love me....

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 37: 37.

37.

"Who are you to blame this on me?" Severus shouted. Frustrated by Sirius' willingness to pin all wrongdoing on him, Severus had completely lost his patience. Sirius had said so many hurtful things. But even though Severus' heart was bleeding, he still had strength to fight back. He knew Sirius was right about a few things, but only a few. The rest was rubbish and it wasn't in his nature to be quiet about it. Sirius wasn't the only one with a sharp temper.

"You lied to me!" Sirius accused angrily.

"I didn't know anything about Potter's life!" Severus defended himself. "And I certainly didn't force you to believe me! You believed it because you wanted to! I wouldn't have held you back if you had really wanted to go after your precious godson! No one can hold you back when you want to do something, Sirius! Dumbledore tried in the past, remember? You never listen! That was why you were locked up in Azkaban. That was why you spent three years in the dark, wandering between life and death!"

"That was low," Sirius grunted, annoyed.

"Oh, and you've been playing fair? You've done nothing but throw false accusations at me so far. You're accusing me of keeping you here, but it was you who wanted to stay! If you don't, there's the door!" Severus pointed at the entrance's direction. "And forgive me for caring about your welfare!"

"You didn't think about my welfare at all, Severus! You just don't like the idea of me meeting Harry again because you look at him and you remember James! You're jealous! Just get over this damn fixation you have with James! I'll end up believing – again – that you were in love with him!"

Severus sneered and made a disgusted face. "Don't talk nonsense! Who would have fallen in love with that bastard? He was everything I despised in a person! I feel sick just thinking about him! It was you who was dementedly attracted to him!"

Sirius breathed hard. "James was my dearest friend! Of course I cared for him! He was like a brother to me!"

"He was more than a brother! You were his lapdog! Literally!"

Sirius raised his wand and pointed it at Severus. "I dare you to say that again! What about you? You fucking licked Lucius Malfoy's filthy boots! I mean, you really licked his boots and kissed the hem of his robes like he was your master! I saw it once! I saw you crawling at his feet! I bet you let him screw y–"

Sirius didn't get to finish his sentence. Severus hit him with a spell that sent him flying across the room. Sirius felt a sharp pain in his back as he hit the wall and fell to the floor. He felt a little dizzy, but even so he stood up and furiously sent another spell in Severus' direction. In a few seconds, the living room turned into a battleground, with spells and jinxes flying around, knocking down screaming paintings and tearing cushions apart.

Things got so out of hand that Severus lost control of his powers and blew up an entire wall, sending them both to the floor with the impact. They were stunned for a moment. Sirius was the first to recover.

"What are you trying to do? Kill me? Why the hell did you rescue me then? You're mental!" he shouted.

"You started it!" Severus shouted back.

"Me? You really are a mental case!"

"You keep accusing me of things that aren't true! You always do that! You're a bloody coward! You can never admit your faults!" Severus snarled. "You have to put the blame for your mistakes on others!"

"You're the same! It's impossible to talk to you! It's useless! I don't know why I bother!"

"You are impossible! You and your stupid fixation with James Potter! Your whole world revolved around him! And afterwards you changed your fixation to Potter Junior! You treated him as if he were James. I wonder if you are attracted to your godson the same way you were attracted to his father! I wonder... that time you spent with Harry in that old house of yours... How friendly did you become with him?"

Sirius felt sick at the insinuation he caught behind Severus' poisoning words. "You don't mean that! You don't understand anything at all! Take that back! Now!"

"Or what?" Severus dared.

With a furious growl, Sirius dropped his wand and went for Severus' throat. Immediately, a frantic fight began, with both participants trying to gain the upper hand, slamming each other into whatever furniture they rolled into. The commotion shook the house's very foundation.

When Draco and Harry skidded into the living room, Severus and Sirius had gotten past duelling with their wands, having decided to discard magic and use their fists instead. For that Draco was actually deeply grateful. Their wands had done enough damage for the night. The wall that used to separate the living room from the library didn't exist anymore. In his place was a huge hole courtesy of Severus' blasting spell. The rest of the room didn't look any better. Everything was turned upside down. Portraits were yelling and screaming, but in one of them two old gentlemen were betting on who would be the winner.

