

A Sinner's Prayer

By Evilevergreen

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[OneShot] "When the time came to fight and she's standing on the other side, would you be able to strike her down after all you've shared?" No longer a boy, a man must now answer the question that before he could not. [Sequel to That Gryffindor Girl]

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Summary: [One Shot] ``When the time came to fight and she's standing on the other side, would you be able to strike her down after all you've shared?" No longer a boy, a man must now answer the question that before, he could not. [Sequel to **That Gryffindor Girl**]

My name? David Lestat Montague and I am a follower of the Dark Lord. I received my Mark, along with my cousin and many others, after my seventh year. When I first told my cousin, Caesar Warrington of my decision to join You-Know-Who, he spoke to me of his concerns. He thought it would be best if we took no part in the war that was surely to come. He wanted to flee the country and live out the war someplace safe.

His concerns were valid, he had already lost his father - my uncle - in the first uprising nearly two decades ago. My father had taken in his sister and her child and Caesar and I grew up as brothers and we did everything together. So when I told him my decision was final, he told me he would join too. I told him it was not necessary, but he refused to leave my side.

He did have one condition though; he insisted that we would not get our Marks until after we were done with our schooling, in case for some reason I changed my mind. Caesar was never one to jump in to anything immediately. From that day on, I knew he would only be faithful to the Dark Lord as long as I was. I had my cousin's trust, his loyalty, and he had mine. My mother used to say we were the prime example of the Strength of Blood. . . but that's another story.

And so we lived out our school days, preparing ourselves for one single day, but then something happened within our sixth year. I - though I would never admit it, not even to Caesar - was in love. Her name? Angelina Johnson. The problem? She was a bloody Gryffindor. But that sure didn't stop me from becoming obsessed with her. I would corner her whenever I had the opportunity, which I made sure was quite often. I had even started to believe that she enjoyed our little run-ins as it seem she made it easy for herself to be cornered. But that Johnson, she was classy if anything, because once backed up with nowhere to go, she always played hard-to-get. And so we played on.

OoOoO

``Hello, Montague," she whispered in my ear the night of the Yule Ball. I was sitting at a table with Caesar as I turned my head slightly to look at her. ``Care to dance?" she asked.

``Ah, Johnson," I smirked. ``I thought you were here with Weasley."

“I am, but does that really bother you?”

“Not one bit,” I laughed. I then rose from my seat and she led me to the dance floor. The music was wild and upbeat as the people danced like fools around us, but Johnson and I swayed slowly to the song within our own heads. Lost in crowd, free from prying eyes of any chaperons, our hands wondered and explored the others body. She had never let me so close before.

I was in complete and utter bliss as she softly moaned my name in my ear, “Montague.”

“Call me by my first name,” I whispered back. “Call me. . . David.”

At that point, she slightly pulled away from me and my black eyes met her brown ones and for the first time since I started noticing her, she looked shy. “David,” she breathed as she smiled at me.

The distance between us soon started to close. I watched in fascination as her eyes closed and her lips came but a touch away before, “Angelina!” At the sound of her name being yelled by that red headed fool, she immediately pulled away from me.

“I should go,” she told me as she started to walk away.

“Not so fast, Johnson,” I pulled her back, pressing her body against mine. “Ditch the weasel and meet me outside in twenty.”

“I can't,” she said urgently. I then noticed that she wasn't looking at me, but behind me. I thought it strange at the time, but nothing more. “I'm sorry,” she spoke and then disappeared into the crowd.

OoOoO

My affections for the girl had gone mostly unnoticed by the rest of the house, but the one I could never hide from was my dear cousin, Warrington. “You know it would never work.” He was determined to convince me one night in our final year, but he was getting nowhere. The only thing that he had convinced me of was to be angry with him for insulting me.

But then he dropped something on me that I wasn't prepared for. He had asked me about loyalty. . .

“I'm just asking, if something did develop between you and Johnson, would you still be?”

He had asked me about love. . .

“Because when it came time, would you be able to let her go? And if you could, when the time came to fight and she's standing on the other side, would you be able to strike her down after all you've shared?”

