

# Respite

*by shefa*

A gesture of compassion in the midst of the Darkness.

Written for Severely\_Lupine for hpcon\_envy.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The flask lay on its side, the liquid inside obscured by the steam threatening to push the cork from its nesting place.

The first time he'd found the potion beneath his pillow, he'd banished it before he could think, heart thundering in his chest so loudly, surely the others must hear. Sleep that night overflowed with more than the usual monsters, full moons and feral howls overshadowed by the imprint of a vial nestled beneath the linens.

Friend or foe?

Poison or respite?

Each month at the new moon, it appeared.

This time, in spidery script, the words: For respite.