

It's Been Seven Years

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Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This little beauty was written for the GS100 on LJ, the seventh book anniversary challenge. I'd also like to thank Krissy for her fabulous beta skills. Enjoy!

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It's Been Seven Years

It's been seven years since I saved his life. I had rushed back to the Shrieking Shack after Voldemort was defeated. I had a feeling in my gut that I could save him. I just knew I had to try. Ignoring Ron and Harry's shouts, I ran as fast as my feet would carry me.

Seeing him on the floor in a pool of blood made my heart stop.

I immediately started to work. I poured dittany over his wounds, trying to stop the blood. I shoved a bezoar down his throat. Then, I tried every healing spell I knew.

My healing efforts worked because he was at Hogwarts the following September. After accepting the honorary N.E.W.T.s offered, I had returned to Hogwarts as Minerva's apprentice.

Severus didn't look too pleased to see me, but I didn't know why. Turns out, he was angry I had saved his life.

I heatedly told him that I did him a favor, even if he was too stubborn to see it himself.

After that, we seemed to butt heads a lot during my first year as an apprentice. He always cracked a snide comment at me. More than once, he made me cry.

Eventually, we became friends of a sort. I suspected he still saw me as a child, but he would at least talk to me. Many nights we would sit in the staff room by the fire and talk. He told me about his private experimentations in the potions world, and I told him about the tasks I was doing for my apprenticeship. Surprisingly, he would offer me advice every so often.

I enjoyed his presence and realized that he might have enjoyed mine as well. Severus could be nice when he wanted to.

That's when I realized I loved him.

Five years after the war ended, the Ministry decided to throw a celebratory ball. As a Hogwarts professor, I was required to attend. I knew Severus had to go as well, and hoped that this was my chance.

I had harbored my secret crush on him for two and a half years. I was ready to make my move.

I asked him to dance and he accepted.

I will never forget the feeling of elated happiness I felt as we danced around the crowded room. He guided me around with ease.

At the end of the night, he kissed me.

Our relationship was awkward at first. It consisted of light touches and soft kisses when we were alone. I cherished those moments, as they didn't happen often.

Severus saw a side of me that no one else did. He saw my fears and doubts, while I saw his hesitation and self-deprecation.

We grew together over time. I helped draw him out of his shell, and he helped me move past the war. I don't know where I'd be without him.

Minerva eventually found out about our relationship. To my surprise, she simply said, "About time."

Severus and I were content.

Now, here we are. I glance out of the corner of my eye and watch as he talks with Minerva. We've been married for a year now, and I've never been happier.

Severus smirks at me, and I can only imagine what's running through his mind. His hand reaches out and gently touches my leg. His touch always comforts me.

I'll ask if he still loves me, and Severus's answer is always the same. "Always," he'll murmur before silencing my insecurities with a kiss.

It's been seven years since I saved his life, and I'm so glad that I did.