

Anticipation

by TeaOli

Arthur waits to Floo home.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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“All right, Arthur?”

He glanced up and gave a quick nod to the wizard queuing for the Floo next to his, knowing the other man would mistake the anticipation on his face for good-natured determination.

“Hen-pecked” is what many called him. They didn’t know him – or his Molly – at all.

Just as only a select few knew what he really did at the Ministry of Magic, only Arthur knew the truth about his Mollywobbles. And only she could make his double life bearable.

In the end, it didn’t matter, did it? He knew. Molly knew.

Besides, he was almost home.

Lyn_F's prompt was: Write what this Arthur [from the February Lumos art] is thinking in 500 words or less.