Draco looked at Harry then back at Severus and Sirius. "We should separate them. On the count of three?" he suggested.

Harry nodded, taking out his wand and aiming at them. Draco also got his wand ready, and after taking a deep breath, he shouted a spell that broke Sirius and Severus apart. Before either of them could understand what was going on, Harry finished up with a binding spell. Draco smiled smugly. He and Harry were a pretty good team. The two gentlemen in the portrait had a different opinion as they booed Draco for taking away their fun.

"Shit! Let me go!" exclaimed Sirius, upset, struggling to get free.

"Draco! Undo this, now! It's an order!" Severus shouted, staring at Draco and Harry murderously.

"Sorry, but no can do," Draco said calmly. "Look at you! You cut your lips! You're behaving like—" Draco's voice died away when he noticed how easily Sirius got out of the binding spell. He glared at Harry, who just shrugged. "You cheated!" accused Draco.

"I did not!" Harry protested. "It isn't my fault that Sirius is stronger than your Uncle."

Draco sneered, "Right. Of course it isn't. I'm sure you put the same amount of power on both spells, hence why your godfather broke free and mine didn't!" Draco pointed his wand at Severus and released him from the spell.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked highly upset. "They'll kill each other now!"

"So be it... At least Uncle will be able to defend himself properly," Draco said, helping Severus to stand up. "I can't stand to be unfair."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Oh, please..."

Draco shot him a dark look. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That's really precious coming from a person who used to attack people from behind their backs!" exclaimed Harry.

Draco flushed furiously. "Well, I'll show you..." He lunged for Harry, but Severus held him back.

"Enough, both of you! I think Sirius and I had quite a good row. My living room won't stand another one," said Severus, licking the thread of blood from his lips and making a face.

"Serves you right," muttered Harry, looking at Severus' wounds.

"Say that again, Potter," Severus hissed.

"Don't use that tone with my godson!" Sirius threatened, clenching his fists.

"Take his side," Severus muttered bitterly. "You always do..."

"Alright! Enough!" Draco shouted, putting himself between them, knowing fully well that it was a dangerous move. "Let's all sit down and talk like adults."

"I've had enough of talking," said Severus, pulling out a handkerchief from his pocket to clean the cut on his lip. "It's impossible to have a conversation with someone capable of physical violence."

"You mean you?" Sirius pointed out softly. Severus muttered a curse under his breath. "Stop being a bloody sissy! You only have a small cut on your lip! I feel like my head has been split in two! And I'm sure I'll have a black eye tomorrow... You have a powerful right hook..."

Severus smirked proudly at that, while Draco joked, "At least your black eye will go with your last name." Severus and Draco smiled at each other. Harry and Sirius made a face.

"That was such a lame joke..." said Harry with a grimace. Draco just shrugged.

A large piece of raw steak – conjured by Severus' wand – flew directly towards Sirius and hit him hard in the face. Sirius fell backwards and landed on the couch, making some feathers from a torn cushion fly around. Sirius glared at Severus.

"It's for your eye, idiot," Severus explained.

"A spell would have been better," Sirius sulked, holding the steak against his eye.

"It would, wouldn't it?" Severus sneered, taking pleasure in Sirius' pain.

"I can't understand why you two are married to each other. It doesn't make any sense," said Harry. "Why would Sirius choose to be with someone like you?"

"I can't understand why Draco chose you, Potter, so I guess we're even in our confusion," Severus grimaced.

Harry couldn't refute that. He still had low self-esteem. It was Draco who came to his rescue by saying, "There were no reasons at first. It just took one look and I was

mesmerised. But as I paid attention to everything Harry did, my love grew stronger. He awakened the real me. You said that I've changed, Harry, but… All those things I envied and admired in you… My loving you helped me find these qualities in myself. I had them all along. I just didn't know. You helped me uncover them," finished Draco, feeling his cheeks grow hot.

The room went silent. Sirius pulled the steak away from his face to stare at Draco and Harry with astonishment. Severus was also shocked by Draco's sudden and honest words.

