

# Status Quo

*by stgulik*

It's not easy to keep up appearances.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

It's not easy to keep up appearances.

The Great Hall's sky glowed with the last rays of an autumn sunset. Beside Severus, Remus looked pale. How much longer would he stay?

Over dessert, Albus leaned near, spoke quietly. Remus casually rose. His eyes caught Severus's. For an instant, Severus felt the brush of fur.

Was this to be the way of it? Lupin, a danger every month? Dumbledore, oblivious to consequence? But why shouldn't they flirt with disaster. Severus will see to it. Severus will brew the potion that will keep a thin veneer of normality stretched tight over the well of madness.

Suddenly, anger bloomed red behind his eyes. How like his entire life. The world sleeps soundly while he labors in darkness to keep it safe. And nobody credits it—not the man who holds his leash, nor the man who used to hold his heart.

"My boy," whispered Albus, "people are staring."