.

(11:30) OF COURSE I'D AVENGE YOUR DEATH MY DEAR SWEET MOONY.

(11:31) That's much better. Thank you.
(11:32) Were you any good?

(11:32) At the archery? No. No, I wasn’t at all.

(11:33) Mm, I’m hearing bitterness.

(11:34) Archery would be a cool skill to have.

(11:35) It would, you really lucked out.

(11:36) Very handy for impaling people.

(11:36) You are quite violent, aren’t you?

(11:37) Passive-aggressive. You have nothing to fear.

(11:38) I bet Tonks was good at it.

(11:39) The girl who sets kitchens on fire, and you think she would be good at archery?

(11:39) She was great at it, wasn’t she?

(11:40) She was. Besides cooking, she’s pretty good at everything.

(11:41) I’m sure they’ll have a book reading competition sometime soon, Moony, and you can slaughter them.

(11:41) Why must you mock my one talent?

(11:42) Bc for some reason you consider it to be your only talent.

(11:42) No, no. I am also good at pool.

(11:42) And avoiding conversation points.

(11:43) I learned that from you.

(11:50) Shit, I’m sorry.

(11:50) No, Moony it’s fine, I was hiding my phone from Slughorn. But you’re not wrong.

(11:53) Still a terrible thing to say.

(11:55) I’m not holding it against you Mooneyes, chill.

(11:57) Mooneyes? Really?

(11:58) Mooncheeks?

(11:58) Christ.

(11:59) Lunch time. I have to go avoid more conversation points now. Cya, Moony.

(11:59) Bye, Padfoot.

*
Wednesday MIDDAY

(12:53) Sirius, where are you?

(12:55) I won’t try to talk to you. We just want to know where you are.

(12:56) Mate?

*

(12:54) We’ll cover for you in class but please don’t do anything stupid

(12:56) Yes, punching him would be considered stupid

(12:57) Sirius!!?

*

Wednesday PM

(3:21) Ah, Moony?

(3:22) Prongs?

(3:22) Hi mate, just wondering if you’ve heard from Sirius?

(3:24) Not since about twelve. Why? Is he.. has he run off?

(3:25) It was more like a storm-off. How much do you already know?

(3:26) I’ve assumed family thing, since they wrote to him the other day.

(3:27) Yeah. A lot of his cousins go here, so they’re kinda unavoidable. They’re also fucking pricks. His brother kinda included.

(3:29) What happened?

(3:30) Words were said in the Great Hall and now we can’t find him. He’s not in his usual spots but his motorbike is still here.

(3:31) So he can’t be far.

(3:32) No, not far at all. But he won’t answer us.

(3:33) And you think he’d answer me? He’s already been a bit short about it with me.

(3:34) You talked him down from Slughorn’s car that time. Honestly, Moony, that was a fucking miracle. He’s broken windows before.

(3:34) I’ll try, I guess.

(3:35) Is there something I should avoid??

(3:36) Don’t mention Regulus. Not unless he mentions him first.

(3:36) That’s his brother, right?
(3:38) Right.
(3:39) Ok. Got it.
(3:40) Good luck, Moony.
(3:41) Thanks, Prongs. I'll let you know if I can get to him.
(3:42) Cheers.

*

(3:45) We don’t have to talk about it.

(3:46) Did James message you

(3:46) You’ve never used his real name with me before, you know.

(3:47) Preserving privacy, not that he’s done the same for me.

(3:48) Are you in a safe place?

(3:49) Yes I’m fucking safe whatever that means

(3:50) It means we want to know you’re not in danger.

(3:50) Oh of what, myself???

(3:51) Potentially, yes.

(3:52) I’m fine, I just need to be left alone.

(3:53) My understanding is that you’ve been left alone for a few hours now.

(3:53) And you’re still just as angry.

(3:53) So this is obviously not working.

(3:54) Obviously

(3:54) Obviously you know that

(3:55) Padfoot, please let someone help you.

(3:55) HELP ME there is nothing to be helped I’m a disgraced fuck up and nothing will fix that not even you moony

(3:55) I have to go to detention

(3:55) if james and peter ambush me im personally blaming you

(3:56) Understood

(3:56) Just… please talk to me. When you’re ready.

*
(3:55) He’s ok.

(3:55) Where is he??

(3:56) You don’t kick a hornet’s nest. I know where he is and he’s fine. Kind of. Not really, actually.

(3:56) Well, no, I didn’t expect him to be.

(3:58) Tell me if he goes back to your dorm.

(3:58) Ok. Thanks, Moony.

(3:59) I didn’t get to do much.

(3:59) But he actually replied to you. That’s enough.

(4:00) If you say so.

*

[Calling Padfoot]

“…”

“I know I said for you to talk when you’re ready, so I’m going to do the talking now. If that’s alright.”

“… Do whatever.”

“It’s actually a miracle the call worked. I’m outside by a few bins, and it’s a lot darker than what I anticipated. Anyway, um, I didn’t actually expect to get this far so I don’t really know what to say. Actually, that’s a lie. I’ve recited in my head what I want to say to you. Speaking it out loud, with you right there, is an entirely other matter. You are still there, right?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, good. I wouldn’t want to be blabbering to a bunch of bins. It makes me feel worse than talking to Sheba. Which, yes, I actually do. You question my commitment to Sheba but we have quite good conversations. How is Sheba?”

“I thought you said I didn’t have to talk.”

“Right, yes. Excellent time to do some listening, then. Because there was something you said that’s stuck with me and I don’t understand it, not one bit. You said you were a - I’m quoting because God knows I’d never say this, especially not about you - that you were a ‘disgraced fuck up.’ I don’t know where you got that from. No, I do actually, but I don’t understand why you would believe it, especially from them. I don’t believe it for a second, and I’m sure Prongs and Wormtail don’t either. You shouldn’t. There’s nothing about you that I’ve encountered that would ever fall under the label of ‘disgraced’ or ‘fuck up.’ You’re incredibly smart and loyal. You’re funny and supportive and quick to protect people you care about. You’re incredible, Sirius –”

“Shut up.”

“No, if you’re not going to talk then you’ll listen. Pick.”
“I can’t… I’m not-”

“You are. I’m not going to let you put yourself down using their words. Their opinion doesn’t matter. One of the first things you told me about your family was that they were bigots. So you should start automatically tuning out whatever bullshit they spew from their mouths.”

“It’s not… I don’t care about. About all of them. Just.”

“What is it, Sirius?”

“It’s just him. It used to be us against them. I wasn’t alone, and I could handle whatever they said or did because he was there too. But now he’s not. And worse than that, he’s not with me, but with them. It’s… this makes no sense.”

“It doesn't have to, not for me.”

“I can handle whatever my family says about me now. Ok, I thought I could. Mostly I can. When they’re shouting slurs at me from across the Great Hall – that’s fine. I don’t care. But today it was him, too. He was shouting with them, and I couldn’t do that.”

“Who is he, Sirius?”

“I mean, if he can say that stuff too – maybe everything else isn’t a lie.”

“It is. It absolutely is.”

“Ttrusted him, Remus. I trusted him to not become like them.”

“Maybe he’s not. Not everyone can be brave like you, Sirius.”

“Well, he’s really fucking good at pretending to be an arsehole, then.”

“Sirius? Who is it?”

“R-regulus. He’d never join in with their taunting… and it made me feel like, maybe, he stills cares and that I’m still alright.”

“You’re more than alright.”

“That we’re alright. Me and him. I guess not.”

“You haven’t done anything wrong.”

“He picked them over me. It’s… well, there’s got to be a reason, right?”

“Like I said, maybe he’s too scared to leave them. Not necessarily anything you’ve done.”

“They always told me that if I kept going the way I was, everyone would leave me.”

“I won’t leave you.”

“Reg told me that, too. Moony, I don’t expect you-”

“No, please stop this. I’m not leaving, not ever. I-I don’t think I could. I mean, I’m not even there but I’m not leaving. That’s got to mean something, right?”
“You’ll get sick of me.”

“I’ll – what? Get sick of the way you make me laugh until I cry? Or the way your voice alone makes me feel safe? How you make me feel like I’m normal? Maybe I’ll get sick of how fiercely protective you are, or how brilliantly clever you are, or how dedicated you are to doing what you think is right.”

“But… the other things…”

“The only thing I’m sick of, Padfoot, is not being able to be there to convince you that those other things don’t matter to me. They won’t make me change my mind. I… I want to hold you until you believe me. I don’t-"

[Call Disconnected]

(10:03) Most inconvenient timing.

(10:03) I don’t want anyone else, Sirius.

(10:04) Whatever your family has told you about yourself are lies.

(10:05) I’ll make you see that.

(10:07) I’m going back to the dorm.

(10:07) Ok. Good idea.

(10:08) Remus

(10:10) Yes?

(10:11) I don’t think ‘thank you’ is enough.

(10:12) How about a promise, then?

(10:12) What promise?

(10:13) That you won’t let yourself get like this again. And if you do, that you tell me. Please.

(10:14) Ok. Yeah, I can do that.

(10:15) And also a deal.

(10:16) And what deal would that be?

(10:17) If you meet Frank you can hit him. If I meet anyone from your family I can hit them.

(10:17) Moony, they’d eat you alive.

(10:18) A sneak attack, then.

(10:18) You’re ridiculous. Fine, deal.

(10:19) Good night, Sirius.

(10:20) Good night, Moony.
(10:42) Cheers, mate. He’s asleep.
(10:43) *It was no problem. Is he, um, better?*
(10:44) *I don’t really know what to say to that.*
(10:45) I’ll stop flustering you, then.
(10:45) But I’ll definitely have to tell Padfoot I flustered you.
(10:46) Oh boy.
(10:46) *GOODNIGHT PRONGS*
(10:47) Hah, goodnight Moony.

* 

**Thursday AM**

(9:28) *Bore da.*

(9:29) *How many of these have you learned?*

(9:29) *Enough to keep you going until Sunday!*

(9:31) What’s this one, then?

(9:32) *Good morning.*

(9:33) Well then, *bore da, Padfoot.*

(9:34) *Bore da. And, diolch i chi.*

(9:34) I told you that saying thank you didn’t feel like enough so I thought maybe if it was in another language…

(9:35) *You’re most welcome, Padfoot. Any time.*

(9:36) I still don’t feel like it’s enough. I could write it in the sky and it probably wouldn’t be enough.

(9:37) *As long as I helped, it’s enough for me.*

(9:38) *You have no idea how much you’ve helped me. I can’t begin to explain.*

(9:39) Then I’ll take that as being genuine. Again, you’re welcome.

(9:40) *I have to give an oral presentation now.*

(9:40) *An oral presentation? Should I be jealous?*
Dirty Moony. He’s been awoken.

Good luck, you sod.

Thank you.

* 

Thursday PM

I can't entirely tell if your advice was good or not.

Hello, Remus.

What advice? I give you a lot of advice. For a smart boy you're awfully clueless.

I didn't push the topic and it kind of... escalated.

Is he alright?

Yes. I mean, he is now, I think.

I'm sorry.

It's not your fault. How's home?

Boooooring. You're coming home soon, right?

Monday. Not long.

We are having a movie marathon once you get back.

So long as it's not a running marathon.

I would never do that to you, Remus.

Oh really? Is that true?

I guess 2010 must have been a blur for you, then.

That was one time.

The marathon ran for four days, Alice, I'm counting that as more than once.

You're so sensitive, Remus, I didn't even make you run.

No, you took off without me! I had to make friends with Mrs Figs With Osteoporosis.

Oh, but she was lovely! I remember those chocolate truffles she brought on the third day.

Do you also remember her several cats and their ranging personalities? I could tell you now, since you missed out last time.

I'm good, thank you Remus.

Are you sure? There's Floozle, who doesn't like it when she vacuums so she does it as little as
possible.

(1:33) **Really, I’m fine.**

(1:34) Oh, if you want it straight from Mrs Figs herself I think I still have her phone number somewhere.

(1:36) **Don’t do this, Remus, you’re better than this.**

(1:37) Make sure you rent out Love, Actually.

(1:38) **I’m not an idiot.**

(1:39) *Making sure.*

(3:12) I’ve narrowed the list down.

(3:13) What list?

(3:13) **The potential counter-pranksters!**

(3:15) Counter-pranksters?

(3:16) Well, we are the pranksters. Any others are defying our rule.

(3:18) This isn’t a revolution.

(3:18) **But it is!**

(3:19) No! Wait! It’s war!

(3:20) I thought you were going to take them under your wing?

(3:21) That was until they painted Dumbledore’s car pink! Granted, Dumbledore was quite happy with it, but still. No one saw them do it!

(3:22) That’s not pranking, that’s vandalism.

(3:22) **It actually looks quite good. But that’s beside the point.**

(3:23) What’s the list then, Padfoot?

(3:25) **They have to be Gryffindors.**

(3:25) Lions, that is. One of us.

(3:26) Why do you say that?

(3:28) Be Slytherin pranks involve serious injury, Ravenclaws don’t prank when they can drown you in sarcasm instead, and Hufflepuff pranks involve mixing your Coke with cordial when you leave it unattended.

(3:30) Are you… stereotyping entire houses at your school?
(3:30) Yes. So?

(3:31) You’re never going to find them like that.

(3:31) What do you mean?????

(3:33) They expect you to go by the stereotypes, and thus disguising themselves better. You have to keep an open mind.

(3:34) Mooooooony.

(3:35) What?

(3:36) You ruined my only lead.

(3:37) Sorry, Padfoot. As they say, back to the drawing board?

(3:37) This is much harder than finding out what illness you have.

(3:39) That’s because I left clues. What clues have they left?

(3:40) They left a spray can by Dumbledork’s car. Moony, you’re a genius!

(3:41) Ok, now I’m confused.

(3:42) I can lift their fingerprints from the spray can.

(3:43) …Can you honestly?

(3:44) No, Moony, come on. They’re invisible!

(3:44) Wait.

(3:46) What now?

(3:46) I could do a stake out. Try and catch them in the act.

(3:47) How? How will you know where they’ll strike next?

(3:48) I know where I’d strike next, if Prongs and Wormtail weren’t being wet blankets.

(3:48) Where, then?

(3:50) Slytherin courtyard just got a new statue for their namesake. I’d… Do something to it.

(3:51) And then if nothing happens to it, you know it’s a Slytherin.

(3:51) Brilliant, Moony!!

(3:52) So… you’re going to stake out a statue when and how long?

(3:53) Well I’m doing nothing tonight. Are you?

(3:53) Yeah, I thought I’d go see the ballet.

(3:54) Excellent, so you’re free. We’re going on a stake out, Moony.
Sirissssss. For how long?

For as long as we have to!

!! No!

Ok, fine. Until... one am. Personally, I'd do it at midnight. Give them some leeway time. Acceptable?

I suppose. In that case, I'm going to nap now.

Aw, fragile Moony.

More like wants-to-conserve-his-spoons-Moony.

What? Why are you hoarding spoons?

Never mind. I'll explain later. Now I'm sleeping.

Good night, Moony.

Good night, Padfoot.

* 

Friday AM

Here we go. You're awake, right?

Right. How could I sleep with all this adventure going on?

Wow. Bad nap?

Perfect nap. I'd like another one.

Come on, we'll be here an hour, max.

Very well. What's the statue look like?

Snobbish looking bloke with a snake coiled around his feet. He's also got a sword, brandishing it above his head. Very heroic.

Who's he meant to be?

Salazar Slytherin. Yeah, he sounds like an evil Count or something.

Is he killing the snake? That would count as heroic and very not-villiany.

HA, no, that's his family emblem. Right, so basically, a bunch of old timey people built a school and made themselves into these heroic figures so the students could worship them. Some very dodgy stories though, and Prongs may have accidentally disproved Rowena Ravenclaw's story of fame in second year. Their head of house wasn't happy.

At least they made your school fancy.
Nothing says prestige quite like having the biggest tree in the school being constantly teepee’d.

I imagine that’s mostly your fault, though.

Nah, that’s Wormtail’s department. He’s in charge of keeping the Whomping Willow toilet papered at all times.

You named the tree Whomping Willow?

One winter a branch broke off and tore through McG’s car. That was a bad week. She was all crabby.

Gee, I wonder why. Any signs of counter-pranksters?

None thus far. I have a clown costume in case they don’t show, though.

What are you going to do with a clown costume?

Dress up Sally a bit.

That’s not the aim of the stake out! If it’s not tonight, it could be tomorrow. You’d be ruining your chances!

Moooony. Stop killing my vibe.

I can’t believe your lack of dedication to the cause. You’re disappointing me.

Fiiiiine. We’ll wait.

tell me what the spoon thing was.

Oh right

Well, it’s this analogy that sort of explains what it’s like to live with a chronic illness (or disability) where, uh, spoons are used as measureable devices to represent energy. I naturally have limited energy because of my illness, so small activities can mean I lose energy, or ‘spoons’. Some days it varies how many spoons I have to begin with and how many spoons I lose. It’s hard to predict.

Being up at midnight can lose you spoons?

Yes. Sleep is important for conserving energy for everyone, anyway. Thus, why I took a nap.

Serious question now, Moony.

It must be if you’re using “serious.”

Exactly.

Why spoons?

HAHA

Moony, don’t be mean.
I’m sorry, there’s just… There’s no real reason why spoons.

In the original story two friends (one healthy, and one chronically ill) are at a diner. Healthy Friend asks Chronically Ill Friend why they don’t go out together more often, and CIF explains how their illness doesn’t really let them, but HF doesn’t understand. The closest thing CIF had to explain what they meant in a physical demonstration were spoons. Holding the spoons up to HF, CIF explains that they have only a certain number of spoons for the day, while HF has an unlimited supply. Each activity takes a spoon or so away from their capabilities.

So you could have very easily been measuring your energy levels with sugar packets.

Yes, it was a close call. It would have been handy for Frank, though.

“I can’t go out today, my sugars are low.”

I don’t get it.

Frank has Type 1 Diabetes.

OH

HAHA

That would have been excellent.

But I’m sorry for losing you spoons, Moony.

My spoons are doing fine, Padfoot. If I couldn't do it I’d tell you.

Ok. Yeah. Do that.

Anything happening there yet?

No, I’m about to call it quits. It’s cold out here.

I’m still ok if you want to wait longer.

Ok, we’ll see how far we can go. I’m still cold though.

Think hot thoughts.

Hot thoughts, you say?

Warm. Warm thoughts is what I meant. Think about something warm.

Really? I think I’d prefer to think hot thoughts.

Keep them to yourself.

I’m sure it must be cold in Wales. Don't want me to share my hot thoughts?

I have a comforter, I’m good.

In one of my hot thoughts I’m in the comforter with you.

Ergh, you’re unbearable.
And you never yield, Mooncrest.

You know the phrase “actions speak louder than words”?

Oo, is that a promise?

Will it force you to stop making implications?

I’m hurt you don’t like my implications.

I feel weird about being receptive to your implications while there are half a dozen people in the room.

Aren’t they sleeping?

Yes, but they are also snoring. I am very aware that they are there.

You’re a strange boy, Remus Lupin.

You’re not exactly regular yourself, you know.

I’m starting to feel like this stake out is a bust.

Padfoot?

Please tell me you’ve fallen asleep and not that the counter-pranksters have captured you.

If this is the counter-pranksters, I’m Remus. I’m afraid I don’t have the ransom needed to pay for Sirius. He’s all yours.

Ok, you must be asleep. You wouldn’t stand for that kind of insult if you were awake.

Good night, Padfoot.

I had a first year poke me with a stick to see if I was alive.

I understand the feeling.

You’re like the most annoying first year with the biggest stick right now.

Sorry Moony if I’m not that sympathetic.

For you see.

I woke up in a fucking garden.

You’re fault.

There’s even worse news, Moony.

Your hair is a mess?

SALAZAR SLYTHERIN IS WEARING A DRESS AND WIG
AND MAKE UP

Like. Really good make up.

You’re either telling me that the counter-pranksters managed to do this with your sleeping body within ear shot, or you prank in your sleep.

Which option makes me sound less pathetic?

No, you’re screwed either way.

I can’t believe this, Moony. They must ghosts. That’s the only possible explanation.

Are they outranking you?

I’m a noble man, Moony. I can admit when I’ve been defeated.

No, they’re big poopy heads.

But they have openly declared war with this act.

War? Christ. It never ends with you does it.

They need to learn their place! I am their superior!

How do you show exasperation through text without actually saying “I’m exasperated”?

Ah, shit. McGonagone thinks I’ve done this.

Show her our texts as evidence to your innocence.

I’m so lucky to have you, Moony.

If you want to keep me, stop messaging me now.

Ok. Sleep tight Moony.

You bet.

*

I’m telling you guys, we need to strike back.

Padfoot, how do you find the total surface area of a triangular prism?

This isn’t the time for mathematics, Wormtail!

Funny, because I thought we were in mathematics.

Come onnnn, Prongs! Our legacy!

Usually I would be all for maintaining our legacy, Padfoot, but we have an important match this weekend. That’s what I’m concentrating on. Wormtail too, right mate?

Yeah. Can one of you come help me, please?
I don’t know Wormtail, will you come help me when I ask it?

I’m asking for a formula, you’re asking for a live sacrifice. There’s a difference.

You both suck.

We’ll get to it in time, Pads, just chill. Until then, let those arseholes go for it. Hopefully they’ll get caught soon.

They better. They need to learn their place.

For fuck’s sake, one of you get here now. I’m going to cry.

Padfoot will do it.

Prongs is on it.

Why do you two never want to help me?

Fine. I’m thinking of a number between one and ten.

Six

Three

It was seven. Padfoot, get here now.

Fuck.

Friday PM

I didn’t know how many streamers it took to decorate a small community room.

Party time, huh?

Tonks is wearing a tutu and keeps throwing glitter everywhere. I feel like I’ve stepped into a gay club.

Sounds only like the best party ever.

Yeah, we’ll see.

Prongs and Wormtail still refuse to help me with the invading enemy.

What do you plan on doing, anyway?

Finding them and eliminating them.

Not beating them at their own game?

But this is my game! They’re the intruders.

I can’t solo prank, anyway. It works better with a team.
Sounds like something you’d put on a resume. “Works well in a team of pranksters.”

Like Professional Party Decorator?

Tonks says I have the creativity of a shrew. I’m not entirely sure what that means but she was very adamant about it.

She also says I have the attention span of a puppy. I need to get back to ‘decorating’.

Unleash your creative flair, Remus.

Be quiet.

* 

Wormtail, where’s the goldfish?

Goldfish is in the bowl, idiot.

No, it’s not Wormtail THERE IS NO FISH HERE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH SHEBA??

NOTHING WHY WOULD YOU ASK THAT

I'm trying to stay calm, Peter.

I don't know where the fish is. They should be in the bowl. Because fish can’t fucking walk or fly.

THANK YOU FOR THE UPDATE DARWIN BUT THERE IS NO FISH HERE AND YOU WERE THE LAST ONE TO FEED THEM

WELL THEY WERE THERE WHEN I FED THEM AN HOUR AGO

WHERE. THE FUCK. IS SHEBA??

I. DON'T. KNOW.

The window is open

????? whoopdedoo.

WE NEVER LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN IN CASE MRS NORRIS COMES IN AND EATS ALL THE FOOD WE HAVE STASHED AWAY. DO YOU REMEMBER FIRST YEAR?

Yes I remember.

The window is open.

I was… Ok, I might have had a cigarette.

Wormtail, you don't fucking smoke.
You have asthma, for fuck’s sake.

Well I do now.

THIS JUST PROVES THAT SMOKING KILLS BRAIN CELLS OR WHATEVER. SHEBA HAS BEEN EATEN BY THAT FUCKING BEAST.

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN TO

WHAT DO I DO

BUY A NEW ONE?

OH IM JUST GOING TO REPLACE MOONY’S DEAD GOLDFISH WITH A NEW ONE AND HOPE IT’S OK?? HE COMES HOME IN TWO DAYS!

THEN ACT FAST?

You’re buying the fish, prat. I CANT BELIEVE YOU KILLED MOONY’S FISH!

PLEASE DON’T TELL HIM. I'M SORRY.

Sheba is dead. Oh my god I can’t believe this.

I’m really sorry, Padfoot.

It's ok. Let’s just hope Moony doesn't notice. The last thing he needs is a dead goldfish.

I’ll get one tomorrow. I promise.

Damn right, Peter. Christ I can’t believe this. I feel sick.

I’ll also get beer.

And donuts. Lots of donuts.

Done.

Excellent. You’re an alright mate, Peter.

When I’m not killing your boyfriend’s fish.

And being a smartarse.

*

Party has kicked off. I already want it to stop.

Where’s your raucous spirit, Moony?

I let it all out in my streamers.

Oh, I bet they’re dazzling.

Tonks assures me it’s the highlight of the party.
I'm beginning to believe her. They're making us play Chinese Whispers. I'm six again.

Moony, this is a perfect game.

Fine, they're about to get to me. What do I change the sentence to?

I love that you knew what I meant.

WAIT THAT'S NOT THE SENTENCE I CHOOSE

MY SENTENCE IS

IT'S TOO LATE.

What?? What sentence did you use?!

You took too long so I went with ‘I love that you knew what I meant.’

Booooring.

Holy crap

What?

This is impossible

The sentence became ‘I love that moony I vent.’

My plan all along. I'm so smooth.

Liar. We're doing another round, quick.

Shit, Moony, pressure’s on now! Give me more warning.

Hurry up.

I want you to whisper ‘omelette du fromage.’

Are you fucking with me?

Too late I've done it.

Tonks choked on her own spit.

Got changed to ‘omelette dude from mars’

These people are so unimaginative.

The camp leaders are getting mad. They keep asking who’s changing the sentences on purpose.

Don’t betray the secret, Moony.

And risk being sent to bed without supper? I would never.

It is the most important meal of the day.
My health would deplete significantly if I didn’t have hot chocolate and a biscuit before bed.

I know what you mean. Last night, when I fell asleep in a garden, I didn’t have supper and I woke up with a bee on my forehead.

If you had had supper, then that bee would have never been there.

Exactly!

Sometimes I worry about our conversations.

Worry about how GREAT they are?

Wow, don’t be too quick to agree.

And I thought we were doing so well. But I see you have left me, probably for another.

I’m going to go have supper.

*  

Camp leaders literally took my phone from me.

Because I was not participating in group activities.

Moony, it’s the high school experience you’ve been missing out on all this time!

Homeschooling is the best.

So how was the shindig?

After Chinese Whispers we played musical chairs until someone’s prosthetic leg flew off. She still won the chair, though.

But how was your day?

Yes, fine, nothing happened.

Nothing?

No, absolutely nothing. Not a thing. Not one damned thing happened today.

This is either an exaggeration or you’re lying...

But I need to sleep. Good night, Padfoot.

Sweet dreams, Moony.

*  

Saturday AM

Have you left yet?

Do you see me in the dorm?
(10:20) I can’t be bothered rolling over.

(10:21) It’s nearly ten-thirty the day before semi-finals and Prongs is letting you stay in bed???

(10:22) He went to study with Lily an hour ago. I told him I was going tinker around with Elvendork as he was leaving.

(10:23) So you lied to stay in bed.

(10:24) Yes. Have you left yet?

(10:25) Yes, I’ve bloody well left. ‘Bout ten minutes from the pet shop.

(10:26) Good. And don’t forget.

(10:27) Beer and donuts. I know.

(10:27) You can’t have them tonight, though. Prongs would have an aneurism.

(10:28) Yeah, yeah. You let me worry about that.

(10:29) He’ll yell at me for being the enabler.

(10:30) I’ll turn you over to Moony if you don’t give me the goods, Wormtail.

(10:31) Understood. Beer and donuts are coming soon.

(10:32) Better be.

* 

Saturday PM

(2:34) Wormtail what the fuck is this?

(2:35) What now?

(2:36) What the FUCK is THIS?

(2:37) Did I get the wrong donuts?

(2:38) NO PETER YOU GOT THE WRONG FISH

(2:39) What do you mean I got the wrong fish?! A fish is a fish!

(2:40) Sheba was a goldfish. A /gold/fish.

(2:41) Yeah, ok.

(2:41) THIS FISH IS BLACK PETER.

(2:43) It was the only fish they had there!!!

(2:44) Really, the only ONLY goldfish they had there??

(2:45) Yes, ok. Yes!
This is a disaster. I knew this was too important to trust in you.

How am I meant to explain this??

"Haha, yeah Moony, I thought it would be funny if I dyed your fish!!"

They look more punk rock now.

No joking, Peter, you’re not allowed to joke.

Oh god, do I mention it??? Or do I just drop the fish off and wait for him to mention it???

When do you bring them back?

Tomorrow morning. And shit, we start training in an hour.

Prongs also mentioned keeping me back because I'll be missing tomorrow morning’s session. Fuck. Fuck. I just have to give him this shitty copy of Sheba.

Oh god he’s going to hate me

I hate me

No, I hate you.

Let’s not get hurtful. I got you Krispy Kremes.

Krispy Kremes and a dodgy fish. Bravo, Wormy!

Fine, what material item do I have to give you now to make you forgive me?

No, no, you’re not getting out of this one that easily.

When Moony finds out you have to call him and apologize.

Are you KIDDING ME NO

You have to face what you did.

I don’t want him to hate me!!

Then you better make it heartfelt, Wormtail.

Damnit, Padfoot.

Fine.

Damn right.

I can’t feel my legs.

What happened to your legs?
Prongs

Prongs happened to my legs.

I’m afraid I don’t have any spares.

Moony, what happened to your stockpile of legs? Now that I really need it?

I only have the robotic legs left, and I think you would be disqualified from your game tomorrow if you play with robotic legs.

Let’s not even talk about the game tomorrow. Prongs is pacing the room like a worried aunt.

He keeps muttering about strategy and play offs. He needs help.

Try getting him to meditate.

Really, that’s your

Wait I’m gonna try it.

He shook me and told me now was not the time to slack off.

I can’t wait for this to be over.

If you win though, he’ll be even worse next week.

Oh god I didn’t think of that.

Don’t go throwing the game, now.

Moony, I don’t think I can spend another week with this lunacy. He’s driving me up the wall!

Something tells me it’s not at all unlike what he has to deal with…

What are you insinuating, Moony?

Mmm nothing, Padfoot.

Dinner now. I’ll talk to you later.

Eat well, my love.

Loser.

*.

Is it still ok for me to be at your house tomorrow?

Of course.

Just be there and gone by midday.
Avoiding parental figures is my specialty.

Actually, Moony?

Yes?

Never mind.

Oh, you can’t do that. Come on.

No, it’s nothing.

Padfoot.

Prongs is hammering me to go to sleep to get well rested.

You’re really just going to leave?

Whatever I was about to say… it’ll come up again later. Don’t worry about.

Definitely worrying about it.

Don’t worry!! Good night Moony.

Good night, Padfoot.

I think.

*

Sunday AM

The eagle has landed.

Are you meant to be the eagle?

Am I not majestic enough to be an eagle?

Is Molly there?

No, but it smells like cookies so she’s been here recently.

I feel weird letting myself into your house.

Try not to think about it.

Also try not to steal anything.

I’m trying, I really am. So many temptations, though.

Like what?

The porcelain daschund on the mantle.

Don’t touch Teddy.
You named the tiny breakable puppy Teddy?

I thought it was a cute name.

Sure, Remus. Adorable.

Be quiet. How’d you go getting Sheba to the house?

Fine, I got a travel tank. It has a treasure chest in it and everything.

Are you spoiling Sheba?

They deserve nothing but the best, Moony. They lived in luxury while they stayed with me.

Not awful neglect?

Haha, why would you say that?

Your general recklessness.

How dare you.

You’re entirely right.

I know.

I’m filling out a survey expressing my feelings on the camp experience.

Ooooh, fun. Is it anonymous?

Yes.

Talk about the time they repeatedly treated you like a child!

Or the time they nearly undernourished me?

Or the time they made you feel unsafe reporting potential bullying?

This camp has just been so much fun.

How about how they still haven’t fixed the only landline.

I can’t wait for you to come home.

Neither can I.

One more sleep.

One more sleep. Still too long.

* 

Sunday PM

Game time!
(2:25) Are you nervous?

(2:26) Moony, what could you possibly think the answer to that question would be?

(2:26) Yes.

(2:27) You’ll do wonderfully.

(2:28) Just don’t injure yourself. Are you sure you should be playing?

(2:28) Mooooony.

(2:28) I think Prongs would kill me if I didn’t play.

(2:29) Then my warning still stands.

(2:29) Also, don’t injure anyone else. Because then you’ll be benched.

(2:30) That’s the stuff, Moony!

(2:30) OK IT’S REALLY GAME TIME NOW BYE

(2:30) Good luck!!

*

(5:00) MOONY WE WON

(5:01) CONGRATULATIONS!

(5:02) IT WAS 1-0 AND WORMTAIL SAVED THE PENALTY

(5:02) THAT BOY IS GOING DOWN IN HOGWARTS HISTORY

(5:03) Well, at least he should.

(5:04) So one more week of Prongs being a worry wart?

(5:04) One more week of Prongs frantically checking my blood pressure and heart rate to make sure I’m still healthy.

(5:05) Hey, he sounds like my nurse.

(5:06) Only I expect your nurses coo at you and call you ‘sweetheart’

(5:07) Prongs would bash me on the head and call me a dickhead if he catches me eating a donut.

(5:08) Eating a donut?

(5:09) I might be on the roof. Eating a donut. Bc Prongs is already in his Grand Final Mode.

(5:09) So we have to eat healthy and exercise everyday until game day.

(5:10) I think Prongs and Alice would get on very well.
They’d be the most terrifying personal trainers in the world.

So what are you doing?

Packing. It feels like it’s all I ever do.

What kind of strange socks have you ended up with this time?

None, but I think this is Tonks’ hair brush.

No, I don’t think. It is. It has pink hair in it.

Gross.

I’ll leave it on her pillow. Isn’t there some crazy after-party going on over there?

Yeah, but I wanted to eat donuts.

Well, and talk to you.

I’m going to get dinner early. Go to your party, Padfoot.

I don’t mind sitting here talking to you, you know.

Surely getting smashed would be more of an adventure.

Not even remotely.

But if you’re really going to have dinner…

Yeah, I told Tonks I’d help her pack up her things. The group also has to do a mass cleaning of the camp, anyway.

Wow, I like how they made you do that AFTER you filled out their opinion survey.

Mm, a true conspiracy.

I’ll talk to you later, Padfoot.

Congratulations on your win.

Thank you, Moony. Cya.

[Calling Moony]

“This isn’t drunk dialing, is it?”

“Prongs wouldn’t let me drink. Wouldn’t let anyone from the team drink.”

“Prongs is right on top of it, isn’t he?”

“Prongs is a party pooper. But the party died hours ago, since most of us weren’t drinking.”

“Right. Tonks fell asleep during ‘Oceans 11’ so I’ve had no one to talk to for nearly two hours.”
“Moony, you should have texted.”

“I was under the impression you were socializing. With real people.”

“Where’s this come from? You are a real person, you know. At least I really, really hope you’re a real person.”

“I just – I don’t know. I don’t know, maybe being with real people who are actually there might be more… preferable.”

“No. You’re preferable to all of them. I can’t wait for you to be here again.”

“Neither can I. It’s so close that it feels like time is passing slowly.”

“Only a few more hours and then you’ll be back in the country.”

“Mmm. A few more hours. And then when do we…”

“Uh, I’m… well. Prongs is making us do compulsory training. So… weekend?”

“Another week?”

“I’m sorry, Remus.”

“No, it’s not your fault. Don’t worry. Weekend is fine. Weekend is good.”

“Cool. Good. Yeah.”

“Hopefully it’ll actually happen this time.”

“Hopefully? Need more than hope, Moonster.”

“It will happen this time?”

“That’s more confident. I like that.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

“So are you. And your ridiculous face.”

“Oh dear.”

“I got to see that photo on your desk again.”

“It’s the worst photo, though!”

“I don’t believe you for a second.”

“Even Alice says I look stoned.”

“But Alice is dating Frank, so I don’t trust her.”

“Oh, stop it.”

“I want to kiss your ridiculous face, stoned-looking or not.”
“Paaaadfoot. Hmphferg.”

“What was that?”

“You’re being cruel again.”

“Did you –”

“I had to bury my face in my pillow, thank you for that.”

“Aw, Moony, you’re so cute.”

“And you’re evil.”

“I do what I can.”

“Padfoot?”

“Mm?”

“I want to kiss your stupid face, too.”

“And you will soon enough.”

“Not soon enough.”

“Yes, but once it happens Moony, I don’t know if I’ll be able to stop.”

“No, neither do I.”

“Are we making more promises?”

“Yes. Yes, we are.”

“Mmm. Good. Good night, Moony.”

“Good night, Padfoot. I’ll be home soon.”

“The most comforting thought I’ll have tonight.”

[Call Disconnected]

Chapter End Notes

1. Remus Lupin doesn't need drafts for things. Remus Lupin gets shit done in one go.
2. It's funny bc I once wrote a fic where Remus won the Hunger Games, so jokes on Sirius. (I recently deleted it though, it was incomplete and shitty)
3. Thank you to everyone for your lovely comments!!! And fan art! Like wowzers, you guys are incredible. Thank you so much!
Week 10

Chapter Summary

Sheba the Second, Parent-Teacher Interviews, The Actual Day, and a Final.

Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold
Remus is italics
James is regular
Peter is underlined
Alice is everything
-Lily is underlined, italics, and hyphenated-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(9:02) It’s good to be home. Good to see Teddy intact.
(9:03) Oh. So. You’re in your house?
(9:04) Uh. Yeah…
(9:04) Ok. I’m sorry, Moony.
(9:06) Why, what have you done to my house?
(9:10) Do they have, like… drug testing kits at the supermarket?
(9:10) Why would you think I know?
(9:12) Out of you or Alice, I think you would know.
(9:12) I don’t, sorry, Moony. Why?
(9:13) I’m thinking maybe the camp leaders laced me with something.
(9:14) Like what?
(9:14) Anything to make me hallucinate.
(9:15) What are you seeing?
(9:16) A black fish where there should be gold.
(9:18) I’M SORRY MOONY.
I'm just
What the hell happened?

IT WAS WORMTAIL I SWEAR
I'm not mad, Padfoot. I'm just baffled.
It was only two weeks!
Wormtail left the window open and… the janitor’s cat probably ate them.

I'M SORRY I KILLED SHEBA.
It's fine, Padfoot.
But why did you replace them?
No, let me rephrase.
Why did you replace them incorrectly and then… continued to carry on?
Wormtail, again.
Look, I told him he had to call you to apologise.
That's not necessary.
Really, Moony. We’re so sorry.
It's fine, Sirius, really.
I’m getting Wormtail to call you right now.
Padfoot!

[Answer Wormtail]
“Uh, hello?”
“Hi, Moony. I’m really, very sorry for the homicide of your fish.”
“It’s alright, Wormtail.”
“And I’m sorry I tried to replace them. Poorly.”
“That is also alright.”
“Please, don’t hate me.”
“I definitely don’t. Why are you whispering?”
“I’m under a table. I’m in class.”
“Get back to class, Wormtail. I’m not that upset over a fish. Padfoot is being dramatic again.”
“Still, I just want to make sure that we’re ok. If we’re gonna be brother-in-laws one day then we
have to be cool, you know – ow!"

“Did Padfoot hit you?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Thank you for the fish, Wormtail.”

“Bye-a, Moony.”

[Call Disconnected]

(9:40) Wormtail’s such a twat.

(9:41) He’s very insistent.

(9:42) I think he’s living vicariously.

(9:42) What happened to Freckles?

(9:43) I hate that I can’t remember her name.

(9:44) We’re not allowed to mention Freckles bc Wormtail tripped in front of her the other day and now he’s mortified.

(9:45) Poor Wormtail.

(9:48) The guy killed your fuckin fish, Moony. Blood for blood!

(9:48) I think you’re more distressed over Sheba than what I am. Do you want to talk about it?

(9:50) No, I just feel bad that you entrusted me with your fish and I failed. I failed looking after a goldfish. That’s the lowest of lows.

(9:51) Padfoot, if you hadn’t killed them then I would have eventually.

(9:53) Still. So irresponsible that I killed a fish.

(9:55) Sirius?

(9:56) Yeah?

(9:56) Is this jacket yours?

(9:59) Uh, what does it look like?

(9:59) Leather. Big.

(10:01) Doesn’t ring a bell.

(10:02) It has PADFOOT in large letters on the back.

(10:03) …Might be mine.

(10:03) It was draped over the back of the desk chair.
Ah. I got tank water on it.

It appears to be dry now.

Do you write your full name on the tags of all your clothes?

Oh no

Shut up

How precious.

Stop

Sirius Orion Black. In sharpie and all. Aw.

So it doesn’t get lost, ok.

I think PADFOOT would be a bit of a giveaway.

It’s a habit, alright?

Do you do it on your school shirts too?

How about socks?

Oh my god you label your socks.

Mrs Potter insisted!!!!

Yes, I’m sure this is entirely Mrs Potter’s fault.

It totally is.

I’m going out to brunch with mum now. Talk to you later, ickle Sirius.

I hate you.

*  

Monday PM

Red alert.

WELCOME HOME!!

Yes, thank you. You’ll be over tonight, right?

Yes, I have Love, Actually and 27 Dresses.

Ugh, why that one?

Because Frank literally paled when I asked him to watch it with me.

Fine. That’s fine.
What’s red alert?
I. Oh god.
What?
I possess an item of his clothing.
Frank’s??
No, Alice, the other him.
!!!!! What!
He left his jacket here when he dropped off Sheba
Ok, technically it’s not Sheba anymore because his friend killed them
But still it’s large and leather and smells like motor oil and I need immediate help.
Oh my god, are you wearing it?
He has cough drops in his pockets.
You’re totally wearing it.
I may or may not be wearing it.
AHHHHH
Do you see why I need immediate help!!?
You’re so smitten, oh my god
Did he leave it there on purpose?
What? I don’t know. He says he got tank water on it.
He totally left it there on purpose. So you would wear it.
You should send a photo.
ALICE NO
That’s the PG version of the suggestion.
???
Photo of you in the jacket and nothing else?
I’m never telling you anything ever again.
Oh come on prude.
Alice, you’re unbelievable.
Soooooo when’s he coming to get the jacket?

Some time this weekend. For real, this time.

Is he coming to your house?

While you’re actually there this time?

Ha-ha

But I don’t know. Haven’t worked that much out yet.

But it’s actually going to happen this time?

That’s the plan. It better happen this time.

Nervous?

Not how I was before. More… anxious for it to happen already.

Smitten.

Shut up.

My photo idea still stands, you know.

I know. I expect I’ll be hearing all about it tonight.

Make sure you do your hair before I get there.

What for?

Oh

NO ALICE.

YES REMUS, COME ON. HE ALREADY KNOWS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.

I’m. God. Oh god.

I won’t take any unflattering pictures, Remus. I’m not that cruel.

I’m wearing clothes, though.

If you weren’t I wouldn’t be offering to take the picture. I’m not that weird.

Thank god.

So it’s settled. SEE YOU TONIGHT!

I’m really going to regret this.

* 

The new fish needs a new name.
5:45 Hang on mate I’m in practice

* 

6:32 Sorry.

6:33 That’s ok. Mate, though?

6:34 Yeah, Idk. It felt weird saying it.

6:34 I mean, you’re not exactly… a mate.

6:35 Oh no, that sounds mean.

6:35 I mean, you are my mate but also. Crap.

6:38 No, I know what you mean.

6:38 I never know how to refer to you as to other people.

6:39 Ooo, you talk about me to other people?

6:39 Who aren’t Alice?

6:41 I spent a fortnight with Tonks. She kept asking who I was texting.

6:43 What did you call me?

6:43 We already know you pulled the ‘boyfriend’ line with Frank.

6:45 But that was an intimidation tactic!

6:46 I told Tonks you were someone I met online.

6:48 That’s stretching it.

6:50 I know, but she seemed to accept it.

6:50 Now: new fish.

6:52 I feel like they need to be a tribute to the real Sheba.

6:53 Sheba 2.0?

6:54 Hmmmmm too long and wordy.

6:58 Sheba the Second? Goes with Sirius the Third.

6:58 Oh god, you remembered that.

6:58 Sheba the Second sounds good though. Sheba 2 for short.

7:00 At least now I don’t have to worry about you giving another one of my fish a ridiculous name.

7:02 Tell me you don’t love the name Sheba.
(7:03) It’s grown on me.

(7:04) I knew it!! Moony, my names are the best.

(7:05) Sure, sure. Whatever you say.

(7:06) Ok, Alice is over and she’s getting cranky at me for not watching her movie.

(7:08) What movie?

(7:08) 27 Dresses. Not as bad as originally thought.

(7:09) You’re a big sap, Remus.

(7:10) Yes, I am.

(7:10) What movie did you pick?

(7:12) Oh no

(7:12) Um

(7:12) Love, Actually.

(7:13) SAP

(7:14) Yes, thank you Padfoot.

(7:15) You’re adorable.

(7:15) You’re patronizing. Bye Padfoot!

(7:16) Enjoy your movie, sappy.

*  

Tuesday AM

(9:09) I’m back to having to do actual work.

(9:10) Homeschool work. Hardly counts.

(9:12) It does so count.

(9:12) You piss the teacher off and they’re mad at you for the entire day.

(9:13) …Moony, how could you possibly piss anyone off?

(9:15) Texting you, for one. A lot of people seem to get agitated at that.

(9:18) It’s bc they’re jealous I’m taking all your attention.

(9:18) Or they hate talking to the top of my head. Whichever.

(9:19) If you’re meant to be doing work then why are you texting me about doing work?
(9:20) Because I don't want to do work.

(9:22) Is my bad influence rubbing off on you?

(9:22) Yes. Stop it.

(9:23) No, no, I want to see how far this goes.

(9:25) I'll be vandalizing walls soon.

(9:25) Graffiti on tables?

(9:28) It's the kitchen table, I think that just might be a death wish.

(9:28) Especially if you draw a penis.

(9:28) ...Why would I draw a penis?

(9:28) Is this a gay joke?

(9:29) No? You went to a private school. Weren't there penises drawn everywhere?

(9:31) Couldn't tell. Lockers are awfully dark when the doors are closed.

(9:32) Oh, Moony.

(9:32) I'm sorry.

(9:33) It was a joke, don't worry, Padfoot.

(9:34) I wasn't there very long and spent most of my time making sure I was doing the right thing, according to the rules and social expectations of being a teenager.

(9:35) In other words, I was a bit distracted.

(9:36) Well, believe me Moony, I'm not compensating for my own behavior and what it could possibly mean as a reflection of my own psychology when I say EVERYONE GRAFFITIES PENISES.

(9:38) But whyyyy?

(9:40) I just don't know. I really don't know. It's a miracle if you sit at a desk and there isn't a penis drawn on the table.

(9:41) What about vaginas? Do they get their share in the graffiti adventure?

(9:43) Hardly. If they are drawn it's mostly anatomically inaccurate. And usually attached to a body.

(9:44) Excellent. School is just free pornography.

(9:45) ...Yes, now that you mention it.

