

1998. June 20. Sunset.

by Savva

Just a short conversation in a moonlit garden. Drabble.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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They sit on the bench in the garden, watching silhouettes dancing in stained-glass windows of the castle. Severus' palm covers her hand, and their fingers intertwine.

"What do you think is happening?" she asks, pensively staring at the windows.

He shrugs. "Celebration of life, I reckon. Nothing new."

"You reckon," she huffs and squints at him sceptically. "According to you, nothing is ever new. What do you reckon will come next?"

"Next?" He smirks. "Why summer, of course."

She snorts. "Summer you say. Are you quite sure?"

He nods. "Indeed. I heard rumours. I checked them most carefully. It's coming."

"Oh no, what are we to do?" she asks teasingly.

"Sew flimsy dresses, perhaps." A smile tugs on the corners of his lips.

"Flimsy dresses!? Whatever for?" she exclaims in mock disbelief.

"For those stuffy, summer days, I guess." He skims his fingers over Hermione's bare shoulder, and she shivers.

It's quiet for a moment, and then she speaks again, peering into his eyes searchingly, "So what do you think will happen now?"

"Life will go on, just as always," he says, frowning at her worried face.

"And what does it mean? For you, for me, for us? How..."

She pauses, and after taking a calming breath, continues, "How should we deal with them? Should we let them know?" She gestures towards the silhouettes in the window.

"I suppose ...," he mutters quietly.

"You suppose what?" she asks impatiently.

He smiles at her slight pout. "I suppose, I shall ask you to dance."

She stares at him with wide eyes. "Ask me to dance," she repeats under her breath. "Here, in the garden?"

"No, silly, there, where they all can see."

"Oh." She exhales.

"Is this a yes?" He teases and offers her his arm.

"I suppose it is."