

About You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43660498) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43660498>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F , M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Regulus Black/James Potter , Sirius Black/Remus Lupin , Pandora Lovegood/Lily Evans Potter , Marlene McKinnon/Dorcas Meadowes
Character:	Regulus Black , James Potter , Remus Lupin , Peter Pettigrew , Sirius Black , Marlene McKinnon , Euphemia Potter , Fleamont Potter , Orion Black , Walburga Black , Lily Evans Potter , Pandora Lovegood , Barty Crouch Jr. , Evan Rosier
Additional Tags:	Title from a The 1975 Song , dorlene , singer james potter , Marauders Friendship (Harry Potter) , Modern Marauders (Harry Potter) , Marauders are a Band (Harry Potter) , Regulus Black is a Little Shit , James Potter Being an Asshole , James Potter Being an Idiot , James Potter is a Little Shit , James Potter Ships Remus Lupin/Sirius Black , Regulus Black-centric , Regulus Black Needs a Hug , Trans Regulus Black , Bisexual James Potter , Gay Sirius Black , Gay Regulus Black , Lesbian Lily Evans Potter , Lesbian Marlene McKinnon , Gay Remus Lupin , Everyone Is Gay , Asexual Peter Pettigrew , Texting , Drunk Texting , Alcohol , Marauders Group Chat (Harry Potter) , Marauders , Social Media , Sirius and Regulus get along , references to Walburga Black's A+ Parenting , Famous James Potter , famous regulus black , Famous Remus Lupin , Famous Sirius Black , Famous Marlene McKinnon , Famous Lily Evans , Famous Dorcas Meadowes , Famous Peter Pettigrew , Autistic James Potter , Implied/Referenced Drug Addiction , Past Drug Use
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-17 Updated: 2023-05-03 Words: 60,295 Chapters: 32/45

About You

by [cowswearningsweaters](#)

Summary

“Regulus Black, as I live and breathe.” James grins. He was a charming man, he loved nothing more than it.

“Hi, James.” Regulus nods at him politely.

“Ready for tonight? Crowd’s going to go ballistic. They’ll adore you.” Sirius asks.

”Ready as I’ll ever be.”

—

The Marauders are slowly taking over the world. Just one month outside of school, they drop their first album. Now, six years later, they’re on their third international tour for their fourth album. In the middle of the tour, they drop a single for an album that’s not even in production yet.

“About You” features Regulus Black, brother to band’s drummer, Sirius Black. The world fucking devours it, so on closing night of their tour, they bring Regulus out to perform.

Dorcas wants another album. Dorcas wants Regulus to join the Marauders.

—

I do not support Matt Healy or The 1975. I just admire the songwriting. I do not support Matt Healy! He is garbage! This is fiction!

Notes

I’ve been wanting to experiment with this writing style for quite a bit. Let me know what ya think!

Warnings:

- Mentions of smoking
- Mentions of alcohol (past tense, hangover)
- Sexual comments/references to it (nothing explicit)

Closing Night

James Potter opens his eyes slowly, his head pounding with hangover and the sun streaming directly from the window onto his face. It takes him a moment to realize that the pounding isn't just his head aching, but that someone is banging on the door. He groans deeply, alerting the rather annoying personification of an alarm that he is, in fact, alive.

The tour bus isn't moving, presumably parked in front of the venue they were set to play in the evening. It was the last night of their North American tour, ending it in Los Angeles before their flights back to London the following day. It had been a hell of a ride, the internet absolutely devouring James Potter and his band of fucking weirdos.

"If you're not out here in 45, you're fired, Potter!" Dorcas shouts through the door.

Now, James knows that she's not serious when he hears this. Dorcas Meadows adored each and every marauder; Marlene being her favourite, but still, they were all irreplaceable. Despite this, James took the literal wake up call as a sign that he probably shouldn't go back to sleep.

James sighs as one foot plants hard on the floor, and again when the other falls next to it. "I hate you, Cas." He calls out, standing up. He slowly walks to the small closet where his clothes have been stored for the last few months and picks out a white tank top, a red button up, and a pair of jeans. He carries this outfit into the bathroom and shuts the door.

James takes a quick, warm shower and changes into the outfit, spending about five minutes messing with his hair before tackling the challenge of finding his phone and his glasses. The glasses were in an empty cup beside his bed and his phone was so far underneath the bed he had to crawl under it, yet it remained plugged in throughout the night. He checks the time; one thirty.

The show was in six hours. He sighs and walks out of his room, hopping off the bus in search of breakfast. Much to his satisfaction, it appeared someone had gone on a donut run earlier in the day. They'd purposely saved him his favourite, as they usually did. His bandmates were unloading their instruments, none of them liking their equipment being touched by the other.

"Whoever bought donuts, we are having sex tonight!" James declares, chewing the pastry and leaning up against the bus while Remus lifts his guitar case onto his shoulders.

"Looking forward to it." Sirius replies, carrying part of his drum kit inside.

“Always knew you wanted me, Pads.” James winks.

“Ahem.” Remus coughs. “Morning, Prongs.”

“Don’t worry, Remus. Plenty of me to go around.” He jokes, taking the last bite of his donut.

“I was incredibly worried, love.” He says dryly.

“Anyways, stop that. My baby brothers here, and I’ll be damned if I let you taint him.”

“You’re annoying.” A softer, yet edgier voice sang.

James had just let himself forget a seventh presence would be appearing on his stage. Despite it being their last show until the next tour, Dorcas insisted that they bring in Regulus for one final show. James had nothing against Regulus, he was fine from what little interaction they’d had, but James didn’t *know* Regulus.

That was the funny thing, everyone knew everything about James. James Potter had made quite a name for himself, from kissing strangers and performing half naked to crying on the roof of the stage house and just about everything in between. But Regulus Black, no, nobody knew anything about him. He had five songs out that took everyone by surprise and fifteen seconds on *About You*, he had modelling pictures on instagram and promotional tweets on his Twitter, he’d never performed live, but nobody knew anything about Regulus. James didn’t like that much at all. But whatever, James never had to see him again after tonight.

“Regulus Black, as I live and breathe.” James grins. He was a charming man, he loved nothing more than it. Regulus was no exception to the notable Potter charm.

“Hi, James.” Regulus smiles softly, nodding at him politely.

“Ready for tonight? Crowd’s going to go ballistic, mate. They’ll fuckin’ adore you.” Sirius asks.

”Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Retweeted by Regulus Black.

James *@potter*

Excited to see you Los Angeles lovelies this evening and close out the North American leg of the tour. Thank you Sirius, Remus, Peter, Marlene, and Lily for being here. Thank you all for being so sexy. Make sure you all bring your cameras tonight..

Replies:

Marlene *@mmckinnon*

Keep your clothes on tonight.

Love you, loser.

sirius *@iloveremus*

love you, mate. save me a kiss tonight.

lily! *@evansonsax*

“thank the fans!” dorcas says.

“express gratitude!” dorcas says.

“thank you all for being so sexy.” james says.

216,004 more...

James Potter was a fucking performer. Every marauders show was one you didn't want to miss a minute of. He was breathing heavily into the microphone after putting everything he had in him into his performance of Robbers, a fan favourite. His shirt was off and he wasn't sure where he'd left it, maybe thrown it across the stage or into a crowd. His hands were raw and bloody, he wasn't sure just how hard he had been playing his guitar until the lights came on and he saw the white surface stained with bloody fingerprints. Lily took the guitar away from him.

He pulls a cigarette out of his pants pocket and takes a long drag before passing it off to Sirius to finish. He places a quick kiss to Sirius' mouth, as he'd promised to on twitter, and walks away. He brings the microphone back up to his lips.

"Now, this next one is going to go a little bit differently tonight." James says, listening to the crowd roar in front of him. They're roaring for him, for his best mates. He made it. "Normally, I'd scream the lyrics along with you lot. Fling myself into the crowd, collapse to my knees.. you know the drill, I humiliate myself for your viewing pleasure. Quite the routine we've got."

The crowd continues to scream his name. *James. James. James.* They chant. He made it. "You muppets are about to witness something for the first time ever. Nobody else has ever seen anything like this." Regulus Black walks onto the stage in a pair of black leather pants and a matching shirt. The crowd screams louder. "It is my pleasure, ladies and gents, to introduce you all to Regulus Black on his performing debut!"

Regulus waves to the crowd, a smile forming as he winks at a few cameras high in the air. He knew he was gonna see edits of that moment later.

"Now, Regulus. You've never performed with us before, how are you feeling?"

"Feeling great, Potter."

"Think you know the words to this next one?" James asks, and Regulus takes his position beside James. He doesn't have his own microphone, so James extends his arm out for Regulus to answer.

"Y'know, Potter. I think I do." His voice is clear, confident. He knows what he's doing, despite having never done it before.

“This is Love it if We Made it, ladies and gentlemen, and this is Regulus Black.” James announces to the crowd before the music starts playing loudly.

The two start singing at the same time the exact same lyrics into the same microphone. James doesn’t realize just how close his face is to Regulus’.

“We’re fuckin’ in a car, shooting heroin. Saying controversial things just for the hell of it.” James is gripping the microphone stand like his life is dependent on it. He’s practically screaming and Regulus meets him there. His knees are bending and Regulus is gripping his shoulder.

They make it through the first verse and James dances to the beat between verses.

“And poison me, daddy, I’ve got the Jones right through my bones.”

James smirks when he hears this line fall from Regulus’ lips, earning an eye roll from him.

“And I’d love it if we made it.” James sings, Regulus does not.

“Yes, I’d love it if we made it.” Regulus choruses back.

“And I’d love it if we made it.”

“And I’d love it if we made it.”

“And I’d love it if we made it.”

“I’d love it. If we. Made it.”

“Tell me something I didn’t know.”

Regulus takes a deep breath, James nodding at him before the next part.

“Consultation, degradation, fossil fueling, masturbation, immigration, liberal kitsch, kneeling on a pitch.” Regulus sings by himself, lowly in a monotone voice making the crowd scream just a bit more. James realizes then just how perfect Regulus is at his job. With his hair stuck to his face by sweat and an expression sharp enough to cut through diamond, he is at his most perfect state. James had never seen anything like it.

“I moved on her like a bitch!” James shouts loudly at the crowd, much louder than Regulus had been.

They finish the song together with electricity and as James sings out the last line, he falls into Regulus like they’d known each other for years. Performing made James forget who he was, what he was doing, why he was doing it. On stage, James *was* the music.

After a beat of heavy breathing between the two, James straightens back up and steps backward. On stage, there is a platform with a house behind it. He steps onto the platform and Regulus stands in front of him, James several heads higher up.

“This next one, my darlings. Well, you all know it. We’ve seen your tweets, your instagram posts, your edits, we’ve seen all the edits. They make me laugh. The ships, my, you lot are creative. We’ve seen the news articles. You all have been begging Regulus to join me for this next one, haven’t you?”

The crowd screams out *yes* and James chuckles into the microphone. *“You lot are pathetic. Well, you ask and you shall receive. About You, everyone.”*

The lights dim and the music starts to play in the background, this song significantly slower than the last. James makes direct eye contact with Regulus throughout the entirety of the song.

“I know a place. It’s somewhere I go when I need to remember your face. We get married in our heads.” He sings lowly. *“Something to do while we try to recall how we met. Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten about you?”*

“You and I, were alive. With nothing to do, I could just lay and just look in your eyes. Wait, and pretend. Hold on and hope that we’ll find our way back in the end.”

“Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten? Do

you think I have forgotten about you?" James and the crowd sing in unison. He leans down closer to Regulus, the mic practically the only thing between their heads. "Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten about you?"

James brings the microphone to Regulus' lips and he sings softly. He sounds like a fucking angel. *"There was something 'bout you that now I can't remember. It's the same damn thing that made my heart surrender. And I miss you on a train, I miss you in the morning, I, never know what to think about."*

"I think about you." James replies.

The song fades out and the lights do with it. James brings his hand to Regulus' face and caresses his cheek before grabbing his hand and pulling him to the front of the stage. The band meets him there and they lock hands with each other, the lights shooting back up to meet their faces.

Sirius is on one end, Regulus on the other. In between them is Remus, Lily, Peter, Marlene, and James, who is holding hands with Regulus and Marlene. They all bow in unison, and James drops Marlene's hand to bring the microphone to his lips one last time.

"Los Angeles, you beautiful city. Tonight has been such a treat to perform for you all. Thank you for joining the Marauders and Regulus Black tonight on our final night of tour. We will never forget about you."

"Mischief managed." The band shouts at the same time, and they all walk off stage.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

That was fucking exhilarating. Thank you for having me, Marauders. It was my pleasure to perform with you tonight.

Replies:

James @potter

The pleasure is ours. See you soon, darling.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Keep it in your pants.

James @potter

@arcturus

Sorry, Reggie. Lost 'em :/

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

You fucking astound me.

James @potter

@arcturus

I tend to have that effect. <3

—

Hearts 4 Lily @maraudersdaily

I WAS AT THE LA SHOW AND THEY FUCKING BROUGHT OUT REGULUS??

<attached, two photos (one of Regulus clutching James' shoulder during LIIWMI, one of James and Regulus' silhouettes where James is leaning in during About You)>

Replies:

Remus @ihatesirius

Ol' Reggie boy in his y/n era

sirius @iloveremus

@ihatesirius

divorcing you please stop.

Hearts 4 Lily @maraudersdaily

@ihatesirius @iloveremus

OH MY GOD HI I LOVE YOU

—

pete @petepettigrew

tour was awesome, man! missing marls, lily, remus, and reg already.

Replies:

James @potter

Fix this problematic tweet or I'm leaking your wattpad.

sirius @iloveremus

I AM IN YOUR WALLS, PETTIGREW.

—

The Daily Profit

The Marauders End Tour with a Bang and a Ship On The Rise

Yesterday, The Marauders ended their world tour in Los Angeles, California with a bang. Lead singer James Potter handed the mic to bandmates Marlene McKinnon and Lily Evans, giving fans the first ever live listens of the underrated “Silk Chiffon”, “The Perfect Pair”, and “Doomsday”.

Potter, a creature of habit, also undressed in-front of the crowd during “Somebody Else”. Primary sources say that Potter flung his shirt into the crowd. Potter can be seen later during the show, shirtless with bloody hands and a brand new white guitar covered in blood. It is believed that Potter played the guitar with too much force, but there has been no confirmation on it.

Lastly, the man of the night, Regulus Black, made his first ever appearance at a show with The Marauders. This was the first time we’d ever heard his angelic and outspoken voice live, and we certainly won’t forget it. Black belted out popular song by The Marauders “Love it if We Made it” closely with Potter. Following this number, the pair performed smashing hit “About You”, which is steadily scaling the top 100 and currently rests at number nine.

James Potter and Regulus Black ended the show with an intimate caress of a cheek before walking off stage hand-in-hand with fellow bandmates, leaving the fans with the question of a potential romance budding between the two vocalists.

This show certainly was a night to remember, and everyone cannot wait to hear what The Marauders come next. Fans hope for more collaborations between the band and Regulus Black in the future, and we certainly wouldn’t mind more James and Regulus content.

Written by Rita Skeeter

Orchids

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovelies!!!

Warnings for this chapter:

- Sex jokes/implications
- Mention of being high (blink & you miss it, past tense)

Three Months Later.
Direct Messages.

Dorcas

Potter.

Where the fuck are you?

Everyone's here. Regulus is here. Get your ass up.

James

Coming.

Had to piss off some paparazzi.

Why is Regulus there?

Dorcas

You. Are. My. Worst. Client.

Show up and maybe I'll tell you.

James

Remus and Sirius aren't any better!

Dorcas

No, but they're on time.

James

—

James dances, *actually dances*, into the studio with excitement. There is nothing, other than his

mother and father, that James loves more than his job. He spends half his time writing songs with his closest friends and the other half promoting it to his lovely fan base. What's not to love about it? He's wearing a blue and white pinstriped button up and his sleeves are rolled up, exposing his forearms.

He collapses onto one of the couches, his head in Peter's lap and his feet in Remus' with Sirius in between. He opens his mouth to speak, but is cut off.

"Don't say something stupid." Marlene says.

"Daddy's home!" James exclaims.

"He said something stupid." Lily sighs.

"Don't know what you expected, Lils. It's James." Remus laughs.

"Hey!" James swats at Remus, a frown on his face.

Dorcas clears her throat and sits down on the couch opposite of them, between Regulus and Marlene. The room's noise level falls to silence and they all look at Dorcas, James' smile shining brightly. "Marls, Lily, Pete, Reg, Siri, Remus. Lovely to see you all. Glad to be back."

James scowls and Dorcas shoots a satisfied smile.

"I'm sure you've all seen the chaos that's been invoked after closing night, which is why Regulus is here. As all of you guys' managers, I've made an executive decision."

"She's using big words." Peter frowns down at James.

"I'm terrified, Wormy." James replies.

"Both of you, shut up." Dorcas says, earning a quiet chuckle from both Lily and Regulus and a giggle from Marlene. "Anyways, as I was saying.. I want you lot to work together on this next album."

"What?" James and Regulus ask at the same time.

"Dorcas, love. You've gone mad." Sirius speaks up.

"I think Dorcas' idea is a good one." Marlene chimes in. "I mean, think about it, guys. The media is absolutely devouring Regulus and James, and we already have About You released. The fans would love it."

"She's got a point." Remus states.

The room falls silent and James breathes in deeply as if he's about to speak. Regulus beats him to it. "I'll do it."

"What?" James repeats.

"I'll do it."

"James, darling, you're outnumbered." Lily says softly, almost in a comforting manner. Lily was good like that, she could make anyone feel secure and comfortable with a few words. James was especially grateful for her right then.

It wasn't that he didn't like Regulus. They got along fine, but the Marauders were a sacred thing to James. They had all met when they were in school and they were James' absolute best friends, his support system, his lifelines. He was scared to touch that. Wouldn't it change the group dynamic? Wouldn't it be weird?

James looks at Dorcas and sees the silent please that she says with her eyes. He realizes that this is important to her. He closes his eyes, breathes in, breathes out, and then speaks. "Okay."

—

James @potter

Excited to be back at it with these beautiful people. Let's play a game. Spot the difference this time?

<2 images attached, one of the group standing together including Regulus and one of James and Regulus flipping the camera off.>

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

These pictures are absolutely terrible.

James @potter

@arcturus

Not a fan of my photography, love? :(

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Just saying, don't quit your day job.

James @potter

@arcturus

I could never. You all would miss me too much. And I wouldn't get to see you, gorgeous.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Who lied to you?

James @potter

@arcturus

Um, nobody? You all adore me. And you are gorgeous.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

You're ridiculous.

—

lily @evansonsax

i've missed them all so much :,)

Replies:

James @potter

Missed you terribly, dearest.

Marlene @mmckinnon

The most tolerable marauder. I love you!!!!

Remus @ihatesirius

Moments before this was tweeted, she threatened my life. Please cancel her.

lily @evansonsax

@ihatesirius

remus, you walked up to me and said that you hope they choose me for the gingerbread houses in december.

sirius @iloveremus

@evansonsax @ihatesirius

me, personally? i would forgive him.

Remus @ihatesirius

@iloveremus

This is why people think we're dating.

sirius @iloveremus

@ihatesirius

we're Not?? :(

—

The Daily Profit

Marauders Band Announces Return to the Scene With Exciting News

The Marauders, a highly praised band, has not made any information public since the closing of their last tour three months ago, leaving fans with radio static. This all changed this morning, when the group announced their return to the studio this afternoon with tweets from lead vocalist, James Potter, and saxophone player, Lily Evans. This is very exciting news for many.

Apart from this, Potter announced with glee that independent artist Regulus Black, would be joining the band in efforts for this upcoming album. This is news that everyone is happy to hear, with fans adoring The Marauders' last single, About You, featuring Black.

This begs the longstanding question of a romance between James Potter and Regulus Black, a pair

that has been seen performing closely and intimately at their last show, and have been interacting quite a bit on social media with what fans deem to be romantic undertones. Has James Potter pursued one of his best friend's brothers, or are they just friends?

Many fans disagree with this, their hearts staying true to a different celebrity ship involving James Potter. Many people still speculate that Potter has romantic affiliations with saxophone player, Lily Evans, a pair that has been seen hugging in public and even dancing in the rain one night. Which is it, lover boy, Evans or Black?

Speaking of romance, another ship within the band has been on the rise for quite some time. Everybody loves the relationship we see between drummer, Sirius Black, and guitarist, Remus Lupin. This morning, we saw a lovely interaction between the two that sends fans into a frenzy. The thing is, nobody actually knows if the pair are involved romantically. Despite the constant flirting and stolen glances caught by cameras, there has been no confirmation of anything romantic between the two. Together or not, we all absolutely adore them both.

Fans of Regulus Black and the Marauders are undeniably ecstatic and cannot wait to hear the album, and the two rising ships.

Written by Rita Skeeter.

Regulus & Marauders Group Chat

Sirius

James Fleamont Potter.

Remus

Oh boy.

Lily

remus i'm scared

Marlene

Someone's in trouble

James

Aw shit

Yes, my love ?? 😊

Sirius

sleep with one fucking eye open.

Peter

bold of you to assume james sleeps at all

Regulus

It is two in the morning. Do any of you sleep?

Lily

no

Remus

No.

Marlene

No lol

James

Nah.

Peter

ur funny mate

Sirius

regulus shut up

Regulus

???

You are a grown man with auto caps off.

Do not speak to me.

James

He has a point.

Sirius

I HATE ALL OF YOU

Lily

what did james do anyway

Sirius

He. Fucking. Ate. My. Ice. Cream.

Peter

sirius, mate

you're famous

you have money

Just Buy More ?

Sirius

IT'S THE PRINCIPLE!

James

I'm innocent??

Sirius

we live together. alone.

Marlene

That's gay

Lily

james

James

Yes, dearest?

Lily

go to sleep

James

Goodnight, pals.

Regulus

Nine AM, Potter. Or I'll hit you.

James

Kinky.

Sirius

GET AWAY FROM ME.

—

James opens his eyes at 8:47 AM. It takes him about ten seconds to start stringing curse words together like there would be no tomorrow. Actually, there might not be a tomorrow. He trips out of bed, neatly face planting into the floor in a desperate search for his glasses. He was set to meet Regulus at nine in his flat to start working on the album.

This was much to his distaste, because James usually did most of the songwriting by himself. The girls had written a few songs, Remus one or two, but the majority of it was James. Regulus insisted on being a part of the process. James was bossy, without a doubt, not that he'd ever admit to it, especially when it came to his music.

He decides to ditch the glasses and get changed, settling on a black button up with a red tie. He changes, but does not do his tie because of the lack of time, brushes his teeth, ruffles his hair despite knowing it'll look good anyway, and slaps water on his face. He doesn't have time to shave, so a bit of stubble sits above his lip.

James Potter really wasn't one to sleep in, most days he would be up between four and five am, especially when working on a project. He assumes that Sirius, the night owl that he is, turned off his alarms so that he could sleep in. He pulls on a pair of red socks to match his tie, something he always does, even though nobody ever notices it. Colour coordination gives him peace of mind. He puts on the several bracelets and necklaces that he owns, all gifts from Lily and Sirius.

He walks into the kitchen and grabs an apple from the fruit bowl and turns to Sirius, who's just woken up and is enjoying a cup of tea. "Bastard." James says.

"Love you, Prongsie." Sirius smiles sleepily and hands James his glasses, which he'd found moments earlier. He then points to the clock that reads 8:59.

As soon as he walks out of the door, he stops at one of his flowerpots and picks a flower for Regulus, putting it in his shirt pocket. He started growing plants as soon as him and Sirius moved in together, because his mum and Lily loved to receive them.

—

Direct Messages

Regulus

James Fleamont Potter.

Where on Earth are you?

James

I'm coming!

Your dick brother turned off my alarm.

How do you know my middle name?

Regulus

A? Basic? Google? Search?

James

Doing your research, are you, love?

Regulus

Start planning your funeral, Potter.

James

I'm here.

Open the door?

Regulus

No.

James

Regulus.

Regulus

Ask nicely and I'll consider it.

James

Please.

Regulus

Fine.

—

Regulus swings open the door without making eye contact and James grins, walking in and laying down on Regulus' couch. It's only then that he starts to do his tie, his feet propped up on the arm of the couch. Regulus' flat was small. The majority of it is white, with lots of green accents. There were so many plants, and not one of them had droopy leaves or any other signs of life depleting. He has racks of different guitars hanging from the ceiling, organized by colour.

Regulus walks past him, "feet off my sofa, Potter," before taking a seat in a chair across from him.

"I've brought something for you." James smiles, finishing his tie loosely and pulling the flower out of his pocket. "I wasn't sure what kind of flowers you'd like, but these are my favourites. I grow them for my mum and for Lily, mostly, but I enjoy it a lot. Quite satisfying, isn't it? Taking care of something and watching it grow."

Regulus sits there in awe. He doesn't even know what to say. He plucks the mostly white orchid from James' fingers and stares at it. This was the last thing Regulus would expect from James. And then it hits him; he doesn't know James at all. He only knows what the media and the press think of him.

"Thank you." Regulus says softly. "It's beautiful. You grew this?"

"Yeah," James answers, the same soft tone in his voice. "I picked up gardening about three years ago, I think? Right after I moved in with Sirius. I mostly do flowers, but I've got some herbs going as well. My mum, Effie, she's a great cook, but she's a bit old for gardening. I cook with them, too, of course, but not nearly as much as I'd like to."

"You cook?" Regulus asks, standing up and walking to the kitchen. James follows and watches Regulus as he pulls down a vase and fills it with water, placing the orchid in it gently and setting it

down on the counter.

“Not much, but yeah. I only really do it for special occasions or when someone asks. The group loves it when I do, though.”

“You’re not who I thought you’d be.” James leans against the counter across from Regulus, who has his arms crossed and his back pressed against the fridge. Regulus pauses, before speaking again. “You surprise me.”

“I tend to have that effect.” James winks.

“And you’ve ruined it. Let’s get to work, Potter.”

Regulus did not break a smile once between the hours of 9:30 am and 7:30 pm. They had been working for ten hours, and James could not break him down. After that moment in the kitchen, Regulus went into a strict music mindset.

Regulus walks over to the guitar rack and pulls a forest green one down and sits back down beside James. They’d been working on a Christmas type song that James had come up with for about two weeks prior after waking up from a dream about it.

James presses play on the voice memo for future reference. “Yeah, Reg. It’s just like— I think it should just come straight in and be like..”

“He walks down the stairs, feelin’ himself, lookin’ like he just won a court case.” James sings. His voice has a natural rasp to it that makes Regulus want to swallow every last drop of it. *No*, Regulus thinks, *I’m not thinking that*.

“That sounds good, James.” Regulus says softly, continuing to play.

“He’s got a funny way of using the same four chords in every song he makes. And he’s called Bill and he plays words like a skill.. and then somethings missing. I want another line there.”

“What about, uhm, Yeah, he’s pretty great.” Regulus stops playing, suggestion evident in his tone.

James hums and nods and Regulus picks back up playing. “He’s got a funny way of using the same four chords in every song he makes. And he’s called Bill and he plays words like a skill, yeah, he’s pretty great.”

Potter makes a satisfied noise and smiles over at Regulus, who doesn’t look at him. Regulus continues to play his guitar, the chords eventually sticking to a familiar song.

“Roadkill.” James mutters. “You know my songs?”

“Everyone knows your songs, James. But, yeah.” Regulus hums. “They were some of the first ones that I learned. I listened to your music quite a bit before..”

Regulus’ voice trails off and James watches him with a soft expression. James knows exactly what before he’s talking about. Before he reconnected with Sirius, before he transitioned, before he left home.

“I didn’t like this song much. It took a lot of convincing to put it on the album. I wrote it when I was higher than a kite.” James laughs. “Peter, Remus, and Lily liked it a lot.”

“Lily,” he murmurs, “are you two together?”

James promptly bursts out laughing. “Oh, Evans? No, no, of course not. Lily, she’s great. Truly one of the most beautiful people I’ve ever met, but we aren’t together. It’s not like that.”

“But it was.”

“Yes, it was.” He confirms, pausing. “For me, it was. She had eyes for someone else, though.”

“Remus?”

“Oh my god, Reg. You are way off.” James laughs again. “Lily was dating a girl, Mary, when we were in school. She kept it a secret from all of us for like, two years.”

“In love with a taken woman? That’s funny.”

“Oh, yeah. It was humiliating. And then I shagged Remus.”

“You did what?”

“I shagged Remus?” James chuckles. “We all have.”

“You lot are insane.”

“What? You wouldn’t?”

Regulus’ eyes widen and James continues laughing. “Oh my god, James! Get out of my house!”

“You would!”

“No, I wouldn’t.”

Regulus stands up and James stands as well. Regulus places his hands on James’ back and begins walking to the door.

“But you’d shag me.”

“Please leave.”

“You’re not denying it.”

“Goodnight, Potter.”

“Goodnight, *darling*.”

Regulus shuts the door behind him and leans against it. He slowly slides down the door and puts his head in his knees. *Oh my god*.

Jenga

Chapter Notes

French translations in the end notes!!

I used google translate for the French bits, I am not fluent in the language and I have no friends that are so please don't judge it. The internet told me!!

Enjoy! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Greek Gods Groupchat

Pandora

happy noon, angels

confirmation for 6:30 at reggie's?

Evan

I'll be there.

Barty

Wouldn't miss it.

Couldn't rob you all of my presence..

Regulus

Bartemius, you're not invited.

Barty

Your name is actually Regulus Arcturus.

Don't talk to me.

Dorcas

Actual children.

Stop fighting, you're making Panda sad.

Pandora

:(

Regulus

Sorry, dear.

Barty

Turn that frown upside down!

Evan

Is that not just):

Barty

SHUT THE DUCK UP GOD

Pandora

quack

—

Barty Crouch Jr. @bcrouchjr

When he talks shit but his name is literally Star Star Colour.

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Okay, Bartemius.

Barty Crouch Jr. @bcrouchjr

@arcturus

Watch your back, man.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@bcrouchjr

Go away, Bartemius. I'm trying to write songs.

Barty Crouch Jr. @bcrouchjr

@arcturus

My bad. Tell James I say hi.

James @potter

@bcrouchjr @arcturus

Hi, Barty!!!!!!!

—

Regulus chuckles at his phone and slips it back into his pants pocket. He picks his cherry red guitar back up and settles it between his legs. "Barty is a dramatic git, don't listen to a word he says."

"Is he?" James hums, amused.

“Yes, absolutely. One time he crawled into an empty freezer in Tesco and got stuck.”

“When was this?”

“Like, a month ago.”

James bursts out laughing. He doesn’t even realize it, but even his laugh sounds like music. His laugh alone puts a small smile on Regulus’ face of stone. Eventually, he calms down and all that’s left is a grin.

“Hey, you’re smiling.” James says, almost like he won something.

“I’m sorry?” Regulus asks.

“No, erm, it’s just, I’ve noticed that you don’t smile much, is all. I was starting to think that you just don’t like me.” James chuckles.

“I don’t like you, James.”

“Awh, yes you do.”

“Lies and slander.”

“Me? Lying? Never.”

“You’re ridiculous, Potter.”

“So I’ve heard, Black.”

“Oh,” Regulus’ heart leaps in his chest, hammering against his bones like it wants to break through them. “Don’t do that.”

“Do what?” James asks, scooting closer on the couch to Regulus and pulling the guitar from his lap. His fingers graze Regulus’ and Regulus feels like he’s going to catch on fire.

His hands, Regulus thinks, *oh, don’t look at his hands*. “Um, don’t call me that.”

James nods completely aware of Regulus’ flustered state. “As you wish.”

—

James leaves Regulus’ at about 4:30, giving Regulus two hours to cook, clean, shower, and prepare himself for his guests.

By 6:25, his hair is sticking to his skin with water, his guitars are back on the rack, his plants have been watered, and dinner is in the oven. He straightens his vase of assorted flowers on his kitchen table, different flowers that James has brought him. Every single flower in the vase is pink, and Regulus thinks it’s because all his other plants are green. He’s noticed that colours are very important to James; he matches his socks to his shirt every single day. His favourite is the azalea he brought two days back.

The doorbell rings at 6:27. Regulus stands up and walks to the door, letting Dorcas and Pandora in. He assumes they drove together.

“Reggie!” Pandora exclaims, pulling the not-much-taller boy in for a hug.

“Hi, dear.” Regulus smiles softly and hugs back.

When Pandora lets go, her eyes go straight to the pink vase. Her mouth drops and she slowly turns her head back to Regulus. “You’re cheating on me.”

“Dora, it’s not like that, I swear.” Regulus insists.

Dorcas bites back a laugh.

“You’ve found a new person to bring you flowers. And they’re all pink! You’ve found a gay.”

“James grows them.” Regulus shrugs.

“Oh my god, *you’re* the gay!” Pandora gasps.

The doorbell rings again, but before Regulus can open the door, Barty and Evan let themselves in. “Hi Barty, hi Evan!” Pandora exclaims. “Regulus is gay.”

—

Dorcas Meadows @casmeadowes

“You’re cheating on me! You’ve found a new person to bring you flowers. And they’re all pink! You’ve found a gay.” — Pandora Rosier @ Regulus Black.

Replies:

James @potter

Well, if the red converse shoe fits. 😊

pandora @girlfrommars

@potter

hi regulus lover! 😺

R. A. Black @arcturus

@girlfrommars @potter

Pandora Rosier, what did I just say?

pandora @girlfrommars

@arcturus @potter

oops! sorry, reggie :(

—

Regulus laughs, truly laughs, at Barty’s sour expression after losing a game of Jenga. He’s currently on his fifth loss, and they’ve played six rounds. Evan lost the first one. “You are absolutely horrible.” Pandora hums.

Barty huffs. “It’s rigged.”

“No, Barty, you’re just trash.” Evan says.

“What he said.” Regulus echoes.

“Piss off.” Barty groans.

“Bartemius Crouch Jr, award winning actor, millionaire, son of a famous politician, and your only weakness is a fucking party game.” Dorcas laughs.

“I’m not that bad!”

“And Regulus isn’t in love with James.” Evan counters.

“Hey! Leave me out of this.” Regulus grumbles. “I’m not in love with James.”

Barty chuckles and pulls out his phone, opening his and Regulus’ messages and scrolling back through their history. *“Dorcas is making me do a song with the Marauders. I think I am going to die. How am I supposed to breathe the same air as James? I think she’s homophobic.”*

“Okay, that’s enough.” Regulus puts his hand up.

“I just got off stage. He touched my face. He was shirtless and bloody. Help.” Barty continues.

“HE BROUGHT ME A FUCKING FLOWER?” Evan reads.

“I am going to snog the living daylight out of him. How am I supposed to work under these conditions, Cas?” Dorcas reads.

“This one’s from school,” Pandora starts, “Sirius just showed me a picture of this ‘James’ guy. He is actually so beautiful, it’s not fair.”

“You’re all homophobic. That’s what this is. You hate me because I’m gay.” Regulus insists.

“We are all gay, Reg.” Dorcas deadpans.

“Oh, so you’re transphobic? Wow. Woooooooow, guys.”

They all laugh. “You’re down horribly, mate.” Evan speaks.

“I know.” Regulus practically whines. “It really is pathetic, isn’t it? He’s fucking straight.”

“James Potter is as straight as a fucking circle, you actual idiot.”

—

Regulus dims the lights in the living room and presses a kiss to Pandora’s forehead. “G’night, Panda.”

“Night, Reggie.” Pandora smiles, her eyes closed. “I love you.”

“Love you.” Regulus replies, walking away to his own room.

The group decided they would all sleep over, as it’d gotten quite dark and was raining hard. Barty and Evan were sharing Regulus’ guest bedroom, and Pandora had opted for the couch. Dorcas had left earlier in the night, because she “has a busy morning ahead of her.”

Regulus walks into his own bedroom and changes into his pyjamas, an old pair of sweatpants and a very worn up Marauders shirt that he thinks he’s had for years. It was merchandise for their very

first album. Regulus wasn't lying when he said he was a big fan before he even started his career.

He dims his ceiling light and flips on his space light, which casts a dark blue shadow over the room and paints constellations on his ceiling. Regulus is twenty two years old and scared of the dark. *Absolutely pathetic*, he thinks.

Regulus climbs into his bed and pulls the dark green covers over his body and sighs, looking up at the ceiling and counting the stars across it. Beside him, his phone screen lights up. Regulus rolls over and grabs his phone, holding it over his head. The notification is that James tweeted something. *It's 1:30 in the morning.*

He unlocks his phone screen and clicks the notification. He sucks in a breath, it's a video.

James is sitting cross-legged on the floor of what Regulus assumes to be his bedroom. He's wearing a pair of plaid pyjama pants and his shirt is off, his hair is messy and his glasses are resting crooked on the bridge of his nose. He has a guitar sitting in his lap, the colour of it similar to that of a fire truck.

The video starts playing and Regulus' hand covers his mouth. James is singing London Boy by Taylor Swift. *Of course*, Regulus thinks, *he can't just be hot. He has to have good music taste, too.*

After the video finishes, Regulus rolls over and screams into his pillow like a schoolgirl. He sits back up, and snaps a selfie he deems as terrible of him in the blue light and his Marauders shirt. *Perfect night for a fabricated romance, isn't it?*

—

James @potter

I lied. He's French.

<1 video attached, James singing London Boy>

—

pandora @girlfrommars

i think reggie's house is haunted or something. i hear high pitched squealing. and i think i heard a crash down the hall ☺

Replies:

Barty Crouch Jr. @bcrouchjr

Yes, Dora. It's ghosts.

Evan @evanrosier

I think the ghosts are gay.

R. A. Black @arcturus

All of you. Get out of my home.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

La même putain de chose qui a fait capituler mon cœur.

<1 image attached>

Replies:

James @potter

Nice shirt.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Merci, cheri.

sirius @iloveremus

this made me feel quite ill. please delete.

pandora @girlfrommars

pretty boy!!!!

Evan @evanrosier

Was this taken before or after your gay panic?

R. A. Black @arcturus

@evanrosier

Lies and slander.

—

Direct Messages

Regulus

You fucking broke the internet.

James

Good. Can finally cross that one off my bucket list! :)

Regulus

You are ridiculous.

James

You love it.

Regulus

You actually disgust me.

What are you doing, anyway?

James

Singing!! It's my job.

Regulus

That's not what I meant.

James

Oh, you meant right now?

Making your brother pancakes.

Regulus

You. Are. Ridiculous.

Goodnight, Potter.

James

Bonne nuit, mon amour.

Regulus

Tu parles Français?

James

Un peu. Je l'ai ramassé au lycée.

Regulus

Tu me surprend toujours. Bonne nuit, mon beau.

—

The Daily Prophet

James Potter and his Best Friends Brother

Last night, James Potter posted a video on all social media platforms of him performing Taylor Swift's "London Boy" on his bedroom floor. He captioned these posts with a message that left many fans questioning his relationship status even more than they already had been.

"I lied. He's French." Potter writes on the post. It is believe he is referring to his newest band mate, Regulus Black, with whom he has undeniable chemistry.

Black responds with an attractive selfie on his Twitter, showing him in blue lighting with a Marauders shirt on as if he was getting ready to go to bed. He captions this tweet; "la même putain de chose qui a fait capituler mon cœur," a French translation of one of his lyrics in popular collaboration between the Marauders and Regulus Black, "the same damn thing that made my heart

surrender.”

Though the presumed couple are an adorable pair, there is the unmentioned tension surrounding the relationship. Regulus Black is Potter’s bandmate's brother, not to mention the fact that they’re best friends. Will this matchup cause trouble in paradise? What will be the fate of the band?

Another elephant in the room, Lily Evans. Fans have speculated a romantic relationship between Evans and Potter for years, with neither party confirming or denying these rumours. James Potter has also never come out as queer. This begs the question; could this be queerbaiting? Is Potter pulling another stunt to attract more attention to the Marauder’s upcoming album featuring Regulus Black? Or is Regulus a pawn in a bigger game of chess? Perhaps there’s even a love triangle?

Written by Rita Skeeter

Chapter End Notes

Ta-da! Now introducing “he falls first/he falls harder” Jegulus. Regulus has been WHIPPED for years.

Let me know your thoughts and feelings about this so far! I’m really loving writing this fic.

French translations:

“La même putain de chose qui a fait capituler mon cœur.” — “The same damn thing that made my heart surrender.”

“Merci, cheri.” — “Thank you, darling.”

“Bonne nuit, mon amour.” — “Goodnight, my love.”

“Tu parles Français?” — “You speak French?”

“Un peu. Je l’ai ramassé au lycée.” — “A little. I picked it up in school.”

“Tu me surprend toujours. Bonne nuit, mon beau.” — “You always surprise me. Goodnight, beautiful.”

Home on the 23rd

Chapter Notes

Last of the Jegulus fluff for a bit.. oops

Quite a few sexual jokes/implications here, if that's not your cup of tea, don't read.

Enjoy! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Black Brothers

Sirius

reggie

Regulus

What did you do?

Sirius

um?

wanted to know ur christmas plans but ok.

Regulus

Usually I'd go stay with the Rosiers, but they're not going home.

Current plan is to order Chinese and staring at my walls.

Sirius

you're coming with me!

Regulus

Absolutely not.

Sirius

WHY NOT??

the potters r great :(

Regulus

Absolutely not.

Sirius

please, reggie

they asked me to ask u i promise ur not invading

Regulus

No.

Sirius

reeeeeegggggieeee

please

please

please

please

please

please

please

please

please

please

Regulus

Shut the fuck up.

Sirius

please

Regulus

Fine.

Leave me alone, freak.

Sirius

i love you!!!!

Regulus

I would sell you for a warm cup of tea.

Regulus pulls his suitcase out from the bottom of his closet. It's black and has "R. A. Black" embroidered on it in a medium green shade. He'd agreed to spend the holidays with Sirius, having no place of his own to spend them. He's coming to regret that decision now, of course, but it's far too late to back down.

He was to spend eleven days with the Potters. Sirius, James, and his parents. Regulus can hardly spend eleven hours with James. Eleven days, starting tomorrow.

He sighs and stares at his closet before pulling things off racks. Regulus has a very detailed packing list pulled up on his laptop and he locates every item on it with ease. His closet is incredibly organized, a fact that always manages to shock Sirius.

He then pulls a pair of sweatpants down and changes into them, no further plans for the night. He takes off his shirt, fully prepared to settle into his couch with a pint of ice cream and a cheesy rom com he would tell absolutely anyone who asked that he hates.

Regulus does just this, he sits down on the couch and loads up *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* on his Netflix account. He makes it about nine minutes in before hearing a knock on the door.

Regulus assumes it's just Pandora, it's not unlike her to show up unannounced, so he doesn't feel the need to get changed. He walks over and swings the door open, only to be met with crooked glasses and bronze skin.

"James." Regulus mutters. "Uhm, hi, did we have plans?" He asks, quite frantic. He just opened the door half-naked to the man he's in love with.

