

Aftermath

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It was a night he would never forget, though he wished he could.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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The door to the house in Spinner's End flew open with a bang, and the sawn-skinned man stormed in. The man's robes billowed out around him as he swiftly made his way across the room. His first act was to point his wand and ignite a fire in the fireplace, and then he made his way to the bar. His first drink was poured and drunk in such rapid succession that he scarcely noticed the burn of the alcohol as it slid down his throat.

The man poured himself another snifter full of the Firewhiskey and took both the bottle and the glass over to the chair by the roaring fire. His lithe, tall figure dropped wearily into the overstuffed chair, and he sat there, staring into the flames which made his black eyes glow like coal.

He would love nothing more than to drink himself into a stupor. However, it would have been an insult to the memory of the man he had just murdered. The room was deathly quiet for a few moments with only the crackling of the fire and the man's labored breathing to break the monotony.

A few minutes later, however, the silence was shattered by the sound of a glass exploding as it struck the wall and then the tortured scream which emanated from the figure by the fireplace.

A/N: The prompt was for the POV of someone who had been in the Astronomy tower that night and how they reacted to it. I gave this prompt.