(9:48) I have truly missed out.
You also get live demonstrations of couples making out during lunch.

I’ve been to the cinemas with Alice and Frank. It’s not as dark as you think it is in there.

Ew

Yeah, it was. I threw popcorn at them and they didn’t notice until one landed in Frank’s mouth

And then Alice accidentally ate it.

MOONY NO

Yes, it was gross!

WHY DID YOU SHARE THAT?

Shared trauma experience. Makes it easier?

I don’t feel easy. Queasy, perhaps.

She choked on it a little so it wasn't gross long. She started flailing.

HAH. A little better.

I’m not invited to the movies with them anymore.

Ugh, why would you want to though.

True

MUM’S BACK I NEED TO GO

Don’t piss of the teacher, Moony!

* 

Heeeeeeello?

Uh

Hi

Who is this?

Who is this?

I asked first, mate. Plus YOU texted ME.

Right. Fair point. Is this Sirius?

Who the fuck is this

If this is you Reg, I’m going to punch your fucking face in.
Woah, woah, no.

It's Alice!!! Remus’ friend? He says he’s mentioned me.

Oh Christ

Alice

I’m so sorry

Please don’t tell Remus I threatened to punch you

I’m sorry I threatened to punch you

That’s ok. I really don’t want to be Reg at the moment, though.

You’d never want to be Reg.

What’s up?

Oh God, is Remus ok?

Remus is fine.

He doesn’t actually know I’m texting you thought so please don’t tell him.

Right. Ok. Well, it depends what you’re texting me for, I think.

Wow, Remus was right. You’re so noble.

Uh

It’s his birthday next week.

Oh yeah. Right…

I was planning a party. Not like a party party, but a get together.

Ok.

Next Tuesday? His parents are taking him out on his birthday so we get the day after

Was going to be the day before but Remus has told me extensively of your schedule so I know you have football.

That’s creepy. Ignore that.

Ok. Um. Is this an invitation?

No, this is a command. You have to be there.

Well, who else is going to be there? You.

Frank. I’ve also stolen Tonks’ number from Remus’ phone. She seems lovely. A few other
people we’ve met over the years.

(12:01) My impression is that this is… a surprise?

(12:01) Yes.

(12:01) So no mentioning it to Remus.

(12:02) Absolutely not.

(12:02) Will his parents be there?

(12:03) You nervous about meeting his parents?

(12:04) Is that so weird?

(12:05) Hope is lovely. Lyall… has. Opinions. But no they won’t be there.

(12:06) Ok. I think I can do that.

(12:08) Of course you can, trooper.

(12:08) Don’t worry, we’re not going to leave you to be awkward in the corner by yourself.

(12:08) Ok. Yeah, thanks. Where?

(12:09) Meet us out the front of Zonkos. You know the one?

(12:09) Alice, I practically live there.

(12:10) Excellent. 7pm?

(12:10) 7pm Tuesday. Got it.

(12:12) Good. And remember, no telling Remus.

(12:14) Right. My lips are sealed.

* 

Tuesday PM

(8:12) Have you done it?

(8:13) No.

(8:15) Remus!

(8:18) What do I do? Just… send it off??

(8:18) …Yes?

(8:18) No set up? No introduction?

(8:19) You’re sending a photo not writing an essay.
(8:19) God, no, I can’t do it.

(8:21) **Do I have to come over there and send it myself?**

(8:21) Maybe. I don’t think I can.

(8:22) WHAT IF HE GETS MAD THAT I’M TOUCHING HIS STUFF?

(8:23) If he was so worried about that he shouldn’t have left it there in the first place.

(8:24) Also, you’re lucky I didn’t make a joke out of ‘touching his stuff’.

(8:25) Ok, I’m going to do it.

(8:25) **DO IT**

(8:26) I’m doing it.

* 

(8:30)

* 

(8:30) I did it.

(8:31) **Good.**

(8:31) **Oh Christ why did I do it??**
(8:32) Fjffhyd

(8:33) What did he say?

(8:33) Uh… it's incoherent.

(8:33) I don’t know if that’s a good sign.

(8:34) Oh yeah, because people always keyboard smash when they’re upset, right?

(8:35) I don’t need your sarcasm right now. It’s not easing my paranoia.

(8:35) Sorry. Update?

(8:35) Hang on.

(8:36) What was that?

(8:36) No I think I need to ask WHAT WAS THAT?

(8:36) Uh

(8:36) Moony, you’re going to kill me, you know.

(8:38) I’m sorry?

(8:38) Holy crap, Remus, now is not the time for apologies.

(8:38) This is better than anything I could have ever expected.

(8:38) …Oh?

(8:39) You look really hot.

(8:39) Oh

(8:39) Well??

(8:39) I’m. Not sharing.

(8:39) OH MY GOD

(8:40) And you say I’m the unfair one

(8:40) Holy fuck I’m
(8:41) To answer your earlier question, I dropped my phone on my face.

(8:41) What??

(8:43) I was so shocked at the picture that I dropped the phone on my face. And my nose typed out some letters.

(8:43) Letters which really resonate to how I’m feeling.

(8:44) I don’t think I can say anything other than ‘oh’

(8:45) I know and honestly it’s making things worse.

(8:46) Oh my god

(8:46) Not helping.

(8:48) Now I’m torn between stopping to save my own blushing face or continuing your pain.

(8:48) …Is it too inappropriate to say ‘no, Remus, don’t stop’?

(8:48) Oh fucking hell, Sirius.

(8:49) Moony, do you even have a filter?

(8:49) I’m sorry if my brain is short-circuiting at the moment.

(8:50) Same

(8:50) Give me warning next time.

(8:51) I knew it.

(8:52) “Hey Padfoot, just letting you know in an hour’s advance that I’m going to get a little sexy soon.”

(8:52) That’s pushing it.

(8:52) Don’t underestimate the power of your prowess, Moony.

* 

(8:50) So would we say it was a success?

(8:53) Yes.

(8:53) Told you so.

(8:54) Yes, yes, you are the wisest one.

(8:54) And don’t you forget it.

(8:55) Prude.

*
(8:56) I have to sleep before I combust.

(8:56) Ha, yeah. Yeah, same, ok.

(8:58) No, I don’t think I’ll be able to sleep.

(8:58) Neither, but I have to try.

(8:59) Ok. Yeah. Uh. Thank you?

(9:00) Um. That's ok. Good night, Padfoot.

(9:01) Good night, Remus.

*

Wednesday AM

(9:25) Padfoot, which questions did McMcG tell us to do?

(9:26) Uhhhh

(9:26) I don’t know.

(9:26) I wasn’t paying attention.

(9:27) I noticed. You’ve been distracted all morning.

(9:27) Is it because of tomorrow?

(9:29) No? What’s tomorrow?

(9:29) Don’t play dumb.

(9:30) Honestly, what’s tomorrow?

(9:31) What are you looking at?

(9:32) Dude, what’s with the questions?

(9:32) I’m sitting directly behind you, prat, and when I’m not texting you, you’re just staring

(9:32) HANG ON IS THAT

(9:32) WHY ARE YOU STARING OVER MY SHOULDER YOU FUCKING SNOOP

(9:32) MOONY?

(9:33) I’M MOVING SEATS, WHAT THE HELL?

(9:34) IS THAT YOUR BACKGROUND?

(9:34) I’M TERMINATING THIS IMMEDIATELY

(9:35) AW PADFOOT DON’T BE MAD
(9:35) IT’S CUTE!

(9:36) You’re creepy. Like, really creepy, man.

(9:36) I wasn’t doing it on purpose, relax.

(9:37) But wait until I tell Wormtail.

(9:37) NO

(9:38) He’ll die.

(9:38) Can I see the picture?

(9:40) No, you lost all rights.

(9:40) Possessive.

* 

(9:40) Have you wanked over it yet?

(9:41) Fuck off.

(9:41) That answers that question.

* 

(10:04) We should talk about the weekend.

(10:06) Yes, good idea.

(10:06) Any ideas?

(10:07) My parents aren’t going to be home Saturday morning.

(10:08) MOONY

(10:09) What?

(10:10) Oh

(10:10) That’s suggestive.

(10:11) No kidding.

(10:13) Just come and get your stupid jacket from my house on Saturday morning, ok?

(10:13) That was direct.

(10:14) I can't allow alternative interpretations.

(10:15) Only if that’s acceptable to you.

(10:15) Yeah, that works fine for me.
Also that way I’ll definitely be there this time.

That’s the most important element. It’ll be weird being in your house while you’re there too.

Ha-ha

It’ll be weird having you in my house and with you already knowing where everything is.

Not true. I held in a piss the first time I was there bc I didn’t want to ask where the loo was.

Padfoot, you fool.

At least I didn’t piss on your bed or anything.

Thank God.

You sound more like a dog each day.

Woof.

9am sound good?

Lord, Moony! How early do you want me to wake up on a weekend?

You’ll get over it. They’ll definitely be gone by 9 and home maybe midday.

Fine, I’ll sacrifice my beauty sleep for you.

Beauty sleep? Is that what you call it?

Don’t you have work to do?

Don’t you?

I would if you’d stop talking to me.

Well, stop replying.

I have to have the last word, Moony, you know that.


Wednesday PM

Candles?

Alice.

A bungee jump experience?

Stop it.

A watch.
I don’t want anything!!

You’re turning 18, Remus, of course I need to get you something! And since it can’t be the usual 18 year old things…

Get me a lottery ticket then.

Laaaaaaaame.

Then honestly I’m not fussed.

What if I got Lover Boy to pop out of a cake?

I’d be more impressed if you could pull him out of a hat.

So… Magic tricks, huh?

Unless it’s real magic, I’m not interested.

Why are you being so difficult?

Because I don’t want you to waste money on me.

No money is being wasted! That’s the whole point of asking what you want. And it can’t just be books this year.

But that’s all I ever want.

But this year is special.

Then get me a stripper and leave it alone.

Don’t tempt me, Remus Lupin.

In no universe would you be allowed to do that.

Oh, you bet I can. And you piss me off even more then it’ll be a female stripper, too.

…I’ll think of something.

Good boy.

* 

I literally got threatened with strippers.

As long as you weren’t threatened BY strippers.

But what for?

Alice is mad because I won’t give her any decent ideas for a birthday present.

Oh right.

So, what do you want?
(3:46) Oh God, no, not you too.

(3:48) Nah, I’m just kidding. I already know what I’m getting you.

(3:48) Padfoot!! No, please.

(3:48) NOPE TOO LATE already decided. Too bad, Remus.

(3:49) Sirius, really.

(3:50) Really, Remus, come on. I love celebrating birthdays. Never got to as a kid.

(3:51) Really?

(3:51) Uh huh. My parents didn’t really do the birthday thing. Wasn’t until I met Prongs that I realized birthdays were actually a thing.

(3:52) Wow.

(3:52) Yeah, so be quiet and accept the present.

(3:54) Uh, fine, ok.

(3:55) Excellent. Detention and then practice now. Can I call you when I’m done?

(3:56) Yes, of course.

(3:56) Cool. Talk to you later, Moony.

(3:57) Have fun, Padfoot.

(3:58) It’s McGilly and Prongs. How much fun could I possibly have?

* 

[Calling Moony]

“Hello, old sport.”

“H-what?”

“Sorry, I’ve been reading the Great Gatsby. I don’t exactly know why I was compelled to call you that, though.”

“Better than the time I called you mate.”

“Or pumpkin tit?”

“Oh, God, don’t remind me. I must have sounded like such a tool.”

“Not at all. I kept talking to you, didn’t I?”

“I presume out of some kind of obligation.”

“What? That’s ridiculous. What kind of obligation would I have to a stranger?”
“Well… I… guess that’s true.”

“I’m surprised you kept messaging me, to be honest. I was… a little cold.”

“You were in hospital.”

“Didn’t mean I had to be a dick.”

“You weren’t a dick!”

“Then you weren’t a tool, either.”

“Huh. Fine, ok.”

“So are you still good for Saturday?”

“Are we doing this again?”

“It would be reassuring.”

“I’m still good for Saturday. I’d see you now if I could.”

“Mm, me too.”

“Ride over on my motorbike, carrying a radio over my head…”

“Don’t you dare set fire to my lawn or anything.”

“Fine, buzzkill. Not even if it said ‘will you go to prom with me’?”

“Not even then. Sorry.”

“You don’t sound sorry at all.”

“It’s because I’m not. Don’t set fire to my lawn. My mum would kill me.”

“What are they like? Your parents, I mean.”

“Oh. Well. Uh…”

“You don’t have to get awkward just because my parents are douche bags.”

“What – I, no, just. I don’t know how to describe them. My first thought was ‘they’re like parents,’ which of course would be useless to you.”

“Oh. Well, even parents are people, right?”

“Yes. But even so, they’re more than my parents. They’re also my second doctors and my teacher. Not a lot of room for them to be Hope and Lyall to me.”

“Well, when Mrs Potter can’t sleep she’ll get up and bake for a few hours until she falls asleep at the kitchen table and the oven is on fire.”

“Mum can fall asleep at the drop of a hat after years of not being able to sleep to begin with. She always falls asleep at the cinemas, but pretends she knows what happened during the movie. She
“Mr Potter once spent an entire summer weeding the garden until he realized it was the carrots he planted a few months earlier.”

“That must have been a pain.”

“He kept swearing under his breath and become comically angry whenever we had carrots for dinner.”

“That’s just mocking him.”

“We were. Mrs Potter cooked them on purpose.”

“Cruelty. That’s where you get it from.”

“What about your dad?”

“My dad spends the summer cooking all the time. He stockpiles meals and then freezes them. Not quite growing carrots but my mum often comments that it’s like an animal stocking up for hibernation. We’re not allowed near the kitchen while he cooks, or he starts chasing us with a spatula.”

“Truly fearsome.”

“An overpowering figure, indeed.”

“He doesn’t… You said he doesn’t know about you, yeah?”

“Oh, no. Mum does, because she cleans my room when I’m not there.”

“Christ.”

“Yeah, it was quite the conversation. She didn’t mind at all.”

“But your dad would?”

“Probably. Mum’s tried to gently probe his response to it but… nothing very promising so far.”

“That sucks. Like, that really blows, Moony, you shouldn't have to-”

“We’ve had this conversation before, Padfoot.”

“Yeah, I know. But still. That’s gotta – I mean, it must be-”

“Only when he makes an unsavory comment. Otherwise it doesn’t bother me.”

“…”

“It bothers you.”

“Yes. I don't like the idea of him making ‘unsavory’ comments and your sarcasm can’t shine through.”

“It is a considerable mental strain, I will admit. Why the questions about my parents?”
“Oh, no reason really. I mean, it’s parent-teacher interviews tomorrow. Everyone’s parents will be here.”

“Will yours? Biological.”

“Yeah, for – him.”

“Right.”

“So basically I have the day off.”

“Lucky you. I imagine you will spend your time productively.”

“I’m going patrolling for counter-pranksters.”

“Parents will be there. Their parents. They’ll be on their best behavior.”

“Or they’ll set something up beforehand and wreak havoc on unsuspecting parents.”

“So, will you be the Parent Protector?”

“If they need it, maybe. Unless my parents are in the crossfires. Then I might conveniently let it continue.”

“Sounds wise. Keeps you out of harm’s way.”

“Exactly, can’t have me injured again when we’re just about to meet.”

“Are you still good for Saturday?”

“Still all good. I should get ready to sleep, or something.”

“Me too. Good night, Padfoot.”

“Good night, Moony.”

*

Thursday AM

(9:51) No sign of counter-pranksters just yet.

(9:52) Biding their time?

(9:53) Or dormant. We just don’t know.

(9:53) How are you scouting for them?

(9:54) Uh

(9:54) Don’t freak out, Moony.

(9:55) But I’m sitting on the rafters in the Great Hall.

(9:55) You mean your sitting on poles dangling off a ceiling?
(9:55) Yes.
(9:56) A high ceiling?
(9:56) Yes.
(9:57) And you want me to not freak out?
(9:57) Yes.
(9:58) You have high expectations.
(9:59) Was that a pun?
(9:59) Don’t try to diffuse the situation. You’re going to kill yourself like this. Through reckless activity.
(10:00) But I’ve got such a great view from up here!
(10:01) Can you see any counter-prankster activity yet?
(10:02) Admittedly, no.
(10:02) Oh, what a shame. Either get down or get a harness.
(10:02) Keep a hold on that thought, Moony, Prongs is calling me.
(10:02) Padfoot!
*

[Answer: Dickface-Prongs]

“Hello, this is Black’s sperm donors, you wank it we bank it. How can I help you?”

“Dude, where are you?”

“I’m up in the rafters. I can see your big head from here – hellooooo!”

“Well, can you get down?”

“You sound like Moony. I’m scoping for the counter-pranksters.”

“No, Pads, we’ve got interviews. You know, the whole point of today?”

“James, if you honestly expect me to attend interviews with them.”

“What’s wrong with them? Oh, hang on-”

“Prongs, really?”

“No, no, Sirius, not them. My parents are here for both of us, mate.”

“What?”

“Come on, don’t be a prat. You have to get in trouble for all the stupid shit we’ve been doing this
“year, too.”

“Oh. Yeah, ok. I’ll be there in a moment.”

“Cool. Hurry up. And don’t slip.”

*[Call Disconnected]*

*

(10:21) Counter-prankster update?

(10:22) Nah, hang on.

(10:26) Sorry, Prongs’ parents are here. They’re, uh, here for me too?

(10:27) Good. Now they get to hear all the stupid stuff you’ve been up to.

(10:27) You and Prongs are sounding alarmingly like each other. I don’t want to analyse that.

(10:28) We’re seeing Slughorn now. This is the big one.

(10:28) Will he tell about Operation Salt?

(10:29) No, but Mrs Potter is ready to blow about him reading out my messages.

(10:29) Prongs told her in case I got suspended.

(10:30) Right. Go get him, Mrs Potter.

*

(10:39) Does my bedroom look too… Childish?

(10:39) **What? I don’t know. No.**

(10:40) That was entirely useless to me.

(10:41) **If this is a Lover Boy thing, then you might want to consider the fact that HE’S ALREADY BEEN THERE.**

(10:42) I could always put it down to me having to pack my things up. So, when he comes back and it’s… different…

(10:42) **What, do you mean like candles? Rose petals on the bed sheets?**

(10:42) Oh no.

(10:43) **Oh, yes.**

(10:43) **That’s what you’re sounding like.**

(10:43) Forget I asked. Oh my god.

(10:45) **What’s your plan in that department, anyway?**
(10:45) What do you mean, my plan?

(10:47) **Well, is there going to be senseless snogging upon first meeting?**

(10:48) Oh my god, Alice.

(10:48) I don’t know!

(10:49) **Surely, you've thought about it!**

(10:50) Obviously. But I don’t know what my expectations for reality are.

(10:51) I guess it’s also up to him, right?

(10:52) **By the sounds of it, the guy’s fully charged and ready to go.**

(10:53) I don’t want this conversation to happen.

(10:53) Too bad, it’s happening.

(10:55) Nooo

(10:56) **Yes, come on. You need a plan. A man with a plan gets shit done, you know?**

(10:57) I don’t know what my plan is. Getting him here is mostly the main objective.

(10:58) **And once he’s there?**

(10:59) …Talking to him? Returning his jacket.

(10:59) **And then standing around awkwardly because both of you are idiots.**

(10:59) That's a bit harsh.

(11:02) **It's the truth. Now I’m going to ask again: how far do you want it to go?**

(11:02) I-I don’t know, Alice. How could I possibly know until he’s here?

(11:04) **Animalistic instinct?**

(11:04) Eating him?

(11:05) **Woah, Remus.**

(11:05) Fuck – you know what I mean by that.

(11:06) **Fine, what about primal urges?**

(11:06) Are you Freud now?

(11:07) **Yes. Tell me your darkest secrets and I’ll tell you it’s because you want to sleep with your mother.**

(11:07) I don’t really know if it’s something I can talk to you about.

(11:08) **What’s that suppose to mean?**
(11:09) **Oh is it**

(11:09) **Is this because of the Frank thing?**

(11:10) A little, I guess.

(11:11) **Tell me, I won’t mind.**

(11:12) Well

(11:12) Snogging someone and then having them ask someone else out doesn’t exactly fill anyone with confidence.

(11:14) **I don’t think Lover Boy would have kept this going for so long just to leave you after a snog.**

(11:14) I still don’t exactly have much else to base my experiences on.

(11:16) **Do I have to talk clichés to you?**

(11:16) That’s usually my job.

(11:16) **History never repeats.**

(11:17) What if I have a plan, and he also has a plan, and our plans clash and something goes wrong?

(11:17) **Maybe you should conspire with him what your plans are.**

(11:19) “Sirius, should we snog when we meet? Just making sure I’ve got it scheduled in.”

(11:19) **Don’t be so obvious. Just, maybe try and gage what his expectations for this meeting are.**

(11:20) **How?!**

(11:21) **I don’t know… Maybe… Ask what you guys should do at your house. Like watch a movie or whatever.**

(11:22) How is that going help…

(11:23) **Well if he says maybe you guys should just talk he’s already got things in mind that don’t involve films.**

(11:24) This really isn’t putting me at ease at all.

(11:25) **Oh, is that what I was meant to do?**


(11:26) **Just try it out!**

(11:26) Byeee Alice

(11:26) **My advice is solid. Don’t you forget it.**
(11:20) Mrs Potter shouted so much that Dumbledore came over to see what was happening and now Slughorn has to be extra nice to me or he’ll be suspended from his job.

(11:21) This is much better than Operation Salt.

(11:21) Ok, maybe not that much better. But still satisfying.

(11:22) Mrs Potter doesn’t do anything half-hearted, does she?

(11:23) No, she does not. She’s incredible.

(11:23) OH MY GOD REMUS?

(11:24) Yes??

(11:24) MOLLY IS HERE

(11:25) WHAT?

(11:25) SHE’S HERE WITH GID AND FAB

(11:26) WHY IS SHE HERE WITH GID AND FAB I THOUGHT YOU SAID HER KIDS WERE YOUNG

(11:26) THEY ARE!

(11:26) She’s spotted me here we go

(11:27) Oh my God.

(11:35) Gid and Fab were so confused. And a little protective. Jesus.

(11:35) How do they know her??

(11:36) She’s their sister!

(11:36) Oh no oh no

(11:37) What now?!

[Answer: Padfoot]

“Hello? Yes?”

“Hi, honey!”

“Uh… what?”

“Oh, I’m sorry dear, it’s Mrs Potter, Sirius says he’s mentioned me.”

“Uh, yeah. I mean, yes, hello Mrs Potter.”

“Hello, Remus dear. I just thought I should say hello to the boy who – Sirius, shush, I’m trying to talk to him.”
“I’m – we’re not –”

“It’s my understanding that Sirius will be visiting your house on Saturday.”

“If – if that’s ok?”

“Of course! Will your parents be there, I should probably talk to them…”

“Uh-”

“Hang on, dear, I’m sorry, Sirius is being a pain.”

“O-ok.”

“Hm. Sirius says your parents don’t know about this and that they won’t be there.”

“Uh – I feel like I should tell you it’s not what it sounds like.”

“Regardless, I feel like it’s important I talk to you about the important of practicing safe-”

“Woah, Mrs P, that’s all good! Right, Remus, it’s all good? I’m holding the phone to her ear now.”

“It’s definitely all good. Better than good.”

“Right? Remus will wear a chastity belt.”

“Why do I have to?”

“Moony, go with it, please.”

“I’ll wear three chastity belts.”

“See, Mrs P? It’s fine. Alllllll fine.”

“All very much fine.”

“Ok, bye, Moony.”

“B.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Thursday PM

(1:45) I am sorry and mortified.

(1:45) I am confused and a little shaken.

(1:47) Yeah, she has that affect on people.

(1:47) Oh, she’s lovely. But. To the point.

(1:49) Oh, yeah. Yeah.
Molly explained how she knew me and Prongs mentioned how I’ll actually be seeing you this week and… Well, Mrs Potter insisted she had a chat to you.

So this is Prongs’ fault, yes?

Correct. Absolutely. 100%

But, you’re still allowed to come over… right?

Yeah, Moony, totally. She was mostly making fun. I know for a fact she mailed Prongs condoms when he told her he started dating Redhind.

This makes me feel a little better.

It should. She didn’t even write a note or anything. Just condoms.

What a remarkable woman. It’s surreal, though.

What is?

Molly being Gideon and Fabian’s sister. You know them. Me knowing Molly.

We were always just one connection away.

We were always meant to end up here, then.

Yes. I like that.

I was wondering… what exactly are we going to do on Saturday?

If not having sex, you mean?

Why do I always get trapped like this?

You’re too innocent, Moony. Like a puppy.

Or you’re just looking for it now.

You get all flustered, it’s lovely.

Lovely?

Yes, I’m sticking by that.

Whatever you say.

Does that Play Station in your room still work?

Yes, it works.

What do you mean by ‘still’? ‘Still works’?

Moony, the thing’s ancient.

It’s done well by me.
Well used, I’m sure.

What games do you have?

Uh. Crash Bandicoot and Need For Speed.

Soooooo ancient.

Be quiet.

I look forward to playing your ancient games on your ancient machine.

Is now the time to tell you it’s vintage?

Hipster.

Fuck.

Will you be wearing the glasses on Saturday?

Oh, God, no.

Whyyyy nooooot

Because I won’t be reading.

You’re killing me, Moons.

It was my aim all along.

Prongs is calling for early training, the fucking arsehole. I’ll talk to you later.

Ok. Have fun running, or something.

Try not to strain yourself thinking of my legs.

I’ll manage.

Good night, Moony.

Sleep well, Padfoot.

Friday AM

So the counter-pranksters didn’t emerge yesterday. It’s been a while since they’ve done something.

Maybe they are dormant?

Or planning something big.

Is there some kind of event going on over there?
(9:05) Just the final on Sunday.

(9:06) Be careful, then.

(9:07) They wouldn't dare. Would they? Who in their right mind would sabotage a football match?

(9:07) Actually, don’t answer that.

(9:07) Why not?

(9:08) You would think it’s funny, wouldn't you? You’re not really into sport.

(9:08) How dare you. I like to watch sport.

(9:09) Moony, perving on the players does not count as enjoying sport.

(9:10) I know, Alice keeps trying to tell me.

(9:10) Do you think they’ll do something on Sunday?

(9:11) I don’t know. God, I hope not. I have Slytherins to punch.

(9:13) Punching them would get you disqualified from the game.

(9:13) It would feel good, though.

(9:15) You say I’m the violent one.

(9:17) We can both me mobsters. Gang partners in crime.

(9:18) Definitely not in a gang, huh?

(9:18) Look, you even have a gang jacket.

(9:19) It's not a gang jacket! If it was, you, Prongs, and Wormtail would have one too.

(9:19) And we’d all ride around on our motorbikes terrorizing people.

(9:20) You don’t already do that?

(9:21) I do not terrorize people.

(9:22) Your illegal driving is terrifying enough.

(9:23) Ha-ha. My driving is fine.

(9:23) I wear a helmet and everything.

(9:24) Is this meant to be reassuring? It’s not very reassuring.

(9:25) I’ll take you driving one day and you’ll see.

(9:26) No, please, don’t.

(9:27) Moony, I won’t kill you.
(9:27) Won’t you?
(9:29) **Not on purpose!**
(9:31) You’re not very good at being reassuring.
(9:32) Ech, I have to do work now.
(9:32) It’s ok, Remus. It will all be over soon.
(9:32) …
(9:32) That was me trying to be reassuring.
(9:33) Work on that.
(9:34) Will do.
*

**Friday MIDDAY**

(12:39) Moony, I have a strong suspect.
(12:39) **Foot pursuit in action.**
(12:39) I have Operative Wormtail with me.
(12:40) **Are you available for communication? Over.**
(12:41) Yes, **whatever that means.**

**[Answer: Padfoot]**

“**Who’s your suspect?**”

“**Dorcas. I overheard her talking on the phone to someone about a ‘shipment.’ Whatever this shipment is, it’s here. She’s going to collect it now.”**

“**And you managed to drag Wormtail with you?”**

“**We have a spare period now and he has no other friends.”**

“**Is that him I can hear swearing at you?”**

“**Yes, that’s him. Oi, Wormy –”**

“**Moony, please make him stop this.”**

“**I don’t think I can, it’s too amusing listening to him fail.”**

“**Hah – Moony thinks you’re a failure.”**

“**That’s not what I said at all!”**

“Give it back –”
“I know you’d never say something like that, Moony. Right?”

“Of course not. I was commenting on your failure to capture the counter-pranksters.”

“But I’m getting close, I can feel it. Hang on, I’m putting you on speaker.”

“Why do you need me here?”

“You were here from the beginning, Moony. Now you shall see the end.”

“I think you’ve got too much faith in this lead, mate. Dorcas could just be getting a package from her mum.”

“She said shipment, Wormy. What kind of stuff does your mother ship you?”

“I still reckon it’s weird that we’re following her, Pads.”

“We’re not going to do anything to her, relax. Jeez, what do you take me for?”

“A stalker. Right, Moony, he’s a stalker?”

“I don’t really think I can comment on that, given I’m the one that told him my address.”

“Thank you, Moony.”

“Bad judgment on your part, mate.”

“Wormtail, would you keep your voice down?”

“Where the hell are you two?”

“We’re in the garden, near the Whomping Willow. Car park isn’t far from here, that’s where the truck will be – ah, there it is.”

“That thing’s fuckin’ huge.”

“It’s a truck, Wormtail, relax.”

“Big truck, though.”

“Ok, ok, she’s talking to the driver.”

“Is there anyone else around there?”

“Nah, it’s class time for most of the school. Just us. Windows don’t face this way, either. She’s perfectly concealed. This was the plan!”

“You’re reading too much into this.”

“Wormtail, don’t make me turn this car around.”

“Oh, please do.”

“Ok, she’s signing something for the driver…”

“Contract to her soul?”
“Wormtail, shut up.”

“He has a fair point. How else is she paying for this shipment?”

“It’s big, too.”

“Be quiet, you two.”

“Pads, we can’t hear shit from this distance.”

“I just don’t want you talking anymore.”

“And what about Moony?”

“He’s only encouraging you. Shut up!”

“Hey Moony, has Padfoot told you about the time in first year when he took Dorcas out on a date –”

“Wormtail, you little rat!”

“Oh, that was the girl you’re currently stalking now, is it? And you ate all that pink cake?”

“Moony, it’s not –”

“Calm down, Padfoot. I’m making fun.”

“Wormtail, you are henceforth banned from making any comments.”

“Aw, Moony doesn’t mind. Right?”

“I said no comments. Look, they’re unloading the truck now.”

“Are they…”

“That’s going to go right into the lake. What’s the point?”

“What’s happening?”

“They’re pulling a bunch of ropes to drag this… thing out. But it’ll fall right into the Black Lake.”

“I can’t make out what it is.”

“It’s just a big white ball. Or something. What the fuck is that?”

“Are those tentacles?”

“Don’t be a dickhead, Pete – oh, my God, they’re tentacles.”

“Who’s the dickhead now?”

“I’m sorry. I’m going to need more description for this end.”

“It’s a giant fucking squid.”

“What?”
“Wormtail’s right. It’s just a giant fucking squid.”

“A real one?”

“Don’t think so, but it looks like it. Like it’s made of jelly or something.”

“Silicone.”

“What?”

“Silicone. Come on, don’t you watch Mythbusters? It’s this rubbery stuff that you can cast into a mold.”

“They made a silicone squid.”

“They made a silicone squid? Why?”

“To put in the lake, looks like.”

“I think you gentlemen are missing the point.”

“What point is that, Padfoot?”

“I FOUND THE COUNTER-PRANKSTER!”

“Surely, she’s not working alone?”

“But if I find one, I’ll find the others. This is fantastic.”

“None of our pranks have been this good. Why didn’t we think of a giant squid in the Black Lake? There were enough myths already for us to go on.”

“Because our tiny male brains thought toilet paper in a tree would be funnier.”

“You said it first.”

“What’s your next plan of action, Padfoot?”

“Find the others. Decide from there what to do. I’m actually quite impressed now.”

“Shit, she’s coming this way.”

“Fuck, run, Wormtail! Our cover will be blown!”

“Cya, Moony!”

“Run, git! Bye, Moony!”

*

Friday PM

(3:08) I’m now a little concerned that you will literally stalk this poor girl.

(3:09) Why do you and Wormtail seem to think I’m a creep with no boundaries?
I’m just going to take note of whom she talks to. And then find a correlation between Dorcas missing and her friends missing at the same time.

What’s the squid reaction been like?

Oh yeah, everyone freaked out. Someone thought it was a real squid and fainted.

Are they ok?

Oh, they’re fine. The squid’s tentacles actually kinda float on the surface so that’s a bit of a giveaway.

Is this constructive criticism or bitterness?

Shush, I’m still the prankin master.

I’m sure, Padfoot. I’m sure.

Prongs was very impressed. He looked like it was Christmas.

It’s not everyday you see a giant squid.

Or you see a Moony. Tomorrow still happening?

Yes. Very much yes.


I should get some work done so I don’t have any tomorrow.

Your mum makes you do work on the weekend?

If I don’t finish it because I’m talking to fools, then yes.

Work like the speed of light, Moonbeam.

I plan to.

Do you have any allergies?

Uh, no. None I’ve discovered yet.

Ok. Just, you know, so I don’t accidentally kill you with food tomorrow.

Oh, but what a pleasant death it would be.

Dying in your arms.

More like dying on my kitchen floor.

You wouldn’t hold me until my final breath?

If you’re asphyxiating then your final breath might be very soon. Too soon to scoop you up into my arms.
(6:21) Why am I not in your arms in the first place?
(6:22) Dare I ask what position we are in while this is happening?
(6:25) A very dangerous question indeed, Moony.
(6:29) Forget I asked then. It doesn't need to be something I'm thinking about when I first see you.
(6:31) And why ever not?
(6:42) Moony?
(6:43) Sorry, I'm dying of embarrassment over here. Come back later.
(6:43) Aw, Moony, do you want me to hold you until your last breath?
(6:45) You're not making this better.
(6:46) Now you know what it was like for me earlier this week.
(6:49) I'm going to kill you when I see you.
(6:51) I doubt that very much.
(6:52) Now if you will excuse me, Remus, I must go take a cold shower.
(6:53) Oh, I hate you.

* 

(11:10) Moony, are you awake?
(11:10) Yes.
(11:12) Did you make a wish?
(11:12) Yes.
(11:12) What did you wish for?
(11:13) Can't tell, or it won't come true.
(11:13) Oh come on, no one really believes that.
(11:13) I'm not risking it.
(11:14) Never knew you were superstitious.
(11:14) I'm not. But I'm definitely not taking my chances with this one.
(11:14) Damn, it must be important.
(11:15) I'll tell you tomorrow if it came true.
Good. Ok.

Good night, Remus.

See you in the morning, Sirius.

*

Saturday AM

Good morning.

Good morning.

Today, huh?

That's the plan.

Hope it works this time.

Me too.

I guess I’ll see you soon, Moony.

God, yes.

*

Saturday AM

His parents had left the house not ten minutes ago, but it still gave Remus way too much time to flit about the house tidying random items and wiping his sweaty hands on his jeans. Alice was buzzing encouraging words in his pocket, but every time he checked his phone he was disappointed to see it wasn't Sirius. He was so used to it being Sirius.

I know you, and I know you’ll be freaking out, but it will be fine. I promise!!

But soon Sirius won’t just be a concept in his phone. Soon, too soon, Sirius will be standing before him. Too soon and all too far away, Remus will finally have a face to the voice that had soothed him for so many weeks.

He was going to be sick.

Look, I'm assuming you’re reading these messages and are just too nervous to reply. Remember breathing exercises! Calming! Meditate, or something.

Remus took two deep breaths before he gave up.

Every passing car, every honk of someone’s horn or the shouting of the neighbours, was Sirius. Remus tried not to look like an excited dog, chasing to the window at each sound, but he was afraid he failed miserably. He just hoped that when it finally was Sirius, the boy wouldn’t see Remus run to the window and peek through the curtains. Remus had to try and play it cool.

Frank wishes you luck! He also made a joke about your kissing abilities but I think it’s too soon for that.
He tried sitting at the kitchen table, but it was too still, and his jiggling knee kept hitting the tabletop. He would probably have a bruise there.

(9:30) **Good luck, Remus. Try not to look too much like an idiot.**

(9:31) **Oh my god!! That was a joke. A bad joke. You don’t need to hear stuff like that.**

His thighs were soaked from his sweaty hands, and he was about to go change when there was a knock on the door.

Remus’ heart was in his mouth, and taking a few shaky breaths stepped carefully to the door and opened it slowly.

There was a brief moment of confusion until Remus realized it was a deliveryman.

“Fucking hell,” Remus breathed. The deliveryman grunted at him, shoving a parcel into his arms and storming off his front lawn.

Remus was about to close the door when he heard a familiar voice sing, “What did you do to piss him off so much?”

Remus nearly dropped the parcel.

*

Sirius nearly kicked the bike over when it failed to start the third time.

James was behind him, texting Lily and being entirely unhelpful while Sirius was ten minutes late leaving the school grounds.

His foot was raised in the air when he considered kicking the bike might make it hate him. And he couldn't have Elvendork hate him, not now of all times.

He had a Moony to catch.

“Ok, ok,” James’ voice called, “Um… I’m sure you will be the bomb.”

“’The bomb’?” Sirius shouted over his shoulder, “That’s the best encouragement you have? That I’ll be ‘the bomb’?”

“The bomb diggity? Look, I’ve used up my yearly quota of encouraging you, man,” James whined, “You’re too high strung to be encouraged right now, anyway.”

Sirius glared down at his bike, once thought to be his child, his baby, but now a traitor to the cause. He wanted to cry.

“I wonder why I’m so high strung.”

“Don’t get pitiful, now. Have you tried singing to her?”

Sirius turned to James, his eyebrows raised. “My bike is not a woman. My bike is a bike. But, no, I’ve not tried singing to it.”

James held up his hands in mock surrender. “Sorry, sorry. Caressing its fenders, then? Whispering sweet nothings into its exhaust?”
“You’re fucking useless,” Sirius told him and wedged his helmet over his head once again. He turned the key gently this time, but when it still failed to start, he began twisting it erratically. He was getting fed up, and James’ lack of motivation all morning had started to wear on his nerves. He felt like he were on fire inside, his stomach a hot furnace, ready to burn him alive.

Sirius Black was terrified, but there was no way in hell he was telling anyone that.

With a final battle cry, Sirius twisted the key in the ignition, and finally the bike sputtered into life.

“Fuck yes!” He heard James shout over the engine and Sirius couldn’t help but beam.

His friend’s heavy hand came down on his shoulder, and through the helmet and over the engine he heard James tell him, “You are the bomb diggity and your Moony is awaiting. Go kill it, Pads.”

James saluted him as Sirius sped away, already sending a message to Lily.

(9:02) He’s shitting himself.

Sirius broke most of the speeding laws, not even bothering to check how fast he was going, so long as he got to Moony’s house quickly. He was scared he would turn back if it took too long.

He knew driving and texting was a bad idea, even Sirius wasn’t that reckless, but his heart sped up to match his accelerating bike when he felt a vibration against his thigh.

Slowing down ever so slightly, he pulled his phone out of his pocket to check the message. He almost piffed the phone into the sidewalk when he saw who it was from.

(9:22) Good luck today!! Sorry I couldn’t see you off. Tell Moony I say hi. Actually, don’t mention me. He’s probably still mad about the fish thing. Shit. Well. Bye!

When Sirius pulled up across the street from Remus’ house he nearly hit the neighbour’s wheelie bins. When he saw the angry man stalking off Remus’ lawn he panicked that he’d taken a wrong turn.

But there, in the doorway looking utterly perplexed, stood a golden boy holding a box far too large for his arms, his face just as pale as Sirius felt.

He couldn’t help but laugh.

“What did you do to piss him off so much?”

*

Remus couldn’t think to do anything else but stare. If Alice were there, she would consider this something ‘idiotic,’ but the will from Remus drained from him the moment he finally saw Sirius.

It was stupid, entirely ridiculous, that this had been the boy to flirt with him for months. He looked like someone from those greaser movies, far too pretty to really be a thug but playing the part well. The only telltale sign that he could really belong to a greaser group was the haphazard bandage on his right arm from his wrist to over his elbow.

He practically strutted across the road and up Remus’ lawn, his boots scraping on the pavement and shaking his hair out of the helmet. Remus was horrified at his simple white tee shirt, a chill already spilling down his own spine from the breeze through the open door.

He wondered why Sirius wasn’t wearing a jacket.
When Sirius swallowed his Adam’s apple bobbed, and he dragged a hand through his long hair, and Remus only belatedly noticed these to be nervous tics. He had been staring too long.

“I swore at him,” he almost shouted. Sirius seemed startled at the exclamation, tilting his head and smiling shyly.

“What?” He asked, and Remus hoped that he was just distracted too, and that Remus hadn’t already said something stupid.

“I swore at the deliveryman,” he clarified, rushing on, “I thought… I thought he would be you, and then he wasn’t, and well… It’s been a very long morning. Will you come in?” Remus hoped to get his words out before they tumbled into nonsense off his dry tongue, and was relieved when Sirius nodded enthusiastically.

Remus dropped the parcel by his front door, opening it wider to let Sirius in. Despite having been there before, Sirius entered slowly, discarding his big boots by the front door and turning his head to take in the front landing.

“It’s the same as it was last week,” Remus joked. His mind felt like it had come to a blank, and he was clutching at anything to say, even the most pathetic jokes his brain could supply.

Sirius smiled at him. “Only now it’s got better décor,” he said easily but a red bloom spread on his cheeks.

Remus felt his face grow hot too, and really he should have expected it, it wasn’t like Sirius was a different person now that he was here. He swallowed thickly, hoping he could make it through this first meeting without combusting.

He was closing the door behind Sirius when he saw the bike, left unceremoniously on the nature strip in front of old Moody’s house across the street.

“Did you drive that thing here?” Remus asked him.

“Uh, yeah?”

Remus shook his head and poked Sirius in the arm. “And what about this? You drove a motorcycle here with a healing arm?”

“And look!” Sirius spread his arms over his head, “No injuries!”

Remus shook his head again, tearing his eyes away from the small strip of skin exposed from Sirius’ ridden-up shirt. The bastard probably did it on purpose, and judging by the way he stood just a little too close to Remus, the guess was right.

Remus felt rooted to the spot. No amount of will could force his feet to move him, his lips to talk, and part of him didn’t want to anyway. It was surreal, having Sirius right in front of him, and if the entire world could stand still Remus would spend it looking at Sirius.

He only half registered that his lips were moving soundlessly, having for the very first time nothing to say to Sirius.

Sirius in turn looked amused, and Remus decided he was definitely a bastard, as the boy made no attempt to fill in the stretching silence. He grinned at Remus, leaning casually against the wall, and watched as Remus failed to form sounds from his throat.
Remus coughed lightly. “I’ve waited for this for so long and suddenly I don’t have a thing to say,” he admitted.

Sirius nodded, his smile never faltering. “It’s good to see you, though.”

The heat in the house could stifle them both death, and Remus had to keep fighting down the panic erupting in his chest. “It’s good to see you too,” he mumbled.

“I did come here for an objective,” Sirius said, “If we would like to start there?”

“Objective?” Remus blanked.

“The jacket, Moony,” Sirius threw his arms up in air again, “Please tell me you haven’t forgotten about the jacket?”

It was the dramatic tone that set Remus alive again, the familiarity of it all, as if Sirius had been a permanent fixture in all his life. He smiled easily, feeling the tension leave his body.

“Oh, you mean your gang jacket?” Remus teased, “Sorry, but I’ve been a bit distracted of late.”

Remus’ feet finally allowed him to walk down his own hall, not waiting to see if Sirius was following.

“Distracted?” Sirius’ voice said closely behind him.

“Yes, you see, I just had a stray dog turn up on my doorstep.”

Sirius laughed, “I bet he’s cute, though.”

They had reached Remus’ bedroom door, and it was only with his sweaty hand on the door handle did Remus really consider the implications. He was home alone with a gorgeous boy he’d been a little more than crushing on for two months, and was now about to lead him into his bedroom. Although Remus didn’t think things would go that far, didn’t think he’d want them to go that far just yet, the thought of it alone made his face hot. He hoped Sirius couldn’t tell.

Remus replied, “He is cute.” Turned the handle, “And he knows it.”

Remus turned to watch the blush flare on Sirius’ cheeks, satisfied he wasn't the only one. Maybe he’d make it out alive, after all.

Remus’ bedroom was small, but able to fit a single bed, a desk and bookcase. Hanging over the back of the desk chair was the leather jacket, all pins and buttons intact, and the emblazoned letters PADFOOT shouted at them in greeting. Sirius pulled it off the chair, easily swooping it on, testing his size as if wearing it for the first time.

“Don’t worry, I didn’t accidentally kill it and replace it with a poor copy.” Sirius seemed to flinch, making Remus feel instantly guilty. “It was a joke. Sorry.”

Sirius sat in the chair, spinning it around to press his face up against the tank containing Sheba the Second.

“I’m sorry my roommate is a dipshit and got your fish killed,” Sirius said sincerely.

“Don’t worry about it.”

Remus dropped himself onto his bed, leaning his back against the wall and watching Sirius swivel
himself around in the chair.

“Wormtail says hi, by the way, but he told me not to tell you in case you were still mad about the fish thing.”

Remus smiled and shook his head, “I was never mad about the fish thing.”

“You’re taking the death of our beloved Sheba remarkably well,” Sirius said.

There was a buzz in Remus’ pocket, and without having to look he knew who it was. He was going to kill her.

“I guess we didn’t really bond. I was interested in talking to someone else.”

“Moony,” Sirius smiled, “You’re so sly.”

Remus laughed, watching his hands pull and twist at the hem of jumper, feeling his face glow again. “I’ve had practice, I guess.”

“Mm,” Sirius hummed, “No one talks to Sirius Black without picking up a few things.”

Remus looked up, “I meant Prongs.”

Sirius mock gasped, poking his tongue out at Remus but smiling. Remus laughed too, trying not to think too long about Sirius’ pink tongue but failing miserably.

His phone buzzed again.

“You going to get that?” Sirius sounded amused.

“No,” but when the phone buzzed once more Remus groaned, “Yes.”

(9:45) *Is he there?? How’s it going??*

(9:46) *Remus?? Tell me you’ve not spiraled into self pity.*

(9:47) *Or, wait, unless he’s actually there. Is he there?! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?*

(9:47) *Go away!!*

Remus switched his phone off and threw it at his pillow. Sirius was staring at him, the same amused grin plastered on his face, and raised an eyebrow at Remus’ exasperation.

“Alice,” he said simply, making Sirius bark out a laugh.

“I threatened Prongs and Wormtail that if they message me in the next few hours, I’ll run them over.”

Remus giggled, feeling giddy and out-of-body as Sirius continued to swing on the desk chair, looking so comfortable and natural in Remus’ environment. Remus liked the way he looked here.

