

8AM Departure

by Jenwryn

Hermione/Sirius. "She sits in silence and shreds her toast. He holds his mug even though it's been empty for ten minutes. The clock on the wall mocks them." 300 words. For the prompt "suitcase in the hall".

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I guess I could miss my flight

Say my cab got stuck in traffic

Couldn't make it on time

~ The Perishers.

*

They practise avoidance during her pre-dawn breakfast. Her eyes shy away, and his hand shifts slightly, when they stand before the coffee machine, to avoid brushing against her elbow. It's like nothing before, this tension; it's the build up of static announcing an electrical storm, the kind where clouds turn green before the sky shatters and breaks above rooftops. She sits in silence and shreds her toast. He holds his mug even though it's been empty for ten minutes. The clock on the wall mocks them.

It's the clock that does them in, in the end. It strikes five with such abruptness that Hermione's hand skips in shock, scuttling her butter-knife off the table. They both grab for it and that's that, their hands linked in the empty space beside the table, Sirius gripping the silver he's caught, and Hermione's fingers curled at his wrist-bones. She wants to pull back so much, but she doesn't and she can't and she won't and *oh, damn it all, Sirius—*

He's already there, somehow, around the table and by her side, and she's wrapped in his arms before the knife finishes falling *I have a flight to catch*, she says, and he repeats it back at her, *yes, you do*, but suddenly it doesn't matter and she knows it was stupid to imagine that she could ever leave him.

She thinks maybe she's crying when he leads her past the suitcase in the hall and back upstairs to bed. And then dawn slides through the blinds two hours later, and she imagines her name being called over intercom at the airport, and she realises that she's probably just ruined her career for this man, and then he's whispering that he'll *fix it all and go with you too* – then she's *sure* she is.