

The Morning After

by Kore

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"I see you took the potion I left—"

"Yeah."

They sipped their tea as the clock gave its deafening tick-tock behind them.

Eyes were glued to the floor, as no one wanted to see the other's contempt for such a tryst.

Another scalding sip was taken. "Was it...?" he asked.

"Yes, it was."

"Good, good."

"I should be going," she said, convincing herself.

He stood. "You can take the Floo, if you wish."

Hands touched when both reached for the powder.

"Oh, gods..."

The forgotten tea grew cold; the powder spilled.

Moans rose like music from their hallowed bed.