

Taking the Blue Pill

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Drabble written for the 'Fantasies' challenge on GS100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: It's all JK Rowlings. Not mine, not ever.

The first time she came to him, he said nothing, fearing his heart would break. Again. She smiled. He wept.

The second time, she offered him her hand. He took it, trembling. She seemed solid enough. He cupped her cheek: porcelain-perfect skin, soft under his fingertips, a cupid's bow, tasting of promises never kept, washing away years of tortured dreaming in its eagerness to please.

The third time, skirts bunched around her waist, moaning as he lifted her, she whispered his name: wet, hot, perfection.

This... this... Just... this...

'Oh, Lily...'

'Take me, Severus. Take me *now*.'

He obliged. Twice.

* * *

'Do you really need to bring all this?' Hermione asked, wiping the dust off the battered old trunk.

'Hmm?' Severus looked up from his packing. 'Depends. What have you found?'

'Looks like a stash of confiscated items,' she replied, rummaging. 'Canary creams, Extendable Ears, Nosebleed Nougat... How old is this stuff?' She held up a glass jar, turning it to the light. 'No idea what these are.'

'Early Weasley twins experiment,' Severus muttered, taking it from her and unscrewing the lid. He touched the blue pastilles almost reverently. 'But you may dispose of them. They're *well* past their sell-by date.'