

A Precautionary Measure

by christev

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He picked up the small metallic device, turning it over in his hand several times. He'd used its technological predecessor before, of course, but that was many years ago. This thing looked like a toy, small enough to fit easily in his Muggle pocket, almost completely lost in the pockets in his voluminous robes. It looked foreign, felt odd.

"It could save your life."

Months ago, when she gave it to him, she said it was just a precautionary measure. Just in case. Of course he would assuredly never need rescuing. He was much too strong, far too clever to find himself in too tight a spot. But still.

She'd be there, she had said, monitoring it. Really, just in case. He grimaced.

Yes, he was too clever - too clever by half, more like. Didn't detect that one Tracer spell. Barely got away alive, and only then because they'd been just outside the wards. Five feet earlier and he wouldn't have been able to Apparate. As it was, he had still caught a Slicing hex on his side.

He pressed his hand more firmly to the wound in his side, wincing just a bit. He didn't mind so much the blood on his wand - if anything, it enhanced the connection between himself and his magic - but he was right annoyed that he'd been wearing one of his better robes, ruined now.

He cradled the device in his clean hand, awkwardly prying it open where it was hinged.

She'd be monitoring. She'd given him her oath.

As the spring-loaded contraption worked, he saw the panel hidden within illuminate, just as she'd shown him. He marked the numeric sequence, long ago memorized, and watched as the numbers lit up on the tiny screen. Nothing happened, and he almost despaired until he remembered her voice, coaching him.

"And then the green one. All right. You'll remember the green? Like... like her eyes?"

She'd looked at him then with an odd expression before turning to go.

"Press the green one. I'll be there."

His thumb pushed down on the green circle and watched as more indecipherable symbols faded in, faded out. Three seconds passed. Five. Ten.

"Severus?!" The noise jarred him and he almost dropped the device. "You're alive! You're there! You called! I'm here! I'm coming! Just stay where you are!"

He grunted incoherently as the voice shouting from the Muggle device became the voice shouting from several feet away. He was falling now, legs finally giving out on him.

She was coming. She was there. Just like she had promised.

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A/N: Once again, I am indebted to ApollinaV and MiaMadwyn for their advice and encouragement. Thank you, dears.