Sirius turned to the desk and from behind Sheba’s tank plucked a permanent marker resting in a cup. Sirius dragged the chair closer to Remus’ bed until their knees were touching, and Sirius held out the marker to Remus.

Sirius smiled shyly. “I recall promising you that you can sign my cast. I don’t actually have a cast, but you can still write on the bandages, or whatever. I mean,” he trailed off, “If you want.”
Remus took the marker from him, and slowly reached for Sirius’ extended arm. Sirius leaned forward, his hair falling over his eyes, and gently resting his arm on Remus’ lap. Their knees were pressed together now, their feet entangled, and their faces very close together and watching Remus’ hand draw gently on the bandage.

“This thing is grotty,” Remus murmured, so close they were that he didn’t need to raise his voice at all.

The marker tip snagged on the material, making Remus trace over the same line a few times before it would show through, and so they sat close together for a while. They were silent, but it wasn’t awkward, and wasn’t expecting. Remus felt comfortable.

Eventually Remus capped the marker, staring down at his handiwork and determined to ignore the heavy beating of his heart.

_Moony’s._

Sirius beamed, his eyes flicking over the letters again and again, and then jumping out of the chair and collecting more pens from the desk.

He plopped himself next to Remus on the bed, crossing his legs and holding out his hand expectantly. Remus furrowed his brows, causing Sirius to roll his eyes and take Remus’ arm. He pulled up the sleeve of Remus’ oversized jumper to just above his elbow, and then laid Remus’ arm out on his lap. Sirius uncapped a black pen and began to draw.

The tip of the pen was cold on Remus’ skin, but he was instead paying attention to the warmth of Sirius’ hands, and the way his fingers glided over his skin gently. It felt like tiny feathers tickling his forearm, unsure but constant.

Remus watched him draw, the way he turned his awkwardly bandaged arm at different angles to do different strokes, smudging some areas with his left hand and blowing gently against Remus’ skin to dry the ink. Remus tried not to shudder.

“You know what you’re doing,” Remus commented quietly. Most of his view of the picture was blocked by Sirius’ arm, but Sirius had a look of concentration on his face, his brows furrowed and eyes fixed. “So, I’m adding drawing to the growing list of things you can do.”

“Well,” Sirius looked up to meet Remus’ eyes, “I’m not a professional or anything. Uh, a hobby. I mean, I’m not perfect at it.”

Remus laughed lightly. “Are you being modest? You?”

Sirius shoved him in the shoulder, “Be quiet. I’m working.”

“Oh, you’re definitely not a professional.” Sirius shoved him again, making Remus laugh at him harder. “You’re not drawing a penis on me, are you?”

Sirius gave a short laugh, “Would you be so adverse to it?”

“Hm, on my arm?” Remus replied sarcastically, “Maybe a little.”

“Be glad it’s not your face,” Sirius smiled.

“I feel like there’s a story here.”
Sirius chuckled. “Not done to me. But I have a whole series of photos of Prongs with dicks on his face.”

Sirius pulled his phone from his back pocket, unlocking it and opening his photos. He scrolled through the pictures, a smile suddenly breaking out as he handed Remus the phone.

The photo was blurry, but Remus could distinctly make out a sleeping face, sans glasses but marred by a black pen. “Is it…?”

Sirius leaned over Remus’ shoulder, zooming in the picture on the screen. Remus’ eyes took in nothing, his brain whirring over how close Sirius’ face was and with his chest pressed to Remus’ shoulder.

“Going into his mouth,” Sirius said triumphantly, apparently at ease with their closeness.

Remus began laughing, soon unable to control himself when Sirius started laughing too, the two of them stuck in fits of hysteria on the bed. Sirius head slumped to rest on Remus’ shaking shoulder.

Sirius’ laughter subsided when Remus began coughing, a sound like a heavy drum beat tearing from his chest. It sounded thick, suffocating, but Remus easily pulled some tissues from his sleeve and began coughing into it. His cheeks were turning red and his throat felt constricted, and it wasn’t anything he hadn’t dealt with before, but he could feel Sirius’ worried gaze on him.

Sirius stretched over to reach the desk, grabbing a bottle of water by his fingertips and gently pressing it into Remus’ hands. Remus was surprised by the gentle gesture, but quickly uncapped the bottle and took a swig.

He cleared his throat, taking mouthfuls from the bottle at intervals, and Sirius just sat and watched him, hoping the glistening in his eyes was from the laughter instead of choking.

After a few moments the coughing subsided, but when Remus apologized his throat was croaky.

“It’s the damp weather,” he said, “Don’t ask why.”

“No need to apologize,” Sirius said lightly, and took Remus’ arm when he offered it. “Are you… Uh…”

“I’m fine,” Remus assured him, his voice coming through clearer and stronger after each word. “Please, keep going.”

Sirius obliged easily, studying his work and picking up the blue pen.

Remus kept watching him draw, but his eyes wavered from Sirius’ drawing to his face, lingering there just a little too long. Sirius peeked through his curtain of hair, catching Remus’ eye and raising an eyebrow.

“You’re worrying about coughing in front of me,” he said.

How quickly they had learned wordless communication.

“It’s not the most attractive thing in the world,” Remus admitted.

The corner of Sirius’ mouth twitched. “Call me biased, but everything about you is attractive, Remus. Even your phlegmy coughing.”

Remus couldn’t stop the smile that spread on his lips, and he quickly looked away embarrassed,
rubbing his free hand over his warm face.

“Will you ever stop blushing?” Sirius poked him in the cheek, “Not that I mind it.”

Remus swatted his hand away, but Sirius caught it in his own and linked their fingers together.

Remus’ whole body felt hot now. Their hands were sliding together smoothly, fingertips tracing grooves and light flecks of scars, oil burn when Remus tried helping cook as a child, jagged metal snagging Sirius’ palm in Elvendork’s construction. When Remus splayed his fingers out, Sirius filled in the spaces with his own fingers, closing their hands together like a perfect fit.

Remus doesn’t know when, but at some point the both of them had slumped on the bed, now laying side by side with their legs dangling over the edge. Remus had been so enraptured with their playing hands that he hardly registered the half-finished drawing on his forearm.

“You drew a dog,” he said amused.

“What else would I draw?”

“You drew a self portrait.”

Sirius huffed a laugh, but his tone was sincere when he asked, “Moony, did your wish come true?”

Remus furrowed his brow. “What wish?”

“Your eleven-eleven wish. You said you’d tell me if it came true.”

They were touching from shoulder to ankle, their sides and legs pressed together, and Remus hooked his ankle around Sirius’. The position was very casual, but Remus felt a charge, like he was a lit fuse ready to crackle. He tried to tame the bubbling in his chest as he rested his head against Sirius’.

“Padfoot, what do you think my wish was?”

Both of their bodies shook when Sirius shrugged. Remus blew air out of his nose, a small laugh, sending a shiver down Sirius’ spine.

“I wished for you, you ponce.”

Sirius looked up at him, their faces level and close, so close that Remus could see the detail of his bottom lashes sweeping his cheek, the small cuts where Sirius had been biting his lips, where he now bit his lips…

Remus didn’t realize he was staring, didn’t mean to, but suddenly he noticed Sirius’ breath on his face, and the boy’s nose nudging against his. His heart was on fire, a bomb ready to ignite at any moment.

He heard a car door slam.

Sirius heard it too, and they both jumped, startled, and the bomb in Remus’ chest was about to explode, but only this time it was from fear.

“Shit,” he hissed, “Shit, shit, shit.”

Sirius looked hurt as Remus flung himself off the bed and darted out of the room, standing in the hallway for a moment before he came charging back in, still swearing under his breath.
Sirius’ face was like a fresh bloom of roses, and it fought against Remus’ being to tell him, “You need to go.”

Outside, another car door slam.

“My parents are home.”

Sirius leapt off the bed, ready to charge out the room when Remus caught him by the arm and began dragging him to the window over the desk.

“Can’t go out the front door, fool.” He almost sounded fond, “Or they’ll see you right there.”

“So your alternative is to throw me out the window?” Sirius snorted. “You really do love those romantic comedies, don’t you?”

Remus threw open the window, dragging Sheba the Second’s bowl over to give Sirius more climbing space. He didn’t bother to move the sheets of paper or books scattered on its top, and Sirius easily climbed on.

Sirius was sitting on the windowsill, one leg in the house and one leg out, when Hope Lupin shouted out to her son that they were home.

Remus poked Sirius to get him moving, but Sirius said, “Wait, Moony, I’ve got a question.”

“Now?!” Remus panicked.

“What are you doing tomorrow?”

“Is now really the time, Padfoot,” Remus deadpanned.

“It’s my final tomorrow,” Sirius said indignant, “Will you come watch? You can bring Alice.”

In the kitchen, Lyall was shouting about how Remus hadn’t come out to greet them yet.

Remus couldn’t help but smile at the puppy-dog eyes Sirius was giving him. “Of course. Text me when and where. Right now you need to get out my room.”

Sirius flashed a grin, hesitating slightly as he swooped in to give Remus a lingering kiss on the cheek, a little close to his mouth but not quite his lips, and then swinging himself out the window.

Remus waited for the roar of the motorbike engine before declaring it safe, leaving his room and walking casually to the kitchen.

“How was your morning, love?” Hope asked and Remus just shrugged.

“Alright.”

*

**Saturday MIDDAY**

(11:56) I know you said not to text but I just wanted to check in that you haven’t, I don’t know, done something.

(11:56) Like, if something went wrong like last time
I’m gonna shut up until you reply.

I’m at the park around the corner from school.

Why are you there?

WHAT HAPPENED?

Nothing bad, chill!

But I still might be panicking a little.

He was so perfect, James

And he was right there and

Fuck I probably looked like an idiot I just wouldn’t stop smiling and gaping

He probably thinks I’m a bit of weirdo too like I drew on his arm and I don’t even know why

He also lied to me he has tiny freckles all over his face and arms god damnit

So you got that close to his face, huh?

I think we nearly kissed

But then his parents came home

And I climbed out a window

WHAT?

He’s coming to the match tomorrow

With his friend Alice but like

Can you word Lily up to look after him or something?

Oh my god I invited him to the match tomorrow

What if I choke???

Do you want me to make a choking joke right here, right now, or wait?

Shut up

I’m having an experience here

Come home and stop freaking out, Padfoot.

Everything worked out great and he really probably doesn't think you’re a weirdo.

If he did, then I don’t know who the hell you’ve been pretending to be these past months.
Ok, I’m on my way back. If Elvendork starts up.

You can do it little trooper.

* 

Saturday PM

Are you doing anything tomorrow?

YOU CAN’T JUST START A CONVERSATION REMUS

HOW DID IT GO?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

Well, if you’re not busy tomorrow, you’ll get to see him.

Woah, what?

He invited me to his football game tomorrow. It’s a final, so I’m assuming it’s a big deal.

And why am I going?

I’m not going to sit in the crowd on my own!

Ok, ok. Yes I’ll come.

Now tell me what happened this morning!!

He arrived at my house looking like some kind of Greek god crossed with an underwear model.

I feel so out of my depth.

But he stayed for the visit and invited you to his match tomorrow. Good signs!!

Yes. Yes, I suppose it is.

It was so unreal, like it was just some kind of vivid dream.

A wet dream, I’m hoping.

Alice, for crying out loud!!

Tell me none of that stuff happened, then!

No, it didn’t.

Not quite.

“Not quite”? I’m going to need more.

I imagine you're going to suck me dry for details.
Yes, I am. Spill, Lupin.

Uggghh, fine. There was. Uh. Hand holding. We sat pretty close. He drew on my arm and kissed me on the cheek before I shoved him out the window.

What was that last bit?

My parents came home unexpectedly and so I. Um. Made him climb out of the window in my room.

Oh my god, Remus.

I know, I don't need you to tell me.

A kiss on the cheek, huh? How gentlemanly.

Oh shush. It was nice.

Just on the cheek, then?

Yes, just on the cheek. We might nearly have... Um. I don’t exactly know, but my parents did come home at a very inconvenient time.

Oh my GOD

I know. Oh my god.

So I get to see the sexy underwear model tomorrow, do I?

If you behave.

!!!!

I’m not going to be awkward third wheeling, am I?

If you are, then you’ll finally know what it feels like.

I guess that’s fair.

Mhm.

*

So. Today was nice, wasn’t it?

Yes. It definitely was.

Tomorrow should be good too.

Mm. Alice is excited, at least.

Oh, is she?

Over the moon.

Well, that’s good. I’m glad Alice is excited.
I’m excited to see your big, fancy school.

That was nearly a perfect sentence.

Shush, you. Do I have to wear a suit? Maybe eat some caviar?

Oh, most definitely. No wooly jumpers allowed at this football match.

But I only own wooly jumpers.

Best come naked then.

Is that the perfect sentence?

Oh, Christ – yes. Yes it is.

I feel significantly less weird talking to you like this now that I’ve seen you.

If I’d known this sooner, I would have ran over to Wales.

You have nice hands.

Hah

Just my hands?

No. But. That was the best my brain could provide on the matter.

Wow, don’t strain yourself, Moony.

No

Stop

I mean like

Coherent thoughts are hard to come by.

You’re so attractive I’m going to die.

The feeling’s mutual, Moony. And don’t you roll your eyes at that.

Prongs is making me go to bed for tomorrow. Good night, Moony.

Today was one of the best days ever.

Good night, Padfoot. Tomorrow will be even better.

* 

Sunday AM

Gooooooooooooood morning sunshine!!!!

Wake upppp beautiful!
What the fuck are you doing
Prongs got us up for extra early practice! I’m running on Gatorade and coffee!

And why am I awake

Remember when you said something about shared trauma experience?

I’m going to kill you

Noooo you wonnn’t. You like my hands too much.

It’s too fucking early for this

Yes it is. I’m actually dropping a line to ask if you’d be willing to kill Prongs with me?

If I say yes, will you let me go back to bed?

Maybe. If I like you.

You’ve left it a bit late to tell me if you didn’t like me.

Good morning, Remus.

I’ll see you at a holy hour.

Evans, did Prongs mention to you about Remus being here today?

-He might have, yes.-

Might have? Come on.

-Said something about ‘Sirius shitting himself about a boy.’-

Am not.

-Are too.-

Am not.

-Are too. I’ll win this, you know that.-

I can try. Look, he’s going to have his mate there but I don’t want him isolated or uncomfortable or whatever.

-Padfoot, do you really think I’d just leave him stranded?- 


And Christ, don’t let Mrs P eat him alive.

-Not even I have the power to stop the force that is Mrs Potter.-

Shit.
The sky was clearer than what it was the previous day, Sirius taking it as a good omen. He could already feel sweat trickle down his brow, the neck of his jersey sticking to his skin, but the game had not even yet started. His hands shook, but it wasn’t from exhaustion or the anticipation of the game. He jumped on the spot, rolling his shoulders, and pointedly jabbing James in the back with his elbows.

“What if he doesn’t show up?” Sirius hissed in his ear.

James shrugged him off like an annoying fly, already irritable with Sirius’ anxious mood. “Mate, he’ll show, can you just concentrate on what’s important here?”

“You need to relax,” Sirius told him, but James just scuffed him up the back of the head.

“Like you’re one to talk. You stop freaking out about Remus and I’ll calm down enough to not murder anyone today. Especially you.”

The team were all stretching in a circle, muttering to each other about the opposition on the other end of the pitch, who were doing much the same. The pitch was nearly fluorescent green, but soon to be pocketed with pits of mud from studded boots.

Peter was telling Barty about how he’s going to punch Malfoy right in the jaw once the game finishes.

“That’s just assault, Wormtail,” James called out, but Peter shrugged.

“Not a lot of bashing opportunities when you’re goalie, you know? You guys get all the fun.”

James stood in the center of the circle, spinning on the spot as he spoke. “Absolutely no one here is allowed to hit anyone else. Do you understand? I do not want anyone on my team being benched today. It’s too important. You’re all needed. Sirius, I’m specifically talking to you when I say this.”

Sirius tried to look innocent. “What on Earth would I do?”

The rest of the team laughed, but James put his arm around Sirius’ shoulders and whispered in his ear, “Honestly, mate. Don’t hit ‘im.”

“Hit who?” Sirius flashed him a smile, but James wasn’t so convinced. Sirius slumped, “Yeah, yeah, I know. I won’t hit him.”

James thumped him on the back. “Good lad.”

“Oi, Sirius,” Peter called out, “What word did you use yesterday to describe Moony? I can’t remember.”

Sirius put up his middle finger. “Fuck off, Pete.”

“Ethereal!” Peter exclaimed, “He said Moony was ethereal.”

“How poetic,” a small voice behind him said, and Sirius nearly broke his neck turning to see who it was.

Remus was standing on the pitch, smiling shyly and wringing his hands in his sleeves. A pretty, peppy girl was beside him, a huge grin plastered on her face as she gripped Remus’ upper arm in a death hold.

Sirius felt his face grow hot, Peter’s cackling piercing his concentration as he turned to tell him to shut the hell up.

“Are we early?” Remus asked, looking around the pitch nervously. The game was due to start in ten minutes, and the stands were already filling out with families and friends. Bright red and yellow banners shone in the sunlight, happy colours in contrast to the mossy green and silver of Slytherin banners.

From the corner of his eye, Sirius spotted the tall stride of his parents take the high seats of the stands. His heart caught in his chest, but his mind told him to ignore it.

“Not at all,” he managed to say, “Lily should be around somewhere – she’ll show you where to go. Prongs, where’s your girlfriend?”

James shrugged at the same time Alice stage whispered, “Are you going to introduce us?”

Remus whacked her in the arm, his cheeks visibly pinking. He mumbled, “Sirius, this is Alice. Alice, Sirius.”

Sirius stuck out his hand, like he’d been taught to do when meeting new people, realizing too late it was a trait carried over from his family. He swallowed thickly, croaking, “Hello, Alice. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Alice took his hand gladly, telling him, “And I about you.”

Remus cut in, “Let’s not go there,” as the referee blew her whistle to assemble the teams.

Alice began walking to the stands, but Remus stayed and grabbed Sirius by the arm, asking him if he was ok.

“I can leave, you know, if that’s the problem.” He bit his bottom lip.

Sirius scoffed, “Don't be silly, Moony.” He paused. “Mummy and Daddy are here, but for Regulus, no doubt.”

“Well, Alice and I are here for you.”

Over Remus’ shoulder, Sirius could see Alice hover at the edge of the pitch. “I definitely got the prettier cheerleaders.”

Remus poked him in the stomach. “Flirt.”

Sirius flashed him a grin, the whistle erupting in his ears again. James was shouting for him to hurry up, so Sirius roughly pulled Remus into a hug.

“Oh, hugging,” Remus sounded surprised, but amused as he wrapped his arms around Sirius’ neck.
Remus’ hair smelled like shampoo, and his body was soft from layers of jumpers. Sirius liked how solid he was, and the thought of this is real hit him full force that he gripped Remus a little tighter.

“They’re going to watch Regulus lose,” Remus whispered in his ear, sending a shiver down Sirius’ spine. “If you win, I’ll even kiss you in front of your parents.”

Sirius hardly had time to register his words when Remus was pulling away, a mischievous grin spread on his face. A spark lit up low in Sirius’ stomach.

“Is that another promise?” Sirius asked.

Remus smiled, “Good luck.” He began walking over to Alice when he turned and said, “Oh, Sirius?”

Sirius could hear James shouting abuse at him, but instead he replied, “Yeah?”

“Nice bun.”

Sirius reflexively brought his hand up to run through his hair, smiling at the ground as he slinked over to join the rest of his team and Remus found Alice at the stands.

They were already centered around the playing ball, James at the center spot with Slytherin captain Malfoy, waiting for the game to begin.

Surveying the crowd, Sirius spotted Remus and Alice seated beside Lily and her friend Marlene, Mrs Potter sitting behind them and tapping Lily enthusiastically on the shoulder as she spoke with her and Remus. Remus looks intimidated, but talked back with the woman. Mr Potter sat beside her, listening contently.

“James, your parents are already attacking Remus,” Sirius whined.

From the inner circle, James jogged on the spot and pulled faces at an unamused Malfoy. “Not my parents, our parents. You have to take responsibility for the embarrassing shit they do too.”

Behind James, Regulus stood statue still, ready and poised for the whistle to blow and the ball to be released. He didn't flinch when James' called them our parents, not that Sirius was watching him.

“Regardless, they're going to scare him away!”

“Oi, Black,” Gideon cut in, “As riveting as your love life is, now is not the time or place!”

Regulus’ head whipped to meet Sirius’ eyes, confusion painted on his face. Sirius’ stomach became a knot when he said, “Love life?”

Sirius rolled his eyes. “Yeah, Reg, I have this uncanny ability of being able to care for another human being.”

Malfoy made an ugly snort, not even turning to face Sirius as he said, “Mm, but caring for another man, though. That’s a bit unsavory.”

James instantly stepped into Malfoy’s personal space, shouting “What are you trying to say?!” While Sirius broke the circle boundaries and screamed at him, “You shut the fuck up!”

Behind James’ head Sirius could see movement from Regulus, but his view was cut off when Madame Hooch stood in front of him, pushing him away from Malfoy and ordering him to get back in position.
He thought of Remus in the stands, thought of how sitting on the bench all game would be mortifying, and so clenching his fists stepped down from the fight.

Besides, winning was essential now.

*

It wasn’t hard for Remus to spot which one Regulus was. He had a similar set jaw, same dark hair and slender build as Sirius, but his posture was rigid and controlled, as if his skeleton was constricted in his pale skin. Sirius stood more easily, more carefree, making the sudden stiffness in shoulders more identifiable. Remus saw Regulus move from his statue pose, his heart setting in frenzy, hoping Sirius wouldn’t lose control.

“Sirius and Regulus are arguing already,” Lily tried to say lightly, but Remus could hear the strain in her voice.

“Well, you know Sirius,” Mrs Potter said behind them, just as strained, “Any chance he gets.”

Remus watched as James and Sirius leapt at the blonde haired boy in the middle simultaneously, both of them shouting and clawing at him. The boy just laughed as the referee tried to restrain them. Remus gripped the edge of his seat; behind him Mrs Potter was tittering.

“Will this game be particularly violent and brutal because it’s a final?” Remus asked.

He was relieved to see Sirius step down, taking his position once again at the outer circle, one leg in front of the other, ready to take off.

“Have you never seen a bunch of teenage boys play in a football final before?” Lily asked him.

Alice cut in, “No, Remus was more into the swimming.”

Lily and Mrs Potter laughed as Remus said, “At Alice’s insistence. Especially the synchronized diving. As she put it, double the fun.”

“Can’t disagree with that,” Lily threw her red hair over her shoulder, “Let’s just say that there’s already an ambulance waiting on the street.”

Remus groaned, “That doesn’t fill me with confidence.”

The game had started, but Remus had quickly lost sight of where the ball was, too busy keeping an eye on Sirius and praying he doesn’t cause himself or anyone else bodily injury.

Mrs Potter tapped him on the shoulder reassuringly. “He’ll be fine, love.”

Remus could hear the quiet muttering of James’ father behind him, urging on the boys on the pitch and tapping his foot lightly for emphasis. Although they weren’t far from the pitch, Remus found it hard to keep track of what was happening, trying to follow the line of the ball but always turning his attention back to where Sirius was running.

Remus thought those shorts were going to kill him.

“You weren’t lying when you said he was hot,” Alice whispered in his ear.

“I never said hot,” Remus whispered back, hoping Lily and the Potters couldn’t hear him, “I thought it would be too much of an understatement.”
Alice whistled, “No kidding. Can we share this one too?”

Remus was glad they were joking about it now, but while he laughed and told Alice to bugger off, a flare of possession burned in his chest.

Remus finally found the ball, as Sirius was dribbling it up the pitch to oppositions’ goals, just about to reach the goalkeeper’s line when a heavy set Slytherin player cut him off, sliding the ball away from his feet and tripping him over into the grass.

The Gryffindor spectators immediately roared in disdain, Lily and the Potters leaping from their seats in protest. Remus stood quickly, standing on the tips of his toes to watch Sirius pull himself from the ground, rolling his bandaged arm and giving James a thumbs up.

“What?” Lily sounded incredulous. “Is he smiling?”

“More importantly,” Mrs Potter added, “He’s not punching.”

The referee blew her whistle, taking the ball and setting it in the place Sirius was tripped, ordering Sirius a free penalty kick.

“He’d usually be building up a storm by now,” Lily commented.

Alice smiled, watching Remus from the corner of her eye. “I think he has incentive.”

Remus glared at her, which only served to make her laugh as his cheeks bloomed fresh red. “I regret bringing you,” he told her but she just stuck out her tongue.

On the pitch, Sirius was lining up to take the shot, but not before giving the goalkeeper, Rosier, a sarcastic wave. Sirius kicked the ball, gliding smoothly through the air and past Rosier’s large gloved hands, slipping past his fingers and into the goal.

The crowd exploded into victorious cheers, the stands shaking from the sudden upheaval and stamping of feet. Lily and the Potters were shouting in Remus’ ear, and even Alice had jumped up, waving her arms furiously in the air and cheering. Remus caught himself cheering too, beaming down at Sirius who was being drowned by his teammates. James was jumping on his back, rubbing his hair furiously and shouting in excitement.

Amongst all the booming, Remus caught Sirius’ eye, and the sound seemed to drain away, just the two of them watching, both with smiles plastered on their faces.

It didn’t last long, the referee’s whistle coming out in short bursts to settle the players and the crowd to commence the game. Alice was giving him an amused look, which Remus pointedly ignored, and took his seat again.

It was clear that Sirius’ goal had really set the game in motion, the opposition starting to stick their elbows out and exaggerating their falls a little too hard. The Gryffindors weren’t innocent of it either; Creswell running directly into Crabbe as the ball came their way, throwing them both to the ground and the referee calling a foul. James began swearing at Creswell, soon swearing at everyone and when the whistle sounded for half time his face flushed from shouting.

“He uses this opportunity to swear as much as he likes, because we won’t let him do it in the house,” Mrs Potter told them, Lily’s face turning as red as her hair from laughter.

They were only seated three levels up from the team’s bench, and so could hear James very clearly when he told his team, “If any of you prats even think about being carded this half, my boot is going
to go so far up your arse –”

Peter cut in, “Well, Sirius –”

“Wormtail, do not!” Sirius warned.

Remus heard Alice laugh beside him.

“The two of you need to shut up and stop showing off in front of Moony. Wormtail, you nearly let one in before and don’t think I’m not going to hold it over you if you don’t shut up.”

Remus could feel the blush on the tips of his ears and Alice shaking from suppressed giggles beside him. Sirius looked up at him, smiled shyly, and then joined the huddled circle James had formed with the team.

The huddled Slytherins on the opposite side of the pitch looked calm, their resting faces were calculating, determined, and it made Remus all the more worried.

Remus waved nervously as the shrill of the whistle went, and Sirius ran onto the pitch once more.

* 

Sirius was used to playing with so many people watching, normally forgetting they were there until a goal was scored or a foul was made and then the wave of yelling washed over him and he was brought back to the world.

He’d heard James say it was like having tunnel vision, the way you only concentrated on the game and nothing else around you. People could be dying in those stands, but Sirius wouldn’t have any idea.

But now, now of all games, Sirius felt eyes pinned to his back, burning him like lasers. He knew it was ridiculous, but they made him itch, and glancing quickly every now and then told him it was Moony, always Moony, not that he was surprised.

He was worried he would forget how to walk with Remus watching him so closely, but he somehow managed to score the game’s only goal thus far, and the look of admiration on Remus’ face was worth it all.

As soon as they were back on the pitch for the second half, Sirius knew the Slytherins were playing their defense man-on-man. Each red and yellow jersey had an accompanying green and silver, pairs dotted all over the pitch.

A small presence was beside him, and he didn’t need to look to know who’d been paired up with him.

“Of all the people you could pick?” Sirius grunted.

Regulus shrugged. “I thought we could take the time to talk,” he said quietly.

“No.”

The whistle cried and Sirius took off straight for the ball, not really to become immediately involved but to just get away, to try and shake Regulus off as quickly as he could.

But the boy was fast, Sirius had to give him that, as he easily trailed Sirius, not blocking in front of him but just following behind.
Sirius was instructed to stay on the opposition’s side, waiting by the goals for Creswell’s famous kicks that can travel over most of the pitch.

“Who’s the guy in the stands?” Regulus asked, “The one you… The one that spoke to you before the game.”

Sirius decided to ignore him, not wanting to talk about Remus with him. He kept running, hoping running would stop him from hitting Regulus in the face every time he opened his mouth.

“I mean, he doesn’t go here. How did you meet him?” Regulus sounded genuinely curious, albeit a little out of breath, as he jogged to keep up with Sirius.

On the other end of the pitch the ball stayed mostly in the same place, turning over to the other team consistently, but never making it far past the center line. Sirius thought about going over there to help, and then imagined the shit storm of insults James would rain down on him for leaving his post, and decided against it. He was needed here, even if here meant Regulus.

“Is he a friend of James’?”

“Shut up,” Sirius snapped.

Sirius was getting restless now; it was taking too long for them to bring the ball down here, and the longer it stayed up at their goals the higher risk there was of Slytherin scoring. Barty already looked like he was running slowly.

“I’m not going to…” Regulus trailed off.

“What?” Sirius turned to him finally. “What is it you want to ask me, really?”

Sirius could nearly see the cogs turning in his head, calculating what would be the best response, the most revealing but subtle, Sirius knew. Regulus always spoke when he knew his answers three steps ahead, knowing where the conversation will lead and how it’ll work to his advantage.

He could nearly get away with it, his computing mind hidden behind a soft face, if only he didn’t bite the inside of his cheek when he thought. That was his sign, and Sirius learned it long ago. He wasn’t interested in what Regulus had to say.

“Are you happy with the choice you’ve made?” Regulus asked softly.

The question caught him off guard, and couldn’t help but gaze over at Remus sitting nervously in the stands. There was no doubt when he replied, “Duh.”

Regulus nodded his head solemnly, suddenly focusing again as the ball flew over their way.

“Finally!” Sirius shouted as he charged to the ball and instantly took possession, dribbling it down toward the goals. Regulus matched him in speed easily, and Sirius suspected he only half-attempted to slip his feet in the way.

Sirius passed it over to Fabian, who kicked it to the goals and straight into Rosier’s hands. Rosier drop kicked the ball sending it over to the center line and into the opposition’s possession again.

Sirius could hear the violent swearing from James, and Madame Hooch’s warning that if he curses again she’ll kick him off the pitch.

“You’ll have to play better than that if you don’t want Mummy and Daddy-kins to disown you like
they did me,” Sirius snarked at his brother.

The rest of the game continued in this pattern, the defense on both sides becoming dirtier as the clock ticked out. Regulus had started to elbow Sirius in the ribs to get in front of him, which Sirius was not averse to doing back.

His comment had not gone unheard, however, as Regulus pushed and fought for the ball when it came their way. It only brought Sirius greater satisfaction when he was able to break Regulus’ defenses, keeping the ball easily as he slipped it past his younger brother.

On the opposite end the Gryffindors in defense were getting agitated, unable to break through Slytherin’s offense. Sirius could see Peter was lagging in his reactions in the goal keep, and the rest of the team seemed to pick up on it too. Their blocking came in hard, knocking down the other players and clapping angrily whenever they kicked to throw them off.

Even from the distance, Sirius could see it was a considerable effort for James to not swear.

Neither side had scored since Sirius’ penalty at the beginning of the game, and the Slytherins were becoming desperate in their bid to score. With five minutes left to go they were charging through with new energy, making James pick up his swearing and shouting again. Madame Hooch ignored it this time, as the crowd started shouting deafeningly in the final minutes.

James shouted for all of them to come into defense, Sirius sprinting as soon as he heard the call and quickly losing Regulus in the sea of players.

James was still shouting instructions, but Sirius didn’t need to be listening to know what he saying. They almost had like a hive mind, Mrs Potter once told them, the way they knew what the other was thinking without saying a word. The aim was to keep Slytherin from scoring; they would be entirely in defense for the last two minutes of the game.

The blaring of the crowd seemed to keep them going, Sirius’ legs and arm aching from exertion, but determined to push on. They had to win, for the glory of beating Slytherin, but also for a promise. Thinking about it made his heart stutter and his legs feel weak, but he carried on.

Time felt like it was speeding up, as the crowd had started counting down from ten seconds to signal the end of the game. Sirius started laughing from victory, but James was still screaming as Goyle lined up in front of the goals, leg pulled back and ready to kick. Sirius watched in slow horror as Barty skidded in front, kicking his foot right into Goyle’s ankle.

The Slytherin stands instantly sounded in boos, and Hooch blew her whistle and called for a foul. Goyle was going to be given a penalty score.

James called for a time out, slinging his arm over Peter’s shoulders and muttering into his ear. Sirius walked to them, seeing Peter’s face pale as he approached.

“You’ll be right, mate,” Sirius told him, and the rest of the team had gathered around to pat Peter on the shoulder, giving him words of encouragement. Barty was rambling apologies, telling any player who would listen that he didn’t mean to kick Goyle, it was all a mistake, he was really very sorry.

“If you miss it,” James told him, “I’ll get Crouch to strip naked and run through the field. How about that?”

Peter let out a nervous laugh as the whistle blew to call them back.

“We don’t call you Penalty Pettigrew for nothing,” Gideon thumped him on the back.
“You don’t call me Penalty Pettigrew at all,” Peter squeaked.

The players all stood at the center line, watching from a distance. This would be the last play of the game.

Goyle took his place in front of the goals, looking as nervous as Peter standing in the lip of the goals. The pitch was silent, for the first time the crowd hushed and waiting.

Hooch blew her whistle again, indicating for Goyle to kick. Goyle took a few steps back and then charged at the ball, kicking it smoothly in the air.

Peter had to dive to save it, but expertly caught the ball to his chest, sending a wave of applause and bellowing to blow through the crowd.

Sirius started hooting, charging to Peter and jumping on his back excitedly. James and the rest of the team swallowed Peter too, screaming incoherently and tackling him to the ground.

The crowd from the Gryffindor stands spilled onto the field, collectively drowning all the players in streams of red and gold. Tissue paper rained down on them in colours of crimson, and Sirius didn’t know where they came from, but as he pulled himself off the mass of bodies suffocating Peter, he saw the gold shining in the air too. He watched them fall into the messy hair of a quiet boy, standing out as a beacon of nervousness among all the celebration. Sirius felt his heart pick up too.

“Congratulations,” Remus said when he approached him, smiling at the ground and kicking his feet at the grass absently. His hands were wedged securely in his pockets.

“Thank you,” Sirius replied, and before he could stop himself added, “You look good in gold.”

The paper squares had caught in his hood, which Remus now shook out and laughed bashfully. Sirius’ hands were glistening with sweat, anticipation driving through him as Remus finally looked up and slowly leaned in closer to press his warm lips to Sirius’. Their noses bumped into each other, causing Remus to giggle and open his mouth a little, but Sirius was frozen with his lips unmoving.

He cherished the softness of Remus’ lips firm on his own, a spark of giddiness and excitement washing through him like a shudder.

He hadn’t realized he closed his eyes, but when he opened them he saw the most beautiful sight, Remus with his cheeks fully flushed and lips quirked in a coy grin, unable to stop the small fits of giggles bubbling through him. Sirius’ back felt uncomfortably hot, and his heart was racing to break his ribs, but his face splitting smile was stuck.

“Do you think your parents saw?” Remus asked jokingly, but Sirius leaned in again to press a quick but firm kiss to his lips again.

“Just in case they didn’t the first time.”

Remus lightly pecked him again and said, “Or the second.”

The crowd had started filling out of the pitch, making their way to the school to continue their celebrations there. Sirius’ teammates hit him on the back, asking him if he was coming too.

“Want to join in the after party?” He asked Remus.

Remus’ face fell instantly. “I’d love to, but I can’t. We told our parents we’d be home for dinner. They worry.”
He indicated roughly to his general being, an unplanned cough escaping his throat for emphasis.

“I get it.” Sirius said quickly. They were some of the last few people still on the grass, the Slytherin players and spectators leaving the pitch almost instantly.

“I’ll see you soon?” Remus sounded hopeful.

“Definitely,” Sirius said emphatically, “I seem to recall it’s someone’s birthday tomorrow.”

Remus groaned, but couldn’t stop the smile playing on his lips. “Nothing inappropriate.”

Sirius raised an eyebrow, “Would birthday sex be considered inappropriate?”

Remus groaned again, burying his face in his hands. Sirius laughed at him.

“You definitely are a bastard,” Remus finally told him.

“I know,” Sirius agreed, “But that’s why you like me.”

Sirius expected a sarcastic answer, as usual with Remus when their conversations went like this, but Remus smiled and said, “Yeah.”

He slowly backed away, waving before turning and meeting Alice at the edge of the pitch, who was unashamedly watching their conversation. Sirius wondered what else she had watched, and if his parents had seen too.

He hoped so.

With the tingling memory of Remus’ lips on his own, his pulse still beating furiously, Sirius left the pitch to join the after party and celebrate his own victory.

* 

(9:55) I like your lips.

(9:55) They go well with your hands.

(9:56) You should see the rest of me.

(9:56) I expect I will.

(9:56) I hope I do.

(9:58) Moony

(9:58) Just you try and stop me.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to Ali (alicielongbottem) for all of your advice and help for this chapter. You truly are the Dark Mistress of Blow Jobs and Lesbian Treachery.

This will probably be the last chapter for a few months, guys! I'm going on hiatus to
focus on studying for my final exams in November. Yes, I realised that's two entire months away, but I'm also moving house right in the freaking middle of my exams and I have a natural nervous disposition. Better safe than unemployed and not accepted into any universities, right?
Week 11

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

Sirius is bold
Remus is italics
James is regular
Peter is underlined
Alice is everything
*Frank is asterisks at the start and end*
Happy First Birthday, Text Talk!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday AM

(12:00) HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

(12:00) HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE 18?

(12:00) DO YOU FEEL OLD?

(12:00) YOU’RE SO OLD.

(12:01) I’m also tired.

(12:01) Moony, that is not the birthday spirit.

(12:01) I’M ALSO TIRED.

(12:02) Happy Birthday, Remus.

(12:02) Thank you. To answer your earlier question, I don’t feel older at all.

(12:02) Impossible. It’s been… nearly three minutes, Moony, you should be hunched over with elderly bones.

(12:03) I’m hunched over with prolonged sitting and bad posture. Halfway there.

(12:03) I guess it’ll have to be good enough for now. I’ll let you sleep.

(12:04) Good night, Sirius.
(12:04) ‘Night, Moony.

*

(12:00) **Happy Birthday Best Friend!**

(12:00) You’re such a sap.

(12:00) **It’s the one day of the year you’ll let me be.**

(12:01) No embarrassing Facebook statuses this year. Please?

(12:01) **It’s your 18th! It’s the big one! I can’t pass this one up.**

(12:01) **Hey, you know what I should do…**

(12:01) ?

(12:02) **I should ask Lover Boy to be my friend on Facebook!**

(12:02) It’s too late for this conversation.

(12:02) Or too early

(12:02) Whatever

(12:02) Just, no.

(12:03) **Jeez, don’t panic Birthday Boy.**

(12:03) I’m going back to sleep.

(12:03) **Baby, Good night.**

*

(12:13) *Happy birthday, mate!*

(12:13) You’re late.

(12:13) *By thirteen minutes, c’mon.*

(12:14) Alice had to wake you up, didn’t she?

(12:15) *Honestly, I didn’t think you’d like being woken up at midnight.*

(12:15) So this is a mate solidarity thing?

(12:15) *Sure.*

(12:15) You’re a great mate, Frank.

(12:16) *I don’t appreciate your appropriate sarcasm at the moment, Remus.*

(12:16) You didn’t want to wake me up in the middle of the night, and yet you’re the one keeping me awake the longest.
(12:17) *Shit*
(12:17) *Happy birthday and goodnight and stuff*
(12:18) Goodnight and stuff.

*

(9:23) Do you feel older yet?

(9:25) I do. The weight of the world is heavy. It drowns me like a cloud raining down upon me endlessly, life seeming bleak, taxes coming out of my arse.

(9:25) Is this drama? Are you giving me drama?

(9:26) I’ve learned from the best, haven’t I?

(9:27) I’m honoured to have taught you, Moony.

(9:28) So, what’d you get?

(9:29) A new set of lungs and laser vision.

(9:30) Not wings?

(9:31) Mum says they were all out.

(9:31) Bummer.

(9:32) I got a kindle because I have no more space on my bookshelf.

(9:32) Nerd.

(9:33) Be quiet.

(9:34) Also thermal socks.

(9:34) SUCH A NERD.

(9:35) They’re patterned too.

(9:35) Only you would be pleased with socks as presents.

(9:35) My dad’s quite fond of them too.

(9:36) Ah, so being a nerd is hereditary?

(9:37) Apparently so. I also got a rubix cube, a telescope, some beakers, three calculators, and a retainer.

(9:37) Are you doing drama again??

(9:38) A little. But I did get a telescope. Tonks’ enthusiasm got me interested.

(9:39) Try and find me up there.
(9:40) Like you’re hard to miss.

(9:41) That’s either a compliment or an insult.

(9:45) And I’m not sticking around long enough to let you know.

(9:45) Going to the movies with my parents now.

(9:45) See you later!

(9:47) Happy Birthday Moonstar!

*

Monday PM

(12:04) Happy Birthday Remus

(12:04) :-) 

(12:04) Oh, thank you, Prongs.

(12:05) No problem.

(12:05) Also don’t sound so surprised.

(12:05) Sorry. It was just… unexpected.

(12:06) Well expect another.

(12:06) Pardon?

*

(12:10) HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOONY!!!!

(12:10) Thank you, Wormtail.

(12:12) 18, huh? Gonna get smashed?

(12:13) It’s unadvisable that I drink.

(12:13) Why?

(12:14) Oh shit, sorry.

(12:14) It’s ok.

(12:14) Not even a little?

(12:16) Is there a point?

(12:16) If you’re not getting drunk? Honestly… no.

(12:18) There you go.

(12:19) Then I hope you have a good day completely sober but within your legal democratic right to
purchase alcoholic substances.

(12:20) Thanks.

*

(2:42) **I am confirming that you're still good for tomorrow.**

(2:42) Still good.

(2:45) **7pm. Zonko’s. On time.**

(2:46) Yes, Alice, I remember.

(2:47) **Better safe than late.**

(2:47) **Hey, what did you get him?**

(2:47) **I mean, you got him something, right?**

(2:48) **Don’t ever listen to him when he says not to get him anything.**

(2:48) I’m getting him something.

(2:49) **What is it?**

(2:55) **Ah, am I not allowed to ask?**

(2:55) It’s a little

(2:56) **I mean**

(2:57) **I either don’t want to know or it’s incredibly dorky and romantic.**

(2:58) I’m not even going to answer this.

(2:59) **Either way, Remus is going to die, so I wholeheartedly approve.**

(3:00) Uh, thanks?

(3:01) **See you tomorrow, Lover Boy.**

(3:01) **Good God.**

*

(3:12) Dude, where are you?

(3:12) **Out. About. Hitting the town.**

(3:13) Pads.

(3:14) **Moony’s present.**

(3:15) You’re skipping class!
(3:15) They close at four!

(3:16) You left this a bit late, didn't you?

(3:17) Oh, and when were you going to let me leave?

(3:18) **Sunday? Hm?**

(3:18) And in case you don’t recall, I was a bit preoccupied Saturday.

(3:19) Ok, ok. Sheesh.

(3:20) What’s the present?

(3:21) I’m sure you’ll have a look at it when I’m not around later tonight.

(3:21) You’re right. I’ll just see it then.


*

(3:47) **MOONY LOOK**

(3:47)
Did you make that yourself?

Nope!

Apparently I’m not the only one with the ingenuity of naming pets ‘Sheba’.

That poor creature. I mean, no one cares much about goldfish, do they? But you tell someone you named your dog Sheba and they’d call it abuse…

Moony, I can’t believe you. I give you solid evidence that the name Sheba is used by others and you diss it!

How many other people are naming their pets Sheba, though, as a shortened version of Bathsheba?

Aw, you remembered.

‘Bathsheba’ sounds like some kind of Boogeyman my mother should have warned me about.

So of course I remembered it.

It’s ingrained into my nightmares.

You’re a big boy now, Remus, I think it’s time I told you that

The Boogeyman is absolutely real and so is Santa.

I always knew it. I knew my mother was lying about Santa. She just wanted the credit for herself.

Exactly. Adults can’t be trusted, and you’re an adult now.

I don’t know if I can trust you anymore.

Probably not. I’ll tell you we’re going to Disney Land and pull up at the vet’s instead.

The cruelest betrayal. You cut deep, Moony.

What are you doing at a pet store, anyway?

Oh God

You’re not getting me a fish, are you?

‘Course not.

Unless you’d like one.

No more fish!

I think Sheba could use a friend.

Sheba has me. And if you behave, they’ll have you too.

Fiiine. I won’t get you another fish.
Good.

You still haven’t answered the question, though.

Do I need a reason to go into the pet store, Moony?

I feel like the answer is yes.

Well, you would be wrong.

Do you mean to tell me that you can just… walk right by a pet store?

Uh? Yes?

You mean you don’t go in to look at all the animals?

We’ve established that animals don’t like me all that much.

They’re literally in cages! Glass boxes! Cruel treatment, if you ask me.

So you went into the pet store just to look at the animals?

… Yeah.

I had time to kill!

Padfoot, you’re adorable.

Puppies are adorable, Remus.

You are the biggest puppy I know.

So are you saying that if I was a puppy in a pet shop, you’d come in to see me?

I might just have to.

Good to know.

Gotta dash, Moony. Things to do.

What kind of things? I’m concerned. You’re not at school and it’s a Monday.

Sh, don’t worry.

I’m very worried!

Good bye, Moony!

Padfoot!

Happy Birthday!

* 

I’m older than you.
(5:53) How the hell can I be older than you?

(5:54) Are you denying being the more mature one?

(5:54) I’m denying a universe where I could plausibly be older than you.

(5:56) On what basis?

(5:57) I look like a twelve-year boy who got his hair stuck in the vacuum.

(5:58) So in the vacuum of the universe, one boy’s hair determines his age?

(5:59) Don’t get clever.

(5:59) To assure you, I would like to say that you definitely do not look like a twelve year old boy. I feel like I have some authority on this.

(6:01) The authority of face analysis?

(6:02) The authority of having been in close proximity of said face and concluded that it looked old enough to kiss.

(6:02) Yes, I’m sure that was your thought process at the time.

(6:04) Ok, it was mostly just ‘shit shit shit.’

(6:04) Mine was ‘oh fuck.’

(6:05) How eloquent we are.

(6:05) Still made for a good end result, however.

(6:06) It did.

(6:06) I hope we get more end results like that.

(6:07) Me too.

(6:08) I should go get some dinner. I’ll call you later?

(6:09) Make it after eight. My parents want to do fancy dinner. Apparently being 18 is a big deal?

(6:10) To most it would be. But consider, Moony!

(6:10) You can vote now.

(6:11) Excellent. “Who do I hate the least?”

(6:11) Talk to you later, Moony. Happy Birthday.

