

Veritas

by shefa

When words won't do, look to the proof of one's eyes. Three sets of 100-word drabbles. Written for lulabelle72 for HPcon_envy.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I watch the cauldron for the telltale colour shift; the rolling bubbles change hue in the blink of an eye, and when they do, I must move quickly.

There.

Flame doused, potion decanted.

Perfect.

Patience is required now, but that's all right—it's just more waiting. I'm used to waiting. I've already waited for him for years.

I waited until I grew into full womanhood. Waited until my skill and confidence matched his.

Waited.

The potion grows cold until at last, it is ready to use. The lacquer reflects the light, like a mirror on my heart—where words fail.

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I never was one to primp in front of mirrors. Had I considered the potential *usefulness* that might be imbedded in a beauty aid, I might have reconsidered.

The lacquer spreads smoothly, its silvery sheen irresistible. It must be its relationship to Veritaserum. Truth-telling imbedded in its very composition.

He'd dismissed me, called me foolish. Impulsive. He told me that I didn't know my own mind.

Tonight he'll know. He'll see it when I touch him, the polish on my fingers glowing silver with the truth of my heart's desire.

He'll know when, finally, I bring him to my bed.

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The music's beat thrums in my blood.

No more so than the rhythm of his breaths on my skin.

Finally, he cannot deny truth made tangible before his eyes. He takes my fingertip in his mouth, tongue stroking... shimmering desire burning in his eyes.

My need palpable—for him alone, fingertips a beacon, mirroring the emotion whose sound he could never hear.

But it's the polish on my toes that reflect the truth he's refused, hidden beneath layers long unshed.

The mirror of veritas lacquer—uncovered as he tastes every inch of me, his beloved features shimmering beneath the surface.