"Nope!" James answers, pushing past him into his apartment, completely unphased by Regulus entirely.

Regulus blinks several times, trying to process what just happened. He shuts the door behind him and turns around, watching James as he moves swiftly through Regulus' kitchen.

"Not to be rude or anything," Regulus calls, "but what the hell are you doing?"

"Baking cookies!"

"Wh- James?"

"I'm baking cookies for tomorrow, duh." James says. "Your kitchen's much nicer than mine."

"You couldn't call?"

"Element of surprise, mon cheri."

Regulus covers his flushing face with his hands and groans. "I'm gonna go find a shirt."

"Take mine." James shrugs, pulling his own shirt over his head and throwing it at Regulus.

James is completely, utterly, fucking oblivious to what he's doing. Rather than a light pink, Regulus' face is now a cherry red. James isn't even looking. *Oh my god, is this how he interacts with all of his friends?*

"James, put your shirt back on!" Regulus exclaims, his voice straining and his eyes pointed directly at the ground. He balls up the shirt and tosses it back at him, hitting him square in the face.

It's only then that James looks up from the bags he carried in, presumably filled with ingredients. His eyes meet Regulus and they widen. "My bad." He says quietly.

"I hate you. Goodbye." Regulus walks away, head in his hands as he runs straight into the wall. James stifles a laugh and Regulus shoots him a middle finger before walking into his bedroom.

Regulus comes back out about ten minutes later in a pair of faded jeans and a muted pink sweater.

"Welcome back." James greets, his tee-shirt back on and a measuring cup in hand over the sink as he pours what seems to be flour into it.

"Absolutely not." Regulus replies, pointing his finger at him before taking a seat at a bar stool. "Why are you here?"

"I'm baking!" He smiles.

"Yes, but why in my house?"

"Sirius went to a bar with Remus," James frowns, "I got lonely."

"Why didn't you go with them?"

"Oh, I don't drink."

"No?"

"Yeah, not since the tour ended. Don't like it much, I guess. Makes my head feel funny."

Regulus chuckles softly. "James, that's called intoxication."

"Stop it." James laughs. "Go watch your movie."

"Wh—" Regulus pauses. I forgot about that. "Oh."

"A Kate Hudson man, Reggie?" James grins, combining ingredients.

"No, no, no." Regulus shakes his head, laughing silently. His loose curls bounce with the movement. "I prefer Matthew McConaughey, myself."

"Well," James clears his throat, "that certainly is one way to come out."

"You didn't already know?"

"No, no I didn't." James replies, and the two share a beat of silence. Regulus watches James as he focuses on whatever he's making, soaking in every detail. Regulus notices that a crease forms between his eyebrows when he concentrates on something, and he fights the strong urge to reach his hand out and flatten the skin.

After a moment, James grabs his wooden spoon from out of the bowl and walks around the counter to Regulus. He leans against the spot where Regulus is sitting. He offers the spoon holding cookie dough in it to Regulus, and he accepts with glee.

"Holy fucking shit, Potter." Regulus groans. "So fucking good."

"That's what I like to hear." James winks, sliding the tray of cookies into the oven.

“You know what? I changed my mind.” Regulus says dryly. “They taste terrible.”

James pulls up to Regulus’ house at 4:15 in the morning. They were planning on driving from London to the Potter’s, about a two hour trip. He honks twice and taps his fingers against the steering wheel to the beat of the song playing, Good Old-Fashioned Lover Boy by Queen.

Regulus walks out of his apartment in a maroon sweater with a dark grey blazer over it, the red peeking out below his sleeves. He drags his suitcase behind him haphazardly and James jumps out of the car.

“Morning, Reggie!” he says, brightly, as he pops the trunk.

“Mm.” Regulus acknowledges, clearly half asleep. He pushes the suitcase towards James and walks away, climbing in the passenger's seat. James lifts the suitcase and puts it into the trunk of his car, closes it and gets back in the driver's seat.

“Sirius spent the night at Remus’ flat. We’ve got to go get him, then we’ll probably stop for coffee. Interested?”

“S’il vous plaît, café.” Regulus says, his pronunciation sloppy. He didn’t realize at all that he’d switched languages in his half-asleep state.

James chuckles and nods. He drives to Remus’ flat and Sirius meets them out front, in a similar, yet less extreme zombified state as his brother.

“Remus is a terrible host.” Sirius grumbles, buckling his seatbelt in the backseat.

“Got kicked out, Pads?”

“Yep. Said I had to go because I’m going to James’ house.” Sirius sighs. “Does he not know that your house is my house?”

James laughs loudly at this and Regulus opens his eyes. “Both of you, shut up.”

“Sorry, mate.” James says, looking in his mirror at Sirius. “Reggie’s cranky.”

“Bite me.”

“Kinky.”

“Excuse me! Older brother in the car!”

After the trio got coffee, the energy in the car increased. Regulus spent the majority of the journey telling James how to drive his own car, cursing under his breath, and controlling the music. Sirius spent the majority of the trip complaining about Regulus, texting the Marauders group chat, and humming along to whatever song was playing.

James pulls into his parents driveway and parks the car. Euphemia and Fleamont must have seen the car pull up through the window, because they meet them in the yard. James gets out of the car, leaving the luggage for later, running to hug his parents. Euphemia and Fleamont pull their biological son into a hug, James being the first to let go and Effie being the last.

The elderly pair then turn to the Black brothers, Sirius smiling brightly and Regulus smiling sheepishly. "Mum, dad, this is Reggie." James grins.

"Regulus is fine." Regulus chuckles awkwardly, holding his hand out. "Mr Potter, Mrs Potter."

Regulus shakes the hand of Fleamont, who gives him a similar grin to James' and greets him with a hello, son that makes Regulus' skin crawl. Euphemia ignores his hand and pulls him into a hug.

"Regulus, darling." Effie says softly. "Call me Effie, would you?"

"Alright, Effie." Regulus replies. Regulus does not let go, assuming Euphemia will be the first one to let go. Euphemia doesn't let go either, so the two just stand there in the driveway hugging.

Regulus looks at James, a bit startled. James bites back a laugh and mouths, "*she doesn't let go first.*"

Regulus mouths back, "*neither do I.*"

Regulus notices throughout the day that Sirius clings to Euphemia quite a bit. Regulus, on the other hand, is quite captured by Fleamont.

The group just finished with dinner. Monty went upstairs to shower and Sirius walked off somewhere, leaving Effie, James, and Regulus alone in the living room. "Sing me a song, dear." Effie hums towards James.

"Alright." James replies softly. He gets up and returns moments later with an acoustic guitar, sitting down on the couch beside Regulus. Euphemia sits in an armchair adjacent to the couch. "What would you like to hear?"

"That one Elvis song that I love." Euphemia replies.

James nods and starts plucking out a melody on the guitar. The sound mesmerises Regulus, lulling his mind of all worries. Everything sounded better when James was the one playing it.

"Wise men say 'only fools rush in' but I can't help falling in love with you."

His voice is smooth and soothing. Regulus watches him, analysing everything about him. The crease between his eyebrows, his dark hair that did whatever it wanted, the friendship bracelets on his wrist, the glimmer in his eye. He was so close, Regulus could reach out and touch him. One graze and Regulus could have everything he'd dreamt of for years.

"Shall I stay? Would it be a sin if I can't help falling in love with you?"

James glances over, his eyes meeting Regulus' for a split second. Regulus feels everything in that moment. A soft, yet outspoken smile dances on his lips.

"Like a river flows surely to the sea, darling, so it goes. Some things are meant to be."

Regulus is magnetised to him. Like opposite poles, Regulus is drawn to him. He places his head on James' shoulder and breathes in, his eyes shutting.

"Take my hand, take my whole life too, for I can't help falling in love with you. Like a river flows surely to the sea, darling, so it goes, some things are meant to be."

James presses his head against Regulus', leaning on each other. A tender moment that spoke all the words Regulus couldn't bring himself to, and all the words James didn't realize were caught in his throat.

"Take my hand, take my whole life too, for I can't help falling in love with you. For I can't help falling in love with you."

Euphemia smiles warmly at James. "Thank you, dear. That was lovely."

James smiles back, lifting his head from Regulus. Regulus quickly picks up his head and straightens up his posture, scooting away from James on the couch.

Oh, why did I do that? Regulus thinks. That was stupid. Why am I stupid? I'm stupid and gay and he's straight and uncomfortable. I made him uncomfortable.

Why did he move away? James thinks. He keeps moving away. Why is he moving away from me? What am I doing wrong?

"I'm getting tired." Regulus states.

"I'll show you to your room, dear." Effie offers.

"Yes, please." He nods distractedly. "Merci."

Chapter End Notes

I just want to say that I think it's absolutely adorable that Regulus switches languages without realizing it when he's tired or distracted. Like hello? My husband.

Jegulus miscommunication central. Absolute oblivion, I love it. They're gonna stop being happy for a while now. Fun while that lasted, eh? Stick around, though. It's worth it, I promise. Happy ending is in store!!

Christmas Eve

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Marauders

Lily

happy christmas eve, my lovelies!

Remus

Happy motherfucking Christmas Eve.

Marlene

Happy day. Miss most of you (Dorcas, Regulus, Lily, Pete, and Remus) terribly.

James

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE SEXY PEOPLE

Sirius

shut the fuck UP!!!!

it's three in the MORNING!!!!

i need my BEAUTY SLEEP!!!!

Regulus

Yeah, you do.

Looking at you makes my eyes hurt.

Brush your hair, stupid.

James

Good one, Reggie!

Regulus

Do not get me started on you.

Get a haircut, Presley.

A Christmas gift to us all.

Dorcas

...

Regulus

Shut.

Dorcas

My bad.

Remus

Regulus is so real

Peter

i'm scared

Regulus

Good.

Now goodnight, ladies and wannabe gents.

James

Goodnight, darling.

Cutting my hair tomorrow actually.

Going bald.

No more hair.

Just for you.

Regulus

Stop it.

You will do no such thing.

Remus

Sick fuck.

James

I know you are.

Remus

Well.

Peter

he is bro

Lily

certainly

Regulus

The hell.

How many of you have had sex with Remus?

James

Pfft.

Sirius

think you and i are the only ones who haven't, mate

Marlene

Yeah.

Remus

Yeah.

Peter

yeah

Dorcas

Yeah.

Regulus

James

Goodnight!!!!!!!

—

Sirius sits down on the Potter's porch swing and pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. He takes one out, lights it, and brings it to his lips. The sun hasn't yet risen, the sky just a hazy dark blue, the porch light being the only source of it.

Moments later, Regulus walks out. He has a hoodie on and takes a seat beside Sirius. Regulus takes the cigarette from Sirius' lips and throws it on the ground, stomping on it to put it out.

Sirius grunts and pulls the pack back out of his pocket, opening it back up to pull out another. Regulus takes the pack from him and shoots it across the lawn like a basketball, making it into the trashcan at the end of the driveway.

Sirius looks at his brother, eyes wide and mouth agape with incredulity. "Did you play basketball in school?"

"For a bit." Regulus shrugs.

"How did I not know that?"

"You didn't have to go to an all girls school, Sirius." He replies quickly. "You don't know much of anything I did back then."

"I'm sorry." Sirius whispers, his eyes glued to his hands in his lap.

“For what?”

“Not being there.”

“I don’t blame you, Sirius.” Regulus says truthfully. He doesn’t blame Sirius for leaving, not after what they’d been forced to endure. Regulus only ever hated Sirius because Sirius had the strength that Regulus did not. He never resented him for leaving, but resented him for doing what he couldn’t do himself. He didn’t hate him, he wanted to be like him.

“What do you think mom’s doing these days?” Sirius chuckles.

“Being absolutely insufferable, denying our existence, watching the world ship us both with *men* with absolute disgust. Y’know, the works.”

“Do you remember when the nanny would give us animal crackers and you would cry because you thought you were killing them?”

“Oh, fuck off.” Regulus scowls. “You made them fight.”

“I was seven!”

“I was six!”

The brothers then start laughing, Sirius collapsing his head into Regulus’ shoulder as his own shoulders shook with laughter.

“Oh,” Sirius sighs, coming down from his laughing fit, “I love you, Reggie.”

“I know.” Regulus smiles softly. “And you’d still make them fight, y’know. Sixteen years later.”

“I would.”

The two sit in silence for several moments, enjoying each other's company in a way that they rarely did. The two were very close as young children, but everything turned to shit by the time they'd reached secondary school. Sirius had moved out when Regulus was fifteen and Regulus had resented him for it for five years, but it was moments like these that reminded Regulus that he could never actually hate his brother, that Sirius was and would always be his best friend.

"Hey, Reg?" Sirius says, breaking the silence.

"Yeah?"

"I think I'm in love with Remus." He whispers.

"I know you are."

"Reggie, he's perfect." Sirius groans. "He's so smart and he's beautiful and he plays guitar and *oh my god, his hands!*"

You're telling me, Regulus thinks, have you seen James?

—

Regulus, Sirius, and James all sit around the Christmas tree holding warm mugs of peppermint tea at 10:52 PM on Christmas Eve. Sirius and James have an annual tradition of exchanging one gift with each other on Christmas Eve, and this year, Regulus gets to partake. Each one of them is in holiday themed pyjamas.

James' glasses rest crooked on the bridge of his nose and his hair is lazily swooped behind his ears, one piece dangling in front of his eyes that just won't stay put with the rest of it.

Sirius' eyes droop with sleep and he's pressing his mug to his cheek because he enjoys the warmth of it. His hair is long and flows freely, stopping a bit before his collarbone.

Regulus' hair is brushed and his eyes are opened much wider than the others, quickly adjusting to the winter night. He's a work of art, sharp edges and straight lines, a sculpture, a star that shines

the brightest to James, despite Sirius being the brightest in the night. Regulus Arcturus puts every other celestial body to shame.

James is so tired he can't even begin to fight the urge to stare at Regulus, or at least attempt to hide it. His eyes deliberately land on the boy across from him and they don't move, even after Regulus meets his gaze.

"What are you doing, James?" Regulus asks calmly, gripping his composure tightly and lifting his mug to his lips and taking a small sip of his tea.

"I'm looking at you." James smiles lazily.

Regulus can feel his cheeks heating up. He looks down, attempting to hide the blush and smile that are creeping across his face. Sirius rolls his eyes so hard he may see his brain.

"Okay, enough of this absolute *nonsense* . Give me things."

"Va te faire foutre." Regulus rolls his eyes. "Here."

Sirius grabs the wrapped gift from Regulus like a kid in a candy store. He grins as he rips the paper off of the box. His expression immediately softens when he opens the small box.

"Is this—"

"Leo constellation." Regulus cuts him off, his voice not showing a bit of emotion at all. He reaches over and points to an emerald right at the heart of the lion. "That's Regulus."

Regulus then lifts his hand, showing a gold ring he'd gotten himself. "And this is Canis Major. The ruby is Sirius."

Sirius doesn't say anything, just slips the silver ring onto his slim finger and wraps his arms around Regulus. It's a tender moment, they've been having more of those recently. Between the Black brothers, an understanding and an appreciation has been formed.

Regulus opens his eyes slowly and they land on James, who looks like he might cry. Regulus holds Sirius as if he might slip away again, and he prays that he never will. They bask in the silence that comes when two people understand each other.

Slowly, Sirius pulls away from the embrace and smiles teary-eyed at Regulus. He starts to laugh. “Well, that makes my Christmas Eve present for you look like shit.”

“What is it?” Regulus hums.

“Here.” Sirius picks up a rectangle shaped box from underneath the tree and hands it to him.

Regulus carefully peels the red, paw-print wrapping paper off of the box. His mouth opens slowly, disbelief and surprise taking over his expression.

“You didn’t.”

“I did.” Sirius grins.

Regulus opens the box and stares wide eyed. Inside, there are white ice skates and the blade is silver and shiny.

“I know you miss it.” Sirius adds.

“You skate?” James asks.

“Oh, he’s a brilliant figure skater.” Sirius replies. “He used to do it competitively.”

“I wasn’t that good.”

“I find it hard to believe that you could be not good at anything, Reg.” James hums. “I’m an excellent skater.”

“*You skate?*” Regulus asks.

“Oh, yeah. I was on the hockey team.”

Regulus swallows, thinking hard on what to say in response. “Well then, Potter..”

“Hm?”

“Guess you’ll have to take me someday.” Regulus looks at the floor, biting the inside of his cheek and smirking slightly.

“It’s a date.” James grins.

Regulus picks up a box from under the tree. The green paper has silver snakes printed on it. “Here.” He hands it to James.

James licks his lips and shakes the present by his ears like a little kid. He then frowns a bit, not hearing any noise coming from it. He rips off the paper and opens the box, a wide smile breaking out when he sees his gift.

Inside is a soft, pastel pink button up, similar to the ones he usually wears, and a pair of socks in the exact same colour. Pinned to the shirt is an orchid pin that looks exactly the same as the flower that James gave Regulus the first time they’d met at his apartment.

“I noticed that you always match your shirt colour to your socks. And I figured pink was one of your favourite colours, because, well, you always bring pink flowers instead of any other colour. And the orchid.. I made that. The first flower you ever brought me was an orchid.”

“Awh, Reggie!” James exclaims. “You’re perfect, actually. Thank you. I love it. You’re wonderful. Oh, you’re so wonderful. Did you know that you’re wonderful? People don’t ever notice things like you do, you beautiful wonder of a man.”

Sirius fake-coughs into his hand, letting the word “*gay*” slip out between fake wheeze. Regulus smacks the back of his head and Sirius snickers.

“I reckon you like it, then?” Regulus asks.

“I love it, darling. Thank you.” He replies, pinning the orchid to his pyjama shirt. James doesn’t even realise that the pin is right over his heart. Regulus does.

People don’t ever notice things like you do, you beautiful wonder of a man.

Regulus listens to his voice say this on loop for the remainder of the gift exchange, through his dreams, and into the morning.

People don’t ever notice things like you do, you beautiful wonder of a man.

It’s a date.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

Merry Christmas Eve, all. If there’s not a princess pony with my name on it under James’ tree in the morning you will never hear from me again.

—

James @potter

Praying for a Regulus Black shaped gift under the tree in the morning.

—

sirius @iloveremus

james' mum makes the best christmas cookies. shoutout to effie.

—

Remus @ihatesirius

So this is Christmas.

Replies:

lily @evansonsax

and what have we doneeee?

peter @ppetigrew

another year overrrrr

Marlene @mmckinnon

And a new one's just begun!! 😊

—

Dorcas @casmeadowes

Tell me why I walked out to see Marlene McKinnon under my Christmas tree.

Replies:

Marlene @mmckinnon

Not what you wished for, Cas? :/

Dorcas @casmeadowes

@mmckinnon

Can't tell you that.

—

pandora @girlfrommars

hope that i'm on the nice list!!!! santa's on his way :) :) :) <3

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I lied. Here's the LAST BIT OF FLUFF for a WHILE. Was feeling nice and this is my Christmas gift to you all. Enjoy, my darlings. I know this chapter is short, but I'm on vacation right now and I haven't had much time to put pen to paper. Expect better soon.

And it's Christmas, So This is Going To Be a Nightmare

Chapter Notes

Alright. I meant it when I said that the fluff is on hiatus. Let's do some trigger warnings.

Warnings:

- Misgendering and deadnaming (flashback, if this triggers you, scroll to the first cut)
- Child abuse (flashback, extremely blink-and-you-miss-it, if this triggers you, scroll to the first cut)
- Panic attacks/anxiety (Regulus. Skip this chapter if this triggers you)
- Walburga flashback (think this goes without saying. If this triggers you, scroll to the first cut)
- Angst. Angst. Angst. So much angst (If this bothers you, find another story)

French translations in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Four Years Prior

Regulus sits at the dinner table, his posture straight and his shoulders square. He draws stars on the inside of his palms underneath the table. His cousin, Narcissa, is saying something about her new husband's new job, and Regulus doesn't care enough to listen. It's the twenty-fifth of December.

Upstairs, a bag is packed. He's going to leave. Leave France, leave his family, leave his hair and his face and his stupid old life that was never his behind.

He hears his mother speak his old name. Well, it was never really *his* name. It's *hers*. And she was never really real.

"Yes, mother?" He humours her.

Regulus' long hair gets in his eyes. He's so angry. He wants to hack it off with the kitchen scissors. He wants to be anybody else. He wants a better family. He just wants, and wants, and wants. He can't wait to leave.

“Stop playing with your food. It’s incredibly rude to our guests. I raised you better.” Walburga scolds.

Regulus’ harsh jaw tightens. He breathes through his nose. He’s then made aware of how cold he is. He is *so* cold. The House of Black always feels so cold, and since Sirius left he’d been stranded alone in the arctic without so much as a candle. He wants to be warm. He wants.

And then he sees it, a small fire at the end of the tunnel he’d been travelling down the last eighteen years. It looks like freedom and it fuels Regulus with hope. Now is his chance.

He snickers. “No, you didn’t.” Regulus says quietly, he’s not sure he can hear *himself*, let alone if other people can hear him.

This is so out of character for Regulus. *The flawless, intelligent, beautiful Black daughter talking back to her mother? Unheard of.* Regulus thinks. *Well, guess what, mother. I’m not your daughter. I’m your son .*

“Excuse me?”

“I said *no, you didn’t* .” Regulus speaks again.

“What on Earth has gotten into you?” And then she says it again. *Her* name. What kind of mother doesn’t pick up on that? She never existed. She was a mask. A suggestion. “This is not the daughter I raised.”

Tu n’as pas du tout élevé de fille, mère.” Regulus says. He is trying so hard to project his voice with confidence. He wants to be heard, and not just seen, for the first time in his life. He *deserves* to be heard. He knows that now.

Narcissa gasps and Bellatrix sniggers.

“Watch your mouth.”

“Tu n’as élevé personne. Ni Sirius, ni moi, et certainement pas une fille.” Regulus continues.

“There was never a daughter to begin with. Maybe if you looked, you would know that.”

“What on Earth are you talking about?” Walburga speaks. Her voice and her eyes are the same; cold, mean, distant, unforgiving. “You are my daughter, you have always been my daughter, and I have raised you for the last eighteen years. The way I’ve taught you has made you stronger. Stop this nonsense.”

“Stop lying!” Regulus bursts. “The only thing that should’ve been making me stronger was *milk!* You are no mother. You are a monster. Je te déteste.”

Regulus stands up from the table and smooths out his pastel green dress. He fists at the fabric. He wants to burn it. Walburga stands at the same time.

Regulus’ cheek stings and a soft gasp exits his mouth. His fingers clench around the fabric and he breathes heavily. He then makes eye contact with his mother, meeting her cold eyes with his own eyes of fire. Regulus’ gaze burns into Walburga. Regulus wants it to hurt her. Regulus wants.

Time for the grand finale. Regulus thinks. He exhales heavily, his breath shakes. *Too late to back down now.*

“My name,” Regulus says, “is Regulus Arcturus Black. I am your son. I’ve always been your son. And now I am leaving.”

“Ridiculous.”

“When you hear my name, *my* name, when you hear it on your television or you see it in your newspapers, you will look. You will regret everything that you’ve done. And you will *never* try to fix it. Never make me hear your name again. I’m gonna be famous, mama. I’m gonna be fucking famous. And you know what they’ll call me? They’ll call me the prettiest *boy* in Hollywood.”

Before Walburga can reply, Regulus is gone. He’s upstairs, grabbing his things, and then he’s in his car changing his clothes at a red light. Thank god for tinted windows.

He’s driving. He’s in line. He’s cutting off his hair. He’s looking in the mirror. He’s thinking, *there I am*. His hair is short. He’s running his hands through it. He’s driving again. He’s at Dorcas’ home, she’s the closest to him.

Dorcas opens the door. Her eyes widen at the sight of Regulus. His hair is really short. She reaches up and runs a finger through his curly hair.

“Hi, Cas.” Regulus breathes.

“Hi there.” She replies, smiling comfortingly at Regulus. She really is a gentle person when she wants to be, inside of the badass exterior. And she knows. She hasn’t kicked him to the curb, that’s a good sign to Regulus. “What’s your name, sweetie?”

He lets out a sigh of relief. “Regulus.”

“Well, Regulus. You’re a very pretty boy.” Dorcas says. “Let’s get you inside, okay? It’s cold. I’ll make you some tea.”

Regulus is safe. Regulus is home. Regulus is closer to the fire. The cold isn’t so unbearable anymore.

—

Regulus sits up straight at the dinner table as reality comes back to him. *I’m not in France*. His arms do not breach the wood once, his back as straight as a ruler and his shoulders as square as a box. *I’m at the Potter’s*.

He feels tense, Christmas a day that he dreads annually. But instead of a cruel, cold, abusive and abrasive mother and an emotionally absent father, willing to turn his head to anything, or a cold, empty, lonely apartment with shitty takeout, he is dealing with a family of four filled with love and understanding. *I’m Regulus Black*.

Needless to say, it’s overwhelming. He doesn’t want to overstep. And he certainly does *not* want to embarrass himself around James or Sirius.

James is wearing his brand new pastel pink dress shirt. He’s eating with the smallest spoon in the drawer (*he hates tablespoons*) and his socks match his shirt. He has Regulus’ orchid pinned to it. Regulus’ heart lurches for it, for *him*, and his brain scolds him for it. His body is cold as ice and

James is warmth. James emulates the same comfort that the sun does, for the sun rises and sets on a consistent schedule. That's what James is, he's consistent. Constant. Permanent. Irrevocable. He's the fire at the end of the tunnel, and Regulus is only a few steps away.

He realizes there's a pane of glass between him and the fire. He's locked in the cold. He's on his own. He always has been.

His walls are about to come crashing down. The tsunami of unfelt, unprocessed emotions breach closer to the shore than they have in four years. He has to go. He has to run. When will he stop running? The tunnel never ends. He's not feet away from the fire, he's miles away. Miles and miles of cold.

"I have to go." He says abruptly, interjecting into whatever conversation was occurring loudly between his brother and unrequited lover.

He pushes himself to his feet and walks to the door. He pulls his coat and scarf off the rack and shoves them onto his body before pulling himself out of the door and closing it behind him. He walks. The snow crunches underfoot.

The Potter estate is located beside a lake. Regulus walks to the frozen body of water and collapses into the snow beside it. He's on his knees, he's gasping for air. The tunnel is being filled with water. He's drowning. He never learned how to swim, Walburga never took him to any lessons. Walburga never did anything. *Why am I not enough?*

His chest heaves and tears fill his eyes, but they don't dare to fall. They just sit on his lash line, taunting him with their silent laughs. The laughs of his mother, his father, Narcissa, Lucius, Bellatrix, and every other name on the stupid family tapestry that Regulus is sure he's been burned off of.

He's exploding. He hasn't felt this much in years. *I fucking hate Christmas.*

He can't breathe. He can't see. All he can feel is the cold nipping at his porcelain skin and the loathing. All he can smell is his desperation and his yearning. *He wants to be enough for somebody. I wasn't enough for his parents, I wasn't enough for Sirius, and I will never ever enough for James. Why am I so fucking stupid?*

Where is Pandora? Dorcas? Barty? Evan? Sirius? Where is James? Why did they leave me alone?

And then it hits him. The touch burns his skin. He blinks and looks up, tears *finally* falling from his eyes. He shoves the hand away quickly, even though it was the very thing he was just wishing for.

He's panting. James has concern in his eyes.

"Oh, love. What's wrong?" James asks.

It's comforting. Regulus hates how comforting it is. He wants to be alone again. He wants James to leave. He never wants to see him again. His stupid, beautiful face. And that stupid pin on his shirt. He wishes he never made it, wishes he didn't spend hours painting every detail of the flower before it withered away. He wants the hurt to stop. He wants to stop wanting. He wants.

"Get away from me." Regulus breathes, pulling his heavy body to his feet. The touch of James lingers on his skin. His body says *warm*, his heart says *home*, and his brain says *anger*. It's so fucking confusing. He's tired of confusing. He wants it to stop. He wants.

"Reg, sweetheart, we're all worried. You're clearly not okay. I'm not leaving you alone like this."

He's worried. Of course he is. Regulus likes that he's worried. That somebody cares. He hates that he's worried. He hates that he cares. He just wants him to go away. He wants to rip off his clothes. He wants to be closer. He wants James to fuck him senseless into the snow. He wants.

"Leave me alone! I'm fine. Just go, Potter."

"You're not fine. It's okay to not be fine."

"Oh, shut the fuck up! Don't tell me that it's okay to not be fine. Don't fucking tell me that, *Mr. Sunshine*. How about you be not fine, huh? Let yourself feel bad. Be miserable, be sad, be mean, have a bad *fucking* day and then you can lecture me about it!"

"Don't be like that, love. I'm trying to help you. Let me help you."

“I’m not your fucking *love!* I’m not your sweetheart, I’m not your darling, I’m not even your friend! We’re just fucking *co-workers* ! Stop acting like I mean something to you and go back to your family.”

“Reggie..”

“My name is *Regulus!* ”

“Regulus..”

“Just-“ Regulus breathes. He breathes in, he breathes out. He wants James to shut up.

He’s kissing James. His lips are pressed hard against James’. James isn’t kissing him back. James is pulling away. No, he’s *pushing* away. James is turning around and he’s leaving.

Regulus is alone again, heart and brain broken in the snow.

What have I done?

—

James walks back into the house and breathes. He breathes in the doorway. Regulus kissed him. No, that can be dealt with later. He doesn’t want to think about that, think about the meaning of it, think about Regulus. He wants to be with his family. It’s Christmas, for gods sake.

He sits back down at the table and Sirius looks at him. James shakes his head.

Moments later, he hears the door open. He hears it shut. He hears footsteps on the stairs. Moments after that, he hears the door open again. The footsteps stop. The door closes again. Regulus is gone.

His eyes shut after the noise. He breathes in. He breathes out. He opens his eyes.

James smiles through the rest of dinner, engaging in conversation with his mother and his father and his adopted brother. He lets no one see just how truly miserable he is, just how upset he is that Regulus left. He doesn't even know he's miserable. He just feels *bad*.

"Don't fucking tell me that, Mr. Sunshine. How about you be not fine, huh?"

But he wasn't fine. Regulus knew that. He was just saying that because he was upset. James wasn't angry, James wasn't going to let himself be angry at Regulus. If he was angry at anyone, he was angry at himself for leaving.

James was just so confused. Regulus was standing there and he was shouting at him and he was crying and the fact that Regulus was upset made him upset and then he kissed him and James couldn't comprehend it. The fact that Regulus had kissed him at all was incomprehensible, especially because he did it without asking. James was bad at those things.

He runs his hands through his hair and tugs at it gently. It calms him down slightly. After dinner, he helps his mom wash the dishes and put away leftovers. Euphemia, the lovely woman that she is, picks up on James being upset almost immediately and puts him to work. Being busy calms him down, especially doing the dishes. Feeling the warm water against the cold plates calms him down.

James receives a warm hug from his mother and a kiss on the cheek before being sent upstairs for bed. He walks up the stairs, skipping the ninth step because it makes a creaking noise that freaks him out.

He lays down on his bed and picks up the hockey puck from his bedside table. James tosses it up in the air and catches it over and over again, staring at his ceiling.

He thinks, really thinks, about what was bothering Regulus. It upsets him that Regulus was upset at all. James really doesn't like it when people around him are upset and he can't comfort them, but Regulus is so goddamn hard to read that James has no idea what he needs when he's reached his breaking point.

He frowns and catches the puck, putting it back on the table. He thinks about the one-sided kiss. He had no idea Regulus was even thinking about that. Regulus probably didn't even like him, he just wanted him to shut up. James isn't sure why he pushed him away. His body *wanted* to kiss him, and he isn't sure why that is either. He didn't even know that he liked Regulus, two weeks before he was certain Regulus would be the death of him. Why did his heart leap when Regulus pressed forward? Why does his heart only leap like that when Regulus is around?

He sits up in his bed and pulls a notepad out of a drawer. He starts to scribble words together, it turns out that he's writing a song.

He loves writing songs. It puts all the words that are hard to understand and are hard to say into a work of art for other people to enjoy. He loves that other people enjoy his work. The band is one of, if not the best part of his life.

He writes, and erases, and writes, and erases, until he has a song on paper that he's somewhat proud of. He picks the acoustic guitar out of his closet and sits down on his bed, positioning himself right.

He strums out a gentle melody and begins to sing softly. *"Don't you know that I'm a human too? You know that you're a human too? And, darling, that's just what humans do. So tell me you're a human."*

Chapter End Notes

Okay, heavy chapter. Merry Christmas? :)

Christmas is very challenging for our Reggie, and neither Sirius or James know about it. Regulus never told them about the night he left.

I didn't give Regulus a deadname, and I'd prefer if you all didn't either. As a trans person, it makes me incredibly uncomfortable when other people do, and that's really not how I want to write trans characters.

The next few chapters are going to be a fairly unhappy time Jegulus wise, but there will be some happy moments. Happy to report some Prongsfoot and Panda + Reg moments in the near near future, and quite a bit of Wolfstar! Not completely miserable.

Definitely projected a lot onto both James and Regulus here. My bad.

Also, a new song for the album! So far, we have three. If you want to actually hear them, listen to Wintering, About You & Human Too by The 1975.

Let me know what ya think!

French translations:

"Tu n'as pas du tout élevé de fille, mère." — "You didn't raise a daughter at all, mother."

"Tu n'as élevé personne. Ni Sirius, ni moi, et certainement pas une fille." — "You didn't raise anyone. Not Sirius, not me, and certainly not a girl."

Paparazzi

Chapter Notes

Filler chapter for you all.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Black Brothers

Sirius

hey, reg?

did you get home safe?

reggie?

i see you reading my messages.

i love you. i'm not sure what happened last night but i'm here for you, loser.

please don't shut me out :(

—

Dorcas & Sirius

Sirius

cassie

Dorcas

Hey.

Alright, Black?

Sirius

is reggie with you?

Dorcas

No.

What happened.

Sirius

stormed out of christmas dinner and i can't get ahold of him

Dorcas

I'll text him. I'm sure he's just cooling off.

He doesn't like to talk to people when he's upset.

Sirius

figured.

keep me updated, lovely

Dorcas

Will do.

—

Messers

James

:(

Remus

Alright, Prongs?

Peter

what's wrong jamesie

Sirius

talk to us

James

Why are people so hard to read?

Remus

Autism.

Peter

MOONY

Sirius

REMU.

James

No, I think he's onto something.

Remus

What happened, Prongs,

Maybe we can be of assistance to you.

James

Well.

Someone did something that I didn't expect and I pushed them away because it was scary and now they've kinda disappeared from the freaking planet.

Remus

Regulus kissed you and you pushed him away because you were overstimulated and now he's gone into hiding because he's upset and embarrassed and probably very anxious.

James

Bingo.

Sirius

WHAT

WHAT

W H A T

W

H

A

Remus

Shut up.

Sirius

Peter

gay people in my phone

James

You guys are not helpful in the slightest.

—

Jily (Platonic with a Capital P)

James

Deeeearest

Lily

potter! nice christmas? <3

James

No. :(

Lily

tell me about it, honey!

James

Okay so basically.

Regulus was spending Christmas here because he didn't have anywhere else to go and Sirius always comes with me.

Dinner was going well, or at least that's what I thought, but then Regulus stormed out.

He was really upset. You know the lake by my house? I found him there and he was so upset and it was making me upset because I wanted him to be happy.

I tried to talk to him and he kept yelling at me and I think I just made it worse.

And then he freaking kissed me and I didn't kiss him back and I ran away.

I think I ruined everything.

Lily

oh, sweetie

you didn't ruin everything

christmas might just be a hard day for him, lovely. sirius has told me about his childhood and it certainly was traumatic, i imagine regulus is affected by it too.

James

He needed help and I didn't know how to help him.

Lily

you can't always save everyone, potter.

i know you want to.

i think you should just leave it alone for a few days, okay? and then try to talk to him. tell him you
ran away because you were overwhelmed.

it's not your fault.

James

I think you're right.

You always know just what to say.

Love you, dearest. Thank you.

Lily

love you too, potter! happy to report that your plants are doing well, by the way.

James

Oh, are they?

You've been watering them?

Lily

yes, james

James

Using the schedule I sent you, right?

Lily

yes, james

James

Thank you!

—

James closes the trunk of his car and looks at Sirius. James decided to stay with his parents for a few weeks into the new year, enjoying the peace of mind that the English countryside gave him.

“Are you *suuuuuure* you don't wanna come with?” Sirius asks.

“I'll be back soon, Padfoot. Fret not.” James smacks a kiss onto Sirius' forehead.

Sirius is several inches shorter than James, the second shortest marauder in the band. Regulus being the first.

“Remus is going to be sick of me.”

“Nonsense.”

Sirius absolutely despises being in the apartment by himself. He doesn't want to be there at all when James isn't, he's terrified of being alone. Remus knows this, and when he heard that James wouldn't be returning for a while, he offered his home as sanctuary to Sirius. How chivalrous of him.

“Call me everyday.” Sirius insists.

“I will.”

“And text.”

“I will.”

“And write me letters.”

“I will.”

“By carrier pigeon?”

“Carrier owl.” James grins.

“I want full, in depth reports and essays about how much you miss me and wish I was here.”

“On it.”

“Thank you.”

“Anything for you, Pads. Give Moony my best.”

“Will do.”

“Hey, Pads?”

“Yes, Prongs?”

“Check on Reggie for me, yeah? I just wanna know if he’s okay and I don’t think he wants to hear from me.”

Sirius nods and salutes James before giving him one last hug and getting into the driver's seat of the car. James waves him off and sits on the front porch of his house. The sun has not yet risen, the sky just a hazy blue that tells James that the sun is just as tired as he is.

—

Regulus ignored everyone for a day and a half. He got away with it, his phone was off and the only things he saw were the pages of old Greek mythology and cups of tea. He was coming down off his humiliation, he didn’t want to see anyone.

The knocking started around three thirty pm and Regulus didn’t get up to answer it until three forty-five. He swings open the door to see a shorter blonde with two braids in her hair. She looks angry, probably because she’d been pounding on the door for fifteen minutes.

“Regulus Arcturus Black.” Pandora announces.

“Hi, Dora.” Regulus greets.

“Put your shoes on.”

“Why?”

“We’re going out.”

“Where?”

“There’s a new book and crystal shop next to that cafe you like. You’re taking me.”

“Did we have plans?” Regulus frowns slightly. He was intent on staying in.

“We do now!” Pandora grins.

“Dory, I really don’t wanna go out. Can we stay in? Watch a movie?” Regulus asks.

“Reggie, there is *no way* I’m gonna sit here and let you sulk in your Christmas despair. You do this every year and it’s not gonna happen! Put your shoes on.”

“But this year is different.”

“How so?”

“I did something stupid.”

“You do stupid things all the time, honey. You’re a human.”

“No, really stupid.”

“Okay,” Pandora sings as she sits down on the couch and takes Regulus’ hand. “Tell me about it.”

“I kissed James.”

“Ooh, yay!”

“No, Dora. It was bad.”

“Potter’s a lousy kisser?”

“No, Dora. He didn’t kiss me back! I freaked him out.”

“Okay, need context.”

“Well, I was having a panic attack.”

“Oh, this doesn’t sound good.”

“He found me crying in the snow out by the lake next to his house.”

“Oh, by the lake?” Pandora frowns. “You hate water.”

“Exactly. And I yelled at him.”

“Why’d you do that?”

“I don’t know! He was there, I was upset, he didn’t get out of the line of fire. Just happened.”

“Understood. Keep going.”

“He just kept *talking* and he was making too much sense and he said that he cares about me and it was bothering me.. so I shut him up. He didn’t kiss me back and then he ran away and then I drove back here.”

“Baby, why are you giving him so many mixed signals? That’s probably why he freaked out.”

“Oh.”

“You should call him.”

“Absolutely not.”

“Reggie, he’s your gay with the pretty flowers!”

“So, that bookstore?”

—

The cameras outside of the bookshop flash. Pandora and Regulus are a frequent pairing in press articles, and they enjoy snapping every shot they can to twist into some sort of story. Regulus fucking hates the cameras.

He slips the cashier his card to pay for both his and Pandora’s items (*Pandora insisted he owed her for the scare*) and puts the books and the crystals Pandora insisted he needed into his backpack. He takes his card back and politely thanks the cashier, slipping the nice lady an extra twenty for the inconvenience of the paparazzi.

“Ready to go?” Regulus asks Pandora, interlocking their fingers together and gesturing towards the door.

Pandora nods, smiling softly and lifting her bag onto her shoulders with her free arm.

The two brave the paparazzi, Regulus' green hood covering the majority of his head with some brown curls falling loose.

“Regulus! What can you tell us about the album?”

“Regulus! Talk to us about your relationship with Sirius!”

“Pandora! Tell us about your next movie!”

“Regulus! Are you dating James Potter?”

Regulus stops dead in his tracks. He faces the man who called out the last statement with a glare so harsh it could cut right through him. “Potter and I have no romantic involvement. He’s a great man who’s dedicated to his work. Our relationship is professional.”

“Is James with Lily?”

“Do you wish you were involved with James?”

“Regulus! Tell us more!”

“Pandora!”

“Regulus!”

“Pandora!”

Ladies and gentlemen, the moment we've all been waiting for. Yesterday evening, independent artist and Marauders collaborator Regulus Black was spotted in downtown London with actress Pandora Rosier. The two are a common pair and are typically not ones to interact with interviewers.

Although Baby Black has a rocky history with the press, he took the time to interact with one question that leaves Marauders fans with their jaws on the ground.

When approached, the interviewer asked if Regulus Black had any romantic involvements with colleague, James Potter, suspected paramour. Black responded coldly with a harsh expression that gave chills to surrounding individuals.

He issued his first press statement, stating that Potter and Black had no romantic involvement at all, despite consistent flirting online. Black also says that James Potter is a "*great man who's dedicated to his work*", despite his harsh and seemingly conflicted demeanour. "*Our relationship is professional.*"

Regulus Black offered no other statements or elaborations on the matter, and he did not comment on the making of his album with the Marauders band, starring James Potter himself.

This leaves fans questioning if there was any romantic involvement in the past, perhaps a breakup? We all want to know more about the steamy, yet complicated dynamic between the two singers. Fans await anxiously for a response from James Potter.

Written by Rita Skeeter

—

James @potter

Professional with a capital P. Terribly sorry you've all been "waiting anxiously" for a response, I was smelling the orchids!

Chapter End Notes

A short one for you all. I thought Jily and Pandora & Reg were the cutest friendship dynamics. Jegulus being snarky at each other online makes me laugh. Confrontation... someday! Wolfstar next chapter.

I love Jily in this fic so much. Honestly they remind me so much of Steve and Robin from Stranger Things.. from Steve having a crush on Robin in the past before she came out to their dynamic now. It just fits. I love them.

Also, James?? Smelling the orchids?? I hope you all picked up on how PETTY that was. Convinced he had someone else press send and then he panicked and tried to delete it after because it was too mean. I love him so much.

