

I Look At You

by lyn_f

Two people describe their thoughts whilst looking at each other from a distance.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own them. It's all JK Rowling's. I'm just borrowing them for the moment ...

I look at you, and I don't see the girl I remember from your student days at Hogwarts. I no longer see the girl with the ridiculously bushy, brown hair, or the irritating, hand-waving, know-it-all Gryffindor.

I look at you, and I see a beautiful young woman, whose hair frames her face like the perfect picture, whose brown eyes exude warmth, and whose smile lights up a room.

I look at you, and I recall the care you gave me all those years ago and remember how much of yourself you gave me, even if you may have been in doubt as to where my true allegiances lie.

I look at you, and I wonder – is there any chance this beautiful young woman can ever return my regard and my affection, or dare I say it, my love?

I look at you, and I don't see the greasy-haired bat of the dungeons I remember from my student days at Hogwarts. I no longer see the intimidating teacher with the ridiculously billowing robes or the infuriating, surly, sullen Slytherin.

I look at you, and I see a man with a brilliant mind, who is handsome in his own way, whose hair is not as greasy or as shapeless as I once thought, and whose eyes are not the cold, black endless tunnels I once saw, but are the darkest brown, and very expressive.

I look at you, and I remember how frail and broken your body was all those years ago after you were left for dead by that godforsaken snake-man, hoping against hope that I wasn't too late in coming to your aid.

I look at you and I wonder – is there more to this brilliant Potions master than what I see before me? Could it be that behind the mask, there is a man who would see me for who I am and who could return even a fraction of the regard, the affection, and the love I feel for him?

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