

Anxiety

by ladyofthemasque

100-words of quiet desperation

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"*Sev*-erus..."

I shuddered at the sound of my name spoken in that alto lilt of hers, floating through the door locked between us.

"*Sev*-erus...I'm all *alone*."

Another shudder rippled through me. Merlin in Heaven—save me! I barely escaped the last time Hermione said that. I can't do this again...

"Oh, please, Severus, hurry up in there!" I heard my wife pleading. "I *need* you! This vibrating wand-charm just isn't enough!"

Grimly, I opened the cabinet...and groaned; I'd already drunk my last virility potion.

Whatever possessed me, an aging forty-two, to marry a nubile twenty-three-year-old?

"*Sev*-erus!"

"—Coming!"

I *hope*...!