

Dangerous Respite

by snapeophile

Drabble set in response to "Caught!" challenge on GS100. HG/SS enjoy a stolen moment together, unaware they are watched by a DE.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This drabble set is a response to the grangersnape100 challenge, "Caught," in which HG/SS are caught in some way. Hugs to my beta, Janeaverage, who takes such good care of me and my writing!

Disclaimer: Anything you recognize belongs to JKR.

Despite the glammers, she knew him. How he positioned himself as he opened the Muggle café door, scanning the room with seeming nonchalance. She watched the way his sinuous hands added a touch of sugar to his espresso, stirring meditatively, as if he were adding ingredients to a simmering cauldron.

"May I sit here, please?" his silky voice caressed her, his glittering black eyes fusing with hers as he sat.

Knees touch under the table. They reassure each other with their proximity. Lovers, separated; stealing a precious hour from their war. Unknown to all but themselves—and one other.

Caught.

Goyle, Sr. watches them as their souls connect, sharing the same space, breath, heart. No strategies or war plans are discussed. This time is theirs.

He nearly feels remorse for what he will do. The Traitor will die a slow, painful death. Hermione will lose a little more life each day he is gone, until she is extinguished.

Would she know—feel Snape's pain when he's tortured? Goyle forgets himself, and for one fleeting moment he wishes the warm, lively girl with the open heart and tinkling laugh belonged to him.

Goyle smirks at the Traitor. And his Mudblood whore.