

The Last Row

by *Subversa*

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One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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'Get up.'

'No.'

'Get up—you're making an arse of yourself.'

'No—and I don't care.'

A group of second-years walked by, goggling.

'People are *looking!*'

'Those aren't people; they're midgets.'

'I'm going to my dormitory.'

'Fine.'

'I mean it—I'm going to sleep, so you may as well go.'

'No.'

'You are *such* a berk.'

'You like that about me!'

'I'm going now, and you'd better be gone tomorrow!'

'You think I'd stay here all night for *you?*'

'I'm not going to listen to anything you say!'

'I thought you were gone?'

'You really *are* an arse!'

'So I've heard.'

The portrait slammed.

'Look who it is, Padfoot.'

The seemingly sleeping boy's left hand tensed about his wand.

'What does the sign say?' the podgy one asked. 'I can't see it.'

'You couldn't read it if you *could* see it, Wormtail,' the bespectacled one replied. The others laughed.

The sandy-haired one stated, 'The sign says, "Lily Evans, you know you love me. Be my girl."' "

The handsome one lounged against the wall. 'What I don't understand, Prongs, is why you haven't hexed him yet.'

The sandy-haired one spoke up again. 'The Head Boy will not hex anyone while this Prefect is watching,' he said firmly.

'Marplot Moony,' the handsome one muttered, and they moved to the portrait.

'Besides,' the Head Boy said, looking back with a smirk, *she* doesn't even talk to him anymore. I'm *in!*'

The Fat Lady closed, and the boy on the floor said, 'Keep telling yourself that, Potter.'

The boy dozed. The tall wizard with the crooked nose looked down at him with a frown. From his pocket, he produced a rectangular object and placed it beside the boy. '*Aestus estus*,' he said, and the Radiate-All glowed red, warming the cold stone floor.

'Do you think this plan will succeed, Severus?' he wondered aloud, then walked on.

In the morning, the herd of Gryffindors passed him by with sly looks and audible taunts. The Head Girl walked by without a glance, although she did peek back over her shoulder before heading downstairs.

The boy smirked.

In the lull of mid-afternoon, the boy lay dozing when the Head Girl ran down the corridor, her footfalls noisy upon the stone. She dropped her heavy book-bag so close to his head that he felt the displaced air upon the side of his face.

'Is it true?' she all but shouted.

He glanced at the cheap wristwatch he wore. 'You're skiving off Advanced Potions.'

'Is it?' she demanded again.

'I don't know what you're on about.'

'The Slytherins were lined up outside the classroom waiting for Sluggie to let us in—Rosier and Lestrangle were whispering—you didn't show up for the big meeting Saturday night!'

'I didn't?' One eyebrow rose interrogatively.

She fell to her knees and grabbed his right arm, pushing the robes up to reveal a rather skinny, pale arm. He watched her closely, his eyes, so often described as cold and empty, showing warmth and amusement ... and a bit more.

'Is there something I can help you with?' he asked, but she didn't answer, simply dropped his right arm and grabbed his left, repeating the procedure. All she found was a left arm perfectly matching the right.

She looked down, and black eyes met green. Her dark red hair was pulled back from her face in a functional pony-tail, but her face was flushed with exertion and ... excitement, perhaps? To him, she had never been lovelier.

'Why didn't you *tell* me?' she whispered, reaching to smooth lank black hair off his face.

'I believe I asked to speak with you,' he pointed out. 'You refused.'

'You didn't join him?'

'No.'

'And you're not going to?'

'Never. Not if it means losing you.'

She leant over him. 'Love me?' she whispered.

'Always,' he said, pulling her down into a kiss.

Severus heard Potter before he saw him; he stood and helped Lily up.

'Go—I'll tell him,' she said.

'No.'

The Marauders stopped and spread across the corridor.

'Fuck off, Snivellus,' Potter spat.

'Thanks for keeping Lily company during our row,' Severus said, elation rising in him like waves at sea. 'We won't be needing you anymore.'

Wands were drawn, but Lily was quick; she cast a Shield and turned her back, wrapping her arms around Severus' neck and kissing him in front of his worst enemies.

Severus held her close, breathing her fiery hair, and memorised the moment: his love secured and a foe thwarted.

Author's Notes: This story was written for the Live Journal Community RomancingWizard 'Bring Out Your Dead' Challenge, which required the use of a wizard who died in canon, an original magical device, and a prompt. My prompt was 'a foe thwarted'.