

Time For Us

by *Saltfish*

A post-war ficlet written for 30minutefics LJ community. The prompt was a scar.
Fluffy-angst, if that's possible.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I've included the warning of torture. There is no described violence, but torture is implied. The subject matter could bother some people.

This was my first go at writing and editing a ficlet in 30 minutes. The prompt for this was a scar.

Thanks to RobisonRocket for the corrections!

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The cut had been quite small, considering. All that was left now was a thin, silvery line that lingered across her belly. Not something anyone would notice, not unless they really looked. And when you consider how some of the others were left... well, it was nothing. She was whole and in one piece. Who could ask for more?

Ron had been worst off after the war—of the ones who lived, that is. He lost his right arm and an eye in an explosion which, if nothing else, gave him a new respect for Snape and his fear of Potions accidents. He was no longer able to ride a broom, of course, and his budding Quidditch career was a longed-for memory.

It was the Ministry now for him and a desk in a cubicle not far from where his father had worked. He didn't mind, not really. He was a co-ordinator in the Aurors' office, the person who knew that Harry was in Wales and not able to interview a suspected escaped Death Eater. Or that Tonks and Remus were on holiday and were not to be disturbed. It would be the death of the one who interrupted her planned lie by the pool, pina colada in hand, complete with extra umbrellas.

Hermione was no longer with Ron. It was never going to work out, something they both seemed to know. Once the adrenalin rush of finding each other alive was over and their chatting over lunch and tea in hospital gowns was gone, it was just them and a strange stillness that neither of them expected.

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Sitting in the Aurors' office she looked down and traced that faint line. The cut had been neat, much as she would have expected from someone as precise as Lucius Malfoy. A few inches, that was all it took. Not able to meet Harry's eyes as he spoke, she focussed on Tonks instead.

"We thought he was dead, I swear to you, or I'd have—"

"You'd have what, Mr Potter? Searched the length and breadth of the United Kingdom? Pulled apart every stone of Malfoy Manor for any unknown hiding places? How precisely did you expect to prevent him from attacking the Grangers?"

She was sure the scathing voice sent ripples of memory through Harry, regardless of which side Snape was on now.

"How dare you, Snape. It's not like you did more than us. Not while you've been locked away safe and sound at school."

She didn't look up. She didn't want to see them at wand-point; what on earth would that solve?

It was Ron who intervened. "Professor, please."

Then no one spoke. She could feel the eyes of the room on her. She just didn't know what to say; all she could think about was the tiny scar.

A faint tear streaked her cheek as she listened to the low voice almost drop to a whisper, "I'm sorry, I should have thought... It's just..." Severus clasped her hand in his. "She won't be our last. There's plenty of time for us."