The Moon and the Stars

Chapter Notes

Wolfstar chapter!!

Warnings;

— Mentions of cigarettes/usage of cigarettes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sirius Black arrives at Remus' flat at around eight thirty in the morning after cutting his vacation short with James Potter and his family. The London air is cold, leaving his nose and his ears a blush colour from the unforgiving bite of the cool gusts of wind.

Remus is sitting on the porch with a cigarette in his mouth. He's wearing a brown sweater that's a size too big for him and a pair of jeans with wet hair that clings to the back of his neck.

Sirius grins and steps out of the car, waving up at Remus. "Hiya, Moony!"

Remus nods in recognition and smiles before taking another drag. He inhales the smoke and lets it fall back from his lips in puffs of grey before standing up. Remus stretches, wincing slightly at the soreness. It's an easier day than most.

Remus was diagnosed with a rare chronic pain disorder when he was a small child, around five or six. Some days are easier than others, but he's almost always somewhat sore. He hates it. He never feels fully rested and he's most irritable during flare ups, often lashing out at others. Most of his flare ups occur during the week of the full moon, which the Marauders picked up on in the first two years of knowing him, which is what earned him the nickname 'Moony'.

Sirius pops the lid of the trunk and pulls his suitcase out of it, placing it on the ground and pulling the handle up. He drags his bag up the stairs and meets Remus in the doorway.

Remus is several heads taller than Sirius, earning title as the tallest person in the band at six foot four inches.

"Hey, Pads." Remus greets. "Get in, yeah? Bloody freezing."

“It’s not that cold.”

“Sirius, you look like you just spent nine months in Antarctica. You are colder than ice. Get in the house.”

“Not my fault I’m just *that* cool.” Sirius winks.

“Sirius! In!” Remus scolds.

“Okay, okay, I’m going.” He laughs.

“Atta boy.”

—

Remus @*ihatesirius*

Sirius Orion Black is 5’3.

Replies:

sirius @*iloveremus*

LIES and SLANDER!!!

Marlene @*mmckinnon*

Confirmed.

James @potter

For real!

—

James walks in the house with a bright red rose tucked behind his ear. He'd just finished weeding Euphemia's rose bushes and trimming off thorns, a hobby he usually took to when visiting his family.

He's wearing a white tank top underneath an unbuttoned red flannel and low rise jeans with a belt. Remus once told him that he has "slutty legs" when he was wearing those exact jeans, and James thinks about that conversation every time he wears them.

James takes the flower out from behind his ear and places it behind his mother's, giving her a warm smile and a quick kiss to her forehead and earning a similar smile in return.

He takes the dishes from Euphemia and starts washing them whilst Effie leans against the fridge, watching her son hard at work with adoration and pride. It's no secret that Euphemia loves James more than anything else in the world, besides Sirius, whom she deems one of her own. "Jaaaames." Effie sings quietly.

"Yes, mum?" James replies.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." He grins.

"And it's because I love you that I have to ask; why are you in my house?"

"Sick of me already, mum?"

“Never, just a mothers concern.”

“Just.. missed you.” He smiles. Euphemia knows that it’s only half of the truth, James could never lie about anything, especially not to his mother. He was terrible at it.

“James.”

“Okay, fine.”

Euphemia sighs.

“Just.. not ready to go home yet. Something happened on Christmas, with Regulus, and I’m not ready to go back to the city. Not ready to get back to work, is all.”

“You’re always welcome here, my love, you know that.” Effie smiles sadly. “But I think you should call Regulus, or swing by his flat. I know how important your job is to you, honey.”

“I will soon, I promise.”

“Alright, dear.” Euphemia pulls her son into a warm hug.

—

Sirius stirs the spoon in his cup of tea, mixing sugar into it. Sirius took his tea in a way that sent Remus into a spiral, claiming it was just “*sweetened milk*” and that there “*wasn’t any tea in it at all.*”

His hair is haphazardly tied into a low bun at the back of his head, strands of black hair still falling down onto his neck. The only thing holding it together is a number two pencil.

He turns the corner from the kitchen to the living room, sipping his warm sweet milk with his eyes closed. Sleep looms over Sirius constantly, and yet he can never actually bring himself to get any rest.

Sirius spots Remus first upon entering the room. He's sitting in the corner of the couch with a book opened and resting on his chest. His eyes are closed and his lips are curled into a soft smile, his breathing steady. He's dreaming. A good dream. Sirius knows that those don't happen often.

Sirius sits down next to Remus and continues to sip his tea, gazing at the boy beside him. This continues for a few minutes, the star boy is mesmerised.

"Siri." Remus whispers.

Sirius can't tell if he's awake or not. His eyes are still closed, his breathing is still steady, and he hasn't moved at all, but he's *talking*. Talking. He's talking about Sirius. And if he's asleep, that means Sirius is in his good dream. His heart flutters.

Sirius hums a response, just in case Remus *is* awake.

"Love you." Remus murmurs. He's asleep.

Black's heart explodes. Hundreds of little stars within him go supernova. He takes Remus' hand while he sleeps. "Love you too," he replies in a hushed tone. "Wish I could tell you."

—

Remus feels a warm hand take his. He exits his sleep state and keeps his eyes shut. He must've fallen asleep while reading, he feels the pressure from the book on his chest. His heart and his hand smile, *there you are*, they say.

"Love you too." Remus hears Sirius say. "Wish I could tell you."

I must still be dreaming. Is Remus' first thought. Before being snatched back to reality, he'd just told dream Sirius that he loves him. *This is a really good dream*.

Remus squeezes Sirius' hand.

“Remus?”

“Hm?”

“You’re awake?”

“What?”

“You said something, I thought you were sleep talking, and you just squeezed my hand.”

“Did I? Sorry.” Remus says. He doesn’t drop Sirius’ hand. Sirius doesn’t drop his either. They’re holding hands. On Remus’ couch. Sirius just confessed his love. On accident.

“Did you..”

“Yeah.”

“Oh.”

Remus’ face feels warm. He doesn’t have to look in any mirrors, or any reflective surface for that matter, to know that he’s blushing furiously. Sirius is too, pink spreading across his pale skin. Silence looms over them. *Awkward.*

“What did I say?” Remus breaks the uncomfortable silence.

“What?” Sirius looks at him.

“While I was sleeping, Sirius. What did I say?”

“You don’t remember your dream?”

“No, I remember. I just want to see if you remember.”

“You said my name.”

“Okay.”

“And you said..” Sirius bites his lip. “You said that you love me.”

“Okay.” Remus inhales, “good.” He exhales.

“Good?” Sirius asks.

“Yeah, good. Been meaning to tell you for a while.”

“Oh.”

—

Sirius wakes up with a set of arms wrapped around his waist and a bare collarbone pressed against his face. He breathes in deeply, inhaling the familiar scent of chocolate, wood, and cigarettes. A nose is pressed against his scalp and fingers are tracing small shapes onto his side.

He doesn’t open his eyes, just inhales the moment. It’s new, he’s never been this close to someone. Well, he’s been that close to people, but not that *close* to the person he was with. This was different, intimate, meaningful. He was happy.

“G’morning.” Remus mumbles. His voice is thick and has a natural rasp that comes with drowsiness.

“Mm.” Sirius grunts and pulls Remus closer. “Goodnight.”

“Pa-ads.” Remus sings softly, running his hands up Sirius to play with his hair. “Time t’ get up. I’ll make tea.”

“No.” Sirius whines. “Sleepy.”

“You’re always sleepy, Pads. Up.”

Remus tries to move out from beside him and Sirius continues to pull him closer. At some point, Sirius climbs on top of Remus and is pinning him down with his eyes closed.

“Siri, you’re making more of an effort to stay in bed than it would be to get up.” Remus chuckles, and leans upward to kiss Sirius. Also new.

Sirius quickly covers his mouth with his hand, preventing Remus from kissing him. “I hate when people kiss first thing in the morning in movies.” He mumbles.

Remus laughs softly and pulls his hand away, pressing his lips to Sirius’ mouth. Sirius quickly melts into the kiss, forgetting completely that he hates when other people do it. His mind has been changed.

—

Black Brothers

Sirius

i know you’re like ignoring me and shit but something CRAZY happened and i want to tell you
about it

please respond!!

Regulus

Shoo.

Sirius

REGGIE!

you're alive

was starting to worry

Regulus

Are you going to tell me your story or not, Sirius?

Sirius

oh right so

basically

y'know how i told you that i fancy remus

Regulus

Uh huh.

Sirius

okay so

i'm staying at his flat right now

Regulus

Why are you at his flat?

Sirius

don't like being in mine by myself

Regulus

???

You have a roommate.

Sirius

prongs is at his mum's

he's worried about you, by the way

you should call him

anyways, it's my turn. back to me!!

Regulus

There's the Sirius that I know.

Sirius

shut up and let me tell my story

damn

so i'm staying at remus' flat

Regulus

Established, yes.

Sirius

SHUT UP.

so basically he was napping on the couch and he looked so cute it was like aww

and he started SLEEP TALKING.

he said that he loves me!!! in his sleep!!!

and then i was like Omg! Love you too! because i thought he was sleeping???

Regulus

And he wasn't sleeping.

Sirius

HE HEARD ME!!

and now i think i've got a boyfriend

Regulus

Finally.

Sirius

oh ur one to talk

Regulus

I'm sending Remus your baby pictures.

Sirius

NO PLEASE

I LOOK RIDICULOUS

PLEASE STOP

REGULUS ARCTURUS

Regulus

Hah.

Sirius

this isn't even fair

you don't have any embarrassing pictures :(

Regulus

Good. Let's keep it that way.

Sirius

i'll ask james

i'm sure he's caught some.. he's always taking pictures of like everything

Regulus

Doubt it.

sirius @iloveremus

regulus black i am in ur walls

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Don't make me do it.

Remus @ihatesirius

Why are you lying?

sirius @iloveremus

@ihatesirius

???

Remus @ihatesirius

@iloveremus

You are literally in my bed. Leave Reggie alone.

sirius @iloveremus

@ihatesirius

way to blast us, man

James @potter

WOLFSTAR???

Replies :

peter @ppetigrew

WOLFSTAR!!!

Marlene @mmckinnon

WOLFSTAR!!!

lily @evansonsax

WOLFSTAR!!!

R. A. Black @arcturus

No way Sirius got a boyfriend before I did. He's literally 4'9 and smells like a wet dog.

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Maybe I should call him.

sirius @iloveremus

I AM NOT 4'9!!! I AM 5'11!!! YOU ARE ONLY HALF AN INCH TALLER THAN I AM!!!

—

Remus @ilovesirius

POV: You accidentally put your relationship on blast before it's even established and now you have to change your username to please your 4'9 boyfriend who smells like a wet dog.

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Quote credits??

Remus @ilovesirius

@arcturus

My apologies.

sirius @iloveremus

STOP IT!!!!

Chapter End Notes

I loved this chapter. I think it's so funny how Remus and Sirius wind up together and how the entire world knew before they even did? Like I know they hadn't even had the "what are we" talk before it got to the internet. I laugh.

I know this fic is mostly Jegulus based, but I did want to take a stab at writing Wolfstar. Next chapter, I'll give you all some Jegulus. Feelin' like a time gap (not a large one) is in store. I've got it mapped out in my head and I think you guys will enjoy it.

Please please please don't hesitate to comment what you think. I love reading them and I always try to reply when I get the chance to. They make me feel so :)).

Closed Doors, Ice Skates, Hot Cocoa

Chapter Notes

Jegulus reunited, for now.

Warnings:

- Mentions of child abuse (Past tense, not explicit, Walburger sucks)
- Sexual references/jokes (Nothing explicit)

James didn't leave his parents house until February 13th, the day before Valentine's Day. He was seriously considering not going back at all, but he missed his job like crazy and could never leave Sirius and the rest of his mates by themselves in London. Also, congratulations were in order for both Remus and Sirius. He still hadn't seen them since before it all happened. Before Christmas.

But first on his to-do list was to talk to Regulus. He'd left the situation untouched for too long, spent the last month or so trying to find the right words, writing songs and ripping them up, he couldn't think about anything other than Regulus. *What is Regulus doing? Or would Regulus like this song? Or is Regulus thinking about me too? Or why on Earth would Regulus kiss me?* Constantly, consistently, continuously Regulus. It was honestly quite annoying.

He pulls up in front of his flat and hops out of his car, dragging his maroon suitcase behind him. He skips up the sidewalk, avoiding cracks in the pavement. As he passes by his flowerbeds—which look almost as nice as when he left them, courtesy of Lily Evans, he smiles and points at the flowers. “I'll deal with you all later.”

Oh, he's missed London. The bustling sounds of the city fill his ears with a beautiful symphony of car horns, rain hitting windshields, and British accents. James loves his quiet home in the countryside, with his beautiful parents and dazzling lake, but London is every dream he's ever had come true.

He twists his key in the lock and swings his door open, dropping his suitcase and sighing. “Home, sweet home!” He exclaims, sounding like a dad after a trip to the shops.

Sirius doesn't get back to the flat until the 15th, spending Valentines with Remus. He has two days to talk to Regulus. *Well, first, I probably need a plan. Yeah, a plan is good.*

—

Regulus hears a knock on his door at around 10 am on Valentines Day. Dorcas is spending the day with a girl, though she wouldn't tell Regulus who, Pandora is in Los Angeles for a screentest, Barty is shooting a movie, Evan is probably asleep and would never come to Regulus on his own so early, and Sirius is with Remus. There is absolutely no reason for anyone to be knocking on his door.

Regulus is wearing a black sweater and black pants with a gold necklace on his neck and his Canis Major ring on his right hand. He sighs and stands up, fully expecting to see a Girl Scout at his door. He unlocks it and opens it.

“Regulus.” James smiles softly and goes to step inside.

Regulus quickly slams the door in his face. “No.”

No, no, no. He thinks. You're not a girl scout. Not facing that humiliation. Nope, not today. Not on Valentine's Day. Come back never.

The knocking continues. Regulus ignores it, he ignores it for a few moments before the consistent tapping starts driving him crazy. *Why is he so stubborn? Take a hint.*

Regulus opens the door again and looks down. He does not meet James' eyes, his eyes are fixed pointedly on the carpet beneath his feet. “Can I help you?”

“Yeah, move over.” James tries to squeeze through the door again. “Oh, I've brought you something too.”

Regulus looks up, eyes wide with surprise and just a bit of confusion. Okay, a lot of confusion. James' hands are held behind his back, underneath his backpack. What on Earth is James doing in the first place? Hadn't Regulus already ruined everything? “What?”

James smiles and pulls his hands out. He's holding a bouquet of flowers— his flowers. That he grew. And they're all orchids, just like the first time. “I didn't have enough for every day that I missed, but, here you are. You never told me what your favourite was, and I don't know if you remember, but these are, like, the first ones I ever brought you. So they're meaningful. I figured apologies were in order.”

Regulus blinks up at him. *Apologies? What did James have to apologize for?* He takes the bouquet of flowers and steps aside so James can walk in. James does so and Regulus follows, placing the pink orchids in an empty vase by the door.

“I'm not staying long,” James says, “well, you're not staying long either.”

“Sorry? What?” His posh French accent carries through his words a bit more than usual.

“Still have those skates Sirius bought you, yes? I believe I promised you a date. And then we're gonna get hot chocolate at my favourite little cafe near the rink so we can talk.”

“Hot cocoa.” Regulus corrects mindlessly. He hates when people call it hot chocolate. “What are you doing here?”

“Regulus, love, I just told you. Now, go, get your skates. And a jacket, for goodness sake.. it's freezing.”

—

Regulus was silent on the drive to the rink. He sat in the passenger's seat and watched naked trees pass them by. He listened to James as he sang quietly to whatever song was playing on the radio and thought to himself about how pretty James sounded when he thought nobody was paying attention. Not that he didn't always sound pretty. Of course he always sounded pretty, that's why people adored his band so much. He looked pretty, too.

“Here we are.” James sings as he parks the car.

Regulus unbuckles his seatbelt and grabs his bag. Before Regulus can open his door, James runs around the side of the car and opens it for him.

“James, I can open my own door. I’m not a two year old.” Regulus scoffs.

“I know.” James grins. “I wanted to get it.”

“How chivalrous of you.”

Regulus steps out of the car and grabs his bag, swinging it over his shoulder. It’s cold outside. Regulus can hear music playing over the speakers and he can hear people laughing, a few toddlers crying. He sees two teenagers standing not too far from him and James, staring and whispering to each other. It appears James had beat him to it, he grabs Regulus’ arm and leans down to his ear.

“I think we’ve been spotted.” James whispers to Regulus. The lowness of his voice sends chills down Regulus’ spine.

The two fans approach them with cameras drawn. Regulus sighs internally. He’s terrible with fans.

“Excuse me, are you Regulus Black? And James Potter?” The girl asks. She’s about two inches shorter than Regulus and has a long black wolf cut.

“That’d be us, yes.” James smiles softly.

“Hi.” Regulus waves awkwardly.

“Oh my god!” The boy exclaims. He has long black hair, similar to James’. “Sorry, we’re like huge fans.”

“Reggie, I think they like us.”

“Call me Reggie in public again and I’ll castrate you.”

The girl with the nice haircut giggles. Like, full on giggles. “D’you mind if we take a picture with you both?”

“Not at all! Might want to snap one before Reggie here hate-crimes me.”

“You’re on thin ice, Potter.” Regulus glares.

“He loves me, really.”

“Professional, eh?” The boy chuckles.

“You don’t threaten to castrate your co-workers in public?”

“No?”

“Sounds boring. Get a better job.”

James swings his arm over Regulus’ shoulder. “Reggie, play nice. He’s joking, I promise.”

The girl laughs and they all pose, snapping a few selfies. After the photos are taken, Regulus shimmies out from under James’ arm and scowls at him.

“Y’know, we were at your LA show.” The boy hums.

“No way, I was there too!” Regulus says dryly.

“Good show, was it? Did I look cool?” James asks.

“Very cool.” The girl reassures.

“Well, it was a dream playing for you all. We all loved playing with Black here, too.”

“James.” Regulus warns. He’s blushing.

“Okay, fine. We all loved playing with Regulus *Potter*, too.”

“James!” Regulus practically squeaks. His cheeks are red. “It was lovely meeting you two. I’ve got a funeral to plan.”

“His or yours?” The boy asks.

“Yes.”

—

Regulus steps out onto the ice for the first time in five years. He does not falter, instead he glides as effortlessly as he did before. Some skills you never forget, especially if you’re Regulus Black. He was a natural to begin with.

He moves effortlessly through the arena, spinning in circles around James. Regulus feels euphoric. On the speakers, *Moves* by Suki Waterhouse is playing. Regulus loves that song.

“I’m a put some goddamn moves on you, babe, I know you need it.”

Regulus does a jump. One he can’t remember the name of, it’s been that long, but judges always loved to watch it.

“Die a double death for you, death for your secrets.”

Regulus is as graceful and elegant as a swan gliding through water. James watches with astonishment. When Sirius said Regulus was good, James didn’t understand just how good. It was clear he’d perfected the craft.

The song finishes and Regulus slows down before James, whose jaw is practically on the ground. He cocks an eyebrow, waiting for a response. James provides none, he doesn’t say anything. He’s speechless. James Potter, the most annoying man in the world, who could talk for hours and hours about any given topic, is speechless.

“Cat got your tongue, Potter?” He smirks.

James shakes his head, letting out a breath. “Wow.”

“Wow?”

“Wow. Colour me impressed.”

Regulus hums with satisfaction and links arms with him. They glide together around the large ice rink.

“Where did you learn to move like that?” James asks.

“Walburga signed me up for lessons before I could even speak English. She wanted a winner. She was a skater, too.”

“Before you could speak English?”

“French is my first language, James. I picked up English in primary school.”

“Sexy.”

“Shut up.”

James pretends to zip his lips and throw away the key like he would if he was a small child. Regulus shakes his head and sighs. “What am I going to do with you?”

“Love me! If that’s what you wanna d— ow!” Regulus swats at James’ arm with a frown on his face like an angry cat. “Hey, write that down.”

“What?”

“Love me, if that’s what you wanna do.” James repeats. “Good song lyric, don’t you think? We should play with that.”

“You’re a nightmare.”

“And you’re brilliant.”

“Stop it.”

“Okay.”

The song that was playing ends and a new one begins. The chords are familiar. *Holy shit*. Regulus thinks.

“Holy shit.” Regulus says. “James.”

“Hey, they’re playing our song!” James exclaims loudly. People throughout the stadium look up at James.

“James, shut up!” Regulus hisses.

James starts to sing along to the words, using his free hand as a microphone. “Do you thiiink I have forgotten about youuu?”

Regulus shakes his head and rolls his eyes, but smiles nonetheless. He loves this man, this man is ridiculous. The bridge approaches quickly and James holds his fist near Regulus’ mouth. Regulus shakes his head and shoulders with laughter. “James, stop.”

“C’mon, lion's heart. It’s your turn.”

“You—“

“Researched your name? Yes. Now sing.”

Regulus sighs and half-asses the bridge, attempting to make annoyed faces at James. Once it’s over, he realises that the people around him were filming. He doesn’t mind it. He doesn’t mind it at all, because he’s with James. Gross.

James carries two mug of hot cocoa to the table in the very back of the Three Broomsticks, James' favourite café. He's nervous. Their great day can so easily be brought down by these next few moments. He'd spent hours charming Regulus, that was the easy part, but now it was time for confrontation. Terrifying.

He hands the cup to Regulus and the boy mutters a statement of gratitude. James takes his seat across from the boy and starts nursing his own mug back.

"So," James clears his throat, "how've you been?"

"Fine." Regulus replies. "How've you? Sirius said you were staying with your folks."

"Yeah, just got back in yesterday. Think my mum was getting sick of me."

"I find that hard to believe, Potter." Regulus says, sipping his hot cocoa. "Effie's an angel."

"Yeah, but I'm not." He chuckles. "I was being quite annoying. Personal troubles, and all that."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. There's this guy I work with. He's pretty great, I like being around him a lot, but I think he might be upset with me."

"Why would he be upset with you?" Regulus asks. He's playing along with James' bit.

"Well, he was having a bad day and I think I accidentally made things worse."

"How so?"

"The guy, he's a really good guy. And he's smart. Pretty, too. I think they call him 'The Prettiest Boy in Hollywood'." A smug look appears on Regulus' face. Told you, mum. "He was having a rough Christmas and he kissed me. Don't know why he kissed me, he thinks I'm annoying. Anyways, I kinda ran away. Dick move, right?"

"He shouldn't have kissed you." Regulus looks down. "And he doesn't think you're annoying, James."

"The thing is, I don't even mind that he kissed me. I mean, I've kissed everyone. It's just the way that he did it, I don't think he really wanted to, and I didn't know how to respond."

Regulus breathes in and James watches him. *Say something*, James thinks. *Say anything*.

"He wanted to." Regulus exhales. He says it so quietly that James isn't sure he's heard him correctly, or maybe his mind is playing tricks on him.

James' eyes are as wide and as bright as a deer in headlights. "Oh."

"Oh?"

"Well, he should, uh— ask next time, yeah?"

Regulus swallows and nods. He wants to do something stupid. Next time. "He will."

"Cool."

Silence lingers between the two of them for several moments. James thinks about the fact that

Regulus wanted him while he sips his hot beverage, and Regulus thinks about how to word his next statement while he sips his.

“James?” Regulus asks, breaking the silence.

“Yeah, Reg?” James replies, looking up from his drink.

“Christmas was the day I left.”

“Left where?”

“Christmas, four years ago, that’s when I left France.” James goes to speak, but Regulus beats him to it. “I was at Christmas dinner, and my mum was pissing me off. I was so peeved. I was ready to go. I confronted her, and she hit me. And then I left, and I cut my obnoxious hair, and I went to stay with Dorcas. That’s why I was upset.”

“Reggie, I—“ James starts, and leans across the table to place his hand on Regulus’ arm.

“You didn’t know.” Regulus finishes. “Nobody knows about it other than Dorcas and Pandora. Not even Sirius.”

James doesn’t say anything, he just looks into Regulus’ eyes. Warm brown meets icy blue and they both melt. Eventually, a sweet smile starts to play onto James’ lips.

“Why are you smiling?” Regulus asks, eyebrows furrowed and slight frown on his face.

“I’m just,” James exhales. “Really fucking proud of you, Reggie.”

—

“So, strictly professional, eh?” James asks, walking Regulus up to his door.

“Shut your mouth, Potter.” Regulus glares. “They were attacking me.”

“It’s funny!”

“It’s not funny.”

“It’s pretty funny.”

“Not even a little funny.”

“I laughed.”

“Get a better sense of humour.”

“You’re sweet.”

“Suck a dick, Potter.”

“Yours? Anyday.”

“James!” Regulus exclaims, his face a bright red colour. He nearly fell over in the hallway.

James laughs and they reach Regulus’ door. “So, nine am?”

“Nope. Uninvited. Write the album by yourself.”

“I’ll see you at nine. Goodnight, Reggie.”

James smiles and pauses for a moment. He’s thinking about something, Regulus can’t tell what. After a second, James leans down and presses a gentle kiss to Regulus’ rosy cheek before turning around and walking away. Regulus watches him leave.

“Goodnight, Jamie.” He whispers. His head spins.

March Madness

Chapter Notes

Gay! Gay! Gay! Everybody's gay! Queer! Yay!

Warnings:

— Alcohol usage. Quite a bit of it, it's a party.

— Mentions of cigarettes.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

March is typically a very boring month for the average person. It's the bridge between winter and spring, providing unstable and uncomfortable weather. There's St. Patrick's Day, and other than that, there's really nothing special about the month of March at all. That is, unless you're a marauder.

The Marauders love the month of March more than possibly any other month of the year. They get three excused parties out of it, more importantly, they get three excused chances to plan parties out of it. Remus' birthday is on the tenth of March, St Patrick's is on the seventeenth, and James' is on the twenty-seventh.

Sirius and Marlene do all the planning, with the occasional help from Peter or Dorcas on decorations or refreshments. One year, Sirius and Marlene hired tattoo artists for the night and they all got matching tattoos. However, they were all so drunk that none of them had any real meaning.

James had tattooed a stag's antlers on his rib cage because he thought it would look cool and he'd just seen Bambi for the first time earlier that week and it was on his mind. Sirius tattooed a few paw prints on his back because he was going through a phase of needing to adopt a dog. Peter tattooed a rat on his arm because he thought it would be funny. Lily got a doe on her ribcage because she really liked James' deer, but hated it the morning after. Dorcas got a tiger on her shoulder because she was wearing a striped shirt and wanted it to match, and Marlene got a lion on her ankle because she had won an arm wrestling competition against Lily and was convinced she was invincible. Remus got a wolf on his back because Sirius told him it would be cool. It wasn't.

Another year, they'd rented out a movie theatre to themselves so that they could watch Shrek on a larger scale. A few of them snuck flasks in and Peter got so drunk he was bawling on the corner because it was the "saddest movie he'd ever seen." They had to carry him out of the movie theatre at the end of it. Everyone could see the rat tattoo.

A different year, they were all freshly twenty-one and decided to fly to Vegas for James' birthday. They spent a ridiculous amount of money planning a double wedding for James, Lily, Sirius, and Remus. Lily and Remus got their marriage annulled the next morning. Nobody knows if James and Sirius are still married, not even James and Sirius themselves. Dorcas was the only one sober enough to consider filming the union.

This year, Sirius and Marlene had rented out an entire karaoke bar for the night and planned a costume party. Not only had the Marauders been invited, but so had all of Regulus' friends. The more the merrier. For Remus' birthday, he had opted against a party and instead decided on dinner with his mates. The party took place on James' birthday.

Marlene had assigned them all pairs and told them to come up with matching costumes. She hadn't assigned a theme, because as Regulus likes to put it, she's a menace.

Regulus with Pandora, Evan with Peter and Barty, James with Sirius, Lily with Remus, Marlene with Dorcas. They didn't know enough people to make it even, Remus called it tragic.

Pandora had somehow managed to convince Regulus to do Jo March and Theodore Laurence with her. Lily and Remus were doing Prince Eric and Ariel. Evan, Barty, and Peter (who were getting along swimmingly) were going as the red, purple, and yellow teletubbies. Marlene convinced Dorcas to be the Gwen Stacy to her Peter Parker. James and Sirius were doing Sandra Dee and Danny Zuko from Grease.

—

James looks in the mirror and doesn't recognize himself at all. Instead of his usual unruly mop of black hair, it's slicked back and looks ridiculous. Instead of his usual button down or jumper, he's wearing a tight black shirt. Instead of his usual slacks or jeans, he's in leather pants. Instead of his usual red converse, he's in black boots. He's also wearing a black leather jacket, which he painted "*J. POTTER*" on for fun. Despite not looking like himself, he looks pretty fucking cool.

Sirius, though, feels right at home. He's also in leather pants, and he's wearing a black crop top. His hair was curled, but he didn't like it so he brushed them out. Now, it just frames his face in loose waves. He also got a black leather jacket, and painted "*S. BLACK*" on it to match James.

"We look smashable." Is the first thing Sirius says when he sees James.

“We always look smashable, Padfoot.” James corrects.

—

James @potter

Couples costume.

<two images attached, one of Prongsfoot in the mirror and one of their jackets>

Replies:

sirius @iloveremus

luckiest girl in the world!!! <3

R. A. Black @arcturus

He looks terrible.

James @potter

@arcturus

And me?

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Not bad. I look better, though, I’m afraid.

James @potter

@arcturus

Proof??? Proof?????

—

“Alright, so..” Pandora speaks, looking at her and Regulus in the mirror. She’s in an 1800s white dress and a cream vest is buttoned over it. Underneath the dress is several layers of fabric, making the dress look poofy. Her hair is braided down her back and a few strands of hair are left at the front of her head, curled loosely. Her sleeves are round and have plenty of air in them. She’s got two jackets layered on, the first one longer than the one on top with a funky pattern on it. “We were born at the wrong time.”

“Because we look fucking great.” Regulus curses. He’s in a ridiculous white shirt that has ruffles on the sleeves that look like balloons. He’s also wearing a black vest and grey trousers. He’s even wearing a ring on his finger to symbolise the one Jo gave Laurie. His curly hair is swept back, but a few curls frame his forehead. His sharp jawline is on full display and it is lethal. He looks like he came straight from the 1800s. It looks natural. Regulus Black could pull off absolutely anything.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

If anyone wants to do another film adaptation of Little Women, I am wholeheartedly ready to make my acting debut. Call me Christian Bale. I’ll do it.

Happy birthday, Potter. Not the slightest bit sorry for stealing the spotlight. Happy belated, Remus.

Best dressed?

<two images attached, one of him and Pandora in the mirror and one of his hand on his chest showing off the ring>

Replies:

James @potter

Just fell to the ground.

James @potter

Take the spotlight, it's yours.

James @potter

Anything you want. Take it.

James @potter

Prettiest Boy!!!! Real!!!! You win!!! Yup!!!

sirius @iloveremus

plz delete james cant breathe

James @potter

Pandora looks really nice too. Pandora, you look nice.

James @potter

Hopelessly devoted to you.

James @potter

Let's get married and have eight children.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

Done yet?

James @potter

@arcturus

You're mean. It's my birthday. Be nice to me.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

You like it when I'm mean.

I'll make it up to you.

James @potter

@arcturus

Blushing. Giggling. Kicking my feet.

—

Dorcas and Marlene are the first to arrive. Dorcas is wearing a blue lab coat and Marlene is wearing a Spider-Man suit. "Dork." Dorcas calls her, affectionately. Remus and Lily arrive next, then Pandora and Regulus, then the trio of Evan, Barty, and Peter, all looking respectively stupid. Remus points and laughs at them as they do a silly little dance into the bar.

The last to arrive, despite it being his birthday party, is James and Sirius. Remus' jaw drops, physically drops, on seeing Sirius. They drove in on Sirius' motorcycle.

Regulus' eyes widen immediately. His hair. The jacket. He. Regulus drops his head, hiding his face in Pandora's shoulder and Pandora giggles at him.

"What the fuck are you wearing?" Is the first thing Sirius says upon entry, staring directly at Peter, Evan, and Barty.

"We're teletubbies!" Barty grins.

Marlene, Sirius, and James burst out laughing at the exact same time. He walks right past a furiously red Regulus and pats Peter, Evan, and Barty on the back. "Bloody brilliant."

"Reggie, I like this one. Can we keep him?" Evan asks.

"No." Regulus coughs. "Absolutely not. Get him out of here."

"Why is he blushing?" James frowns.

"I'm not. Don't know what you're talking about."

"Hm." James hums, then shrugs. "Maybe it's the lighting."

"You absolute fucking kn—" Remus is quickly silenced by a kiss from Sirius, he melts. Sirius grins against his face. "Hi."

"Hi, Moony."

Regulus pretends to gag.

Dorcas @casmeadowes

Karaoke night for Potter's birthday but almost everyone here is a musician.

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Get off your phone. I think we're supposed to be celebrating something.

Dorcas @casmeadowes

@arcturus

Your boyfriend is so drunk I hardly think he'll mind me tweeting.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@casmeadowes

Touché.

James Potter doesn't drink. He doesn't enjoy drinking, or rather, he doesn't enjoy the aftermath of drinking. He doesn't drink, unless it's someone's birthday. He picks up the shot glass filled with fire whisky and shoots it back. His nose scrunches up at the taste and he shakes his head. Remus is performing Five Years by David Bowie.

So far, Peter is the drunkest, which surprises absolutely no one. Picture a red teletubbie with a beer bottle and a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, who was crying at some point because Marlene's voice was just "so bloody beautiful".

He steps away from the bar, carrying another shot and sending it back on his way to the couch. He takes a seat beside Marlene, who has Pandora and Lily on the other side of her. He's directly across from Regulus.

"I kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk!" Remus sings, slightly slurring his words.

"We've got five years, stuck on my eyes!" Everyone choruses back. Well, everyone except for Barty and Peter. They don't know the words. *"Five years, what a surprise! We've got five years, my brain hurts a lot! Five years, that's all we got!"*

James swings an arm around Marlene and Pandora each, swaying with them. He'd never even met Pandora before that night, but he was a very friendly person sober, and even more so when intoxicated. Regulus is giggling, he's had more to drink than James. James had never heard him giggle, he didn't think it was possible.

Remus finishes the song and everyone claps, a few woo's emerging from the crowd. He takes a bow and stumbles off the stage. "Thank you, thank you."

Pandora stands up, clapping her hands together. "My turn!" She sings and dances up to the podium, scrolling through the different song choices.

Regulus takes a shot.

"Ooh, Reggie!" Pandora exclaims. "They have Bad Romance."

"Absolutely not."

"Please!"

"Dora. No."

“Oh, boy. I haven’t seen this in years.” Dorcas laughs.

“What?” James asks.

“This was their go-to in school.” Dorcas explains.

“I am a grown man. My Gaga days are behind me.”

“Reggie, pleeeeeease!” Pandora cries.

“I’d like to see this, too.” Sirius says.

“C’mon, Reg.” James grins. “F’me? It’s my birthday.”

Regulus has a hard time saying ‘no’ to Pandora. But James? He could never say ‘no’ to James Potter. If James told him to jump, he would ask how high.

“I hate every one of you.” Regulus sighs, standing up. Instead of his usual straight posture, he stumbles slightly to the stage. Pandora throws him a microphone and the background music starts to play. Barty and Evan both howl in approval at Regulus, earning a middle finger in response.

“I want your ugly, I want your disease. I want your love, as long as it’s free. I want your love. Love, love, love, I want your love.” Pandora sings, giggling the whole time. She’s making eye contact with Lily and dancing.

“I want your drama, the touch of your hand. I want your leather-studded kiss in the sand.” Regulus sings. He’s looking anywhere but James, but he can feel his eyes on him. His gaze burns his face.

“You know that I want you, and you know that I need you. I want it bad, your bad romance.” Pandora is leaning against Regulus’ back.

“I want your love, and I want your revenge. You and me could write a bad romance.” His eyes dart towards James and quickly fleet away after meeting his gaze. He giggles during the oh-oh-oh-oh-oh’s. “This is fun.” He says into the mic.

“Want your bad romance. I want your horror, I want your design.” Pandora and Regulus clearly know what they’re doing— this is a number they’ve rehearsed in school, and Dorcas has seen them do it every time. Dorcas cheers from the crowd.

“Cause you’re a criminal as long as you’re mine. I want your love, love, love, love.” Regulus looks back at James, but this time, he doesn’t look away.

“I want your psycho, your vertigo shtick. Want you in my rear window, baby, you’re sick. I want your love, love, love, love.” Pandora is completely oblivious to whatever gay things are happening on the other side of the stage. She’s having the time of her life.

“You know that I want you, and you know that I need you.” The group of friends watching shouts in (‘cause I’m a free bitch, baby.) Dorcas and Lily are the loudest. *“I want it bad, your bad romance.”*

James’ eyes do not leave Regulus for a second. He’s never seen Regulus so painfully beautiful, dressed like he’s from the 1800’s and performing a pop song. He’s so him. The him he refuses to let others see, the him James has been trying to coax out since the beginning. *Yes, James thinks, there you are, beautiful.*

“Walk, walk, fashion baby. Work it, move that bitch cr-azy. Walk, walk, fashion baby. Work it move that bitch cr-azy.” Pandora struts. Lily’s looking at her with heart eyes, she’s never met a woman who would perform a ridiculously catchy pop song dressed like an 1800’s lesbian with her gayest best friend.

“Walk, walk, fashion baby. Work it, move that bitch cr-azy. Walk, walk, passion baby. Work it, I’m a free bitch, baby.” Regulus is dancing, he’s letting loose for the first time in a while. He’s snapping his fingers and he’s staring directly at James. James is smiling warmly.

“I want your love and I want your revenge, I want your love, I don’t wanna be friends.” Pandora sings in her lowest tone possible. It’s clear that she’s not a professional musician, but she’s having fun nonetheless. She’s just happy to be there.

“J’veux ton amour, et je veux ton revanche. J’veux ton amour, I don’t wanna be friends.” Regulus sings in a monotone voice, just like he did when he performed Love it if We Made it with James. James has an overwhelming urge to pull him off stage and kiss him. He didn’t even know those feelings existed until then.

“No, I don’t wanna be friends. I don’t wanna be friends. Want your bad romance.”

“Caught in a bad romance. Want your bad romance!” Regulus hits the high note and bounces around the stage freely. His friends cheer, his somewhat-lover cheers. He’s happy.

They finish out the song together and giggle their way back to their seats, continuing to drink and smile at each other. James’ eyes don’t leave Regulus for the rest of the night.

—

Sirius did Greased Lightnin’, his favourite song from Grease before Dorcas had to go home. Dorcas was usually the first one to leave group outings, definitely the busiest of the bunch. The drunk serenades continue throughout the night. Barty and Evan performed Justin Bieber’s ‘Baby’ surprisingly well. Lily did a Taylor Swift song with Marlene, and a few others were played. They were all having a good time.

The birthday boy, the lead singer, hadn’t done a single song yet. He takes his final shot of the night and steps on stage, picking up a microphone. People cheer. “Finally!” Sirius sounds.

He selects a song and starts speaking into the microphone, as he would in costume. “Thank you all for coming. I love you all. I owe all of you a kiss. Here’s a Grease song, because I’m Danny Zuko.”

Hopelessly Devoted To You starts playing. He’s not even dressed as Sandy, Regulus thinks. I want him. His eyes are glued to James. James is meeting his gaze. *“Guess mine is not the first heart broken. My eyes are not the first to cry. I’m not the first to know there’s just no getting over you.”*

Nobody else in the room is there. It’s just Regulus and James and the gallons of alcohol in their bloodstreams. Their hearts beat in unison, quick and unsteady. Regulus wants to kiss him. James wants him to kiss him. But.

“I know I’m just a fool who’s willing to sit around and wait for you.” His voice goes up an octave. *“But baby, can’t you see there’s nothing else for me to do? I’m hopelessly devoted to you.”*

James doesn’t even know. He doesn’t know that Regulus has been hopelessly devoted to him since before they’d ever even met. Since before Regulus even knew James Potter existed. Regulus Black’s heart belonged to James Potter the minute he was created, it just took over twenty years for them to meet. He selfishly wishes James would fall as hard as he has.

“But now, there’s nowhere to hide since you pushed my love aside, I’m out of my head. Hopelessly devoted to you, hopelessly devoted to you.” His voice has a natural rasp to it that sounds better than any noise Regulus had ever heard.

“My head is sayin’ ‘fool, forget him’ my heart is sayin’ ‘don’t let go, hold on to the end’, that’s what I intend to do. I’m hopelessly devoted to you.” Neither James or Regulus realize that Peter is filming the whole thing. *“But now, there’s nowhere to hide since you pushed my love aside, I’m out of my head. Hopelessly devoted to you, hopelessly devoted to you. Hopelessly devoted to you.”*

—

Sirius and Remus drive back to James and Remus’ flat on Sirius’ motorcycle. Lily, who wasn’t drinking at all, offers Pandora a ride home, which she accepts. Marlene orders a taxi for herself, Peter, Barty, and Evan. They all decided to sleep over at Peter’s. Regulus and James stand outside, waiting for their cars, chilled by the early Spring night. Regulus is shivering softly and his cheeks are a soft pink, the wind pinching them.

“You’re cold.” James points out, starting to take off his jacket.

Regulus shakes his head and mumbles, “I’m fine.”

James wraps the jacket around Regulus’ shoulders. Regulus frowns. “Jamie, it has your name on it.”

“What’d you just call me?” James asks.

“James?”

“No, no you said something else.”

Regulus’ cheeks heat up, he knows he’s blushing. He didn’t mean to say that. “Oh. I called you Jamie, must’ve slipped out. Sorry.”

“Say it again.”

“Jamie.”

“I like that.” James grins.

“Noted.” Regulus smiles softly and twists his ring around his finger. He pulls it off and looks up at James, meeting his eyes. Regulus takes James’ hand and stretches out his fingers, placing the cool, silver ring in his palm and closing it. “Happy birthday, Jamie.”

James feels like he’s floating. Two cars pull up, one after the other. Regulus stands up on his toes and presses a lingering kiss to James’ cheek. He rocks back on his heels and bites his lip, pulling the jacket tighter to his skin. And then he’s gone.

Chapter End Notes

This concept came to me on my way to the beach. I was listening to Bad Romance in the car and I was like, “huh, yeah.” Also, James’ song is heavily based on Harry Styles at Harryween. I’m not the greatest Harry fan, but it’s been picking at my brain since October. Look it up, it’s a religious experience.

Enter Jegulus fluff era! We have feelings. James is acknowledging these feelings. We’re getting somewhere. Progress, yes? I think so. Can’t wait to destroy it, but I’ll wait a little while.

I hc Regulus as Timothee Chalamet, and it makes me laugh that he went as Laurie. He’s so Amy March coded. Jegulus is so incredibly Amylaurie coded and I could go on about this for hours, but I’ll spare you all.

