

The Illusory Feast

by Rose of the West

For the Snape_LDWS community on LJ.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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For some reason, he was unbearably hungry that evening. He had been working on Wolfsbane since early that morning, stirring and adding ingredients until it almost became a blur. As he worked, he pondered what might be on the table this evening. He decided it would probably be some sort of stew or perhaps shepherd's pie. It was an ordinary November Saturday, after all.

It seemed he was always hungry these days. He longed for food during classes and all through the night, yet when he arrived in the Great Hall and sat at the head table, somehow he could not eat. Life had lately lost its flavor, and after a bite or two that he could not taste, he would make his excuses and leave the meal.

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Tonight when he arrived in the Great Hall, he discovered that it was empty. It was not just devoid of people; most of the tables, chairs, and hangings were gone, too. There was just one chair at one table, containing a single serving of each of his favorite meals. His stomach rumbled with joy.

He turned to see if anyone had followed him in, and *she* was there. Her school robes fit a little differently than he was used to seeing them, but it didn't matter. Her hair shone, and she looked as good as the feast spread on the table. Best of all, she was smiling... at *him*.

"It's all for you," she said, waving at the table.

He didn't need to be told twice. He decided not to sit, but rather to wander down the length of the table, taking a bite here, or stopping for several mouthfuls there. The house-elves had outdone themselves. There were roasted meats, pot pies, stews, breads, vegetables, and finally some heavenly puddings. It was all cooked to perfection. He worked his way down the table to the end where she waited.

She shrugged, and her robes fell to the floor. "This is for you, too."

He almost started trembling, for the reason her robes had looked odd was that she was wearing nothing underneath. The shape of her body had not been restrained by her usual garments. He realized he was trembling as he lifted his hand to touch this different sort of feast that was standing before him. His hand reached to touch her shoulder, and then he recoiled in pain as she burned him.

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He shook his head and came fully awake. Then he swore loudly enough to summon the Bloody Baron, who shook his head in disapproval before drifting back away. He had dreamed the whole thing. He was still in the dungeon, brewing Wolfsbane. She was as unattainable as ever, and now he had a burned hand from touching his hot

cauldron in the bargain.

A/N: This week's prompt was the sense of taste, including a feast. Please come and vote in the community on Thursdays and Fridays!
http://community.livejournal.com/snape_ldws/

Thank you, Trickie Woo, for Beta Reading.