

Maybe When

by Anijade

Do you really get second chances to get what you want?

Prompt was: Not here, not now-500 word challenge

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In the beginning, he knew there was no chance of anything growing between them. She was a Slytherin and he was a Gryffindor; there were too many who would oppose them, the rivalry between the houses was too great.

So he just watched her during his last year, wishing he could tell her how much she fascinated him *Maybe I can ask her out when school is over....* He never noticed her noticing him, too.

Graduation came, and he moved on, never forgetting the girl with the ash-blond hair and shy smile. Being recruited to Puddlemere's reserve team was a distraction at least, and Oliver threw himself into training. He tried forgetting the one girl who'd managed to distract him from Quidditch. Groupies came and went, but nobody managed to hold his attention.

She'd been in her third year when she'd really noticed one boy in particular. There'd been no chance of anything happening. Besides the age difference, there was the friction between their houses, and she wasn't one to take risks and be cast out from her housemates for a crush that might be unrequited. *At least I can watch him at games and nobody will notice. That's the best that I can do.*

When Oliver graduated, Daphne noticed his absence. Quidditch no longer captured her attention as much, and she realized that she had never really cared for the sport save for him. However, there was little time to mourn his loss. First O.W.L.s came, and then in sixth year the worst happened; the invasion of the Death Eaters and the death of the Headmaster.

She and the other students were whisked home. She was sent to Switzerland to hide with her mother's family. Her father, well, she didn't know what had become of him. Either he had joined them or paid the price. Either way, it was just her and her mother. Still, Daphne's thoughts never failed to fall on Oliver, hoping he was okay and that she might see him again. "When this is over I'll...."

The start of the war marked the end of Oliver's Quidditch career. Harry called on him to stand at his side and lead the aerial division of the Order of the Phoenix. The work kept him busy, but at night he could not help worrying about Daphne. He prayed to any deity that might hear him that she was okay and that he would see her again. "Maybe there's still time."

Finally it was over with heavy losses on both sides. Harry Potter had prevailed. Wizarding London was ablaze. People returned from the ashes to help rebuild their world. The *Daily Prophet* kept a running list of the injured, the dead and those missing in action, and daily Daphne scoured the list looking for some sign of Oliver. The morning she found his name, time stood still. Picking up her robes, she pulled them on, and she left the small bedsit she had been living in. Maybe when had finally arrived.

Author's Notes : Thanks to somiglana for reading this over for me and making all the good changes. My first challenge piece so I hope you all like it.