Also, enter Pandalily. They’re blooming. Dorlene is gonna start soon, I PROMISE.

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR THE SUPPORT!! The kudos’, the comments, all of it. It makes my day and it truly does keep me motivated, I love that you’re all

enjoying this as much as I am. Please keep commenting if you've got the energy for it, even half naked thoughts or ideas. I love you all.

Incandescently Happy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The morning following James Potter's birthday parties, Regulus Black makes three decisions. One, he hates Peter Pettigrew. Two, he hates the press. And three, he's going to wear James' jacket every day for the rest of his fucking life. Peter posted the photos and videos he took at James' party on his Instagram, including the video of James serenading Regulus. The press is taking it in every possible direction.

Regulus laces up his black boots and looks in the mirror. He's wearing faded jeans that are a size too big, held to his slim figure by a black belt. He's also wearing a black tank top and has his new jacket on his back. He looks fucking cool.

Regulus walks out of his house at seven in the morning. Turns out, he's immune to hangovers. He walks down the street to James' favourite café, the one he showed him, and orders two hot cocoas, one with extra whipped cream. Cameras flash at him as he walks down the street, curls bouncing against his skin. This time, he doesn't mind the attention. He craves it. Regulus Black strutting down the street in suspected boyfriend James Potter's jacket? His mother would hate it, Regulus hopes it gives her a heart attack.

He walks right into James' flat exerting the same confidence he did on the street. His door was unlocked, Regulus assumes James was too tired or drunk to lock it. *Idiot*, Regulus thinks. *You're famous, lock your damn door.*

James '*daily run before the sun's up*' Potter is sleeping soundly in his bed when Regulus opens his door at seven thirty. He's got one arm touching the ground and one leg sticking out of the covers on the other side of the bed, his glasses halfway on his face, and all of his pillows are on the ground. Regulus bites back a laugh, or a smile, he can't tell which one it is.

He sets both cups of hot cocoa down on James' cluttered dresser. His room is a mess. Regulus moves towards the bed and crouches down next to it. "James." He says softly, shaking him awake. "Ja-ames, wake up."

James grunts and rolls over. *Okay, less of a morning person when hungover. Noted.*

"Jamie, wake up. The internets broken again."

"Turn the router off and back on." James mumbles into his comforter.

Regulus chuckles. "James, come on."

"Sleepy." James groans.

Merlin, Regulus thinks, *his voice is so...*

Regulus grabs James' arm and attempts to pull him up, which backfires miserably. Instead, James grabs Regulus' arm and pulls him down into the bed next to him. Regulus thinks one thing while being dragged down, *he's wearing my ring.*

James wraps his arms around Regulus, burying his head in his neck and closing his eyes again. "Smell good." He mumbles.

“Jamie.” Regulus sighs. “Let go of me. This is..”

“Gay.”

Well, this is new. “Incredibly. Come on, I’ve brought hot cocoa.”

“It can wait until after sleep.” James frowns, hiding his head further. His nose brushes against Regulus’ collarbone. The leather is cold against his face. “S’this my jacket?”

“I was cold. It was the first one on the rack.” Regulus shrugs. “Do you want it back?”

“No.” James shakes his head immediately, pulling Regulus closer. “Keep it on forever.”

“Okay.” Regulus breathes out, his face is bright red and hot. He tries to squirm his way out from James’ grip. “Let go of me, please.”

“Keeping you.” James whispers. “Like you.”

“You don’t mean that, James.” Regulus shakes his head. “You’re hungover. Come on, up.”

“Mean it, love.”

“The hot cocoa’s getting cold.” Regulus wiggles out from him and stands back up, going back to the doorway. His entire body is blushing.

James whines and slowly sits up, opening his eyes and blinking to adjust to the light. He corrects his glasses on his face and looks at Regulus wide-eyed. “Did I just?”

“Mhm.” Regulus is trying to keep his composure. He reaches for the hot cocoa with extra whipped cream and hands it to James. “I figured you were probably hungover. You were pretty pissed last night, and you can’t handle your alcohol.”

“I can handle my alcohol.” James frowns, sipping the drink. “Extra whipped cream?”

“Yeah, that’s what you ordered last time. There’s chocolate sprinkles in there, too.”

His mind flashes back to Christmas Eve. *Did you know that you’re wonderful? People never notice things like you do, you beautiful wonder of a man.*

“You’re an angel.” James thinks out loud.

“Far from it, James.” Regulus shakes his head.

“Oh, tell me, lover, did it hurt when you fell from Heaven?”

Regulus shakes his head even more and laughs, taking his cup, turning around and walking out of the room.

—

Regulus is positioned in the corner of the couch when James walks out of his bedroom. Since their last encounter, James has showered and changed, wearing Regulus’ favourite green shirt and his orchid pin. His socks match, of course. Regulus is sipping his drink and reading a tattered copy of *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen that he’d found.

“Completely and perfectly incandescently happy.” James quotes. “Austen fan? Didn’t flag you as a

romance type.”

“You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.” Regulus quotes back before looking up at him, leaving the book open in his lap. “Didn’t flag you for the literate type.”

“I’m not.” James shrugs, sitting next to him.

“This is annotated in four different pen colours and they’re all in your terrible handwriting, Potter.” Regulus sends him a sharp look.

“My handwriting is not terrible! You read it just fine.”

“I struggle through it.” Regulus shrugs, closing the book and standing up. He slips the book right back on the shelf where he found it and returns to his seat.

“That jacket..” James starts.

“You can have it back, if you want it.” Regulus says. *No, you can’t. I’m keeping it.* Regulus thinks.

“No, it just—“ James sighs, taking in the view of him. “You look really good in leather.”

“Oh? Thank you.”

“You’re pretty.”

“James.”

“Yes, dear?”

“Are you flirting with me?”

James chuckles. “What do you think?”

“I think you’re incredibly stupid.” Regulus replies, honestly.

“How so?”

“You have no idea what you’re doing, Jamie.” He sighs. James’ heart flutters.

“Well, hopefully, at some point, you.” He grins, laughing as Regulus swats at him.

“In your dreams, Potter.”

“Yeah, until you interrupted them.”

Regulus’ eyes widen. “Go away.”

“You’re in my house?”

“Okay, and? Go away.”

“As you wish.” James shrugs and starts to stand up.

“Where are you going?” Regulus frowns lightly.

James @potter

5'11 angel blessed me with hot cocoa this morning. Truly cures hangovers.

Replies:

Marlene @mmckinnon

Regulus or the hot cocoa?

James @potter

@mmckinnon

Regulus.

Marlene @mmckinnon

@potter

Send him our way, then. Evan hasn't moved in, like, six hours.

James @potter

@mmckinnon

No can do, sister. Keeping this one for myself, quite like him.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@mmckinnon @potter

I don't like either of you.

Marlene @mmckinnon

@arcturus @potter

Be nice to me. I got it on camera, Gaga.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@mmckinnon @potter

You're bluffing.

—

Marlene @mmckinnon

"You're bluffing." He said. Yeah, okay, Laurie Gaga.

<one video attached, Reg singing>

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Contacting my attorney.

—

James and Regulus spend the entire morning, noon, and afternoon working on one song. What seems to be hundreds of sheets of paper, crumpled up and erased to shreds cover the floor. There are several pencils that snapped in half, blood on a few sheets of paper from James' paper cuts. They just can't get it *right*.

James found an old song, well, more of a concept in an old journal a few days back. It's such a heavy song, he's not sure he wants to put it on the album at all. He was hesitant about showing it to Regulus. They've spent the last several days writing and rewriting the same verses.

James runs a shaky hand through his hair and tugs at it gently. "Fuck." He curses, a hole just formed from his vigorous erasing. He crumples it up and shoots it across the room. He pulls out another sheet and starts writing again. "You win, you lose, you sing the blues. There's no point in wearing concrete shoes." He murmurs under his breath, scribbling it down. "Reggie, I think I've got it."

"Yeah?" Regulus asks.

"Mhm. Where's my guitar?"

"Over there." Regulus points and James scrambles to pick it up. He starts playing simple chords, obviously not the ones that will be used in the song. Remus has written his own guitar riffs since their second album, when he exploded on James for being too bossy. *Oops*.

"Oh, am I me through geography? A face collapsed through entropy. I can hardly speak, and when I try, it's nothing more than a squeak. On the video, living room for small. If you can't survive, just try." He sings softly. He feels oddly vulnerable, James has never been good at expressing how he feels outside of song, and he struggles with it then, too. He's always been the type to focus on others instead of himself, Regulus can see how hard it is for him. His voice is shaky. *"And I always wanna die, sometimes."*

James keeps playing the same few chords even after he stops singing. The sound is soothing. Regulus watches him. "That's perfect, Jamie." He says, calmly.

"Y'think?" James asks. "You don't think it's too, erm, sad?"

"It's not supposed to be cheerful, love." Regulus chuckles. "Shit."

He did not mean to call him that.

"Love." James smiles. Not his usual goofy grin that makes Regulus dizzy, but his soft, warm smile reserved for moments just between the two. The moments Regulus thinks about before he sleeps at night, that always give him good dreams, because they make him feel warm. He's been cold for so many years, and now he's with his sun.

"Accident." Regulus shakes his head. "I'm sorry. I keep doing that, don't I? I think I've lost my mind, or something."

"Reggie?" James asks, snapping him out of his ramble.

"Yes, James?"

"That day we went skating, and then we went to the café. You said something, did you mean it?" His breathing is uneven and his heartbeat is irregular, he's not sure where he's gotten the sudden bravery from.

“What’d I say?” Regulus asks, twisting one of his rings around his fingers. He knows exactly what James is talking about.

“You told me that you wanted to kiss me. Did you mean it?”

A beat of silence.

Another.

“Yes.”

“I told you to ask, why haven’t you asked?” James is frowning now.

“James.” Regulus says.

“Hm?”

“Do *you* want to kiss me?” Regulus asks. He’s not sure where he’s got his bravery from either, maybe he’s borrowing it from James.

“Terribly.” James confesses. “I didn’t find out until yesterday, though. But I think I wanted to before. You just keep running away from me, Reggie. Why do you keep—”

Regulus shuts him up quickly. His lips are firmly planted against James’ warm mouth. This time, James kisses back. Regulus thinks he might be dreaming, pinch me. He’s tasting sunshine. He never, ever wants to pull away. His hands place themselves on James’ neck, feeling through the hair on the nape of his neck and scratching it softly. James’ arms snake around his waist, pulling him closer.

Eventually, they have to breathe. Regulus is the one who breaks the kiss, resting his forehead against James’ as they breathe the same air. His entire body smiles, home. “You have no idea what you’ve gotten yourself into, Potter.”

“What do you mean?” James asks, panting softly.

Regulus kisses him again. He’ll regret it later, when he’s alone, but he’s not regretting it right now. Now, he’s just going to be completely and perfectly incandescently happy.

Chapter End Notes

My demons wrote this chapter. It’s too happy. Expect angst in the near future. 20k words deep in this textfic and here’s the first (real) kiss. Decided to be extra nice and give you that one because we’re at ONE HUNDRED KUDOS <3 Planning on a double update later today. Hopefully. Enjoy!

Clouds

Chapter Notes

Okay, hi. I believe you all were promised a double update. That didn't happen, oops. I've had a lot of trouble writing this chapter for some reason.

Also, changed my username thingy. Was potterspartner. If you get the reference with this one, I love you.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James Potter is walking on clouds. His heavy feet were made sixteen times lighter when Regulus kissed him. Oh, and Regulus had *kissed him*. James had kissed people, sure, he'd snogged every one of his friends and shagged quite a few of them. But he'd never been kissed the way Regulus had, it was like his face was crafted specifically to be with him. Like matching pieces of a puzzle.

Their kiss had one con, well, to James it had one con. A singular negative that sets all of the positives aside. James couldn't look at Sirius. Sirius, his roommate, bandmate, brother, best friend, he couldn't face him. He'd made out with his sodding brother.

James had skillfully avoided Sirius for several days. All things considered, he was pretty fucking good at it. I mean, he lives with the guy.

He stands on the terrace and folds his arms over it, the cool metal touching his skin. The wind blows softly and he looks down, taking in the perfect view that is London. Below, there are taxis and people with British accents and he can smell cut lawns, floral arrangements, and a hint of diesel. Nobody notices him as they would if he was on the street beside him, nobody thinks to look up. He's grateful for that. He loves nothing more than interacting with people, but it does get exhausting.

There isn't a single cloud in the sky, possibly because they're all supporting James. The night is painted with stars, constellations, and a bright moon. He can't help but wonder where Regulus' star is, *I'll ask him to show me one day*. He has no trouble spotting Sirius in the sky, before he met Regulus, Sirius was the only star he ever looked for. Sirius is rather close to the moon, it makes James smile.

The male marauders had come up with the theory in third year. Sirius was the stars, all of the brightest ones, the types of stars you wished on. Remus was the moon, intimate, going through phases but still remaining constant. Peter was the Earth, the solid ground on which we stand, the very base of human life, yet so often taken for granted. James, of course, James was the sun; bright

and full of excitement, warm and patient and consistent, fueling its orbitals without asking anything in return.

That's not how Regulus sees it at all. He sees James as the sun, of course he does, but the rest of them, no. They're all flowers. Blooming under James' patient gaze, finding nutrients in him. Without James, there would be no Sirius. No Remus. Peter, Lily, Marlene. James fuels them all and he does not demand anything back, simply because he is doing what he was born to do. Regulus knows that stardust travels through James' veins, that he was always meant to shine.

What Regulus does not know is that he is water. The hard raindrops come most often in front of others, pounding the pavement with harshness, begging to be seen and heard. The soft pittering rain comes when he is alone with James or with Sirius, whispered words he tells the stars. Regulus is the storm, but he is also gentle rain on summer nights that people dance in. He is the water that fuels human life, and plant life. Just as one cannot go without the sun, moon, Earth, and stars, one cannot go without water. James doesn't think anyone should have to, that Regulus is a gift that should not be taken advantage of.

As he processes these thoughts, rain starts to trickle around him, soon soaking through his thin layers and his thicker hair. He looks up at the sky and laughs, sticking his tongue out like a child seeing snow for the first time. Snow, which is also water. Regulus is the seasons. Instead of running inside, he stands in the pouring rain and lets it cover him like a blanket. He waits the storm out, and the gentle rain meets him soon after.

—

Jegulus

James

Hi :)

Regulus

One A.M.

Need something, James?

James

Not that I can think of.

Regulus

Goodnight.

James

:(

Regulus

Hm?

James

Where are you going?

Regulus

...

My bed?

Sleep?

Concept may be a bit foreign to you, however. Heard of it?

James

Probably.

But I can't remember!

Explain it to me? :)

Regulus

Here, I'll give you a demonstration.

Goodnight, James.

James

Not yet.

Regulus

Why are you texting me, Potter?

James

I was thinking about you

It's raining

Regulus

What on Earth have I got to do with the weather?

James

I'll tell you someday <3

Regulus

Good things, then?

James

I'd say so

Regulus

Hm.

James

?

Regulus

You should get some sleep, James.

James

Why sleep when I could talk to you?

Regulus

Why stay awake when you could dream of me?

James

You think I dream of you?

Regulus

Don't you?

James

Can't answer that one, darling.

I'd have to kill you! :(

Regulus

I'd like to see you try.

James

Do you dream of me?

Regulus

Can't answer that one, Potter.

I'd have to kill you.

James

Hot

Do it

Regulus

My stars, Potter.

Is there anything you find unattractive? Anything at all?

James

Coming from you?

Don't think so.

Also, "my stars"?

Regulus

Yes..?

Fitting, no?

James

Fitting. And terribly endearing.

Regulus

Goodnight, Jamie.

James

Goodnight, love.

Enjoy your dreams of me.

Regulus

I will.

—

Marauders

James

WAKE UP

Marlene

Wake up wake up it's Monday morning and we've only got a thousand of them left

James

Marlene I love you

Marlene

I would trade you for a new eyeliner pencil

Regulus

It is 1:30 in the morning.

I just stopped texting you, James.

Go. To. Sleep.

James

No.

Important business.

Peter

woah man

this seems serious

Sirius

no im sirius

Remus

You insolent fucking toads woke me up.

This better be good or each and every one of you will suffer.

Except for Lily. I could never hurt Lily.

Lily

remu <3

James

REGGIE DOESN'T HAVE A NICKNAME!!!

Sirius

oh ur right

this is important

Regulus

Pardon?

James

A nickname. An animal, specifically.

I'm Prongs. Sirius is Padfoot. Remus is Moony. Petey is Wormtail. Lily is Fawn. Marlene is Griffin and Dorcas is Stripes.

Regulus. Has. No. Nickname.

Remus

Can we not assign him one at a reasonable hour?

Sirius

reggie is a cat

Regulus

What the fuck, Sirius?

You hate cats.

Marlene

HAH.

Take that, Laurie Gaga.

James

Whiskers.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

Marlene McKinnon has been unfollowed, blocked, and added to my Excel spreadsheet of people who've wronged me.

Replies:

Marlene @mmckinnon

Stop being dramatic before I give you a reason to.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@mmckinnon

Stop it.

Marlene @mmckinnon

@arcturus

Pulling up videos of James on tour. Filming your reaction.

James @potter

@mmckinnon @arcturus

I'd like to see this one!

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter @mmckinnon

Piss off, both of you. You're both on the spreadsheet.

—

Six Years Prior

Lily walks around the corner and hops over the discarded gryffindor tie that lays on the floor at the top of the stairs. She's humming a tune softly, the first few melodies of the song James had just played for her, Marlene, Peter, Remus, and Sirius. She felt *good*, good to her core. They were going to make it. She could feel in her bones that they would, and she couldn't wait to see the look on her sister's face when she learned about it.

Lily's life has been going great for a while. She had great friends, Remus and Marlene and Sirius and Peter and James. James had finally stopped asking her out. Her grades were impeccable. She was at *Hogwarts*. She was in a band. They'd just found someone to produce them; The Marauders. And she had Mary, her Mary, her sweet, beautiful Mary. Lily loved Mary, she did completely. Happiness was seeping from her pores. She was walking on clouds.

She prances into the girls dormitory, which houses Lily, Marlene, and Mary. She kicks off her flats and places them in a row neatly with her other shoes. Lily makes the assumption that Marlene is staying out for a while, because she did not follow her back up the stairs and had not made it back yet. Mary sits on her bed, looking up from her phone with a warm smile as a greeting. "Hey, you."

“Hi.” Lily smiles back, walking over to her. She takes her seat beside Mary and Mary presses her forehead into Lily’s shoulder, leaving a gentle kiss there. “Good news.”

“Hm?” Mary hums, continuing to leave kisses on the exposed skin. Soft, gentle, loving ones given by soft, gentle, loving lips, earnestly.

“Dorcas, she agreed to it. To *us*. ” When Lily said ‘us’, she was not referring to Mary and herself. She spoke of the Marauders. “James just played us a demo. I think we’re going to make it, Mary.”

The kisses slow and they eventually stop. Lily can feel Mary’s body tense up as she rolls off of her, sitting up straight beside Lily. Lily frowns softly, confusion etched into her face. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

“Lily..” Mary sighs, she does not want to talk about it. About the band, about what’s wrong, about how she already knows what Lily does not. For the first time ever, Mary is ahead. Lily does not know that they could never exist in a world where she is famous, and Mary knows. She absolutely dreads it.

“Mary, I don’t understand.” Lily's frown deepens. “I thought you’d be happy for us.”

There it is again, *us* . She once again, does not mean herself and Mary, because Mary does not fit into that future. Mary, since being a child, has relished in any form of attention given. People obliged, she got what she wanted, until she met Lily. Lily was always enough for Mary, Mary did not want to share her with anyone. Mary wanted to lead a domestic life full of love and sunshine, Mary’s heart belongs to Lily, but Lily is not hers. Lily belongs to the roar of adoring fans, the instruments and the studios. Mary loves her, but Lily is not hers.

Lily Evans is a brave, smart girl, who has drive, determination, and passion running through her veins quicker than any blood could.

“I am happy for you, Lily.” Mary smiles sadly.

“You’re upset, why are you upset? This is a good thing. I’ve been dreaming of this since I was nine.”

“I just.. have a question, that’s all.”

“Okay?” Lily’s eyebrow is raised. “Go on, then. Spit it out.”

“Do you love me?” Mary asks, abruptly.

“Of course I do.” Lily answers quicker than one could snap their fingers.

“And if I asked you..” Mary slows, “if I asked you to choose. What would your answer be?”

“Choose between what? You or the band?” She’s gotten defensive, a bad habit, one might say.

Mary nods, swallowing.

“You wanted to ask me a hypothetical while I’m celebrating?”

“Lily, please.”

“No!” Lily snaps. “I’m not going to indulge you in whatever you’re going on about. Why would you ever even ask me that?”

“I need to know.” Mary’s voice cracks, and Lily’s face softens. Oh. *Oh*. It wasn’t hypothetical.

“That is an incredibly selfish question, Mary.” Lily shakes her head. Disbelief. This is not happening.

“I need an answer, Lily, please.” She’s pleading, desperately. *Give me a reason to go*, she thinks, *give me a reason to stay*.

“Can’t I have both?” Her voice cracks now, the weight of the situation hitting her harder than a freight train. The band, them, *us*, her dream, her family, her passion, and her risk. Her Mary, her love, her beauty, her gentle, and her safe. She realizes then that they cannot co-exist, because they are polar opposite fates. Mary had a running start, but she’s caught up now. *House on a hill or endless thrill?*

Mary shakes her head, tears starting to well up. “I’m sorry.” Lily chokes, pressing forward into Mary. An embrace, one that feels like goodbye. It’s over.

Eventually, they pull away and Mary is the first to leave. She does not say anything, only twists a ring off of her finger and places it in Lily’s palm. Her favourite ring, something to remember her by. It has a heart engraved on it.

Lily snuffles and opens the door, padding across the hallway barefoot to find someone. She doesn’t care who, she just wants a friend. She finds James, he’s alone in his dorm room, and she crashes into him like waves on the shore in a gust of strong wind, sobbing softly. He does not pester, not asking questions, which Lily is grateful for. He just holds her. He’s warm.

People always ask; did it hurt when you fell from Heaven? Lily Evans now knows that it does, she just fell from her cloud.

—

Present

“Tell me something.” Pandora says, walking through the classic’s aisle at the local bookshop with Lily by her side. Her hair is braided elegantly down her back and she’s in a white cardigan, looking more angelic than an angel itself.

“What do you wanna know?” Lily responds. She’s holding Pandora’s books for her and is in a red jumper, one she’d stolen from Remus a number of years ago.

“Anything, everything.” Pandora smiles. She’s delicate. “Tell me something true, Lily Evans.”

“Hm, well, alright.” Lily takes a moment to think. “My favourite flowers are tulips, I’m fluent in four languages, I’ve only been in one relationship in my entire life, I’m allergic to olives, and my

sister told me I'd never make it."

"Oh," Pandora frowns, "I love olives."

Lily laughs softly, looking down at the floor. "The olive theory."

"The olive theory! I love that show." She grins, and Lily smiles right back.

"Tell me something true about you, Pandora Rosier."

"My favourite food is candy floss," Pandora hums. "Evan is my twin, he's two minutes older than I am and holds it over my head, but I think of Cas and Reggie as my siblings, too. I would say Barty, too, but he's in love with Evan and that would be weird. I don't think I ever really *wanted* to be famous, but I was kinda born into it and now nothing other than my people makes me happier than a movie premiere!"

"I've always wanted to be famous." Lily thinks out loud. "Well, I've always wanted to *beloved*, and I've always loved music, especially with the Marauders."

"I've also always loved the Marauders!" Pandora giggles.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah. Regulus and I have been fans since Dorcas played us your first demo. He was a bigger fan than I was, though. We went to your first concert. I'm pretty sure you guys are what got him into making music. That, wanting to prove his parents wrong, and his *massive* celebrity crush on James Potter." Pandora quickly covers her mouth. "I wasn't supposed to say that."

Lily gasps. "Regulus had a crush on James?"

"Had? Oh, honey. Regulus has been in love with James, for, like, eight years."

"Oh my god!" Lily laughs.

She hadn't laughed like she did with Pandora in six years. Maybe, just maybe, she'd found another cloud to stand on.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed!!

I thought Jegulus was really cute. James suddenly discovered he likes Regulus and now he's down astronomically, he's never been one to fall slowly.

Marlene and Regulus' relationship genuinely makes me laugh.

I figured context was necessary, it was mentioned previously that there was Marylily in the past. I had a hard time getting it right, I wasn't sure how to write their breakup at all. I think this is okay.

Pandora is so cute. I love the How I Met Your Mother reference.

Also, I'm on tumblr now. @cowswearingsweaters. Feel free to hang out with me there, my asks are open.

Brave

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter;

- Alcohol consumption
- Mentions of Male Anatomy !
- Sexual implications
- Character insecurities ? (I'm not quite sure how to tag this one, so I'll just explain it. Regulus is insecure with his scars from top surgery, which is totally, completely valid and I feel is something very important to address when writing a trans character. Will elaborate more in the end notes and in further chapters.)
- It's a party, so, you get it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Regulus groans. His head falls back, hitting the arm of his brother's couch and his eyes reaching his brother's ceiling. The air smells like cigarettes, much to Regulus' distaste, and the cookies that Sirius had previously burnt.

“Reggie, come on!” Sirius says, waving his hands around dramatically.

“Really? Partying again? Didn't we, like, just go to a party? Last week?” Regulus asks.

“That's different. It was a birthday party for Prongs. This, dear brother, is a *real* party. It's Frank Longbottom!” He exclaims.

“I'm sorry, why do I care?”

“ *Everyone* cares! We're all going.”

“Okay? Why do I have to go?”

“Regulus, did you not hear what I just said?” Sirius sighs dramatically. “It's a Frank party. We're all going. You have to go.”

The two continue to argue, perhaps that's why they don't hear the front door open. In walks James Potter, positively glowing. He leans against the wall behind the couch, fiddling with his hands. He's twisting the ring— *Regulus'* ring, on and off his fingers with a certain level of skill that he must have practiced.

"Sirius, I hate big parties." Regulus sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"It'll be fun, I promise!"

"Our ideas of fun are very different."

"You're. Going."

"Yeah, you are." James says, breaking his silence.

Regulus flinches, startled by the sudden third voice. "How long have you been standing there?" He asks, breathlessly.

"Long enough." James shrugs, kicking off the wall and walking towards the couch. He collapses onto it, putting his feet in Regulus' lap and using his arms to prop his head up behind it. "You're going."

"James." Regulus sighs.

"Regulus." James responds, giving a look. The way he says his name makes Regulus' heart flutter.

"Fine."

"Oh, so when *I* ask, I get a no, but when *Jamie* asks.."

Regulus shrugs, then deadpans. "He's prettier than you."

“Excuse me?” Sirius gasps. “Stop flirting with my best mate! I forbid it.”

James laughs and looks at Regulus, then looks away and laughs again. “Haven’t you read the papers? Strictly professional here.”

Regulus shakes his head and stands up, picking up his bag from the floor. “I should get going. I’m supposed to meet up with Barty tonight.”

“I’ll walk you to your car.” James offers, standing up. Sirius rolls his eyes.

The two walk to through the door and down the stairs, leading themselves into the parking garage. James knows which car is Regulus’, but let’s him lead regardless. They stop before his car and Regulus turns around, looking at James.

James smiles and takes his hand, kissing his palm. Regulus hums, maybe from satisfaction, maybe from victory. All he knows is that he’s dreamed of something like that for years. “I’ll see you at the party,” James whispers into his ear.

“You will.” Regulus sighs.

James kisses his hand again, mumbles a farewell, and Regulus watches him as he walks back to his house.

—

Skittles

Regulus

You’re all coming to a party with me.

Pandora

busy :(

Regulus

Lily will be there.

Pandora

my schedule is cleared!

Evan

Gay

Barty

I love parties!!!!

Regulus

Shut up.

Dorcas

I'll be there.

Marlene @mmckinnon

Eager to see at least one of the Black brothers humiliate himself tonight. Cheers.

<two images attached, Marlene's outfit>

Replies:

R. A. Black @arcturus

Praying on your downfall, genuinely.

Remus @ilovesirius

Cheers.

sirius @iloveremus

@ilovesirius

MOONY??

—

Marauders

James

HELLOOOO!

Remus

Shut up, James.

James

My bad

Sirius

he's so charming <3

Remus

You're on thin ice.

Sirius

really just lovely <3

Remus

Shut up.

Sirius

we really love each other <3

Remus

I would trade you for a cup of coffee with a shot of vodka.

Sirius

MOONY D:

Remus

You woke me up to go to a dumbass party.

I was perfectly content sleeping.

Sirius

moony :(

i told you you didn't have to go

Regulus

Should've let him sleep.

You know what else you should've done?

Let me stay home, you twat.

James

Be nice

Peter

no let's hear what he has to say

Regulus

I am being forced against my will into attending a party hosted by a man I've never even met.

And I have to carpool? With Sirius and James?

Sirius

wtf

remus will be there too

Regulus

Remus is the only tolerable one.

James

Reggie :/

Lily

:(

Marlene

You take that back.

Regulus

Apologies.

Lily is also tolerable. Sometimes.

Lily

i'll take it

Sirius

can u Fuckin come outside reg we've been here for FIVE YEARS. Giving bowie a run for his MONEY!!!

James

Don't worry, take your time! :D

—

Regulus walks out of his flat with perfect posture. He's in a black suit, a sheer black top underneath it. *Okay. Wow.*

Two thoughts run through James' mind when he sees Regulus approach the car;

1) Regulus Black is the brightest star in the goddamn universe.

2) Regulus Black should be so fucking proud of himself.

Remus is in the driver's seat. He'd insisted (*threatened James*) that he needed to be the one to

drive, and that he didn't trust a single one of them behind the wheel. Sirius didn't protest much, claiming full power over the aux cord and the passenger's seat. That stuck James in the backseat with Regulus, zero complaints anywhere.

Regulus opens the car door and slides in besides James. James' eyes never leave Regulus.

"Finally." Sirius grumbles. James' eyes never leave Regulus.

"Piss off," Regulus replies, "how long did it take to do your hair?" James' eyes never leave Regulus.

"That's not fair!" Sirius protests. Regulus chuckles softly and buckles his seatbelt, Remus putting the car in drive and setting it in motion. Sirius has control of the music, *I Was Made For Lovin' You* by KISS playing.

Regulus finally meets James' prolonged gaze, a blush creeping up his neck immediately. He smiles softly and James returns it with his usual big, goofy grin.

—

James

Handsome.

—

Regulus huffs and rolls his eyes, looking over at James and giving him a look. Sirius is completely unaware of his best mate and brother flirting in the backseat of his boyfriend's car.

—

James

Handsome.

Regulus

My brother is right there.

James

Okay?? You're pretty.

I mean.

Really pretty.

You. Wow.

Regulus

I look ridiculous.

James

Are you joking?

Regulus

No.

Pandora picked it out. Can you see them?

Please tell me you can't see them.

James

See what?

Regulus

My scars.

James

You look perfect, dear.

Even the moon has craters. They're what make the moon, the moon.

Regulus

Well, I'm not the moon.

I'm a person.

James

Even better

Much more kissable than the moon

Regulus

I repeat.

Brother. In. The. Car.

Not kissing you.

James

I've kissed him before!

No big deal

Regulus

I would rather poke my eyes out with a fork than be anywhere near you.

Stop texting me, we're sitting right next to each other.

James

Sorry, pretty boy!

—

Nobody parties like a Black does. Everyone knows that, it's a birthright, absolutely *no one* knows how to party like a Black can. When the four walk into the room, eyes go *directly* to Sirius and Regulus. It is night, after all, and they're stars. Two posh boys walk into a room, one with perfect posture, a habit he never did get out of, standing as far away from the group as possible while making it known they're there together, and one with his arm draped over his freakishly tall, brooding boyfriend.

People know Sirius by his long hair and the paw prints. His flawless winged eyeliner, a skill he'd acquired from Regulus before he'd ran away. His nose ring, his leather jacket and big, dark combat boots that he's had since he was in school. His nearly green eyes, toeing on the line between grey and green in every light fixture. His eyes, which are the brightest when talking to Remus. His overly confident, nearly arrogant grin. His chipped black nail polish and his layered necklaces. The one ring on his finger that resembles the Leo constellation.

People know Regulus by his curly hair and his singular earring, a dangling snake. His straight posture and ability to silence you with a shooting glance. His breathtaking beauty that begs the question, '*is he even real?*' His piercing blue eyes that erred on grey in the way only a Black's could. His perfect wardrobe that spoke the words he didn't have to; '*I'm better than you.*' His bored expression. His heeled shoes that he finds much more comfortable, simply because he spent the first eighteen years of his life wearing them. The singular necklace that was a staple in his character, a butterfly Pandora purchased for him, and the several rings on his perfectly manicured

hands, the most noticeable being Canis Major.

Sirius and Regulus were maintaining a conversation in a language James nor Remus could understand, probably Latin. They're at the point in conversation where Sirius is using his hands to speak more than he is words, and Regulus is using his eyes. Remus looks to James, who meets him with the same confused look and a shrug. Eventually, Regulus shakes his head and looks forward. His arms are crossed behind his back.

Sirius looks up at Remus, standing on his toes to press a chaste kiss to his forehead. Sirius was several inches shorter than his boyfriend and still insisted on forehead kisses. "I'm gonna go find Marls."

Remus nods and allows Sirius to slip away, prancing off to find the devil on his shoulder. No one parties like the Blacks, especially one paired with a McKinnon. A promising, powerful, chaotic combination.

"I'm gonna find Lily." Remus says loudly to James and Regulus, hoping to be heard over the loud music.

"Give her a kiss f' me!" James responds, earning a nod from Remus before he rushes away.

Regulus walks closer to James, and James smiles, still starstruck by him. The star breathes and takes in the sun in his silk orange shirt, which is only half buttoned. Socks matching, of course. He reaches out and buttons James' shirt the rest of the way, straightening his black tie like an old couple would. "You polish up nice."

"You look hot." James grins.

"How romantic. You really know how to make a guy swoon, don't you?" He deadpans.

"I try my hardest for you, dear. Is it working?"

"Dear? That's a new one."

“Yes, d’you like it?” James asks. “That’s what my dad calls my mum.”

Regulus blushes and the corners of his lips twitch. “Dear is fine.”

“Splendid.”

“I have a question.”

“Yes, *dear* ?”

Regulus breathes, “are you gay?”

James takes a second and looks at him, *really* looks at him. He can’t tell if Regulus is being serious or not. “What?”

“Sorry. Forget I said anything.”

“Regulus, I’ve kissed you three times.”

“Actually, *James*, I’ve kissed *you* three times. And one of those times, you ran away.”

“I asked you to kiss me! What about that isn’t an obvious answer to your question?”

“I’m sorry, but ‘ *I’m sorry that I’m kind of queer, it’s not as weird as it appears, it’s ‘cause my body doesn’t stop me* ’ and ‘ *I’ve been in love with her for ages* ’ doesn’t exactly say ‘ *I like cocks* ’, does it?”

James’ eyes widen in surprise. *Regulus Black, always blunt*. He says quietly, “cocks are fine, Reg.”

“Well, too bad.” Regulus sighs. “Don’t have one.”

“That’s fine, too.”

And then he walks away. He just leaves James standing there open-mouthed and eyes-wide, waving his hands around. *Menace.*

—

Regulus finds James two hours later, completely pissed and ready to go home. James volunteered himself as designated driver for the night. “Potter!” Regulus exclaims, draping his arms over him. “Take me to bed.”

James chuckles and slips out from Regulus’ arms, doing virtually nothing, because the shorter boy just crashes right back into him. “We’re at a party, love. We have to wait for Sirius and Remus, I’m responsible for them.”

“My feet hurt.” Regulus pouts. “Stupid heels. Next time, I’m wearing tennis shoes.”

“Reg, look.” James points at a corner and spins Regulus around to face it, spare hand planted firmly on his shoulder. “It’s Marls and Cas.”

Regulus’ jaw drops comically, looking up at James and then looking back. He pumps his fist in the air. “Go, Dorky! Oh, Barty owes me thirty quid.”

Dorcas sends a middle finger their way, but keeps her eyes closed and lips locked with Marlene.

—

Skittles

Regulus

Sbrty, yoi owe eme thrity pounds

Barty

IT HAPELENF??

Regulus

Yed. James shwoed me.

James lookd reaaalllyyy good giys

Gonns sleeo with hin tongiggttt

Evan

Get it reculus

Pandora

Whoop, whoop!

Regulus

Hi, this is James!

Reggie is terribly pissed.

Barty

Usw proteecifon!

We are not sleeping together.

—

James closes the car door after pushing Remus and Sirius into the backseat. He opens the passenger door for Regulus and is met with a scowl, “I can do it myself.”

James shrugs and closes the door behind Regulus, going around the car to sit in the front seat. He clicks in his seatbelt and watches for a few moments as a drunk Regulus fumbles with his own, trying to avoid his rearview mirror at all costs, not a doubt in his mind that Sirius and Remus are making out.

“What kind of music do you listen to?” Regulus slurs. “I mean, like, what’s *your* Marauders?”

“Taylor Swift.” James smiles. “What kind of music do you listen to?”

“The Marauders. I write songs with them, actually.” Regulus leans in, and whispers loudly. “I kissed the lead singer. He’s fit. You look like him. Don’t tell him I said that.”

James’ eyes widen and he looks in his mirror. Sirius’ ears have perked up, much like a dog, and he has an angry expression on his face that’s astonishing based on his alcohol consumption. “I’m sorry? What?” Sirius says.

“Oops.” Regulus giggles. “I forgot you were back there. I’m drunk, aren’t I?”

“You kissed my brother, James?”

“We’re pissed. Be angry later.” Remus says, drawing Sirius back into a kiss.

James sighs and shakes his head, turning the radio up and pulling out of the parking lot.

Sirius and Remus stumble into their room, and it doesn't even take five minutes before they're both passed out on his bed, tangled limbs taking up the entirety of it.

James guides Regulus into his room, sitting him down on his red bedspread. Regulus groans softly. "Why is your room so red?"

"I like red." James answers simply, taking off Regulus' heels for him and getting up to find him some clothes.

"I hate red." Regulus expresses.

"I'll change it for you, dear." James pulls a red hoodie and a pair of sweatpants from his closet and walks over to Regulus. He hands the pile of fabric to the boy and points to a door, "bathrooms in there."

Regulus grumbles a 'thank you' before getting up, managing his way into the bathroom. He comes back moments later, decked in a maroon colour that fit awfully well with the flush of alcohol and James on his cheeks. "I'll take the couch."

"No, no, no." James insists. "You're pissed, dear. You can sleep here, I'll take the couch."

"Okay." Regulus shrugs and collapses onto the bed.

James stands up. He pulls the covers over Regulus' body, tucking him into bed like Euphemia would when he was a child with nightmares of things that seemed so irrelevant now. He presses a gentle, lingering kiss to Regulus' forehead and flips the lamp off, the only light in the room coming from the moon and the stars outside of his window. Regulus' eyes flicker shut.

He turns around and starts to exit the room, looking back once to see the sleeping boy in his bed. He only has one foot planted outside of the room when he hears a sound. A noise so quiet he very well could have been hallucinating it.

“James?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Stay.”

A heartbeat. Two. Three. Six. Seven. James crawls into bed beside him. Regulus curls into his side. Several minutes pass, James thinks Regulus is asleep.

“James?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Do you think I’m brave?”

Not one moment passes. Not one. Not a heartbeat and James responds. “You’re the bravest man I’ve met, Regulus.”

“Thank you.”

“For?”

“Telling me what I need to hear.”

Regulus falls asleep clutching James’ shirt. James falls asleep moments later, wrapped around a star, smelling his hair.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy this last bit of fluff. The next chapter is a shitshow, Jegulus and Wolfstar wise.

After next, hoping to write some Wlw Representation! Pandalily and Dorlene coming to your screens SOON!

Regulus and Sirius are so absolutely incredibly sacred to me. We will DEFINITELY DEFINITELY DEFINITELY see more of them, flashbacks and present, in the near future.

Regulus being trans is my favorite fucking hc, but as a trans person, I feel like representation isn't always the greatest. A lot of writer's forget to mention just how hard it can be and how much it can vary from person to person. I think Regulus was so incredibly brave in this chapter. Him showing off his surgery scars for the First Time Ever!! I'm cheering for him so bad.

It's absolutely hilarious how easy it is to fluster James Potter. It makes me laugh so bad.

Dorlene!!!

Sirius knows. Oooooooooops.

As I said, after this is Terrible! It doesn't get better for our boys for a little bit. There's a time jump planned in the future, but joy will prevail soon.

Honestly speaking, I'm very very scared to release this chapter. I hope you all enjoy it. It took a while to write this one, I've deleted at least six hundred words and rewritten them. Let me know what ya think!

When it Breaks

Chapter Notes

Dropping this and then going straight to sleep. I've been itching to write this since chapter ONE.

Translations in the end notes. There is a looooot of French in this one.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Regulus wakes up to the sound of soft snoring and warm, strong arms holding him in place. Sunlight streams in through the windows and peaks through the thick curls that hang in front of his eyes. He brushes the hair out of his face and blinks, adjusting to the light.

James Potter looks beautiful in the mornings. His messy hair is even messier and his lips are parted slightly to allow air to flow through them. Regulus slowly slips out from under him, stretching his body. *James must have forgotten to set his alarm*, Regulus thinks, *he runs at 4:30*.

Regulus quickly locates his shoes and his bag, taking one last look at James before he slips out his phone. He snaps a picture, a quick one, of the sleeping boy. His hair sprawled out on the red pillow, his back muscles visible through his thin shirt, the small smile on his lips from the dream he was having. The sunlight hitting his skin, making the bronze boy golden. A memory, just for him. He puts his shoes on and walks out, leaving the house and calling a taxi. He thanks the world for his resistance to hangovers.

In the car, he pulls out his phone again. It rings, once, twice.

“Dorcas Meadowes speaking.” She says.

“Dorky, I need you to tell James I’m done writing with him.”

“Oh, Regulus.” Dorcas sighs. “Did something happen?”

“Nothing of importance.” Regulus replies, coolly. If he’s feeling anything, he doesn’t show it. *Stoic*. “Tell him I’ll see him in the studio when he’s ready to record the album.”

“Regulus, if somethings gone on, you need to tell me.” Dorcas says firmly.

“Nothings going on, Dorky. Our relationship is professional.” He accentuates the last word with a popping sound. “That’s all. Have a nice morning with Marlene. I’ll see you in a few weeks, I think I’m going to go visit Andy.”

Before Dorcas can get another word in, Regulus has hung up and he turns his phone off. He leans forward, addressing the taxi driver now. “Excuse me, sir? Here’s fine.”

The driver pulls over a block and a half from Regulus’ flat. He decides to walk the rest of the way, turning the key in his lock. He showers off the night and shoves James’ clothes in the back of his closet, before throwing together a last minute suitcase and booking a flight to Paris.

