

Coming Home Tonight

By Caitaclysmic

Submitted: December 4, 2005

Updated: December 4, 2005

"C'mon, kiddo," James whispered. "It's time to come home." Oneshot. Songfic. COMPLETE.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Caitaclysmic/24245/Coming-Home-Tonight>

Chapter 1 - Coming Home Tonight

2

1 - Coming Home Tonight

Very dimly he could hear footsteps echoing on the cobblestone pathways. They were so far...so very far from him. He placed one pale, shaky hand on the stones, but the rocks betrayed him, slipping his frail body farther onto the ground. The fighter spirit still beat on in his heart, but with every beat more life slipped away.

He leaned his head back, relishing the smooth cool feel of chipped marble against his hot head. There was not much longer to wait.

-
-
-

I've come to my senses

How did I get so far from home?

The lies dissipating

Revealing I'm so alone

And I remember now how strong love can be

And I wonder...

How did I ever leave?

-
-
-

"He can't be that far!"

The footsteps were farther, but he could sense them more clearly. He shifted positions, trying to get more comfortable.

And to get where he could no longer see the dead body spread-eagled in front of him.

He sighed deeply, feeling a soft, warning hitch in his lungs. His head throbbed, but the horrible pains in his forehead were beginning to die down.

Die.

He had thought a great deal about dying, of course. It was only natural. But it wasn't what he had expected, not at all. It was...quieter. More thought-provoking. He relaxed against the stones, feeling the tightness and heat and panic and adrenaline in his rapidly weakening body slowly drip away. The thoughts racing in his head began to quiet to a slow, lulling melody.

He was drifting away.

-
-
-

Burn your fire on the altar

Leave a candle on the porch

I'm still too far away to see it

But I'm aching for its warmth

And I'm so tired

And cold

And dark

And lonesome
But still I hear your song inside
So sing it louder if you want me home tonight
Sing it loud now, `cause I'm comin' home tonight

-
-
-

The soft, pretty song his thoughts formed was beginning to intensify. He closed his eyes, enjoying the harmonies.

I wonder...if an angel is watching over me...

"C'mon, kiddo."

He opened one lazily, and found himself looking up into a blessedly familiar face that beamed a wickedly smirky smile.

"C'mon, kiddo," he said again. "It's time."

I never would have guessed that he would be an angel...

"Nah, I'm not an angel," he said, reading his mind. "What do you think I am, a Hufflepuff?" His voice was joking and light, but his hazel eyes were dark liquid as he reached for him and tenderly lifted him into his arms. "It's time for you to go home, my son," James whispered, cradling Harry against his chest.

-
-
-

This isn't the first time
I've wandered away from home before
You'd have every reason
To slam and dead-bolt the door
But I remember now how strong your love can be
And I wonder how you might welcome me

-
-
-

He nestled in the strong safety of the familiar arms. James was solid and warm; he smelled of sweat and cedarwood. Harry wrapped his arms around his father's neck, marveling at the rapid rebirth of strength in his body.

"I missed you," he whispered brokenly against James's shoulder.

He felt the arms tighten. "Missed you too, kiddo," he said. "I wish...I could have been there for you."

"Sokay, Da," Harry murmured. It felt good to finally let the word "Da" escape. "I know you wanted to."

Tears were beginning to burn behind his eyelids. It pricked uncomfortably, and finally Harry could hold it no longer. A tear streaked down his cheek, then another, and another.

"Don't cry, Harry," James whispered, resting his chin on his son's black hair. "Don't cry. We're almost home."

-
-
-

Burn your fire on the altar
Leave a candle on the porch
I'm still too far away to see it
But I'm aching for its warmth

And I'm so tired and cold and dark and lonesome
But still I hear your song inside
So sing it louder if you want me home tonight
Sing it loud now, `cause I'm comin' home tonight

-
-
-

“Oh, *James*.”

He grinned. “What now, baby?” he asked.

The young woman shook her head, sending soft red curls waving about her face. “Did you have to take so long?” she asked. “I didn't want to see my child suffering.”

Harry's knees buckled as James set him on the ground. “Mum,” he whispered. “Oh, Mum.”

Lily held out her arms. “Come here, my baby,” she said. Harry stumbled into his mother's embrace, sobbing. Lily smoothed his hair and rubbed his back, her palm running into every protruding vertebrae.

“Oh, my darling. My darling boy,” Lily whispered.

“Mummy,” Harry whimpered, and he felt Lily kiss his cheek.

“Come with us, love,” Lily crooned, cupping his cheeks in her hands. “It's time to go home.”

-
-
-

Into your arms, to my back yard
Where I used to play
How I miss the days...

-
-
-

The footsteps finally caught up.

“We're too late.”

There were only three of them...well, five bodies. Only three were inhabited.

Ron shuddered as he stared down at the milky, chalky, disfigured face of

He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named...but the fear he had held for the living being melted as he stared at the harmless, lifeless corpse.

“Luna...he's gone,” Hermione whispered. She knelt beside the pale, weeping blonde girl, gripping her slender shoulders. “There's nothing we can do.”

“He's gone,” the lost girl echoed. She lifted the glasses away from Harry's face, smoothing his black hair, wetting her robes in his fading blood. Luna slipped a slender finger along the soft contour of Harry's cheek, the cheek she used to kiss. The soft fingertip trailed along his cheek, his jaw, his chin, his mouth. Luna traced the tiny smile on Harry's lips. And a single thought came to her mind.

“He's home.”

-
-
-

So burn your fire on the altar
Leave a candle on the porch
I'm still too far away to see it

But I'm aching for its warmth
And I'm so tired and cold and dark and lonesome
But still I hear your song inside
So sing it louder if you want me home tonight
Sing it loud now, `cause I'm comin' home tonight

-

-

-

Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling, not me.

The song "Coming Home Tonight" by Chris Rice, from his album Short Term Memories, is not mine.

Published in other locations under the penname "Keitorin Asthore." So if it looks familiar, it's not stolen or plagiarized. This is an original work published under a new name.

For more information about this fic, please visit my website (it's in my profile).

I also write commissioned stories!