

One Last Request

by Anijade

Lily comes back to talk to her sister.

Just a Conversation

Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks to my beta, SouthernWitch69 for all her support and advice!

It would have been ironic if it had been a dark and stormy night when Lily came to see her sister; however, it was not. Petunia had just sat down with a cup of tea one morning after sending Vernon off to work when the sound of a clearing throat caught her attention...

"So, you really hate me that much, Petunia?"

Looking up, Petunia almost dropped her cup, but managed to recover rather admirably. "W... what are you doing here? You're dead!"

Lily looked sternly at her sister before nodding. "Yes, I am. Not much you can do about that now, can you?" There was a smirk on her lips that would have made any Slytherin proud.

"I never asked that much from you, Petunia, and yet you never had a problem letting me down, did you? Was it really that hard to care for my child with even a modicum of concern?"

Petunia had the grace to at least flush with shame while Lily continued on her rant. "You were always jealous that I was the one born with magic. Did you think I chose this? I'm dead! Never had a chance to watch my son grow up, wipe his tears, encourage him. I did have to watch you denigrate him and neglect him."

If a ghost had the ability to cry, Lily would have. "You broke my heart, Petunia. I never thought you would be that callous and cruel to an innocent child."

"He's a magical freak of nature just like you were! Why should I have treated him well? Bad enough I had that Dumbledore on my case all the time checking up on us making sure he was okay, hinting threats to us if he wasn't. Who'd want a burden like that? Couldn't take him anywhere just in case he had an accidental incident where people might see. Do you remember the zoo? He released the bloody snake, could have hurt my Dudley."

Lily just shook her head. "Do you really think a child as sweet as Harry would have deliberately hurt someone?"

Petunia snickered. "He blew up Aunt Margret!"

"Because you were letting her insult his parents right in front of him! Honestly, comparing us to breeding dogs! That's just distasteful."

There was an awkward silence between the women. Petunia played with the edge of her cup nervously as Lily inspected her translucent nails with great interest. It felt silly to partake in small talk when one's guest had apparently traveled a great distance to say whatever Lily had come to so say. Finally, the silence broke.

"Do you have any idea how bloody jealous I am of you, Petunia? You have the chance to be at all of his milestones, and I'm going to miss them! I can't just pop in on this side of the veil whenever the spirit leads me. I had to beg for permission to come see you today! Over there we can only watch, I can only watch the man my son is becoming, and if I weren't already dead, it would kill me all over again."

She sighed and ran her hand over her hair; this whole situation was just frustrating. Lily had never had the intention of dying young and leaving her child to her sister. *Damn Pettigrew, his Animagus form was apropos.*

Petunia, who had never had a heart to heart conversation with her sister, was oddly quiet, almost as if she had never considered her sister's place in the tragedy finally responded. "So you know what today is then?"

Lily nodded sadly, but there was nothing she could do to change anything.

"I wish I could be there, almost kills me just to watch from the sidelines like we do. People don't understand that being there in spirit is often actually the case." She paused uncertain if she dare make the request that was burning in her soul.

"Would you go for me in my stead? It would mean so much. I'd never ask another thing from you."

The ghost of Lily Potter sat there and watched her sister's face closely, trying to read a response on her face. In Petunia's mind a million reasons ran through her thoughts as to why she shouldn't, but only one told her why she should. *Lily would have done better for Dudley than I did for Harry. There's no question of that.*

Finally, Petunia nodded as she stood up, walking over to the table she set down her cup and picked up the invitation she had slid under the table doily to keep Vernon from seeing it. Holding it up, she asked, "Did you get a chance to see it? It's quite lovely you know, very tasteful."

Lily nodded. "Yes, I was wandering while they were being filled out. All that calligraphy was done by hand you know," she said lightly as if it wasn't that important.

"The work was very well done," Petunia agreed. The whole situation was growing bizarre. *Since when have I ever gotten along with my sister?* went through both their minds.

"Right then, I better go freshen up. I have a nice dress I haven't worn yet that will suit nicely."

Lily nodded in understanding. "Thank you, Petunia, please give him a hug and a kiss and tell him it's from me. He'll understand."

"I will, Lily. I promise today will be a good day for him." She sighed. "I can't fix the past, but I can try to be better in the future." Petunia paused not certain she was able to say what was on her lips. "You'd be welcome to come back you know, if you wanted to," came out lamely.

"I can't make any promises, but it's something to consider. Who knew it would take me dying for us to see eye to eye?"

Petunia shrugged. She wasn't sure she really saw eye to eye with the ghost of her sister, but in this instance she understood the desperation Lily felt.

"If you can't, I'll understand. I meant it though, Lily. I'll try no matter what Vernon says."

Lily was fading slightly, and both women knew their time was up. "If I don't see you again, Petunia, I wish you the best for you and your family." Her voice was getting lighter, harder to hear. "Tell him I miss him..." Then she was gone.

Sighing, Petunia headed up the stairs to change; there was a Portkey that had come along with the invitation. Today she would tell Harry the message from his mother and enjoy the wedding she was missing. It was the least she could do.

Response to Prompt # 7: Lily comes back at some point to visit Petunia after she dies. Describe the encounter.