

# No Reason to Worry

*by TeaOli*

The comfort of lies is false.

## Nothing to Worry About

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The comfort of lies is false.

Long after the boy had gone, Horace remained in his chair, feeling vaguely unsettled. Surely, Tom wouldn't—

But that line of thought would only lead to unpleasantness and stomach upset. Horace Slughorn abhorred anything truly unpleasant.

There was no reason to worry.

The boy was clever and ambitious, by no means stupid. No, nothing to worry about.

Horace heaved himself up. Shaking his head, he smiled at his own flights of fancy. Bed. That would be the cure, obviously.

A hoarse whisper stopped him at his study door.

"There's everything to worry about with that one," the Bloody Baron warned.

---

**A/N:** Written to MuseAmusant's prompt: *Slughorn begins having nightmares about his Horcrux talk with young Riddle. Who does he turn to for comfort?* I decided to skip the comfort.