

Memories

by sunny33

Sometimes it is not the monetary value of a gift that is important.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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“Close your eyes.”

“Why?”

“I have a surprise for you.”

“What is it?”

“Close your eyes, and you will find out.”

“Okay. I’m ready. A present! But it’s only Christmas Eve!”

“Open it.”

“You made this?”

“Yes.”

“For me?”

“Just for you, my love. Take the lid off and smell it.”

“Mmm. Lavender. Roses. And... and... oh, Severus, mint! This lotion smells like my mother!”

“Don’t cry, love. Come here...”

“It’s just... I miss her so much.”

“I know, Hermione. I saw you holding her old handkerchief to your nose last week and crying.”

“It’s been two years; the scent has almost gone. But now I can remember her whenever I use this, you wonderful man!”

“I just hope it helps.”

"Of course it does. Whenever I use this, I will think of my mother, who loved me for twenty years, and my husband, who will love me—"

"Forever."

Saturday night drabble prompt from twilexis: Dialogue only. The greatest gifts are those given from the heart (preferably xmassie, but can be any gift). Thank you to twilexis for the beta.