. . . and having to choose between the two. But the way he had asked it is what haunted me. His voice had been soft, constricted, as if desperate to know.

“Tell me David, what would you do?”

In the end, I had not the answer. Because if I were more like Warrington - realistic to a fault - I would have let her go, but my heart - I admit - is selfish and I would have held on. In fact, that was the decision I had made - or convinced myself I had made. I needed to confront her; I needed to know if we had a future. No more games, no more keeping me at arms length. I needed her decision. Was it I she would choose or would it be Weasley?

But I would never get that answer, for Malfoy and I ran into Weasley and his double that morning. We exchanged only a few words before I went to deduct points from them, just for the hell of it, when the two took me by surprise and I was shoved into the Vanishing Cabinet. I don't know how long I was there in this dark, black place, but it was like I was suspended between two worlds. Not here, but neither there. I heard voices all the time. Some familiar while others I was hearing for the first time in my life.

It had been quiet for many hours and so I suppose it was night when I heard the voice of Angelina. "So there is still no sign of him?" she had asked.

"None and it has been weeks," his voice was weary. I was surprise to hear how long I had been away. Sure I had no idea before, but weeks seemed impossible.

"Warrington, I am so sorry for your lost," she consoled.

"You speak as if he is dead," I could hear the anger in his voice.

"Please, be realistic. If he has not been found by now, the possibilities are-"

"My cousin is not dead!" he yelled at her. "He will be found. He has to be," he said faintly.

"Caesar," she spoke as I frowned at the usage of his first name. "Don't do it," she began softly. "You said before you were only doing it for Montague. You don't have to now," she explained. "You may not want to see, but Montague is gone and there is no way around that. Joining will mean nothing now, you can't protect him."

"You're right, Johnson," he agreed reluctantly. "Before, I was joining so that I could watch his back and keep him safe and now," he paused, "I join in the respect of his memory."

"But who will keep *you* safe?" she asked him.

"You- you could join with me."

"Are you mad?"

"Yes, because we are right back where we started," he stated. "Neither willing to give." I knew not what he meant by those words, for there was something else in that conversation I could not catch as their voices faded in and out until I could hear them no more.

I was then once again alone within my sea of black, floating nowhere in particular. I had lost myself within my thoughts as I recalled their voices over and over in my head. And then suddenly, after apparently weeks of nothing, I felt cold, I felt wet. Damn it, still can't believe I ended up in a loo.

But there was something wrong with me. My movements were sluggish and I was unable to speak. I also had a hard time recognizing people. I was so confused, but every time I tried to clear my head to think, it only hurt.

It didn't hit me for a long time that the first person that came to visit me in the hospital wing was Caesar. He came alone and as soon as he was sure no one was around, he threw his arms around me and hugged me tighter than I had ever been hugged in my life. "I had lost hope," he whispered to me. I could tell he was refusing his tears as he saw I had no clue who he was. "Get well soon," he smiled sadly before leaving.

Angelina also visited me, but only in the dead of night. She would do nothing more than hold my hand for a while and kiss me on the cheek before she left. Still at the time I had no idea who she was, but I remember hoping she would return in the day, so that I could see her face.

OoOoO

How I had graduated that year, was a complete mystery to me. Considering I had missed an entire term plus my N.E.W.T.s as I finally came out of my confusion near the end of the year. "You're welcome," my cousin smiled as we sat down together on the train ride home.

"What do you mean, 'You're welcome'?" I looked at him curiously.

"Let's just say, I had a hand in that. I think you would be proud."

"Who did you blackmail?" I asked him out of habit.

"No one. . . this time," he shrugged. "I just asked someone for a favor. It was all a matter of paperwork," he confirmed.

"Thank you."

"No need. Couldn't have you pull a Flint you know," we laughed at our former Quidditch captain's expense.

We were able to catch up on the way home when I finally decided to tell Warrington of a decision I had come to. "Caesar," I began, "we've graduated."

The smile on his face fell, "So we have."

"And I have decided to listen to you. I will not join the ranks of You-Know-Who," I explained. "You were right, this will be an epic battle and we need to be far from it."