—

James Potter wakes up alone. His bed is much colder than it was before he’d gone to sleep, colder than it’s ever been. Regulus is gone, with absolutely no trace of him in the apartment, other than the smell of his cologne on James’ sheets. James inhales, *where did you go, pretty boy?*

He locates his phone quickly. Four unread messages and two missed calls.

—

Dorcas Meadows & James Potter

Dorcas

Potter.

Wake up.

Call me back.

It’s important.

“Dorcas Meadowes speaking.” She says, the call goes through after a ring.

“Cas, it’s James.” He greets, sleep evident in his voice. “You wanted to talk?”

“Oh, yes, hello.” Dorcas responds. “I’m just calling to let you know that Regulus Black has dropped out of the songwriting efforts. He said to tell you that he’d see you in the studio whenever you’re ready to record.”

James blinks. Once, twice. He sucks in a breath, exhales. “What?”

The boy who was in his bed, about twelve hours ago, begging him to sleep by his side. The boy who kissed him, three times. The boy who called him ‘Jamie’ and gave him a ring with his initials engraved on his birthday.

“That’s all he said, Potter.” Dorcas sounds slightly upset. “I haven’t heard anything else from him, and I think he’s shut his phone off.”

“Wh- he’s quitting the band?”

“No, James. As his manager, I can’t let him do that.” She chuckles. “You’re just back to songwriting by yourself now. I’m sure you’ll have no problems with it, as you’ve written the last several albums, and you really weren’t fond of him joining the band in the first place.”

“Did he say why? Did I do something wrong?”

“He didn’t want to talk about it.”

James sighs deeply. “Is he at home? Do you know?”

“France.”

“What?”

—

Regulus is embarrassed. Completely, utterly, entirely, humiliated. He'd spent twenty three years building up walls, and he let James Potter tear them down in a matter of months. Bringing him hot cocoa in the morning, watering his flowers, *kissing him, even*, was one thing. But calling him into bed, inquiring about his sexuality, sharing insecurities, that is another. He is embarrassed, so the mask is going back on and construction has resumed. Call it a detour.

He skips up the steps to his cousin Andromeda's home in Paris. He loves France, he'd live there forever if he could. He knocks on the door and hears Nymphadora call out for her mother to answer it.

Andromeda opens the door with Nymphadora sitting on her hip. “Regulus! Comment ça va?”

“Je suis bien.” Regulus smiles softly.

“Uncle Reggie!” Nymphadora hops down and runs to latch onto Regulus' leg. “Tu m'as manqué!”

“Tu m'as manqué aussi.”

Nymphadora does not know a bit of English. She was born in France and has been raised there with her parents, Ted and Andy, since.

“Allez! Allez!” The child chants, dragging Regulus by the arm to show off her new toys.

Andromeda follows closely behind them, chuckling at her (favourite) cousin and her toddler. Regulus stands up straight in the doorway and entertains Nymphadora, and Andromeda places a hand on Regulus' back. “What brings you here, Reg?”

Regulus and Andromeda only spoke English when it was a conversation they didn't want

Nymphadora to understand.

“Complicated. Irrelevant.” Regulus’ face is unchanging.

“Has it got anything to do with that Potter boy I’ve seen you with in the tabloids? He’s a real stunner, I must say.”

“Complicated. Irrelevant. Professional.” He repeats.

“That’s not going to work on me and you know it, Regulus Arcturus.” She warns. “Talk to me.”

“Well,” Regulus sighs, “I’ve let my guard down, and I’m afraid I haven’t prepared myself for the consequences.”

“You Black’s are so dramatic.”

Regulus eyes Andromeda, “don’t forget your maiden name, Andy.”

“Touché, touché.”

“De quoi parlez-vous?” Dora pouts.

“Rien.” Andromeda assures, “range ta chambre, s’il vous plait.”

Andy ushers Regulus from the room, leading him to the dining table. He takes his seat and Andromeda leaves him, returning moments later with two cups of tea. “Tell me everything.”

“He’s too good. He is love, and he is light, Potter is the sun,” Regulus sighs, “I got too close, so I left. He deserves to shine somewhere he can be appreciated the right way. He deserves better than the night.”

“Reggie, the sun is a star, too.” Andromeda frowns softly. She reaches across the table to squeeze Regulus’ hand. “You don’t have to run from the light anymore, honey. You got out.”

“Mais j’ai peur.”

Vulnerability was always easier for Regulus when it was spoken in a different language. It doesn't make any sense to him, his first language, the one he spoke in *that* house, provided him the most security.

“You don’t have to run anymore, Reggie. My sister can’t ruin anything for you anymore. The only thing holding you back is yourself. Let your guard down. Tear down your walls.”

“I like my walls, thank you.” Regulus scowls. “And it will never be that simple.”

“Why not?”

“He’s Sirius’ best friend.”

“He’ll get over it.”

“I don’t think so.”

“He will. Does Potter make you happy?”

“Unfortunately.”

“Let him in.” Andy squeezes his hand again. “Or I’ll kick your ass.”

“And if I get hurt?”

“Then I’ll kick his ass.” Andromeda smiles sweetly.

“Thank you.”

“For?”

“Being here when it breaks.”

—

“You’re dead.” Sirius states as soon as James walks out of his bedroom. Sirius is sitting in the corner of the couch with a cup of tea in hand, Remus beside him. “You’re actually dead. Say your goodbyes.”

“Run, James. Run.” Remus says, trying not to laugh.

James sighs deeply, “and why am I dead, Padfoot?”

“Are you dense, James? You snogged my brother? My innocent baby brother?”

“Okay, listen—“

“What on Earth were you thinking? Were you thinking at all? That’s my brother! I hate this. Absolutely not.”

“Sirius, listen—“

“I mean, honestly, James, what the fuck? He’s my little brother. Has he not been hurt enough in one lifetime?”

“Sirius, listen to me!” James exclaims. “The fact that he’s your brother is *not* lost on me. Also, he snogged me first. And I like him, Merlin, I *like* him. Why on *Earth* would you assume that I’m going to hurt him? He won’t even let me close enough *to* hurt him, how could I possibly do that?”

Do you honestly think I would do that?”

I don’t know, James, I never thought you would snog my brother, but you did. Forgive me for being protective.”

“Yeah, well, you have nothing to worry about. He’s in France.”

“Wh— why is he in France?”

“I don’t know. He wasn’t here when I woke up. Dorcas said he’s ‘ *dropping out of the songwriting efforts* ’, whatever that means. Your baby brother is safe from the oh-so-incredibly-dangerous James Potter.”

James walks past Sirius and Remus, exiting through the front door and walking towards his car.

—

Jegulus

James

Regulus.

Reg.

I need to talk to you.

Please respond.

I don’t know if you’re okay. Are you okay?

I’m sorry.

—

Black Brothers

Sirius

you're in france?

what happened?

i'm worried about you.

blink twice if you're okay.

...i can't see you through the screen

—

Jily

James

Evans!

Busy?

Lily

don't sound so excited

i. am. dead.

James

Taking that as a no.

Open the door!

Lily

are u at my house

James

Yes!

Lily

why

James

Peter's sleeping and Marlene is with Dorcas.

Lily

why are you not at your house

James

Long story.

Easier to explain if you opened the door!

Lily

fine

It takes most people a number of years, if ever, to figure out the phenomenon that is James Potter. It took Lily Evans exactly forty nine hours, thirty six minutes, and fifty four seconds. James Potter ignores his own feelings for other people. James only thinks of himself when he thinks about how he could help others. James smiles so that other people smile. James believes laughter is contagious, and that it is also the best form of medicine. James doesn't cry, ever. What does he possibly have to cry about? Life is short, and others have it much worse than he, so why spend that time crying when you could be helping someone else? His feelings aren't important enough.

In the time following those forty nine hours, thirty six minutes, and fifty four seconds, James learned that his mask is invisible when he's talking to Lily. Lily could always see right through it, the act, the sunshine, and she can always see the rain, even when he doesn't want her to. So, in that time, he let her in.

Sirius and Marlene provided James with laughter. Remus and Peter provided James with knowledge. But Lily, she gave him security. She was his safe space when the days got cloudy. She was the one who encouraged him to start writing songs, a way for him to express his feelings *while* helping others, despite her being the absolute last to join the band.

And so Lily opens the door. Her red hair is messily thrown into a ponytail, probably to keep it out of the way, and remnants of makeup from the night before still linger on her eyes. Still in her pyjamas, Lily smiles sleepily. "Alright, Potter?"

James nods and walks past her, beelining for the kitchen. In the kitchen, Lily has a tray of homemade cookies waiting for him. Lily *always* keeps sweets in the house for guests. James opens the container and picks one from the top of the pile, cramming it into his mouth.

"Slow down there, buddy." Lily sits on a barstool at her island. "Wanna tell me what's wrong?"

James sighs, "men," before eating another cookie.

"Oh, Merlin, James Potter is telling me about his love life. I've missed this." Lily grins. "Go on, then. What did Regulus do?"

"Last night, he was sleeping next to me in my bed. Not in a romantic way. We were just cuddling. Nothing else. This morning, he was on his way to France and I'm getting a call that he doesn't want

to write songs together anymore.” James eats another cookie. “How much sense does that make?”

“Wait, Regulus is quitting the band?”

“No, no. He said he’ll ‘ *see me in the studio whenever I’m ready* ’, whatever the hell that means.”

“James, I think it means that he’ll see us in the studio when we’re ready to record the album.”

“Will I not see him until then? I mean, I could be wrong, but I thought things were going pretty well! Songwriting, and all that. And if he doesn’t want to *be* with me, he could just say that. I don’t think fleeing the country was necessary!”

“Honey, you’ve got it all wrong.” Lily frowns, recalling what Pandora had told her before. “I don’t think he doesn’t want to be with you.”

“He ran away while I was sleeping! I mean, how do you even do that? It’s like he’s immune to hangovers. He was right pissed last night, Lil!”

“Maybe he’s scared.” Lily shrugs. “He’s a Black, he’s been hurt before.”

“No, what is that? *What* is that? What is with people and thinking I’m going to hurt him? Lily, I’m scared of spiders! I don’t want to hurt anyone, I just want to grow my plants!” James pouts, thoroughly upset.

“You couldn’t hurt someone if you tried, Potter.” Lily chuckles. “You’re soft. And if he doesn’t want to be with you, he’s a fool. But I don’t think that’s the case.”

“You didn’t want to be with me. Fool.” James jokes.

Lily laughs. “You’re not a woman.”

“And I’m not a blonde Rosier named Pandora.” He sighs, dramatically. “The competition is too fierce. I wouldn’t stand a chance.”

“James!” She scolds, whacking the side of his head. “You stop that, right now! I do not have a thing for Pandora.”

“That’s bullshit! You’re like—“ James fake swoons, “oh, ‘ *Pandora. I love your crystals and your bookshops! Pandora, marry me, please!*’ You’ve got it bad.”

“Well, maybe she’s just better company than my evil, *evil* friends.”

The two share a laugh and James eats another cookie, comfortable silence settling between the pair.

“Lily?”

“James?”

“Am I good enough for him? For Regulus?”

Lily looks at him with a serious expression. “You are the best man I know, James Potter.”

James smiles his contagious smile and allows his eyes to flutter shut as he pulls the redhead in for a hug. “Mind if I crash here for a few? Sirius—“

“Take all the time you need.” Lily cuts him off. “Mi casa es tu casa.”

“Gracias.”

Chapter End Notes

French translations;

“Regulus! Comment ça va?” — “Regulus! How are you doing?”

“Je suis bien.” — “I’m fine.”

“Tu m’as manqué!” — “I missed you!”

“Tu m’as manqué aussi.” — “I missed you too.”

“Allez! Allez!” — “Come on! Come on!”

“De quoi parlez-vous?” — “What are you talking about?”

“Rien.” — “Nothing.”

“Range ta chambre, s’il vous plait.” — “Clean your room, please.”

“Mais j’ai peur.” — “But I’m scared.”

Spanish translations;

“Mi casa es tu casa.” — “My house is your house.”

“Gracias.” — “Thank you.”

Well, wasn’t that fun? A recap; Regulus ran away! He’s in France with Andromeda and Ted (later) and our favorite French toddler, Nymphadora. Speaking of Blacks, Sirius is on the outs with James! Fun! James has absolutely no idea what’s going on, but his best friend is mad at him for kissing his brother and said brother has gone M.I.A, so, that’s neat. And who’s here to pick up the broken pieces? Lily! Fucking! Evans! My absolute queen. I love her.

‘Apollo, why are you doing this? This is evil!’ It’s been nothing but joy for like? Seven chapters? That’s Crazy. Here’s some angst. We need it. I was getting BORED. Next chapter, we’ll see Pandalily. And some Dorlene. And absolutely zero Jegulus. Sorry. Our boys will be back alongside our regularly scheduled programming shortly.

I. Want. To. Write. Rosekiller. I have precisely ZERO ideas for them, seeing as it is a *primarily* Jegulus fic, and quite frankly I wasn’t going to write them into it at all. Do you guys want to see that? Let me know.

Fret not, happiness is in store, but is it really Jegulus without a few bumps in the road? The answer is no, it’s not.

Prongsfoot angst, my heart hurt. Sirius is just trying to protect his brother from absolutely everything. Overcompensating for when he left? Possibly. A bit harsh on James? Possibly. Will I die defending Sirius Black? Yes, yes I will.

The ao3 crash absolutely TERRIFIED ME. I uploaded the last chapter and then ao3 decided to Die?? And then I wasn’t getting any notifications about the kudos or comments either. So. Scary. Glad we’re back.

I’m on tumblr! I have no idea how to use the app, but I’m on it. You can find me @cowswearingsweaters. Cheers!

Blueberry Scones

Chapter Notes

This one's fairly light compared to the last one. Pandalily if you squint. Rosekiller if you squint harder. Dorlene!!!!!!

Warnings;

- mentions of sex
- referenced homophobia (in the past)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Skittles

Barty

It's been too quiet here the last two days.

I'm losing my mind.

Where is Regulus? He hasn't called me stupid in a while.

Dorcas

Paris.

Barty

HUH

Evan

Take one day to recover from a nasty hangover and your best friend flees the country. Wtf.

Dorcas

He's with Andromeda. I think he's fine.

Pandora

i wonder if he's had any good scones

i want a blueberry scone

—

Pandalily

Pandora

liiiillllyflowerrrr

i miss you

Lily

hi pan :)

Pandora

hi!!!!!!

can i come over?

i've made blueberry scones

Lily

i can come to you?

james is here and he's mokey

Pandora

poor boy :(

he can have scones too!

i'll be there in 30

—

Pandora stays true to her word. Lily hears knocking on her door approximately twenty nine minutes after receiving Pandora's message. She turns to James, who's laying on the couch, playing with song lyrics in a journal. "Do I look okay?"

James laughs, "you look gay."

Lily scowls and flips him off, skipping to the door to let Pandora in. Pandora is wearing a white choker, blue sunglasses, and a blue button up, which is tucked into her denim skirt that is covered in patches. Her blonde hair is straightened and held away from her face by the sunglasses that are sitting on top of her head. She looks so beautiful.

"Hi." Lily says, warmly. Her cheeks heat up, the pink complimenting her emerald eyes quite well.

"Hi." Pandora replies, with the same warmth as Lily.

"Hi!" James calls out from the couch. Lily groans, her head falling back as she shuts the door behind Pandora.

—

Pandora Rosier really doesn't mind the company of James Potter. Actually, she finds James quite tolerable. She likes him. At some point in Pandora's visit, the trio had unanimously decided to invite Barty and Evan over. (Dorcas was invited, too, but she didn't answer the phone. Marlene didn't answer her phone either, suspicious?)

Barty and Evan walk into the room, arms linked. They were highschool sweethearts, and they were so sweet to each other you could get a toothache, yet so sour to the rest of the world peoples noses scrunched.

James was laying on the couch staring at the ceiling with a keyboard in his lap, that was all Lily had at her place.

"Why on Earth would I have a guitar, James? I play saxophone."

"Every musician needs a guitar!"

"Not when you play the saxophone!"

Anyways, he had a keyboard. Pandora had asked him to play something he had been working on, which James was extremely grateful for, because music made his loud brain go quieter. "Ev, Barty!" Pandora exclaims. "James is showing us the opener for the new album."

"Ah, yes. Your fifth song titled 'The Marauders'." Barty teases. "Exciting."

"Shut up." Evan slaps him in the back of the head playfully. Before taking a seat. "I wanna hear it. Is it finished?"

James nods. He presses the record button in his voice memos and leans back. James inhales and starts hitting keys quite quickly, half a melody coming together. He starts singing, monotonously.

"This will get bigger, if you know what I mean. I'm sorry if you're living and you're seventeen."

Barty inhales sharply. It's visible on his face who he thinks of when he hears that line. James answers all his questions with a nod, rather than words. It's a line for Regulus.

“ I heard it's en Vogue to be super thin but your friends aren't thick, so they can't come in. I'm feeling apathetic after scrolling through hell. I think I've got a boner, but I can't really tell and the fans are on. ”

Evans stifles a laugh. James picks up more force in the instrumentals. *“ It's cynical. This adderall and vitriol and young people drinking aperol. ”*

The piano speeds up even more. *“ And it's about time. This is what it looks like. ”*

Lily watches intently, mapping out sheet music in her brain, listening to every word completely. This album is going to be different.

“ I'm sorry about my 20th, I was learning the ropes. I had a tendency of thinking 'bout it after I spoke. We're experiencing life through the postmodern lense, oh, call it like it is. You're making an aesthetic out of not doing well and mining all the bits of you you think you can sell while the fans are on. ”

He continues to go on in a similar fashion for another chorus, and then it's time for the bridge.

“ I'm sorry if you're living and you're seventeen. I'm sorry if you're living and you're seventeen. I'm sorry if you're living and you're seventeen. I'm sorry if you're living, and you're seventeen. ”
He repeats it again, and again, and again, like he got distracted and was trying to figure out where he left off. Barty and Evan look at each other, and then to Pandora, and the trio shares a silent conversation.

James wonders if The Marauder's will still be his favourite band, now that all the songs are about him.

He sends the recording of the song to Dorcas. She green lights it instantly.

If James won't see Regulus again until the album is ready to be recorded, then the album is going to be ready to be recorded so fucking fast.

—

Dorcas traces heart shapes and her initials on Marlene's arm and rests her head on top of Marlene's. The blonde smells like pink champagne and cigarette ash. She thumbs over the pattern in Dorcas' braids. The couple had left the party together, but that night never ended. They had both stayed at Dorcas' flat for two days following.

Dorcas was worried about Regulus in a way a sister would be worried about her brother, but Marlene quieted her thoughts. Dorcas was enjoying her company.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Dorcas says softly, her voice not half as melodious as Marlene's, but soothing nonetheless.

"Popcorn ceilings." Marlene hums.

"We just had sex and you're thinking about popcorn ceilings?"

"You asked!"

Dorcas shakes her head and laughs, pulling a laugh from Marlene as well. "Tell me something no one else knows."

"I dated Sirius in fourth year because he looks like Joan Jett. We had sex one time and I threw up not five minutes after. He was throwing up in the bathroom stall next to me. That was my gay awakening."

"Mine was Regulus."

"Regulus? Like Sirius' brother Regulus? Laurie Gaga?" Marlene barks a laugh. "That's bloody brilliant."

"Yeah, I think I was his gay awakening, too." Dorcas chuckles. "Tell me something else."

“I met James and Pete when I was four.” Marlene says. “I give them a lot of shit, but they’re my best and dearest friends. They were the only ones there for me for— well, until you got here.” She sighs. “My mom kicked me out when I was sixteen because she found me with another girl. I jumped between their guest rooms for two years.”

Dorcas looks at her, *really* looks at her, she looks at her like she hung all of the stars in the sky by herself. “I think you’re one of the bravest people I know.”

“Not *the* bravest?” Marlene chuckles sadly. “My heart, Meadowes. You wound me.”

“Shut up.” Cas grumbles, kissing her quickly and tangling her fingers in Marlene’s layered hair.

Marlene sighs, breathless and happy. “Be mine.”

“What?”

“Be *mine*, Meadowes. My girl. Be mine. Only mine.”

“Okay.”

—

Marauders

Marlene

I fucking love ALL OF YOU!!

Peter

oh my god she's broke

where's james what do we do

James

Marls??

Lily

shut up you fucking idiots pandora is telling me about ancient greece

Remus

That's so gay, dude.

Sirius

I LOVE YOU TOO MARLENE

Marlene

Yeah, nevermind.

All of you can suck my dick.

James

There she is!

Peter

all is well.

goodnight lads

Chapter End Notes

James hurrying to finish the album so Regulus will talk to him again makes me LAUGH. We will see some major progress on the album in these next few. I want to write Marauders on tour so bad, you don't even get it. I blame Matty Healy's erotic stage presence.

Marlene Marlene Marlene Marlene Marlene Marlene Marlene Dorcas Dorcas Dorcas Dorcas Dorcas Dorcas DORLENE!!!

Marlene, Peter, and James being a childhood trio is my favorite head cannon ever. Chefs kiss.

A lot of writers write Marlene with absolutely no backstory and it's SICKENING. Give my girl some LIFE. I LOVE MARLENE MCKINNON!! Also, Marlene and Sirius being each others gay awakenings makes me giggle. Them both throwing up.

Dorcas being a fucking mommy issues magnet.

I want it to be known that Peter fucking sucks at spelling. He can't spell. He sucks at it. He sucks at it. He sucks at it. And his autocorrect is turned off. If you get a coherent sentence from Peter Pettigrew, somethings wrong.

Back to your regularly scheduled Regulus next chapter. Still in France. Yay. Needed a sapphic detour, because they are so not complicated it brings me peace.

The Louvre

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Andromeda & Sirius

Sirius

andy andy andy

Andromeda

Hello.

Sirius

don't happen to have reggie lurking around you and teddy's house, do you?

Andromeda

He told me to tell you that he's not here.

And to piss off.

Sirius

tell him to turn his damn phone back on

that dick

Regulus

You utter knob.

Sirius

you're alive!

thx for letting me know u were hopping on an international flight while i was sleeping btw
really appreciate the heads up

Regulus

Shut up.

—

Eleven missed calls, thirty nine unread messages, and five voicemails are what Regulus is met with when he powers on his phone. He'd been M.I.A for about four days. During his down time, he'd eaten too many pastries to count, read a ridiculous amount of poetry, played house with a toddler, and wrote half a song that ended up getting trashed. Productive.

He sighs deeply and goes through his call log. He's missed one from Dorcas, one from Evan, two from Barty, three from Pandora, two from Sirius. *Two from James.*

Oh, James. Poor James. Clueless, naive, beautiful James. James doesn't know that it isn't his fault at all. Regulus' stomach drops.

—

Jegulus

James

My messages just went through

You're back?

Are you okay?

I'm sorry for whatever I did.

Regulus

I'm fine. I'm in Paris with a cousin. No need for apologies, you didn't do anything. I don't think we should see each other like that anymore.

James

See each other like how?

Regulus

Alone.

Our relationship has to be professional, Potter, I don't want to see you outside of the studio or a tour bus.

James

Oh.

One word, two letters. One word, two letters, and a period. One word, two letters, and a period, that Regulus was choosing to ignore and pretend like they didn't make him want to cry like a child denied what it wants. Well, Regulus didn't know what a child crying was like, actually. He never cried as a child. He wasn't allowed to.

Maybe his relationships would have turned out differently if his mother wasn't his mother. Maybe if he had run away with Sirius and got the chance to experience *real* parenting, things would be different. But he didn't run away with Sirius, and things weren't different. He got stuck with Walburga and Orion Black, so he shied away from any form of affection. Simple as that. An easy blame.

It doesn't matter, anyway, what's done is done. James will never want to see him again, because Regulus did something possibly very stupid and even more possibly very damaging, and Regulus will spend the rest of his life burning for James the way he had for so many years before. So close, so far, never a comfortable distance.

Who cares, anyway? Regulus is at the fucking Louvre. He slips his phone back into his pocket and looks up at the artworks before him. Andromeda follows closely behind him, Ted is at home with Dora.

"I like this one." Regulus speaks, pointing up at the sculpture. "Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss, 1787. Sculpted by Antonio Canova, he was Italian."

Andromeda nods along quietly and examines the piece. The sunlight streaming in hits the sculpture just right and Cupid's wings glow beautifully in translucence.

"I think it's beautiful, Cupid is so gentle and loving. I also enjoy the concept of '*true love's kiss*'. Cupid saved Psyche from death after she drank poison, healed by a simple kiss. It's just darling. And Cupid's wings, he's *so* graceful. Elegant, even. It's truly perfect."

Regulus is absolutely oblivious to the fan recording him from a short distance. A fan, ruining his moment to talk about his passion. Sometimes he forgets he's supposed to be '*famous*.'

Regulus is *so* incredibly passionate about the Arts. Words? *Check*. Music? *Check*. Paintings? *Check*. You name it, Regulus loves it. His favourite activity in France is visiting museums.

regulus lover @jesuschrist2005

NO FUCKING WAY I JUST SAW REGULUS BLACK AT THE LOUVRE?? TALKING ABOUT ART?? most perfect man ever if james doesn't want him i'll take him

<attachment, 1 video, Regulus talking from a distance>

Spotted! Regulus Black in Paris with Mystery Girl

The Daily Prophet

Yesterday, The Daily Prophet's favourite musician was spotted in Paris, France. That's right, ladies and gentlemen, Regulus Black is back, and quite passionate about the arts! Here, you can see him speaking about Antonio Canova's 'Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss', sculpted in 1788.

<attachment, one video>

In the video, you can see the person he's talking to. A beautiful girl, who appears to be slightly older than Regulus. This begs the question, has Regulus Black found a new beau? And if so, where's James?

James was spotted earlier in the week, hand-in-hand with one Lily Evans in downtown London. The two have previously denied all speculations about their relationship, but you never know, do you?

James and Regulus have been thought of to be an item for quite some time. So what is it, lover boys? Amicable split? Something deeper, darker, and much sadder? Infidelity?

“I’m going to set something on fire.” Lily says, walking into the room and taking the cup of tea directly from James’ hands.

“Any reason why?” James asks, quite confused, per usual.

“You haven’t seen it?”

“Seen what?”

“Oh my god, James, do you even check your phone?” Lily huffs and pulls her own out of her pocket, accessing the article and shoving the phone in his face.

James.

Starts.

Laughing.

“Why are you laughing?”

“Because Regulus is gay.” James chokes out between laughs. “That’s Andromeda. How do you not remember Andy? She came to visit Sirius. Brought that adorable kid with her.”

“Oh my god, that’s his *cousin!*” Lily gasps. “I understand the Black thing now. I need to call Remus.”

R. A. Black @arcturus

‘Psyche Revived by Cupid’s Kiss’ was sculpted by Canova in 1787, not ‘88, you insolent fucking toad. Also, Andromeda is my cousin. Tell me, Skeeter, do you promote incest?

Replies:

Rita Skeeter @redlipgossip

Honest mistakes, beautiful. No need to be hostile, I’m just doing my job! That’s no way to treat a fan.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@redlipgossip

I pity your employer. Anyone thinking of Potter and I as an ‘item’ needs to get their eyes and ears checked. And infidelity, really? That’s all you could come up with? My cactus could do a better job than you, and it’s been dead for six months. Keep my name out of your substandard “news” articles unless it’s about how fantastic my album is.

—

“Regulus Arcturus Black, you better start explaining.” Dorcas warns as soon as he picks up the phone.

“Sorry. What can I say? *I was in a silly mood.*” He deadpans.

“When you get back to London, I am going to kill you with my bare hands.” Dorcas swears. “How many times do I have to tell you that we don’t treat the press like normal people who deserve to be held accountable for their actions?”

“Maybe if she minded her business.”

“Regulus, you have to apologize.”

“I’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Start picking your casket.”

—

James had Peter bring him a guitar at Lily’s house. It’s absolutely impossible to write good songs without one, James has no idea how she does it.

The same line continues to run through James’ mind. Actually, the words Regulus had said to him. “*Thank you for saying what I needed to hear.*” That’s what Regulus said. *Why does Regulus Black speak in song hooks?*

James sifts through his cluttered brain. Regulus needed someone to tell him how brave he is. Regulus needed someone to see him for how he really is. What does James need to hear?

The answer comes to James a little too quickly. He needs someone to tell him that they love him. No, he needs Regulus to tell him that. Regulus’ words matter to James more than anyone else’s. He scribbles down a few lines in his song journal.

It all means nothing, my dear

If I can’t be holding you near

So tell me you love me

‘Cause that’s all that I need to hear

I’ve been told so many times before

But hearing it from you means much more

So much more

Reply to my message

And pick up my calls

Now those are words he can work with. He scribbles a few more lines.

James Potter works funny. It can take him three months to finish a verse for a song, or it can take him thirty minutes. His favourites are always the ones that take less time. She Way Out, Fallingforyou, Paris, Sincerity is Scary, Milk.

They were all written on Lily Evans' couch, too. Funny. He presses record on his voice memos and starts strumming.

Chapter End Notes

Bam, bam, bam!

This one's a fun one. Regulus being passionate about art and then Rita Skeeter just showing up like is so funny. And then he absolutely anihalates her. That's wh THOUGHT.

James writing another song. AAAA. All I Need to Hear by The 1975, if you want to give it a listen! It's one of my favorites.

This story has been getting so much attention lately and I'm so happy people are enjoying it. Reading comments are one of my favorite parts of writing on this silly little website. They motivate me so much, so thank you guys for leaving them.

"Apollo, we miss Prongsfoot!" "Apollo, we miss the Blacks!" Good. Reunion next chapter Woooooo Yayyyyy

Ink Stains

Chapter Notes

Warnings:

- Alcohol consumption
- W*lbarga mentions ☹️

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Barty @bcrouchjr

Screaming. Crying. Throwing up. Missing Reg. Sliding down the door. Head in hands. Sobbing.
Bawling.

Replies:

Evan @evanrosier

Regulus, please, come back. Barty is broken.

R. A. Black @arcturus

This is creepy. Who even are you?

Barty @bcrouchjr

@arcturus

Come home.

“Regulus, you know we love you, right?” Andromeda asks, sitting down at the table across from him.

“Yeah, I know.” Regulus replies, only half paying attention. He’s scribbling words in a notebook, working on a song.

“Okay, great! Get out of my house.” Ted says.

“Rude.” Regulus scowls.

“Reg, honey, you have a job to do, and you need to talk to both James and Sirius. You can't hide here forever.” Andromeda grabs his hand and squeezes it. “It’s time to go. We’ve booked you a flight.”

“Damn.” Regulus hisses.

“You’ve watched three seasons of Gossip Girl and it’s only been a week and a half.” Ted states.

“It’s a good fucking show, Theodore.”

“Get out of my house!” Ted laughs.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

I don’t care who you are. Do not speak ill of Gossip Girl.

Replies:

Barty @bcrouchjr

Bro think he Blair Waldorf 🤔

R. A. Black @arcturus

@bcrouchjr

Remember when you got stuck in a Tesco freezer? I do, Bartemius. I do.

Barty @bcrouchjr

@arcturus

Damn.

—

Black Brothers

Sirius

when the fuck do u get back in

Regulus

Yesterday.

Sirius

wtf

where have u been

Regulus

Watching Gossip Girl.

Sirius

nice

can i join u

Regulus

Bring wine.

—

“If one of us was *the* gossip girl, who do you think it would be?” Sirius asks, sipping his wine glass.

“Peter fucking Pettigrew. One hundred percent.” Regulus replies quickly. “It could not be anyone else.”

“I don’t know, mate. Lily is a strong suspect.”

“No, no, no. Lily wouldn’t. It would be Pete. Or maybe Marlene, but Marlene would get caught super quick.”

“You could be gossip girl.”

“Sirius, I do not care about you guys’ lives enough for that.”

“Yeah, but like. You know everything, and you’re sneaky as shit. You’re definitely clever enough to pull that off.”

“Thank you?” He chuckles awkwardly.

“I mean, you were dating my *brother* and nobody found out until you let it slip while you were pissed.” The wines talking.

Maybe the wine is why the idea of James being Sirius’ brother hurts him so much. *He’s not your brother, Sirius. I am. I’ve always been your brother.*

“I wasn’t dating James.” Regulus says quietly.

“Just snogging him, then?” Sirius laughs. “Didn’t mean anything? Strictly professional snogging?”

“Sirius, stop it.”

“What? I wanna know! It’s not like James will tell me anything, he hasn’t spoken to me in..” Sirius starts to count on his fingers, like he’s doing a bit, “two weeks.”

“You live together, Siri. How on Earth has that loud.. *thing* managed to avoid you so long?”

“He’s staying with Lily, I think.”

“Why is he staying with Lily? What happened?” Regulus’ face remains stoic. He doesn’t care, really, but he does care, because, well, he’s asking.

“We got into a fight the day you left.” Sirius shrugs. “I basically forbid him from seeing you. He didn’t like that very much. I was just trying t’protect you. Anyway, he left.”

“What the hell, Sirius?” Regulus sits up and looks at him sternly.

“What? I was doing the right thing.” Sirius frowns, confused.

“No, you weren’t.” Regulus shakes his head. “I’m a grown man. I can make my own decisions. I don’t need you to defend my honour, Sirius, I haven’t needed you to defend me in years. And certainly not from *James*. He’s fucking scared of spiders!”

“Spiders are scary!” Sirius protests. “I’m your older brother. My job is to defend you.”

“Yeah, well. Too late. I ruined it with him before you got a chance to.” Regulus scoffs and looks down, twisting a ring around his finger. His hands are stained with ink.

“You didn’t ruin anything, Reggie.” Sirius shakes his head. “James will forgive anything. You could probably stab him. He would say thank you.”

“Doesn’t matter, Sirius. I can’t be with him.”

”Correct. You can’t. But why?”

“I’m broken, Siri.”

“James likes to fix things.”

“I am not somebody’s pity project. He deserves something better. New and shiny, not old and rusted. Hell, I fled the country because he called me brave.” Regulus chuckles sadly. “I’d ruin him.”

“Stop being dramatic, you knob. James likes you.” Sirius rolls his eyes. “I don’t like this. At all. But I think you might make him happy.”

“And what if I didn’t? What if I stopped making him happy?”

“The breakup songs would be epic.” Sirius grins.

“I’m not doing that, Sirius. I’m not. James and I aren’t happening.”

Sirius shrugs. “Okay.”

Regulus doesn’t say anything for a while. He just nurses his wine back and fiddles with his rings. “Sirius?”

“Hm?” He hums.

“Do you think it’s mum’s fault? That I’m like this?”

“I think that house.. stained us. Like, a pen that explodes. Black ink gets everywhere. It ruins certain things.” Sirius sighs and turns to his brother. “But pen ink doesn’t stain skin. It’ll come out in the wash.”

—

James stands in front of his door. The door to the flat he’s lived in since he was twenty one, when Sirius insisted they be roommates. (At the time, James couldn’t be trusted by himself. Oops.) He raises his fist to the door, *should I knock? Do I have to knock? It’s my house*. He has no idea what to do; he’s never spent so much time apart from Sirius. It’s quite tragic, actually, how codependent the two are.

He decides to knock. His hand hovers over the wood that was painted red a year before to match that of his childhood home. Just as his knuckle brushes the surface, the door swings open. He jumps back instinctively.

Sirius stands before him in his leather jacket, messing with his tie. He was heading out. His eyes are wide and he blinks twice, surprised to see James. “Speak of the devil.”

“Pardon?” James asks, blinking.

“I was just on the phone with Reggie, I was on my way to come see you at Lily’s.” He explains.

“I was coming to apologize to you.”

“I was coming to apologize to *you*. ”

“I’m sorry for falling for your little brother.”

“I’m sorry for getting so mad about it.” Sirius pulls him into a hug and James wraps his arms around him.

“Can we be best friends again, Pads?”

“Yeah. Best friends. Get inside.”

The two walk into the house and take their seats on the couch. James grins the same Potter grin he always does. “I have songs to show you.”

Chapter End Notes

Black brothers reunion! Yay! I’ve missed our boys so much. Their bond is quite special to me.

Regulus being absolutely obsessed with gossip girl is everything to me. I, too, am obsessed with gossip girl. I’ve done quite a bit of projecting onto him this bit.

Prongsfoot at the end!! Something so pure as ‘can we be best friends again’ is so beautiful to me. I think it shows how sibling-like their relationship really is. Chefs kiss.

TWO HUNDRED KUDOS’. Kudi? I don’t know. TWO HUNDRED OF THEM. That’s insane. Thank you all so much.

Guess what reunion we’ll be getting next chapter.

Record

Chapter Notes

Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for. (Kinda)

Warnings;

- Cigarettes, the smoking of them (Smoking is Bad!! Don't do it!)
- Regulus Black being an absolute fucking SHITHEAD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James and Sirius don't leave each other's sides for weeks. The month of April is spent locked in a living room with a notebook, pencil, guitar, and piano. They write from sunrise to sunset, their brains completely consumed by their craft. Other band mates join in on occasions, and Remus comes a few nights a week to whisk Sirius away, but they spend the rest of the time writing, erasing, strumming, and erasing some more.

By the second week of May, the album is ready to be recorded. Dorcas booked the earliest studio session she could. A year and a half after their last album, The Marauders are back and they just keep getting better.

James kicks open the studio door, bursting into the room with more energy than ever before. He extends his arms, grinning.

"Don't say something stupid." Regulus sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Daddy's home!" James exclaims, collapsing onto the legs of Marlene and Peter.

Marlene smacks him in the forehead, but smiles regardless. "Get off of me, you goof."

"Oh, Marlene." James wraps his arms around her waist. "My baby sister. I've missed you."

"Stop it, you sap." Marlene giggles.

James lets go and scoots over to Peter, throwing his arms around him as well. “Petey, darling! I’ve missed you!”

He makes the rounds, running to hug Remus, Sirius, and Lily (despite spending months surrounded by them.) He stops at Regulus, looking down and meeting his eyes. James clears his throat. “Looking good, Reg.” He says before returning to his position on Marlene and Peter.

“We’ve been writing songs!” Sirius exclaims.

“Well, I sure would hope so.” Peter laughs softly.

“We’ve created an album.” James says. “I truly believe it’s our best yet. It’s much more vulnerable than past works, but fret not. My cock *is* mentioned multiple times.” Lily cheers, jokingly. “Ladies, gentlemen, gays, this is *Being Funny in a Foreign Language*. ”

James opens his bag and pulls out seven folders, colour coded, and hands them out. Sirius gets red, Lily gets orange, Peter gets yellow, Regulus gets green, Remus gets blue, and Marlene gets purple. “Here are the lyrics to each song, read them, love them.”

“So dramatic.” Peter mumbles.

The group opens the folders and starts to read through the first song. Regulus puts a hand over his mouth, trying his best to remain composure. *‘I’m sorry if you’re living and you’re seventeen’* must hit hard when it’s written for you. He’s tapping his foot on the floor.

Regulus turns the page. ‘Happiness’, he’s biting his nails. It is so completely, entirely obvious who it’s about. He breathes in deeply and turns the page, ‘Looking for Somebody (To Love)’, less lovey-dovey. He turns the page. ‘Part of the Band’, this one’s not about Regulus. It’s about James.

Regulus reads the last stanza and his face softens, he looks up from the paper to look at James. James’ eyes hadn’t left him since he handed him the green folder. Regulus’ eyes say all the words he doesn’t. He looks back down and flips the page.

‘Oh Caroline’, Regulus is going to be sick. *James sucks at fake names*. He sucks in a breath and bites his lip, turning the page.

He reads the title of the fifth track. 'I'm In Love With You.' Regulus doesn't read the song lyrics, no, instead he stands up. He walks over to Sirius, takes the pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his leather jacket's pocket, and walks out of the room.

—

Regulus leans against the stone wall. Whispers of spring are in the air and the flowers are starting to bloom, raindrops from before clinging to the petals. He picks a cigarette from the packet and scrunches his nose, bringing it to his lips and lighting it.

He smokes the first one and gets halfway through his second one before James finds him. James leans against the wall and holds his hand out, not looking at Regulus. Regulus rolls his eyes and takes the cigarette from his mouth, placing it between James' fingers.

James takes a long drag and exhales smoke as he speaks. "Alright, dear?"

"Fine, Potter. Just a smoke break." Regulus sighs.

"You don't smoke."

"Don't I?"

"I lit a cigarette on your balcony and you made me go home, take a shower, change my clothes, and brush my teeth before I could come back." James laughs.

"Yes, they stink." Regulus smirks and takes the lit one from James' hands, bringing it back to his lips. "How've you been?"

"Busy." James answers, and looks at him. Regulus looks up, meeting his eyes. "Missed you."

Regulus swallows and puts the cigarette out, throwing it in the trash can. He walks past James, trying his best to keep a blank expression, "back to work."

The two resume their positions, Regulus reading and James watching. At some point, Regulus starts laughing softly. “Are you serious, James?”

“No, I am.” Sirius grins.

“Shut up, Siri.” Lily shakes her head.

“What did I do?” James asks.

“*He’s got his broadsheet, reading down the list of the going-wrongs.*” Regulus reads. “You’re going to give me a conniption.”

Marlene barks a laugh and pats James on the back. “You’re in deep, mate.”

“I didn’t even write that, actually. It was Sirius.”

“Don’t bring me into this, James Fleamont!” Sirius gasps. “I had nothing to do with this one! I wanted to write a cute little song for my Moony and *you* stole it out from under me!”

“Drama in the studio.” Peter giggles. “This is the best day.”

“I did not steal it out from under you! I was *trying* to help you write it.”

Regulus loses interest with the conversation quickly and turns the page, reading the next song. His mouth goes dry. His breath hitches in his throat. *That’s all that I need to hear.* He’s back in James’ bed, and James still thinks he’s brave.

He knows the next four songs. He wrote them.

James @potter

Why is there no heating system in this damn studio?

Replies:

Marlene @mmckinnon

Freeze.

—

The band spends the next four days writing and rewriting sheet music, listening to James and Regulus bicker over which lines to sing, creating an awful lot of noise, and drinking quite a bit of tequila. In these four days, the album comes together.

“Marlene,” James grins. “Call Cas in.”

Marlene nods and picks up the phone, dialling Dorcas’ number. “Hey, love, she says softly. “We’re ready for you here.”

“I love how sweet she talks with Dorky.” Regulus teases. “*Hey, love. We’re ready for you here .*” He makes his voice sound terribly similar to Marlene’s, more mockingly.

“What, do you want me to *talk super loud?*” Marlene practically yells the last three words, sending a middle finger in his direction.

—

The album is recorded. They listen together as a group. James watches Regulus, Regulus ignores him.

The last song finishes and Sirius looks up with a wicked grin.

“What is it, Pads?” Remus asks.

“We are at our very best. We just keep getting better, baby.”

Chapter End Notes

The album is almost here, my darlings. I am, like, four chapters ahead in writing, but they're being withheld. Because I'm mean. Haha.