Draco didn't know how he had gathered the courage to say those things in the first place. They had just come out. He flushed as he felt Harry's eyes on him.

Harry swallowed hard. He could hear his heartbeat in his ears. He blinked a few times, touched by Draco's confession. He wished he knew what to say to that, but he had never been very good with words. He had always screwed up his past confessions. It was better to be quiet.

"That was really nice," muttered Sirius. Draco's words had cleared up his mind and made him focus on more important things. "I was really worried about Harry dating a Malfoy, but now… I think I can put my mind at ease." Draco and Harry reddened and Sirius smiled. "So you're really serious about each other."

"You don't mind?" Harry asked feebly. Sirius' approval was very important to him.

Sirius sighed. "I just want you to be happy, that's all. You deserve it. You've been hurt by so many people… Besides, who am I to lecture you? I married Severus. What can be worse than that?" Severus grunted and Sirius chuckled softly. "I love you, Harry, but my love is really messed up. I never knew how to love anyone properly. I have too many wounds in my heart…" Sirius glanced at Severus, barely seeing him now that one of his eyes was puffy. Severus' words kept weighing down his heart, hurting him. But he knew Severus didn't mean them. His lover had said those things only because Sirius had hurt him first.

"I blamed Severus for keeping me here and forbidding me to look for you, Harry, but… I have only myself to blame," Sirius started in a low voice. "Severus, you're right… It's impossible to hold me back when I want to do something. If I'd decided to go after you, Harry, he wouldn't have been able to stop me. The truth is that I was scared of meeting you, Harry. I was never a good role model for you. I was the worst godfather in the world. I encouraged you to be a Marauder, for Merlin's sake! I should've never done that! Look at what happened to me and my friends…" Sirius paused. His mind drifted to his old memories. He sighed sadly and then continued, "I really thought you were better off without me, Harry."

"But I wasn't," Harry whispered with teary eyes.

Sirius smiled feebly. "I know that now. But… I'm a coward. I messed up your life once. I was afraid of doing it again. I'm a really screwed up guy."

Harry smiled through his tears. "This sounds awfully familiar," he pointed out.

Draco stared at Harry and nodded. "Indeed. We're all screwed up."

Severus rolled his eyes. "Great! Group therapy... Soon we'll all be hugging each other and apologising for things that weren't even our fault…" he sneered.

"And what's wrong with that? You should say something too, Severus," said Sirius, half-jokingly.

"I have nothing to say," Severus hissed, annoyed by the fact that Sirius had spoken to him as if nothing had happened. It was just like Sirius to change his mind every two seconds. Unfortunately for him, Severus was the kind of person who could hold grudges for centuries.

"It'd make you feel better," said Draco softly.

Severus made a face and stared at Draco as if he were a traitor. "What should I say exactly?"

"What you really feel," Draco suggested. "You should tell them what you told me in the kitchen."

Severus looked at him with a horrified expression. Sirius was suddenly very curious.

"What you did say to him, Severus?" Sirius asked. Severus kept quiet and Sirius insisted, "Come on, spit it out! I promise I'll really listen this time. Just say it!"

"I don't want to!"

"Why not? I've just admitted that you were not to blame," said Sirius. "I was the one afraid to face Harry. Why can't you say what's on your mind? You're always like this! Always sulking alone instead of just shouting at me what you really feel! You keep things to yourself. That's why you're still bitter and moody and–"

"And what exactly do you want me to say?" Severus roared. His face went red from anger. "I kept you here for my own selfish reasons! I didn't want you to look for Potter! I was mean to you, and said things that hurt you on purpose because I was scared. I was the one who kept telling you to forget about Potter. I convinced you that Potter was better off without you, even though I didn't have a clue about his present life. But saying all these things would be admitting that I was jealous of a fucking brat! I was afraid that you'd go after him and forget about me, about us! I had you all to myself for the first time in my life. I didn't want to lose you as I knew I would if I'd let you go." Severus choked on his last words. He wasn't a man who cried easily, but it was hard to hold back his tears. "I didn't mean the things I said to you… but… You hurt me, so I just wanted to hurt you back."