"David," he lowered his head, "I can't."

"Why not?"

My cousin then rose from his seat and went to the door to make sure it was locked. He then turned back to me. ``Remember that paperwork I had mentioned before?" he asked.

``Yes," I said slowly.

``Well, it wasn't paper per se."

I then watched in horror as he rolled up his left sleeve and revealed to me his Dark Mark. ``You fool," was all I could say.

``I had lost hope," he allowed a tear to run down his face. ``I did it in your memory."

``You damn fool," I got up and embraced him furiously. ``You goddamn fool."

And so, I received my Mark that summer. As I held out my arm I turned my head away, not because I feared pain - in fact, I felt none - but to look out over the crowd of those were already Death Eaters. And though they wore their porcelain white masks I spotted Caesar right away and my reason for doing this was clear. . . I was doing this for him.

OoOoO

Malfoy also joined the Dark Lord that year. He was nothing more than a replacement for his father is what Caesar had told me. His father had been sent to Azkaban that year, which I had been quite surprise to hear. I had always thought of him as a clever man. A shame really. It seemed a lot had taken place during my `holiday' as many referred to it.

Malfoy had come up to me once about it. He was curious he told me. He told me he had a theory, but only I could confirm it. I saw no harm in it, so I told him what I had experienced while in the Vanishing Cabinet and he seemed most delighted.

It had been a busy year, needless to say. The word was out that our Dark Lord had truly returned and people were on the look out for those who could possibly be Death Eaters. I saw little of my cousin that year. He was always off on some assignment he couldn't tell me about. I was starting to become worried about him, as he had begun to lose weight. ``If you're in any kind of trouble," I had begun one night.

``Don't worry, David," he smiled at me sadly, ``I know you have my back."

And then came disturbing news from one of the Death Eaters he as been assigned with, ``Warrington is unable to kill."

``What?"

``During our last mission. . . I can't get into details, but Montague, he froze. If I had not been there-"

``Thank you," I interrupted him. ``I'll take care of it."

``How?"

“Don't worry about that. I'll find a way,” I grew angry at his doubt.

But then more disturbing news came. It was of the death of Dumbledore, I didn't mean too, but I felt sadder by the loss. I had learned then what Malfoy had been up to that year and felt sick to my stomach, for indirectly I had been a part of his demise. But then again, it felt good, because whose fault was it that was in the Vanishing Cabinet in the first place?

Exactly. Funny, how things work out.

After Dumbledore's death, I was placed on a special assignment. I had heard of Dumbledore's Army in passing throughout the year, but I never thought it would play any significant role in my life. My instructions were simple; kill as many people on the list as I possibly could. As my eyes started to scan the list, I could have leapt for joy, for the very first name on the list was that of Fred Weasley. I thought that smile would be a permanent feature until I looked a few names down and read the name Angelina Johnson. All of sudden, I felt numb and quickly had to sit down.

At that point, I thought I had been over her. I thought it had been nothing more than a schoolboy crush. And then my cousin's words came back to me. . .

“You two would never have anything beyond the physical part of your relationship. So how you could find yourself in love with her is beyond me.”

“Love?” I looked at him strangely. “Dear cousin, I never said anything about love.”

“Really?” he made a face. “Sorry, I just assumed. . .”

But of course he knew, he knew before I had. It was more than a crush. I had - *am* in love with Angelina Johnson, no matter at this point how much I pray that I wasn't.

So I began on my list, but it was difficult. The Weasley pair, though having their own place, spent much of their time at their parent's home, which was still heavily guarded because of Potter. Spinnet, had dropped from the face of the earth, there was no sign of her. Jordan, had disappeared with Spinnet. Lucky them.

And so the next name on my list was Johnson's. Good place to start as any, because I knew if I didn't take her out first, that I would never do it. She was as difficult to find as I hoped she would be, but still I prepared to watch and study her so that I would be able to know when she was most vulnerable. When I had found her, she had appeared so happy.