This is a fairly light chapter, definitely a nice break from the angst of 13-17. But don't you worry, there will be even MORE angst after we hit tour. Which. I. Am. So. Excited. To. Write. Cannot WAIT to channel Matt Healy energy into James. If you're curious, watch The 1975, Live at MSG on Amazon Prime. That's what it's gonna look like. So. Excited. I HAVE SO MUCH ANGST PLANNED.

I need Regulus to stop being a little shithead and kiss James Potter before both of them lose their goddamn minds. (I'm the one doing this to them) (I'm enjoying this greatly)

The next two chapters will be dropped at the same time I think. Thinking about releasing them either Monday or Tuesday. Cheers!

Tumblr: cowswearingsweaters

Photos

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

With an album's release, you need an album cover, you need a record design, and you need pictures for the press to use in their semi-evasive articles. So. Much. Work.

Regulus drags the black eyeliner pencil on his eyelid in a perfect line. He brings his finger to his eye and smudges the line gently, blinking rapidly as he pulls away. Regulus fusses over his hair, weaving through the curls until he looks presentable. He adjusts the singular necklace on his neck and fiddles with the collar of his black turtleneck, buttoning the grey trench coat over it.

He presses call. One, two rings. “Good morning. The Marauders. You’ve got Sirius, how may I assist you?”

“Sirius,” Regulus sighs, “I look like a grandfather on his way to visit a bookshop, not buy anything, then buy flowers off a lady in a pop up shop to leave at my dead husband's grave.”

“Well, Reggie, I assure you that you don’t look a day over seventy.”

“I’m sixty eight, you tosser.” Regulus scoffs. “Why on earth are we wearing these?”

“It fits the album’s aesthetic!” Sirius protests.

“Bye.”

—

“James, why the fuck do we all have to ride together?” Marlene asks, stepping onto the mini bus he’d rented for some reason.

“Bonding moments, McKinnon! Bonding moments!” Sirius answers.

“Where are we even going?” Peter asks.

“The middle of fucking nowhere.” James grins.

“Oh, lovely. We’re all gonna fucking die.” Remus groans. His back hurts.

“Potter, if this is a plan to murder us all, I must say.. you’re shit at planning murders.” Regulus states.

“You wound me, Reg, you do.”

“Regulus is fine.”

James’ heart sinks. “Oh. Okay. Sorry.”

“Can someone turn up the radio?” Peter asks.

—

”My stars, no.” Regulus groans. They’re about an hour into the car ride. So far, Remus has fallen asleep on Sirius’ shoulder. Lily has stopped the car four times to take a piss. Dorcas is driving. Peter is stoned. James is playing iSpy with Marlene, and Regulus is reading quietly. Or, he was.

“Oh my god, yes!” James exclaims. “Is this your song? Oh my god. It’s on the radio!”

“This song is so sad.” Sirius states.

“This is my favourite song.” Lily smiles. “Dorcas played it for Marls and I before it was out. I didn’t even know you were Sirius’ brother then.”

“You don’t have to lie to me, Lily.” Regulus chuckles awkwardly.

“Oh, she’s not lying.” Marlene confirms. “She was bloody insufferable when she heard it! Wouldn’t shut up about it.”

Lily flips off Marlene and starts to sing quietly to herself, going back to her crossword puzzles. She knows every word. Regulus is stunned. He didn’t think anyone really enjoyed his music. *He* doesn’t even enjoy his own music.

Sirius goes quiet, watching the Leo constellation on his finger glimmer in the different lightings as he moves his hand back and forth.

Tell me, am I broken?

I can never leave

Biting on my tongue and

Checking if it bleeds

Regulus puts a hand on Sirius’ shoulder, a simple gesture that puts his mind at ease. Sirius meets his brother's eyes, and Regulus smiles softly. Sirius reciprocates it.

James grins, watching the interaction.

—

“Can I get a shot of James and Regulus, please?” The photographer, Fabian Prewett asks.

They’re in an abandoned parking lot and have been posing for several hours. Not a single shot that they can agree on. *What is Regulus Black and the Marauders?*

Regulus walks closer to James, who’s standing on top of a spray painted car. Inside the car is Remus, in the driver's seat, Sirius, in the passengers, and Marlene, Lily, and Peter in the back. They’re all dressed the same, except for James. James has a pink flower pin on his jacket, an orchid, to be specific. To be more specific, it’s the orchid Regulus had given him for Christmas.

“Alright, James, good.” Fabian speaks, peering through his camera. “I want you to lean down towards Regulus, think About You in LA.”

James leans over, exhaling softly. He reaches his hand out and touches Regulus’ face, it sends goosebumps through them both. Regulus sighs softly and subconsciously leans into the touch. The sunlight peaks through the thick grey clouds, catching the pin just right in the shot.

The moment lingers, they both forget they’re mid-photoshoot until Fabian calls out again. “Perfect! Got it. That’s a wrap.”

Regulus walks away quickly, leaving James on top of the car. The golden boy’s touch is still felt moments after.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, this was a fun one! 1/2 of the double update, because I’m nice, and because I just read the new crimson rivers update and am severely deprived of Joy.

Sirius styling the band for the photoshoot? Yes. Regulus being so fucking Babygirl? Yes, always. James wanting everyone to be together all the time because he loves them all so much? Yes. Lily being a Reggie stan? Yes!! Black brothers? Yes!!! Minor Jegulus angst? Always!! This chapter is very well rounded.

Some of you might notice that I’ve determined the number of chapters in this fic. Forty five. We’re halfway there! I assure you all, a happy ending is in store for everyone.

Tumblr; cowswearingsweaters

Being Funny in a Foreign Language

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Marauders @marauders

Do you think I have forgotten August Eleventh of last year? Regulus Black made his Marauders debut in Los Angeles. Here's something else to remember the day by. Being Funny in a Foreign Language, the album by Regulus Black and the Marauders, August 11th.

R. A. Black @arcturus

Happy to be part of the band. BFIAFL, 8/11.

James @potter

Personally, I speak two and a half languages. Thank you, Regulus, for joining us on this project. Always happy to have you. Being Funny in a Foreign Language, August 11th.

sirius @iloveremus

PRE SAVE OUR ALBUM YOU BLOODY WANKERS

Remus @ilovesirius

I like music. Do you like music? I make music. Do you make music? I don't care. Pre save BFIAFL.

peter @ppettigrew

august eleventh we have new songs i really wanted some cheese when we were recording them

lily @evansonsax

i'll never get tired of saying this. PRE SAVE OUR ALBUM!

Marlene @mmckinnon

Laurie Gaga is on all the tracks. Pre order BFIAFL, August 11th. I designed the vinyl. It's pretty sick.

Replies :

R. A. Black @arcturus

Menace.

—

Dorcas @meadowes

8/11. @marauders

—

James @potter

Out in an hour. I'm nervous.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

Thirty minutes.

—

Remus @ilovesirius

Sirius won't stop jumping on my bed. Ten minutes, cheers.

—

sirius @iloveremus

FIVE MINUTES!!!

—

Marlene @mmckinnon

Coming to u live with Lily. TWO MINUTES.

—

James @potter

Being Funny in a Foreign Language is out, right where we first began. This album is fueled by a bit of blood, a moderate amount of sweat, and so many fucking tears. Working with Regulus, as well as the others, has been a dream. Mischief managed.

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

I remember the first time I released music, I was so nervous I couldn't breathe. Since then, I've done a collaboration with a band, joined the band, played mind tricks on anyone who's watching, and helped James Potter write an album. Here's BFIAFL, behind the scenes. Thank you.

<1 image attached, Marlene flipping him off in the studio>

<1 image attached, Remus and Sirius sleeping on the bus>

<1 image attached, Barty, Peter and Evan as teletubbies, smoking>

<1 image attached, James sleeping the morning after Frank's party>

Replies:

James @potter

When on Earth did you take that?

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

While you were sleeping, obviously.

—

Marauders

James

We did it.

Remus

Five albums and it still hasn't gotten less emotional.

Sirius

moony is crying

Remus

I'm not.

You're crying.

Sirius

yeah i am

Marlene

Saps.

Regulus

Shut up, McKinnon.

We made an album.

Marlene

Shut up, sleep photographer.

Regulus

Pardon?

Peter

ALBUM ALBUM ALBUM ALBUM

Lily

crying real tears. i love u all

James

My family

Marlene

Absolute. Fucking. Saps.

Love u guys

Sirius

WE ARE A FAMILY

whos who

Peter

james is mum

which makes regulus dad #MARRIEDJEGULUS

Regulus

Go to your room.

Peter

see?!

sirius and remus are like the cool drunk gay uncles

lily is the cousin that brings the best pie

James

Agreeable.

Peter

marlene is the rebellious cousin sneaking out between dessert and drinks for a fag but ends up getting caught by regulus #DAD

Regulus

And that makes you..?

Peter

and who am i?

that's a secret i'll never tell.

y'know you love me. xoxo, pettigrew

Regulus

Kiss me.

—

James @potter

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS QUOTE GOSSIP GIRL?

Replies:

peter @pettigrew

plz don't divorce he didn't ment

—

James

Favourite track. Everyone. Go.

Lily

about you. a classic!

Peter

the ameaydwes

maeuadwrs

u get the point

Remus

Peter, that's weird.

Part of the Band.

Sirius

Wintering

fun little tune isn't it

Marlene

Oh Caroline

Who's Caroline? No clue.

Regulus

All I Need to Hear.

James

:)))

Chapter End Notes

this chapter is just tweets/texts! i saw a comment a while back saying that they enjoy these moments quite a bit, so i wanted to incorporate more into the fic, especially with what's coming.

the album is here! yay!! we have one more chapter before they start touring! Yay!!

next chapter is going to be a FUN ONE!! i'm so excited. hehehe. updating.. probably around friday or saturday. yeah!

Interview, Tour, Door, Couch

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter;

— Implied/referenced sex (No real smut. I Cannot Write It.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James waves at the cheering crowd and the cameras as he walks past. He takes his seat, positioned across from Gideon Prewett, a table between the two. “Good evening.” James smiles.

“James Potter, in the flesh!” Gideon grins. “Been a minute since we’ve had you on the show, hasn’t it?”

“Yes, well. I’ve been quite busy, Gid.”

“I can only imagine! *Being Funny in a Foreign Language*, eh? Do you have a favourite lyric on the album?”

“Oh, Gid, that’s a hard question. There are almost too many to remember.” James tuts. “I think my favourite at the moment.. I think my favourite right now is ‘*I’m in love with you*’.”

“Really? Out of all your lyrics, your favourite is ‘*I’m in love with you*’? Anyone could say that. People *do* say that all the time.”

“Exactly.” James smiles softly.

“You’re a proper romantic.” Gideon states. “Regulus is a lucky man.”

“That song was for Remus, actually. Sirius did a good bit of the lyrics on that one, he says I *stole it out from under him*. ”

“Ah, drama in the studio?”

“No, not really.” He shakes his head. “The Marauders, we’re a family. We actually just had a conversation about it two days back, when the album first came out.”

“Would you say you consider them your best friends?”

“Absolutely.” James says in a heartbeat. “I’ve known them since school. They’ve seen me at my absolute worst and my absolute best, picked me up when I couldn’t do it myself. I would take a bullet for them, even Regulus, with him just joining the band. I love them all, irrevocably.”

“And you’re, what? Flatmates with Sirius?”

“Oh, yes. Sirius and I live together, but I think he spends more time in Remus’ flat than ours.” James chuckles. “Young love is a wonderful thing, isn’t it?”

“Such a hopeless romantic, Potter.” Gideon laughs.

“Oh, come on! Tell me, Gideon, what’s your favourite track on the album?”

“My favourite has got to be Oh Caroline. Can you tell me more about that song? Who’s your *Caroline*, James?”

“It’s an invented character, really. It couldn’t be ‘Oh Linda’ or ‘Oh Jack’, y’know? The 3 syllables really make it work. I wrote that one on Lily’s couch while she was out with a friend. I really knew what it was about, going into it. Because I’ve felt that before. I was feeling it then. Hell, I’m feeling it now. I think it’s one of our more universal songs, where everyone knows it, and we’re all gonna sing it, because we all understand it, and that’s one of the most beautiful and rewarding parts of being a songwriter.”

“Lily’s not your *Caroline*, then?”

“Oh my god, no!” James laughs. “The song isn’t about Lily. I love Lily endlessly, she’s one of my favourite people, but we’ve never been together like that. It’s not that kind of relationship. *Oh*

Caroline isn't really about anyone— like I said, it's an invented character— it's really just a compilation of feelings and a name that rhymed it."

"Any other band romance?"

James knows he's asking about him and Regulus. "Well, there's Remus and Sirius."

"Finally."

"I know, right! They've been in love since school. It's been so frustrating to watch, because it's just like, *oh, come on! Snog already!* They're the cutest couple."

"James." He says seriously.

"Yes?"

"Why was a cow wearing your sweater?"

"No, stop it!" He laughs loudly. "I knew this would happen! It's *you ask about the cows*, comma, *wearing my sweater*. I've never given a cow one of my jumpers. You ask about the cows *whilst* wearing my sweater."

"Ah, makes more sense. You're leaving for a tour tomorrow?"

"Yes! I'm so excited. Concerts are my favourite part of being a musician. I'm really excited to take Regulus with us, too. He's only ever played live once. I, personally, cannot wait to hear his solo stuff live. He's a really great musician. Definitely gives me a run for my money."

"What can you tell us about the tour?"

"It's nothing you've ever seen before. Ever. From us, from anyone. We're at our very best."

“I won’t keep you any longer, you seem to have a busy time ahead of you. Always a pleasure, James.”

“The pleasure is mine, Gideon, thank you for having me.”

—

The album skyrockets on the charts. Every song makes it into the top fifty on the billboard one hundred, several in the top ten. Everyone. Fucking. Loves. It. Concert tickets go on sale the week after the album's release, and the majority of shows sell out within the hour. The tour schedule goes like this; the North American leg takes place from the end of October to mid December, and then Europe in February. James is so fucking excited.

James Potter has three favourite things; his parents, his fellow marauders, and performing. Tour is going to be good, really good. And that’s why, in the spirit of making things ‘really good’, James stands in Regulus’ door, a day before they’re set to take off.

He knocks twice. Behind the door, he can hear stumbling, something falling, a pained noise, and a grumbled “it’s open.”

He takes this as an invitation to enter. The door creaks slightly as it swings open, announcing James’ entry. Regulus is nowhere to be seen, presumably in his room, most likely packing for the tour. James is still in his interview clothes, an orange suit, a white tie, his hair slicked back. He doesn’t *look* like James Potter, gardener, mum, lover. He *looks* like James Potter, rockstar, sex object, marauder.

James walks from the front door to the door of Regulus’ room, his feet feel heavy in his ridiculously expensive shoes. He much would’ve preferred his worn and torn red converse, they make him feel like spiderman. He leans against the doorframe, pulling his right hand into his left and fiddling with one of his *many* bracelets. “Hey.”

“Potter.” Regulus greets, eyes wide and brows furrowed. “What are you doing here? I thought I told you—”

“You don’t want to be alone with me, I know.” James finishes. “But we need to talk.”

“About what?”

“You. Me. Us. We’re going on tour, we’ll be in the same bus every night for weeks. We’ll be on the same stage, in front of thousands of people that think we’re in love. We can’t just– *I* can’t just pretend that nothing’s happening.”

“Do we have to do this now, Potter? I’m sort of busy.” Regulus sighs, gesturing to his half-packed suitcase.

“If not now, then when, Regulus?”

“Preferably? Never. Never works pretty well for me.” Regulus deadpans. “Does that work for your schedule?”

“Regulus, please. Indulge me in this one thing. I *need* this, I need us to have this talk, and then I’ll never bother you again. I’ll leave, and I won’t come back, because that’s what you want. *Please*, Regulus. Sit down with me.”

Regulus breathes in deeply, pinching the bridge of his nose and shaking his head. He walks past James, silently, and James follows him. He follows him into the kitchen, watches Regulus as he pours two cups of tea, makes a mental note of the fact that Regulus knows exactly how he takes his tea without him having to ask. He follows him out of the kitchen and takes the cup from his hand when it’s offered, sitting down next to him on Regulus’ couch.

Regulus takes a long sip from his cup and looks at James, eyebrow raised slightly, encouraging him to speak. “Well, go on then. You wanted to talk, so talk.”

“Oh, okay.” James says. “I had, like, a whole speech prepared, but looking at you now.. I can’t remember it. You see, you do that to me. Oh, Reg, you’re so beautiful.”

“Flattery is getting you nowhere, Potter. Spit it out. What do you want?”

“You. I want you. I want *you*, Regulus. I want you to call me an idiot and remember my drink orders and take care of my flowers because you know they’re important things. I want you to notice that I match my shirt to my socks because it bothers me when they don’t. I want you so bad that I can’t sleep at night, because I’m thinking about what it felt like to hold you in my arms, and I need you to tell me what it means.”

Words are flowing through his mouth quicker than thoughts through his brain. It's word vomit, he's showing his hand, every single card on the table, his heart on his sleeve. "Where do we stand, Regulus? I thought we were something, at least friends, if we couldn't be— and then— and then, you just left, and it's been radio silence, and I just *want* you. In any way you'll have me. I miss you."

"James.." Regulus sighs.

"I mean, you won't talk to me at all unless we're around other people. You won't even answer my texts. Please, Regulus. Tell me what *you* want. Do you want me to go? I'll go. I just needed to tell you that. My brain— it's been— I don't— I'm at a loss, Reg."

"James." Regulus repeats.

"I can't stop thinking about you, and I don't know why, and it's driving me mad. I needed you to know that."

"James."

"Was it something I did? That made you leave, was it my fault? I'm sorry, god, I'm *so* sorry, Regulus. I don't even know what I did, but I'm sorry for it. I'm sorry for everything anyone's ever done to you. I'm so sorry."

"*James!*" Regulus snaps.

James turns his head, quickly snapping out of his deep thinking, out loud. He looks at Regulus, who looks *so* beautiful. His cheeks are flushed, a soft pink covering his pale skin. His shoulders have dropped, his usual perfect posture out the window. James is breathing heavily as Regulus leans over the couch and kisses him.

The kiss is different from any other they'd shared before. Rather than gentle and experimental, this one is fueled by lust and desperation. It isn't want anymore, no, it's need. Regulus' soft lips are firm against James', who reciprocates the kiss almost as automatic as it is to breathe.

“Oh, *oh*— “ James says between kisses, breathless. Regulus is straddling him now, kissing down his neck with urgency. “Okay. *Okay* . I can— okay. *Wow* .”

“Shut up, James.” Regulus grunts , grazing his throat with his teeth.

“Shutting up now.”

”We shouldn’t be doing this.” Regulus kisses him again, pushing the suit jacket off his shoulders and starting to unbutton his shirt. “We’re friends, Potter. Just friends.”

“Just friends.” James repeats, sliding his hands under Regulus’ deep green sweater. His skin is cool against James’ warm hands. “I can do friends.”

—

“So, do you do that with all your friends?” James jokes, looking at Regulus like with a giddy expression, like he put the stars in the sky.

“Oh, yeah. Every one of them.” Regulus deadpans. “I’ve gone down on all my best mates on this couch, James. It’s a prime shagging spot, truly.”

“Lucky us.” James grins, sitting up. “Seen my trousers, by any chance?”

“I think I kicked them..” Regulus looks around, thinking, he points, “over there.”

“Right, thank you.” James stands up, locating his pants and picking up his shirt. “I still have to pack. But I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Yes, you will.”

“Incredible. See you then, *friend* .”

“James?”

“Hm?”

“Leave your hair alone.” Regulus demands, then explains further when James looks at him with utter confusion. “The hair gel. Stop it.”

—

“James Fleamont Potter.” Sirius states. “Where on Earth have you been? I was expecting you back here *hours* ago!”

James puts his hands up, feeling guilty. “Church.”

“What is on your neck?” Sirius’ eyes are wide. “You look like you got *attacked!*”

“Wh— *oh* .”

“Please tell me those came from Peter.”

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

(Seductively takes off glasses.)

Wow, you’re fucking blurry.

Chapter End Notes

Hiiii. This came straight from the Demonic Section of my brain. I was reading something similar to it in a book and I was like “wouldn’t it be soooo wild and crazy if

I..” and so I did.

James doing interviews for BFIAFL literally the night before his flight into the states makes me giggle. And the fact that he hadn’t packed. And what did he decide to do with his time? Regulus.

Regulus is BAD AT WORDS. He’s a poet. A songwriter. James asks him how he feels? Nothing. Absolutely zero words. Instead of talking through it like a normal person and expressing that he’s been in love with James for years, he’s like “Let’s Fuck in a Platonic Way!” Funny.

I saw the “wow, you’re fucking blurry” thing on tumblr and it made me laugh. That’s so James Potter.

Terribly sorry that these updates are much more spread apart than they used to be. I’ve been slowly, steadily losing motivation for this fic, but I’m going to Power Through It! Only 24 chapters left. And then I can start my new project that I am SO EXCITED FOR.

Comments are encouraged and appreciated greatly. Luv you all.

Tumblr; @cowswearingsweaters. Ask me a question!

Glendale

Chapter Notes

Warnings:

- Alcohol usage
- Mentioned Filth
- Cigarettes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Glendale, Arizona .

Regulus and James walk onto the stage hand in hand, not turning to acknowledge the roar of adoration in front of them. They beeline straight to the piano and sit beside each other. For the first half of the show, they're supposed to act like rockstars. In the middle of the show, Regulus Black: At His Very Best. And the last half of the show, they're going to be the rockstars. Long story short, a story that concert goers will never ever forget. An experience to remember.

The band takes their places. Upstairs, Sirius on drums, Lily on sax, Peter on keys, Marlene on bass. Downstairs, Remus on guitar, and James and Regulus on vocals.

Into their earpieces, Marlene gives the signal. "Ready when you are, loverboys."

James and Regulus look at each other. They each take a deep breath, and Regulus gives a small nod. And then, they play.

" This will get bigger, if you know what I mean. " Regulus sings.

" And I'm sorry if you're living and you're seventeen. "

They continue through the song, alternating lines and feeling electricity whenever their fingers brush as they dance across the keys. Their fans sing back to them. It's *so* rewarding.

The song finishes and the two stand. James walks toward the chest on the edge of the stage and pulls a bottle of wine out of it, popping the cork off and taking a sip. He then walks back to Regulus, who now has his guitar hanging from him and James' in his hand.

Regulus places James' guitar, an acoustic one, on his shoulders and James brings the bottle of wine to Regulus' lips. Regulus gives him a look and James nods in encouragement. There's something different about James on stage. He isn't the gentle boy with the flowers who rambles for hours and hours about any different subject. Rockstar James is tougher around the edges, a man who does whatever the fuck he wants when he wants to.

Undeniably hot in both forms.

Regulus takes a sip from the bottle, and James pulls his hand away, using his free hand to wipe the remaining liquid from Regulus' face. James walks away, he gives the band a thumbs up, and *Looking for Somebody (To Love)* starts playing.

What the fuck.

—

The Marauders, *Looking for Somebody (To Love)*, *Happiness*, *Part of the Band*, *Oh Caroline*. All of these songs go swimmingly. Everyone on every side of the stage knows every single word, and just as James had predicted, they sang them together. James starts to pick at the strings on his acoustic guitar and *I'm In Love With You* starts to play.

James stands up from the couch on the stage and makes his way to the microphone stand, Regulus following shortly behind him.

Regulus doesn't have any specific lines on the song, mostly just backing vocals. James takes a deep breath and starts to sing, his eyes trained on Regulus, who's standing beside him. James isn't singing to the crowd, to the people who payed to be there, for the people who love and support him. He's singing to Regulus. Regulus, who was on top of him, not even 48 hours ago. Regulus, who—

"Heartbeat is coming in so strong. Oh, if you don't stop I'm gonna need a second one."

They're all dressed in the same outfit. Each and every Marauder in black slacks and a black button up, with, you guessed it, a black tie. James' hair is slicked back, it's pissing Regulus off. They're not even aware of each other. Performing, that's what they're doing. They're putting on a show, where James and Regulus are the leads.

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to say to you, baby. Yeah there’s something I’ve been meaning to say to you, baby, but I just can’t do it.”

It’s an act, where James and Regulus are the leads, but every word coming from James’ mouth feels so, completely real, for everyone. James can feel it. Regulus can feel it. The crowd can see it.

“I can summarize it for you, it’s simple and it goes like this; I’m in love with you.”

James almost seems sad. James *Sunshine* Potter is so far out of his comfort zone, giving a melancholic performance for the books. He wasn’t kidding when he said that nobody’s seen anything like it.

—

All I Need To Hear. Roadkill. Be My Mistake. About You. When We Are Together.

“Ladies and gentlemen, my best friends. Give it up for Pete on the keys.” The audience cooperates, cheering for Peter. “Give it up for Lily, on the saxophone. Give it up for Sirius, on percussion, and for Ms. Marlene McKinnon on bass. Give it up for Remus, Remus Lupin on guitar.” The audience cheers, they love the band, they do. They’re there for the band. Oh, what lovely fans they’ve got. “And of course, give it up for Regulus Black.”

The band starts to file out. Regulus turns the lights off in the stage house and walks out of the door, leading to the backstage area, and leaving James by himself on the stage to do his bit.

“You still ask about the cows, wearing my sweater. It’s something ‘bout the weather that makes them lie down. The only time I feel I might get better is when we are together.” James sings, finishing the song and his cigarette.

“I think that song is really about friends, and when they leave you. Now, I’m here alone. I come out and do this, but I don’t really know how to do anything else. I just sit in bed, and I watch shit, and I fucking wank, and I..”

James walks away from the microphone and sits on the couch. And. And. *And* .

Regulus taps the microphone. James just left, going backstage to recoup after his rather dramatic (and sexy) display. Now, Regulus is alone. He's alone on a stage for the first time, and he'd like to say that he isn't nervous at all, but he'd be lying.

"Hey." He says, and people cheer. They're cheering for him. Holy shit. "Well, you guys are enthusiastic. My stars. Is it alright if I sing?"

People scream 'yesses' throughout the pit, left, right, and back. Someone throws their fucking bra on stage. Holy shit, Regulus Black is famous. It feels so fucking good.

Regulus picks up the bra and bites back a laugh. "It's padded. Someone out there is a fucking liar." He throws it back into the crowd.

"I'm gay. Sorry. Actually, not sorry. Blokes are, like, *sooo* fit." Regulus deadpans, fanning himself with his hand dramatically. "Anyways. Singing?"

They cheer again, and Regulus is fucking eating it up. He loves it.

"I have an EP out, it's called Motion. I don't know how many of you have heard it, because I'm very aware of the fact that many of you are simply here for the band. I've never played a song from Motion live before."

"This is my song called *Starting Line*, it came from a very dark place. It would be quite presumptuous of me to say 'sing along if you know it' but, yeah, sing along if you know it."

"In and out of focus, moments that I keep. Something for the pain and something so I sleep. Won't you comfort me? Warm the air that I breathe?"

The audience sways, singing along. Everyone knows every word. Regulus' heart swells.

“Visceral in doses, hiding on the seams. Standing on the sun, and I don’t feel a thing. Won’t you comfort me? Take the fear I don’t need?”

Regulus takes the microphone off the stand and walks closer to the edge of the stage. The instruments start to pick up.

“I wake up in the morning and the years are ticking by. I’m missing all these memories, maybe they were never mine. I feel the walls are closing, I’m running out of time..”

“I think I missed the gun at the starting line!” The crowd choruses back to him.

—

Regulus finishes his mini-set and places the microphone back in its stand. “Thank you, Glendale.”

He walks back towards the stage door and opens it. The band files back in, Remus, then Marlene, Peter, and Sirius. Lily stays back. She comes in later. The minute Sirius walks through the door, Regulus crashes into him. “Hey, hey, Reggie, what’s wrong?”

Regulus hugs him tighter and shakes his head. “They knew all the words.”

—

James skips onto the stage, back in his sunshine form for the rest of the night. He takes his place center stage and readjusts the microphone stand, because *Regulus is fucking short*. “Alright, now we’re cooking! How’re you feeling, Glendale!” He shouts.

“Sorry if you came with your dad and I was touching my cock..” James grins. “It’s your fault for bringing your dad!”

“I see her online, all the time.”

James loosens his tie. His black shirt only half-covers the very prominent purple spots on his neck.

“There’s something ‘bout his stare that makes you nervous and you say things that you don’t mean.”

Did he change the pronoun? Yep. Did he point at Regulus? Yep. Is Regulus going to scream about it later, because he is quite literally living out his dreams? Yep.

“Well, maybe I would like you better if you took off your clothes! I’m not playing with you, baby, I think that you should give it a go!”

James winks at Regulus and blows him a kiss. Regulus flips him off and rolls his eyes, but his face is still about six different shades of red.

—

The band has three trailers and seven people. In trailer one, Marlene, Lily, and Peter. In trailer two, Remus and Sirius. In trailer three, Regulus and James (because they’re the lead singers. Duh.)

James walks out of the bathroom in one of his new t-shirts, which reads ‘I HATE JAMES POTTER’. Regulus is sitting on the couch with a book opened and sitting between his legs. James takes his spot beside Regulus, who is wearing a matching shirt.

Regulus hums a greeting, still focused on the text in front of him.

“You were great out there.” James says, and he means it. “So fucking great.”

“I know.” Regulus smirks, taking a sip from his cup of tea.

James laughs softly and it’s better music than Regulus has heard all night. He slides his bookmark between the pages and shuts it, placing the book on the table and turning to face James.

“Hi.” James sighs, dreamily.

“What are you doing?” Regulus asks, successfully battling the smile off of his face.

“I’m looking at you.” He grins.

“Idiot.” Regulus mumbles.

Your idiot. James thinks. No. Just friends. Regulus is my friend, who I had sex with. That’s not weird. I’ve had sex with Remus. He’s my friend. Oh, but I’m not in love with Remus.

I’m not—

Oh.

James gasps and smacks his hand to his forehead quite dramatically. He’s finally connected his own dots. “Oh my god!”

Chapter End Notes

The Mattyification of James Potter has commenced.

Okay, from the top.

JAMES POTTER YOU SEXY BEAST. Regulus is stronger than I. The James Potter we know and love and the rockstar James are different entities. He honestly does not give a fuck! Absolutely shameless! I love him! Regulus has no idea what to do with this. He actually has no idea.

Regulus my boy! The bra, that was funny. I saw Lewis Capaldi do it on my for you page and I had to write it, which is so strange because that’s my Peter faceclaim. Him performing, not expecting anyone to care, and then IMMEDIATELY running to Sirius when he finds out that they do, in fact, care. My heart. My HEART. His dreams coming true. The song mentioned is ‘Starting Line’ by Luke Hemmings.

James changing the fucking words to his song. I KNOW. WHAT. YOU. ARE. Also, his epiphany? Now we’re getting somewhere.

Happy (and a bit sad) to announce that Jegulus ****should**** be (sorta) smooth sailing from now on. No more big angst plots, but Reggie will be Reggie. They’re on tour, people. No room for angst, I have to write James Potter as Matthew Healy. The rest of this fic will have quite a bit of Wolfstar, honestly. Fret not, Jegulus is still the main

ship. Everything revolves around them. You'll see.

James now knows he's in love with Regulus. It took him THIS LONG?? What is he doing?? He's kissed and fucked the poor guy, Regulus has met his parents, and he JUST put two and two together. Silly boy. Anyways, we all know what happens when James falls in love. I'm so excited.

23 more chapters. Yay!

Tumblr: cowswearingsweaters

Chicago

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’m in love with you.” James sings, strumming on his acoustic guitar with Regulus at his side. The song ends and the pair steps from side to side in sync, swaying to the music.

Sirius stands up from his drum set and dashes down the stairs, running past his brothers. He meets Remus at the far edge of the stage and rushes up to him, pressing his face against his face. (He’s doing this in heels, by the way.)

Remus sighs softly and kisses him back, perfectly content with the situation. Sirius grins against Remus’ face and Remus ruffles with his hair, making Sirius’ nose scrunch up in the most adorable way.

“I love you.” Sirius declares, smiling. The microphone catches it and the hearts of everyone swell, awws echo throughout the stadium.

“Love you, too. Go play the drums.” Remus kisses Sirius one last time on the cheek.

Sirius skips back to his position upstairs, giggling like a schoolgirl. Oh, how giddy Remus makes him.

James has a hand over his heart and his bottom lip extended. Regulus is making gag faces, but you can tell by his eyes that he found it terribly endearing. Remus is smiling softly and Sirius has the goofiest grin you’ve ever seen plastered across his face.

“That was adorable.” James says into the microphone, a melancholic undertone in his voice.

“It was repulsive.” Regulus argues.

“I found it rather endearing, Regulus.” He’s so dramatic, he almost sounds genuinely offended by it.

“Remus could do so much better.” Regulus shakes his head. “Get well soon, mate.”

“Oi!” Sirius says into his mic.

“Sometimes,” Remus sighs, his dramatic antics much drier than James’, “I think I picked the wrong Black brother.”

“Give me a call any day, Lupin.” Regulus winks.

“Or, y’know, don’t? Don’t! Sirius is great. Isn’t he great, Chicago? You don’t need to call Regulus! It’s fine!”

“Jealous, are you, Potter?” Marlene’s voice sounds out.

“Of Reggie? Absolutely. Have you seen Remus?” James plays it off quite terribly.

“Back for seconds, Prongs?” Remus winks.

“Call me.”

“Can you lot shut the fuck up and play music?” Lily is leaning into Peter’s microphone, which he hasn’t used once in his musical career, likely because he’s usually very very high on stage.

“I love Remus!” Sirius shouts, and the next song starts playing.

—

“Alright, Chicago..” James says into his microphone, walking across the stage. He’s in his second act and his clothes are (mostly) on his body. Well, he’s wearing trousers, but his shirt is completely unbuttoned and hidden underneath his leather jacket, his stag antlers on display. His skin is shiny with sweat and the gel in his hair is starting to become a bit useless, thick black strands starting to come down in front of his wide eyes. “This is one of our favourites to play for you. Tell me, do you know the words to *The Sound*?”

He knows the answer, obviously, he's grinning. James Potter loves love, he loves loving, and he loves being loved. Every person in the fucking stadium loves him. Well, everyone but one, but he's working on that. He kicks the air around him dramatically as he jumps about the stage. "Yeah you do. Alright, let's go. You know what to do!"

The backtrack starts coming through the very large speakers and the crowd starts to sing the introduction. The Sound is, arguably, James' favourite song to play live. He loves the instrumentals, he loves the way everyone screams it, the way they fucking jump when he tells them to. He loves it. And, well, he loves everything. He's just a little drunk.

Regulus is completely unphased. He's not even paying attention. The asshole is sitting on the stage couch (the same one they've had for years), reading a book. He's at a concert. Performing at a concert. Reading a book. Annotating it too, actually. What an asshole.

"I can't believe I forgot your name. Oh baby won't you come again? She said, 'I've got a problem with your shoes, and your tunes, and I thought that you were straight but now I'm wondering.'"

James walks from one side of the stage to the other, gazing into the audience while he sings. He catches glimpses of a few fan signs; notable ones being "SPIT IN MY MOUTH, REGULUS" to which James has to mentally battle himself not to say "get in line", "REMUS + SIRIUS CAN I BE UR THIRD" to which James has to stifle laughter, "I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU" to which James cringes, because there's a heart in the middle and it has a picture of him and Lily in it. Seriously, when are they gonna stop with the Lily thing?

"You're so conceited, I said that I love you. What does it matter if I lie to you? I don't regret it but I'm glad that we're through, so don't you tell me that you just don't get it—"

"Let me hear ya, baby!" James shouts and faces the microphone out to the crowd.

"Well I know when you're around, 'cause I know the sound, I know the sound of your heart."

He dances across the stage as the crowd choruses his lyrics back to him, making his way to Regulus. Regulus doesn't look up until James is picking up the bookmark from his chest and ripping the book out of his hands, sliding the marker gently between the pages. Regulus scowls and kicks him (gently) in the leg, reaching up for his book.

“It’s not about reciprocation, it’s just all about me; a sycophantic, prophetic, Socratic junkie wannabe. And there’s so much skin to see, a simple Epicurean philosophy.”

James bobs his head to the beat while holding Regulus’ book way in the air, Regulus’ 5’11” null and void to James’ 6’2”. Regulus huffs and jumps for it, failing miserably. “Twat.”

“And you say I’m such a cliché. I can’t see the difference in it either way.” James laughs softly at Regulus and gently tosses the book back to the couch. *“And we left things to protect my mental health,”*

James holds his free hand up to his ear, extending his pinky and thumb to make a phone gesture. *“Call me when you’re bored, and you’re playing with yourself.”* His hand opens and slides down his bare chest down to his crotch. The moment passes so quickly, but Regulus swears he sees James wink at him.

Regulus feels hot from his head to his toes.

—

Sirius is laying his head on Remus’ chest, listening to the steady drum of his heart, finding endless comfort in the humanity of it. Remus has his hands in Sirius’ dark hair, twirling around the long strands between his fingers. Sirius hums softly, a tune he hums constantly that no one can identify.

“Getting long.” Remus states, feeling through loose curls.

“I’ll cut it when Marls does.” Sirius nods. “We are cursed to have the same hairstyle forever. We’re hair bonded, Moony.”

“Noted. Boyfriend has a weird hair bond with McKinnon.”

“Boyfriend.” He grins. “I like being your boyfriend.”

“I’d hope so.” He chuckles, kissing Sirius’ hair. “You’re stuck with me, Padfoot.”

“Forever?”

“Forever.” Remus agrees.

“Have you ever thought—“ Sirius props himself up on his elbow to look at Remus, “have you ever thought about what our forever looks like?”

“Yes, I have.” Remus answers, thoughtfully, as he draws Sirius back into his arms.

“Tell me about it.”

“Well...” He thinks. “We have a small house. I know you don’t like large spaces, so we have a small house. Our front door is red, like your parent’s house.” When Remus says ‘your parents’ he means Euphemia and Fleamont. This makes Sirius smile. “We live next door to Regulus and James, because you’re codependent with both of them.”

“James and Regulus live together in your vision?”

“Yes. They’re bound to figure it out eventually, Sirius. They’re in love and you can’t keep that from them.”

“Gross.”

“Stop that.” Remus shakes his head. “We have two dogs. One of them is named Bowie, and the other one is named—“

“Mercury.” Sirius interrupts. “Like Freddie.”

“Yes, Freddie Mercury and David Bowie.” Remus smiles softly. “Our home is filled with music and books, and oftentimes, James.”

“And it’s filled with love.”

“Yes, Sirius. There’s plenty of love.”

“Because I love you.”

“And I you, Sirius.”

Sirius pulls him closer, kissing over his heart before pressing his ear to it. The humming resumes, this time, a bit more cheerfully. Eventually, Sirius falls into sleep, his breathing falling into a steady rhythm and the tune coming to a stop. Sirius likes having a future with Remus, he likes having plans, he likes that he’s allowed to have a future with someone he loves so dearly. He never even thought he’d have a future at all.

Chapter End Notes

WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR. I love them I love them I love them.

I couldn’t write a marauders!1975 au and NOT write James singing The Sound. You cannot convince me James wouldn’t pull some whore shit on that stage and force everyone in the room to endure it. The Mattyification of James Potter is real and true and real and it is happening.

WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR WOLFSTAR.

Seattle

Chapter Notes

Warnings;

- Nightmares
- Sex references

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“This next one is the third song I’ve ever released.” Regulus says into the microphone, adjusting the stand because *James is fucking tall*. “It’s kind of, well, it’s a *fuck you* to my past. Simple as that, really.”

People scream. Actually scream. Fans never seem to realize how loud they sound from the other side of the stage. Regulus surely didn’t. One thing is for sure, though; he enjoys concerts as a performer much more than a participant.

He’s in tight leather pants and a matching, sleeveless top. The outfit perfectly accentuates what Barty calls his “slutty waist”. It says “you want me, and this is the best you’ll get”. Quite similar to his first concert in Los Angeles. He’s so fucking powerful.

“The band is going to come back in. They insisted on watching me tonight. Let’s show them how it’s done, Seattle.”

The lights fade out and Regulus plants his feet firmly on the ground, both hands coming up to snake around the microphone.

“Not even they can stop me now. Boy, I be flyin’ overhead. Their heavy words can’t bring me down. Boy, I’ve been raised from the dead.”

Lily is the first one to run onto the stage, certainly excited to hear Regulus sing. There’s no point in lying. Remus follows, flipping the lights on. Sirius comes after Remus, then Marlene after Sirius, and finally Peter.

“No one even knows how hard life was. I don’t even think about it now because..”

James walks past him and shoots Regulus a huge, goofy, adorable smile. Regulus' heart catches, and he lets a small smile slip. He doesn't drop James' gaze. "*I've finally found you.*"

"Sing it to me!" Regulus faces the microphone out towards the crowd and extends his arms. He leans back and revels in it. The first time he performed his songs live, that night in Glendale, he didn't expect anything from it. Now, halfway through the North American leg, he knows exactly what to expect. The effect he has on the crowd. The way James blushes violently when he smiles. The way he's fucking *winning*. His life really is sweet like cinnamon. He pulls the microphone back to his face.

"*Baby, love me 'cause I'm playin' on the radio. How do you like me now?*"

He moves his shoulders to the best of the song— *his* song. The eyes of hundreds, *thousands* of people are on him and only him. He's a Black, he loves it. Only one set of eyes really matters; his head and his heart are screaming his name. *James. James. James.* Regulus finds his eyes. His warm, adoring eyes.

"*Lick me up and take me like a vitamin, 'cause my body's sweet like sugar venom. Oh yeah, baby, love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio.*"

James makes a face, like he's pondering the truth of the lyrics. He nods, and grins, and Regulus smirks before turning away.

"You're doing lovely, Seattle." He praises. "Let's finish this so I can give *pretty boy* his stage back."

—

Regulus finishes his song and steps back from the microphone, allowing James to fill the space instead. James clears his throat and loosens his tie before speaking into it. "Regulus, can I have an autograph, please?"

Regulus chuckles and shakes his head, picking up the extra microphone from the couch. "I don't have a pen, Potter."

“Does anyone have a pen? Marker? Eyeliner?” James shouts out into the crowd. “Anything, please.”

Like, sixteen different eyeliners are all thrown onto the stage at once, and not a single sharpie. James laughs softly and picks one up. “Well, Seattle has.. priorities. Regulus!”

Regulus bites his lip, trying desperately to contain the giggle waiting in his mouth. He sticks the microphone between his arm and his side and walks over to James, taking the liquid liner from him. “Where am I signing?”

James points to the skin over his heart unintentionally. Regulus notices it and sucks in a breath. He places one hand on James’ brown skin for stability and uncaps the product with his teeth, holding the lid between them while he writes ‘ *REGULUS BLACK* ’ across his body in swooping, sloping cursive letters. He puts the lid back on the pencil and spits it out, sending it back into the crowd.

