Convergence
by sargent

Summary

James thought he would never see him again.

Notes

Star_k challenged me to write a James/Regulus, with the word pollock, in english, with 658 words. ///POLLOCK/// I hate her.
I also love her cause she's basically this entire ship, and my beta on this.

See the end of the work for more notes.

James thought he would never see him again.

He was wrong. The man – when did they become men? - was sitting there, in a room full of people he didn’t know, staring at a painting with so much attention that James didn’t want to disturb his peace.

He stood under the arch, watching him, analyzing the profile that was so much like Sirius’. If someone saw them inside that gallery, they wouldn’t blink an eye. The dynamic duo, they would say, James and Sirius, Sirius and James, always together, always in trouble, keep away.

Well, it was how this all started, wasn’t it?

How could someone so much like Sirius be evil? He was never able to keep away.
First, he told himself, it was for ammunition. *Hey! Black! Does Sirius have a bird back home? Hey! Black! Did he piss the bed after scary stories? Hey! Black! Tell me something embarrassing! Hey! Black!*

Then it was to piss Sirius off. *Merlin. You are impossible. I can’t deal with you right now. Bad humour. Bad humour. Go take a walk, I will hang out with your copy today. Hey, Black!*

Then it was because he was there. All of sudden. In the most unexpected moments. *Hey, Black.*

Then it was because James was a loud person. He was loud in voice, in gestures, in feelings, in emotions. He was always loud, and sometimes every cell of his body felt so heavy, so tired, so done. Then he would raise his eyes from the pitch’s grass and he would be there. And suddenly everything would go very quiet.

“*Hey.*”

Blue eyes were watching him back. Not a memory. Right here, right now.

“*Hey.**”

He got closer, sitting by his side, and both of them turned their eyes back to the painting.

It was chaotic. It was black, and white, and colorful, and aggressive, and soft, and sharp. It was screaming. It was so, *so* loud.

Like James.

“It’s a Pollock.” The other said easily. “Abstract expressionist. People used to think he just splashed paint over the canvas at random, but he knew what he was doing. It was a mess, but a planned mess.”

*Like you*, James wanted to say. But didn’t.

They stayed in silence for a long time. It was their thing. Long silences, rushed breathing, touches that were nothing, nothing, nothing like Sirius’. He was nothing like Sirius. Never was.

“Will you give me some information?” he asked, eventually, and the other turned to look at him.

“That’s why we’re here?”

It wasn’t, but James didn’t say that out loud either. He kept his eyes on the painting, not really seeing it anymore.

“I love Lily.” he whispered, like it was his most hidden secret. And he did. Love her. With a loud, crying, scarlet force. He knew he did.

But now everything was quiet.

“I know.” came the noncommittal answer.

Quiet, quiet, quiet.

James swallowed dry, nails scratching the underside of the bench. *Keep the quiet*, his mind begged. He couldn’t.

“I really love her.”
A breath.

“I know.” He repeated in the same tone. James turned his gaze to the floor, watching the other man move away from his peripheral vision.

One beat.

Two.

“James, I’m not looking for love.”

Three warm fingers touched his nape. The warmth expanded through his body like sipping in a hot tea in a cold day: gives you relief and cherishes the shivers, but if you drink too fast, you end up getting burn.

Then, slowly like a caress, the touch was gone.

James looked over his shoulder. Regulus was looking over his.

They stared at each other for a moment, then he walked away in silence, and James silently let him.

This time he was right: they never saw each other again.

They were a Pollock, see? A mix of paints, a pressure of brushes.

A powerful, beautiful, confusing mess that were planned to be exactly like this.

End Notes

I'm on tumblr as wolflstar.

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