

Ex Libris

by Dziude

A snapshot of a nocturnal moment in the library.... drabble that just popped into my head.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: The usual disclaimers, I own nothing. Thanks to Neji for his help ;)

The library should be empty at this late hour, yet a faint light still glows somewhere deep in the labyrinthine stacks. His feet carry him forward through the gloom without a sound, although he thinks he already knows what he will find.

The light glows brighter as he rounds a corner, and he sees her. The tall shelves loom all around her, making her seem strangely small and fragile. Her face rests on the mess of jumbled parchment in front of her, and her wild hair has broken free of its clasp and spills madly over the books. Ink stains the hand that hangs empty at her side and the pale skin of her cheek.

For what feels like an eternity, he stands watching her soft breaths ruffle her hair. Hesitantly he steps forward. One step, then another. Almost close enough to touch her.

A hand reaches up, ghostly pale even in the warm candlelight. Closer. His heart is pounding in his throat.

Hermione...

His foot comes down on the quill that had fallen from her limp grasp, and the silence is shattered like brittle glass.

She bolts upright, peering wildly into the shadows, but he is already gone, and the broken quill lies un-noticed on the floor.