“I’m getting this tattooed.” James announces.

“Absolutely not.”

“I’m doing it. You can’t stop me.”

“James.”

“Yes, dear?”

“No.”

James sighs dramatically and turns to the crowd, another announcement to be made. “I’m not getting it tattooed.”

“Good.”

James squints, trying to read a sign being held a few rows back in the pit. “I’m sorry.. hold on.

Does that say ‘ *James is so Babygirl* ’?”

The crowd screams a yes at him.

—

“It’s so hard being a part of the best band in the world.” James says, meaning to be an introduction to *It’s Not Living (If It’s Not With You)* . They do it differently every night, but the gist is about the same; they’re gay and a really good band.

Apparently, Marlene doesn’t get the cue. The song doesn’t start. James looks like a dumbass.

“McKinnon, come on. Don’t leave me standing here with my dick out.”

“Was I supposed to start the song?” Marlene asks into his earpiece.

“Yes, Marlene! You were supposed to start it! We do the same thing every night! It’s not that difficult, mate.”

“You say a different thing every night, Potter.” Marlene snaps.

“I say a similar thing every night! If I say ‘we’re the best band’, you start it!”

“Piss off.”

“Jesus Christ. Okay, I’ll do it again. Here’s the original one. We just keep getting b—“

Marlene starts it in the middle of his sentence.

—

Regulus' eyes shoot open. His curls are sticking to his face with sweat and he's breathing quite heavily and the pattern is erratic. His heart is hammering against his ribs. It's the middle of the night, he knows this because the sun hasn't yet shown itself in his window. He can hear James' steady breathing from across the cabin, an affirmation that brings him back down from his nightmare. James isn't asleep yet, Regulus knows this because he snores softly in his sleep, a negative trait that he finds quite endearing.

Regulus hasn't had nightmares since he was twenty two. Well, he doesn't really have any dreams anymore. His entire childhood, he had them. His teen years, his year with Dorcas when he transitioned, his three years in Los Angeles, it all stopped when he moved to London at age twenty-two and got Sirius back. He doesn't know why it's happened again, and he doesn't know why he whimpers softly at the thought of his dream.

"Regulus?" James whispers. It's soft, it's gentle, it's *warm*, and it's so quiet Regulus thinks he might've made it up.

"I'm fine." Regulus sighs shakily. He clears his throat. "I'm fine. Go to sleep, James."

He hears feet touch the floor on the other side of the room, quiet footsteps approaching him quickly. The footsteps stop and James slowly peels his bed curtain open. Regulus feels small, *so* small. He's in a fragile state and he fucking hates it. Regulus wishes he was stronger, that a dream couldn't get him in such a state.

James kneels down next to Regulus' bed and reaches up, swiping a tear out from under his eye. His voice is soothing, he was *made* for comforting others. "Wanna tell me what happened?"

"Just a bad dream, James. I'm- it's fine, really. You can go back to bed. Sorry for bothering you. I'm okay."

"You're not bothering me, Reg." He insists. "Come on, up. I'll make tea."

Regulus is reluctant to stand, but after about six seconds of watching James' unchanging and insistent expression, he swings his legs over the side of the bed and stands. James stands as well, clapping his hand to Regulus' shoulder and guiding him to the sofa.

James comes back seconds later with a cup of tea in his hand and one brought to his lips. He offers

it to Regulus and swallows. “No milk, two sugars.”

Regulus looks at him, his expression indecipherable.

“What? You’re not the only one with a memory, Black. Go on, drink up. It’ll help.”

He scowls and takes a sip of his tea. James slides into the seat beside him. They sit in silence for a number of minutes, until both of them finish their tea. Regulus looks at James and James smiles softly.

“Thanks.” Regulus mutters.

“Sorry? What was that?” James cups his hand behind his ear, doing an obvious bit.

“I said thank you, you twat.” He glares.

“Oh, *thank you!* Why, you’re welcome, dear. It’s really no problem at all.”

“You’re an idiot.” The star shakes his head, lips twitching.

“And you’re lovely.” The sun grins. “Ready to talk about it?”

“Oh, it was— nothing, really. Just a nightmare. I don’t get them often. Haven’t in years, actually. I didn’t mean to frighten you.”

“Sirius used to get nightmares. Terrible ones.” James recalls. “There’s no shame in it, Regulus.”

Regulus looks down, chewing on the inside of his cheek. “Mother told us they were childish. I didn’t mean to—“

“To cry?” James chuckles. “That’s what Sirius said, too. Your m— *Walburga* is incapable of

human emotion. You're human, cry if you feel like it."

They're walking now. James stops in front of Regulus' bed and watches as the other boy sits down on it. "You make this hard."

"How so?"

"I can't hide from you. It's annoying."

"Well, yeah, love. We're sharing a bus."

"You know that's not what I meant."

"Mm."

"Still think I'm brave?"

"Always." James smiles softly. He starts to walk back to his bed, "goodnight, Regulus."

"James?"

"Hm?"

"Stay."

He stays.

Chapter End Notes

Yeaaaaah. Sorry for the long wait between updates? I forgot. Oops.

I don't have much to say about this one... it's pretty cute! I love that Regulus is such a fucking ICON. I love them all.

Song mentioned is Radio by Lana Del Rey. The best part about being the author is I can pick whatever fucking songs I want and put them in Regulus' mouth. No one can stop me. And the fact he knooooows he's literally so hot. Yeah.

James is a whore. He's a whore. He is. The Marlene/James thing I got off tiktok.. something Matt Healy has actually said. Funny.

Reg having nightmares. The fact he's still scarred from his childhood. James making him tea. Him being so similar to Sirius. GRRRRRAHHHHH. I Want to hug him so bad. "Stay" HRKSJS

Next update soon hopefully. I have it all written, I just forget to post them. Currently writing Chapter Thirty Six. Ah.

Los Angeles

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Marlene McKinnon has never and will never dislike touring. She gets to play her instrument alongside her best mates, *and* look hot doing it. What's not to love? Well, honestly, she misses her girlfriend. A lot.

Marlene never had relationships before Dorcas. She never had to miss a girl during a tour, she had a different one every night. Marlene McKinnon; Marauders Casanova. She had one boyfriend, once, in her fourth year. That ended in a lesbian *and* a gay awakening. She had one girlfriend, once, in her fifth year. That ended in infidelity and a broken heart. Needless to say, it was easier to be *Casanova* than it was to be someone's girlfriend.

But, oh, is Dorcas Meadows bewitching. The first time Marlene saw her, she knew she never stood a chance. She tried so hard, but she couldn't ever avoid it. So, yeah, Marlene misses Dorcas. Who wouldn't?

Marlene presses the FaceTime button. She's set to go on in an hour. Her eyeliner is fresh, and her bleach-blonde wolf cut is hair sprayed in place. Dorcas answers the phone after just one ring.

"Hey, rockstar." Dorcas greets.

"Hi, angel." Marlene smiles.

"Everything alright? Band ready?"

"Affirmative. Sirius just snuck out for a smoke, he's left me all alone."

"You two." She sighs. "Actually inseparable. It's terrifying."

"I'm not nearly as bad with him as he is with James! He gets me, man. Gay refugees adopted by the Potters."

“Call me ‘man’ again, McKinnon. I’ll have your head.”

“I’m sure you’d love that, wouldn’t you?” Marlene jokes, setting her phone up against a can of cherry Pepsi.

“You, decapitated?” Dorcas laughs. “I dream of it.”

Marlene places a hand over her heart, a pout playing onto her face. “You dream of me, Meadows? I’m flattered.”

“What, you don’t dream of me?”

“Not usually, but I did have a dream once that you were a bird with a human face. It was quite freaky.”

“You drive me mad.”

“And you..” Marlene drags a tube of maroon lipstick across her mouth. “Wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“No, I wouldn’t.” Dorcas sighs. “I miss you.”

“I miss you.” She frowns. “Can’t believe I won’t see you until London.”

“You’re the one leaving me!”

“I did Christmas with you last year, darling. James would *actually* have my head if I ditched him. Besides, have you tried Euphemia’s cherry pie? Absolutely delectable. I would marry that woman if it meant I could have that pie every day.”

“You would marry Effie for much less than cherry pie.”

“Effie’s hot! All of the Potter’s are. They’ve got good genes, Meadowes.”

“I’ll be sure to let James know how highly you think of him. And Regulus, you two could bond about your shared affections for the Potter family.”

“Regulus would murder me.”

“Can’t argue with you on that one.”

Marlene sighs. “Are you *sure* you can’t come see me for New Years?”

“I’ve got important meetings, love, I’m sorry.” She frowns, sending an apologetic look through the phone.

“It’s alright. Gonna snog your face off in London, Meadowes. Mark your calendar.”

“I’ll get right on that.”

—

James won’t stop smiling at Regulus. When they were singing *I’m in Love With You*, James smiled. *About You*, he smiled. *Me & You Together Song*, James smiled. *Somebody Else*, James smiled twice. Now, he’s playing an acoustic cover of The Cure’s *Friday, I’m In Love*, and he’s smiling. Regulus wants to kiss the stupid grin off his face.

James starts to play a few chords. He’s sitting on the ledge and Regulus is sitting beside him. The band already left, they’ve all done their *MISCHIEF MANAGED* bow, and this is the very last song of the night. James always ends shows with an acoustic version of one of his songs or a cover. That’s just how he runs it. “I always enjoy playing for you, California.”

Regulus watches him as he speaks, failing to hide the fact he’s watching the words fall directly from James’ lips.

“This is our last night in the States, and then I’m going to my mum’s house. I don’t know why we always end up back here, in L.A. I guess this is just a good spot to close at. Thank you all for coming and spending time with us tonight, I enjoy your company quite a bit. This is one of my favourite songs. Reg and I are gonna sing it for you.”

Regulus’ lips twitch. He says softly, “ready?”

“Ready when you are, dear.”

Regulus sucks in a breath and holds the microphone while James plays the guitar. James gives Regulus a reassuring smile, and it’s the last thing he sees before he faces the crowd. Cameras go up and a few fans start crying, sad that it’s over. They sway in unison, and the pair on the stage sway back.

“ I don’t care if Monday’s blue. Tuesday’s grey and Wednesday, too. Thursday, I don’t care about you. It’s Friday, I’m in love. ” His singing voice is gentle and genuine, much more than he could ever be as a person. He looks at James and brings the microphone to his lips.

“ Monday, you can fall apart. Tuesday, Wednesday, break my heart. Thursday doesn’t even start. It’s Friday, I’m in love. ” James’ singing voice is a bit deeper than Regulus’, but it’s just as soft and even sweeter. Regulus wants to inhale the sound.

“ Saturday, wait. Sunday always comes too late. Friday, never hesitate. ”

James drops his head to Regulus’ shoulder, the sudden contact making him freeze momentarily. Instead of pushing him away, like he should, Regulus wraps his arm around James’ shoulder and pulls him closer, holding the microphone between them.

“ I don’t care if Monday’s black. Tuesday, Wednesday, heart attack. Thursday, never looking back. It’s Friday, I’m in love. ”

James presses a gentle kiss to the clothed skin underneath his head, Regulus’ shoulder covered by his white dress shirt. Regulus lets the microphone fall to his lap as he looks at James. “Alright, Jamie?” He murmurs.

He nods and smiles softly up at him. “Just happy you’re here.”

Regulus gives him a small smile and shakes his head. “You’re ridiculous.”

“You’re beautiful.” James leans up and kisses his cheek. “Sing. I love it when you sing.”

It’s just them; Regulus and James, the sun and the star, an idiot and a slightly smarter idiot. Regulus doesn’t even mind the PDA, doesn’t comment on it like he would anyone else, and it’s not like James has never kissed one of his friends in public. *It doesn’t have any meaning, we’re just happy.*

“*Monday, you can hold your head. Tuesday, Wednesday, stay in bed. Or Thursday, watch the walls instead. It’s Friday, I’m in love.*”

They finish the song, maintaining their close position and alternating stanzas. “Thank you, again, L.A. This is my best friend, Regulus. Give it up for him.”

“And this is my good friend, James. Give it up for him.”

“Oh, come on. Not your best?”

“Goodnight, L.A.”

“Reg, you have to say the line!”

“My stars, James. You’re insufferable. *Mischief managed.*”

—

James @potter

North America, you were a dream. So grateful for my best friends, who sang and played with me.
You’re all incredibly hot. See you next year, Europe. Mischief managed.

R. A. Black @arcturus

Thank you for having me,
@marauders.

<1 image attached, Regulus singing Radio during his set>

<1 image attached, Peter and Sirius gasping while watching James' intermission from backstage>

<1 image attached, James holding Regulus' book>

<1 image attached, Marlene, Remus, Lily, and Regulus flipping off the camera in a selfie
backstage>

Chapter End Notes

I hate this chapter. I hate it bad. I hate it. But I've written it about four times, and it's not getting any better. So here. I hope this is okay.

Starting from the top;

Marlene. I LOVE HER. She's my favourite Marauders era character out of all of them. Dorlene is my third favourite ship in the Maraudersverse. (Marylene, Wolfstar, then Dorlene. Don't ask why I write Jegulus fics when it doesn't even crack the top five. I couldn't tell you. It's just my Calling!)

Dorlene. Dorlene. I love Dorlene. Let's go sapphics! I think on tiktok it's been declared that February is Marauders non men month?? I don't know. Maybe my brain made that up. But here. Gays!

Okay, Friday I'm in Love. Honestly, this came to me in a dream. I think I've listened to the Phoebe Bridgers cover of it too much this month.

James being touchy. Honestly, it's because he's a wee bit tipsy, and has lost self control. Don't worry though!!!! It gets worse.

Regulus just.. letting it happen. Yeah. He's giving up on his walks. They're not working for anyone. Yeah I did that. Yeah.

After this chapter, we're gonna take a break from Mattified James™ for a

Jegulus/Wolfstar/Fleamont and Effie/Marlene Christmas. Remember last time I wrote a Christmas chapter? lollllllll.

I honestly can't wait for this fic to be over. My next two fics are calling my name. (both of which are Jegulus, again, don't ask I have no idea why. Or do ask. I love talking.) Also, I have the ending of this fic planned, and it's very sweet and I can't wait to write it.

Basically, this fic ends at chapter forty. That's the end of plot. Yep. There are five epilogues.

Anyways, enjoy the fluff. Yipppeeeee.

My tumblr is @cowswearingsweaters. Ask me questions about this fic! Ask me about upcoming ones! Ask me about my day! Ask! I love talking to people.

Comedown

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Sirius, get up!” Remus huffs, kicking his boyfriend in a futile attempt to get him to move.

“Why do you hate me?” Sirius whines into the pillow, kicking back. His eyes are glued shut and his hair is sprawled out against Remus’ white pillowcases.

“Regulus is going to be here in ten minutes and if you’re not up, we’re leaving without you.”

“You can’t leave without me, Moony!” He pouts. “They’re my parents.”

“And they still love me more. Move your arse, Black.”

“Leave my arse alone, Lupin.” Sirius shoots Remus a middle finger, and in doing so, loses balance and topples over onto the floor. His body hits the ground with a ‘ *thud* ’ as well as a very loud and obnoxious groan.

Remus leans over the side of the bed and smiles down at Sirius, tucking his hands underneath his chin. When Remus smiles, his nose scrunches up slightly as what Sirius deems the cutest thing in the world. “How’re you doing down there, sweetheart?”

Sirius scoffs dramatically and makes an offended expression, pulling himself up off the floor. “You’re evil.”

“And you’re a nightmare. Go brush your teeth.”

“What does it look like I’m doing?” He scowls.

“It looks like you’re standing in my doorway whining. Go.”

“You’re lucky I love you, wanker.”

Remus hums, pleased at his success in waking his sleeping beauty. And, he’s just pleased in general. He just loves Sirius so much, plain and simple as that.

Marlene and Sirius got shoved into the backseat. And somehow, out of the entire group, James is the person who gets to sit in the passenger's seat. How ridiculous is that? Marlene thinks it's because Regulus wants to look at James' stupid face. And she's not.. wrong. She's very right, actually.

Marlene is sitting directly behind James. Sirius is sitting behind Regulus (with his head sticking out of the window, similar to a dog), and Remus is in the middle. James has declared himself in charge of music, which is honestly quite challenging, because he has to please four people with very conflicting tastes (and somehow they're all in the same band?)

Taylor Swift works. *Sparks Fly* is playing. Sirius is screaming it out the window, Remus is looking at him with nothing but adoration in his eyes, Marlene is sleeping, Regulus is keeping his eyes on the road, and James is keeping his eyes on Regulus.

“*The way you move is like a full on rainstorm, and I'm a house of cards.*” James sings quietly as he leans back in his seat and folds his arms behind his head, crossing his legs on the dashboard.

“Feet off the dash, Potter.” Regulus mumbles, shooting him a look.

James pouts and Regulus maintains a serious expression. He drops his legs down, taking up as much space as humanly possible in his seat. Honestly, no wonder he got stuck in the front. He's ridiculous.

“Thank you.” He purrs, looking back at the winding country road in front of him. James' heart skips a beat. Merlin, he's enamoured.

Everything about Regulus has completely captured James. The excessive amount of rings on his left hand, but the fact there are only two on his right. The small Leo constellation he has tattooed behind his right ear. The way sunlight peaks through the cloudiness of his grey eyes when he talks

about something he's passionate about, or when James makes a dumb joke. His affection for cold weather, which really doesn't make sense for someone who complains so constantly about being cold, who also refuses to wear a hat, scarf, or jacket in freezing temperatures. The fact that he always has a book on his person.

His ridiculous fucking skill for the piano. He's insanely good. How excited he gets over flowers, and how horrified he gets when he realizes how excited he gets over flowers, and how he tries to play it cool afterward. The way he switches between French, English, and Latin regularly without noticing. His hair. His smirk when the crowds scream his name, and his bigger smirk when the crowds scream *James'* name, because he did it better. The way he puts random things in his mouth when he's focused. His mouth in general, really, and all the mean things that come from it. When he's mean to him, god, James loves it.

Like a fishing pole, Regulus reels James back in from his thoughts. He's not even talking *to* James, but the sound of his voice alone is enough for him to snap back to reality.

"Drop everything now. Meet me in the pouring rain. Kiss me on the sidewalk, take away the pain. 'Cause I see sparks fly whenever you smile." Regulus recites quietly.

James marvels.

—

Euphemia hugs Regulus first.

Not James, her son. Not Sirius, her adopted son. Not Remus, her adopted son's boyfriend. Not Marlene, her adopted daughter. No. She hugs Regulus first, the one who ran from her home sobbing three hundred and sixty four days ago. Regulus didn't even deserve a hug at all, but the first one? Pigs can fly.

"Hi, darling." Effie says sweetly. "You look well. Are you well?"

"I'm doing alright, Effie. Tour and whatnot." Regulus smiles softly against her ear, hand placed on her shoulder as he pulls away slowly. Normally, Regulus *doesn't* end hugs first, he really doesn't care for it. But last year, they spent about ten minutes hugging before James had to intervene as a loophole.

“Ah, yes. My rockstars.” Euphemia smiles, going to hug James next. “I’ve heard quite a few things about the tour.”

“Oh, man. You’re in for it now, James.” Marlene grins, patting Fleamont on the back.

“Listen..” James starts.

“Don’t start, Prongs. We’ve all seen it.” Remus chuckles dryly. “Hello, Effie.”

“Remus! I haven't seen you in the longest time. Since you were in school, yes? Oh, I’m so glad you and Sirius finally sorted everything out. It was getting painful.”

“Effie!” Sirius gasps.

“Yes, she’s right!” Fleamont laughs loudly. “I thought I’d never hear the end of Sirius’ whining.”

Okay, Regulus is a bit jealous he missed out on school-age Remus and Sirius. It seems like an interesting enough dance to watch, and Sirius was never good at dancing. Ever. Imagine how many toes he stepped on.

“Sirius’ whining?” Remus repeats, smirking at Sirius.

“Monty!” He groans. “This is so embarrassing.”

Marlene laughs. Regulus laughs too.

—

James *@potter*

Drive up on the 24th???

Merry Christmas, ya filthy animals.

—

Jegulus

Regulus

James.

Are you awake?

James

Always.

Alright, dear? Do I need to come in there?

Regulus

No, I'm fine.

I just wanted to say goodnight.

And say thank you. For inviting me. Even though I was such a mess last year.

I don't know how you put up with me.

I guess this is me saying I appreciate you.

Don't mention it. Ever.

James

You're always welcome by my side.

I find you quite lovely.

Regulus

I'm intolerable.

James

Let me be the one to tolerate you.

Regulus

Goodnight, Jamie.

James

Goodnight dear x

Black Brothers

Regulus

I'm in love with your best friend.

Sirius

ok

Regulus

You're supposed to tell me I'm making a stupid mistake and punch him in the face at breakfast.

Sirius

moony said i should leave you two alone because you make each other happy!

Regulus

Fucking Lupin.

Marry that bastard one day.

Or I'll kill you.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for how late this update is. I am losing so much motivation for this fic and have become quite consumed with my upcoming projects. Trying my best here.

This is sort of a filler chapter. Not much to say, and it's not my best work, but I wanted to put something out until I:

- A) cave and publish my next fic
- B) gain more motivation to finish writing this damn thing
- C) officially abandon it

I'm currently writing chapter thirty three. I am SO CLOSE to the end. Trying my best. This is fluff from start to finish, which honestly seems to be what you guys like the most, which is good, because there's going to be a lot of it upcoming, and a lot of it in my next (or next after that) fic. Yippee! Happy Jegulus!

Tumblr; cowswearingsweaters <3

Found

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Regulus finds James sitting on the stairs. The stairs are a light wood and there's a small creak on the third step. The banister is the same shade of wood, and is smooth aside for the cluster of initials at the end; *P.A.P, J.F.P, R.J.L, S.O.B, L.J.E, M.B.M.* Peter A. Pettigrew, James F. Potter, Remus J. Lupin, Sirius O. Black, Lily J. Evans, Marlene B. McKinnon. The walls are lined with photographs. One of Sirius biting James' ear while James laughs. One of all the marauders. One of James as a toddler, standing beside Fleamont, both covered in flour. Effie and Flea's wedding photos. It's a house filled with love and memories.

Regulus sits beside James. He runs his fingers over James' initials, feeling the carving in the wood. James turns to him and smiles. "Hi, you." He whispers.

"Hey." Regulus responds in a similar hushed tone, his eyes smiling. "What are you doing?"

"Look." James points down the stairs.

Marlene has already gone off to bed. Sirius stumbled away, and Remus went to go find him. It's a bit late, definitely a bit late for a couple in their sixties to be dancing in the kitchen. Still, Euphemia and Fleamont sway, their hearts beating the rhythm. There really are still beautiful things.

A soft gasp falls from Regulus' lips as his heart swells. "That's adorable."

James wraps his arm around Regulus' shoulder and pulls him closer to his chest. "They've been doing it since I was a baby. It's just.. so beautiful, isn't it? Loving someone. The little things you do when you love someone."

"Yes." Regulus says, breathlessly. "It is, Jamie. Beautiful, it's so beautiful."

James is looking at Regulus now, and Regulus is looking back. James brushes a strand of hair out of his eyes and traces his fingers down his jawline like he's trying to memorize the brushstrokes. He quiets Regulus' fears with the touch of a hand. "You're beautiful, dear."

“James.”

“We could do that, Regulus. We could be so beautiful.” James whispers hopefully, looking into his eyes for a moment, before he brings himself to his feet, turning around to start walking back to his room. James Potter has always been known for his bravery, and quite frankly, it’s something about elderly love that puts him into motion.

Regulus Black has been wounded. He has scars. He covers himself up with a layer of cold skin, but his scars are very much visible to those who look for them. James knows that. He’s not an idiot, and he’s not blind. He loves Regulus, but he has no idea what it’s like to be Regulus. That’s why James chooses to be patient with him, and to wait, because he knows Regulus needs time. And he knows that Regulus loves him too.

He didn’t know it before. He didn’t. But the way Regulus kissed him in his flat, and the way he looked at him on stage, and the way he cuddled with James every single night since his nightmare. Also, the fact that his mother told him that Regulus is in love with him, and Effie is never wrong. That’s love, and he’ll wait for it until it bleeds him dry.

“Could we?”

“You know where to find me, Reg. My door is always open for you. Always.”

Regulus’ head is spinning. For a moment, he considers jumping into his arms and kissing him until his body goes numb. James is right. They could do it, they could do it so well. “Goodnight, Jamie.”

Regulus is thinking about it. They kiss, and then never leave each other again. They finish tour, and they work together until they’re sick of it, and then they retire early to some beautiful house near James’ family, with Sirius and Remus next door. They dance by the fireplace and go grocery shopping together, James cooks dinner and Regulus does the dishes. They have a child, with Regulus’ eyes and attitude, and James’ hair and energy. It’s beautiful.

It’s not far away. Regulus could reach out and grab it now, if he wasn’t so fucking afraid.

James makes it about halfway down the hallway before he turns again. “And, Reg?”

“Yes, James?”

“The banister is missing someone. Add yourself to it.”

Remus finds Sirius perched on the roof. The wind blows gently between them, the soft kiss of winter prominent in the breeze. Sirius lays against the panels with his arms behind his head as he stares up at the moon and the stars. Remus lays down beside him.

“Hello, you.” Sirius sighs with relief.

“Hello, sweetheart.” Remus smiles softly.

It’s so easy between them. Sirius and Remus, it’ll always be Sirius and Remus. It doesn’t make sense any other way. Even when things are hard, Sirius and Remus. Remus loves Sirius, and Sirius loves Remus, and the earth orbits the sun, and the moon is in the sky.

“I’m gonna marry the night.” Sirius declares.

“I have competition?”

“I don’t see you proposing, Lupin.” He teases, nudging him with his shoulder. “Get a move on it.”

“I didn’t know that was something you wanted.” Remus says, honestly. “Is that..? Do you want..? *Me..?*”

“To marry you?”

“Yes, that’s what I was asking.”

“Do you want to marry me, Moony?” Sirius asks, wide eyed and terrified the answer to his question will be a harsh no.

Underneath his overgrown wolf cut, star shaped eyeliner, maroon lipstick, and fake arrogance, Sirius Black is afraid. Afraid he'll say the wrong thing. Afraid he'll scare off all of his friends. Afraid he'll drive Regulus away. Afraid he'll hurt Remus. Sirius is a bandaid on a broken arm. He doesn't know how to be Regulus' brother or James' best friend or Remus' lover, he's just incredibly good at faking it. His worst fear is someone realizing just how terrible he is.

When you grow up being told you're worthless, undeserving of love and success, and only capable of hurting people, you start to believe it. As much as he's done to try to erase those thinking patterns, they never go away. *What if they never do? What if Walburga was right? What if Remus doesn't want my hand in marriage? What if I hurt h—*

"Since I was fourteen, Sirius." Remus nods, interrupting Sirius' inner monologue, as if on cue. "You've always been the plan. In my head, we've been married for ten years."

"I want to marry you. Not now, because we.. y'know, it's Christmas, and Peter and Lily aren't here. But someday, someday we'll do it. We will, won't we?"

"We will. You and me, Sirius." Remus reassures, smiling softly. His head is spinning. "Someday."

"Sirius Lupin." He grins, shaking away his mothers high-pitched voice in his head. "Has a nice ring to it? Sirius Lupin."

"Yes, sounds much better than Remus Black."

"Bleh." Sirius fake gags. "I hate being a Black."

—

Sirius finds Remus down on one knee. The house is filled with the smells of Euphemia's cooking and the sounds of Marlene's loud laughter. Wrapping paper lingers on the floor and Regulus shakes his head at something James said, and then Remus drops to his knee. Sirius' hands immediately fly to his face, and his draw immediately drops.

A small gasp falls from Regulus' lips and he subconsciously grips James' arm. James' eyes start to

well up with tears.

“Sirius.” Remus starts.

“Oh my god, Moony, you’ve lost your mind.” Sirius mumbles.

“Can you shut your mouth and let me propose to you?” He snaps. “I have a speech. Let me do my damn speech.”

“Okay, do your damn speech.”

“You’re an insufferable git.” Remus shakes his head.

Even in proposing, Remus Lupin finds it in him to be moody.

“Anyway, as I was saying... Sirius. Last night, we were out on the roof, and you asked me if I wanted to marry you, and I said yes, and you said that we would do it someday. I told you that we’ve been married in my head for a decade. This morning, I asked Regulus for his blessing.”

Regulus snuffles and James is already crying. Regulus is clutching James’ arm so hard that James thinks there might be a bruise. Marlene hasn’t moved since Remus dropped to his knee, she’s just sitting there with her mouth wide open, as if she was placed on pause.

“You are everything my heart desires, Sirius. I’ve waited so long for you, and now that you’re here, I don’t want to wait any longer. I love, love, love you, and I want to marry you. Please.”

“Please what?” Sirius says, stupidly, because he’s in so much shock words don’t even sound like words anymore.

“You’re an actual idiot. What do you mean ‘please what’? I am literally telling you— you know what? Nevermind. Not important. Please, Sirius, will you marry me?”

“Oh. Oh. Remus, this is... Moony, you’re— yes, yes, oh, Moony.”

Sirius is crying. Tears of joy are streaming down his face and his mascara is smudging, and he's so, so happy. He never ever once thought he could have it, the full package, and now he does, and Remus, and, and, oh, he's getting married, he's.

Remus brings himself to his feet and takes Sirius' face in his hands. He kisses him so hard that his lips feel numb afterward. It's Remus and Sirius. Remus and Sirius, because they make no sense, and so much sense.

"I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you." Sirius swears. "I love you, Remus, I love you. I love you. I love you."

"I know, I know. I know, Sirius. I know."

"I love you."

"I know."

"I love you. Can we get a dog now? I love you."

Remus laughs softly. "I love you."

—

Regulus finds Sirius smoking on the Potter's front porch swing. It's the day after Christmas, and it feels like a fever dream. Sirius is fucking engaged. "Put that out."

Sirius listens and puts out the cigarette, throwing it in the bin. He grins, "Reggie."

"Sirius." Regulus nods, sitting down next to him. "Congrats on the engagement."

"You gave Remus your blessing?"

“I know, I was surprised, too.” Regulus chuckles. “I always thought that a Potter would be the one to do that, because it certainly wouldn’t be mum and dad. I didn’t think he would ask me.”

“That’s nonsense, Reg.” Sirius shakes his head. “You’re my brother. The most tolerable Black, out of the three I can tolerate.”

“Three?”

“You, Andy, Cissy.”

“Narcissa?”

“..Yeah?”

“Isn’t she—“

“Oh, Cissy left the family right after you did. She’s dating a really nice girl.”

“What? You know what, you’ll tell me about this later.”

“Okay.” Sirius chuckles. “I have something to tell you. It’s important.”

“Hm?”

“I want you to— I want you to know that I wouldn’t have said yes. I wouldn’t have said yes if you weren’t there.” Sirius inhales deeply. “I decided a really long time ago that I was never going to get married if you wouldn’t be at my wedding. I thought— I thought I lost you. To them.”

“Oh, Sirius.” Regulus chokes out. “You never lost me. Fuck you. Don’t make me cry. Fuck you.”

“But I did lose you, Reg. I left you in that house, and I lost you for years. Years we’ll never get back. I missed so many important things in your life. I wasn’t there when you— or when you— and I know— I know I’m not good at it, but I love you so much, Reggie, I do.”

“I know you do, Sirius, I’ve never questioned it. And I don’t blame you for it. For leaving. Please don’t blame yourself.”

“You don’t?”

“No, Sirius, I’ve already told you that I don’t blame you.” Regulus shakes his head. “If you never left, neither of us would be who we are today. You wouldn’t be getting married to Remus. I wouldn’t have ever met James. We wouldn’t be on tour. We wouldn’t have any of this.”

“No.” Sirius snuffles. “No, we wouldn’t. We’d probably be in miserable heterosexual marriages and I’d be in a boring government job.”

Regulus lets out a wet laugh. “Yeah, miserable. I’d still have boobs.”

“It would be terrible! I really—“ He sighs. “I love my life away from them.”

“I do too, Sirius.”

“Are you happy? I don’t ask you enough. Are you happy?”

Regulus breathes in. He thinks of his plants. He thinks of his guitars. He thinks of his job. He thinks of Pandora. He thinks of Barty and Evan. He thinks of Dorcas. He thinks of James, on the stairs, and the door that’s always open for him. “Yeah, Sirius. Yeah, I am happy.”

“Good.” Sirius smiles. “So, what do you have planned for my wedding?”

“Well, since you asked, actually..”

I'M BACK BABY.

After nearly a months hiatus, I would like to confidently say that we'll be back to (semi) regular posting. I am here! And as a peace offering, I bring you open doors.

Starting from the top,

— James leaves the door open for Regulus. He didn't know that Regulus loved him the last time they were there, but he knows now. And the door is open! Haha. Hah. Hah. Also, the banister? Yep yep yep.

— Sirius "Marry The Night" Black. I listen to toooooo much Lady Gaga. Someone, count the references. REMUS HAS BEEN MARRIED IN HIS HEAD FOR TEN YEARS.

— Sirius "do u wanna get married" and Remus proposes the next day Lupin

— SIRIUS AND REGULUS DYNAMIC. I will make them have the same conversation on this porch every fucking time I get the chance. We all need WE ALL NEED REMINDERS. Regulus doesn't blame Sirius. WE NEED REMINDERS.

You guys have been so bloody kind to me in my replies section. I don't reply to all of you, but I read every single response I get and trust me they mean the WORLD to me. Thank you for being so lovely.

I am in the process of writing a new fic! I plan 6/7 chapters, it's called 'Chamomile and Charcoal' and the first chapter is out! It's Jegulus based, and 99% fluff, which I've noticed that many of you enjoy. Cheers!

New Years

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Regulus crawls into bed with James every night, from Christmas to December Thirtieth.

It doesn't mean anything. It's not, like, romantic at all. They just cuddle sometimes, and on occasion they kiss each other's faces, and James plays with Regulus' hair, and James keeps the nightmares at bay. But it's not romantic. It's friendly, platonic, cuddling as mates.

Said no one ever.

It doesn't surprise James at all when he hears a knock on his door. He was waiting for it, actually. He jumps to his feet when Regulus knocks and walks quickly to the door.

"Did I wake you?" Regulus asks.

"No, I was up."

"Do you.. mind if I come in? I can't sleep."

James stands to the side, inviting Regulus in. Regulus is trying very *very* hard not to think about the fact that James is shirtless. James shuts the door behind Regulus.

Regulus stands in the middle of the room. James' room is surprisingly organized for someone whose brain is so messy. Whoever said your room is a reflection of your mind was a fucking liar. James wraps his arms around Regulus' waist from behind and pulls him backward. He dips his head down and presses a chaste kiss to the stars behind his ear.

Regulus sighs, "James."

"Are you alright, Reg? It's late."

He gasps dramatically. “James Potter has a concept of time? The world has stopped spinning.”

“You’re an ass.” James laughs softly, pulling him closer and nipping at his ear.

“I’m an angel.” Regulus corrects.

“Yes, you are. Regulus Black, angel without wings.”

“So, a person?”

“Hey, you’re one of those, too!”

“Unfortunately.” Regulus sighs and spins around. He places an innocent kiss on the corner of James’ mouth, but not *on* his mouth. An important distinguishment.

—

Regulus walks out of James’ room at 2:34 AM, approximately three hours after he stumbled into it. He’ll stumble back in later, surely, but James is snoring softly and Regulus wants a glass of water. Not three seconds after Regulus opens James’ door, Sirius opens Remus’ door. Regulus’ eyes widen significantly. He looks like a deer in headlights.

“Regulus Arcturus Bl—“

“I got lost.”

“Clearly. That’s James’ room.”

“I’ve discovered this fact and I assure you I will not make a similar mistake again.”

“Why are you talking like a robot?”

“I’m trying to freak you out so you leave me alone. Is it working?”

“No.”

“Damn.”

“Walk with me, brother.”

Regulus gives Sirius a strange look and begins to step down the stairs with Sirius close behind him. Regulus moves swiftly through the kitchen like he owns the place, grabbing a glass from the cabinet and filling it with water from the filter. Sirius stares at him as he takes a long sip from it.

“What are you doing up this late?”

“I could ask you the same thing.”

“I was going to get a glass of water.”

“Why were you in James’ room?”

“Why were you in Remus’ room?”

“...He’s my fiancé?”

“Fair point.”

“Why were you in James’ room?”

“I was sleeping in James’ room.”

“Why were you sleeping in James’ room, Reggie?”

“I like sleeping in James’ room, *Siri* .”

Sirius narrows his eyes. “I’m going to kill him.”

“You cannot kill James, Sirius.” Regulus shakes his head. “It’s not like that.”

“You weren’t sleeping in James’ bed next to James in James’ room with James in James’ house with James?”

“Why did you say his name so many times?”

“Stop changing the subject!”

“I’m not sleeping with James. Well, I was sleeping with James, but I’m not *sleeping* with James. Not tonight, anyway.”

“Regulus Arcturus Black, what the fuck do you mean *not tonight?*” Sirius says, rather loudly for three in the morning.

Regulus looks at Sirius like he’s stupid and cocks his head to the side. “Sirius.”

“Yes?”

“ *Sirius* .”

“Yes?”

“Where the fuck did you think he got the hickies from?”

“He said they were from Peter! I didn’t think anything of it!”

—

James walks into the kitchen last. Effie has been done with making breakfast for ages and is engaged with Fleamont, Remus, Sirius, Marlene, and Regulus in a conversation. Regulus laughs softly at something Fleamont says and looks up at James with a small smile. “Good morning, sunshine.”

“Hi, dear.” James grins and dips down to kiss his mother on the cheek. “Morning, mum, dad, Marls, Moony, Pads.”

“Hello, brotherfucker.” Sirius says, taking a bite of his eggs.

“You’re in for it now, son.” Fleamont says through a mouthful of waffles.

“Whaaat...” James says in a high pitched tone, throwing his hands up as if to say *I’m innocent*.

“Take a seat, brotherfucker. Eat some breakfast, brotherfucker. You must be starved after your run, brotherfucker.”

“I’m sorry, Pads, I’m sorry, what is he?” Remus asks.

“A brotherfucker.”

Marlene is laughing so hard her cheeks are turning red and her head is starting to feel a bit funny.

“I’ve done no such thing.” James shakes his head, sitting down next to Regulus. “Right, Reggie?”

“Don’t lie.” Regulus chuckles. “You’re lucky I talked him down from murder.”

“I’m not fully convinced.” Sirius glares.

“There will be no murder at my breakfast table, please.” Effie sings. “Thank you.”

James stays silent for a moment, looking from person to person. “He started it!” James bursts out, pointing at Regulus.

Regulus throws his hands up in the air, scoffing. “Was that necessary?”

“What? You did?”

Marlene slams her fist down on the table, gasping for air from laughter. Tears are welling up in her eyes and her mascara is dangerously close to running.

“James! We are having breakfast!” Regulus curses. “My brother is right there!”

“I’m clearing my name!”

“Hate to break it to you, baby, but you’re a brotherfucker either way.”

“What did you call me?”

“Baby.”

“Okay.” James giggles. “I’m a brotherfucker.”

“You are just like your father.” Euphemia sighs.

“She says it like it’s an insult. Was that meant to be insulting, my dear?” Fleamont says dramatically.

“Yes.” Effie replies with a straight face.

James really is just like his father.

—

“Where are we going, Potter?” Regulus asks, being dragged by the hand towards James’ car. The sun has set and midnight is quickly approaching, the new year just around the corner.

“I wanna show you something.” James hurries, opening Regulus’ door for him and running around the car to get in the driver’s seat. He gets in and buckles his seatbelt quickly, turning the key to start the car. “I go here every year, since I could drive. I’ve never taken anyone.”

“Guess I’m special.” Regulus says, laced with sarcasm.

“You are special.” James replies, seriously.

Regulus’ cheeks flush. “Shut up, James.”

“It’s cute when you do that.”

“Do what?”

“Blush, and then look down so that I can’t *see* you blushing even though I *can* see you, and then bite your lip so that I can’t *see* you smiling even though I *can* see you smiling. It’s really cute.”

“Your face is cute.” Regulus argues, then smacks his hand to his mouth. “That’s not what I meant.”

“Yes it is.”

“No it’s not.”

“Yes it is.”

“Shut up.”

James *does* shut up. He smiles widely as he drives. Eventually, they end up on top of a hill, overlooking Manchester, about twenty minutes from any civilization. He unbuckles his seatbelt and gets out of the car, Regulus mirroring his actions.

“What are we doing here?”

“Shhh.” James says, hopping up on the roof of his car. “It’s about to start.”

“You’re gonna dent the car.” Regulus mumbles, sitting on the hood with much more grace.

“It’s my car.” He retorts.

“Shut up. It’s cold.”

“Do you want my jacket?”

“No.” Regulus sighs, moving closer to James. He wraps his arms around James’ waist like he’s trying to *also* wear the jacket. He slides his hands underneath James’ shirt, skin to skin, sighing contently at the warmth James radiates.

“It looks like you *do* want my jacket.” James chuckles, weaving his fingers through Regulus’ hair. He traces a curl with his index and his thumb. Regulus’ hair smells like fruit and mint and something more, something James can’t quite place, but something that smells like home.

“Shut up.”

“Watch.” He murmurs, pointing up at the sky. “It’s starting.”

A loud crack sounds and the sky erupts in streaks of green and red that reflect onto Regulus’ eyes. His mouth is open with awe and his eyes are wide. James watches as Regulus memorizes the moment, utterly infatuated with the explosions of colours.

Regulus sits up slowly, blinking as he turns to James. “It’s beautiful, Jamie.” He whispers.

“You’re beautiful.” He whispers back, his eyes lingering on Regulus’ lips. He reaches up and touches Regulus’ cheek gently. Like opposite poles, they attract each other. He doesn’t realize that he’s been moving any closer until James is mere centimeters from his face. His eyes flutter shut, lashes fanning across his under eyes. “Can I kiss you? Please, Regulus, let me— can I kiss you?”

“Please, kiss me.” Regulus pleads.

James surges forward and connects their lips, Regulus’ arms moving up to snake around his neck and pull him closer. James’ hands slide underneath Regulus’ shirt, connecting behind his back. Fireworks cracks above them, painting their reflections in a myriad of colors.

The electricity is everywhere. In the sky. In the colours. In James’ mouth, in James’ tongue in Regulus’ mouth. In their hearts. Boom. Boom. Boom.

James’ heart beats; *Regulus, Regulus, Regulus.*

Regulus’ heart beats; *James, James, James.*

They pull away from each other slowly. Regulus nudges James’ face with his nose as he smiles. James smiles just as wide, pressing his forehead to Regulus’. They breathe the same air, chests falling and rising in unison.

“James.” Regulus breathes, like a prayer.

“Regulus.” James responds, tracing his jawline with his knuckle.