She was in a market place shopping and as she did I noticed how occasionally she rest her hand upon her stomach. It didn't take me long to realize that she was with child. As the day carried on I began to wonder whom the father could be. I had first thought of Weasley of course, but I had already checked him out, there had been no signs that they were still together. At least that was a positive note.

I followed her home that evening and found out she lived in an apartment complex. When she left her home again, to have dinner with some girlfriends, I found my way into her place. As I looked around I

was astonished to find that she lived alone. I became angry. Why was she making this so difficult for me. . . by making it so easy to kill her?

I soon left her apartment, for I couldn't stand to be there another moment. But I knew that sooner or later that I would have to return and so I did. The moon was out as I came back strolling down her street. The lights were on in her place, so I knew she was home and before I knew it, I was standing in front of her door, knocking, of all things. ``Montague," she seemed genuinely surprised to see me. ``What are you doing here?" she asked.

``I'm here to kill you," I told her honestly.

She laughed, ``You were always a kidder, but it's late you should head home." She started to close the door on me.

``I'm sorry," I said quietly as I pulled out my wand and forced my way into her home.

She screamed in surprise, but that didn't stop her from trying to fight back. We struggled for a bit and she managed - or I allowed her, I don't remember - to knock my wand out of my hand and as she did we went tumbling to the floor. As I pinned her down, my wand only a foot away, all I could do was look at her. ``I thought you said you were going to kill me," she said breathing heavily.

``Did you ever love me?" I ended up asking before I could stop myself.

``What?" she looked at me in disbelief.

``Back in school when we met in the corridors. Did that mean anything to you at all? Did you ever love me?" I asked again. I was desperate for her answer, but all she did was turn her head away from me, ``Johnson, please."

``I wasn't suppose to," she began quietly. ``I was suppose to discourage you, but I didn't. You had pulled me in and I didn't want to let go even though my heart belonged to someone else."

``Weasley," I stated.

She then looked back up at me, ``No."

Suddenly there came a popping sound. Someone had Apparated into her bedroom. ``Angelina!" yelled the man. ``They're going after those on the D.A.'s list. We have to-" He stopped dead in his tracks as he came into the living room and saw the sight before him, ``David."

I was confused and I'm sure my face showed it, ``Caesar?"

He then did the last thing I thought I would never see him do, ``Let her go!" he pulled his wand out on me. And as I stared at him, I remembered the question he asked me about letting her go. . .

``. . .*would you be ready to switch sides, to betray your family, friends, and everything you've ever known, for something that can't last? Because the people you once called your family and friends would*

be after you and her for as long as you both breathe." He then asked, "Tell me David, what would you do?"

And then it hit me. That night had never been about me, or how I felt for Johnson. It was about him and a choice he knew he would soon have to make. He knew he would never be able to kill her, just like I knew I couldn't. I smiled inwardly; we truly were of the same line. "David," he warned me again.

"Is this what you have been fearing, cousin?" I proceeded to ask him, "The day you would have to strike *me* down?"

He said nothing at first and so I turned my head towards my fallen wand. "David!" he yelled. "Don't do it. It doesn't have to go down like this. Just simply stand and I will lower my wand."

"Then what?" I shrugged. "I can't go back without at least making one kill. She's the easiest, if I go after someone else now, the Dark Lord will grow suspicious. I had to give the report, they know where I am. They'll find this place."

"Please," he begged me, "let there be another way." I then saw tears fall down from his brown eyes. "We can all escape together."

"I wish I could," I said as I looked down at Angelina still underneath me. She was in love with my cousin and carrying his child. I then remembered back to the day I was pushed into the Vanishing Cabinet, the day I was going to confront her. I may have had a chance then, but I would never know. "I do this for you, Caesar," I said as I quickly reached for my wand.

"David. David!" he yelled before I gave him no choice, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

And then all was silent. . .

I made him realize his fear, I know. But it was for the best, because I knew if he was able to kill me, one of blood, he would be able to strike down any man that came after his family with ease. And he would be able to live a long life, happy with his love and their future children. And so I released him of that fear he had been holding on to for so long or at least. . . that's this sinner's prayer.

THE END