Sirius walked towards him and hugged him tightly. Severus flinched at first, but then he relaxed and let himself be held.

"I'm sorry," Sirius whispered in his ears. "I'm sorry that I made you think these things. My love is selfish, too. I hurt you a lot in the past. I never told you anything that would make you think differently. I left you before because of my own stupidity. And because you were a bastard. Let's not forget that too." Severus grumbled something and Sirius stroked his face tenderly. "I never thanked you properly for giving me another chance to live. I'm sorry. I won't leave you. I couldn't. I love you so much. Besides, a divorce would be such a pain in the ass."

Harry and Draco looked at each other and smiled feebly.

Severus pushed Sirius away, embarrassed. Deep down he was touched, but he wasn't the type of person who let things go easily. "I'm still angry," he said.

Sirius frowned. "So am I. You said awful things to me! You even punched me! Look at my eye! But I want us to be able to work things out. Don't sulk, Severus. It doesn't become you."

"Actually, it does," Draco muttered to himself.

"Hey, I'm the one entitled to be angry!" Harry pointed out. "You were both assholes, and you were only thinking about yourselves! I was the one left alone in the end."

"Not true," Draco said. "You had your friends all along. They tried to help you out the best they could. You were the one who shut yourself out from the world."

"Shut up, Draco," said Harry moodily. Draco crossed his arms and stared at him darkly.

Sirius turned to Harry and placed his hands on his godson's shoulder. Harry didn't reject him this time. "I'm so sorry, Harry. There aren't enough words to say how sorry I am that I hurt you. What can I do to make it up to you?" Sirius asked dejectedly. "I'll do anything."

Harry sighed tiredly. "Could you leave Snape and come live with me?"

Severus growled from the other side of the room. Draco shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't believe Harry had asked something like that. He was also hurt by it. In that moment he had a glimpse of Severus' jealousy and he could fully understand him. Would Harry forget about them just because Sirius had turned up? Draco would kill him if that was so.

"I'm kidding," Harry said, noticing the tension around. "Although I'm having a hard time accepting you two as a couple, I... I already have someone who fulfils my needs." He glanced at Draco. The blond flushed slightly, but seemed rather pleased.

"I'm having a hard time with Malfoy, too," Sirius pointed out. "He seems like a good kid though."

"He is," said Severus firmly.

"You're his godfather. Of course you'll say he's wonderful," Sirius said with a grin. "It's Harry's opinion about him that matters."

"Oh, forgive me for thinking that my opinion matters for something," Severus said with a sneer.

"You'd say the same thing to me if I was talking about Harry! I don't know why you're still sulking!" Sirius complained, upset. "I said I was sorry! You aren't an innocent victim here, Severus. You're as big a part of this mess as I am. And your daily sarcasm really gets on my nerves!"

"Someone could show me some gratitude, but you're right about one thing. I'm part of this mess as I'm the one who had the stupid idea of bringing you back. Although... Didn't you say you have only yourself to blame?" Severus pointed out with a fake softness. "You should make up your mind."

"We're not talking about you bringing me back. We're talking about the lies you've told me about Harry. I am man enough to admit my part in the blame. You, on the other hand…" Sirius let the silent accusation hover between them.

Severus clenched his fists and made a move forward. Draco instantly blocked him and said, "Not again! Listen, this isn't about you two." Severus and Sirius raised their eyebrows at Draco, who amended, "You two obviously have issues, so I guess this is about you too. But this is mainly about Harry and the fact that no one bothered to tell him about Sirius being here all this time. Uncle, you were selfish. You didn't exactly lie, but you didn't bother to check on Harry. And Black, you were a coward. We've established that much. We should let Harry talk now."

All the attention turned to Harry expectantly. Severus looked more annoyed than ever as he waited for Harry's accusing words towards him.

"Thanks for putting me in the spotlight, Draco darling," Harry sneered.

"Don't you have anything to say?" Draco asked, frowning.

"I do, but... I'm not good at this. I don't like the idea of exposing myself in front of everybody." His everybody was directed to Severus.