“On Christmas Eve, do you remember what you told me?”

“I say a lot of things, sweetheart, you’re gonna have to be a bit more specific than that.”

“When your parents were dancing, you said we could be beautiful, James. You said the door was open for me. Did you mean that?” Regulus whispers.

“Of course I did.”

“Let’s be beautiful now, James. Let’s do it. Close the door, James, lock it, and don’t let me leave again. Let’s be beautiful.”

Oh, Regulus is doing it now. He’s tired of running, he wants to be young and beautiful and wild, like fireworks, until his lungs give out. And why shouldn’t he be? Why shouldn’t he get all of those things? Why is he the one always taking them away from himself? Not anymore, no, he’s facing the things he turns away from. He gets to be beautiful with James. He’s at least earned that much. He’s earned his bravery.

“Yeah?” James exhales, his breath hot on Regulus’ face.

“Yeah.” He responds, looking into James’ eyes. “Let’s be beautiful.”

“We are beautiful, dear. We’ve been beautiful since our first performance, but been walking in circles.” He proclaims. “Let’s do it, Reggie. Stop walking and be mine. And I’ll be yours until the stars fall from the sky.”

“I’ve been yours for so long, James.”

“Really? I’m not very smart, dear, you have to tell me these things.”

Regulus laughs softly and kisses him again. “Happy new year, lover.”

Chapter End Notes

I thought it would be funny if I left absolutely zero notes, but alas, here I am.

You all yelled at me. You yelled at me, and you yelled at my boy Regulus for not walking through the door. I almost made him ghost James out of pure spite. Don't question me, guys, I got this! ☹️

This is so much fluff. Absolutely tooth rotting, bone breaking fluff. There hasn't been any angst in this fic for a number of chapters and it's actually starting to freak me out. And there's not any angst in the chapters I'm ahead in writing. SICKENING. I have a strong urge to create a car crash or something. MCD?? ☺️ (JOKING.)

I will be updating SUNDAY of NEXT WEEK. This is going up on WEDNESDAY. I'll be updating in TEN DAYS. xx

Paris

Skittles

Barty

Evan hates me.

Dorcas

Welcome to the club.

Pandora

no he does not

Barty

He does.

He literally does.

He wants me dead.

He hates me.

Evan

Shut up, you dramatic git.

Barty

See?

Where's Reg?

Reg loves me.

Regulus

I've been summoned.

Barty

Evan and I are breaking up.

Run away with me, Reg.

Evan

We are not breaking up.

Shut up, Crouch.

Regulus

As promising as that sounds, Bartemius, I am a taken man.

Pandora

pardon?

Dorcas

I need to get my eyes checked.

Barty

YOU'RE CHEATING ON ME?

Regulus

I broke up with you, like, eight years ago.

And you're dating Evan.

Evan

And you're dating..?

Pandora

james

Dorcas

James.

Regulus

Affirmative.

Pandora

LILY OWES ME FIFTY QUID.

—

“Uncle Reggie!” Nymphadora exclaims, running quickly towards him.

The band landed in Paris a few hours ago, and the Blacks (plus their respective boyfriends) opted for a visit to the Tonks estate.

“Salut, mon amour! Tu es devenu si grand.”

“Tu m'as manqué!”

“Tu m'as manqué aussi. Regarde, c'est oncle Sirius.”

“Salut, mon petite.” Sirius grins, crouching down to hug Dora as she runs into his arms. “Ça fait longtemps.”

“Tu m'as manqué!”

“Je t'aime, je t'aime. C'est oncle Remus, mon fiancé. Et c'est oncle James.”

“Bonjour, bonjour!” Dora exclaims.

“Salut, petite.” James smiles. “Je m'appelle James, et toi?”

“Je m'appelle Dora. Es-tu le petit ami de Reggie?”

James knows a bit of French, but he doesn't know that much French. He looks at Regulus for help, who's trying to contain his laughter. “Little help here?”

“Dora, tu ne peux pas demander aux gens que.” Andromeda scolds. “Allez. C’est l’heure du déjeuner.”

“D’accord!” Dora giggles, running inside.

“What did she say?” James asks Regulus.

“She said your hair is stupid and she likes mine better.” He lies, earning a frown from James.

“That’s not very nice. What a mean child.”

Sirius cackles.

—

“Do you think I have forgotten about you?” James sings. His voice is smooth like silk and much more melancholic than the majority of his other songs.

“There was something ‘bout you that now I can’t remember, it’s the same damn thing that made my heart surrender. And I miss you on a train, I miss you in the morning, I never know what to think about.” Regulus is singing in his upper register. He can taste each word coming from his mouth, his voice much breathier than James’ was.

Truthfully, Regulus hates the song. Yes, it’s beautiful, full of truth and conviction and endlessly real, as are the majority of the Marauder’s other songs, but it’s also his first song with the band. His rise to fame. His first ridiculously overplayed single. The way he met James. And James wrote it. About someone else. So, selfishly, it’s a little bittersweet.

James throws an arm around Regulus and pulls him closer. The crowd choruses back to them ‘don’t let go’ repeatedly, and James sways with Regulus.

Regulus leans into James’ touch and allows his arms to snake around James’ waist, his head comfortably nestled under his chin. He smiles softly against James’ skin, listening to his quick heartbeat.

“Reg, there are people watching.” James whispers.

“Since when do I care what others think?” Regulus responds, pulling him closer, as if he’s trying to merge with James.

“January twenty fifth, approximately one week, eleven months, and twenty three years ago.”

Regulus leans back, looking up at him with wide eyes. “You—“

“Of course. Come on, jobs to do.”

—

“Salut, Paris. C’est cool d’être ici. C’est là que j’ai grandi.” Regulus speaks into the microphone, picking out a random chord to make sure his guitar is in tune. “J’écris beaucoup ces derniers temps. Je pensais jouer quelque chose de nouveau ce soir. Avez-vous déjà eu quelqu’un qui vous fait vous sentir si bien dans votre peau? comme une bouffée d’air frais?”

“C’est True Blue.” He starts to strum out the chords he’d written just a few days before, on New Year’s Day. The room is dead silent, which is honestly quite terrifying, and it makes him second-guess all of his life choices. He wishes Sirius was on stage with him.

He sings the first few lines, and people smile. That’s a good sign.

“And you say you’re a winter bitch, but summer’s in your blood. You can’t help but become the sun.”

—

March, London

“James, your birthday is in spring.”

“It’s not? Reggie, March is still winter.”

“Spring ends March twentieth, you idiot. Your birthday is in spring.”

“I am a winter bitch, Reg.”

“No, Potter, just a bitch. Come on. Pen, paper. Write music good.”

—

Present

“When you moved to Chicago, you were spinning out. When you don’t know who you are, you fuck around and find out.”

Okay, the song is about James. Big deal. They’re dating. Isn’t it, though? A big deal? Regulus doesn’t do love songs, love at all, really. But, oh, James Potter. Heart. Boom.

—

November, Chicago

“How on earth do you know so much about fucking Chicago, Potter? You’re English.”

“I lived here.”

“What? When?”

“About six months, when I was twenty. I was miserable.”

“Then why’d you stay so long?” Regulus asks, genuinely.

“When you don’t know who you are, you fuck around until you find out.” James answers honestly.
“Of course, well, you’ve heard my music. I’m sure you can imagine how that worked out for me.”

—

Present

“And it feels good to be known so well. I can't hide from you like I hide from myself.”

A love song. About James Potter. He wrote and is singing a love song about James Potter, his fucking celebrity crush. Oh how the tables turned.

“I remember who I am when I’m with you. Your love is tough, your love is tried and true blue.”

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

It feels good to be known so well.

Merci, Paris.

London

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lily Evans is freaking out.

She's really, truly, genuinely freaking out. Sure, she's spent her entire fucking life *dreaming* of the stage, and a bit less time dreaming of *women*, but now that it's happening she's freaking out. Pandora is coming to see her, which isn't a big deal at all. Here's the kicker; *All I Wanted* is on the set list.

All I Wanted by The Marauders, the song that has never been played live, in which Lily Evans spends three minutes and forty five seconds belting her ginger little heart out over her highschool sweetheart who, last she heard, was teaching primary schoolers somewhere. Lily thinks that's very nice, and that she was always great with children. Unimportant.

Lily very rarely sings. She's brilliant at it, but she doesn't do it. She's a saxophone player, she's not a frontman. That's James' job. James, who she hates, because his insolent ass but *All I Wanted* on the set list when her *kinda sorta not really like like thing but oh my goodness you're magical and i'm fascinated with you* girl is showing up.

"James Fleamont Potter." Lily swears, walking into his trailer.

"Hey, thanks for knocking." Regulus sighs, sitting up on the couch and patting James on the back, signalling for him to get off of him. Reg was holding James.

"I am going to kill you. And then kill you again. You. Dead. And what? What's this?" Lily waves her arms around, signalling to Regulus and James. "Months ago you were sleeping on my couch because— nevermind, I don't care. You're dead."

"Lily, love, are you going to tell me why you're planning my murder? I love you, but I was kinda in the middle of something."

"*All I Wanted* is on the set list."

“You love that song.” James says, dumbly.

“Not today!” She exclaims.

“Why?”

“Pandora is coming tonight.” Regulus explains. “Lily is nervous she’ll embarrass herself in front of her girlfriend.”

“You!” Lily gasps. “Are not wrong. But she’s not my girlfriend, *Regulus* . Move over, James.”

James, with a very confused look on his face, moves over. Lily collapses between the two of them, laying on top of Regulus with her head on James’ shoulder.

“What if I mess up?” Lily groans. “I’m not a singer! I play the sax.”

“Do you realize how often James forgets his own lyrics? You’ll be fine, Evans. Beat it.”

“I hate you so much.”

—

“ Think of me when you’re out, when you’re out there. I’ll beg you nice from my knees. And when the world treats you way too fairly, well, it’s a shame I’m a dream. ”

Lily’s auburn hair is pulled back in a ponytail with her fringe straightened across her forehead. She’s soft, she looks soft and feminine and gentle, but her voice has an edge to it that’s extraordinary. She’s in a suit, white shirt, black tie.

She’s already spotted Pandora, up in a box on top, looking lovely as always. Lily hopes that someday, maybe, she might be singing about her instead, a love song.

“ All I wanted was you. All I wanted was you. ”

She looks behind her, Sirius is hitting his drums with so much vigour that for a moment, Lily fears they might fly out of his hand. She looks to her side, Remus is bopping his head with every note, playing just as harshly as his lover.

“ I think I’ll pace my apartment a few times, and fall asleep on the couch. Wake up early to black and white reruns that escape from my mouth. Oh, oh. ”

She turns to Remus again, who shoots her a quick smile that reads ‘go ahead, Lils, you can do this, you know you can.’

Lily rocks forward on her feet, standing on her toes as she grips the microphone stand. *“ All I wanted was you. ”* She cries, aggressively, loudly, angrily. Unresolved feelings buried so deep emerge and she feels the way she did when she was writing it on the floor of James’ dorm room. She repeats the line several times, each one more heart wrenching than the last.

Her chest heaves, breathing deeply. Remus nods at her violently, grinning with pride.

“ I could follow you to the beginning, just to relive the start. And maybe then, we’d remember to slow down at all our favourite parts. ”

The instruments stop. It’s Lily. Lily, Lily, Lily. *“ All I wanted was you. ”*

“ All I wanted was you, all I wanted was you, all I wanted was you. All I wanted was you. ”

“Thank you.” Lily breathes into the microphone, looking up at Pandora in the box. “Thank you, London.”

—

Sir Isaac Newton was twenty three years old when he discovered gravity under that stupid apple tree. James Potter was seventeen when he wrote Robbers in his empty dorm room bathtub. Yeah, he did that.

“ And I’ll shoot him if that’s what you asked. ” James shouts, kicking the air around him. *“ But if you just take off your mask, you’d find out everything’s gone.. ”*

He walks towards Regulus and puts his hands on his head, breathing hard. His white shirt is unbuttoned and his face is flushed with alcohol, cigarettes, and adrenaline. Regulus looks him dead in the eyes, almost daring James to kiss him. *“ Wrong. ”*

The crowds scream as Regulus pushes forward, connecting his mouth to James’ in a hungry kiss. James stumbles backwards, gaining his footing a few inches away from where he started. Regulus smells like aged leather, sweat, and vaguely of fruit. A berry, maybe? Strawberry, James is sure. Regulus smells like fucking strawberry. Regulus tastes like expensive wine and cigarettes they shared. His mouth has James more drunk than any of the alcohol did. He wants to fucking absorb Regulus like a goddamn sponge.

James smells like sweat, eucalyptus, and the cigarette he dropped on himself because Regulus is so fucking hot he can’t think coherent thoughts. His hair is a fucking wreck. Regulus threw his fucking hair gel under the bus. (*and cleaned it up after, he’s stubborn, not a monster.*)

He deepens the kiss as he throws his arm out, giving the audience the microphone for a moment. He wants to be closer. He wants to be the oxygen that fills Regulus’ lungs, and he wants to be the blood pumping through his veins. He *needs* Regulus, so he pulls him closer into his chest, his knees knocking against Regulus’ as his free hand ventures underneath his shirt.

Regulus starts to pull away and James chases his mouth, a knee jerk response that everyone should’ve seen coming. James fucking bites him, tugs on Regulus’ lip with his teeth as he’s trying to pull him back in. A high pitched noise, somewhere between a moan and a whine falls from Regulus’ lips, out of pure shock. It’s downright *dirty*.

Sirius looks nauseous.

James steps away, walking back to the front of the stage, and promptly, falling to his knees. He breathes heavily, so fucking drunk on Regulus that he feels immune to the impact of him slamming onto the ground. He has a job to do. One that doesn’t involve giving Regulus the snog of his life, no matter how desperate he truly is. *“ And he’s got his gun, he’s got his suit on. She says ‘babe, you look so cool’. ”*

“ You look so cool. ” James screams, leaning forward into the microphone to the point he’s almost

kissing the ground. He places a mental bet that the ground doesn't kiss nearly as good as Regulus does. His Regulus, his, his, his. "*You look so cool. You look so cool.*"

"*You look so cool.*"

"*You look so cool.*"

"*You look so cool.*"

—

"Meadowes!" Marlene shouts, putting down her bass guitar gently in the stand. She runs through the background and leaps into Dorcas' arms. "Dorcas, Dorcas, Dorcas!"

"Marls, jeez, *Marls* !" Dorcas laughs, hooking her arms underneath Marlene's knees. She looks up at her, smiling. "Hey, rockstar."

"Hi." Marlene kisses her forehead. "Angel." Marlene kisses her left cheek. "I." Marlene kisses her right cheek. "Missed." Marlene kisses her nose. "You." Marlene kisses her on the mouth sweetly. "In a totally rock 'n roll way."

"You're an idiot, McKinnon."

"Your idiot, Meadowes."

—

"Flower!" Pandora exclaims, walking away from Regulus. "You were wonderful, truly wonderful."

"You flatter me, Rosier." Lily shakes her head, blushing softly as she pulls Pandora into an embrace. "It's nice to see you. You look beautiful, by the way. I mean, really, really beautiful."

“You look magical as always, Lil.” Pandora grins.

—

Prongsfoot

Sirius

you’ve got some explaining to do buddy

James

Padfoot.

Sirius

James Fleamont Potter.

James

I think I’m in love with your brother.

No, no, I know I’m in love with him.

And I need you to be okay with it, because you’re my best friend in the world and I need you to be happy for me. Please don’t make me choose. Please.

Sirius

i hate u

James

I'll be so good to him, Pads, I promise.

Please don't be mad. I love you.

Sirius

i love you

if you hurt my baby brother i'll cut your dick into itty bitty triangles

James

Understandable.

—

Black Brothers

Sirius

if you hurt james i'll shave your head bald and feed your curls back to you until you choke on them

Read 10:47 PM.

Chapter End Notes

hello, friends!

let me take a minute to say WHAT THE FUCK before we get into content. i don't know if it was via a tweet, tiktok, tumblr post, or just the sheer power of AO3, but this fic has been getting so many interactions this week. i owe you all the biggest thanks for being so supportive and just generally wonderful, and i love to see the little garden i've sprouted based on my obsession with the 1975 and james potter. thank you for reading, thank you for enjoying, and thank you so much for making me giggle with your funny comments.

i saw a few people talking about the lack of an authors note in the last chapter and the fact that it freaked you guys out! incredibly sorry. that chapter was posted on my very last braincell and my very last minute of consciousness.

i want to explore my girls more in this fic as we bring it to a close. expect quite a bit more of our very own ms. evans, and some dorlene breadcrumbs. lily is one of my favorite characters to write, and i hope you enjoy it just as much, even though there won't be much pandalily.

i don't think it's possible for me to write a 1975 coded fic without a robbers kiss. i had to do it at some point. cheers!

Manchester

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Marauders: At Their Very Best

The Daily Prophet

Nearing the end of their European tour, the Marauders really are at their very best. With a seventh member and a new album, they really are an act you don't want to miss out on. Let's go over some tour highlights, shall we? Here are six of the very best Marauders moments of *The Marauders; At Their Very Best*.

Don't Like Menthols

One thing we've learned about James Potter since the *Being Funny in a Foreign Language* tour's start is his distaste for menthol cigarettes.

Potter has been seen most nights with a fag between his lips on stage, even going as far as to wear a breathing mask during intermission while in compromising positions.

On one night, a fan threw a packet of menthols on the stage during the intro to fan favourite *TOOTIMETOOTIMETOOTIME*, to which James Potter responds hilariously.

In the video attached, you can see Potter responding to the fan gift using the autotune feature on his microphones. He says; "Don't throw menthols on this stage. Don't like menthols." This bit has become a staple in the Marauders fandom, and certainly won't be forgotten.

I'm in Love With You

In an interview at the start of tour, James Potter shares with Gideon Prewett on the *Late Show with Gid*, that his favourite lyric on the album is "I'm in love with you", because of the simplicity of it. He also reveals that contrary to popular belief, the track was *not* written by Potter for a fellow bandmate, but by drummer Sirius Black for guitarist Remus Lupin.

On numerous occasions, during the outro to the most adorable song, while Regulus and James rock back and forth in sync, Sirius has run over to Remus and shared sweet kisses with him.

The fans adore this pairing, a common ship name being “WOLFSTAR” because of their first names.

James Potter's Intermission

We all know Potter is incredibly in touch with his sexuality. He's always been one to use his body on camera and on the stage, but he's taken it to a whole other level on the *At Their Very Best* tour.

The show consists of two different acts and two intermissions. Act one is primarily consisting of music off the *Being Funny in a Foreign Language* album, where Potter and band mate Regulus Black portray drunken rockstars.

Between this act and the following, the band and Black exit the stage, leaving Potter to his own devices. Fans have been (pleasantly) surprised with James' actions during this intermission, from touching himself on the couch, to push ups, and even as far as to eat raw meat on stage. Wow.

Regulus Black's Intermission

Following Potter's rather extravagant display during his intermission, Regulus Black comes in to introduce the next act of the show.

During his intermission, Black plays songs off his five track ep. *Motion*, tracks never played live before the *At Their Very Best Tour*. Fans report that Black is very interactive with the crowd, and this set leaves fans very eager to see future solo projects of Black in the future.

Marlene, Peter and Lily

Don't let the first three topics trick you. We here at the Daily Prophet love our Marlene, Peter and Lily just as much as the rest of them. Throughout this tour, we've seen quite a few highlights from these three.

The first one being Marlene and James' hilarious and snippy argument during an intro to *It's Not Living (If It's Not With You)*, where McKinnon promptly shuts him up by starting the song in the middle of his speech.

We've seen quite a bit more of Pettigrew this tour. He's a character often portrayed as quiet, and we don't think he's ever spoken on stage before, but he's come out of his shell quite a bit this year. Pettigrew has shared kisses with both James *and* Regulus, and we've seen quite a bit of dramatic swooning on his part.

Lily Evans has been very busy this tour. With performances of *Silk Chiffon* , duet with McKinnon, *doomsday*, a solo Evans act, and the heavy usage of the saxophone on the new Marauders album, needless to say she's got her hands full. What none of us were expecting was for Evans to play *All I Wanted* , an angry ballad from their first album that has never before been played live. The song is believed to be about Evans' highschool sweetheart, a nameless face.

James & Regulus

The moment you've all been waiting for, I'm sure. Throughout this tour, album promo, and the album's artwork itself, there has been one question by fans; “ *what are James and Regulus?* ”

Potter and Black have been incredibly hush-hush about the status of their relationship, though very up close and personal on the stage.

From kisses on cheeks, intimate embraces, and heads on shoulders to steamy on-stage kisses, Black signing Potter's chest, and pet names, no one is sure of their relationship at all, other than themselves. Fans are very excited to see where this will-they-won't-they romance will take them.

Written by Rita Skeeter

—

R. A. Black @arcturus

Rita “Run On Sentence” Skeeter, your ineptitude holds no bounds.

Will they?

<1 image attached, James and Regulus kissing in a mirror>

—

James *@potter*

I like it when you sleep, for you are so beautiful, yet so unaware of it.

Won't they?

<1 image attached, Regulus sleeping on James' chest>

—

sirius *@iloveremus*

just threw up gays on the timeline

—

lily evans *@evansonsax*

FINALLY BEAT THE JILY ALLEGATIONS



Replies:

James *@potter*

Don't sound SO excited.

pete @ppettigrew

they likes me They really likes me

Happiness is one of James' favourites off the album. It's a fun tune, with an interesting sound that makes you really want to dance. He does dance, actually, everytime he plays it. James loves *Happiness*.

They're closing *The Marauders; at Their Very Best* in Manchester. After that, they're all headed back to London, except for Peter and Marlene. Peter and Marlene are headed back to the countryside to spend time with Pete's folks, and most likely, Euphemia and Fleamont. Literally next door neighbours.

James is going to miss it. Touring, that is. He loves the interactions with fans and the music and the fact that the music can bring so many different people with different backgrounds together, under one roof, singing. He loves spending all of his time with his mates in rest stop bathrooms (Dorcas keeps telling them they could just fly, but this is the *rockstar way*.)

Touring used to be James' lifeline. Before everything, those two hours in a theatre were what kept his heart beating. His show. His two hours to say *look at me, I am ugly*, and still be perceived as beautiful all in the name of art. It kept him off the streets, it gave him something to wake up for, a reason not to pump as many drugs through his body as he could get his hands on. He simply could not exist without other people. A complicated plant.

His twentieth was a rough year for James. He was finished school, and he was fucking successful. He couldn't go somewhere without being recognised. He didn't know how to cope with fame, he was still just a kid in his own mind. He couldn't sleep, he would lie awake because he was twenty fucking years old and didn't know what his favourite colour was. Red, yellow, red, pink? Looking back on it, he can confidently answer this question now. *It's the colour of Regulus' eyes*.

Those feelings fuck with a person. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't help it. He fucked shit up. He left for half a year and moved to the States, and in doing so he hurt people, people he loves

so fucking much, and he's been making up for it ever since.

But touring isn't his lifeline anymore. He quite enjoys his home in London with the busy streets and his flowerbeds. His home is filled with love in every corner, whether it's Sirius, Remus, Pete, Lily, Marlene, or Dorcas. They've all made their mark on James' flat. He looks for them. He looks for love in the red front door, that reminds him of his parents. He looks at the ring inside the third drawer of his bedside table, the one Regulus gave him almost a year ago. He looks at his brand new blue sheets, which he replaced, because Regulus hates the colour red. Regulus made his mark too. It's a home filled with many different kinds of love.

Love is James' beating heart.

On the last night of tour, James has ventured away from rockstar James attire and back into himself. He's wearing a white button down printed with red hearts, a red tie, flare jeans, a denim vest, and a pink orchid that throws everything off. Here comes the sun.

James stands up from the stage couch (which he's going to miss a great deal) and strides across the stage, leaving Regulus, whose head is leaned back against the leather of the sofa as he blows puffs of smoke into the air.

"Showed me what love is, I'm acting like I know myself." James sings through a smile. He really fucking loves the background music. *"Incase you didn't notice. Oh, oh I would go blind just to see you."* He points at Regulus, forming a stance that looks like he's off to the disco. *"I'd go too far just have you near. In my soul, got this feeling, I."* He groans the last syllable of the sentence, throwing his head back.

"Didn't know until I seen ya." Regulus finishes, putting out his cigarette and leaving it in the ashtray. His cigarette, which is gross, and which he hates immensely. *"My my my, oh, my my my, you mind my mind, you mind my mind, oh. My my my, you mind my mind. Oh, my my my. He's insatiable, it's what he is."*

Regulus has no idea what on Earth was going on in James and Sirius' minds when they wrote that verse.

—

"I wrote this song with Regulus during the *Being Funny in a Foreign Language* sessions." James speaks into the microphone, adjusting the tune on his guitar. "We wrote it together based off a scrap. A half baked idea. Two lines from years ago. It never made the album. There's not a sax

line, or a bass line, keys, drums, nothing. All I have is my words and my guitar.”

The crowd cheers regardless. Why wouldn't they? They love James. James is loved, so, so loved.

”I'd like to ask you all, any of you that are recording or streaming or something. Please turn off your cameras.” James sighs into the mic. “Let's do this, just you and I, okay?”

He watches with nervous eyes as the camera flashes from the audience turn off immediately. They do this, because James is loved. So, so loved. “This song is called *I Always Wanna Die Sometimes*. You are the first audience on this tour to hear it, and the last audience on this tour to hear it. Thank you, Manchester.”

James starts to play chords on his guitar. One after another, until he leans into the microphone and starts to sing. He doesn't know why he's doing this. The song isn't even on the setlist. He just doesn't feel right closing the tour without it being heard. To end his time with his fans while holding something in his hands that they haven't seen. To say ‘see you later’ with words unsaid. He wrote it to be heard. He wrote it. And he's so, so loved. And he doesn't want to die, sometimes.

“I bet you thought your life would change, but you're stuck on a train again.”

He repeats the same chords over and over again on his instrument and in his mind. Something takes over when he plays for a crowd, something automatic, like he's a robot hardwired to please. A robot hardwired to be with other robots.

“Your memories are sceneries for things you said but never really met. You built it to a high to say goodbye, because you're not the same as them.”

”But your death, it won't happen to you, it happens to your family and your friends. I pretend, and I always wanna die, sometimes.”

He keeps going. The chords stay the same, but he repeats them. He can see people in front of him, on the other side of the stage, crying. He thinks he might be crying, too. Not because he wants to die sometimes, but because he's so, so loved.

He makes it through nearly the entire song before the tears start falling. He repeats the line over and over again, and eventually, he just starts screaming.

A low, guttural scream straight from his soul. One bound to give someone goosebumps. One

that *gives* goosebumps.

Loved. So, so loved.

“Manchester, darlings, you’ve been exquisite.” James speaks into the microphone. He’s on the end of the line, arm linked with Regulus. “Thank you for spending time with me and my friends tonight. This was a great way to end our tour. Thank you.”

He drops the microphone and turns to his friends, giving a small nod. It’s rehearsed, the way they all bend forward in a bow at the exact same time, shouting two words in unison. “Mischief managed!”

James hums softly as he flips through the pages of a book. It’s the same tune he always hums. It’s so familiar to Regulus, but he cannot seem to place it for the life of him. Regulus has his head on James’ chest, he listens to the steady beat of the drum that is James’ heart. He has one arm underneath him and one wrapped around his chest, James’ arms caging him in.

“What is that?” Regulus says softly.

“Hm?” James replies.

“That tune. The one you’re humming.” He clarifies. “You always hum that one and I can’t figure out what song it is.”

“Oh.” He utters. “It’s *Beautiful Boy*, the John Lennon song. Pa used to sing it to me when I was a kid. I didn’t realize I was humming, I’m sorry.”

Regulus shakes his head. “Don’t apologize,” he soothes. “Carry on.”

James clears his throat and turns the page, and Regulus tightens his grip around him. “I think you’d like this one.”

Regulus closes his eyes, inhaling James. He’s showered now, he smells of eucalyptus and some sort of spice. Cinnamon, maybe? He speaks softly, dreamily, *happily*. “Read it to me.”

He inhales, “ *we have calcium in our bones, iron in our veins, carbon in our souls, and nitrogen in our brains. 93% stardust, with souls made of flames, we are all just stars that have people names.* ”

“Oh,” Regulus’ heart flutters. “I do like that.”

“Yes.” He sighs with content, shutting the book and placing it on the table. “Except, you’re a star with a star name.”

Regulus opens his eyes and looks up at James through his eyelashes. “I’m not a star, James. I’m just a person.”

“You’re my star.” James argues, placing his hand on the back of Regulus’ neck and guiding him upwards into a kiss. Against his lips, he breathes, “I orbit you. Your solar system.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I lied.

I said May 1st and I meant it. I MEANT IT. I meant it, until I opened tiktok this afternoon to see MY FIC ON MY FYP!!! The breakfast scene where Sirius calls James a brotherfucker like a million times? It was insane. One of my absolute favorite marauders accounts, too. You all actually drive me insane, you’re all so lovely. Thank you SO much.

That being said, I was in an About You mood. Here’s an extra chapter this week, to hold you over until ACTUALLY May 1st.

Let’s take it from the top;

News article! I haven’t allowed Rita to cause chaos since... Reggie’s Paris vacation, I think! It was due time for something on her part.

Regulus being an actual menace every time his name is mentioned in the press? Yeah, I do that. I write that. He WOULD call someone inept for doing their job. I love him.

James was 100% forced into making that tweet. But I won't lie to you all, he did giggle doing it. He thought it was funny. His boyfriend is a menace!
Happiness :)))) one of my favorites off BFIAFL, I couldn't end tour without writing them singing it. I also couldn't end the tour without writing IAWDS. I COULDN'T.

I orbit you <33333

And with that, the tour has been ended. Next chapter will beeeeeeeeeee Regulus' birthday, if I'm not mistaken. Much too lazy to check the table of contents, however. But I did just finish picking out chapter titles for the rest of the fic?,!! I AM SO EXCITED FOR YOU ALL TO READ IT.

Thanking you again for all the support I've been getting recently. The comments, the fucking SUPPORT ON SOCIAL MEDIA!!! You're all insane. It honestly gives me so much motivation where I lack, and I do read every single comment that comes through my inbox. I'm so so so happy you're all enjoying my work.

All that being said, the next update is ACTUALLY GOING TO BE MAY FIRST.

— Finley :)))

Birthday Party

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ten Years Ago

“Happy birthday, Swan.” Sirius whispers, leaning over Regulus’ bed. He runs his fingers through Regulus’ long brown hair, admiring it. He doesn’t understand why Regulus doesn’t love his hair as much as Sirius does, Sirius envies it. “Fourteen now.”

“What are you doing here?” Regulus furrows his brows, flinching away from Sirius’ touch. “What are you— shouldn’t you be in bed, Sirius? If mother finds out you’re in here—“

Sirius has been at Hogwarts for two years now. The only time Sirius and Regulus see each other are the holidays. Sirius misses Regulus’ birthday every single year. They started celebrating it over Christmas break instead. December 28th, to be exact, one month before Regulus’ birthday.

“Shhh, shhh, shh, shh.” Sirius coos. Regulus sighs and scoots over, making room for Sirius in the bed. He takes this as an invitation and climbs into the bed. “What do you want for your birthday this year, Swan? Make a wish.”

“I wish... I could go to your school with you.” Regulus whispers. “I don’t want to be mother’s little girl anymore. I miss you.”

I don’t want to be mother's little girl anymore.

I miss you.

These words would ring like a bell in Sirius’ ears for the years to come until Sirius would see his brother’s face again.

“I miss you, Dove.” Sirius sighs, like he’s been punched in the chest. “You would like my friends. I think you would get along well with Marlene. My Moony, too, he’s a lot like you. But I think James would be your favourite. He’s a star, too. The sun, actually.”

“I think you’d like my friend Pandora.” Regulus replies. “She has really pretty blonde hair, it’s really short. I think she copied Barty’s haircut.”

“Ugh, Barty.” Sirius fake gags. “Is he your boyfriend?”

“Shut up, Sirius.”

“I’m just saying, Swan, you could do much better!” Sirius throws his hands up, as if to say that he’s innocent.

“Get out of my bed, you’re gross.” Regulus laughs, pulling a strand of hair out of his mouth. “Stupid hair.”

“Something wrong?”

“My hair is far too long. Mother won’t let me cut it. Says I could never get a husband with boy hair.”

That was all Regulus had to say. Sirius cut his hair for him with the kitchen scissors. Gave him a choppy, terrible haircut that made him entirely too happy.

The next day Sirius ran away.

—

“My little, itty bitty, minuscule, baby brother, is turning twenty four tomorrow!” Sirius cries, dramatically throwing himself on top of Regulus.

“How on Earth did y— *Sirius* ! I gave you that key for *emergencies* !” Regulus scolds, pushing him off him.

“Ow!” Sirius groans as he hits the floor with a *thud* . “Jeez, Reggie, are you trying to give me fucking brain damage?”

“It might make you more tolerable.” Regulus scowls. “Get out.”

“But this *is* an emergency!” He exclaims. “You’re ageing! They grow up so fast.”

“You’re not my mother.”

“I might as well be!” Sirius crosses his arms, propping his head up against the couch and spreading the rest of his body across the floor. “I don’t see Walbitch anywhere singing happy birthday, do you?”

“ *Walbitch?* ” Regulus stifles laughter.

“It was Walburga the Bitch, but that’s kind of a long name, and I’m an incredibly lazy gal, so I shortened it!”

“You’re ridiculous.” Regulus drops his head to his hands, his shoulders shaking lightly with silent laughter.

“You love me.” Sirius grins.

“Unfortunately.”

“Awh, you admitted i- *hey* !”

James walks out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and he shakes the water from his hair. He looks up suddenly, a deer in headlights.

It’s then that Regulus laughs, loudly. It’s adorable. “I told you to get out!”

Sirius peers through his fingers, pretending to be disgusted, before eventually laughing. He wolf whistles. “Lookin’ good, Prongsie! Have you been working out?”

“The grind never stops!” James flexes his muscles, and Regulus laughs harder.

“Get dressed, whore.”

“Yeah, get dressed, you whore!”

—

“Sirius Orion Lupin-Black.” Regulus warns. “Why are you in my apartment *again*?”

“Regulus Arcturus Potter-Black.” Sirius responds, mocking the serious tone in Regulus’ voice. “One, I’m not a Lupin yet. Two, I’m getting you ready.”

“Ready for what?” Regulus sighs. “And I’m not a Potter. I’m not even— Sirius, that is way too soon.”

“So what are you thinking? Pink? Blue? Ooh— *green* would look great on you!” Sirius exclaims, running toward Regulus’ closet. He opens the doors and looks at the hangers, before turning his head like an owl to look at Regulus with a ‘ *bitch, please* ’ expression. “Your closet is organized by colours *and* you have matching hangers for every shirt?”

“Yes.” Regulus says, shamelessly.

“What, do you fold your fucking socks too, loser?” Sirius laughs.

“Well, actually..”

“Oh my god, I hate you!”

“You’re in my closet!”

“Why the fuck do you have a Potter hockey jersey?”

“I forgot to give it back.”

“Are you planning on giving it back? Because I could take it to h—“

“No. It’s mine. Get out.”

Regulus is wearing green. An emerald green silk shirt, with brown leather trousers. He’s wearing his silver butterfly necklace that Pandora gave him and a ring to represent each of his friends, Sirius, and James. Somehow, he got roped into letting Sirius do his makeup.

“Can you just hold still?” Sirius sighs, brows knitted together with concentration. His tongue is sticking out of his mouth slightly as he draws Regulus’ eyeliner on with eyeshadow and an angled brush.

Somehow, Regulus got roped into wearing glittery white eyeshadow. It looks pretty good.

“Do you remember what you used to call me?” Regulus asks, out of the blue. His voice is softer than it usually is with Sirius.

“Swan.” Sirius responds. It’s nearly a whisper. “I called you Swan, because you were always so uncomfortable with the name Walbitch called you, and I thought you were so graceful and elegant on ice. Delicate, but also incredibly intelligent. Like. A. Swan.”

A soft, nostalgic smile creeps onto Regulus’ face. “You knew?”

“Yes, of course I did. I’m your big brother.” Sirius smiles. “I just wasn’t sure if you knew yet. I didn’t want to call you out, or embarrass you. You came to me when you were ready.”

“Thank you.” He murmurs. “Thank you.”

“Enough of that, Regulus.” Sirius shakes his head, dragging a lip brush across his mouth, coated in a soft pink. “You’re my brother and my best friend. Even if you’re a wanker.”

“Yes, I think it’s the child abuse. Really brings the attitude out of a guy.” Regulus jokes, dryly.

“I got intense attachment issues and you got mean.”

“Yes, exactly.”

—

“I’m going to faint.” James announces as soon as Regulus enters the room.

It’s a small affair, which Regulus strongly doubted Sirius was capable of. Sirius and Remus are there of course, Lily, Pandora, Dorcas, Marlene, Peter, Barty, Evan, and James. Sirius went ridiculously heavy on decorating the flat, though Regulus suspects others were involved. They rented an expensive sound system and set up strobe lights in James and Sirius’ living room, purple and blue flashing throughout it.

The light catches Regulus and James places his hand on his forehead, sighing before collapsing onto the couch. “He’s sparkly. He’s sparkly! Somebody sedate me.”

Lily walks past Regulus and pats him on the shoulder. “Good luck, buddy.”

“Reg!” Barty exclaims, walking towards him with a beer. He pulls Regulus into half a hug, hitting him in the chest with the bottle as a signal to take it. “Happy birthday, sexy.”

“Get off me.” Regulus hisses, taking the beer from him and sipping it. “This is disgusting.”

“There’s vodka in the kitchen.” Dorcas states.

“I love you.” Regulus sighs, walking into the kitchen and pouring himself a glass.

James follows shortly behind Regulus. As Regulus pours the alcohol into his cup, James slides behind him and wraps his arms around Regulus, waist, pulling him backwards. Regulus rocks backward, turning his head and smiling softly and pressing a kiss to James’ cheek. “Hello.”

James pulls him closer, hand travelling up to Regulus' jaw. He gently grabs him by the chin, turning his head further to capture his mouth in a kiss. “Oh,” Regulus sighs, his voice breathy and low, “Hello.”

“Happy birthday.” James murmurs, tucking his head under Regulus’ chin and sucking on his neck. “You look really...”

“Really?” Regulus chuckles, amused. “Is that why you’re trying to eat me?”

“I’d do worse if your brother wasn’t in the other room.” He whispers lowly, breath hot against Regulus’ neck. “Really, I mean.. really.”

“James.”

“Hm?”

“Calm down, honey.”

“I am calm.”

“Good.” Regulus stirs in James’ arms, turning around and giving him a quick kiss on the lips. “We’ll continue this later?”

“You bet your ass we will.”

R. A. Black @arcturus

Orange is the worst colour. I fucking hate orange. If orange was a person, I would have a thorough distaste for that person.

Replies:

James @potter

You're fucking adorable.

R. A. Black @arcturus

@potter

I'm fucking Regulus.

James @potter

@arcturus

Actually, I'm fucking Regulus.

—

“Where’s my husband!” Sirius yells, slurring syllable after syllable and hiccuping between words.

Remus, is obviously, not his husband yet. And he’s just gone off to the kitchen to get Sirius another drink.

“You mean your boyfriend?” Lily giggles, inhaling a puff of smoke from the cigarette Remus left

her with.

“Fiance.” Regulus corrects, blowing rings of smoke from Peter’s spliff. His face is flushed from intoxication and somehow, his shirt is halfway unbuttoned. He understands how James manages to lose his every night, and is much too lazy to fix it. “They got eng *aaa* ged.”

“What?” Peter and Lily shout in sync.

“I miss my husbaaaand.” Sirius whines, ignoring Peter and Lily. “Mooooonnyyy!”

“Stop whinin’!” James huffs. He flops onto the couch beside Regulus and lays his head on his chest. Regulus drops the spliff and yelps, even though it doesn’t ever reach his skin. James catches it with his mouth. Impressive.

Regulus looks at him with disbelief as James grins and inhales, blowing smoke back into his face.

“That ws’hot.” Marlene giggles.

As James winks, Regulus scowls and wraps his arms and legs around James, flipping Marlene off over his shoulder. James laughs loudly and a cloud of smoke falls out from his lips, and miraculously, he manages to keep the spliff in his mouth during it.

“Mooooonnyyy!”

Regulus takes James’ glasses off his face and puts them on his own, squinting at Marlene as he mouths “*mine*” and pulls James closer.

“Reeeeeemuuuussss!”

“Sirius, shut up!” Remus shouts from the other room.

Dorcas Meadows @dmeadowes

Happy birthday to my favourite boy.

Love you always, brother.

@ arcturus

pandora @girlfrommars

REGGIE DAY!

love u endlessly my baby

cheers ! @ arcturus x

Barty @bcrouchjr

Happy birthday, R ;)

@ arcturus xo

Evan Rosier @rosieronfilm

Love you, @arcturus

Happy birth.

sirius @*iloveremus*

happy birthday old man

always my little brother

@ *arcturus* i love u

James @*potter*

Happiest of birthdays.

My dear, @ *arcturus*.

“James.” Regulus breathes, colliding with the door. His hair is a mess, tangled and much less perfect than it was at the start of the night. James is kissing him; on his mouth, on his neck, his chest. His mouth is warm and his breath is laced with whiskey and weed. “James.”

“Mm?” James hums, vibrating against his face, sucking on the spot under Regulus’ ear that he knows makes him crazy.

“James, I—“ He gasps softly, threading his fingers through James’ long hair and tugging on the roots gently. He pulls James back up, kissing him deeply on the mouth. “Oh, James. Je t’aime. Je t’aime.” He murmurs between kisses, voice shaky and breathless.

“James, please, James. Je t’aime. Please.”

“I love you.”

“Please.”

“I love you.” James says softly. He pulls away from the kiss, looking at his kiss-bitten face.

“Please what? What is it, sweetheart? What’s wrong?”

“Please stay.” Regulus clarifies, pleading, grabbing at him in a futile attempt to pull him back.

“Please don’t leave. Please. I’ve never been loved the way you love me. I need you, please stay.

Don’t give up on me.”

“Oh, love.” James gasps softly, placing both hands on either side of Regulus’ head. “I’m not going to give up on you. I’m here.”

“Je t’aime.”

“I love you so much.”

Chapter End Notes

I’M SORRY. I LIED!!! “may first may first” today is may third.

about time for a flashback YAHOOO!!! this is one of my favorite chapters in hindsight now that i have #FINISHED writing the fic.

black brothers u crazy crazy

updating may 14th

JUNE 13TH UPDATE :: yes, i am aware that an update is long overdue. whoops! i appreciate all the concern you’ve all shown me. i assure you all that i am alive and very much well. i’ve made a decision on my side of things to postpone any updates until i finish writing completely, and then upload it all at once. iiii hate publishing schedules! sorry! i love you all lots n lots xoxoxo

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!