(6:12) Bye.

*  

(6:01) Sirius
Sirius, mate.

Sirius.

What?

Just. Sirius.

Prongs I’m gonna need

Oh shit you found it.

I did.

Sirius.

Don’t you

Not a word

Mate.

Shut up.

Wow.

I said shut up!

Lily cooed so hard.

I’m turning my phone off.

Wait until I show Wormtail

James

No

TOO LATE!

I HATE YOU JAMES POTTER

YOU’RE SLEEPING ON THE COMMON ROOM COUCH!

WORTH IT!

But honestly, Padfoot. It’s very sweet.

Yeah, yeah.

I want your stuff gone by the time I get there.

You’re a harsh husband.

I do what I have to.
[Answer: Padfoot]

“You’re not going to sing happy birthday, are you?”

“I hadn’t considered it, but now that you mention it…”

“Absolutely not. I already had Alice scream at me through the landline.”

“She did a screamo version of happy birthday? Alice just gets better.”

“Frank did backing vocals.”

“When are they releasing their album?”

“Probably post-mortem, Frank was pretty embarrassed.”

“That’s because he has no sense of fun.”

“Hey, behave. I feel like I need to put Frank into a witness protection program. God help him if the two of you ever meet.”

“If?”

“If or when. Probably when, but for his sake, I hope it’s an ‘if.’”

“I promise I won’t go out of my way to seek him. Like, stalk him, or anything.”

“A small reassurance, but I’ll take it.”

“So, did you have a good birthday? Happy Birthday, by the way.”

“Yes, thank you, you’ve said. It was nice. Dad took the day off work to celebrate. I think my parents are reminded on each birthday just how few more there are left to go.”

“Remus…”

“Sorry, that was morbid.”

“A little.”

“I’m sure they don’t mean to, but they always look a little sad on my birthday. I don’t know. Maybe I’m imagining it.”

“Could be a growing up thing rather than a…”

“Dying young thing?”

“R-right. Mrs Potter is always going on about how we’re growing up too quickly. Especially this year, considering we’re graduating.”

“God, don’t remind me.”

“Ha, sorry. You’re really having a crisis with this age thing, aren’t you?”
“Well, technically, this is nearing my mid-life, so it’s appropriate to have my mid-life crisis now.”

“You’re not going to buy a ferari, are you?”

“Maybe I’ll one-up that and build my own motorcycle.”

“Oi, don’t get smart. Elvendork is a work of art.”

“It’s a death machine. That thing will cut your life short, for sure.”

“I handle it beautifully, I assure you.”

“Small assurance! You once broke your arm playing a non-contact sport.”

“Why do you insist on bringing that up?”

“Because now that the event is over, it’s a little funny.”

“You’re getting mean and grumpy in your old age.”

“How dare you disrespect me, your elder. And sit up straight.”

“How did you – oh.”

“Did you actually sit up straight?”

“Well. Uh. You sounded authoritative!”

“You’re like a trained dog. I love it.”

“Please don’t abuse this.”

“I am definitely going to abuse this.”

“And I am definitely hanging up.”

“No, come on, I’m sorry. I won’t abuse it.”

“Better not.”

“So where did you go today?”

“Not telling. It’s a secret. And you know it.”

“I don’t like surprises.”

“Too bad, old man.”

“When will I find out what it is then?”

“When I decide I want you to know.”

“You’re being purposefully evasive. What’s going on?”

“You’re awfully suspicious, aren’t you? Getting paranoid-”
“Mention my ‘old age’ one more time, Padfoot.”

“Oo, getting testy too.”

“I’m going to hang up.”

“That’s my line.”

“I’m going to hang up right now.”

“Alright, alright.”

“…I am actually verging on falling asleep here. Sorry.”

“That’s ok. When one gets to be as old as you-”

[Call Disconnected]

(9:44) Arse

(9:45) Good night

(9:45) Good night.

(9:45) Happy Birthday.

*

Tuesday AM

(10:55) You are a canker-blossom.

(10:56) Moony, what the hell

(10:57) What did I do?

(10:58) Oh, nothing, sorry

(10:58) Just testing out some new slang.

(10:59) New? I had to google it. Apparently it’s from the 1500s.

(10:59) Apparently it’s from /Shakespeare/ from the 1500s.

(11:00) Don’t be a bolting hutch of beastliness.

(11:03) Are you channeling Shakespeare’s spirit?

(11:04) Would you rather I woo you?

(11:04) Do you honestly have to ask.

(11:05) My heart is ever at your service.

(11:06) Aw Moony that’s so sweet.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs

That’s… sweet?

Love cometh like sunshine after rain.

Heh heh

You’re laughing at ‘cometh’ aren’t you.

Course not

But honestly, what’s spiked the Shakespearean ode this time?

Mugs

One full of swears, which I’ve spared you mostly from.

Moony, you called me a slut.

Thank Alice.

I will. And the one full of lovey quotes, Alice too?

No, she made Frank give me that one.
Did he give you this mug and immediately say ‘no homo’?

GOD PADFOOT

I choked on my spit

Not that that’s difficult for me to do in the first place but

I appreciate it nonetheless

Such charming gifts from your friends

Alice says she has another one for me but I don’t get to see it until tonight.

I’m very concerned.

I’m sure it’s a delightful gift!

That’s false optimism.

Hey, just trying to make you feel better.
(11:30) Thanks for the attempt, but where Alice is concerned, I’m always worried and cautious.

(11:31) **I’ll keep that in mind.**

(11:35) *Tea break is over. Back to working.*

(11:36) **Ha, “working”**

(11:37) *I do important work, thank you very much.*

(11:37) **Liar.**

(11:38) **Flap ear’d knave.**

* 

**Tuesday PM**

(2:45) **Wear something cute.**

(2:47) *I always do.*

(2:49) **Don’t even pretend, Remus.**

(2:50) *My mother is often telling me how smashing I look.*

(2:51) **I’m really worried about you.**

(2:52) *Fine. Define ‘cute’.*

(2:53) **Literally anything that isn’t that rabbit sweater your grandmother got you this morning.**

(2:54) *You mean the one I’m wearing right now?*

(2:55) **YES that one. Take it off. Now.**

(2:56) *What do you have against my rabbit sweater?*

(2:57) **It’s a problem. A major problem.**

(2:59) *You have no right to criticise my furry little problem.*

(2:59) *Aren’t rabbits cute?*

(3:01) **Why are you so insufferable when it comes to clothes?**

(3:02) *Because I get the feeling we’re going somewhere fancy or… different tonight.*

(3:02) *So I’m making this as painful for you as it is for me.*

(3:03) *Through wardrobe malfunctions.*

(3:04) **You’re an arsehole.**

(3:04) **You know what, wear what you want.**
(3:05) Just don’t say I didn’t warn you.

(3:05) ...I’ll wear something nice.

(3:06) Marvellous idea.

*

[Calling: JamesyBoi<33]

“Where did you go?”

“I had to take a break, Pads.”

“I need you!”

“You don’t! You’ve already met the guy twice!”

“It’s not him I’m necessarily worried about this time!”

“Also, if I have to look at the back of your head one more time-”

“What if his friends don’t like me?”

“Holy fuck, Padfoot.”

“If I met me, I wouldn’t like me.”

“What? Don’t lie.”

“No, you’re right. I’m too handsome to not like.”

“You’ve already met Alice. She likes you!”

“It’s her boyfriend I’m worried about.”

“From what you’ve told me, he’s piss scared of you. And of Alice.”

“Small miracles.”

“You’ll be fine. Chill out, man.”

“Fine, yeah, I’m chill. When did you change your contact name on my phone?”

“I’ve changed it a few times. Which one is it this time?”

“Dude, how often do you change it?”

“Whenever you leave your phone lying around.”

“Oh my God, James.”

“Relax, I don’t go snooping through your super secret, ultra personal messages between you and a certain boy.”

“Come back to the dorm.”
“You’re not going to model another outfit in front of me, are you?”

“No, I’m going to beat the shit out of you.”

“…I’m gonna sneak into Lily’s dorm.”

“Potter!”

“Have a fun night, Sirius!”

[Call Disconnected]

*

The first thing Alice said to him when he stepped out of his front door was, “Those shoes, you think?”

Remus prayed the blush to subside, waving his foot in front of him as if seeing it for the first time. The shoes were too big and made him look like a clown with his skinny legs, but he could see the appeal and the power in wearing them. The thick black boots made him feel like he could stand on God himself and crush his teeth.

“They were the first pair I could find,” he lied.

Alice studied the rest of his outfit, a small smile playing on her lips and a look in her eyes that Remus really didn’t like.

“What?” He grabbed the front of his jumper anxiously, tugging at the fabric.

“Nothing,” Alice replied, but her voice held a sweetness Remus was naturally suspicious of. “I like the pattern of your jumper. Come on, Frank is meeting us there. Move it.”

Walking in the boots was awkward, his heels dragging on the concrete behind them. A few times he nearly tripped, and from the corner of his eye he could see Alice stifling a laugh, but he pretended not to notice.

“Wish we’d caught a bus,” Alice complained after fifteen minutes of walking. She rubbed at her knees with the palm of her hand, massaging the muscles through the fabric of her jeans.

“We’re nearly there, right?” Remus glanced at his friend when she didn’t immediately reply, finding her tapping away on her phone. “Are you messaging Frank?”

“Hm?” Alice glanced up distractedly. “Sure. We’re nearly there.”

She slipped her phone into her pocket, dragging Remus hurriedly onto the cobbled streets of Diagon Alley, making a beeline for the ice cream parlour.

*

Finding a parking spot in Diagon Alley on a Tuesday evening shouldn’t have been this hard, Sirius thought. The place sure looked deserted, there were hardly any people milling around the shops as most of them were closing up for the day, and yet there persisted the presence of parked vehicles. Sirius circled the block again, glad that he left early, and prayed to find a place for his motorbike.

It wasn’t like his bike was that big in the first place. Automobile people were just annoying.
As an old man in a beaten pick up truck cut him off, swearing profusely out the window at him for “getting in the goddamn way,” Sirius amended that automobile people weren’t just annoying, they were fucking annoying.

But at least now there was a spot free, and he was at his leisure to sweat out his nervousness in the company of strangers until Remus turned up.

He wasn’t usually so bothered by other people. Talking to strangers was always an easy thing for him to do. But these were Remus’ friends. Important people.

Well, except maybe Frank, but he promised himself that he’d behave on that front. But only if Frank behaved first.

He reached the front of Zonko’s with ten minutes to spare, but couldn’t find another person hanging around. He bit his lip, unzipping his jacket pocket to pull out his phone.

(6:51) I’m here.

(6:52) How punctual.

Sirius snorted.

(6:52) Please, don’t sound so surprised.

(6:53) Sorry. You see the ice cream place across from Zonko’s?

(6:54) You mean the place with the giant hand clutching a cone? Can’t miss it.

(6:54) It’s art. But yes that place. Go in there. Find the group that’s got a girl with pink hair. That’s Tonks. We’ll be there soon.

(6:55) Ok. Should I hide under a table and shout SURPRISE when you guys come in?

(6:56) If you want to.

(6:56) But no one else will.

(6:56) Right. See you soon then?

(6:56) Yes now stop replying he’s suspicious.

The parlour was one of the few places still with its lights on. Sirius couldn’t see anyone inside as he approached the door, slightly startled by the bell that chimed as he entered. He edged around the corner, unsure, until he saw a bobbing head of bubblegum pink hair sitting with two boys.

“Ah,” one of them said, “Are you Sirius?”

Sirius narrowed his eyes at the speaker, the boy with black, spirally hair, a smile stuck on his face as if it hurt him.

Frank, Sirius knew immediately, and forced a smile onto his own face.

“Yes.” His voiced was strained as he edged over to the booth and plopped next to the girl. “You’re Tonks, right?”
“Yeah,” she smiled, “I think you might have heard me on the phone.”

Sirius nodded, his words failing him as a silence fell over them. The second boy said nothing, fiddling with the drawstring of his pants instead. Frank looked just as uncomfortable, shifting in his seat and not quite meeting Sirius’ deadly glare.

Sirius could be civil when Remus got there. For now, he’d have some fun.

Eventually, the dark boy cracked under Sirius’ gaze, stuttering out, “Uh, I’m Frank.”

“I know.”

Sirius could see from the corner of his eye Tonks’ head shifting between the two of them, watching intently at the tense conversation.

Sirius wondered how long he’d have to stare at Frank before the guy started sweating.

“I, uh, understand that, um – maybe you’re not, er, entirely, uh, shit –”

“Geez, Frank,” the silent boy finally spoke, “Spit it out, dude.”

It was probably wrong how much he was enjoying this, but watching Frank nervously twitch at Sirius’ presence alone made him very satisfied. Sirius leaned back against his seat, crossing his arms over his chest and cocking an eyebrow at him. What?

“I know you don’t like me,” Frank blundered through, “And I guess I understand –”

“You guess?” Sirius interjected coldly.

Frank huffed. “I’m sorry. It was a dick move.”

Sirius scoffed, but otherwise said nothing, letting the silence fall over them again. He wasn’t about to tell Frank that it was ok, or even thank him for apologising, so he just let it hang in the air.

Now, he promised, he would be civil.

*

When Remus realised where they were going, he said, “You’re not going to force feed me three plates of pancakes again, are you?”

But Alice was hardly paying attention. “Maybe not three.”

She kept walking forward, not glancing to see if Remus was following, striding into the ice cream parlour confidently. She held the door open for Remus, a satisfied smirk on her face, which instantly made Remus suspicious.

“What have you done?” He asked her, but she just laughed and continued to the back of the parlour.

The decor was set up to resemble a 50’s American diner, plastic red stools against the bar and booths slotted against the walls. The sparkling floor tiles were nearly blinding under the fluorescent lights, the walls plastered with framed photos of Elvis and Frank Sinatra, and an old – but still functioning – juke box sitting beside the register.

Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlour had always been a favourite of Remus’, from the mouth-watering smell of apples pie that always seemed to cling to the place, to the fact that the pancakes
were free, but only because it was Alice’s grandfather that owned the place.

Rounding the corner, Remus was met with a bombardment of glitter and streamers, a chorus of people shouting “Happy Birthday!”

Remus saw the group of people huddled in a booth as he waved the streamers from his vision, a small smile plastered on his face as he took in each of their faces.

His smile widened when he caught Sirius’ eye, the other boy winking at him.

“Oh,” said a quiet voice, “Is he here?”

Remus laughed as Frank’s voice replied, “Yes, Davey, he’s here.”

Remus spotted the small Chinese boy sitting between Frank and Tonks, his fingers tapping on the tabletop.

“Happy Birthday!” Davey shouted.

“Thanks,” Remus replied as he slid into the booth next to Sirius, who was, to Remus’ relief, sitting next to Tonks and well away from Frank.

Alice sat next to Frank, sitting opposite to Remus at the table, and shouted over her shoulder, “Grandpa! We’re all here!”

“So polite,” Remus said mildly. “So, Alice, how long have you known Tonks?”

“I don’t know Tonks. Hi!” Alice said excitedly, leaning over the table to grab Tonks’ hand, “I’m Alice!”

Tonks shook her hand enthusiastically, happily greeting her in return.

Remus furrowed his brows, biting his lower lip in confusion when Sirius said, “Ah, Alice kinda pulled a fast one on you.”

“No kidding,” Remus replied in slight disbelief, “I guess I shouldn’t bother asking how you’re here.”

“It was all in the name of birthday celebration,” Alice said hastily, “I don’t make it a habit to go through your things.”

“I hate to be that guy,” Davey cut in, “But do you think you could introduce me to the people I don’t know here?”

“Frank!” Alice said angrily.

“What?”

“How long were you sitting here with the three of them? And you didn’t introduce them to each other?”

Frank scratched his cheek, averting his gaze from Alice’s annoyed face. “It didn’t cross my mind.”

Remus heard Sirius scoff beside him, sending a kick to his shin to make him be quiet.

“I’m Sirius,” he offered instead of what Remus assumed would have been an insult aimed at Frank.
Davey frowned. “Where?”

“Uh…” Sirius said dumbfounded.

“Oh!” Davey smacked his hand to his forehead. “Sorry, dude. I can’t see you. I’m blind.”

Sirius deflated in relief as Tonks perked up, grabbing Davey’s hand and plopping it atop her pink hair.

“I’m Tonks,” she said, and then indicating for Sirius to lean forward, she put Davey’s hand on his head. “And this is Sirius. Remus is beside him.”

Davey smiled. “Wicked. Nice to meet you two. Sorry, this ‘not seeing’ thing is still kinda new.”

Frank rolled his eyes, clapping a hand on Davey’s shoulder. “You don’t have to keep apologising.”

Davey shrugged self consciously, tapping his fingers on the table again before saying, “Yeah, yeah. Gotta apologise one last time, though. Remus, your card might suck a bit.”

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” Remus said automatically as five feet all came kicking at him from under the table. “Ouch!”

“Well stop being an idiot,” Tonks said cheerily, “And open this!”

She threw a package onto Remus’ lap, wrapped haphazardly with a bow tied precariously around it. Remus untied the bow, peeling the sticky tape away carefully to preserve the paper, to reveal a collection of second-hand books. Sifting through the titles, Remus could distinguish a theme.

“Revealing the Alien,” he read to the table, “The Truth About UFOs and Their Government Cover-up. E.T. meets Xenomorph.”

Tonks laughed. “That last one is a fiction. Still think you might like it, though.”

Sirius plucked the book from his fingers, shuffling through the pages and pausing. “She couldn’t believe her eyes,” he read. “There he was, silhouetted in her doorway and leaning casually, like he didn’t have a care in the universe. He crooked a finger at her seductively, beckoning her into his room. Xenomorph followed E.T. into the bedroom –”

“Alright!” Remus snatched the book and slammed it shut. “Tonks, what’s with the alien books?”

“More importantly,” Davey said between fits of laughter, “Where can I find alien porn in audiobook?”

Sirius grinned wickedly, taking the book back from Remus. “I’ll make one for you, Davey. Seems interesting.”

Tonks looked over Sirius’ hunched figure to tell Remus, “I heard you got a telescope so I thought I’d start you early on the alien conspiracies. Make you a believer for when you see a UFO through your telescope.”

When Remus’ expression maintained incredulity, Tonks added, “Also, they’re funny as hell to read.”

“No kidding.” Remus could see the glistening in Sirius’ eyes as he cleared his throat. “‘Oh my!’ Xenomorph gasped. ‘You’re so big!’” Sirius burst out laughing, his head colliding with the table so that he couldn’t keep reading.
Remus took the book back from Sirius’ slackened grip, scanning the page and muttering, “This is atrocious.” He paused to cough into arm and clear his throat. “E.T. put a hand on her waist, his long fingers warm against her cold skin, sending a shudder up her knobbly spine. She wrapped her tail around his waist, snaking it over his torso until the tip could tickle under his chin. He kissed it – I’m going to stop, this is awful.”

“This is a classic of our time,” Sirius giggled.

“This is someone’s published fanfiction,” Frank added.

“Kudos to them. It’s a work of art.”

Remus raised an eyebrow at Sirius, relieved but suspicious as to why he was being so civil to Frank. Sirius cocked his head in question under his gaze, but Remus shook his head, looking over Sirius instead to say, “Hey Tonks, you didn’t happen to write this yourself, did you?”

The table burst into laughter as Tonks spluttered, screeching that no, she did not, don’t be so gross Remus!

Their laughter was interrupted by a sturdy old man approaching their table, arms laden in plates of pancakes, waffles, and slices of toast. Alice rose to help her grandfather with distributing plates around the table, and walking back with him to get jam, cream, chocolate sauce, and bowls of vanilla ice cream.

Florean Fortescue disappeared one last time, returning with a single ice cream cone in his hand with three scoops piled on top of each other, smiling benignly at the table. “And this one is for Tonks, who can’t have dairy.”

Tonks smiled brightly, reaching out for the cone and thanking Florean profusely.

“No need to thank me,” he said kindly, “Thank Jamie Oliver for his dairy-free recipes.” He winked at the table, waving off their thanks and gratitude humbly before returning to the kitchen.

“Honestly,” Frank said with a mound of waffles already shoved into his mouth, “I could marry that man’s waffles.”

“Guess you’ll just have to settle for his granddaughter,” Alice replied, plucking a strawberry from Frank’s plate.

Frank smiled at her and pecked her cheek. “That’s alright by me.”

Tonks cooed as Davey made gagging noises. Remus sighed, “Don’t be embarrassing.”

The parlour was nearly empty bar a mother and her child sitting near the door, eating ice cream from baby blue cups and not paying them one bit of attention.

“Like you can talk,” Alice retorted, eyes shifting between Remus and Sirius. Remus glared at her, or tried to, while Sirius laughed, throwing his arm over the back of Remus’ seat.

“We’re not embarrassing, are we, honey bunch?” Sirius joked.

Remus sighed again, but decided to play along. “Definitely not, sweetums.”

The dinner – or brinner, as Frank insisted it be called, breakfast dinner – was broken up by small bouts of chatter, too caught up in the delicious food to carry serious conversation.
Remus felt comforted by the warm thigh pressed to his, sometimes their elbows bumping into each other as they ate. A tapping on his foot indicated that Sirius was kicking his legs, like a child on a swing. One particular swing collided with Remus’ foot hard, Sirius ducking his head to look under the table and apologise until his voice caught – “Hang on, are those my shoes?”

“Oh,” Remus squeaked, a flush instantly spreading through his body and igniting him. He’d forgotten that he was wearing Sirius’ boots, and also looked down at his feet as if seeing the shoes for the first time.

Sirius laughed, speaking quietly so only Remus could hear him, “You’re a fucking dork.”

“You should stop leaving your stuff at my place then,” Remus said gruffly.

“Why on Earth would I do that?” he asked genuinely.

Remus considered it, and then shrugged. “Maybe you shouldn’t, then.”

Sirius smirked, satisfied. “It’s a barter system, though. Can’t be all take.”

“What would you like, then?” Remus backtracked, “Be tame.”

Sirius laughed, stuffing a piece of pancake in his mouth as he thought. He chewed slowly, hand stroking his chin in exaggerated thinking, and it took Remus scuffing him over the head to finally get a reply.

“I like your jumper,” Sirius said, “It’s an interesting choice.”

“That’s what Alice said,” Remus replied, eyebrows knit in confusion. He looked down at his figure, tracing the print on his jumper with his finger. “I don’t get why you both think that.”

“Moony,” Sirius said plainly.

Remus’ fingers stilled, a disgruntled groan escaping his throat as he realised he was wearing a jumper with the lunar cycle printed on it.

“This wasn’t a conscious decision,” he promised. Sirius nodded sympathetically.

“I’m sure, Moony.”

“It really wasn’t.”

“If you insist.”

“Really –”

But he was cut off an an exclamation from Davey, waving one hand in the air as the other searched through his bag and pulled out an envelope. Remus’ name was printed on the front with careful, albeit slightly wobbly letters.

“Your card, dude,” Davey said off-handedly, but his legs were bouncing so hard that the whole booth was shaking.

Remus opened the envelope carefully, sliding the card out as another slip of paper fell onto his lap. He read the card first, Davey’s precise scrawl clearly legible.

_Happy Birthday, Remus._
Remus laughed abruptly, a small smile curving on Davey’s face at the sound.

“Up top, Davey,” Remus said. Davey turned his hand palm up on the table so Remus could lean over to high five it, both of them bursting into giggles.

“We’re going to need an explanation,” Alice said, taking the card and reading it herself.

“The first time Davey spoke to me, he could still see,” Remus began the story.

“I’d seen Remus around the hospital, in like the canteen and stuff, and he was always hooked up to an oxygen tank, but we’d never spoken,” Davey added.

“When we do finally run into each other it’s when I’ve accidentally stumbled into the taxi bay, not really paying attention to where I was going. Davey was waiting for his parents to arrive when he turns to me and says –”

“‘Hey, do you want a smoke?’ I swear, if looks could kill, Remus would have had me murdered the first time we met for that comment alone.”

“Ah,” Remus said with understanding, “I guess that’s why you were so surprised by my response.”

Davey laughed. “Yeah, dude. I say, ‘Hey, do you want a smoke?’ And after the most terrifying silence of my life, this guy replies, ‘I can’t b-reathe you just said that to me.’”

Alice groaned and smacked her head onto the table, Frank patting her back sympathetically, while Tonks and Sirius roared with laughter.

“Davey looked stunned for a moment,” Remus continued, “Until he just shouted at my face, ‘Disability jokes! Up top, dude!’”

Davey was grinning broadly, not faltering when Tonks asked, “How did you become blind? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Wanking too much,” Frank quickly cut over him, earning himself a careless slap from Davey.

“I have type 1 Neurofibromatosis, which caused glaucoma,” Davey replied, “Damage to the optic nerve meant I lost my vision gradually.”

“That’s a mouthful,” Tonks said idly and Davey laughed in agreement.

Remus’ laughter was caught in his throat, lodged behind a ball of phlegm. He tried to cough into his napkin discreetly, but the hacking reverberated around the now empty parlour. He slid out from the seat.

“Sorry,” he rasped, “Just give me a second.”

He went outside, gasping in the fresh air in short bursts before coughing, as loud and as heavy as he needed to evict the phlegm. He slid down the wall, inhaling deeply now that his body had allowed
him to breathe.

“Are you ok?” The concerned voice filled the chill of the night air, drawing Remus’ attention back to the present. He had zoned out, his tired body making his vision blurred and brain fuzzy. He looked up at Sirius, hovering nervously over him, hands running through his shaggy hair.

“Yeah, fine,” Remus managed. “Just needed some fresh air. Sorry for ditching you.”

Sirius shrugged, but his shoulders were tense. “That’s fine. As you can see, I’ve followed you like a lost puppy.”

“I told you, you were a puppy.”

“Do, uh…” He bit his lip. “Do you need any help?”

Remus couldn’t help the small laugh that escaped his throat. “No, Padfoot. Relax. I’m just gonna sit out here for a bit.”

“Ok. I’ll sit with you.”

Sirius fell gracefully beside him, his legs kicking out in front of him, feet tapping against Remus’. Remus allowed himself a small smile, shuffling a little closer to the boy beside him so their shoulders touched.

Silence fell over them as they gazed up at the night sky, but it was not uncomfortable. So many times Remus had worried that they would run out of things to say that he didn’t consider how their silence could be just as rewarding.

When he felt Sirius shuffling beside him, however, a thought struck him. A thought that already made his cheeks bleed crimson, and a wavering of conscience that made him hesitate.

Remus cleared his throat, croaking out “Padfoot –” just as Sirius had turned to say, “Remus –”

They both laughed, Sirius dragging his hand over his face. “You go first,” he said.

“No, I don’t know if I want mine answered. You go first.”

“Oh. Well, um. I just wanted to know…” Sirius was now rubbing the back of his neck vigorously, so vigorously that Remus was worried he’d tear skin off. “Because we said when we’d meet we’d… uh, but, if you still don’t that’s ok too…”

“Padfoot, get to the point.”

Sirius pouted. “You’re not gentle.”

“Get it over with.”

Remus could see the considerable effort it took Sirius to turn to him, to look him in the eye. Remus felt pinned, unable to look away, and was suddenly very worried about what Sirius was going to ask. He let out a shaky breath, just as Sirius did the same.

“Moony, are you my boyfriend?”

The nervous edge to his voice made Remus smile. Never in a million years did Remus think he could make someone this nervous, could make someone actually have to ask him this question, and especially not someone like Sirius Black, who exuded confidence and nonchalance that it made those
around him feel stronger too.

Never in a million years, Remus thought, and yet he couldn’t help but tease the poor boy. “Are you asking me if I am or if I will be?”

Sirius huffed, a strand of hair falling over his face caught in the up-breeze. “Why are you being difficult?”

Remus shrugged, a smirk still playing on his lips. “Payback for something, probably.”

“Ugh, fine, you’re gonna make me say it.”

Remus looked at him, amused, waiting for Sirius to crack. He looked very put out, like Remus was making him confess some horrible secret, but the corner of his mouth twitched as he asked, “Moony, will you be my boyfriend?”

Remus tapped a finger on his chin, looking back up at the sky in faux contemplation. “I’ll think about it.”

The silence that fell made Remus look back quickly, watching Sirius’ face frown. Remus waved his hands hastily. “I’m kidding! Of course, Sirius.”

Sirius let out a laugh. “That was a cruel joke.”

Remus tried hard not to laugh too, instead muttering out a sorry.

“Now you have to say it.”

“What?” Remus furrowed his brows in genuine confusion.

“Say the word, Moony. You know what I’m talking about!”

Remus groaned. “You’re horrible.”

“Just do it.” Sirius’ face was painted with amusement, enjoying watching Remus squirm uncomfortably as his face grew hot.

Not even the cool night air could fan off the rising heat in his cheeks as Remus replied, “Yes, Padfoot, I will be your… boyfriend.”

Sirius whooped - honest-to-God-whooped, Remus thought, horrified - causing the owls settled into the tree tops to take flight, their silhouettes flapping against the full moon hung in the sky like a stage prop. Remus buried his face in his hands, saving himself the embarrassment of Sirius seeing his tomato red face, but Sirius didn’t seem bothered. He slung an arm around Remus’ shoulders, pulling him in close and patting him. Remus wasn’t entirely sure, but he thought he heard Sirius murmur, you’re too cute.

Sirius didn’t move his arm when Remus finally emerged from the sanctuary of his hands, instead stating, “I have another question.”

Remus wanted to retreat back into his hands, instead choking out, “Oh, God – Ok.”

Sirius cleared his throat theatrically, straightening his back against the brick wall. “Will you go out on a date with me this Saturday to further solidify your position as my boyfriend?”

“Prongs won’t have you running laps?” Remus asked.
“We don’t have a game this week. He’s letting us off.”

“Then I would love to go on a date with you to… Further solidify my position as your boyfriend. Do I get paid for it?”

Sirius smirked impishly. “You can get paid in kisses.”

“Oh. I was hoping hard cash.”

“Well, sorry to disappoint,” Sirius scoffed.

“I guess it’ll do just fine.” Remus paused. “Can I exchange the kisses for a gift card?”

Sirius groaned, dropping his head into his free hand. “Moony, I’m already regretting my decision.”

Remus laughed, poking him in the side and singing it’s too late until Sirius started laughing too, their bodies shaking together in whispered giggles.

“So what was your question?” Sirius asked once their laughter had subsided.

Remus desperately tried to feign ignorance. “My question?”

“You were gonna ask me something before I rudely interrupted with talk of boyfriends.”

Remus shrugged. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Moony.” Sirius’ voice was exasperated, but he rolled his eyes playfully and shook Remus’ figure gently.

“I just… No, it’s a stupid question. Forget it.” He coughed into the back of his hand, trying not to look Sirius in the eye.

“Oh, come on.”

“I wanted to know if…” He broke off into mumbles, holding his hand over his mouth.

Sirius smirked. “I didn’t quite catch that.”

Remus groaned, dragging a hand over his face. He kept his hand covering his eyes, refusing to look at Sirius, refusing to look at anything as he asked, “Was it… was it fireworks?”

In the darkness behind his eyelids, Remus heard a shy laugh, and an answer that set his heart racing.

“Remus, it was an explosion.”

Remus tried to contain the stupidly wide grin that was forming on his face, but against all protests it persisted, his cheeks hurting from the intensity of it. Sirius laughed again, and Remus felt a peck on his cheek.

Remus finally removed his hands from his face, greeted with Sirius’ brilliant smile. His whole face shone beautifully under the moonlight, a glow emitting from his very being, like something from a dream. This was definitely a dream, Remus thought as he reached out to touch him, gentle fingers stroking the side of his face and tracing his jaw. Sirius ducked his head shyly, but then leaned forward to press their lips together, warm despite the coolness of the night.

If Remus were being honest, he’d admit that he’d been warm for a while now.
He could feel Sirius’ shaky exhales against his cheek, could feel Sirius’ nose bumping into his, could feel Sirius’ hand cradle his face as he slowly kissed him. He was suddenly so aware of every inch of Sirius, the brush of his hair against Remus’ forehead, his knee pressed against Remus’ thigh, but especially his lips.

Remus was especially aware when those lips drew back and pecked lightly on the tip of his nose, the cold air rushing in where Sirius’ face used to be.

“I forgot, I have something for you,” Sirius murmured. “Since we’re doing the all the embarrassing stuff in one go, it seems.”

Remus hummed in agreement, processing Sirius’ words too late. “Wait, something for me –”

Sirius sighed in exaggeration. “Yes, Moony, considering this is your birthday get together and all. Here.”

Sirius held out a small box, a single white bow stuck onto the lid. He snatched his hands away as soon as Remus grabbed it, slotting it between his thighs and jiggling his legs nervously.

Remus opened the lid, peering in to see a pair of dog tags resting against a plush cushion, one of them turned up to read ‘Moony’.

Carefully, Remus lifted the chain from the box, the tags clinking together and flashing shiny silver in the night light. He pinched the second tag between his fingers and read ‘Padfoot’.

“It’s kinda…” Sirius trailed off, coughing nervously. “Uh, sappy.”

“Yeah,” Remus agreed, “But I like it.” He slipped the chain over his head, the tags resting comfortably on his sternum.

“Oh,” Sirius said, “Good. Great.”

Remus coughed thickly into his hand, making him realise just how cold it was out there. They should head back inside into the warmth, he thought, if he didn’t want to catch a cold – or worse.

He stood, holding a hand out to pull Sirius up with him. Sirius took it, dusting the seat of his pants off with his other hand and standing close to Remus.

“Thanks,” Remus said.

Sirius tried to shrug casually. “No problem. Happy Birthday.”

Remus smiled bashfully, tugging at the front of Sirius’ shirt to follow him back inside.

"Wait," Sirius halted. He dug into his jeans pocket, pulling out his phone and flashing Remus a grin. "Take a picture with me, Birthday Boy."

“Oh, no,” Remus groaned, but he didn’t protest as Sirius pulled him to his side.

"Say cheese!"

The flash in Remus' eyes hurt, blinking out star lights and rubbing his eyes furiously. He could hardly see the picture when Sirius showed him, but told him to send it to him anyway.

"Already done," Sirius told him as they walked back into the parlour.
Remus hastily tucked the dog tags into the inside of his jumper as Alice exclaimed at their approach, starting up a jagged chorus of *Happy Birthday* and moving aside to reveal a chocolate cake lit up with eighteen candles.

Remus groaned, hiding his face in his hands as his friends continued singing, Sirius singing loudest of them all and right in Remus’ ear.

He was glad when it was over, praying that he had enough breath to blow out the candles in one go, his fears voiced by Davey with a smirk, “Need a hand, buddy?”

“Fuck you,” Remus replied gently, taking as deep a breath as he could and blowing out the candles.

“Oh, no!” Frank exclaimed, and urged on by Davey added, “He missed one.”

Remus gave a final huff to blow out the persistent remaining candle, mumbling how candles for him was, “like going bowling.”

“Gotta cut the cake now,” Tonks said, handing him a large carving knife. Remus took it from her gingerly, wondering who on Earth gave Tonks the knife to hold.

Remus was cutting into the first layer as Alice said, “If you hit the bottom, you have to kiss the closest boy.”

“What?” Remus asked distractedly, feeling the tip of the blade hit the plate beneath the cake. “Ah.”

“You hit the bottom, didn't you?”

“Maybe.”

Alice smirked. “Pucker up, Lover Boy.”

There was a moment of silence.

“Oh,” Sirius said surprised, “That’s me. Right.”

“Right,” Alice mimicked, a Cheshire grin spread on her face.

Remus raised the knife and pointed it Alice. “Don’t make me use this,” he warned.

Alice stuck her tongue out at him as Tonks said, “Rules are rules!” Alice gently took the knife from his hand, placing it on the table and shoving him in Sirius’ direction.

Remus faced him, about to grumble a quick apology when his face was roughly pulled into a kiss, making a surprised *hmph!* against Sirius’ mouth.

Remus could vaguely hear hollering from his friends, the blood rushing in his ears overpowering their calls and all too soon Sirius’ lips were gone from his again.

Remus nearly refused a slice of the chocolate cake, if it meant keeping the tingling feeling of Sirius’ lips on his.

* 

Alice had been the one who suggested it and Sirius nearly smacked himself on the face for not thinking of it first. Of course, it would be a great idea. Whether Remus saw it that way or not was another thing.
Sirius immediately knew that Remus indeed did not think it was a great idea.

“Definitely not,” he squeaked, edging away from him nervously.

There was only the glow of the streetlights to illuminate them, the night practically dead from inactivity. Sirius couldn’t see or hear anyone else in the street, and his vehicle was resting lonely, only Florean’s old hatchback for company.

“It’ll be fine,” Sirius drawled, “Do you trust me?”

“With my life?” Remus looked skeptical. “Not as much as you think.”

Sirius frowned. “You’re thinking of the broken arm again, aren’t you?”

Remus nodded emphatically, twisting his hands together nervously. Alice watched him from the sidewalk, tittering under her breath.

“Well, I’ve got no room in the car for you,” she told him. “It’s either that or you can walk home.”

“This was a trap!” Remus’ voice raised several octaves, his face scandalized as both Sirius and Alice just calmly nodded.

“Here.”

Sirius handed a helmet to Remus, only slightly nervous as Remus turned it over in his hands, a small look of bewilderment stuck on his face.

The helmet was painted grey, a wash of tones blending together to make it look dirty, bumpy, black spots painted as craters. It was a full moon, much like the one slipping behind clouds in the sky, with the word ‘MOONY’ printed in block letters at the nape.

“So you can be assured,” Sirius said, “That in the event that I do crash, your noggin will be protected.”

Remus rolled his eyes, but slipped the motorbike helmet over his head, his face disappearing behind the black visor.

“Great,” came his muffled voice, “Now I’m from Daft Punk.”

“Are you up all night to get lucky?” Sirius asked, only laughing when Remus punched him weakly in the arm.

“We’re going now!” Alice called. “See ya!”

Sirius and Remus waved them off as they climbed into the car, Tonks and Davey squished into the backseat with Frank.

When the headlights turned the corner and disappeared, Sirius turned to Remus, a determined grin on his face. “Ready to go?”

Remus lifted the visor, peering at Sirius in the darkness. He looked worried, Sirius noted, chewing on his bottom lip, but also resolved, glaring at the motorbike as if he could beat it in a fight.

“Fine,” he sighed. “Let’s get this over with.”

Sirius clapped Remus’ visor back down. “I’m going to need a better attitude than that.”
“I’ll have a better attitude when I’m sure you won’t kill me.”

Sirius looked thoughtful. “That’s fair enough,” he allowed, and pulled on his own helmet and hoisting a leg over the bike. He flicked the kill switch on, turning the key in the ignition and watching the warning lights flash on and off again, everything as it should be.

He was about to push the start button when he realised that Remus hadn’t followed him on yet. Lifting his visor, he looked over his shoulder to see Remus still standing anxiously by the bike.

“Ok,” Remus said after a deep breath, “Don’t laugh, but how the fuck do I get on that thing?”

Sirius can’t help the laugh that escaped his throat and he could practically feel Remus’ unimpressed expression under the helmet.

“It’s gonna be a bit awkward getting on,” Sirius said and Remus huffed. “You have to lift a leg over, as if you were getting on a horse.”

“Christ.”

“Come on, I’ll give you hand.”

Sirius flexed his hand at Remus, who took it delicately in one hand, his other hand resting on Sirius’ shoulder and using it to lift his weight over the bike. He landed ungracefully behind Sirius, his hands instantly clutching Sirius’ shoulders to steady himself. When Remus was sturdy, his lifted his hands, hovering them nervously in the air, unsure where to grab Sirius.

Sirius didn’t think laughing would earn him any points, so instead reached behind him to grab Remus’ arms, wrapping them around his waist and feeling his heart catch in his throat at the contact. He could feel Remus’ chest pressed against him, could feel his heart beating frantically against his back.

“It’ll be ok,” Sirius told him, trying to disguise the shaking in his hands. “I’ll go slow.”

Remus nodded, the chin of his helmet resting on Sirius’ shoulder as he peered over.

Sirius pressed the start button, the engine igniting instantly much to his relief. He didn’t think a stalling engine would instill confidence in his ability to drive Remus home safely.

He kicked the flip stand up, twisting his wrist down and accelerating slowly, Elvendork’s loud churning spilling into the otherwise silent night. Remus’ hold on Sirius tightened as they took off, knees pressed solidly into his thighs and his helmet clacking against Sirius’.

“You alright?” Sirius had to shout, competing with the engine and the layer of helmet clamped over Remus’ ears.

“Getting there,” Remus shouted back. Sirius could feel his body start to relax against his, his hands no longer in a death grip on his waist.

The motorbike was practically crawling at an impossibly low speed for Sirius’ liking. The trip between Diagon Alley and Remus’ house was only a ten minute drive, but at the pace they were going it would take them nearly double that time.

When Sirius realised this meant that he would have Remus pressed against him for a longer duration, he decided that the slow pace wasn’t all that bad.
They were a few houses down from Remus’ house when Sirius felt a tapping on his shoulder, glancing to see Remus indicating for him to pull over. He did, this time without knocking down any neighbours’ wheelie bins, and flicked the ignition off so Remus could clamber off.

His hair was matted to his head when he took the helmet off. Sirius reached out to run a hand through it before he could stop himself, surprising them both as he ruffled Remus’ hair back into place.

Remus held the helmet out awkwardly, intending for Sirius to take it back. Sirius waved him off, flipping the visor so he could speak.

“That one’s yours, now,” he said breezily.

“Oh.” Remus added as an afterthought, “You should take these back, though.”

He sat on the pavement and tugged off the large boots, slipping them off his feet easily.

“Don’t wanna keep them as a souvenir?”

“They don’t fit.” He tied the boots together by the laces, swinging them over the handle bar on Elvendork.

“You know what they say about big feet,” Sirius said with a grin. Remus rolled his eyes.

“Thank you for the ride home. Also the helmet. Also the dog tags. Also for coming tonight.” Remus paused, shifting his weight onto either foot and worrying at his lower lip.

“What is it?”

“I can’t reach your lips with the helmet on so I’m just going to do this,” and he pecked the tip of Sirius’ nose before turning down the street and walking home in his argyle socks.

“Good night,” Sirius shouted to his retreating back, “Happy Birthday!”

He could hear Remus’ breathy laugh like a chime in the wind, and watched him until he turned onto his lawn, disappearing from Sirius’ line of sight.

Sirius idled on the road for a few more minutes, a harmonious laugh replaying over in his ears and a grin splitting his face.

*

(11:39) **So I had a good night.**

(11:40) **Me too. Sometimes Alice does good things.**

(11:40) **Except Frank.**

(11:41) **Padfoot!**

(11:41) **You said he wasn’t that bad.**

(11:43) **Yeah but. Still a douche.**

(11:46) **He thinks you’re cool.**
(11:46) He has to or else I’ll beat him to a pulp.

(11:50) Why is it that you threatening my friends isn’t off putting?

(11:50) Be you know deep down he deserves it?

(11:50) I don’t think so.

(11:52) Not even a slap? I could have slapped him you know.

(11:52) Thank you for not punching him. Or slapping him.

(11:52) The fact I have to thank you for that…

(11:55) I was close. But I guess you’re welcome.

(11:55) I think Alice appreciated it too.

(11:56) You’re lucky I at least like Alice. I like your other friends, too.

(11:58) And not me?

(11:58) I’m undecided. You’re ok sometimes I guess.

(11:59) Sometimes. I’ll take that.

(11:59) You’re too easily pleased.

(12:01) Sorry I mean shower me in romance.

(12:04) Moony, you are the light of my life and without you I would be drowning in darkness.

(12:05) I said romantic not poetic.

(12:05) Is that not the same thing, my love?

(12:07) Needs more flowers.

(12:09) I’ll keep that in mind.

(12:10) Good night, dearest.


*  

Wednesday AM

(8:12) So, how was the ride, motor boy?

(8:16) Terrifying. Absolutely terrifying.

(8:17) I’m sure it must have been difficult, clinging to him and everything during that scary time.

(8:18) You could say it was hard.
(8:19) **REMUS**

(8:19) *I’m kidding I’m kidding*

(8:21) **So did he walk you up to your front door saying, “Gawsh, I had a real great time tonight,” and then kiss you?**

(8:25) *Alice, we need to stop watching romantic comedies.*

(8:26) **But they’re so good. Tell me that didn’t happen.**

(8:28) *It didn’t happen.*

(8:28) **Kill joy.**

(8:29) *I don’t want my parents knowing yet.*

(8:29) *Well, Dad.*

(8:30) **I know. No point telling you it might be better than you expected?**

(8:32) *Probably not.*

(8:32) **Ok. Still nice though?**

(8:35) *Yeah, very nice. Thanks for the party, Alice.*

(8:37) **No problem.**

(9:17) **REMUS**

(9:18) **Sirius**

(9:18) **Why are you so calm!!**

(9:19) *Why aren’t you??*

(9:20) **The counter pranksters have struck again, Moony. I’m honestly so annoyed.**

(9:21) *What have they done now.*

(9:22) **They somehow managed to fill the entire chemistry lab with ping pong balls.**

(9:23) **They all came crashing out when Sluggy opened the door. All over the corridor.**

(9:25) **I think it’s time, Padfoot.**

(9:26) **Time for what?**

(9:27) **Admit defeat.**

(9:28) **Moony! How could you!**

(9:28) *Well, what have you done recently?*
I've been busy. Which is your fault.

Uh huh.

-_-

What's that.

A face. Me giving you the stink eye.

Since when did you use emoticons?

I'm trying it out ;-

I don't like it.

D;

Stop

No, not until you take it back

Padfoot

:-S

>:<

:-D So nice of you to join me

>:> I'm leaving

Wait!

What?

Take this rose

(@)--^---

You said my romance needed more flowers

I don't know why I expected anything else.

n-n

Good bye, Padfoot!!

*

Remember meat mashup?

Ah, the good old days.
It has made a comeback.

Back with a vengeance?

Well, it’s not poisoned anyone yet.

But we’re holding out breaths.

I hope it spares you.

Aw Moony, I never knew you cared.

don’t know if I’ve been written into the will yet. Have to make sure before you cark it.

So… caring…

I’ll miss you, also.

I’m overwhelmed with love.

I’ll even bring flowers to your funeral.

That’s all I could ask for.

Teacher is in a bad mood today, I should go.

<(n.n)^" bye Moony!

Christ

* 

I’m going to say it before Pads does but

What are we gonna do?

I’m glad to see you’re back on board, Wormy.

Oh come on, guys.

James. Prongs. James, mate.

I’m bored.

Yes!

I don’t know…

If I have to spend another Friday night studying…

To be honest Wormtail, you do benefit from the extra studying.

There’s a line, though! It has been crossed!

Please, release me from my prison.
(3:13) **Come on, James. Free him.**

(3:14) You two can do what you like, but consider me out.

(3:15) **James!**

(3:16) **Man, you used to be cool.**

(3:16) I’m still cool!

(3:17) **Nah, Pads is right. You’re washed up.**

(3:17) **A nobody.**

(3:18) **A… Goody two shoes.**

(3:18) You take that back.

