

Sunlight

by Silver Angel

At the conclusion of the war, Severus contemplates his choices in this one-shot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Inspired by the song "Flying Above the Clouds" by Amber.

Nothing is mine, all thanks to JKR for providing us with such characters!

What would you do when the storm clouds you have been living under for most your life suddenly clear up, leaving the sky bright with sunlight and everything so clear for you to see? Would you think back with relief and remember all the times when everything had pelted upon you so hard that you wondered if there was any point seeing the storm through? Or would you think ahead to the wondrous things that might come?

Would you look to your Sunlight, as she dances across the open field that is now your life, the field with none of the constraints you previously lived under, celebrating the way the storm clouds have broken up, moved on, giving you a chance at the freedom you never had? Or would you look away, knowing that there nothing now tying her to you, thinking that she might leave you now, because she has no need for you?

I stand out in the open field, watching as the people around me looked stunned at the fallen heap that was Lord Voldemort, my storm cloud. I watch the joyous smiles break out on people's faces. *He has not fled; he must be dead* they whisper to each other excitedly. *Dead for good this time.*

The Winner, the Hope of the Good, the Chosen One, Harry Potter is the first to raise his hand in triumph, like he did that very first time he played Quidditch, when he managed to luck his way to victory by swallowing the Snitch. Maybe this victory was not based around such luck, but he is still looking somewhat bewildered as his hand rises into the air.

His fist is followed by many others, one of those fists belonging to my Sunlight, the one who kept trying to shine even as the storm took its toll on me, more then it ever had. This war was nothing like the first. It was more brutal, more terrible. So many more sacrifices had been made, by all. But here I stand on the other side of the war, my body rigid with shock after such a victory.

But is it really victory? What would one do now? Would you raise your fist to the open sky with the rest, or do you wait, not daring to believe what might have just happened? Would you expect the cloud to return full force at any moment, not daring to just in case it does? Or would you watch as your Sunlight moves about, wondering if she will come to you?

Would you dare believe that she will still love you?

Watching the people around me begin to move, I do not know what to think. She is looking confused, happy, angry and sad all that the same time. Only my Sunlight, with her bushy hair and bookworm attitude, would manage to do such a thing as be all those things at once. I think back to all the different emotions she has brought into me,

brought out of me, and filled my private chambers with. Most of all, it has been with sunlight. I wonder if she will ever bring those emotions back, if she will return.

I push those thoughts aside and set back to work, clearing away the mess that has been created just outside of the school gates. Potter managed to stop them from getting into the grounds, meeting them on their way. I try not to think of the fact that I know these people I am helping to clear away for now. I try not to think of them as just bodies. I try to think of my Sunlight.

After the work is done, I make my way up to the school. I have not seen her for a while, and I wonder where she is, and what might be happening right now. Entering the school I see there has been a somewhat impromptu ball set up in the Great Hall. The people in the vast Hall – Aurors, students, teachers, wizards, witches – are all in some sort of dishevelled state.

All except my Sunlight. She is as beautiful as ever, even with the dirt on her torn robes and what looks like a healing salve smeared across one cheek. I watch as she stands with Harry Potter, Ronald Weasley and Minerva McGonagall.

Would you approach her now, seeing her standing there, looking so shocked, yet so pleased? Would you wait until she's seen you, until she's made the move, knowing that for the past five months, it has always been her who makes the first move towards you?

I choose to stand, to wait, to watch, to see. I feel my heart sinking as she does not see me, as she does not approach me, as she does not seem to make an effort to find me. She does not want me.

When you feel your heart break as your Sunlight turns away, would you leave? Or would you soldier on, as you have for what feels like a hundred years now?

I am forced to stay and watch as Minerva stands and makes an announcement. But I cannot hear her; I cannot focus on anything but the beautiful Sunlight that shines to the right of her. I turn my back, unwilling to look anymore, telling myself that she does not want me.

Suddenly I hear people cheer, and people raise their goblets.

"To the end!" they cheer, taking a sip.

"To a new start!" they yell, taking another.

"To Harry Potter!" they cry, drinking more.

"To you," I hear a voice say behind me.

What would you do if you heard her voice behind you? If you felt the warm rays of your Sunlight barely inches from your back? Would you forget your breaking heart and turn to her? Forget about everyone in the room and hold her to you and profess what you have not once said to her? Or would you wait, not trusting yourself, keeping your back on the warmth?

I turn and am greeted by her face. This close, she the most breathtaking thing I have ever seen, no matter what. Her brown eyes dance with desire, with happiness, with freedom.

I embrace her, in the Hall, in front of the world, no longer caring. The storm cloud no longer sits over me, I am free, and my Sunlight is shining on me. I feel her arms come around me, and I hold her close.

"Sunlight, my Sunlight," I whisper in her hair. "I love you, my Sunlight."

She pulls back, and I see the shock register in her eyes. But before I can take it back, apologise, she kisses me. I do not care; I kiss her back, knowing if it were not for these people, I would show her just how much I love her right then and there.

"I love you," she murmurs between kisses. "Always, Severus, always."

What would you do if you heard those words? Would you stay and celebrate with the rest, knowing that it is over now and more celebrations will be to come? Would you listen to the speeches, the thanks, feel the hugs and pats on the back? Or would you take your Sunshine away and show her things you've never showed her before? Would you take her to your chambers and forget the rest of the world?

As she leads me from the Hall, away from prying eyes, I know that not for the first time in my life, I have no choice. But at least this is a decision I agree with.
