

# Before The Storm

*by Jenwryn*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The wind rattles through the house. It shakes the shutters and sets the curtains to muttering rebelliously in lilting tongues. The wireless speaks warnings about the storm of the decade, hinting calmly at death and destruction like only the wireless can. The electric light above them flickers fitfully from light to dark, indecisive in the face of implied tragedy. They drink wine from coffee mugs with chipped rims and speak of things better left unspoken.

Harry lost, of course. First, an explosion of pain, and then the fickle world moved on with barely a stutter. Voldemort reigns supreme and they are all that remains of the Order; its skeleton shut up in the closet that is number twelve, Grimmauld Place, drinking wine older than their respective ages combined, and waiting numbly for the world to end.

The wine flows and the words flow. It is a strange affection that hangs between them. Shared loss, misplaced hope, genuine respect; myriad nebulous emotions that might equate love had they but the freedom of open spaces in which to explore them.

"I don't want to die alone," she says.

"My arms are here," he promises.

They smile and frown and drink their wine.