

Remember

by Dreamy_Dragon

Old friends meet again.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Ginny dodged a Bludger and shot forward on her broom. With one swift move, she threw the Quaffle right through the middle hoop. Charlie cheered with the crowd as his younger sister brought the Holyhead Harpies into the lead with 50:40. Next to him, Ron and his girlfriend were bickering as usual.

The excitement of the game caught up with Charlie again as Ginny scored another goal for the Harpies. Further down the stands, he saw a shock of pink hair bobbing up and down. His heart gave a little jolt.

The last time he had seen her, her hair had been mousy-brown, her heart-shaped face pale and utterly still. She'd barely survived her aunt's curse in the final battle. His heart gave another little jolt as Tonks's head turned and her eyes caught his.

Charlie took a swig from his beer bottle. In the end, the Holyhead Harpies had flattened the Montrose Magpies with 220:40 and won the League Cup for the second year in a row. Around him, the victory party was now in full swing.

Crash!

He turned in time to see Tonks stumbling over a chair. The glass she'd been holding soared through the air. With the swift reflexes of a former seeker, he caught it before it could hit the ground.

'Thanks.' Tonks stood before him, grinning and looking a tad embarrassed. 'Wotcher, Charlie.'

'Hiya, Tonks,' he said, handing her back her glass.

Silence. Charlie had the feeling time had come to a standstill while he took in her face, her eyes, her vivid pink hair.

'What's that?' he finally asked with a nod at the colourful, frothy concoction in her glass.

'It's called a Pink Squirrel. Your brother made it. It's really nice, you should try it,' she said, leaning back against the table and missing it by a few inches.

Charlie quickly caught her before she could fall. She felt warm and soft in his arms, exactly as he remembered. 'No thanks, I prefer beer,' he mumbled into her spiky hair. He felt her snuggling closer into his embrace.

'You always did. Remember the party in our seventh year?' She giggled.

'Yeah. Some party.'

Silence again – not so awkward this time. Her hand had started to move up and down his back, spreading warmth. He pulled her closer still. 'Fancy seeing my new tattoo?'

Tonks nodded against his chest.

Charlie suddenly felt as if *he* had just won the cup. Thankfully, nobody seemed to notice as they slipped quietly away for their very own, private party.

~fin~

A/N: Originally written for timestep's prompt "Charlie, any female, Pink Squirrel" on hpcon_envy.

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