

Taste

by: Kate J

9/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

Ship: H/Hr, of course. Is there another ship?

Summary: ...come to an end.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. Thanks to everyone that's been so kind about this. You're all wonderful, beautiful people. Thank you.

2. I am a sinner. I admit I will not be one of the 177 thousand saved when Jesus comes back. I've accepted this. So please don't flame me if the story is too graphic for your (insert religious preference and/or ignorant self-righteousness here) sensibilities. I will simply talk bad about you to everyone I know. It's freakin Harry Potter fic, man. It's all in good, naughty, fun. This is smut-fic, so be warned. You all know the disclaimer song- nope, not mine... JK... Scholastic... no money being made, etc. You don't have to review, but thank you muchly if you do. :)

3. Thanks to Tracy, my Potter in crime...

~\*Epilogue\*~

"I'm getting married today."

I stood in this unfamiliar place, the leaves swimming at my shoes. The sun had just woken up. I'd never been here before. I thought it was time I had.

*Why is this so hard? Just talk, Harry.*

"You would love her, I know you would." I put my hands in my pockets, kicking the leaves and smiling.

"She's pregnant. She told me yesterday." Pause. "I'm going to be somebody's dad. I think the idea freaks me out more than the actual fact." I smiled, remembering Hermione telling me.

Pause.

“I wish you were here. I wish I could talk to you... ask your advice,” I said, looking at the headstones. “We’ll do fine. She’s brilliant. And I’ll always be able to take care of her thanks to you both. Seems silly to thank you for that, but I’m glad that I’ll always be able to provide for her.”

“And she’ll always take care of me.” Pause.

“She’s really happy. We both are. I’m probably happier than I should be. I was so happy when she told me.”

“We bought a house together 4 months ago when we graduated. We still haven’t completely unpacked and filled it up, despite help from our friends. She’s busy with her new bookstore. I’m busy with lesson plans for class. We’re busy with each other.”

I moved forward, crouching down and wiping the leaves off the tops of the square stones. I traced the inscriptions with my fingers.

‘Lily Evans-Potter.’

‘James Potter.’

“She makes me happy. I know that sounds simple. It is. That’s why it’s great.” I looked to the ground.

“I’m so scared to lose her.”

Pause.

“I’m scared that in a year, we’ll have this baby, and a bad person will come knocking at our door. And he’ll kill her. And he’ll kill me. And we’ll be gone.” I told them the familiar tale.

“And I know it’s silly, because I can’t live my life scared like that.” Pause. “It would just be a shame to lose all of this.”

“And I’m sorry you did. And I’m sorry for those times I was so mad... I was *so mad*... at you for leaving me. ‘Cause I know you didn’t want to. I understand now *how much* you didn’t want to. And I know you fought.”

*Keep it together.*

“I know that in a way that I didn’t know before... that I couldn’t have known before her.”

I wiped my eye.

“I just want to put her in a box where no one can hurt her, or get to her ever. You know?”

Pause. “I might as well put her in a coffin if that’s how I want her to live. I can’t. I won’t do that to her. I just have to hope nothing ever happens. That’s all I can do... and it kills me.”

Long pause.

“We’re very quiet people.” I said, laughing out loud.

“There was always so much noise in my head. Constantly wondering and questions about you, or questions about who I was. Or questions about this stupid scar and what it meant,” I rubbed my head. “Being with her is like being on holiday from all that noise.”

Pause.

“We talk.” Pause. “Not a lot.”

“I love the sound of her voice.” Pause.

“We argue. Then we shut up. Then we make up,” I snickered.

Pause.

“I miss you. I miss you in ways you’ll never understand. Ways I could never explain. I miss you today. I’m going to miss inviting you over for Christmas dinner. I’m going to miss telling my kid, ‘hey, lets go visit Grampa and Gram.’”

“I’m getting married today.” Pause.

“I love you.”

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End

::Sources/Inspiration::

Plastic Bag Theme- American Beauty Soundtrack. The grave. I love this theme and really hope you listen to it while reading this.

Going Home – Girl Interrupted soundtrack (theme) – So beautiful.