(3:19) **Or what? You’ll slap me with your glasses cleaner?**

(3:20) *cough* *nerd* *cough* *cough*

(3:20) I’m sick of you guys.

(3:22) **Have some fun, James.**

(3:23) Fine. We’ll skip studying this week.

(3:24) **Atta boy!**

(3:25) If we fail finals, though…

(3:25) **Then we’ll blame Evans for skewing the bell curve.**

(3:26) No pranks, though. Just us lads.

(3:27) **Fine.**

(3:28) Yeah, I guess that’s cool.

(3:29) Padfoot…

(3:30) **Can we strip Wormtail and throw him into the lake?**

(3:30) Yeah, ok.

(3:30) **Hang on!**

(3:31) **Sweet. Looking forward to it.**

* 

**Wednesday MIDNIGHT**

(11:52) **Update: Prongs still refuses to help me de-mask the counter pranksters**
(11:53) I think he knows something.

(11:55) padfoot its midnight

(11:56) Sorry, love. Here.

(11:57) {,(@),}

(11:59) im sick of you.

*

Thursday AM

(7:39) So I need you to ask him what he knows.

(7:40) “Good morning Remus,” why, yes, good morning Padfoot!!

(7:40) Yeah hi

(7:41) But really, you have to message him.

(7:43) Are you really continuing a conversation from last night like no time has passed?

(7:44) I’m trying to.

(7:46) And what would I say? Hey Prongs, do you happen to know anything about the counter pranksters that you’re not telling your best friend but will tell me instead?

(7:47) You and Wormtail are both so ingenious

(7:47) OBVIOUSLY you’d be subtler than that.

(7:48) “So, Padfoot’s going nuts about this counter prankster stuff it’s so annoying lol”

(7:49) When have I ever said lol

(7:50) Don’t make me -_- again

(7:50) Just

(7:50) Whatever you would say to complain about me.

(7:52) ??

(7:52) That’s not something I do?

(7:53) Remus, now is not the time to be flattering.

(7:53) You have a mission here.

(7:56) “Padfoot is a dick but hey what’s new.”

(7:57) I guess that’s better.

(7:57) So you’ll do it?
(7:59) Uh
(7:59) God
(7:59) Yeah fine, I'll have a try.
(8:01) GOOD MOONY
(8:02) You're the best boyfriend
(8:03) Oh, God
(8:03) Yeah, I'd better be after this.
(8:05) You're hiding your face, aren't you?
(8:06) STOP
(8:06) BOYFRIEND BOYFRIEND
(8:07) STOP
(8:08) Haha, aw, Moony.
(8:10) I have work to do now.
(8:11) Bye, boyfriend.
(8:11) -.-

*

(8:15)
What did you say?

OH MY GOD

Alice, you’re my favourite

I think it would be better if you forced him to tell you.

I’m trying but it’s not working

I told him thatjhsjdfl

HE SNATCHED M

padfoot dONT

that was remus hes threatening me with a butter knife

I hate you both –r

My lips are sealed, Moony.

For now.

*

Thursday PM

Please tell me it’s not just me.

What?

Tell me he’s annoying you about these counter pranksters too.

If he’s not talking about you then he’s talking about how his honour has been shamed by the CP

Which is what he’s actually calling them btw

“the CP”

How do we make it end?

Unless he has the brains to figure out who they are

We can’t.

Why can’t you humour him

Throw him a bone.

Was that a dog pun?

Look I’d like to help him but

I just don’t care.
Do you care for your sanity? For mine?

Or alternatively his.

Ugh

I'll see what I can do.

Thank you, Prongs.

I'm not confident they'll change their minds.

What?

Sirius I mean

I'm not sure he'll change his mind about finding them.

We have to try.

Good luck.

Cheers.

* 

I'm not confident they'll change their minds.

What?

Sirius I mean

I'm not sure he'll change his mind about finding them.

They?

He's not talking about me…?

I didn't think so either.

You've done well, Moony.

Can I retire, now?

You don't like working in espionage?

Too much stress.

Oh, come on. You'd make a good spy.

Oh, really.
(2:30) Very unassuming. People trust you bc you’re so cute.

(2:30) You, on the other hand, stand out way too much.

(2:31) What do you mean by that!

(2:33) Your drama and flair, for one.

(2:34) And also my natural charisma?

(2:35) …Yeah, a little.

(2:35) You kind of attract attention.

(2:36) Is this you telling me I’m pretty.

(2:37) I don’t think I need to.

(2:38) No, but I wanna see if you can do it.

(2:38) Oh my god

(2:38) You’re very pretty, Sirius.

(2:40) Thanks.

(2:41) We may be the spies, Moony, but Prongs is the traitor.

(2:42) Which is surprising.

(2:42) Out of all of us I figured it’d be Wormtail.

(2:43) You have such faith in your friends.

(2:44) Time for the mass interrogation is approaching. Wormtail will be indignant too.

(2:45) Go easy on the thumb screws.

(2:46) I’ll be good cop, Wormtail bad cop.

* 

(3:22) Are you and Moony ok?

(3:23) Ah? Yeah? What, why do you ask?

(3:23) Just wanna know. Ya know, that, idk, you guys are still talking like you used to.

(3:30) Sure, man.

(3:30) We’re just like always.

(3:32) So, he’s like, engaging you in conversation and stuff?

(3:33) Yeah, James.
(3:34) Why?
(3:35) Why are you asking?
(3:35) No reason, Pads. Just checking in.
(3:36) Well, thanks… If we did need marriage counselling we’d come to you, ok.
(3:36) Ha, sure Sirius.

* 
(3:40) What exactly did you say to James about me?
(3:40) Gosh, nothing bad.
(3:41) No, I didn't think you would but just
(3:41) HE ASKED ME IF WE WERE OK?
(3:42) I didn’t think I said anything that bad!!
(3:42) Hang on let me show you
(3:45) 
(1:45) Please tell me it’s not just me.
(1:46) What?
(1:46) Tell me he’s annoying you about these counter pranksters too.

(3:47) Oh my god
(3:47) That boy
(3:39) What? Please tell me I haven’t said something bad
(3:40) I’m sorry
(3:41) No no! Moony, you’re good.
(3:41) Just haha
(3:41) I once freaked out to him, worried that you’d think I was annoying.
(3:45) Oh
(3:46) And apparently he’s remembered that.
(3:47) James is a real bro
(3:48) James is scarly perceptive?
James is getting cookies.

You just can’t tell him why.

No, he can’t know that I know.

When’s the interrogation?

We’ll ambush him tonight after curfew so he can’t escape.

Good plan

Pads?

Mm?

You’re definitely not annoying.

Thanks Moons.

*

[Calling: Moony]

“Mmmblerg?”

“That wasn’t comprehensible.”

“Nfurk.”

“Did you just call me a jerk?”

“No. What? Fuck. Please tell me you’re dying or something.”

“Uh, not quite.”

“I was having the nicest dream…”

“Oh, really? Was I in it?”

“No, you weren’t, which was why I was really enjoying it.”

“You wound me. We finished interrogating Prongs.”

“Uh huh. Get anything decent out of him?”

“Says he won’t tell us because Wormtail is a blabbermouth.”

“Ah, well. What a shame.”

“You’re trying to get me off the line, aren’t you?”

“It was a really good dream.”

“Ok, fine. I’ll tell you about it in the morning.”
“So glad you finally got the hint.”

“So glad you finally got the hint.”

“Good night.”

“Night.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Friday AM

(9:43) Wormtail was very offended, of course.

(9:45) What? Offended by what?

(9:45) Of being called a blabbermouth.

(9:47) When was he called a blabbermouth?

(9:48) Last night!

(9:49) No need to yell.

(9:50) Oh my god

(9:51) You don’t remember our conversation last night, do you?

(9:52) ?

(9:52) I have no texts from you.

(9:53) No Moony, omg

(9:53) I called you at like midnight.

(9:55) Shit. I definitely don’t remember that.

(9:56) You kept going on about this great dream you were having.

(9:58) No… I can’t remember that either…

(9:58) Oh God, do I talk in my sleep?

(9:59) If I do, that’s a new development.

(10:00) It was a decent conversation. You made some sense.

(10:01) This is dangerous.

(10:01) I’m going to call you at midnight more often.

(10:03) For the love of God, don’t.

(10:03) So what else did you find in the interrogation?
Prongs knows who the counter-pranksters are but he won’t tell us bc I can’t keep a secret from Wormtail and Wormtail can’t keep a secret from anyone.

James is the master secret-keeper.

So therefor Wormy and I have come up with theories about who they may be and James didn’t deny them.

Didn’t approve, but didn’t deny.

So you basically figured it out?

Probably. I reckon it’s Lily.

And her friends.

Wormy isn’t convinced but idk who else James would keep a secret for.

I don’t know her that well but Lily didn’t seem like the… pranking type.

Joking, sure. Not pranks.

That’s why Pete didn’t think so. But I think I’m on to something. Even though I’ll probably drop it now.

Oh, is that a promise?

I liked you better when you were sleeping.

I think I liked you better when I was sleeping, too.

You didn’t, actually. You swore at me.

I do that when I’m fully conscious, too.

I have to go. I’ll swear at you later.

Not if I beat you to it.

Bye, bitch.


:P

(stop)

*

Friday PM

I drove today

Wow. How was it?
I didn’t kill anyone.

Always a bonus.

Didn’t even injure my mother.

Moony, you’re on fire.

I may be grounded for excessive swearing though.

Surely, there would be an exception for stressful situations.

Like when operating a literal metal death box on wheels?

Yes, I thought so too.

Apparently not.

I have to go clean the bathroom now but I will come back to tell you all about my driving failures.

Failures?

Wait! Successes.

I really didn’t mean that but now I’ve let the cat out of the bag.

Boy, do I look forward to this story.

* 

But I guess the most important question is – who do you think is the better driver? Me or you?

* 

We drive different vehicles. I can’t compare.

Oh my god it’s me, I’m the better driver aren’t I?

No!

I totally am

You suck at driving

Admit it.

I will not.

I’ll ask Hope.

I feel like I need to beg you not to

I don’t know how you’d do it, but that you’d manage somehow.
(2:45) I could write her a letter

(2:45) Look up the Lupins in the phone book

(2:49) I’m getting us unlisted immediately.

(2:55) So, you’re shit at driving, huh?

(2:56) There… May be a few wheelie bins that might agree with you.

(2:57) I knew it.

(2:59) But there will be some birds who would tell you that I’m just very cautious.

(3:00) Did you fucking brake for birds?

(3:10) Remus.

(3:12) Yes, ok.

(3:13) Oh my god

(3:13) You’re a disaster.

(3:15) What’s wrong with braking for birds?!

(3:16) They fly!! It’s very hard to hit a bird!

(3:17) Tell that to ducks. There are some very lucky birds out there who are only alive because of me and I’m sticking by that.

(3:18) Anything else of importance to add?

(3:19) Ummm

(3:20) No, that seems to be it.

(3:21) Mum says I can get better so that’s the best we can hope for.

(3:22) By the sounds of it you did very well for your first time.

(3:24) Thank you.

(3:25) As opposed to Wormtail.

(3:26) This I want to hear.

(3:27) Nearly drove off a bridge.

(3:29) No.

(3:30) Yes

(3:31) There are still skid marks on the pavement. We like to visit it every now and then.

(3:33) How can you do so badly?
(3:35) Swerving for birds, Moony.

(3:36) You’re just making fun of me now, aren’t you.

(3:37) Nope, absolutely not. The driving instructor nearly exploded she was so mad.

(3:38) She doesn’t give driving lessons anymore.

(3:38) Because of Wormtail?

(3:39) Yeah. She’s been here for decades and all it took was Pete’s atrocious driving to make her seek retirement.

(3:40) Frank got stuck on a roundabout.

(3:40) Caused a pile up.

(3:41) It was on the news.

(3:45) OH MY GOD MOONY

(3:46) You waited this long to mention this fuck up?

(3:47) Didn’t want to give you too much ammunition.

(3:48) It was a good headline

(3:48) TEEN’S TRAGIC TURN

(3:49) Alice had it framed for him for Christmas.

(3:50) Excellent. I’m going to look it up.

(3:51) If you ever want to see the colour drain from his face, just call him Teen Tragic.

(3:52) I am so using this.

(3:52) You’re horrible.

(3:55) You’re fuelling it.

(3:56) Against my better judgment.

(3:59) Does Alice drive?

(4:01) No, and I think we’re grateful for that

(4:01) I imagine she’d speed a lot.

(4:02) Is there any other way to drive, Moony?

(4:04) Yes

(4:04) Safely

(4:04) Cautiously
Braking for birds

Like that.

So boring.

So SAFE.

I have to clean the kitchen now

I was meant to be reading.

Don’t try blaming that on me.

It’s all your fault.

Is not.

Is too.

Go away Cinderella.

And you wish you were Prince Charming.

*

[Calling: Padfoot]

“I really hope you’re not driving right now.”

“Har-har. I thought we had established that I was the more sensible driver of the two?”

“The more boring of the two, indeed. Did you even do any burn outs?”

“Donuts. Over and over in the parking lot. Mum went insane.”

“I can imagine you were ripe with glee.”

“Oh, most definitely. Never been more ecstatic.”

“At least I have something to compete with tomorrow.”

“Partially why I’m calling. What’s the plan for tomorrow?”

“I have an idea but it’s a surprise –”

“Oh, Sirius, please no. I’ve already had one surprise this week.”

“But you didn’t know it would be a surprise. Now you know there’s going to be a surprise.”

“That… that’s the same thing.”

“Moony, it most certainly is not.”

“I’m sure you’ve got some insane logic behind this, but it’s the same to me.”
“Trust me on this. Please?”

“I feel like I have no choice.”

“You don’t. I’m your ride. I’ll meet you at the Three Broomsticks.”

“Wow. There goes the surprise.”

“That’s not the destination. Give me some credit.”

“Sure, sure. What time?”

“Eight.”

“That’s late.”

“Trust me.”

“Fine. Wait, are you saying you’re picking me up on the – on Elvendork?”

“Yes. Gotta ride in style, Moony.”

“I’m nervous now.”

“Don’t forget your helmet.”

“Oh, yes, I forgot to mention – my dad thinks I’m taking up cycling now. Alice thinks it’s a good idea.”

“I’m sorry for the inconvenience.”

“You should be. She’s looking up local bike shops.”

“Your hipster cred can be complete, though.”

“I’m going to hit you with my bike.”

“Will it be a penny farthing? That’s obscure enough for you hipster lot, isn’t it?”

“I’m then going to reverse over you and run you down with my bike again.”

“The amount of violence you direct toward me can’t be healthy.”

“All in good fun.”

“Oh, yeah, I’m having a riot. So, the Three Broomsticks at eight, right?”

“Yeah, fine. Alright.”

“So, if that was partially why you called…”

“Hm?”

“Then what’s the other part?”

“O-oh, um. I just hadn’t spoken to you in a few days.”
“Oh. Well, hello.”

“Hello indeed. Do you – hang on.”

“Hm?”

“Ok, apparently I’m helping Mum with organic grocery shopping tomorrow morning.”

“That sounds…”

“Boring.”

“Did you just tell her I was Alice?”

“Yeah. Oh, sorry.”

“Nah, don’t worry about it.”

“We have to get there early or else it’ll be swamped. Organic markets are serious business.”

“What kind of business is it?”

“Ser – oh, I hate you.”

“Couldn’t resist.”

“I’m usually so careful.”

“I guess you’re off to bed then?”

“Regrettably. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“And I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“That too. Good.”

“G’night, Remus.”

“‘Night, Sirius.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

**Saturday AM**

(8:01) There is a Hell and it’s 8am.

(8:02) I’m going to swallow my phone if it means you won’t text me at an ungodly hour ever again.

(8:02) Wow, what a change of pace this is.

(8:03) Now you know how it feels when I’m trying to sleep at night and you insist on talking.

(8:10) This can’t work if you ignore me.
This is so unfair. Maybe next time I’ll just stop replying too!

* 

I need a bingo card for the market

“Old ladies running you over with jeeps”

“People trying to sell you useless shit”

“Screaming child”

“Fish”

Fish?

Fish.

Nope, still too early for talking.

Oh come on, this is decent. This is “I’m fulfilled with what life has given me.”

I can be fulfilled with life at midday.

The ‘midday’ suggests not.

Late night last night. Had important stuff to do.

I doubt that.

Ok, we shoved Wormtail into the Black Lake.

Aaaand I was right.

Someone had to do it.

We nearly forgot this year.

Each night before I go to bed, I pray for Wormtail’s life and fate.

He’s already poured a gallon of water over my head in the freezing cold this year.

And what’s Prongs’ annual… treatment?

It’s usually decking him.

Usually?

He wears belts now. We don’t know what to do.

Pulling his shirt over his head?

The guy’s fit, won’t be embarrassing at all.

Pulling his shirt over his head and then slamming ? onto his stomach.
I'm listening. What could the ? be?

I was originally going to say a cream pie but that's... Clownish.

Prongs is the biggest clown I know, so it suits him.

Yell BINGO when an elderly lady asks you if you have a girlfriend.

Hm, not quite.

You'd make a pretty girl.

Show them a picture, see if they believe it.

That's not conclusive, old people have terrible eyesight.

Update: the old lady believed it.

I can't believe I'm your girlfriend.

Trust me, I'm just as surprised as you are.

Guess you can tell your dad now.

Hey Dad, great news! I'm not as gay as originally thought.

That's splendid news, my son! Congratulations!

I'm just happy to make you proud, Dad.

You've made me very happy (wipes a tear) and I'm proud to call you My Son.

The scary thing is, my dad would be likely to say 'splendid'.

I've channeled his soul to make this role play as accurate as possible.

Oh my god, don't call it a role play.

Play pretend?

Yes, much better, thank you.

Are you still at the market?

Yes. The place is flooded and

I've lost my mum.

I'll talk to you later.

Good luck finding her.

* 

I called her and asked her where she was.
“By the fresh produce stall”

That’s great, Mum, but which one?

* 

Sorry, eating late breakfast

Did you find her by the produce?

Eventually.

I got a ten minute lecture about how much texting I do.

I’m getting it again. Talk to you later.

* 

Saturday PM

We still good for tonight?

Yes. I will be there at eight outside of the Three Broomsticks.

Good, excellent. It’s just, it wouldn’t be plans if we didn’t obsess over meeting times.

Of course. I’ll check in a few hours if you’re still able to make it.

I appreciate it.

* 

So are you still able to make it tonight?

Wow, I didn’t think you’d actually do it.

You doubted my sarcasm?

I doubted your dedication to the joke.

I’m very dedicated. Now answer the question.

Yes, I am still able to make it tonight.

I will pick you up at the Three Broomsticks at eight.

I appreciate it.

* 

The road looked like it had been slicked with orange oil under Sirius’ headlights. The early evening’s downpour coated the tarmac, reflecting brightly under the streetlights and the glittering stars. Sirius could feel spots of rain dance on the back of his hands and he was glad that he decided to wear his leather jacket.

He hoped Remus wore an appropriate jacket, but considering the boy probably lived in at least three
layers of sweaters at all times, Sirius was assured he’d be ok.

His stomach bubbled with excitement. Sirius had planned this for a long time, longer than he cared to admit, detailing the perfect date to bring Remus out on. He was quite impressed with himself, would have been one of those things he’d brag about if it didn’t mean eternal ribbing from Prongs and Wormtail.

Remus, he was absolutely sure, would be impressed. And in awe. And also probably mortified that Sirius remembered, but he counted on that the most.

This meant he could not be late. Not at all. Glancing quickly at his watch he read he had ten minutes to reach the Three Broomsticks, if he wanted to be absolutely punctual.

Sirius definitely wanted to be absolutely punctual.

He saw them before he heard them, the sheen on the road becoming coated in red, coated in blue, as flashing lights followed him and a siren sounded for him to pull over, and Sirius mildly wondered how much trouble he’d be in if he flipped the bird at police officers.

With a disgruntled sigh, Sirius pulled over the motorbike, his annoyance giving away to anxiety when he realised that he had just been pulled over by cops on his illegal bike.

Shit, he thought.

“Shit,” he muttered under his breath, as the driver’s door opened and out stepped an intimidatingly large figure. It limped toward him, favouring its right leg, and stopping beside him with a pen and notepad in hand.

“You,” the officer said, and Sirius had to crane his neck to look at his face. “I’m Officer Moody. Can I see yer license? Also, lift this thing up,” he indicated to Sirius’ helmet.

Sirius took off his helmet, shaking his hair loose into his face and rummaging through his back pocket for his wallet.

He thanked the Lord for Barty Crouch Junior’s dodgy connections for getting him this fake license. Sirius cursed the Lord for making him forget it at his dorm.

“Shit,” he muttered again, only this time Officer Moody heard him.

The officer grunted. “Do you even have a license, son?”

“Uh,” Sirius stammered, finally looking into the terrifying gaze of the officer. Sirius was shocked to find a mismatched pair of eyes, one almost black and the other piercing blue, both staring down at him and pinning him to the spot. Sirius swallowed thickly.

“Thought you’d just nick this piece of machine and take it for a joy ride? Thought that’d be funny, huh?” Moody pressed.

“What!” Sirius gripped the handles of Elvendork tightly, “This is my bike! I made it!”

Moody raised an eyebrow, his blue eye bulging out alarmingly. “You made it, you say?”

“Uh, yeah,” Sirius replied unsure. “From scraps and stuff. Whatever I could scavenge.”

Moody gave a low whistle, closing his notepad and slotting it into his back pocket.
“Look,” he said regrettably, “I have to bring you in because you don’t have a license. And I’m not condoning law breaking! Don’t do this again!” He barked this at Sirius so aggressively that Sirius startled, clutching at his chest. “But I’ve got to bring you int’er the station. Call your parents to come get you. But I won’t charge you with anythin’.”

But Sirius could already feel the colour draining from his face, his blood running cold. “M-my parents? Can you call someone else?”

Moody grabbed him by the shoulder, effortlessly dragging him off the bike and slapping his back roughly. “As long as they’re overage,” he grunted.

Sirius calmed instantly, almost missing Moody tell him that someone will come collect his bike later and that it would be kept in the police garage as a repossessed vehicle.

“Repossessed?” Sirius squawked as he was dragged to the patrol car. “Does that mean I’m not getting it back? Also,” he added, “Aren’t you going to read my rights or whatever.”

Moody snorted. “You have the right to shut your trap, son. You’re not technically being arrested. You want the bike back, you better turn up to the police auction.”

Sirius slid into the backseat of the car, Moody slamming the door shut behind him. He groaned, dropping his head into his hands.

Trust him to get arrested on his first date with Remus.

*

Remus was trying very hard not to be nervous. He’d met with Sirius three times now, had been alone with him one time before, and yet the butterflies in his stomach persisted. He hoped they weren’t going out for food. He didn’t know if he’d be able to keep it down.

A shiver passed down his spine, and pulling his cardigan tighter around his slender frame checked his phone for the umpteenth time.

(8:06)

Six minutes late wasn’t really that late, was it? He thought about that first time they tried to meet, Sirius waiting for an hour while Remus was thrown around the house gathering clothes and toiletries, preparing for a trip he didn’t want to go on. Sirius’ anxiety must have been one hundred times worse than whatever Remus was feeling now, but the thought only brought him guilt instead of comfort.

The fact was Sirius called this a *date*. An actual date because they were actually together. It all still sounded so surreal.

But surprisingly to Remus, it didn’t feel different. Things were more or less the same, only now they saw each other more frequently, got to talk face to face.

Didn’t mean he’d have to stop texting him, though.

(8:12) *I’m here, by the way. As promised.*

Remus wondered if the text sounded anxious. *Fuck it*, he thought, he was anxious. Sirius had also said it was a surprise. A surprise date was even worse than a regular date, not that Remus had ever been on one.
(8:30) I’d appreciate it if you were here, too.

(8:31) No rush or anything.

Sirius waited for him for an hour that first time, Remus reminded himself. Today he could wait two.

Another chill spread through his body, droplets of water plinking on his nose. Maybe one and a half hours.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket, snatching it quickly and nearly dropping in on the pavement in his haste.

[Caller ID Unknown]

Remus frowned, but answered the call anyway.

“Hello?”

An automative voice answered him. “You are receiving a call from Hogsmeade Police Station. Do you wish to accept this call?”

Remus blinked. “What the fuck? Oh. Uh, ok.”

The line clicked before an exuberant voice burst in his ear, “Moony!”

“What the fuck?” Remus repeated.


“Is it?” Remus asked incredulously. “Is it really a small problem? I mean, I’m no Sherlock Holmes, but by the sounds of things you’ve been arrested.”

Remus could practically hear the shrug. “I’m officially a punk delinquent.”

Remus sighed, pinching the bridge of nose between his index and thumb. “What did you do?” He asked wearily.

“Elvendork has been confiscated.”

“Oh, the illegal bike. Of course. Well, at least you didn’t kill someone, I guess.”

“I love that you’re seeing the upside to this. Are you still at the meeting spot?”

Remus snorted. “My arse has been rooted here for a solid hour, yes.”

“Shit.” Sirius sounded guilty. “I’m really sorry, Remus.”

“I don’t think I get to complain,” Remus laughed, “I mean, you literally just got arrested.”

“Kinda. But speaking of, do you think you could possibly bail me out?”

Remus was taken aback. “Me?”

“I… Don’t want to cause trouble for the Potters. Also, you’re over eighteen, so it’s cool.”

Remus breathed a sigh of relief, a small cough escaping in his exhale. “So, you’re not going to jail?”
“Nope. I’ll tell you the regaling tale once you come get me?” He sounded hopeful, almost as if he expected Remus to say no, so Remus couldn’t help but tease him.

“There’s a part of me that wants to leave you there.”

“Moony!” He shouted and Remus laughed.

“I’m kidding. Alright, I’m coming to get your sorry arse.”

“My knight in shining armour,” he cooed.

“Fucking damsel,” Remus muttered, and hung up the phone.

* 

Remus was very glad that Hogsmeade was a small town. It meant getting to the police station only took a few minutes of walking, and before he knew it he was facing the drab station front, the doors automatic and checkered blue and white.

He entered slowly, edging past the empty plastic chairs with suspicious stains on them. There was only one officer at the front desk, not even looking up as Remus approached, instead scribbling away at a file and scratching distractedly at her head.

Remus tapped nervously at the front desk to get the officer’s attention, making note of her name tag. Officer Hestia Jones.

He cleared his throat finally, coughing a little as he croaked, “I’m here to bail out… Uh, Sirius Black?”

Jones didn’t bother looking up. “Your name?”

“Remus Lupin.”

She jabbed her hand out to him, fingers flicking impatiently. Remus quickly pulled out his I.D., slotting it between her fingers. She glanced over it, noting down the serial number into her file before giving it back.

“How can I ask for your relationship with the detained?”

Remus stalled. “Uh…”

Jones finally looked up at him, listing off with her fingers, “Relative, friend, partner –”

“B-boyfriend,” Remus tripped over the word. “He’s actually gotten arrested on our first date,” he added.

“He sounds like a keeper,” she drawled. She stood up suddenly, still scratching at her head. “Come this way, please.”

Remus followed behind Jones, his feet whispering against the linoleum floor. He heard a deep murmuring voice bouncing off the yellowing walls, echoing down to them as incomprehensible words. The reply however was clearer, a bark of laughter Remus already knew too well, followed by an excited jumbled of jargon that Remus probably would have to Google to understand.

When they reach the cell containing Sirius, Remus found him talking animatedly with a large, intimidating policeman, who watched Sirius gesticulate with scrutiny but genuine interest.
Remus nearly tripped over his own feet. He knew that policeman.

“Moony!” Sirius exclaimed, instantly bowing his head in embarrassment. “Uh, Remus. Hello.”

“Hello,” Remus replied distractedly, still staring at the policeman.

If Remus thought it possible, he would have said that Moody was surprised to see him. “Lupin,” he said.

“Hello, sir,” Remus greeted meekly.

“Didn’t expect to see you here,” Moody replied, confirming Remus’ suspicion.

“Honestly,” Remus breathed, “I didn’t expect to be here.”

“Hang on,” Sirius interjected, “You two know each other?”

“We’re neighbours,” Moody said.

But Remus could hardly hear the exchange anymore. The reality of what was happening finally came crashing down on him, watching Sirius slouch casually inside the holding cell as if he lived there with a cracked ceramic toilet bowl not a metre away from him. Remus didn’t realise he was laughing at first, silent heaves stuck in his throat, but then there were tears streaming down his face and the best he could do to save the situation was to clamp one hand over his mouth, the other clutching at his stomach.

“Glad to see the two of you are taking this so seriously,” Moody grumbled.

“I’m always serious, sir,” Sirius snorted before turning to Remus. “You alright, love?”

Remus shook his head, wiping tears from his face as the last of his laughter subsided to giggles.

“I’m opening it up now,” Jones informed them, her keys jangling from her hip.

Remus bit back the ‘do you have to?, thinking that he should probably at least look like he was taking this more seriously. He was the adult of the two, after all.

Jones slid open the barred door, informing Sirius that he was free to go and handing him over the plastic bag of his personal possessions. He smiled brightly at her, walking confidently to Remus and pecking him on the cheek.

“Hello,” he said again.

“You’re the worst,” Remus replied vehemently before sighing. “Come on, before you commit another offence.”

Moody and Jones walked them out of the station, Moody giving Sirius a stern warning that next time he won’t be so lenient.

“Yes, sir,” Sirius saluted. “Thanks, Mad Eye!”

Remus wanted to slap his hands over Sirius’ mouth, horrified by what it was spewing out. He was surprised to hear Moody chuckle lightly, muttering about him being an *arrogant little bugger* as he turned back into the station.

“You have a death wish,” Remus gasped as Sirius laughed mischievously.
“Moody’s cool,” he said, slipping his hand easily into Remus’.  

“Moody once attacked my cat because it kept going near his canaries.”

This time Sirius gasped. “What?”

“Well,” Remus considered, “Not really attacked. He threw a slipper at it.”

Sirius laughed, “Somehow that’s even better.”

The concrete beneath their feet was pitted with puddles, their legs weaving in and out, bodies diverging and coming back together to avoid them like they were doing a little dance. They were halfway down the street when Remus turned to ask Sirius where they were going, only to be cut off by another gasp.

“What?” Remus asked instead.

“I’m sorry!” Sirius exclaimed. “I promised I’d be your ride.”

Remus tried to wave him off, snorting that it was all right. Sirius let go of his hand and moved in front of him, crouching with his arms braced behind him.

“Hop on,” he said.

“No,” Remus automatically replied, horrified.

“Yes,” Sirius insisted.

“You’re not fucking piggy backing me.”

“I most certainly fucking am,” Sirius challenged, “Or would you rather bridal style?”

“I’d rather keep my feet on the ground, thank you very much.”

Sirius looked over his shoulder, cocking an eyebrow. “I will tackle you,” he warned.

“No you won’t,” Remus said confidently, crossing his arms over his chest. He coughed lightly. “I’m sick.”

“Boo, you whore,” Sirius quoted. “You can’t pull the sick card when it suits you.”

Remus feigned indignance. “Can and will.”

“If you’re so sick then how come you’re able to do so much walking?”

“Determination,” Remus said airily, “To prove you wrong.”

“Remus,” Sirius’ voice suddenly turned stern. Remus wanted to argue, to insist that he wasn’t made of glass, but Sirius’ pleading eyes turned him to liquid.

Remus groaned, muttering fine, fine fine, and climbing onto Sirius’ back. Sirius exalted in joy, bouncing Remus gently and continuing on their way down the street.

Remus was glad that it was so dark, but being a Saturday night meant that there were a few people milling around the street.

He hid his face in the crook of Sirius’ neck when a car of people started whistling at them, Sirius
loftily giving them the finger. Sirius smelled spicy, his hair also tickling Remus’ nose that it was impossible to stop the small sneeze that he barely contained in the palm of his hand.

“You sneeze like a kitten,” Sirius told him and without waiting for a retort continued, “So, I had a plan to take you somewhere specific.”

“Oh, really?” Remus asked sarcastically. Sirius pretended to drop him, causing Remus to frantically find purchase to hold on and gripping tightly on Sirius’ shoulders.

“But we can’t get there without transport.”

Remus couldn’t help the roll of his eyes. “Ever heard of a bus?”

But Sirius was off in his own world, mostly talking to himself when he said, “Also, it’s already pretty late. Damn it.”

“Where were we going?” Remus asked.

Sirius smirked impishly. “Still not telling. It’ll be a surprise next time, I guess.”


“I know, that’s kinda why I’m keeping it a secret.”

Remus pouted. “You’re a bastard.”

Sirius turned the street corner, heading back to Diagon Alley.

“Yep. So, here’s the new plan.”

The shop lights glittered like stars, and Remus decided that it didn’t matter what the original plan Sirius had in store. Whatever this one would be was good too.

Didn’t stop him from urging Sirius on, another poke aimed at his cheek. “Yeah? I’m listening.”

The cobblestone of Diagon Alley gave way to smooth concrete as Sirius stepped over a nature strip, walking confidently through a car park.

“This is it,” he told Remus.

“You’re kidding,” Remus said flatly.

The restaurant – and Remus used that term loosely – was surprisingly full for the time of night. The workers behind the counter bustled about hurriedly, filling orders and handing over paper bags. The place was brightly lit, hurting Remus’ eyes after so long in the dark street.

“I know someone who’s working right now,” Sirius said. “Funnily enough, her surname is Macdonald.”

Remus could only image the torment of having the name Macdonald while working at its most famous namesake.

“Why are you –” Remus paused as they passed under the golden arches, continuing on in the car park. “Sirius, you’re going the wrong way.”

“No, I’m not.”
“The front door was over there. This is the –”

“Hello,” a tired voice greeted them from the drive through window, “Can I take your – oh, for fuck’s sake.”

The McDonald’s worker looked at them angrily, glaring at Sirius in particular with a scowl on her face. Her long black hair was pulled into a plait down her back, a red cap and microphone fixed securely on her head. Sirius grinned broadly at her.

“Hello, Mary. Looking as gorgeous as ever.”

“Bite me, Black,” Mary spat. “What the hell is this?”

“This,” Sirius hoisted Remus a little higher on his back, “Is Remus. And that’s a rather rude way to refer to him as. You call this customer service?”

Mary clacked a bubble between her lips. “No, this is a drive through. You know, for vehicles! I can’t serve you!”

Sirius faced Remus, craning his neck to look at him. “Remus, this is Mary, and she’s very mean.”

“Hello, Mary,” Remus said politely, slightly worried that she would call her manager on them.

“Remus would like half a dozen nuggets and medium fries, Mary,” Sirius ordered. “Also –”

“I hope you get hit by a car,” Mary interjected. “Not you, Remus. Just Sirius.”

Remus smiled. “Thanks.”

“Aaaaand, I’d like a Big Mac,” Sirius said as if he hadn’t been interrupted. “Please?”

Mary gazed at him haughtily, popping another bubble and swirling her tongue to collect the gum.

“Oh my God, Sirius, just take us inside,” Remus pleaded.

Mary groaned exaggeratedly, bashing buttons into the register carelessly. “Fine, whatever, I’ll ring it up.”

Sirius lit up. “Mary, you’re a queen.”

“I fucking better be,” she said pointedly, “I have to deal with idiots like you all night.”

“Yeah, but you like me.”

She snorted. “Hardly. Would you like fries with your Big Mac?”

Sirius couldn’t suppress his laughter. “Did you… Did you just ask if I’d like fries with that?”

“I’m going to kick your arse, Sirius Black,” she said through gritted teeth.

“I’d love fries,” Sirius said amicably, “Also a chocolate milkshake for Moo- Uh, Remus.”

“Moo-Remus,” he muttered into Sirius’ ear, “Fantastic.” Sirius shushed him.

“Go to the other window already,” Mary whined, “Tell them I said it was ok.”

“Thanks, Mary!” Sirius said cheerily, skipping down the drive through.
“Sorry, Mary!” Remus shouted, waving to her over his shoulder. She waved back lazily, and before turning around the corner Remus swore he saw her smirk.

*

Sirius took them to the botanical gardens, insisting that he continue carrying Remus even when trudging up a steep and rain-slicked hill.

He nearly dropped him half a dozen times, Remus giving a slight squeak each time, but eventually they reached the top. They had an overreaching view of Hogsmeade, the town below flashing delicately like jewels in a black ocean. It looked like an oil painting, the rain and mist a thumb smudging out the lights.

“So, what do you want to be when you grow up, Moony?”

Sirius’ voice startled him out of his day dream, turning away from the view to watch as the boy draped his leather jacket out on the dewy grass. The trees overhead managed to keep most of the rain from falling to the ground, but it was still slightly damp.

“When I grow up?” Remus mimicked. “I’m already, technically, an adult. Before you, might I add.”

Sirius rolled his eyes. “Yes, you’ve mentioned that. But you know what I mean.”

He sat down on one side of the jacket and placed their bags of food beside him. He tapped the empty space for Remus to join him.

“How would I like to best contribute to capitalist society through my goods and serviced?” Remus asked, raising an eyebrow.

Sirius ruffled through the bag, pulling out the packet of fries and stuffing a few into his mouth. “You’re such a cynic, Moony.” Bits of potato came spitting out of his mouth.

“I don’t know,” Remus answered and sat beside him. “What do you want to do?”

Sirius gave a non-committal shrug. “I’m not sure yet. I like building and making things.”

“Like Elvendork.” Remus searched for his own food, only just realising how long it had been since he’d eaten.

“Like Elvendork, may they rest in peace.”

“This might sound like the obvious answer,” Remus said slowly, “but what about a mechanic?”

“That is the obvious answer,” Sirius scoffed.

“Can’t you let me dream for oil and overalls?” Remus joked, but it was Sirius’ suggestive smirk that made his face hot.

He expected Sirius to keep ribbing him, but he said instead, “Building a robot would be cool.”

“Like those battle robots?”

“Not what I meant, but that would be cool too. Yeah,” he said wistfully, “That’s really cool.”

“I think I’m sorry I suggested it.” Remus took a long drink from his milkshake. “So, like, mechanical
“Engineering?”

“Maybe.” Sirius tapped his chin. “I don’t know. I should probably start looking at courses.”

“Probably!” Remus spluttered.

“Well, have you started?” He shot back.

Remus’ voice was high when he said, “You really think I could go to university?”

“Of course!”

“I couldn’t even do high school.”

“That’s because high school is shit,” he promised him, “Trust me, you dodged a bullet.”

“I don’t know…” Remus trailed off, fiddling with the dog tags slung around his neck. Sirius grabbed one of his hands, rubbing it gently with his fingers.

“Moony,” Sirius whispered earnestly, “What do you want to do?”

“I’d like to be a teacher.” Remus paused. “See the problem?”

“No?” Sirius replied sincerely.

Remus couldn’t look at him. He told the grass, “I couldn’t even attend high school, so how am I going to teach at one?”

Remus could feel Sirius’ shrug tug his arm. “I don’t know. But you’ll figure it out when you get there. You can be a substitute teacher, work the days you can and don’t on the days you can’t.”

“You make it sound like it’ll be easy,” he said irritably.

“Of course it won’t be easy. Doesn’t mean you quit. You’re worrying about things that haven’t even happened yet, and won’t happen for a long time.”

Remus finally looked up to meet Sirius’ kind gaze, finding the determination and confidence that Remus lacked. He smiled shyly.

“Thanks, Sirius,” he said quietly.

Sirius nodded in assent. He continued to gently massage Remus’ hand, impossibly warm despite the cold weather.

“I reckon you’d be a great teacher,” Sirius said after a long pause. “You’re always telling me when I’m wrong.”

Remus grinned. “Like when you say ‘reckon’ and I have to tell you that it isn’t considered to be a formal word?”

“If I can speak it, it’s real,” he declared petulantly.

Remus laughed lightly and fell onto his back, tugging at Sirius’ hand to lie down with him. His head rested on the springy grass, but he didn’t mind so much as long as he got to look up at the stars above them.
“Does that apply to mythical creatures, too?” Remus asked.

He heard Sirius make a thoughtful sound beside him, rolling onto his side to look down at Remus. “I’ll let you know when I ride a hippogriff.”

They stayed like that for a moment until Sirius leaned closer, his hair falling over Remus’ face before he could reach his lips. Remus giggled slightly, tucking the strands behind Sirius’ ear and cradling the back of his head, fingers tangled in his hair. Remus pulled him closer, meeting him in a chaste kiss that quickly became heated. Sirius’ lips were sliding against his, sucking at his bottom lip briefly as his body drew in closer, the pair nearly chest to chest.

“Oh…” Sirius sighed, and Remus thought it was some kind of funny moan until he continued, “Oh, no.”

Remus opened his eyes. “What?”

“I’ve put – Oh, gross!” Sirius rolled over further onto Remus’ lying figure so that he was completely on top of him, holding up his arm. “I’ve put my elbow in your chips!”

“Oh, Padfoot, not my chips!” Remus admonished.

“They were cold anyway, ok? Also, not good for you.”

Their noses were nearly brushing, Sirius’ hair falling out from behind his ear again and causing a curtain around their faces.

“I seem to recall an entire box of donuts you consumed – mm!” Sirius captured his mouth in another kiss, retracting a few moments later. “Oi!”

“Stop proving me wrong,” Sirius said, but he didn’t sound like he meant it.

Remus played along. “How else will I get kissed, then?”

“Asking nicely.”

“Sirius, I – I can’t,” Remus started laughing uncontrollably, “Oh my God, you smell like potatoes.”

“Moony!” Sirius buried his face in Remus’ shaking chest, groaning as Remus patted his head sympathetically.

Remus felt a shock in his back pocket. “Oh, I’m vibrating.”

Sirius looked up. “Excuse me?”

“Shove over, my phone’s in my back pocket.” He pushed Sirius’ shoulder, but Sirius didn’t budge. “You’re not moving.”

Sirius smirked down at him. “Nope.”

“Arsehole,” Remus sighed. He lifted his hips from the ground to reach into his back pocket, pressing impossibly closer to Sirius so that their hips bumped. He lit up his screen, hoping the light didn’t show how red his face had become, and read the caller ID. “It’s my mum.”

“I won’t say anything inappropriate.”

“I don’t believe you – shut up!” Sirius started laughing, whispering Remus’ name into his ear.
Remus shushed him before answering the phone, keeping a hand pressed over Sirius’ mouth.

After a few uh huh’s and sorry’s and yes mum’s, Remus hung up. “I’ve gotta go home. Apparently it’s midnight.”

“Oh, shit. Ok. I’ll walk you home.” Sirius lifted himself off the ground, shaking grass from his hair and holding out a hand to help Remus up.

“Actually walking this time, please,” Remus asked.

Sirius shrugged, slinging an arm over his shoulders. “Your loss, really.”

* *

The walk home was comfortably silent. The only sounds they could hear was the distant laughter of late-night party goers, random cars doing skids, and the sound of smashing glass that told Remus was most likely a robbery.

“How are you getting home?” Remus asked as they turned into his street, feeling very selfish for not having asked sooner.

“I messaged Mrs Potter. Told her I caught the bus here. She should be – ah, there she is.” He waved to the car approaching, headlights blinking at them in greeting. Sirius turned back to him. “Hey, I’m sorry I fucked up our date.”

“You didn’t fuck it up.”

“I got arrested,” Sirius said plainly.

“A minor set back.”

“You had to bail me out of jail,” he insisted, but Remus just laughed.

“Well, it makes for an interesting story. I think I want to be there when you have to tell James and Peter, honestly.”

Sirius groaned. “James is gonna go mental. That’s not gonna be pretty.” He buried his face in his hands, grounding the palm of his hand into his eyes.

Remus laughed again, poking him in the shoulder to get his attention. “You really didn’t fuck it up. It was a good night.”

“It was, once I got out of a cell,” Sirius’ muffled voice came through his hands. He peeked through his fingers. “Good night, Remus.”

Remus smiled, kissing him one last time and startling back as a car horn beeped at them excitedly.

“Night,” Remus laughed, watching Sirius’ face disappear again behind his hands.

“Yep,” he answered. “Good night.”

“Good night,” Remus said again.

“G– Hey, don’t do that.”

Remus stood on the footpath, waving as the car drove by him and both Mrs Potter and Sirius waved
back, a broad and satisfied grin on both of their faces.

Remus walked the remaining two houses to his home, imagining the smile on his face looked just the same.

*

Sunday AM

(10:44) I told my mum about you.

(10:46) Oh, really? How’d it go?

(10:47) Good

(10:47) Except she’s upset with me because I lied to her about last night

(10:48) But I expected that.

(10:48) I’m relieved it went ok.

(10:49) I thought it would

(10:50) I don’t know what to do about Dad, though.

(10:51) I’m really worried about telling him, actually.

(10:52) Then don’t. If your mum won’t tell him either.

(10:53) She won’t tell him, but she also won’t lie to him.

(10:55) But she’ll back you up, won’t she?

(10:59) I think so. I hope so.

(10:59) Well, I will in any case. And James and Peter. I’m sure we can fit you under James’ bed.

(11:00) Ha. Thanks, Sirius.

(11:01) Mum said that it did explain some things.

(11:03) Things?

(11:03) She said she thought I was reading a lot of humour articles on my phone.

(11:04) Awww

(11:04) Did you tell her I’m better than any humour article?

(11:05) She’s been asking me this whole time what’s so funny whenever I laugh

(11:05) She said she got suspicious when I refused to tell her.

(11:06) You’re the worst liar.
I am. But did you tell James and Pete that you got arrested?

It’s a Sunday morning, Moony, do you really think they’re awake?

Well, James is awake but he also got up at nine in the morning to do laps of the lake like a freak

But Peter is still asleep.

It’s nearly midday.

It’s Sunday.

It’s still nearly midday.

Are you telling me that I woke you up?

Uh. Yeah. But now I’m wondering how many pillows I’ll have to throw at Wormtail to wake him up and make him get me something to eat.

Why does he put up with you, honestly.

Sometimes we do his physics tests for him.

His tests? How?

Very sneakily. We’ve had a lot of practice

Three pillows and he’s still snoring

I’m running out of ammo.

Just get up yourself.

The aim is so I don’t have to get up at all.

Lazy.

Says the boy who got carried all night.

Shall I text Prongs? “Guess what I had to do last night – you’ll love this story.”

Moony, you wouldn’t.

You're the one that insisted I be carried.

I did promise you transport.

Leave Wormtail alone.

Fiiiine, I’ll get up

AND JUMP ON HIM

SIRIUS.
We’re gonna go get James and I’ll break the news

Prepare my casket.

White or red roses?

Red like the blood that will be spilt all over the cafeteria floor.

Done.

* 

Sunday PM

My arms hurt from being punched so much

I liked your reaction much better, you know

Hysterical laughter is so much nicer to being beaten up.

James or Peter?

FUCKING BOTH

They ganged up on me.

Maybe their reaction was more appropriate.

I don’t care about appropriate, yours was still preferable.

* 

Thanks for bailing the shithead out.

That’s ok

Didn’t have much of a choice, honestly

He was paying for dinner.

You realise I’m here, right?

Oh, Padfoot, hello.