Severus rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, Potter. If you want privacy, I don't mind leaving. I'll be quite relieved, actually." Severus began to retreat quietly, but Sirius stopped him. Severus scowled at him. "What? This is between you and your beloved godson. I don't belong here. You said so yourself. You told me I couldn't understand the relationship you share, and you're right. He isn't your son and yet you treat him like one."

"And you don't like that," stated Sirius with a sad face, but at least Severus wasn't accusing him of being attracted to Harry anymore.

"I don't. Why should I?" Severus confessed. "But… I'm not so heartless that I can't try to understand and… accept it. You need this moment, and so does Potter. Come on, Draco." Severus pulled Draco by the arm and dragged him out. He ignored Draco's protests and said just before leaving, "We'll be waiting in the kitchen."

"You know, I'm tired of being dragged around…" Draco sulked, taking a sip from his tea.

"And I'm tired of a lot of things… but that doesn't make any difference," said Severus jadedly. "Thanks a lot for defending me."

Draco caught the sarcasm behind his words. He sighed sorrowfully, but there was nothing he could do about it. He had been placed in a difficult position. If he had taken Severus' side, Harry would have got mad at him. He couldn't jeopardise their relationship now that he had finally got Harry to confess his love for him. He knew it was horrible to think that way, and he felt like the lowest scum on the planet.

"I'm sorry," he murmured with his head down. "I did take off the spell binding you though. And I do see your point, I really do. It's just…"

"I never thought I'd live to see the day that Draco Malfoy became scare of contesting Harry Potter…" Severus said dryly.

"I wasn't scared," Draco protested immediately. "He was a victim there! You and Black were totally unfair to him!"

"After everything I told you I would expect–"

"You told me you were jealous of Harry, that's why you didn't encourage Black to look for him," said Draco, cutting Severus off. "You were trying to keep Sirius to yourself. It was selfish. But you were only human. So am I. You can't blame me for taking Harry's side because honestly, I believe you and Black were both wrong. You have no idea how much he suffered! I do! I've been living with him and watching him struggle everyday to keep his sanity. You know how tough it is! You should at least have more compassion for him. You have a lot more in common than you believe."

Severus didn't like to be lectured by a person younger than him, but Draco did have a very good point. He stared at his godson absent-mindedly, and after a period of silence, he said earnestly, "You're a lot less spoiled and much more mature. You've grown up quite a bit since the last time I saw you."

Draco half-smiled. "I had to sooner or later, right?"

Severus leaned forward. "Too true. And even though I'm still mad at you – for my own selfish reasons again – I'm also very proud of what you've become. Congratulations, Draco. You've managed to break the Malfoy habit of turning out bastards. You've become a very decent human being. That's got to be a first in your family."

Draco leaned his elbows on the wooden table and sneered. "Somebody had to do it.

Quite a nasty ordeal, I tell you. To break away from centuries of being evil and cold-hearted, to become soft and emotional... To even dare to love someone! It was very difficult indeed."

"You've pulled it off alright though," Severus pointed out.

"I have, haven't I?" Draco said proudly. "It was hard to say goodbye to all my luxuries and stylish robes and servants and people kissing my ass. But it was all for the best."

"I hope Potter values you, Draco."

Draco sighed. "Me too. It seems that my charms have finally made their way into his heart. He's been treating me a lot better."

"A word of advice: don't get married," Severus said.

Draco chuckled. "Why, sir. It isn't so bad." Severus arched his eyebrow and Draco said, amused, "Walls can be rebuilt. Paintings can be replaced or redone."

"I'm serious, Draco. Two men living together, sharing the same bed day after day... It's a living hell. If you're going to go through life with Potter, have your own house and your own life."

Draco smiled, but then he heaved a sigh. "We're far from marriage yet. Very far..."

"But if the day ever comes, remember my words."

Draco nodded. "I will." They remained in silence for a short period of time, and then Draco asked, "Are you and Black going to be all right? Your fight seemed quite... violent."

Severus frowned. "We've had worse. I think it's always going to be like this between us. There are too many wounds in our hearts... I guess things will be better when Potter leaves."

