

# Decompression

*by madjh*

The Order gathers at Grimmauld Place to catch their breath after the war is won.

## Drabble

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The Order gathers at Grimmauld Place to catch their breath after the war is won.

*A/N: While writing my Hermione/Bill fic, I had quite a lot of trouble with the last chapter. This scene was one of my many attempts at getting it right. While it wasn't right for that fic, I still liked it too much to lose it completely.*

Ron sat on the floor leaning against the settee with his knees raised up. Cradled between his legs was Harry, who rested his head on Ron's chest. Ron's arms were laced around his friend's waist. Not an odd position to find a couple in, but not one that two adolescent boys often shared. Remus wondered when someone else would notice the intimacy that the Ron and Harry were doing nothing to disguise.

Equally shocking was Hermione's choice of pillow. She lay on the settee with her head on Bill's lap. His hand rested on her torso, just below her breasts. Again, it wasn't an obvious display, but still more intimate than one would expect.

Everyone in the room was exhausted. Voldemort was dead, thanks to Harry and his friends. Now they all sat in the salon of number 12 Grimmauld Place, unable to let go of the tension that had seen them live through the past several years.

Remus shook his head and continued to observe. Arthur was finally asking intelligent questions, and Harry was finally free to answer. Molly was fussing over her brood. Moody was relaxing, Tonks was asleep, Severus Snape was attending to the effects of a rather nasty curse borne by Neville Longbottom.

It was Severus who finally followed Remus' gaze and met the werewolf's knowing look with a quirked eyebrow of his own. They shared a smile and laid in wait together for the inevitable storm. "Harry did as he was instructed, Molly, and was successful in his task. He is to be commended for it, not chastised."

Harry cocked open a weary eye. "Are you defending me, Snape? My father would surely roll in his grave."

"Was I defending you?" asked Severus, and Remus noted the devilish glint in the other man's eyes. "It must be the exhaustion."

Remus snorted at the gasps of shock, dismay and amusement; for what Severus had done was to draw everyone's attention back to Harry's person, and the entire room witnessed as Ron pressed a soothing kiss to Harry's neck. Harry's eyes were closed as he sighed in contentment, but Ron lifted his gaze to meet the room.

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