

An Ornament for Tonks

by *Southern_Witch_69*

An ornament brings memories back for Tonks. Charlie is there to comfort her.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: These characters are not mine.

SW says: I wrote this story for Tempest of Dreams, who was kind enough to respond to an LJ post I made in which I requested prompts.

Her requests were:

Pairing: Tonks/Charlie

Keyword: Ornament

Beta'd by Madam Goodsnatch. Hehe.

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Tonks placed the last ornament on the tree and wiped away the tears from her cheeks. Remus had given it to her as a gift on their last Christmas together. It was a large silvery globe with a carving of a wolf resting beneath a small tree under a full moon, snowflakes falling around it. Every now and then the wolf's tail twitched or its ears would perk up, as if hearing something in the surrounding forest.

"Here you are."

She looked up and saw Charlie, two cups in his hands. "I thought you might like some tea. It'll warm you up if nothing else. The fire doesn't seem to be putting out, does it?"

"Thanks." She took the proffered cup. "I'm sorry," she said softly after a few moments had passed.

"You've nothing to be sorry for. He was a part of your life for a long time. I've always known and accepted that," Charlie said as he settled beside her.

"It's just that ornament. I..." Her throat constricted tightly as she tried to form the words.

"I know, love," he said, trying to soothe her. He pushed aside a few locks of brown hair and pressed his lips to her temple. "My only wish is that you'd stop blaming yourself for his death."

She simply nodded. No new tears fell. It had been four years since he'd died, and she'd been seeing Charlie for most of the current one. "I don't anymore," she admitted. "I know that it wasn't my fault. Sometimes I just get lost in my memories and wish that he'd lived." She leaned into Charlie's embrace. "I'm not saying that I would rather be

with him than you. Just that he lost his life too soon.”

“He was a good man and died way too young,” Charlie agreed.

“What have I done to deserve you? You’re so understanding about things.”

He simply kissed her lips softly and smiled. “Drink your tea before it gets cold.”

As she relaxed and began drinking her tea, her hair slowly brightened until it was pink again, and she easily began talking about the gift her mother intended to give her father for Christmas.

Charlie didn’t mind that she sometimes thought of her ex-husband. That was to be expected. There was no need to compete with a ghost—he was the one who would spend the rest of his life with her now, and over time, her pain of loss would continue to ease away until it was only a distant memory. He looked at one of the small packages under their tree. Inside was a golden ornament that greatly resembled the one Lupin had given her. The only difference was that the wolf was gone—replaced by his dragon.

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SW69’s Notes: I’ve never written a story with this pairing, and I was uncertain how to go about it. Earlier, I was admiring an ornament given to me by a departed loved one, and that’s what I used for this. Sorry it’s so short! Hope you enjoyed.