I’m here too. Did you get a picture?

Regrettably not.

Damn. Would have looked great in the year book.

Wormtail, enough with your year book shit.

Don’t you want to capture your high school memories?

I’m not bothered.
Liar

Wormtail, dw, we’ve got plenty of photos we can use for Sirius.

Can I see them?

Of course.

No!

Too late, Padfoot. This is your punishment for GETTING ARRESTED.

It technically wasn’t an arrest! It was fine!

Do you think, perhaps, you’ll legally get your license now?

Oh, what a shocking idea.

Stuff it, Wormy.

Maybe.

If you ever want to ride a motorbike again in you life then you should be saying YES.

Hey Wormtail, when did James become our mother?

Idk man maybe when you got ARRESTED.

I thought I could count on you.

You want me to side against Prongs? That’s dangerous. He’s got a gang of girls that owe him a favour.

Yeah, Padfoot. Don’t be messing with my motherfucking clique.

I am your clique!

Not anymore. We don’t let prisoners into the clique.

I wasn’t even a prisoner. I wasn’t charged!

Moony, help me out.

No, no, I’m enjoying this.

You know what Moony did when he came and got me? He laughed! Actually laughed!

Hey! Traitor!

I would have laughed too seeing your sorry arse parked in a cell.

It was quite amusing.

I don’t deserve any of this.

Hey, be thankful I’m not telling Mum.
...Yeah.

Ok

Thanks Prongs.

You’re welcome. Don’t get fucking arrested again, ok?

Ok. Promise.

You really were lucky, you know.

I know. I don’t even want to think what would have happened had my parents been called.

Small miracles.

Maybe send Moody some flowers.

He doesn’t seem like the flower type

He’s probably think I’m taking the piss.

Can never do wrong with chocolate.

True.

Oh, and a handmade card with a love letter?

Yeah Wormy, can I borrow your scrap booking things for it?

It's not scrap booking!

It pretty much is, mate.

Is this the year book thing again?

Yeah, Wormtail joined the club.

I have an artistic flair.

Or that's what Mary says but we’re not so sure.

Fuck you guys, you’ll see. My pages will be the best.

We'll hold you to that.

So I can’t use your glitter glue?

You have been banned from using both glitter and glue so what makes you think I’d let you have a combination of the two?

Marauders Code? Help a brother out?

Marauders Code does not cover glitter glue, I’m afraid.
It should. We should write it in.

That’s not how legislation works. We’ll write it in after the matter is dealt with.

Don’t touch my glitter glue.

What use is glitter glue in a year book? Isn’t it all printed?

Shit, he’s right.

Wormtail, what’s the glitter glue for?

Not telling.

You have to.

No I don’t.

We’ll jump you.

I’m used to it by now. Do your worse.

We bid you farewell, Moony. Important business to attend to.

I understand. Good luck, Wormtail.

Thanks maAa

?

Oh, you’ve already been sprung.

God speed.

I hope Wormtail is still alive.

Eh, he’ll be fine.

Hey

Can I call you?

Sure.

[Calling: Moony]

“Hey.”

“Hi.”

“I don’t actually have anything to say.”

Neither do I, really. I’m reading the books Tonks gave me.”
“The erotica?”

“No, Padfoot, not the erotica.”

“Shame.”

“Did you know that there’s a couple in the highlands of Scotland that collect UFO debris?”

“Can’t say it was a part of my general knowledge, no.”

“Well, now you know.”

“It’s good information to have.”

“I think I might believe in aliens a little.”

“Remus, no.”

“Not weird green things with long fingers and bulging eyes. Surely we can’t be the only life forms in the universe.”

“I hope for the sake of the other life forms that they don’t find us.”

“Ha, we’d blast them to pieces, wouldn’t we?”

“Definitely.”

“There’s a theory that there are already aliens living among us.”

“Remus, are you trying to tell me something?”

“Sirius, I’m an alien.”

“So am I.”

“Will you… Sirius, will you be the Xenomorph to my E.T.?”

“Remus, I’d be delighted.”

“G-goo-ood. Oh, sorry. Yawning.”

“Are you going to bed?”

“No-ot if you want to talk.”

“Go to bed, Remus.”

“Fine. You too. School tomorrow.”

“Pft. Sure, love.”

“…”

“Remus? Ooo, are you going to sleep talk with me again? … No? Damn. Goodnight, Moony.”

[Call Disconnected]
Holy fucking shit, an update. Let's not count how many months it's been. Thank you to everyone who's still even marginally invested in this omg.

Special thanks to Ali for the pictures of her Shakespeare mugs and general loveliness in this trying time!

Also thank you to Em, who asked to be thanked. Ok no really thanks for listening to my whining and pushing me forward. i would have crashed hours ago. love u babe.

And thank you to everyone who continued to read and comment on this fic! And for all the fantastic fan art! It's still all so crazy.

My ask box is open again, so feel free to drop me a line about the new chapter!

Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

puns, flowers, Uncle Alphard, and a memorial.

Chapter Notes

Happy Birthday to Your Highness Em, this chapter is dedicated to you, and this chapter only exists because of you. I love you. Happy birthday babe.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Monday AM

(10:25) Remember when I called Wormtail a blabbermouth?

(10:28) Apparently I didn’t remember it the first time, but I got it the second time around.

(10:30) My history class has just been informed that I got arrested on the weekend.

(10:32) Ah. Not good?

(10:34) It’s kinda funny, actually

(10:34) He told them I ran over an old lady.

(10:36) That’s not funny, Pads, that’s manslaughter.

(10:38) People believe it, though.

(10:38) Ha, a new game has started.

(10:39) I don't like the sound of this.

(10:40) Who can tell the most outlandish lie for my arrest and have people believe it?

(10:42) I’m betting Peter will win.

(10:43) Why Peter?

(10:43) His artistic flair.

(10:44) Haha, he’ll be happy to hear that.

(10:45) But it’s also maybe not good.

(10:46) Won’t it add to your punk rock cred?
Yeah, but it’ll also reach some big ears.

Relatives?

Yeah.

I don’t think my parents will do anything now but…

Still better if they didn’t know.

Mm. I guess we’ll see how it goes.

You’ve got people to bail you out if you need it, Sirius.

Thanks Moony

Was that a jail joke?

Oops. Wasn’t meant to be.

You’re ridiculous. Subconsciously punning.

Punning is a skill I have mastered, apparently, that I don’t even require thinking about it.

I don’t think I’d call it a skill.

It’s an expuntise.

That was awful. Truly awful.

I was put on the spot, I’ll do better next time.

Please, no, let this reign of terror end!

Never. It’ll strike you when you least expect it.

How did we get here? How do we get back?

There’s no turning back now. You have your little game over there, and now I’ve got my own.

I’ve unleashed a beast.

Can’t tame me now.

I wouldn’t dare try. I might get pun-ished.

Hey! Hands off my game!

I can play multiple games at one time, Moony. Don’t underestimate me.

May the best punner win, then.

I plun to.

That was a reach.
(11:36) Punt up.

*

Monday PM

(3:12) PADFOOT

(3:14) Moonstar

(3:14) WHAT IS THIS

(3:15) I’m gonna need a visual, commander.

(3:16)

(3:17) Oh! They arrived earlier than I thought. Cool.

(3:18) Padfoot, why have you done this.

(3:19) Thank you! For bailing me out of jail! Also, sorry! That you had to bail me out of jail and ruined our night!

(3:20) I told you, you didn’t.

(3:21) Now, I’m gonna need a visual on how bright your cheeks are right now.

(3:23) You’re cruel! I’m pretty sure I’ve said this before!

(3:23) It’s also Spring, Moony! The season of flowers!

(3:25) My mother has put them in a vase.
Good. They’d look nice on your desk, next to Sheba. Liven up their environment.

Ok, there. That’s where I’ve put them.

Good. Hope the chocolates were to your liking, also.

I can’t believe – yes, Padfoot.

Thank you.

Even though it wasn’t necessary.

It was absolutely necessary.

The mental image of you burying your face in your hands is all I ever need in life, to be honest with you Moons.

You’re so gross.

So are you.

Dad is very intrigued by these flowers.

A fan of lilies, is he?

I didn’t even notice. You sent me lilies? Your friend is literally named Lily.

That’s the point. We don’t ever buy any other kinds of flowers now. It annoys her.

You definitely are a bastard.

A bastard who sent you lilies and chocolate!

No, if asked, these flowers and chocolates came from a distant relative on my mum’s side.

Oo, I can do that.

I can play the role of distant relative.

What should my name be? I have a distant relative named Alphard, maybe I could go by that.

That’s not necessary.

What’s my backstory? Why haven’t I made contact until now?

Oh shit, look at the time. James is gonna kill me. Crunch time for training again, I’ll talk to later, my distant nephew!

Send me money next time, uncle.

* 

So your name is Alphard, you’re my second-great-uncle thrice removed who only just discovered that I existed. You have no spouse, no children, nor a telephone. You like your privacy
and the sentimentality of hand written letters. You farm llamas and in your spare time you like to knit from their wool. Next time, you’re going to send me a sweater.

*

(7:26) Remus, I know for a fact that you don’t need any more sweaters.

*

(8:03) One can never have too many sweaters.

(8:03) Also, I’m glad that was your only issue with the back story.

(8:06) Llamas sound cool. I’ll have to brush up on my llama farming knowledge, though.

(8:09) Only if you decide I’m going to inherit the business when you die.

(8:11) I’ll remember to write it into my will.

(8:13) We only just discovered each other and you’re already writing me into your will?

(8:15) What can I say, you have a strong influence.

(8:15) You seem like a reliable enough young man to take over my farm.

(8:16) I don’t know the first thing about farming.

(8:19) I’ll teach you, nephew, don’t worry.

(8:23) I’m telling my mum about your new role.

(8:23) She likes your commitment. Thinks it’s very amusing.

(8:25) She just needs to wait and see what else I can do.

(8:28) I’m a little scared to ask what you mean.

(8:29) ;-)

(8:30) I told you, no emoticons.

(8:33) But it keeps me mysterious.

(8:34) You’re already my estranged uncle, how much more mystery do you need.


(8:37) Why aren’t I married?

(8:39) To stay dedicated to the farm, of course.

(8:40) Wow, I must really love these llamas.

(8:41) And knitting. Don’t forget your knitting.

(8:45) Don’t fret, Remus, you’ll get your damn sweater.
(8:47) Just making sure.

(8:50) I must assist Wormtail with his History essay. He’s nearly crying.

(8:51) History makes me cry too, only for different reasons.

(8:54) ?

(8:55) You’re doing French revolution, right? Marie Antoinette didn’t deserve this.

(8:56) Can I quote that in Wormy’s essay? I’ll source you.

(8:58) If it helps his argument, go right ahead.

(8:59) Cheers, Moony. I’ll talk to you later.

(9:00) Have fun essay writing.

* 

(10:03) Good night, Sirius.

* 

(11:43) Good night, Moony.

* 

Tuesday AM

(8:03) Did you honestly go bed at midnight?

(8:05) Essay writing is hard work. Especially when it’s due the next day.

(8:06) Wasn’t even your essay.

(8:09) What are friends for.

(8:10) That’s a lie, he owes me now.

(8:11) Once again, I fear for Peter.

(8:13) I shall make an oath here for you, then.

(8:14) I will not make Peter do anything life threatening.

(8:15) That’s… all the reassurance you’re going to give me?

(8:17) Sometimes, you just ask for too much.

(8:20) I’m going to do hourly check ups on Peter to make sure he’s doing ok.

(8:21) That’s so unnecessary.

*
(8:22) Peter, how are you faring?

(8:23) I’m doing ok. Sirius just gave me the rest of his juice, and now he’s patting me on the head.

(8:26) Is he threatening you to write these messages?

(8:29) Not yet.

(8:30) Gotta go, thank you Guardian Angel Moony.

(8:31) Best of luck.

*

(8:34) I’ve just had to remind Peter that you’re MY boyfriend.

(8:34) Honestly, the cheek.

*

(9:12) Are you still alive?

(9:13) Yes, but really, I think if you keep messaging me I might not be.

(9:14) You just have to be more subtle. This is for your benefit, after all.

(9:17) Haha, stupid prick got in trouble trying to chew me out.

(9:17) Changed my mind, this is fun.

*

(9:19) Taaaalk to meeeeee

(9:20) Can you confirm Peter’s status of alive?

(9:21) Yeah, the little rat’s breathing. For now.

(9:22) If anything happens to him, you have me to answer to.

(9:24) FINE I WON’T KILL HIM.

*

(10:34) Status?

(10:35) Smiling smugly.

(10:36) Good, good.

*

(10:36) Get a room, you two.

*

Tuesday MIDDAY
(11:45) I got ambushed.

(11:46) It’s about time Peter fought back.

(11:46) Not Pete…

(11:46) Regulus cornered me.

(11:47) Oh. About what happened on Sunday?

(11:47) Yeah

(11:48) He looked, idk, like he was worried?

(11:48) About me? Which is weird.

(11:48) Why does he give a shit.

(11:50) Because he cares about you, still?

(11:50) Yeah, yeah.

(11:51) He said he won’t tell Satan’s Bitches, but he can’t guarantee the cousins won’t.

(11:52) Sirius, it sounds like he still wants to be apart of your life.

(11:53) I know, but we’ll see if I want him there or not.

(11:53) Ok. What else did he say?

(11:55) He says thanks, for looking after me.

(11:58) Um, he’s welcome?

(11:59) We’re meeting up on Saturday.

(11:59) I agreed if he paid for lunch.

(12:02) Why are you so cheap?

(12:03) I think it’s a small price he’s paying.

(12:04) Probably.

(12:04) Are you ok going out with him? If you need support, or anything, I can come.

(12:06) AW MOONY.

(12:06) What?

(12:07) YOU’RE SUCH A SWEETHEART.

(12:07) You’re exaggerating! Shut up!

(12:08) You’re such a gentleman, my heart is swooning!
I’m retracting my offer.

It’ll be alright, Moony. Thank you.

That’s ok.

I have to get back to work. Are you alright, really?

I am, Remus. I have a slight migraine that I’m naming Regulus but I’m alright.

Do tell me if you’re not. Let me help.

I will.

Just… promise you’ll kiss above my right eye next time we see each other.

That sounds manageable.

Ok. Go get some work done.

Hey, you too!

Psh, sure.

*

I’m ALSO ok, thanks for checking up!!!!!

Oh right, you.

Yeah, good.

You suck at your job.

*

I’ve had to leave class because my head hurts.

Ugh, the screen is too bright.

I’m going to nap.

I’ll be here when you wake up, love.

Sleep well.

*

I’m going to bed, but call me if you need to.

Good night.

xx

*

Wednesday AM
“Mmmmm?”

“Did I wake you up?”

“Yes. Just give me two seconds.”

“Good morning.”

“Good morning. How are you?”

“Yeah, fine.”

“Sirius.”

“Really, Moony. I am fine. Yesterday was just… I don’t know, it just stirred up old emotions, I guess.”

“How’s your head?”

“Doped up on sleep and painkillers. Should be alright.”

“Good. Good, ok.”

“It still needs kisses, though.”

“Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten.”

“Text kisses don’t count, just so you know.”

“Hm? Text kisses?”

“You sent x’s in your text last night.”

“Oh, right. Well. That was just-”

“The cutest.”

“Too early for this nonsense!”

“Yeah, I should get ready for breakfast.”

“Mkay. Eat well. Hugs and kisses.”

“X and O to you too, love.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

(11:34) You’re gonna help me move them, right?

(11:35) No, sorry. Apparently my touch is ‘not delicate enough’.  

(11:37) You’re really upset but that, huh.
Well, no actually. Because it meant that I didn’t have to bake with you.

But now you’re using it as an excuse to not help me.

Precisely!

Remus Lupin you are contractually obliged to help me transport the goods.

Fine, when?

I’m in charge of children today.

It starts at two. Come over at one?

Fine, fine. I have the Weasleys at three.

You’ll be done by then. But then you’re mine again at 4:30

Yes, I know, I know.

Will you release me for my last one hour of freedom now?

Hm… I’ll allow it.

Wednesday PM

I hate animals.

You don’t mean that, surely.

This goat has been trying to eat my pants for ten minutes. Relentlessly.

Um. When did you get a goat?

Oh

I’m at Alice’s school fair.

School fair! That’s so cool!

Sure, but right now I’m in charge of two ginger children and a goat.

I can’t imagine which one is harder to handle.

I can’t tell either. Both are trying my patience.

Ok! Charlie just tried to ride the cow! We’re going!

Are you kidding?! Let the kid go! That’s so cool!

He would take off with it. He’s an animal person. The cow was very willing to let him on.

We’re getting hotdogs now.
At 4:30 I promised Alice I’d help man her stall.

What’s she doing?

It’s not a kissing booth, is it?

Yes, it’s a kissing booth, that I have very voluntarily agreed to take part in. Because I love kissing strangers. For money.

You didn't make me pay.

Don’t imply you were a stranger!

It’s cupcakes. Thankfully, she didn’t make me bake them with her this time.

The children insist on playing games, I’ll talk to you later.

Win me a plushie!

That stuff is only romantic if you’re here too.

You’re just saying that because you didn’t win.

The games are surprisingly hard.

Suuuuuuuure, Moony. That’s ok, I’ll win you something next time.

There’s a raffle here for a car. Win me that.

I don’t know, you’re driving reports are less than satisfactory.

Love, you’re not one to talk.

Shut up!

Alright, break is over. Back to football.

Oh no, don’t leave me here! I have to do customer service!

Sirius?

Someone just insisted that I take off all the sprinkles! I can’t do this!

I hate animals, and people.

This guy just bought a cupcake and smashed it in his fist?! And then walked away? So glad Alice wasn’t here, she’d be livid.

So Alice’s concept is that certain cupcakes will give you certain luck.
Like, this cupcake with lemon flavouring will bring you good health.

Except this is a high school fair, and teenagers are dickheads.

This guy bought one of every kind of cupcake and ate them all in one mouthful, claiming he will now be invincible.

No, sorry, his words were, “Now I’m fucking immortal.”

I told ya Moons, you really didn’t miss out on not going to high school.

I can clearly see that now. I’m pretty sure there are some intoxicated students here.

Still wanna be a teacher?

Yes, so I can knock some sense into them.

Such a wet blanket.

Am not! There’s a difference between fun and being a tool.

Not that you would know.

Ouch! How rude!

This little boy just bought a fairy cupcake in the hopes that it would turn him into a fairy.

Bet you wanted to knock some sense into him, too.

Fairies aren’t real, little boy.

I would not! I wouldn’t crush children.

Wait, if you were a teacher, what grade would you teach?

Not primary. Too exhausting.

My small stint with the Weasley boys has left me exhausted, and that was only an hour and a bit.

I don’t know what Weasleys are like, but Prewetts are a handful. They’ve got half of troubled blood in them.

Their father is a delightful, gentle man. If a bit excitable about electronic devices.

Electronic devices?

Breaking apart toasters to see how they work. It’s a small hobby of his.

Just don’t let him stick a fork in there.

I… honestly wouldn’t put it past him.

Alice is back, I have company.

Oh, so you don’t need me anymore?

(6:36) Do you even like me?

*

(7:24) You’re ok.

(7:30) You took way too long to reply.

(7:31) I was busy. Going back to Alice’s now.

(7:32) I’ve been sulking.

(7:32) That doesn’t surprise me.

(7:35) :-((((((

(7:36) Stop! With the faces!

(7:36) Fine, I’m sorry, I like you a lot.

(7:37) Good, thanks Moony!

*

(8:02) Hang on, you never said it back!

(8:03) Ugh, do I have to?

(8:04) It’s only fair.

(8:05) I like you a lot, too.

(8:06) Good, thanks Padfoot.

*

(11:42) Hey, hey, are you awake?

(11:43) I am now.

(11:43) I really like you.

(11:44) I really like you too.

(11:45) Good night, Moony.

(11:46) Night, Pads.

*

Thursday AM

(7:03) It’s so satisfying watching someone get ready for school, while I’m still laying in bed.
(7:04) You're like Prongs when he’s sick. Just sits in bed and laments how he’s going to have such a long day bundled in blankets.

(7:05) It’s a good feeling.

(7:05) Even though socks are being thrown at me.

(7:07) You deserve it.

(7:08) Probably, but they’re dirty socks. That’s too far, in my humble opinion.

(7:08) Be thankful she’s not throwing shoes.

(7:10) She’s making me have breakfast with her.

(7:11) We’re not allowed to eat in the bedroom.

(7:11) Just get up like the rest of us, Moony.

(7:12) But I’m tiiiiired.

(7:13) Ah! I mentioned that at least she wasn’t throwing shoes at me and now she is! I made a mistake.

(7:13) I’m getting up.

(7:14) Good! You say she lives with her grandpa, right? How great of a breakfast must that be!

(7:14) Actually, they only have cereal here.

(7:15) I was disappointed the first time, too.

(7:16) Can’t always bring your work home, I guess.

(7:16) Unfortunately not. I’m getting death stares for texting.

(7:17) Ok, I'll leave you to your... cereal.

(7:18) Gee, thank you for your enthusiasm.

(7:18) Enjoy your cereal, I’m going to have eggs and bacon now.

(7:18) What did I do to upset you.

(7:20) Yum yum, eggies and bacon.

(7:20) Leave me alone now.

* 

(8:01) Maaaaaan those eggs and bacon were good.

(8:03) I’m ignoring you.

*
Thursday PM

Dearest Nephew,

I hope you are well. I, myself, in all of my bachelor glory, am doing splendidly. My llamas, also, are doing super swell. We’re just constantly on a rollercoaster of partying, llamas are such wild animals, but they’re also shivering. They miss their wool, but I just love knitting so much. Knitting fuels me with a fire that burns hotter than any man, woman, neither, both, or combination of the four, can ignite.

I used to be lonely, all on my bachelor own, but then I saw the light. Llamas are my true companions.

Shit, wait, don't get the wrong idea, Nephew Of Mine. I’m not… me and the llamas, we’re just friends, I swear. Nothing weird going on here. Not at all.

Despite this fire knitting brings me, technically, literally, it’s goddamn cold. I keep making all of these sweaters and then giving them away to nephews! Please send firewood. We’re so cold. There’s no heating up here in the

(we didn't previously decide where Alphard lived, so I’m just gonna make it up now)

In the Scottish Highlands.

(seems like the kind of place Alphy the llama-fuckerlover would hang out, right? secluded and all that)

Anyway, hope you’re doing well. Like I totally am. And my llamas. My llama, Regulus, is doing wonderfully. I gave him a stupid haircut. He looks like a prick. Anyway, anyway, anyway.

Have a good day, Dearest Nephew. Please write soon. I need something to burn.

Love,
Your Uncle Alphard
The Hottest Scottish Bachelor

* 

(3:41) I get the vague feeling that you didn’t like that Alphard wasn’t married.

(3:44) Am I not a hot stud, Moony? Why wouldn’t I be married.

(3:46) Because you’re not actually Alphard.

(3:49) I feel like I embodied the character well!

(3:50) Did the sweater arrive, too?

(3:57) It did. This is not a new sweater.

(4:01) No, I admit, it is not.
It’s also not likely to be hand made.

You overestimate my skill set.

This most likely belonged to you.

Most likely? Sheesh, I wouldn’t send you Prongs’ sweater. That’s just weird.

Do you have a thing for me in your clothes?

Hey!

If you don’t like the sweater, then send it back!

You totally do!

That’s it, give it back.

No.

Give me the sweater.

No, you can’t have it back.

It was sent to me by my dear estranged uncle.

Your uncle is creepy.

He has questionable relationships with llamas, I admit. But his sweater is big and warm.

So you’ll complain about the sweater, but you’ll still wear it?!

Who ever said I was complaining? I was just asking a question.

Ok, but I’m pleading the fifth.

Saying nothing is just as well as saying yes.

Interpret it however you please! The fact remains that I have not given an answer!

You’re a mushy sentimentalist who likes me in your clothes!

I am saying nothing!

You’re cute.

You’re giving me an early death.

This is better. Usually I’m the one being tormented.

I’m plotting payback as we speak.

I suddenly have to go! Good-by Padfoot!

Coward!
(9:02) Can I call you?
(9:03) Of course.

[Calling: Padfoot]

“Hey. Everything alright?”

“Yes, yes. Just… wanted to talk to you.”

“Ok. Hang on, let me go somewhere devoid of eavesdropping friends.”

“I can hear their indignation in the background.”

“They promise they won’t tease, but I don’t trust them.”

“Such little faith in your friends.”

“It’s because I know them well enough. I won’t be tricked.”

“It sounds like fun. I’ve probably said, but it’s like having a sleepover with your friends every day.”

“It is, until you learn all of their gross habits.”

“Like spitting phlegm into a bucket?”

“Uh… Can’t say they do that regularly. I was more thinking clipping their toenails in the dorm.”

“Alright, that is gross. So I guess, in comparison, phlegm is nothing?”

“Phlegm means nothing to me. I will fight all phlegm.”

“Ok, but can you wait for it to exit my body before you fight it? You might cause me damage otherwise.”

“Of course, Moony. Do you really think I’d be that cruel, to hurt an innocent bystander?”

“Well, your driving skills seem to suggest.”

“When are you going to drop that?”

“Never, I think. My last words will probably be a critique of your driving abilities.”

“Not how much I’ve meant to you and how much you’ll miss me in the afterlife?”

“No, no. Just how shit you are at driving.”

“This is honestly so heartbreaking, Moony. It’s like you don’t even care.”

“Hmm… I’m wearing your sweater right now. Does that count as caring?”

“What was the phrase you used? Mushy sentimentalist?”
“Yes, but I am willing to admit that.”

“Are you really? I’ll remember that.”

“I’m having regrets.”

“If you hadn’t had any regrets by now Moony, I would have been worried.”

“You expected my regrets from agreeing to this arrangement?”

“Yea – hang on, did you just call our relationship an arrangement?”

“I did, but I see now that it was the wrong word. Arrangement suggests I’m getting something out of it.”

“You’re getting clothes. A lot of clothes, actually.”

“Hm, that is true.”

“It’s me that’s lacking.”

“I’d send you clothes, but there would be a high chance that I would just get them back.”

“Why won’t you let this go?”

“Two things I won’t let go, Padfoot. Your driving and your clothes sharing.”

“Not the fact that I literally killed your goldfish?”

“I thought we were pinning that on Peter?”

“I’m pretty much an accomplice after the fact. I mean, I tried to cover it up.”

“Well, at least it shows that in the event that I accidentally kill someone, you’ll be there to back me up.”

“That’s… Actually probably true.”

“You’re either a natural liar or loyal.”

“Or, a murderer living vicariously.”

“You don’t strike me as the murder type.”

“Really?”

“No, not unless it was for revenge.”

“Are you writing up a criminal profile on me?”

“If you ever wrong me, then I’ll have something to give to the police.”

“Blackmail.”

“Mhm.”
“Such a loving person you are.”
 “Mm, you know me.”
 “You sound tired.”
 “Don’t I always?”
 “Ok, you sound more tired than usual.”
 “Might be… because ‘m falling…”
 “F-falling? Like, what, exactly?”
 “Asleep.”
 “Oh. Right. Yeah.”
 “You ok?”
 “Yeah, duh. Go to sleep, Moony.”
 “Already am, Padfoot.”
 “Good night.”

[Call Disconnected]

*

Friday AM

(9:27) So, Wormtail got a passing mark for his history essay.

(9:28) I feel like there should be a ‘but’ here.

(9:29) BUT he does have to have a meeting with the teacher after class to discuss appropriate references.

(9:30) What on earth did you two reference?

(9:30) Horrible Histories?

(9:31) You, of course!

(9:31) Me?

(9:31) Oh, no, you didn’t honestly…

(9:33) “According to historians, Marie-Antoinette ‘didn’t deserve this,’ as she was executed in 1793 for treason.”

(9:34) I don’t want to know what the bibliography said.

(9:35) Are you sure? It was properly formatted.
Oh, God. And Wormtail still passed?
Hey, the rest of the essay was good!
Well, forgive me for being skeptical!
You have no faith, Moony.
Oh! Speaking of faith!
I don’t like where this is going.
Are you busy this evening?
… Define busy.
Are you leaving your house for some super important engagement?
No, not currently, but I get the feeling I’m going to suddenly make up an excuse saying I am.
Why don’t you want to see your boyfriend, Moony?
It’s not that I don’t want to see him, it’s just that I'm always wary of his plans.
It’s nothing insane, you can trust him.
Can I? There’s no law-breaking, is there?
No law-breaking. Uh, maybe some blasphemy, though.
… What the hell, Padfoot?
Well, by traditional standards it might not be the done thing. But we owe it to them.
I am very confused now. You’re not propositioning me?
Proposi
Haha Moony. No.
It is the only time anyone ever uses the word ‘blasphemy,’ ok?
Sure, sure. Get your head out of the gutter.
That’s what I usually say to you.
And look how the tables have turned. So, anyway, you available tonight?
Sure, I guess. Tell me then, what are we doing?
We’re going to hold a memorial service.
For my sanity?
For Sheba!

I just checked the fish bowl, wondering what you had done now, until I realised you meant the first one.

Yes, I meant the first one! We haven’t done anything to commemorate them.

That’s because… they’re a fish. Were a fish.

They may be in a kitty’s belly, Moony, but they will always be a fish.

And they will forever swim in your heart, I know.

Hey, that was actually pretty good. I’m adding it.

Adding it to what?

The eulogy I’m going to give.

This can’t be ser

This isn’t real.

Guess you could say it was ser-real.

Get it? Ser-real, surreal??!

Stop this immediately.

You started it. Wait until you hear the eulogy, Moons.

This is how I’m going to spend my Friday night?

Don’t you have training?

Oh, come on. What do you usually do on a Friday night?

And James is letting us rest today.

I’d usually be watching a very nice movie that isn’t about dead fish.

Don’t like Finding Nemo then, huh?

Let’s not go there. It’s a cry-fest.

So meet me at the Hogsmeade Botanical gardens, 4pm?

Fine, ok.

Yes! Brilliant!

This isn’t going to be counted as a date, is it?

Why not?

It’s a bit depressing. Second date at a funeral.
Not even a funeral. We have no body. A memorial.

Grief can bring us closer.

You’re hitting on me through the death of a goldfish? That’s low.

We don’t want to be like those parents who divorce after the death of a child! We need to come together.

A nice stroll through the botanical gardens while commemorating a dear friend will help with that.

This is incredible.

But you’re not saying no.

No, I’m not. I’ll be there.

Good. Don’t forget to wear black!

Good grief.

* 

Friday PM

I’m waiting!

You’re early.

By two minutes. You here yet?

Just about. Main gate?

Yeah – haha, I see you

* 

“Nice outfit,” Sirius said as soon as Remus was within earshot.

It looked like Remus had trouble finding anything suitably black, his jeans looking well worn and rolled up at the cuff, which Sirius suspected was because they were too short for him. His jacket, on the other hand, looked far too big for him for it to even be fashionable, hanging off his frame like a heavy burden.

“Shut up,” Remus replied with no real bite. “Had to borrow one of my dad’s jackets. And these jeans are way too short.”

Sirius, in his all-black outfit that he picked from whatever was lying on the floor, frowned at him. “You mean you don’t own black clothes?”

Remus rolled his eyes, but his cheeks were twitching into a smile and Sirius didn’t stop himself from holding out his hand. Remus took it easily.

“You know me, I live in neon colours.”
Sirius nodded. “You are quite the neon rager.”

Their walk through the gardens was quiet. Every now and then Sirius would feel a light touch on his head, Remus’ hand retracting to flick away a fallen leaf.

“Did you prepare a speech?” Sirius asked him as they passed under a willow, its reaching branches caressing their faces.

Remus screwed up his face. “No,” he said. “I was thinking I should wing it. Makes it more from the heart, that way.”

Sirius snorted. “I don’t believe you’re taking this as sincerely as you should.”

Remus gasped, holding a hand over his chest. “Are you implying that I’m not taking this fish funeral, dare I say, seriously?”

“You dare not say it!” Sirius commanded, albeit with a grin on his face. “Your happy demeanor and flippant attitude suggests that you do not care one iota for our fallen soldier.”

Sirius tugged on his hand, pulling Remus off the man-made path and onto the grass. The ground was still slightly wet from earlier rain, dew clinging to the blades fruitlessly as Sirius’ feet sent the drops falling into the air again.

“Fallen soldier?” Remus asked. “What war did they fight in?”

Sirius thought. “Did you really think you won the sheep wars without a little back up?”

“And just where are Sheba’s dog tags?”

“Lost in the battlefield,” Sirius said quickly. “It was tragic, we all cried.”

Remus raised an eyebrow, a smile fighting on his face as he struggled to keep up with Sirius’ pace. “Now who’s being flippant?”

The ground started to dip downhill. Sirius slowed his steps, keeping a firm grip on Remus’ hand so he doesn’t go stumbling all the way to the bottom. Their feet slip slightly on the wet grass, but they make it to the edge of the lake safe.

“I’m allowed to be flippant right now,” Sirius told him. “For I have a heartfelt speech ready.”

“Really,” Remus said blandly. “I suppose we’re doing it here, then?”

The lake wasn’t anything special to look at, a murky grey of polluted water edged with dying reeds. The ducks waddling by the bank don’t even flinch at their arrival, continuing on their path as if they weren’t there. They look old, and as grey as the lake itself, but Sirius figured it was the next best place to hold the memorial.

“Look,” Sirius said, disentangling his hand from Remus’ to shuffle through his jean pockets. He pulled out a small paper-made boat, puffing it out for it to take on a three dimensional shape, holding it up on his palm proudly. On the inside of the boat is a little drawn fish, its eyes replaced with x’s.

Remus took the boat gingerly, trying to suppress a smile as he sternly said, “This is morbid.”

Sirius faked offense. “It’s art!”

He took back the boat, resting it on the bank so only the lips of the lake could kiss the bow, and then
took out another piece of paper from his pocket.

The writing on the paper was a messy scrawl, hurriedly written in between periods and work assignments, with parts crossed out angrily and some unhelpful commentary from James.

He cleared his throat theatrically, shaking out the paper in front of him and glancing over at Remus. He was still trying to keep in his laughter, and Sirius appreciated his level of commitment to playing along.

“Dearly beloved,” Sirius bellowed. “We are gathered here to-ray to mourn the passing of Sheba the goldfish.”

Remus moved up to stand right beside him, their shoulders pressing into each other. Sirius could feel Remus’ shoulder shake as he tried to hold in his giggles.

“We’ll greatly miss Sheba,” Sirius continued, “And all of the koi that they brought us. Especially to dear Remus, who would have been drowning in the feel-ing of loneliness without their company. It’s a real tragedy what happened to them, with no one sole to blame except the ever-present rivalry between *Carassius auratus* and *Felis catus.*” Sirius paused at his effortless pronunciation, turning to Remus for praise.

“You practiced the speech,” he said in disbelief.

“Duh,” Sirius drawled, and then started reading again. “Except maybe Peter. Peter is also to blame. And maybe Filch, the janitor, for keeping a cat in the first place. What if there are students who are allergic? Anyway, Sheba will be greatly missed. They are irreplaceable –”

“You literally replaced them,” Remus cut in.

“They are irreplaceable,” Sirius repeated sternly, “And will forever continue to swim in the ocean of our hearts, eternally unburdened by the constraints of a tiny fish bowl.”

“Goldfish are fresh water,” Remus mumbled. “Can’t swim in the sea.”

Sirius sighed exasperatedly, turning a doleful eye on Remus. “Like your speech is better.”

“What speech?” Remus asked innocently.

“Exactly.”

Sirius folded up the paper, slipping it back into his pocket and pulling out a lighter. He crouched in front of the tiny paper boat, ready to flick the spark wheel before craning his neck to look over at Remus.

“Any last words?”

“Rest in peace, Sheba,” Remus said solemnly, folding his hands in front of him and hanging his head.

“Rest in fucking pieces,” Sirius whispered as he lit the boat on fire, making sure the flames were spreading out before pushing it into the lake. The boat swirled in the light current made by the wind, not going far from the bank. He prodded it with a stick, sending it further in until the paper gave out from the pressure of the fire above it and the water soaking below it.

Not long after, the boat was gone.
Sirius rose, turning to Remus with a jovial smile that instantly fell as soon as he saw him. Remus had his hands on his face, his whole body shaking with strange, muffled cries coming from his mouth.

“Moony?” Sirius said. “Hey, are you actually crying? I’m sorry about Sheba, Remus –”

Remus’ hands fell from his face, the first thing Sirius taking note of was the streaks of tears down his cheeks, but then he hunched over, hands on his knees, as he laughed, until it turned into coughing.

Sirius smacked him lightly on the shoulder. “You scared me! I thought I really traumatised you!”

“N-no,” Remus said, swiping tears away from his face. “This is so absurd. You’re weird!”

Sirius was about to take offense before Remus leaned against him, linking their hands with his head on Sirius’ shoulder. He was still giggling, slightly breathless and clearing his throat constantly, and Sirius couldn’t help but rub his cheek against his hair.

“I haven’t laughed like this in years,” Remus said quietly. Sirius stilled, his grip on Remus’ hand tightening slightly, and kissed Remus on the head.

“I haven’t wanted to make someone laugh like this,” Sirius said as he realised it. “Ever.”

Remus turned his head, looking at Sirius with tear-shiny eyes, reminding him of the gently rippling lake water that swallowed Sheba’s memorial. Sirius wouldn’t mind being swallowed up in Remus’ eyes, full of mirth and kindness.

Sirius tugged at their linked hands, begging Remus to follow him through the gardens for their next destination. Sirius knew it would be getting dark soon, the chill breeze washing through them a strong indication, not that he minded. Remus pulled in closer to him after each wave of cold air, until Sirius removed his hands from Remus’ so he could throw his arm over his shoulder, rubbing Remus’ arm.

“Will you be alright in the cold?” Sirius asked as they walked.

“Oh, I’m fine,” Remus replied easily, and Sirius believed him.

“So you’re just using it as an excuse to get close,” Sirius confirmed. He laughed when Remus ducked his head shyly, poking him in the cheek and cooing. “Can’t say I’m not impressed, though.”

They stopped when they reached the foot of the hill. Sirius turned to Remus, a sly smirk on his face.

“Would you like me to carry you again?”

Remus shook his head profusely. “I can do it this time,” and then poked his tongue out at Sirius.

They walked slowly up the hill, not in any rush to reach the top, and although Sirius would usually declare a race he figured Remus wouldn’t appreciate the challenge.

He almost changed his mind when Remus asked him if he even knew any other date destinations.

“I’d like to see you pick a location!” Sirius exclaimed. “I’m the one carrying this relationship.”

“I went to one of your football games. I’ll come to this one too, then.”

Sirius waved him off. “Nah, it’s an away game. Not worth it.”

If Sirius didn’t know any better, he would have thought that Remus looked genuinely disappointed.
They finally reached the top, even after Remus declared that ‘here was close enough’ not even half way up, and Sirius spread his jacket on the grass for them to sit on.

The sun would be setting over Hogsmeade soon, giving them a different view from Saturday, and when Remus realised what they were doing he gave a derisive snort.

“This is so cliché,” he told Sirius.

“It’s romantic,” Sirius countered. “Just shut up and swoon.”

“I’m swooning, I’m swooning,” Remus mumbled, letting his head fall onto Sirius’ shoulder again. Sirius still didn’t mind.

They didn’t speak as they watched the sun set, the rooftops of Hogsmeade painted in a gentle hue of orange. The town seemed to glow, and even Remus’ face was alight in marigold that Sirius couldn’t help leaning over and kissing his cheek.

Remus giggled, but instead of shying away like Sirius expected, he turned fully to face him. He was fighting a smile back as he came closer, stopping just short of connecting their lips.

“So cliché,” he mumbled. Sirius could feel his breath warm against his skin.

Remus closed the space, pecking Remus briefly before pulling back to say, “Just let me seduce you with the sunset.”

Remus kissed him briefly in turn. “Did I say I was complaining?”

“I don’t know, are you?” Sirius settled his hand on Remus’ neck, his thumb rubbing circles at the hinge of his jaw. “Sounded like you were.”

Remus sighed heavily, “You talk too much,” then closed the gap between them one final time.

Their lips became the central point of heat, blazing out to warm their cheeks and flush their necks, a trail creeping down their spines. Sirius could no longer feel the cold breeze, ignited from the outside in with a warmth in his chest he was sure wasn’t purely physical.

His heart beat faster as Remus opened his mouth, shyly flicking his tongue along Sirius’ bottom lip. Remus’ hand had finally come up to tangle in Sirius’ hair, although when that happened, Sirius didn’t know.

Remus drew back slightly, mumbling something Sirius didn’t catch, and then he was trailing kisses from his chin along his jawline, lips pressed at Sirius’ temple and then hovering above his right eye, lips lingering longest there.

“For your migraine named Regulus,” Remus whispered.

Then he continued, along Sirius’ forehead, down his nose and back up again, working on the left side of his face with light kisses. It tickled all over his face, Sirius unable to stop the giggles, unable to stop the welling feeling in his chest as Remus dragged his hand from Sirius’ hair to caress his face.

Sirius was unable to stop the pinpricks of tears that stung his eyes, and he refused to look Remus in the face as he burrowed his head into the crook of Remus’ neck.

“What are you ok?” Remus asked.

Sirius just nodded, placed a small kiss on Remus’ neck.
Remus returned his hand to his hair, twirling strands around his fingers and rubbing Sirius’ scalp soothingly. In the darkness of his hideaway, Sirius thought about the last time he felt this safe, felt this adored, but it had been years ago, when Mrs Potter had first embraced him and welcomed him to her home, and not even then had it felt like this. The warmth of Remus’ entire body soaking into his, the feel of his soft hands on Sirius’ skin and the way his lips felt all over Sirius’ face felt infinitely different.

He didn’t know in what way, didn’t think it mattered in what way just yet, but Sirius knew in that moment as he quietly wept against Remus that he loved this boy, would love Remus until the end of his days. And he knew, in the way Remus wiped away the tears from Sirius’ cheeks without a word, that Remus loved him too, and it didn’t matter to Sirius in what way, just that any way would be enough for him.

He would have said it then, if it didn’t also completely terrify him, but then Remus was whispering into his ear, comforting words, words sounding like how Sirius felt, soothing and sweet and one hundred percent honest.

Sirius didn’t need to say it. Remus probably knew.

The sun dipped well below the horizon, completely forgotten by the two boys.

*

Sirius wasn’t used to emotional vulnerability.

Now that they had gotten up, and started walking back to Remus’ house, Sirius began to panic, looking over at Remus every two seconds to see if he was disgusted yet.

He could see the dark stain on Remus’ shirt, but the other boy didn’t seem to notice, or care.

When it had started to get too cold, Remus pulled back, standing and offering a hand to Sirius so they could walk home. Sirius had gratefully accepted his hand, and they hadn’t let go since.

That’s got to mean something, right? They had hardly spoken, only a short argument where Sirius insisted he walk Remus home, and Remus didn’t look like he was eager to get back home, to get away from Sirius. If anything, he looked a little dazed, a small smile permanently stuck on his face every time Sirius took a glance at him.

When they paused at Remus’ neighbours, Remus looking more than reluctant to leave, Sirius assured himself that his emotional outburst hadn’t fucked it up, and that Remus didn’t care.

“My stop,” he said regretfully.

“Yeah,” Sirius said, just as reluctant to let Remus go.

“Thanks for the… memorial.” Remus said, but it sounded like a question. He smiled shyly, scuffing his shoes on the footpath. “Ok, no, thank you for the sunset.”

“Thank you for the kissing,” Sirius teased, and Remus sighed, trying to pull away from him.

Sirius tugged him back and kissed him firmly, about to pull away when Remus’ hands came up to hold his face in place, kissing back with a fervor that Sirius really didn’t mind.

When Remus drew back his breath was coming out short, throwing a few small coughs into the crook of his elbow while Sirius kissed the top of his head. Then he started shuffling away, walking
backwards as long as he could so he could keep looking at Sirius, finally turning around to walk up the path. Sirius watched him until his front door was firmly shut.

Sirius skipped back all the way to school.

*

**Saturday AM**

(10:34) *It’s your Regulus thing today, isn’t it?*

(10:35) **Yup, and he insists on meeting on the grounds and walking there together. Talk about awkward.**

(10:37) **You’re gonna let him leave alive, right?**

(10:38) **I thought you said I wasn’t the murdering type.**

(10:40) **Unless it was for revenge, I said.**

(10:44) **I wouldn’t exact revenge for myself, though.**

(10:49) **No?**

(10:50) **Nah. I’d get you or James or Peter to do it.**

(10:51) **Oh, marvellous.**

(10:51) **I think I’ll leave it to James.**

(10:55) **Yeah, you should. He’d be the most competent.**

(10:58) **I’m trying not to be offended.**

(11:01) **You have too much of a conscience.**

(11:04) **I laughed at a memorial.**

(11:05) **Ok, you have a WEIRD conscience, but you’ve got one.**

(11:06) **And James doesn’t? He struck me as the mercy type.**

(11:07) **Oh, boy. No way. That guy is all justice.**

(11:08) **Justice James.**

(11:10) **Exactly. He’s told me he’ll kick Regulus’ arse if he does anything funny today.**

(11:14) **Oh good, so I don’t have to try and make that promise now.**

(11:15) **Nah, it’s been covered for you. You got lucky.**

(11:16) **I’ll send James flowers and a thank you card.**

(11:17) **How are my flowers?**
(11:20) Good. New Sheba likes to look at them. I think.

(11:25) Alright, I’m meeting Reg now.

(11:25) Good luck. I’m right here.

(11:26) Thanks, Remus. Send me kisses again, that was funny.

(11:27) xx fuck you xx

(11:27) Nice.

*

Saturday MIDDAY

(12:35) How is it going?

(12:35) XxXxX

*

(12:55) Ok, he’s gone to the toilet short summary:

(12:56) Making sure im not acting out against mum and dad by driving illegally, not acting out against mum and dad by dating a boy, not acting out against mum and dad by getting a tattoo (idk how he found out about that one), asking if my arm is ok, asked if I stopped ‘smoking or whatever’, asked if im doing drugs, asked if I was generally ok

(12:58) So… you’re having lunch with your therapist?

(12:59) Pretty much. But he’s

(12:59) Back, I’ll tell you later.

*

Saturday PM

(2:08) I have been released.

(2:09) Any scars?

(2:10) Surprisingly not.

(2:10) He apologized for what he said weeks ago and just wanted to know if I was actually happier being away from mum and dad or if I was being a little shit.

(2:11) You’re always a little shit, though.

(2:15) Thanks, Moony. I know.

(2:16) ANYWAY he said he can’t promise that they don’t know about the bike thing but they haven’t said anything to him yet.
Is that a good sign or a bad sign?

A good sign. Usually when I mess up they love to turn it into a learning experience for Reg. ‘Don’t end up like Sirius, the miserable son who got arrested.’

Maybe they’re waiting to use it for when Regulus messes up.

Regulus doesn’t mess up! He’s a careful kid.

So, it wasn’t that bad. He asked if we could do it again and I said ok. I know he’s just doing what he needs to so it’s easier.

