

One Last Look

by Moreteadk

He just had to see her one last time before she became somebody else's wife.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

He just had to see her one last time before she became somebody else's wife.

Theo slipped quietly in through the doors and found a seat at the very back. He had spent hours that morning getting his disguise right. This was the last place in which he wanted to be recognised. In fact, he didn't even want to be here at all, but he had little choice. He needed to see her just this last time.

Feeling uncomfortable in this Muggle outfit, he hoped that he hadn't picked something entirely inappropriate. Theo knew next to nothing about Muggles or Muggle fashion, but he remembered hearing half-bloods and Muggle-borns laughing at what some wizards had worn at the Quidditch World Cup back in his fourth year at Hogwarts. He had begged Daphne, who had married Anthony Goldstein the year before, for weeks to get him some Muggle magazines on male fashion, but he had refused to tell her why. Being married to a half-blood wizard, she was the only person he knew who had any connections at all to the Muggle world. There was now a very real possibility that Daphne thought he was gay, but he felt that, at the present time, it was a small price to pay. As soon as this was over with, he could put her right.

A quick glance at the other male guests told him that he probably hadn't been too far off with his choice of garments. That was somewhat of a relief, since the clothes were a more valuable part of his disguise than the significantly shorter haircut, the hair dye, and the charm on his face to make him look different than usual. If he had stuck out in the crowd of guests like a sore thumb, he would certainly have been recognised, no matter to what lengths he had gone to hide himself. Just to be safe, though, Theo huddled a bit closer to the wall next to him, as if it could shelter him from her gaze.

He had chosen a seat at the very back, and the door, through which she would enter, was right behind him. If she turned her head, when she passed, she would be able to see him, but his disguise ought to keep her from knowing who he was. Besides, Theo thought bitterly, she would have other things on her mind than looking at him. She would likely be looking in the opposite direction instead.

Theo pressed himself a little closer to the wall when the door opened and a young man he didn't know stepped through, followed by Seamus Finnigan. That bastard Irishman had a stupid grin plastered on his face, and Theo grit his teeth in an effort not to jump up and strangle him. He managed to hold himself in place, resorting to glaring hatefully at Finnigan's back through narrowed eyes.

Finnigan didn't show any sign of being aware of Theo's presence, or the imaginary dagger being repeatedly plunged into his back, as he strode up the aisle, greeting guests here and there as he went. Typical, Theo thought. Typical that he should be late for his own wedding and then just pretend it was planned that way. Didn't the idiot know that he was supposed to have been there already when the guests came in? He couldn't imagine that she would have wanted anything to be less than perfect or not in complete accordance with traditions.

Theo looked down at his hands. They were curled into tight fists in his lap, and he hadn't even been aware that he was doing it. It took considerable effort to get his fingers to relax, and he concentrated on keeping his palms flat against his thighs. It was preferable to looking at Finnigan.

Theo wasn't sure how much time had passed when the doors opened again and Lavender stepped inside, her hand on her father's arm. The man had never liked Theo and had never bothered to hide it, but from the proud look on his face, Finnigan had succeeded where Theo had failed.

She looked more beautiful than ever in her white dress. Her face looked positively radiant as a wide grin spread on her face. Not once did she even spare a single glance for her surroundings or her guests, her gaze firmly fixed on Finnigan's stupid mug. Never before had Theo hated anybody with the intensity with which he loathed Seamus Finnigan, but there was no mistaking the expression on Lavender's face. That smile had never been directed at Theo. He had never seen her looking that joyful before, not even when their relationship had been at its best.

Theo had seen enough, and when everybody else had their attention directed towards the happy couple, he slipped out unseen. She wasn't his Lavender any more, and she never really had been. He had just needed to see for himself that she was happy with the choices she had made.

Fin

A/N: This has been so long under way it's not even funny. I finished it a long time ago, but then something weird happened, and I lost the entire second half of it irretrievably. It's taken me ages to get around to rewriting it again. I felt I had already told the story, and it simply wouldn't come out one more time, so it's been lying dormant on my hard drive since before HBP came out, if not longer. So glad to finally have it done!