"Jealousy..." murmured Draco.

Severus smiled bitterly. "Just wait and see, Draco. As soon as they make up, you'll understand perfectly what I'm talking about."

"I think you're exaggerating."

"I wish..."

Draco didn't retort. Instead, he said, "I wonder how they are doing."

"They'll work things out," Severus said wearily. "And then we'll be totally forgotten."

Draco made a face at Severus' pessimism, but he worried. Would Harry really forget

about him once he and Sirius made up? They had just figured things out between them. From that point on, their relationship could only move forward. Just because Harry's reason for stopping his life had returned, it didn't mean he would throw Draco aside like he meant nothing to Harry.

Draco sighed heavily and slowly took a sip from his tea.

"So..." Harry said, looking at everywhere but Sirius.

"So..." repeated Sirius, staring at him intently.

"I'm angry... and hurt... and sad... and really pissed off. But..." Harry paused a minute as if searching for the right words. "I'm very grateful that you're here. And very happy, too. I know it doesn't show..."

Sirius smiled emotionally. "It does, kiddo."

Harry finally gathered courage to look Sirius in the eye. He took a deep breath and then said in a low voice, "You should have looked for me. You should have made sure that I was alright."

"I know. And I know you didn't expect me to be such a coward. Hell, I didn't expect to be such a coward. It's just... My life consists of a huge list of mistakes. I always acted without thinking, disregarding the consequences of my foolish actions. This time I wanted to do things right. I love you way too much to hurt you. I don't want to mess with your life the way I did before."

"Don't be stupid. Your reckless behaviour was one of things I loved the most about you." Harry felt tears in his eyes again, but he was done crying. "I missed you. A lot. You were the closest thing I had for a father. I had so many plans for us... But then I ruined everything! I..." He was done crying. Even so, the tears wouldn't stop falling. Sirius moved closer and hugged him tightly. Harry didn't put up a fight this time. Instead, he leaned his head on Sirius' shoulder and let himself be comforted.

"I'm sorry," Sirius muttered in his ear.

"You should be," Harry said between sobs. "I can't believe you're here. And I can't believe I have to thank that bastard for this moment!" choked Harry.

Sirius chuckled softly. Harry's grasp tightened around him as if to reassure himself that Sirius wasn't just an illusion. Sirius smiled, kissed Harry's forehead tenderly and then pulled Harry's messy hair away from his face. "I have to thank that bastard, too, you know?" Sirius said, winking at Harry.

Harry made a face. He wiped his tears away and commented, "But you're married to him. It's only natural. In an odd way."

"Well, it was the least I could do for the poor soul. He rescued me after all."

"Do you really love him?" Harry asked.

"Strangely, yes," answered Sirius with a grimace. "He isn't so bad once you get to know him. His cooking is really good. And his looks have improved quite a lot ever since he cut that nasty greasy hair of his. You wouldn't know just by looking at him, but he's quite good in bed, too."

"I don't want to know about that," Harry protested. "My trust in you is still very fragile. Don't ruin it by talking about him."

"Do you think you'll ever trust me again? Or love me?" asked Sirius solemnly.

"I do love you," Harry said in a feeble voice. "As for my trust... Didn't I just say I trust you? It's weak, but we can work it out."

"We can work things out in our trip to Tibet," Sirius pointed out.

Harry's eyes twinkled. "You're coming with me?"

"Of course I am. I'm one of the few people who met Master Yoda."

Harry grimaced at Sirius' joke. "You know Star Wars?"

"I do! I'm a huge fan."

"There're a lot of things I don't know about you."

"We have plenty of time to know each other better now," said Sirius, smiling. "I want that more than anything in the world. I hope someday you'll be able to forgive me completely."

Harry nodded and hugged Sirius again. "Please, don't leave me again."

"I'm not going anywhere this time," Sirius muttered.

Harry was so happy he thought his heart would burst out of his chest. Having Draco and Sirius by his side, and wonderful friends waiting for him at home, he felt finally at ease. There was only one thing he needed to do now in order to put his life on the right track again.