As long as it makes you happy.

I’m all about the happiness, Moony.

Not that it was all shit before but… Things just seem better now. Recently.

I think I know what you mean.

I have to get going. Practice. Talk to you later?

I have a check up this afternoon and then going to Alice’s. Maybe not so much.

That’s ok. Cya, Moony!

Have fun.

Pft, yeah, you too.

I keep forgetting to mention!

James’ birthday on Thursday, party at the Potters’. Can you make it?

Sure.

But I’d have to get him a present.

Oh, God, what do I get him?

He’s partial to edible g-strings.

Uh, no, I don’t think so.

Don’t get him anything, he’s not asking for it.

I think having a birthday and then having a party is asking for it.

Just bring yourself. That’s the present.

For you, maybe.

And isn’t that all that matters? Me?
(7:56) I’ll get him a watch.

(7:59) A watch?

(7:59) It’s an adult thing to have.

(8:01) That’s fair enough reasoning. I like it.

(8:04) Ok, we’re starting Imagine Me and You. Can’t talk, crying.

(8:05) Bye!

*

(11:35) Good night, Remus.

(11:39) Good night, Sirius.

*

Sunday AM

(9:42) I love away games. I love being on a bus, exploring new schools, intimidating different sets of students.

(9:50) I can’t tell if this is sarcastic.

(9:50) Definitely not!

(9:52) It’s always fun being in new places.

(9:55) Ok, we’re warming up.

(9:58) Good luck!

(9:58) Win this game!

(9:59) That's the plan, Moons! Thanks!

*

(11:03) This is awkward. Moody has come over to visit.

(11:03) You and your stupid bike have broken me. I can’t look at him. I keep breaking into giggles.

(11:04) And he’s noticed, too!

(11:05) Oh no, he’s telling the story.

*

(12:32) We lost, which is a bummer, and James is crying, but at least it wasn’t Peter’s fault so we’re all alive.

(12:35) Wait, Moody is telling who about what?!
What happened to confidentiality.

* 

He told my parents about our weekend, which would have been ok, if he hadn’t called you my boyfriend while my dad was right there.

Oh, God.

Are you ok?! What’s your dad saying?

We’re going through a series of lectures atm

Started with the boyfriend thing, why didn’t I tell him, was I sure, is it a phase

Then I was acting out, spending too much time with Alice, watching too many rom coms.

Then I was bored and trying to find something exciting and ‘unnatural’ because of my illness

THEN he finally realised what Moody said and lost it over the fact that you’re a criminal.

Now he’s just talking about going behind his back and putting myself in danger. Sorry, he said ‘more danger.’

Your dad’s an idiot.

I know, and it’s nothing I hadn’t expected. He’s finally let me go and I’m hiding in my room while he talks about me to mum.

At least you’ve been released.

For now.

I’m actually quite relieved he knows now… He’s going to be weird about it but mum won’t let him make into a big deal. Not after his little hissy fit today.

Well that’s good then.

Yeah. Ok, I’m being summoned again.

Good luck.

Send me kisses.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Good.

* 

You Have (1) New Friend Request: Alice Fortescue

Accept/Decline
Alice Fortescue > Sirius Black

Hey Sirius,

Sorry if this is weird. Remus got his phone taken off him, don’t know when he’ll get it back. Didn’t want you to worry so he’s called me on the landline, asking me to message you about it.

Basically, he’s fine, his dad is just a little ticked off and that he’s getting the usual teenager treatment of being grounded.

(It’s about time, I thought)

Oh, and sorry that you lost your match.

I don’t know how you guys usually end your messages so I’m going to improvise.

xoxo love u lots babe xoxo

Chapter End Notes

why didn't Alice just text Sirius? Well......... I just liked this tone better.

An update! Let's not think about how many months have passed! Just look at it! Yay!

Thank you all so much for your lovely messages and patience! Now I've got some, maybe, sad news.

Week 13 will be the last chapter of Text Talk, along with an epilogue in chapter 14 placed in the future. They will be posted at the same time, though. So the next update will be the last.

you can come yell at me at suzuuya-juuzou.tumblr.com
Week 13

Chapter Summary

Running away, birthday parties, a date, and a campus tour.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday AM

As soon as he stepped foot on the grounds he knew this was a bad idea.

There were hundreds of students milling about the building, none of them paying any mind to Remus as he shifted through them, trying to find some sign or direction to where the boy’s dormitories were kept. So far all he had found was the teacher’s car park and the kissing tree, complete with a couple lip locked and oblivious to Remus’ embarrassment.

He hoped to find a familiar face, but with all the students in their uniform, they all pretty much looked the same. Remus became so overwhelmed with claustrophobia and a sense of drowning that he would have fallen had not a hand been clapped onto his shoulder at that time.

“Remus?” a friendly voice asked, and turning, saw a girl with brilliant green eyes and familiar dark red hair.

“Lily,” Remus sighed with relief, and she smiled and began steering him out of the flood of students.

“Looking for Sirius, I assume?”

Remus just nodded, allowing himself to be directed into the building and down a long corridor.

“I don’t know if he’s with James, but if not, James will know where he is.”

Remus nodded again, resigning himself to the fact that it was too late to turn back now.

She led him through the grounds, around buildings and between bike rakes that Remus quickly became lost in the campus. He wouldn’t have been able to get back home by himself if he suddenly chickened out now.

Lily seemed to notice his unease, patting him easily on the shoulder and gripping his sleeve to direct him through the stream of people.

They finally enter one of the buildings, walking down the wide corridors, past numerous numbered doors that looked as if they were built in the medieval times. It was more a castle than a regular school, the wood of the classroom doors thick and hinged by iron, with a high ceiling coming to a peak.

“This place is huge,” Remus told Lily.

Lily nodded empathetically. “I’m here on a scholarship. You have no idea how scary this place was
in my first year. Lots of good hiding places, though.”

She winked at him.

They turned one final corner, finally meeting a group of students hovering in small groups near a classroom. James spotted them immediately, probably looking out for Lily’s arrival, and gave Remus a big whack on the back when they reach him.

Remus coughed, “There goes a lung.”

James grinned. “Oh well, it’s not like it was doing good by you anyway.”

Remus spotted Peter running up behind James, planting his hands on James’ shoulders and jumping behind him. “Hey, Moony!”

“Hello.”

“You here to see Sirius?”

Remus nodded, looking around in the crowd of students to find him before James drew him back.

“He’s still in the dorm,” he said.

“Probably doing his hair,” Peter added.

James slung an arm around Remus’ shoulders, and told Lily that he and Peter were probably going to be a little late.

“It’s your funeral,” she said and pecked him on the cheek before walking to class.

Again, Remus allowed himself to be dragged through the corridor that was now piling up with students and teachers. James chattered in his ears about this and that, but Remus wasn’t really listening, couldn’t really listen with all of his own thoughts swimming around in his head.

“Hey,” Peter’s voice cut through. “You ok, mate?”

Remus shrugged. “Things are tense at home at the moment. Didn’t really want to be there.”

Peter nodded, also throwing his arm over Remus’ shoulders and walking on his tippy toes to keep up with his height.

“Sirius mentioned,” James said. “Mum’s crying about empty nesting it soon, so if you needed somewhere to stay I think she just might erupt with gratitude.”

“I don’t think that will be necessary,” Remus said quickly. “But, um, thank you.”

James shrugged. “Here to help! Right, Pete?”

“Right,” Peter huffed. Remus could see a bead of sweat falling down the side of Peter’s face from trying to climb stairs as well as keep his arm around Remus. He thought about putting the boy out of his misery and detaching himself, but Remus quite liked the reassurance, and the dedication Peter was showing in the action.

When they rounded the corner the corridor was deserted, and Remus began to worry that they had missed him, that he was sitting in class wondering where his friends were.
A door to his left opened suddenly, and a mess of a boy with half his shirt on came sprinting out. He was pulling his shirt over his head while trying to do up a tie but also wedge on a shoe. His head popped out of the collar before he could collide with them, with Remus, and he suddenly stopped in his tracks and stared.

Sirius’ hair was sticking up at strange angles, some of the buttons of his shirt still weren’t done up and none of his laces were tied, but he stopped in the middle of the corridor to stare at Remus, his mouth falling open and closing like a fish.

“Remus!” he shouted in surprise, but his face read an expression of pure joy. “You’re a maniac. What are you doing here?”

“Oh, I was actually on my way to Tesco for some milk and got lost. Really, why do you think I’m here?”

“It’s a great historical building. I know you’re a nerd like that.”

“I’m not interested in the building.”

“Uh, hi,” Peter cut in, “Hate to interrupt this fantastic flirting, but James and I have a class to attend. So do you, Sirius, but I guess that’s off the table.”

“Anyway, lads,” James clapped Remus’ shoulders again, “We’ll leave you two to it.”

“Have fun!” Peter cheered as he turned away from them.

“Be safe!” James added, following Peter.

“Don’t touch my stuff!” Peter called from down the corridor.

“Don’t die!” James shouted as he turned the corner.

There was a pause, and then a distant echo of Peter’s voice, “Don’t let the boogeyman get you!”

Then there was silence.

“Let’s go inside,” Sirius said. “I mean. If you’re staying.”

“Of course I’m staying.”

Sirius nodded, turning back to the room he came from and waited for Remus to follow. Remus entered the dorm first, his eyes adjusting to the sudden darkness of the room, and he could smell a distinct scent of sweat and mud.

His foot caught on something on the floor and he staggered into a bedpost. He swore under his breath, cursing whatever mysterious object sought to trip him.

“You alright?” Sirius’ voice came from the darkness.

“What the hell is all over the floor?”

“This and that. Bits and pieces. I guess it’s not really, uh, visitor friendly.” Sirius at least had the decency to sound embarrassed.

“It’s like a minefield,” Remus muttered. “Is your electricity bust or something?”
Sirius said deliberately, “I don’t recommend turning on the lights.”

“Why not?”

Remus could hear Sirius shuffling around somewhere to the right of the room, throwing items around as he sifted closer to his destination. “Attracts the moths.”

“It’s nine in the morning.”

“Do you really think a place like this cares for the time of day? This dorm room does as it pleases. Including becoming infested with moths that appear in the day time.”

Remus blindly started reaching around the room, trying to find some furniture to guide him, wanting to edge his way to the windows.

“James and Peter’s warnings make sense now,” Remus said. “I’m very concerned about the hygiene of this place.”

Sirius stopped shuffling around in the darkness. “Is it… are you going to be ok?”

“What? Oh. Yes, fine. When I say that I mean purely in a germophobe way. I can’t see anything but I’m sure there’s mold.”

“It’s a science project,” Sirius said quickly.

“What?”

“The mold. Don’t touch it. It’s for science.”

“I really hope you’re joking. Aha!”

Remus found the edge of the curtains, and dramatically threw them back to reveal the sunlight of the morning, allowing it to come streaming into the room and cast light on all the rubbish and clothes strewn all over the floor.

“I didn’t know we had curtains!” Sirius whined. “I thought they just blacked out the windows!”

“You’re unbelievable,” Remus admonished. He felt better now that he could see Sirius, unevenly buttoned shirt and all. The stress of the last few hours were wearing on Remus, and he suddenly felt exhausted, wanting nothing but to curl up in Sirius’ arms and stay there.

Sirius shuffled over to him, his face soft and concerned, his feet sure on the uneven ground. His ease made Remus fully realise, this was Sirius’ space, his home in the months between holidays. It made him feel warm.

“Everything ok? Well,” Sirius amended, “I know it’s not, really. And this is a surprise. You didn’t strike me as the running away type.”

A corner of Remus’ mouth twitched against his will. “M’not running away. Dad’s been weird and I didn’t want to be around it anymore. I’ve not done anything wrong.”

“No, you haven’t,” Sirius agreed, but then smirked. “Still. You call me dramatic.”

“I’m not running away!” Remus laughed, shoving Sirius lightly. “That’s what James thought, too.”

“He’s got experience with runaways.” Sirius shrugged. “Mrs Potter would be happy to have you.”
Remus raised an eyebrow. “Have you and James discussed this?”

Sirius laughed. “No, actually. It’s just that Mrs Potter is always a good option for a quick fix. She’s a miracle.”

“She does give off magical vibes,” Remus agreed. “Things will be fine. My mum says that Dad just needs to get used to the idea. I’m just really pissed that he took my phone.”

Remus paused, chewing on his bottom lip, wondering if he should keep talking. Sirius waited, eventually poking his cheek to get Remus talking again.

“I don’t like being isolated,” Remus started. “Obviously I don’t get out and meet people often and they usually can’t come see me so it’s the only way I can talk to people… I don’t know,” he trailed off. “It’s stupid.”

“Not at all,” Sirius said sincerely. “It’s how we meet, isn’t it?”

Remus looked up at Sirius’ face, suddenly struck by his brilliant smile and eyes alight with happiness. Remus nearly stepped back from the intensity, suddenly quite embarrassed by Sirius’ words, and the conviction he said them with, as if their meeting was the most important thing in the world to him.

Remus was stuck with what to do, and before he realised what he was doing, he reached out and began unbuttoning and buttoning back up Sirius’ shirt. When he finished, he undid Sirius’ tie, and lined it up to redo, only this time properly and neatly. His face felt hot from what he was doing, and could feel Sirius’ confused expression burn into his skin, but he kept going.

“What… are you doing?” Sirius asked slowly.

“I didn’t know what else to do,” Remus replied truthfully.

“And so you decided to dress me?” Sirius laughed. “Your train of thought is weird.”

Remus rolled his eyes. “Not all of our brains are hardwired for the opposite.”

Sirius started shaking, and Remus had to look up from his task to see that Sirius was giggling, holding his hand over his mouth.

“What’s so funny?” Remus demanded, pulling the tie just a little too tight.

“You said ‘hard’wired.”

Remus laughed despite himself, punching Sirius in the arm while the boy continued to laugh into his hands. Remus couldn't help but laugh too as Sirius slowly lost control, and tears started coming out his eyes as he laughed harder.

“You’ve gone wrong,” Remus said, but soon he was just as far gone as Sirius, the stress and anxiety of the past day seeping out of him in waves of laughter, and soon his head was resting on Sirius’ shoulder as he continued to laugh.

Sirius pressed his nose into Remus’ hair as he slid his arms around Remus’ waist, and they stayed like that well after Remus’ giggling fit subsided. Remus felt hands rest on his shoulders, sliding his own up Sirius back to pause at his shoulder blades, thinking about the phoenix that flew beneath his left hand.
Sirius pulled back a little to press their foreheads together. Remus could feel his breath on his face, and he smiled shyly as he trailed his hand down Sirius’ arm until his fingers found his hand. He linked their fingers together, Sirius compliant, and looked to watch their hands slide together, fascinated by the way they fitted perfectly together.

Remus felt the slide of Sirius’ skin on his own, the hands molding together, their noses bumping into each other, and then hesitantly, the feel of Sirius’ lips hovering close to his own, waiting, asking a question Remus would always say yes to.

Their lips connected, gentle but yearning. It felt different to Remus this time, perhaps because it was behind closed doors in Sirius’ room, or it was the assurance of Sirius’ presence in his life, no matter how much his father wanted it to be different. Sirius would always be here.

Sirius would be right by Remus’ side, no matter what.

Remus pressed against him, Sirius’ hands sliding down Remus’ sides where they stopped at his hips, and he began swirling small circles with the pad of his thumb on his hipbones. Remus tugged on his tie to bring them closer, a death grip on his school shirt, slotting his legs in the spaces between Sirius’, feeling the pressure of something against his knees.

His heart was in his throat when he felt Sirius ungracefully fall back, landing safely on a bed, but also bringing Remus down on top of him.

“Jesus Christ, Sirius,” Remus growled, but it sounded less like a threat. “Scoot up, my legs are still dangling over the edge.”

Sirius backed up, resting his head on the pillow, and watched as Remus followed, straddling on top of him with his legs wedged between his own. There was a tightness in Remus’ stomach as he climbed on top of Sirius, gently pressing their bodies together, scared his weight would crush Sirius. Remus reached up to touch Sirius’ face, hands shaking slightly, relief and affection washing over his as Sirius put his hands over Remus’ and feeling them shake just as much. Sirius smiled up at him, and Remus could feel that smile as they kissed, and without much prompt began opening his mouth wider to allow Sirius in.

Remus didn’t know how long it had been, but it was too soon when he had to pull away, trying hard to regulate his breath. He nuzzled into Sirius’ neck like a puppy, his nose pointed and cold and his lips resting on Sirius’ frantically beating jugular. The rapid rise and fall of Remus’ chest pressed against Sirius’ side, his quick breaths blowing against his neck.

“Are you out of breath?” Sirius smiled, and received a harsh jab in the ribs in response.

“In case you didn’t notice,” Remus wheezed, “My respiratory system is kind of fucked up.”

“No kidding. I was just getting started.”

“I didn’t come all this way just to get insulted.” Remus elbowed Sirius in the ribs anyway, and without wanting to, closed his eyes and pulled closer to Sirius.

“You’re not going to sleep now, are you?” But even to Remus, he sounded tired.

Remus smirked. “Are you objecting to sleeping with me?”

Sirius paused. “Well, you got me there.”

“Then shut up. Don’t ruin this by talking.”
“Rude!”

“You’re doing it again.”

Sirius’ mumbled “Fine,” was the last thing Remus heard before drifting off to a peaceful sleep.

*

Monday PM

It was the last thing either of them expected to walk in on, but in hindsight, it probably made the most sense.

Remus had been fatigued when they first led him to the dorm room, so to find him curled up against Sirius on his bed was hardly illogical. But still, James had worded Peter up that maybe they should enter the dorm loudly, and very, very slowly.

Even their loud steps and barging in didn’t wake the pair, and James put it down to years of sharing a room with other people. Remus snored softly and for once Sirius was silent, not even fidgeting in his sleep, as he was want to do. His right arm was cradled awkwardly, looking isolated compared to the entangled legs and winding torsos so wrapped up in each other.

Peter closed the door carefully behind them, and as the lock clicked Remus’ brows furrowed. James and Peter stood dead in their tracks, but Remus just huffed in his sleep and nuzzled closer into Sirius’ neck. The boys let out their breaths.

“You just get your books and I’ll share with you in class,” James whispered, and Peter nodded. Exaggeratedly, he tiptoed over to his bed in the far left corner of the room, careful not to trip over the shoes, footballs, and books scattered on the floor.

Peter, always the ungraceful one, tripped several times and actually fell atop his bed when he reached it. It took all of James’ will to not fly across the room and strangle him, but the two sleeping boys did not stir.

With excruciating care, Peter sifted through his chest for his Maths textbook, and when he finally pulled it out triumphantly, there was a knock on the door.

“Shit,” Peter hissed, because without even opening the door, they knew who it was.

Sirius had skipped class this morning, and even worse, he had skipped English class.

The knock came again, only sharper, more impatient. James knew the longer they ignored her the worse her temper would be.

“There’s no point playing coy,” her voice snapped through the door. “I know the three of you are in there.”

Three, four, little difference, James thought, when they were all going to be killed anyway.

James took a deep breath, and with a reassuring nod from Peter, unlocked the door.

As the handle turned it only occurred to him then that maybe they should have woken them up first.

“Shit,” Peter said again as McGonagall entered their dorm room and scanned it for presence of Sirius Black.
“Afternoon, Professor,” James said cheerily, but her face did not soften.

“Excellent weather we’re having, yes?” Peter added.

But McGonagall had her eyes locked on the sleeping boys, who still stayed clutched together and, much to James’ chagrin, unconscious.

“Who is that?” McGonagall asked stonily.

“My cousin!” Peter exclaimed at the same time James said, “Our plumber!”

McGonagall raised an eyebrow, and James knew this to mean she was refraining from showing amusement.

“Mr Pettigrew’s cousin, who is also a plumber? Bit young, isn’t he?”

“He’s a prodigy,” James said emphatically.

“He’s clearly not that smart if he would think it a good idea to fall asleep in Sirius Black’s bed. On a school morning.”

“Prodigies aren’t always wise,” Peter said, “They can also be very naïve.”

“Only prodigies?” McGonagall asked, and James knew she was making fun of them.

“Should I, uh, wake them up, Professor?” James asked.

“Don’t bother, Mr Potter. I’ll do it.”

McGonagall, with her hands secured behind her back, slowly approached the boys on the bed. She went over to the side Sirius laid, and slowly brought her face down to his ear.

“Mr Black!” she said sharply, not loudly, but loud enough for Sirius to leap from the bed, causing Remus to go tumbling out on the other side. They both yelped, arms flailing, all the while McGonagall backed away slowly, a small smile playing on her lips.

From the floor, Remus swore viciously, having not seen McGonagall’s foreboding figure.

“Excuse me, but regardless of whether you are a student of mine or not, I would appreciate it if you didn’t swear.”

Remus jumped again, leaping to his feet, and with his cheeks bright red sputtered out an apology.

Sirius also quickly scrambled to stand before his teacher, his cheeks just as red as Remus’.

“Morning, Professor,” he said, embarrassed.

“It is the afternoon, Mr Black,” she replied. “You seem to have slept through the morning.”

“Ah, what a shame.” Sirius ran his hand through his hand, a mannerism he adopted from James, only smoothing it down rather than ruffling it up. Remus just stood silently with his hands lost inside his sleeves, wringing out the hem of his jumper. “I was… um…”

McGonagall didn’t relent. “Preoccupied, I’m sure.”

Both Remus and Sirius’ faces became darker, which James didn’t know could be possible, and given
the situation his cheeks nearly turned red too. This was painful.

Their head of house turned to Remus and asked, “What is your name?”

“Oh, um, Remus.” The room became silent, McGonagall waiting, and Remus sputtered out, “Lupin. I’m Remus Lupin.”

“What are you doing here, Mr Lupin?”

Remus’ words caught in his throat, so he just roughly jabbed his hand toward Sirius and said, “Him.”

Peter coughed, trying to disguise his laughter, and when Remus realized what he said he groaned and covered his face in his hands.

“I came here to see Sirius,” his voice muffled through his hands.

“Well, I see you found him,” McGonagall was openly smiling now, “But I’m afraid I must ask you to leave. Visitors need to sign in at the front office and wait until the student is available to be seen. This is usually during the allotted time for recess and lunch, so perhaps you should try again then. Until then, Mr Black is going to come with me to my office and we can discuss appropriate punishments for skipping my class this morning. Isn’t that right, Mr Black?”

“Yes, Professor,” Sirius grumbled.

“I’m sure Mr Potter and Mr Pettigrew will show you out, Mr Lupin. Just as they showed you in, I suppose.”

And with that, McGonagall left, trailing an embarrassed Sirius Black behind her.

“Well,” Peter said jovially in the awkward silence that followed, “Guess we’ll lead you out.”

Remus wouldn’t look either of them in the eye all the way to the gate.

*

(8:42) I got my phone back.

(8:43) Miracles do occur!!

(8:45) I had to endure three hour long lectures from each parents before it was given back to me...

(8:45) That’s understandable, considering that you ran away.

(8:46) I did not! Be quiet!

(8:48) There was a point where they both said “What if something had happened to you and we didn’t know?”

(8:48) And I had to explain that if I had my phone that wouldn’t be a problem.

(8:49) OH, RIGHT

(8:49) Did you get home ok??

(8:50) No. I died.
8:51) Bummer. So how’d it go with dad?

8:55) He’s resigned to it by now. There will be an adjustment period, as my mum put it, but the time for punishments is over.

8:56) Speaking of!

8:57) I have to write an essay on the important of attending class now, especially in my critical final year.

8:58) I would apologise but I feel like you could benefit from writing such an essay.

8:59) I demand you help me write it.

8:59) I'll even sign your name on it.

9:05) You’re hilarious. That’s not happening.

9:05) I have my own essay to write.

9:06) What’s that?

9:07) The importance of sleep. I’m starting now.

9:08) But it’s so early!!! And you just got your phone back!

9:10) I also commuted to and from your school today and then got yelled at a lot. I’ve used up a lot of energy.

9:11) Alright then. I’m not going to point out that you already napped in my dorm but whatever.

9:15) That was nice.

9:16) It was. Kinda wish it was happening again.

9:17) Oh, but it’s sooooo early.

9:18) Shut up! I could do something while you slept.

9:19) Like write an essay?

9:22) Or read a book. My two favourite activities.

9:23) Would you read to me?

9:25) If you wanted.

9:26) What would you read?

9:30) … The very hungry caterpillar?

9:32) Try something a bit more advanced.

9:33) Winnie the Pooh.
Tuesday AM

(9:03) I really hope you learned your lesson about skipping class because I am, right now.

(9:05) I forgot to mention that I have to write my essay during lunchtime, so yes, I have learned my lesson.

(9:06) I have a lot of work to do today. Mum is relentless. Think she’s a little upset with me.

(9:08) What was your golden rule? Don’t upset the teacher?

(9:10) I know. I have made a huge mistake.

(9:12) Haven’t learned my lesson about texting in class, though. And neither have you. Is teacher not breathing down your neck?

(9:14) Teacher gave me work then went to do grocery shopping. I have around an hour to finish this.

(9:16) But here you are, texting me.

(9:18) I have never claimed to be wise.

(9:20) Go get your work done Moony.

(9:21) If I have to.

* 

(10:10) I can’t believe you ran away from home.

(10:11) I’m blocking your number.

(10:11) I can’t believe

(10:13) It’s been nice knowing you Alice. Good bye.

* 

Tuesday PM

(2:05) I’ve got something for you.

(2:06) Now isn’t the time, Moons. I’m with the scary lady.

(2:07) I thought she was the love of your life?
(2:07) No, that doesn’t matter. I’m helping.

(2:08) The Importance of Attending Class

Foreword by: Remus Lupin

School is an important part of society. Without education we would not have a developing country, would not have the advance scientific knowledge that we have, would not have the iPhone. Had Tim Cook, a famous gay, not been educated appropriately to take over the corporate void that is Apple Inc., then we would not be the droning slaves of technology that we are. We owe it all to Cook.

Sirius Black, likewise a famous gay, although his fame can be more attributed to infamy than anything, will become an important part to the technological Hellspace when he builds the writer robotic lungs. It fills the writer with such great regret that he took Mr Black away from a place that could contribute to this creation.

The writer imparts his deepest apologies, full of honest sincerity and empathy, as his home-schooling experience knows the pain of not being able to avoid punishment for wrong doing. I will continue to do my best to attend all classes at the kitchen table, and can vouch for Mr Black that he will also continue to attend each and every class until graduation (or else, and this is a personal promise to Deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall from Remus John Lupin, Mr Black will find himself without a boyfriend willing to see him, severely disappointed at his jeopardising of robotic lungs).

Now, on to the essay.

-J. Lupin.

*

(3:14) I think McG is happy you didn’t attend Hogwarts.

(3:15) I’m offended. I put my heart and soul into that foreword.

(3:16) I can tell she was amused, but only because I speak McGonagall. But also relieved that she didn’t have to deal with you for years.

(3:18) To be honest, I’m glad I don’t have to face her after our encounter.

(3:19) HA yeah. Moony, you fucked up.

(3:20) Shut up!! I was shocked!!

(3:21) You were scared shitless.

(3:22) That too. Mostly that.

(3:23) It’s completely understandable. I don’t blame you.

(3:25) Thank you. All the way to the front gate, Peter wouldn’t stop making fun of me.

(3:27) He was probably just glad it wasn’t him for once.

(3:28) James is getting antsy without football practice. I’m getting him a treadmill for his birthday.
Not one of those spinning wheels they put mice in?

Nah, I’ll get one for Peter.

He’s dragging me outside to play for a bit.

Have fun getting grass rash.

I always do.

It was raining. So much grass rash.

RIP those beautiful legs.

You’re mourning for my legs more than you’ve ever mourned for Sheba.

Priorities?

If that’s what you call it.

Definitely priorities.

Dude, where are you?

Out.

Out?? Where?? All of your friends are here.

I have other friends!

RIP those beautiful legs.

You’re mourning for my legs more than you’ve ever mourned for Sheba.

Priorities?

If that’s what you call it.

Definitely priorities.

Dude, where are you?

Out.

Out?? Where?? All of your friends are here.

I have other friends!

[Added to the conversation]

Pete, does James have any other friends?

Besides us? He better not.

Thank you.

I so too have other friends! Look, I gotta go. My other friends need me.

Need you for what?

What are you doing?

Are we married?

Practically thb

I’ll tell ya later.
(9:40) On my death bed?? Jamesy, you’re keeping secrets!

(9:40) Sirius is right! You’ve been secretive!

(9:41) Spill the beans, Potter!

(9:41) We’re onto you!

(9:42) And we’re gonna stay up until you get back!

(9:42) Yeah!

(9:42) Hang on, that could be a while.

(9:43) Are you a wimp, Wormtail?

(9:43) Yes. We know this about me already.

(9:44) Time for you to grow a spine, mate.

(9:44) Time for you to grow some brain cells. James isn’t replying anymore.

(9:45) So?

(9:45) We’re in the same fucking room.

(9:46) I see. The stake out starts. We’re waiting for you, Prongs!

*

(9:50) James is hiding something and I’m going to find out what.

(9:50) That’s nice dear.

(9:51) He’s sneaking out with other people. OTHER people!

(9:53) Mm, that’s nice.

(9:55) So I’m staying up until he comes back and confront him about it.

(9:55) Ok. Good luck with it.

(9:57) Padfoot?

(10:05) …You’ve already fallen asleep, you big idiot.

*

(10:01) Don’t panic, James. The prick is already asleep.

(10:01) Cheers, Pete.

(10:02) You do have to tell us what you’re doing, though.

(10:03) Eventually.
Wednesday AM

(7:15) Eventually is not soon enough!
(7:15) It’s as soon as you’re gonna get it.
(7:17) \(-_-)\)
(7:18) I’m throwing your phone down the fucking toilet.

(9:01) Moony, it’s happened!!
(9:01) It’s happening!!!!
(9:03) What is?
(9:03) The counter-pranksters have come out of hibernation!
(9:04) What have they done?
(9:04) They’re playing Never Gonna Give You Up over the loudspeakers.
(9:04) The song finished… Aaaand it’s started again.
(9:05) The office people don’t know how to turn it off. Apparently the microphone has been stolen.
(9:06) Rick Rolling? I don’t know, Padfoot. It sounds like they’re losing their touch.
(9:08) Rick Rolling is timeless, Moony. Good harmless fun.
(9:09) If you say so, O Mighty Prankster.
(9:09) I don’t appreciate your tone.
(9:10) I think it’s time I did it, you know.
(9:11) Do what?
(9:12) Confront them. We know of one member. I’m going to talk to her.
(9:12) Oh, right, the girl you stalked.
(9:13) It wasn’t stalking!
(9:13) Spying.
(9:14) I can practically hear the tone in that text. Don’t say it like that!
(9:14) You’re a spy who spies on girls like a creepy spy.
(9:17) Am not! Look, we’ve been over this. The point is now that I’m going to talk to her.
And say what?

* 

I asked her if she was a part of the group pulling all of these pranks.

That’s… straight to the point.

She denied everything.

Of course. Your interrogating leaves much to be desired.

I confronted her about catching her in the act.

Please choose your words carefully.

The squid!! Come on, Moony.

And?

She denied that, too.

Well, what a surprise.

She used that tone of voice, though.

What tone of voice?

The ‘I’m saying that I have no idea what you’re talking about but really I do’ tone of voice.

That’s an oddly specific tone of voice.

Come on, you know what I’m talking about, right?

I’m sorry Padfoot, but I can’t say that I do.

If that was you trying to use that tone it didn’t really work, since this is texting.

But you managed to pick up that I WAS using the tone through the text.

This is getting off topic! I need a bribe, or blackmail…

No blackmailing! Illegal!

Buzz kill.

I’m not busting you out of jail again.

There it is, the jail joke.

No blackmailing.

Fine, fine! No blackmailing! … But bribery is fine?

If you have something worth giving…
I have Pokemon trading cards.

I don’t think that’s going to cut it.

Who knows? Dorcas could be a closet Pokemon fan.

Everyone is a Pokemon fan, Sirius. I just don’t think it’s a fair trade.

Well, I’ll think of something. Eventually. Until then I guess I’ll just keeping listening to Never Gonna Give You Up.

It’s still playing?

You bet! It never stopped! Soon enough I’m going to turn into Rick Astley.

I’d probably be better romanced if that was the case.

I’m romancing you fine as it is! I seem to be the one that comes up with the dates here!

Fine, I’ll arrange a date.

Wait, no. Not this Saturday.

What, why?

Because I’m taking you out!

But you were just complaining…

I know, I know. But next time. I shotgun taking you out this weekend!!

Fiiine. Gives me more time to think up something then…

Glad that’s settled.

I have to do actual work now, if I hope to pass my final exams.

Why would you hope for a thing like that?

Good bye Padfoot.

* 

Wednesday PM

Moony.

Yes?

We’re no strangers to love.

Um… Ok?

You know the rules and so do I.

What rules? When did we make rules?
(2:58) A full commitments what I’m thinking off.

(2:59) I’d bloody well hope so.

(3:01) You wouldn’t get this from any other guy.

(3:03) Did you just ‘nice guy’ me? Sirius Fedora Black.

(3:05) I just wanna tell you how I’m feeling.

(3:06) Oh my god

(3:07) I can’t believe it took me this long to realise.

(3:08) Gotta make you understand.

(3:10) I understand ok!!! Stop this now!!

(3:13) Moony.

(3:14) What?

(3:16) I’m never gonna give you up.

(3:17) I’m going to stop replying.

(3:17) I’m never gonna let you down!

(3:19) Never gonna run around and dessert you!!

(3:20) …You spelled desert wrong.

(3:21) Maybe I wanna cover you in ice cream, you don’t know.

(3:21) Please don’t, that would be cold.

(3:22) Don’t worry Moony, I’m never gonna make you cry.

(3:23) Bye

(3:24) Never gonna say good bye!!

(3:26) Never gonna tell a lie and hurt you.

*

(5:53) Hey, we still doing Sunday?

(5:53) Frank can drive us over.

(5:54) Oh, thank god.

(5:57) Yeah, I wasn’t looking forward to getting transport over either.

(5:57) Have you ever thought about moving out for uni?
Alice, we’ve just tackled the question ‘Have you ever thought about uni?’ Of course I haven’t!

Well hey, now’s the time!

Campus is pretty far away, but it’s your first pick, right?

Yeah, so far.

Then moving out might have to be something you consider. Especially if you don’t get your license soon.

I’ll talk to mum about it, have a look on the university website.

Good thinking!

Well, since Frank is taking us, we don’t have to get up at an ungodly hour.

Thank goodness. Nothing makes me dread the future much like waking up early.

We’ll probably be around at midday. Get all of your important questions ready!

‘What’s your policy on sleeping during lectures?’

Please, they won’t care.

Sure hope not, because it’s inevitable.

‘What’s your policy on bringing small animals into lectures?’

What small animal do you have that you want to bring into a lecture?

None, yet.

I think a kitten would be nice!

‘What’s your policy on pets in the dorms?’

Nooooo, Remus, you don’t ask! You just do it and hide them when there are inspections!

All of my friends are delinquents.

Oh yeah, of the most depraved kind.

So, you’re thinking of moving out?

Well, I have a fair bit of money saved up from working for Grandpa. And my job there is secure.

So, yeah, I’m thinking about it. Either on campus or in a share house.

Have you talked to Frank about it?

He’s taking a year off first to find a job. His mum isn’t pleased.

I can imagine. She’s a hard one.
She is. It’s terrifying every time I’m over and they bring it up.

I’ll think about it.

Good! Time to get your life moving, Lupin!

Yeah, yeah.

Watch out world, Remus Lupin is on the prowl.

Woah, hey. It’s more like a … A walk. Remus Lupin is on a walk.

A hurried walk?

One of those half-jog things.

Remus Lupin is on a half-jog thing.

There. That sounds nice.

Sounds nerdy. And slow.

One step at a time, Alice.

Whatever, See you Sunday, nerd!!

*

We’ve known each other for so long.

Please give it a rest.

Your heart’s been aching but you’re too shy to say it.

Inside we both know what’s going on

We know the game and we’re gonna play it

Are you done now?

Hang on, there are two more lines I haven’t used.

Ok then.

And if you ask me how I’m feeling, don’t tell me you’re too blind to see.

Finished?

Yeah, now we just get into the repetition of ‘never gonna give you up’.

Good, good. I already know those lines.

Yeah. It stopped playing when the school day finished.

Moony, that’s six hours. Six hours of Rick.
I've lost my mind.

And you had to punish me too?

I had to get it out of me, before it festered and corrupted my soul.

First, your hair would turn ginger.

But then I’d get some cool glasses.

And then… a striped shirt? My memory of the video clip is fading.

I’d watch it to continue this joke but I don’t want to have to listen to the song again.

That's reasonable. I also don’t want to be tormented again.

I’d have nightmares, probably.

Probably. Don’t worry, I’ll be here to get through them with you.

That would be comforting if you weren’t also the cause.

Let’s just forget that part. I’m being suave.

You absolutely are not.

I’m trying.

You would have had a better chance if you hadn’t Rick Rolled me all day.

I’ve learned my lesson, ok!

Not well enough.

Again, I don’t see you doing any suave-ing.

I’m just not that enamoured with you. Especially after today.

You wound me! I am truly hurt.

Ok, fine.

Hmmmm…

You’re pretty cool sometimes.

I’m swooning.

Monday was the best sleep I’ve had in a long time. It felt safe.

Aw

Ah

Yeah ok that’s better.
Thursday AM

(9:43) Does James wear gold or silver jewellery?

(9:44) Uh

(9:45) So far he only wears a friendship bracelet I made him in first year so. Yellow and red jewellery?

(9:45) You made him a friendship bracelet? That's so cute.


(9:49) So cute. So he has no preference?

(9:51) Moony, I’m gonna say that if you get him a Ben 10 watch that he’d be happy.

(9:55) I don’t think mum will find that very amusing.

(9:56) Apparently watches are very important.

(9:58) They’re good for telling the time.

(10:04) Mum has decided on silver, gold might be a bit too outlandish.

(10:06) Outlandish is James’ middle name.

(10:06) Ok no it’s not, it’s Fleamont.

(10:09) You think up the weirdest names.

(10:10) I’m not lying, for once.

(10:11) What?

(10:13) His middle name is Fleamont. After his dad.

(10:14) Oh my God. Please don’t tell him I called his name weird.

(Devil’s Stag was added to the conversation)

(10:15) Moony said your middle name was weird.

(10:15) Hey! What did I just say!

(10:16) Don’t worry mate, it fuckin’ is.

(10:18) It’s very unique.
My mum had to add it onto the birth certificate when dad wasn’t looking. He was against the idea.

Can’t say I blame him. Why further curse a child? Especially one so ugly and full of secrets?

I’m going to make you high five my Bunsen burner in a minute.

James do you prefer gold or silver?

GOLD.

Wow, what a shocker, coming from the wealthy kid.

Said the rich kid to the other.

You honestly prefer gold?

Hell yeah! King Midas had the right idea.

Why do you ask?

Some might say that gold is a bit outlandish.

Suits me perfectly then, hm?

That’s what I thought.

Brilliant. I’ll make a note of it.

For when?

Your funeral. I’m thinking a gold casket.

That’s pretty cool, actually. I’ll accept that.

I want a gold casket!

Padfoot, you’re most likely going to end up as a body dump.

He’s right. If I’m not the one murdering you, it’ll probably be him.

Or one of my cousins. I think they’d happily do it.

Is that was Reg said?

More or less.

Hey! Moony, you’re coming tonight, right? Sirius said you were but I think he said that before he even told you about it.

That sounds like something he would do. Yes, I am coming. What time?

Mum reckons she’ll be finished preparing by seven, so anywhere after that.

Preparing what?
You know Mum. A buffet of sorts.

Moony, you allergic to anything?

No, I'm all good.

Alright, I have to go. See you later James!

Cya mate!

Aw, no good bye for me?

Nah.

Get rekt.

Thursday PM

So, is it casual wear?

Nah, obviously the Potters have a strict dress code. Nothing less than a tux.

But mine's still in the drycleaners from my last attendance of an 18th birthday party.

That was like two weeks ago.

Fire your drycleaners.

But they do well at getting bloodstains out. And they don't ask questions.

Guess those sorts of drycleaners are hard to come by…

Still, they're taking their sweet time.

So what else can I wear to this engagement?

Do you have a regular suit?

I have one with a floral print.

Too outlandish, even for the Potters?

Perhaps a bit. Might wanna tone it down.

It's either sweat pants or floral suit I'm afraid.

Meet me in the middle. Sweat pants with the floral suit?

I mean, it could work, but…

But what?

Well, as my date you'll have to match.
(6:04) Who said I’m your date?

(6:05) No you’re right, I’m going to attend with Wormtail. I’ll ask him to match with me.

(6:07) Hang on, let’s not be hasty. I’ll be your date.

(6:09) Good. I need you to wear a sweater and dress pants.

(6:12) For balance. I see. I can do that.

(6:15) I’m pleased to hear that. I’ll see you later.

(6:18) See you later.

*

(7:35) Hey, I think we’re at the right house? Come out the front.

(7:35) Ok.

(7:35) Hey handsome

Remus smiled, locking his phone before his mum could see the message on the screen, and turned in
the passenger seat to give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Message me when it’s over – or, whenever you want to come home,” she said gently. “But not too
late.”

Remus nodded, bid her a quick good bye and climbed out of the car.

The house wasn’t that big, which surprised Remus greatly, looking modestly humble in shrouds of
clipped bushes sculptured like animals. As Remus followed the short ceramic tile path to the front
door he could spot a lion, an eagle, and a badger trimmed from the hedges.

When he reached Sirius, he turned back to wave his mum off, and Sirius waved too. Remus’ mum
smiled at them, and pulled out onto the road.

“She hates me, doesn’t she?” Sirius said and Remus couldn’t help but laugh at his worried tone.

“‘Course not,” Remus reassured him, before changing the topic. “I’d hate to ask the obvious, but
what’s with the hedges?”

Sirius blinked at him, then looked at the front yard as if seeing it for the first time. “Oh, the animals?”

“What else?”

“It’s a hobby of Mr Potter’s. He’s doing a snake next. They’re the, uh, mascots for each of the
houses at Hogwarts.”

Sirius opened the front door for him, a stream of soft music and warmth hitting his body as he
stepped in. The floors were carpeted, and a bundle of shoes were set at the front door. Remus took
the initiative and slipped off his shoes.

“That’s a lot of pride for your son’s school,” Remus commented.

Sirius shrugged. “Mum and Dad Potter went to Hogwarts too. So did my parents. A lot of the same
families go there.”

Remus hadn’t asked how many people would be there, and he started to regret not having the foresight as he stepped into the Potter’s lounge room and was immediately struck by the surmounting bodies huddled on and hanging over the couch and arm chairs.

He recognised some of them from the football match, especially taking note of the flaming orange heads he knew too well, but there were a few faces that were new. Remus hardly had time to even process them before James and Peter were launching from their seats at him.

“Moony!” Peter bellowed, but James reached him first and patted him so roughly on the back that he couldn’t help but cough.

“Sorry mate,” James said, but he smiled through the words, not at all looking sorry.

“Happy birthday,” Remus said, handing over the carefully wrapped present. James looked genuinely surprised, looked like he was about to protest before Remus cut in, “Of course I would buy you a birthday present, when I've been invited to your birthday party, on your birthday.”

“Right.” James ruffled the back of his head sheepishly, then tore into the present. He shouted when he saw what it was, suddenly punching Remus in the arm.

“What the hell!” Remus rubbed the sore spot on his arm.

“Now I know why the weird question about silver or gold,” James replied. He tossed the torn paper onto the coffee table and tried to tackle putting the watch on by himself and failing miserably. Remus took the watch from him impatiently, clipping it on quickly and setting the face of the watch to look up. James admired it, twisting his wrist to watch it glitter in the light, a broad smile on his face.

“Now you’ll have to learn how to read clocks,” Sirius joked.

James waved a hand. “Nah, that’s Peter who doesn’t know.”

Peter looked startled at his sudden inclusion in the conversation, crossing his arms over his chest. “It’s hard, I’ll have you know.”

James rolled his eyes. “Sure,” he said. “I’ll introduce you, Remus. Come on.”

Remus stepped out from under the precipice of the hallway and the lounge room, blindly searching for Sirius’ hand behind him. Remus liked meeting new people, even if sometimes the experience wasn’t always pleasant – always full of pity, soft eyes and hushed voices as if he were already dead – but the comfort of having Sirius there was calming, and he felt that calm wash through him when Sirius linked his fingers between his.

Remus expected to be introduced to each person one by one, but when James stopped in the middle of the middle and shouted, “This is Remus! Say hi!” Remus was not prepared for all of the eyes to be fixed on him, to have a chorus of greetings directed at him. He waved shyly as James threw his arm around his shoulders, beginning to point out people sitting on the couch and naming them.

“You know Lily, then that’s Marlene, and Dorcas, and Mary –”

“Oh, we’ve met,” Mary cut in. She winked at him as she blew a bubble between her lips, letting it pop and stick to her chin.

“Right,” James said, “I probably don’t want to know.”
“Probably not,” Sirius assured him.

Dorcas had only looked up long enough to acknowledge him, waving her hand minutely, then looking back down at the DS in her hands and furiously clicking buttons. Marlene watched her play, chin resting on Dorcas’ shoulder, but lifted her head to talk to Remus.

“Hey, hey,” she said. “Think I saw you at the game.”

“I remember,” Remus said. “Nice to see you again.”

Marlene raised an eyebrow. “Yeah, you too, to be honest. Wouldn’t do well to have Sirius sulk before finals.”

“There’s still time,” Dorcas said, not looking up from her game.

“Talk about wishing the best for me,” Sirius mumbled.

One orange head, previously hanging over the back of the couch to watch whatever Dorcas was playing, looked up at them and smiled.

“We’ve already lost our chance at the grand final,” one of the Prewetts – Remus didn’t know which one – said. “What else could he sulk about?”

Mary turned on the couch to face him. “Just wondering, Fab, but are you visually impaired?”

Fabian waved a hand on front of his face. “Don’t look like it.”

“Right,” Mary said sardonically. “Just checking.”

“Anyway,” James cut in quickly, “That’s Fabian, Gideon is next to him, and the little twitchy guy is Barty.”

Remus definitely remembered Barty, especially his stricken face after he got a foul against Goyle in that football match on the match point, but now he looked a lot calmer, with more colour in his face.

But Remus couldn’t help but agree with James’ description. Barty was twitchy.

“Hey,” he said, walking around the couch to shake Remus hand, and continued to shake his hand as he said, “Nice to meetcha, real nice.”

“You too,” Remus said tepidly. He carefully extracted his hand from Barty’s grip.

“Well, that’s the gang,” James said. “Come to the kitchen and see Mum.”

James led him through the lounge room, Sirius still gripping his hand and following behind, and they stepped through double swinging doors. Remus could feel the coolness of the kitchen tiles through the hole in his sock, the rest of the kitchen radiating coolness from the marble counter tops and windowed cupboards.

Mrs Potter bustled around the kitchen island, adorned with a platter and various finger foods, while Mr Potter followed behind his wife and whispered words that Remus could not hear.

“Mum,” James said to draw her attention. “You’re not freaking out again, are you?”

“Definitely not,” Mrs Potter replied, but her strained expression said otherwise.
“This is plenty, darling,” Mr Potter told her quietly, almost so quietly that Remus barely heard him.

“Is it really?” Mrs Potter fretted. She turned to her son, catching sight of Remus almost hiding behind him, and changed from worried to a beaming smile. She looked much like James, Remus suddenly thought, and instinctively braced himself as she approached him and pulled him into a tight embrace.

“Hello,” Remus said dazedly when she pulled back.

“Good to see you, dear,” Mrs Potter said, then took his arm and pulled him over to the kitchen island. “Now tell me, does this look like enough food? Would this be enough for you?”

“Mum,” James groaned.

Remus spluttered, tripping over his words because yes, there was plenty to eat, too much even, Remus couldn’t imagine how they would manage to get through it all in one evening.

Mrs Potter looked over Remus’ shoulder. “Sirius, what do you think?”

“Think it’s heaps,” Sirius said. “I’ll revel in the stomach ache it gives me.”

Mrs Potter whacked his head with her ovenmit. “Don’t eat too much. I don’t want to hear that you missed another class.”

Remus instantly felt guilty, but Sirius laughed. “Promise, I promise.”

“Good. James, get back to the living room, you can’t just leave your guests.”

“Yes, Mum,” James droned good-naturedly, and the three of them went back into the lounge room.

Peter had set up the old Nintendo 64 sitting under the wide screen television, already starting up Mario Kart and giving a controller to Gideon, Fabian and Lily.

“Round Robin style,” Peter said to them. “Winner gets to continue to the next game, and losers have to hand their controller over to the next person in line. First to win five games in a row is declared the ultimate winner. Sirius, Remus, you in?”

Lily had already picked her player – Princess Peach – and was waiting impatiently for the other boys to begin.

“Answer him quickly,” she said. “I’m ready to win.”

“I’m gonna show Moony around the house first,” Sirius said, then turned to Remus. “If that’s ok?”

Remus sighed in relief. “Yes. I actually really need to pee.”

Sirius laughed and dragged him back out into the hallway, past the kitchen this time, and pointed to the doors as they passed and named them.

“That’s the study, Mrs Potter uses it and all of the books are in there. This is Mr and Mrs Potter’s bedroom, I’ve been in there once and it was strange.”

Remus stopped walking and looked at Sirius quizzically. “Why was it strange?”

Sirius looked at him like it was obvious. “Because it’s the parents’ bedroom. That’s, like, off limits.”

“I often sit in on my parents’ bed. There’s good lighting for reading in there.”
Sirius huffed. “Guess it must have been a Black thing,” he said absently. “Anyway.”

The bathroom was next, with pale blue floor tiles and basin, and blissfully a toilet.

Sirius’ and James’ bedrooms were at the back of the house, near the backdoor to the garden. Sirius briefly opened James’ bedroom door, showing Remus only a quick sight of his mess of a bed, then dragged Remus over to the next room.

“And this is my room!” Sirius told him excitedly, throwing open the door and making a sweeping gesture for Remus to step in.

It was a very simple room, although that hardly surprised Remus. The entire house was modestly minimal, not boasting of their wealth, and Sirius would only be spending a small portion of his year in this bedroom. It was mostly bare, for Remus assumed all of his stuff was strewn across his dorm room floor, but posters and photographs were blu-tacked to the wall above his bed.

A desk was pressed against the wall, under a window that overlooked the backyard. Various trinkets and mechanical parts lay on the top, the dark wood of the desk stained with motor oil.

“Used to be the guest room so it’s not that flash,” Sirius said nervously. “Even before I lived here, I just slept on James’ floor.”

Remus inspected the posters, shots of motorbikes and cars, some slick with fresh paint while others were taken apart, their insides bared and labelled.

“It’s very you,” Remus said, indicating to the pictures.

Sirius shrugged. “If all else fails, mechanic is still an option.”

Remus had to climb onto the bed to look at the photographs above the headboard. There was a succession of group shots, Sirius and James with Peter in the middle, starting from their first year of school to the previous year. Remus was struck by the glorious smile on Sirius’ face, in each and every photo, his true pleasure of being there with his friends.

“These are nice photos,” Remus said.

Sirius got onto the bed, shuffling up beside Remus to look at them too. “We haven’t taken this year’s yet. But, yeah. I like them.”

Sirius had a kind of dreamy smile on his face, one that told Remus he couldn’t quite believe his luck, having such close friends that loved him. Remus leaned over and kissed his cheek, snapping Sirius back to reality.

“You’re sappy,” Sirius said with a broad smile.

“We’ve been over this,” Remus replied, ducking down to kiss his other cheek.

Sirius playfully slapped him away, a giveaway smile on his face as he shuffled down to the other end of the bed. Remus followed, swinging his legs over the edge and knocking his feet against Sirius’.

“It’s a good home,” Remus said lightly as they began wrestling with each other’s feet. “Better than your dorm, at least.”

Sirius laughed. “Well, that’s not very hard. But thanks. It’s home here.”

Remus felt light. He felt like a soft calm had wrapped around him, simply by being this close to
Sirius, in a space that was intricately Siru. Sirius, too, looked like he was floating, radiating an aura of peacefulness that Remus got sucked into. Their own quiet bubble.

As Remus thought, he lowered his head to kiss Sirius’ shoulder, trailing along to the crook of his neck before he stopped. He had an idea.

“Hey,” Remus asked gently, prodding Sirius’ shoulder, “Can I see it?”

“See what?” Sirius replied slyly. Remus whacked him over the head.

“Your tattoo. Can I see it? I’ve only seen the picture. It’s healed, right?”


Remus didn’t know why he didn’t anticipate this. He knew, on some level, that clothing would need to be rearranged so he could see it, but he just didn’t expect the entirety of Sirius’ bare back to be in the picture, having grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled it up to his neck. His shoulders were exposed too, which was the main goal, but even at the front Sirius’ shirt had ridden up over his abdomen.

Remus’ cheeks felt very hot. This was not where he was planning on things going.

“You looking?” Sirius asked and for a moment Remus forgot what he was meant to be looking at.

_Tattoo. Right._

Remus huffed. “I’m looking, alright.”

Sirius shot him a smirk over his shoulder, and that’s when Remus saw it.

The phoenix was a brilliant blaze of orange, red, and yellow, flames licking up its feathery tail as it soared across his shoulder blade. The colours mingled together in swirls and flicks, Remus tracing its pattern with the tip of his finger.

“Shit,” he whispered. “Sorry, didn’t mean to do that.”

Sirius shook his head, the ends of his dark hair tickling the phoenix. “Keep going if you want, it’s fine. You’d be surprised by how many people have the urge to touch tattoos.”

His voice was quiet, and Remus couldn’t see his face through the jungle of his long hair. He wondered how often people touched Sirius like this, gentle and caring, as if his skin would pierce under the slightest point. Remus slid his fingers over the tattoo again, following the phoenix’s back to the tip of its beak.

“A phoenix,” Remus said quietly. “Very symbolic.”

“Rising from the ashes. Brand new start.” His shoulder jolted in a shrug. “Yeah, I know.”

Remus pressed his hand flat against Sirius’ back, his fingers splayed. The tattoo wasn’t much bigger than his hand, the skin underneath his palm quite warm.

He dragged his hand down slowly, his thumb smoothing over the bumps and ridges of Sirius’ spine. Sirius straightened his back as Remus got lower, watching over his shoulder as Remus curved his hand around and pressed against his stomach. Remus leaned in and kissed the phoenix, pulling Sirius closer against him.
“You just wanted an excuse to feel me up,” Sirius said, leaning his head back against Remus’ chest. Remus smoothed the hair away from Sirius’ face to look at him, then shrugged in response. “You’re the one who practically stripped in front of me.”

Sirius hummed in agreement. “I should put this back on before someone walks in and gets the wrong idea.”

“Jee, and what idea would that be?” Remus joked as Sirius struggled to pull his arm back into the shirt.

“That you tricked me into doing something scandalous,” Sirius replied.

“I’m sure they’d believe you, too,” Remus said sarcastically.

Once Sirius had sorted out his shirt, they quietly slipped back into the lounge room. The game had been paused as food was set out on the coffee table in the middle of the room, but Lily held her controller protectively in her lap.

“I’m on my third win,” she told Sirius when they came in.

“Already?” Sirius said incredulously. “We’re gonna have to disqualify you from these competitions.”

“That’s not fair,” said a dark girl from the couch, Remus already forgetting her name. She shovelled potato chips into her mouth as she spoke, “Lily has been practicing non-stop to even match the level you guys are on at this game.”

“Really?” James asked and he sounded a little proud.

“Competitive by nature,” Lily said happily. “Plus, dorming with Dorcas will have that effect on you.”

“Competitiveness?” Gideon asked.

“No,” Lily grinned. “Getting good at video games.”

“Thanks, Lils,” the girl from the couch said, and that’s when Remus remembered.

“Oh, you’re – you’re that Dorcas!” he exclaimed, immediately clapping a hand over his mouth before he could say anything else. The Dorcas that Sirius stalked to find out if you were a prankster.

“How many Dorcas’s do you know?” she said with a smirk. “And what do you mean by that?”

Remus felt the heat rising in his cheeks again, only this time it was more painful. “Oh. Uh, nothing.”

“You’re the Dorcas that Sirius took out on a date,” Peter informed her mischievously, effectively saving Remus from great embarrassment.

“Let’s not talk about that,” Marlene cut in, throwing a protective arm over Dorcas’ shoulders.

“I agree,” Dorcas said as she snuggled in closer to Marlene. “My taste has gotten better since then.”

Sirius laughed. “You realise that you also just insulted Remus.”

“I’m not insulted,” Remus said. “Just means I’m dating down.”
“Too right you are,” James added and Sirius flipped him the bird.

Remus was beginning to feel tired, slumping against Sirius’ side while the other boy talked animatedly with everyone in the room. Remus watched Dorcas continue to play her game, interjecting every now and then with a sarcastic comment or to whisper something to Marlene. She looked very placid, and Remus could imagine that she spent a lot of time sitting idly and playing games.

“She just doesn’t look like the kind of person to put a giant squid in a lake for kicks,” Remus murmured to Sirius.

“Oh, please,” Sirius sighed. “She spent all of second year firing spit balls at me. Dorcas is definitely a part of this counter-prankster business.”

“And Marlene?” Remus asked.

“Possibly. Wouldn’t put it past her. Their whole group, actually. Mary would love the sneaking out at night. They have another friend, Emmaline, who’s very smart. And Lily. Although I’ve ruled them out because I don’t think it would be Lily’s thing.”

“Why not?”

Sirius looked thoughtful as he formulated his answer. “She’s tricky, and can use the system to her advantage. Slughorn especially, he’s such a wimp. And she’s not above teasing. But pranks… They seem to be too childish for her.”

“So you agree?” Remus asked with a smile.

Sirius furrowed his brows. “Agree with what?”

“That pranks are childish.”

Sirius poked his tongue out at him as Remus laughed.

“I’m starting to think it’s some Hufflepuffs,” Sirius told him. “I’ll have to infiltrate their building to get more information.”

“Oh, my God,” Remus heard through the ambient noise of chatter. “Are you still talking about that?”

It was Mary, apparently listening into Sirius’ and Remus’ conversation.

“So what if I am?” Sirius asked defensively. “What’s it to you?”

“It’s hurting my ears,” Mary said bluntly. “Just give up already.”

“I will never give up!” Sirius proclaimed, jostling Remus as he threw his arms in the air.

“Wow, you weren’t kidding,” Remus heard Lily mutter to James, who just nodded sadly.

Remus turned to Mary, subtly elbowing Sirius in the ribs. “So, you’re saying you have no interest in finding out who these people are?” Remus asked her.

“None,” Mary said quickly.

“Not even a little curious?” Sirius added.
“Not even a little.”

“How about you, Dorcas?” Remus asked. “Personally, I think a fake squid in a lake was a bit weak.”

“The squid was good,” Dorcas said defensively, ruining her nonchalance by looking up from her game.

Sirius sighed wistfully. “When I find these people, I sure have a lot to teach them.”

“They don’t need your help,” Marlene told him. “They’re doing just fine.”

“You think so?” Remus tried to sound sceptical.

“Yes,” Mary piped up firmly, causing Sirius to grin widely.

“I thought you said you didn’t care about all this,” he said slyly.

“Oh, stop it!” Lily shouted suddenly. “Fine, can you keep a secret?”

“You know I can, Redhind,” Sirius said happily, leaning forward in his seat and grinning at her. Remus could tell by the look on her face that she had already regretted her outburst.

Lily pursed her lips, folding her arms over her chest and leaning back into James. “You already know what I’m going to tell you,” she said stubbornly.

“I’d like to hear you say it,” Sirius sing-songed.

“The rest of you have to swear an oath, too.” Lily turned around, pointing at each of the boys. Barty had a mouthful of finger foods shoved in his mouth, and apparently hadn’t been following the conversation, but agreed to stay silent.

“I swear on Gid’s life that I will not repeat what has been said here,” Fabian said with a hand over his heart.

“Bro, that’s a bit much,” his brother told him. “At least swear on Mols’ life.”

“I’m not gonna kill Molly,” Fabian shrieked. “If it came down to it, I’d rather it be you. She’d be scary as a ghost.”

“Fabian, are you already saying that you can’t keep this secret?” Lily asked. “Because if that’s the case, leave the room, please.”

Fabian looked thoughtful for a minute, then finally exited the room.

“He… actually did it,” Remus said in wonder. Sirius laughed.

“Fine, now that we’re all in agreement,” Lily sighed, “I’ll tell you, Sirius. Yes, we are what you have called ‘the counter-pranksters’.” Lily looked like she was swallowing glass just saying the name, the grimace on her face deepening as Sirius spoke.

“Tell me, specifically, who is in your little group of pranksters?”

Remus wondered how many times Sirius and Lily competed against each other, how many times they tried to best the other, because to Remus, Sirius sounded way too smug for the situation and Lily looked far too pained.
But it was Mary who cracked, groaning dramatically. “It’s me, Dorcas, Marls, and Lils. Happy?”

Remus didn’t think it was possible, but Sirius’ smile grew wider. “Very happy,” he said contently. “I knew it was you four all along.”

“No you didn’t.” Lily rolled her eyes. “Someone tell Fab he can come back in now.”

“Aw, are we done talking about it?” Sirius pouted.

“Yes,” Lily said evasively, and by then Fabian had come back into the room and Sirius dropped the subject.

Remus watched with mild amusement as Sirius sunk in his seat, shoving potato chips moodily into his mouth, and only brightening when James declared the Mario Kart tournament to be back on.

“No,” he told Remus in confidence, “I take my revenge on Evans.”

Remus heard Lily snort from the other side of the room.

And so the tournament began.

*

“I can’t believe I lost,” Sirius said when the tournament finished.

Frankly, Remus could believe it a little, although he wasn’t really one to comment on the karting abilities of others. Just like his true-to-life driving skills, Remus acted on cautious and safe rather than speed, even though he knew nothing particularly catastrophic would happen if he were to crash.

“It’s something about the red shells,” Remus whined. “They scare me.”

“So you kept yourself in last place on purpose?” Sirius asked.

Remus had shrugged. He honestly preferred playing games on his own, or watching others play, but they had insisted that he have a turn. It was just his luck he was up against Lily and Dorcas, as well as Marlene, who was getting help from Dorcas.

Most of them had gone back to school once Lily was declared winner, only barely coming first to Dorcas. Remus sat on the Potters’ front step with Sirius, James, Peter and Lily, waiting for his mum to show up before they headed back to school too.

“We’ll have to have a rematch during the summer,” Sirius decided.

The cool breeze of the night tore right through Remus, so he huddled in closer to Sirius who threw his arm around him seemingly without thought.

“Or we could try a new game,” Peter suggested hopefully.

James smirked at him. “Like what?”

“Snap,” he said. “You know, the card game.”

“Ah,” Sirius said knowingly, “You mean the game that’s entirely up to chance and not skill?”

“Yeah,” Peter replied glumly.
“Hey, I like that.” James’ eyes were alight with an idea, twinkling in the starlight and with excitement. “We can tape some bang-snaps to the cards so when you snap the card it pops. We’ll call it Exploding Snap.”

“Bang snaps?” Remus asked.

“Novelty fireworks,” Sirius explained. “They won’t hurt you. They’re the things that make party poppers pop.”

Remus shook his head. “Well, I look forward to setting your house on fire this summer, James.”

“Oh, it’ll be fine,” James waved him off. “They’re tiny and held inside paper that doesn’t catch on fire. Lils, you in?”

“And no cheating,” Sirius cut in before she could say anything. “No practicing snap with Dorcas.”

Lily rolled her eyes. “I’m in. Winner gets to snap a card on Sirius’ face.”

“Deal,” James said while Sirius squawked indignantly.

“And if I win?” he asked.

There was silence filled in only by actual crickets, much to Remus’ amusement, as Sirius grew grumpier by each passing second.

“I’ll show you all,” he said, subconsciously pulling Remus in closer. “I’ll win at Exploding Snap.”

Remus patted him on the knee reassuringly and kissed him on the cheek. “Sure, love.”

Sirius’ warm hand folded over his just as a set of headlights blared into their eyes. Remus had to squint to make out the dark silhouette of one of his parents in the driver’s seat, but even then he couldn’t be sure which one it was.

He said goodbye to everyone as he stood, Sirius standing with him and kissing him quickly on the lips in farewell. Remus smiled, squeezed his hand before walking to the car and slipping into the passenger’s seat.

“So, that’s him,” his dad greeted him.

“Yep,” Remus said lightly.

His father just nodded, honking the horn at the group of teenagers and waving before pulling out of the driveway.

Remus fell asleep on his way home.

*

Friday AM

(10:03) **What a wild night, huh?**

(10:03) **I’m just so exhausted from all the craziness.**

(10:04) **The Potters really know how to put on a party.**
It was nice, though. But I need to practice my Mario Kart skills.

I’m sure Lily will teach you. She seems to really like you.

Really? I was co-conspirator to revealing her darkest secret.

That’s just mild character flaw. She’ll get over it.

And you said it would be ‘too childish’ for her.

Well! I still think it is!

I need to find the motive.

Oh dear.

Just leave her be, Padfoot. Is ‘last year of high school’ not good enough motive?

I suppose you’re right. I’ll ask James, though. Also if they wanted any help.

I’m sure they’ll fall at your feet.

They better! I am the master!

They’ve had James helping them though. So I guess they must be doing ok.

They haven’t been caught yet. Or even suspected.

Yeah. Except me. I suspected them.

Sure, love.

I totally did!

You keep saying that. I have work to do.

Nerd. Fiiiiine I’ll be hereeee all on my oooooown

Don’t you also have work?

Probably… if I were paying attention…

Pay attention.

Or else what?

Moony?

Oh I get it, this is the punishment. I see. Well, jokes on you. I just wasted twenty minutes wondering if you died instead of doing work.

*  

Friday MIDDAY

It alarms me that you ‘wondered’ whether I was dead instead of ‘panicking’.
(12:34) Well, you were being mean to me. It’s what you get.

(12:35) This seems incredibly harsh.

(12:36) Hey, what are we doing tomorrow?

(12:37) It’s a surprise.

(12:38) Oh, come on.

(12:39) Let’s just say that you might want to dust off your floral suit.

(12:40) I wore to James’, it’s at the drycleaners.

(12:42) Ah, the incredibly slow drycleaners.

(12:43) So, sorry, can’t make it. Unless I knew what it was.

(12:44) Not telling. You can’t fool me.

(12:45) You’re annoying.

(12:46) Not as annoying as your constant questioning.

(12:48) Where shall I tell my mother and father that I’m going?

(12:48) Hogsmeade Police Station?

(12:50) If you give me their number then I will tell them. But I’ll also make them swear a blood oath not to tell you.

(12:51) This is ridiculous. Where are we going!

(12:53) It’s a seeeeeecret.

(12:54) Moony, you’ll find out soon enough. Have patience!

(12:55) Fine. But I’ll be grumpy about it.

(12:57) I can live with that.

*

Friday PM

(3:54) I don’t mean to alarm anyone but there’s a pig in our hall?

(3:56) That’s Miss Piggy.

(3:57) Oh, of course. Here I was, thinking it was Babe.

(3:59) Babe is in the Hufflepuff building.

(3:59) Wait, are we talking about real pigs or like piñatas.

(4:01) Real pigs, Wormy. Real pigs.
Can you only see one? There’s meant to be more.

Oh and let me guess, they’re named Piglet and Wilbur?

Nah, Snowball and Squealer.

Huh?

From Animal Farm.

Fucking nerds.

THE PIGS ARE HERE

WHY ARE THEY NUMBERED?

Why are they wearing wigs?

Just for fun.

Honesty, where did Lily get pigs from?!

Marlene has family that live on a farm. They were kind enough to donate them.

They have released pigs into the halls, Moony.

That’s a classic prank.

But why are they numbered?

When Dumbledore collects them and finds that they can’t find the pig labeled number 4.

Ah, I get it. Because there is no pig labeled number 4.

You’re quick on the uptake there, Wormtail!

I just hope we don’t get blamed for this.

Really? I will gladly take credit.

Stop mooching off my girlfriend’s success!

I wouldn’t have to mooch if someone paid attention to me!

Alright Sirius, what would you like to do?

I’d like to fry up one of these pigs, to be honest.

No! Do not cause the pigs harm!

I’ll eat it up. Pork, ham, bacon, I’ll even eat the hoof.

They’re not hoofs. Horses have hoofs!
Hoofs? Hooves?

They’re called pig trotters.

Google says ‘pettitoes’

That’s adorable!

How is it that I leave for two seconds and you’re talking about pig’s feet?

Please, Moony, at least use their scientific name.

Padfoot, please don’t eat the pettitoes.

What about the rest of the pig?

Perhaps not the rest of the pig either.

What if I put an apple in its mouth like they do in the movies?

Sirius, if you so much as touch one hair on their chinny chin chins, I will rain down on you like a gust of wind.

Fine, I won’t touch your precious pigs.

You better not. If you eat one of those pigs, Marlene will eat you.

Yeah, I’d rather not.

Exactly. Remember the fear that is Marlene before you try anything.

In times of doubt, just think: WMEMFT? Would Marlene Eat Me For This?

That’s a good moral scale. I’ll keep it in mind.

Political assassination, WMEMFT?

Probably not!

Then I’m going to go for it.

Time to kill the Head Boy.

Woah, hang on.

Here I come.

Bye!!

*

They’ve caught nine pigs.

Out of?

Nine. But they think they can’t find number four.
(6:57) And so the wild goose chase begins.

(6:59) The janitor is stalking the halls, muttering to himself. I think he’s going mad. Serves him right for letting his cat eat Sheba.

(7:01) Leave him be, he’s got a swine problem.

(7:02) Swine flu died years ago, Moony.

(7:04) And now it’s back with a vengeance, just in a different form.

(7:07) As long as I’m not the victim, it can stay.

(7:09) Dinner time. Cya Moony.

(7:10) Don’t eat the pork… it might be in bad taste.

(7:11) WMEMFT? Yes. So I won’t.

(7:12) Good. Bye.

*

(9:52) Are you asleeeeeeep?

(9:54) Not yet. Getting there.

(9:55) Friday nights are wild for you, huh?

(9:55) I’m all partied out from last night.

(9:57) Yeah. My presence has that effect on people.

(9:58) Exhausting them?

(10:00) From a good time!

(10:00) You complained the whole night. About Lily, mostly.

(10:01) Rest assured that that’s all over now.

(10:02) Oh?

(10:02) Yeah, James was telling me that the pranking thing is like a ‘making up for lost time’ thing.

(10:03) How so?

(10:03) Lily used to have this friend in Slytherin, but he was a greasy little slimeball. She says he tried to tell her what she could and couldn’t do, who she could and couldn't talk to.

(10:04) That doesn’t sound healthy.

(10:05) It’s not. She finally dropped him at the start of the semester and just wants to have some fun before going to uni.
(10:06) That’s reasonable.

(10:08) Yeah. Still trying to convince her to collaborate with me though.

(10:09) Good luck on that.

(10:10) Thanks. I’ll need it.

(10:13) I’m drifting off to sleep now.

(10:14) Ready and excited for tomorrow?

(10:15) I can’t be excited for something I don’t know about. More, apprehensive.

(10:16) Jeez, Moony. Talk about optimism. And trust!

(10:18) I’ll be more excited once I’ve had a solid twelve hours sleep.

(10:18) Twelve hours?!

(10:20) Yes please.

(10:22) Whatever floats your boat, Moons, but that’s way too long.

(10:25) Too bad, it’s happening.

(10:25) Good night Sirius. Don’t message me before 10:30.

(10:25) Good night Remus.

*  

Saturday AM

(9:00) Good morning, Moony!

(9:00) Fuck offffffff

(9:01) Alright, see ya later!

*  

(11:32) That was rude and inappropriate.

(11:35) Just some harmless fun!

(11:36) Was not harmless. You hurt my heart.

(11:37) Shall I make it up to you?

(11:39) Depends. How are you planning on doing that?

(11:40) Be ready to go by 1.

(11:41) Oh God
Ok, yes. Ok.

Excellent! See you soon!

*

Saturday PM

I’m outside your place. Didn’t know if I should knock…

It’s fine. I’ll be out in a second.

*

Sirius waited nervously, subconsciously hiding himself behind the Lupins’ front fence. The curtain shading the front window ruffles, a tiny balding head peaking out to have a look at him, and before Sirius knew what he was doing he fell to the ground and hid.

He was sure that was Mr Lupin. Unless he was gravely mistaken, and that Hope Lupin had some kind of condition that Remus didn’t tell him about. Regardless, it was one of the Lupin parents. One of the Lupin parents that probably didn’t like him.

He didn’t notice Remus watching him from the letter box, just standing silently until Sirius turned his head and jumped out of his skin.

“Moony!” Sirius shouted as Remus cackled.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Is your mum bald?” Sirius asked instead, peering over the fence to watch the front window. He could see the silhouette of a Lupin Parent, still unsure which one, as they remained behind the curtain this time.

“My mum isn’t bald,” Remus said. “You most likely saw my dad.”

“Bad omen for you,” Sirius tried to joke. “Premature balding is in store for you.”

“You look like a stalker,” Remus said flatly and lifted him bodily up from the ground. “Now take me to this mystery place.”

Sirius sprang into step, holding his hand out behind him for Remus to take. When his hand grabbed nothing but air he turned back to look at Remus, who was still laughing at Sirius’ hiding act. Sirius whined until Remus followed, taking his hand and allowing Sirius to lead them to Hogsmeade train station without a further word.

He hoped this was a good idea. He wasn’t even sure if Remus remembered, but watching him look happily out of the train window assured Sirius that it probably didn’t matter where they went, Remus would be pleased either way.

Probably less pleased if Sirius took him to the outskirts of Hogsmeade to visit the rubbish tip, but that wasn’t the plan, so Sirius felt fine about it.

The train ride itself was nice. Remus liked to point things out the window and tell an interesting fact about them, mostly types of trees and what birds liked to live there. Sirius had to bite his tongue from making fun, not wanting to scare Remus into silence, and listened with genuine interest as Remus
talked about birds.

The train ride to Diagon Alley didn’t take long, but Sirius was still practically skipping with impatience and dragging Remus behind him.

“Where are we going?” Remus asked for what was probably the tenth time since they left his house.

“To have fun!” Sirius replied, as he had replied all the other times.

He doesn’t know why this was such a big deal to him. It would probably end up him appreciating the sentiment more than Remus, but there was something about this date in particular that made Sirius think he’d been waiting for it forever.

Like as soon as he heard about it, he wanted to be the one to take Remus there.

They were getting close now, Remus’ angry mumbling quieting as they turned a corner and made their way up broad, concrete steps, entering the building with the jaws of a great white shark as the front doorway.

“Oh my God,” Remus whispered as they stepped through the rows of teeth.

“Haven’t been recently, have you?” Sirius smirked at him. “I think they’ve got an Ancient Greece exhibition on at the moment – let’s go freak out over some pots!”

“Pots with naked men on them,” Remus added as they got to the ticket booth. “Don’t forget that part.”

“The most important part,” Sirius agreed. He paid for the tickets before Remus could protest, quickly grabbing his hand again and dragging him through the lobby. “But first, we have to look at the dinosaurs!”

Remus followed him easily through the museum, like Sirius knew he would.

* 

If Sirius was held at gunpoint and forced to the tell the truth, then he would admit that he spent more time watching Remus looking at the exhibits than actually looking at the exhibits himself.

It wasn’t that he found them boring, per say, he just liked it much better when Remus would excitedly read out the information cards to him instead. He also liked it when Remus would add in his own information, and the way he’d stop in front of old documents to actually read them, and basically the entire trip was a giant Remus Exhibit for Sirius.

So far, it was his favourite.

Even if Remus did point to the Neanderthal mannequins and tell Sirius, “That’s you,” and doing the same with the disfigured taxidermy animals.

Even if Remus insisted on seeing the bug exhibit.

“We could just go into your garden,” Sirius whined. He didn’t exactly want to admit that the bugs creeped him out, another one of those admissions that would require a gun to the head, but he could already tell that Remus saw right through him.

“Don’t worry, Padfoot. They’re all dead,” he replied, as they walked past three consecutive tanks containing very large, very alive spiders.
Yes, Remus was his favourite exhibit, even if he did tickle his fingers down Sirius’ neck while walking past the three consecutive tanks containing very large, very alive spiders, causing Sirius to scream bloody murder and even have five year old children look at him as if he were a big baby, and one security guard tell him to calm down or he’ll be kicked out.

“You’re wicked,” he hissed at Remus, who looked anything but remorseful.

“You’re jumpy.” Remus smirked. “Ants in your pants?”

“No funny!”

But Sirius’ favourite part was the star gazing room, with the planets and constellations projected onto a dome ceiling, and Remus practically sat on his lap on one of the provided beanbags. His favourite part was when Remus looked away from the faux night sky and kissed him gently on the lips, words of thank you hushed in the air between them.

*Sirius was, by now, well accustomed the Lupins’ front fence.

“Just ten minutes,” Remus said. “You can’t avoid them forever.”

Clutching to the baby blue picket fence, Sirius honestly considered just that.

“They don’t hate you,” Remus sighed.

“How would you know? You’re biased.”

“Am not.”

“You see what you want,” Sirius insisted.

Remus folded his arms over his chest. “What I see is my sorry excuse for a punk rock boyfriend cowering behind a fence because he doesn’t want to meet the parents.”

His arse was starting to go numb from sitting on the hard ground for so long, but he made no effort to move.

“Isn’t it too soon in the relationship for this?” Sirius was grasping at straws, and once again, he knew Remus could see right through him.

“I’ve met the Potters. Your turn.”

Sirius pouted. “But the Potters like you.”

“And my parents will like you too, once they actually meet you. Don’t you want to fix your tarnished reputation?”

Sirius thought for a moment, slowly rising from the ground, keeping a hold onto the fence for support. “But I didn’t wear a tie.”

Remus smacked him over the head, but then took his hand and led him up the front path.

“Oh,” Remus remembered. “Pretend like you’ve never been here before. There’s only so much I can admit to before they send me away to live with my Uncle Alphard to learn proper manners.”
“Learning manners from Alphard sounds like a bad idea,” Sirius said.

He took a deep breath as Remus opened the front door, keeping the air in his lungs while he stepped through the threshold. Remus called out to his parents, telling them that Sirius had come in to say hello, and suddenly all of the air evaporated from Sirius’ chest.

“Shit,” he whispered, but Remus held on tight to his hand, a reassuring squeeze as a familiar bald head and its blonde partner came into view.

“Hello, Sirius,” Hope Lupin said pleasantly. Sirius had to let go of Remus to shake her hand. “Nice to finally meet you. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“P-pleasure to meet you too,” Sirius stuttered out and before he knew it Lyall Lupin was in front of him with his shiny bald head, and moustache turned up to a cautious smile.

“Sirius,” Lyall said gruffly.

“Sir,” he replied.

“You don’t plan on spending a life in crime, do you?” Lyall asked. Hope burst into laughter, smacking her husband on the shoulder and telling him to stop.

“No, sir,” Sirius said, still unsure whether he was joking or not.

“Well, that's disappointing,” Lyall replied. “There’s some money in the industry.”

“The… crime industry?”

Remus sighed. “Dad, stop messing with him.”

Lyall giggled, a high pitched sound that surprised Sirius, then patted Sirius roughly on the back.

“Couldn’t resist,” Lyall laughed. “He looks so scared.”

“Well, he was under the impression that you thought of him as a bad influence and a phase,” Remus said quite sternly.

Lyall stopped laughing, nodding to his son and turning back to Sirius. “Thank you for… looking after him.”

Sirius was taken aback. It wasn’t quite an apology, which Sirius didn’t even know if he deserved, but it was acceptance enough. It reassured him, at least, that Lyall was not going to be causing Remus anymore stress.

“No problem. You keep at it, too.”

“I will,” Lyall said sincerely, and wrapped an arm around Remus’ shoulder and jostled him playfully.

Sirius finally inhaled again.

* 

(10:03) *This summer, I’ll take you to the beach.*

(10:05) *I do like long walks on the beach.*
(10:07) Just as I like long walks at the museum.

(10:08) Yes, you do. I think my feet have permanent disfigurement from standing for so long.

(10:11) Says the athlete.

(10:12) Knowledge gives me allergies. I’m sick from the museum.

(10:14) And you suffered through it all, for me.

(10:16) Anything for you, love.

(10:17) Thank you. Today was a dream.

(10:19) It’s no problem. Anything for you, love.

(10:21) Good night, Sirius.

(10:22) Night, Remus.

* 

Sunday MIDDAY

(12:42) If you had anything that you wanted to say to me, it’s best you say it now.

(12:45) I secretly adore your dorky sweaters.

(12:46) Aw, thank you Padfoot.

(12:46) Wait, why am I telling you this?

(12:48) I’m currently in a car with Teen Tragic.

(12:48) Ok… have you lost your mind?

(12:49) Slightly. A lot. And soon my mind is going to be splattered on asphalt.

(12:51) Please, no. I also secretly adore your dorky mind.

(12:52) I’m in the backseat, so if there’s a front-on collision I think I’ll be ok.

(12:55) What possessed you to agree to this?

(12:57) The promise that I could sleep in.

(12:59) Alice and I are going on a campus tour.

(1:04) Not Teen Tragic himself?

(1:05) He’s taking a gap year. Alice is interested in their occupational therapy course.

(1:06) And you?

(1:08) I … might be having a look at their education department.
(1:10) Good, Moony.

(1:13) Have you been looking at any universities?

(1:15) I’ve read through some websites and course guides and stuff. They all seem alright. I’ll probably go wherever James goes.

(1:17) Really?

(1:18) Yeah. Peter has already qualified for this online course he wants to do.

(1:19) Oh, we plan on finding a share house together.

(1:21) After already living with them for so long?

(1:23) Yeah. We’re used to each other.

(1:25) Alice is looking to move out, too. She seems keen on a dorm on campus.

(1:28) And what about you?

(1:30) Alice only just presented the idea to me. I haven’t decided.

(1:31) Alright, we’re here. Talk to you later.

(1:31) Glad you made it alive! Bye!

*  

Sunday PM

(2:12) There are so many lounge chairs. In such bright colours!

(2:20) They have a room specifically for napping.

(2:44) I may have already taken advantage of that room.

(2:52) Someone just asked me if I’d like to join their basketball team. They said it didn’t matter when I told them I have a medical condition.

(3:01) Sorry, playing football.

(3:01) So, did you join the basketball team?

(3:03) Goodness, no.

(3:04) But it was so weird. They didn’t even bat an eyelid.

(3:06) The world is your oyster, Moony.

(3:09) The campus is nice. It’s a little big. It’s a bit overwhelming.

(3:10) I thought that about Hogwarts. It’ll look small in no time.

(3:14) I can also study education and disability education at the same time. Most other universities have disability education as an extra course.
(3:20) Sounds like you like it there, Moony.
(3:22) Yeah. Alice is quite interested, too.
(3:23) We’re getting something to eat. Talk to you later.

* 

(10:34) My feet hurt, but like a good hurt.
(10:35) I’m surprised you’re still awake. I didn’t text you earlier because I thought you would be sleeping.
(10:36) We visited another campus but we didn’t like it as much. Just didn’t feel right.
(10:38) You mean you survived another trip with Teen Tragic?
(10:39) Shockingly, yes. We’re all surprised, but also proud.
(10:39) I’m on Alice’s floor now. She’s already fallen asleep.
(10:40) Time you did too?
(10:40) Yeah. I’m still going to be dead tomorrow.
(10:41) But it’s a good tired.
(10:43) It is. I feel good. Since you convinced me to try university… I don’t know. I feel like I can do this.
(10:44) Moony, I’m confident you can do anything you want.
(10:45) Just gotta pass the exams.
(10:47) You’re a nerd, you’ll do fine. So will I.
(10:48) We’re going to be alright, aren’t we?
(10:48) Yeah, Moony. We’re going to be just fine.

Chapter End Notes

i .... want to play exploding snap now
Epilogue: Week 36

Chapter Summary

An epilogue taking place in the 36th week of the year.

Chapter Notes

holy shit it's the end

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saturday AM

(8:34) Beep beep, motherfucker!

(8:34) Get your arse out here!

(8:35) Hey! Give me a bit!

(8:35) Stop honking!

(8:36) It's Wormtail. He had chocolate for breakfast, so now he’s on a sugar high.

(8:37) Damn it, Wormtail, you’ve been told!

(8:38) I scolded him for you. Those two aggressive beeps were his response.

(8:38) I’ll be two seconds, just calm down.

(8:39) Come on, Moony! Beep beep! Let’s go be Adults!

(8:39) Don’t use the A word.

(8:40) Then get a move on. How much stuff do you have?

(8:40) Gotta pack my emotional baggage. Now stop texting.

* 

Remus looked around his empty room with a heavy sigh.

He didn’t feel anxious, not how he expected to be. He already had a feeling of homesickness, even if all of his belongings were right in front of him in bags and boxes, and his mother and father stood at the door watching him. Remus imagined that they felt worse, their only, and chronically ill, child leaving the house at just age eighteen.

Sometimes Remus wondered what kind of madness possessed him to do such a thing, but other times
he heard Sirius talk on and on about what they would do in their share house, and Remus felt excited again.

“It’s alright if you change your mind,” his mother said gently. “You know Sirius and the boys will understand.”

Remus nodded silently, still looking around his old – was it old yet? – bedroom.

A buzzing came from his pocket.

(8:45) Get in loser, we’re going University-ing.

He smiled, about to reply when another message came through.

(8:45) Have your parents held you captive? It’s ok, we’ve already dealt with the Potters. We’re experts at this now.

Remus took a deep breath, then collected the bags in front of him, and asked his parents if they could take the boxes.

He wasn’t going to back out of it now.

*

Sirius was sick of the Beatles.

“Don’t you have any other artists on your phone?” he asked Peter, who was looking very constipated in the driver’s seat.

“I’ve got Rolling Stones,” he said. “I’ve also got ‘Sirius Can Fuck Off With That Face of His’.”

“And what face is that?” Sirius asked innocently, still scrolling through Peter’s phone in a desperate attempt to magically conjure up some decent music.

“The face that says everyone around you are idiots and have no taste,” Remus piped up from the backseat, bordered by bags and boxes of belongings.

Peter made eye contact with him in the rearview mirror and gave him a thumbs up.

“James would agree with me,” Sirius said petulantly. “I’ll ask him later.”

Peter slowed the car practically to a stop to turn the next corner, all three of them keeping silent as he edged the car around. He let out an audible sigh of relief when they made it, car and passengers all in tact.

“When’s he finishing with Lily’s stuff?” Peter asked once he was sure they weren’t going to get into an accident.

“He said about midday.” Sirius shrugged, then turned in the passenger seat to look at Remus. “Heard from Alice? How’s she settling in?”

“Fine,” Remus said. “She’s already getting along with her dorm mate. Emmaline. Alice says she misses having close female friends.”

Sirius nodded. “Bring her to Lily’s house warming tonight. She can meet the girls.”
Peter looked panicked. “Is that really a good idea? Alice seems like a nice, straight laced girl. No mischief.”

“Peter, when did you become such a stick in the mud?” Remus asked. He tapped Peter on the head, causing him to jump in his seat and swerve the car slightly.

“Am not!” he protested. “I’m just remembering graduation!”

“Oh, I did tell Alice about that. She thought burning ‘Class of 2014’ into the school oval was a great idea.”

Peter sighed in defeat.

“Graduation was cool,” Sirius added. “Just because you nearly caught on fire doesn’t mean it was bad for the rest of us.”

Remus hummed. “Well, that would put a damper on things.”

Sirius was about to go for another round of making fun of Peter when his phone chimed in his hand.

(9:34) Hey, nearly done with Lily. Didn’t take as long as we expected. You got Moony?

(9:34) **Yeah, we got him. We’re about half an hour away.**

(9:35) Cool. See you soon, housemate.

(9:36) **Yeah, see you soon, loser.**

He’d been living with James and Peter longer than he had been living with his brother by this point, but the feeling of having a place of their own filled Sirius with excitement.

Looking over his shoulder he watched Remus patiently reading GPS directions to a very frazzled Peter, a fist of apprehension clutching his heart through the excitement. He’s never lived with Remus before, so far had only spent one night over his house when they accidentally came back from an outing a bit too late. Remus had stayed at the Potter’s a few times, but with James there, it didn’t quite feel the same.

Even with them sharing the house with James and Peter, something about living with Remus without any adults – real adults – made Sirius tight with fear.

(9:44) **Stop freaking out, I can see it in your face.**

(9:44) **You’re meant to be reading directions.**

(9:45) **Peter thinks he knows where he’s going now.**

(9:45) I **don’t trust him.**

(9:45) I **don’t care. Stop avoiding my call out.**

(9:46) I **leave clothes all over the floor. Even in the kitchen.**

(9:47) **I know.**

(9:47) **And sometimes I snore.**
I know. But I’m the king of snoring.

Are you sure about this?

Yes, I am. Are you?

Yes. Don’t leave.

I’m not going to. Not even after living with you for a while.

Want to know a secret?

What?

If it was ok with you, I wasn’t really on planning to use my room.

That’s 100% fine with me.

Good. Now please play something that was at least made in the 21st century.

Believe me, I’m trying.

*

James was there before them, Lily’s place not so far from their own, and greeted them by throwing open the front door in nothing but his underwear and a blanket tied around his neck like a cape, shouting that the Marauder House was in business.

“I see that business isn’t in fashion retail,” Remus said and James scoffed at him.

“There is no use for pants in the house,” James proclaimed. “It’s the first rule on the Declaration of the Marauder House.”

“Rule number two,” Peter said quickly, “No fire!”

James came out to the car to help them unload the car, his things already thrown haphazardly into his assigned room. A box labeled ‘kitchen’ already sat on the open dining room table, courtesy of Mrs Potter, but a list on the second-hand fridge, courtesy of Mr Pettigrew, told them they still needed bathroom things. A fish bowl sat on the kitchen bench, the black fish inside swimming around happily.

“Rule number three,” James said from some room beyond, “Sirius showers last.”

“Aw, come on,” Sirius whined from somewhere else. “Fine, rule number four: James can’t wear my shirts anymore.”

“Yeah,” Remus shouted from the living room. “Those are mine now!”

There was a loud bang, like something was dropped onto the floorboards, Peter’s tiny voice cursing from the smallest bedroom.

“What am I supposed to wear, then?” James asked when he emerged from his bedroom.

“What you’ve got on now is fine,” Remus told him. “Rule number five: no one is allowed to catch a cold.”
James nodded. “My immune system is too strong, anyway. No problem.”

“Rub salt into my wounds, why don’t you,” Remus teased.

James had hired a truck the day before so they could transport all of their furniture, so there wasn’t much to be done besides each of their rooms and the kitchen. They pooled whatever money they currently had on them to buy food for the day, and some towels at Sirius’ insistence, and by the late afternoon James and Peter were out buying groceries while Sirius and Remus finished up in the kitchen.

“I like Mrs Potter’s confidence in us to eat a vegetable,” Sirius said, holding up a potato peeler.

“I like her confidence in us to live alone at all,” Remus said quite honestly.

Sirius threw the potato peeler into the second drawer, thus far labeled with a sticky note as the ‘don’t know where else it would go’ drawer, and drew nearer to where Remus was working on the ceramic plates.

“Don’t tickle me,” Remus warned as he put in a stack of plates.

“I would never,” he even said as he wrapped his arms around Remus’ waist.

Remus snorted. “You would so.”

“You nearly done?” Sirius pressed his cold nose into the crook of Remus’ neck, making him squirm and nearly drop a bowl.

“Yeah.”

“Good. We need to christen the bed.”

“I hope by that you mean we need to sleep in it.”

“Duh,” Sirius sighed. “I was awake at seven this morning. I never want to do that again.”

“Remember when you were in boarding school?” Remus said.

“I only remember the things that happened after ten in the morning. Now come on, you’re taking too long.” Sirius started tugging on Remus’ jumper, slowly pulling him backwards into the room originally pegged to be Sirius’. Remus’ clothes were packed away in the room over, but his books were on the bookshelf next to Sirius’ books, and his telescope sat in the corner of the room next to Sirius’ latest building project, which Remus still didn’t know the function of.

Sirius collapsed on the roughly made bed, rolling over to one side to let Remus slide on. Remus crawled in close, head on Sirius’ chest as he instantly felt the pull of sleep try to drag him.

“This was a good idea,” Remus said sleepily, feeling those hooks of unconsciousness deepen as Sirius ran his hand through his hair.

“T’was,” Sirius agreed, sounding just as tired. “I had a lot of good ideas this year.”

“So did I, I think.”

“Tell me one.”

Remus lifted his head to kiss the exposed skin above Sirius’ shirt neck, pulling himself to practically
lie on top of Sirius and continue to kiss his throat.

“Loving you was a good idea,” Remus said. He didn’t feel as scared as he thought he should, saying that for the first time, but instead felt a rush of new adrenaline.

He felt that spike again when Sirius whispered, “I love you too,” before his body crashed and he fell asleep, Sirius joining him seconds after.

*

**Sunday AM**

(10:30) **How much do you reckon James will kill me for flooding his bedroom?**

Chapter End Notes

ok! well! goodness! it's been over a year since i started this fic on the notes app on my ipod and honestly it's still just the strangest thing...

Anyway! Biggest, warmest thank you to everyone who has kudos'd, commented, and sent me messages on tumblr!!!! Thank you to those who have drawn fan art, made edits and created play lists too!! I'm just a big ball of !!!!!!! because you are all so incredible and as much as i complained about writing this, it's truly been such great fun and i appreciate everything you have all done.

[here is a link to my blog with everything /tagged/text-talk](#)

Works inspired by this one

[Cover Art for Text Talk](#) by orphan_account

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