

# Circadian Rhythm

*by MMADfan*

Four sets of five drabbles each, "Five Mornings," "Five Afternoons," "Five Evenings," and "Five Nights." Some of these were written in response to Southern\_Witch\_69's request for drabbles for Phoenix Rising.

## Set One: Five Mornings

*Chapter 1 of 4*

Four sets of five drabbles each, "Five Mornings," "Five Afternoons," "Five Evenings," and "Five Nights." Some of these were written in response to Southern\_Witch\_69's request for drabbles for Phoenix Rising.



### Five Mornings

#### *Healing*

The man looked at the dawn sky, waiting. The old wizard had said to expect him. He swallowed; pain coursed through him. He hadn't believed he would need him and had scoffed at the notion of waiting. Yet now he did need him and, although he didn't hope he would come, for he could hope for nothing, neither did he scoff. Perhaps he wouldn't come from the sky at all.

The young wizard leaned against the ancient wall, closing his eyes, even that movement painful. Then with a flash, Fawkes was there, weeping over his Hippogriff wounds, bringing healing.

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#### *Monday*

What was it about Mondays? It wasn't even the beginning of the workweek for him. Of course, it would be nice if it were, or even the middle of it. Still, malaise was stealing over him and he wasn't even up yet. He had work, important work; that should be enough. But it would be nice to be having a collegial cuppa with co-workers, grumbling about this or that, or sharing what they'd done over the weekend. Not that his weekends were any different.

Sighing, he pulled on a bathrobe and padded to the kitchen.

Remus smiled. "Hello, Tonks."

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### **Awakening**

Standing and stretching, he regretted falling asleep in the staff room again. He would have to remind the others to wake him before they left for their beds. He felt distinctly peculiar that morning, though. Not nearly as stiff as usual, even when he'd slept in his own bed. It had been nice and warm by the fire, though. Oddly, he didn't feel warm now, or cold. A sudden shriek interrupted his reflections; the Herbology teacher was standing stock-still in the doorway. Without a word, she pointed at the chair behind him, where he still sat, in eternal slumber.

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### **Response**

Minerva read the letter, pausing only once to reread the request at its end. She pulled out a sheet of parchment and her favourite quill. This would be one of the shortest letters she'd ever written. There would be time later for the questions she would no doubt have once she'd had time to consider what it all meant. But for now, this would do:

*"Dear Professor Dumbledore,*

*"Yes.*

*"I will give notice today and begin as soon as possible.*

*"I was very sorry to hear of Headmaster Dippet's demise, but offer my congratulations to you.*

*"Sincerely,*

*"Minerva McGonagall"*

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### **Surprise**

She forgot she'd been elbow-deep in fertiliser only moments before and sprang up from where she knelt by the bed of Mandragoras. A broad smile on her face, she trotted toward him. Such a surprise in midmorning! Other than at meals, which they took in the company of others and so it hardly counted, they were only able to spend their nights together, and precious few of them. Duty called them both. But today was Sunday! Her eyes gleamed; she thought of her potting shed and a few easily Transfigured burlap sacks.

Bending for a kiss, Pomona murmured, "Filius!"

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**Notes:** Each of these vignettes is exactly 100 words long, including the header word, counting each hyphenated word as one. They are tied together only by the time of day; they do not occur on the same day, or even in the same era. I hope you enjoy them!

## Set Two: Five Afternoons

*Chapter 2 of 4*

Five different drabbles for five different afternoons and several of our favourite HP characters. Warning: the final drabble is somewhat (though not terribly!) sexually explicit, and I put it last so you may skip it, if you wish!



### **Five Afternoons**

#### **Flowers**

No witch had given him flowers before. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to give this particular witch flowers, so Filius had given her chocolates the first time he'd called and elderberry cordial the next. He was nervous throughout lunch, wondering whether the flowers had been a good sign, and whether his sentimental tears on accepting them had been fatal to their burgeoning relationship. When Filius suggested a postprandial stroll, Pomona shook her head, smiling. Now, as he lay beside her, tickling her tummy with a rosebud, he knew the flowers had been a very good sign, indeed.

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#### **Tea**

He was coming over that afternoon. She'd stuff him with sandwiches and biscuits, pretending to be even battier than she was.

Arabella looked over at her fireplace; her other guest should arrive soon. She'd bought the finest smoked Irish salmon that morning, knowing her guest wouldn't deign to eat what she normally served her cats. Arabella would make her report, noting that Harry was as normal a nine-year-old as possible given his unfortunate environment. And when Harry sat having tea, a tabby cat would curl up beside him, place her head on his knee, purring as he pet her.

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### Accuracy

Ever since she played Chaser in a miserable pick-up game of Quidditch, Minerva realised that, although her paw-eye coordination was excellent, her hand-eye coordination had suffered after years of wand-use. She now took every opportunity to ensure that the next time she played Quidditch, she could aim the Quaffle. Minerva had become so familiar with her wastebasket, she could accurately toss a wadded parchment into it from anywhere in the room, whether she could see it or not. Now, on a leisurely afternoon, feet up, reading *Transfiguration Today*, she tossed her apple core behind her.

“Ouch!”

“Oops! Sorry, Albus!”

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### Heat

His eyes returned to her. He quickly averted them. He’d only recently noticed what a voluptuous figure she had. He knew he shouldn’t look at her like this. There was the large age-difference, for one. And his Dark Mark. Not to mention that if she realised he was looking at her, his gaze always falling somewhere other than her face, she’d slap him, then hex him, before finally laughing at him. If it weren’t such a hot afternoon, if she were more covered up, he could resist.

“Everything all right, Severus?”

“Fine, Poppy, fine,” he said irritably, looking away.

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### Summertime

He could knock her over with one finger, but didn’t protest when she pushed him against the door. She frantically tugged at his clothing; he reached down, grasped her hands in one of his own, and with the other, undid buttons she had struggled with. He released her hands; they found his erection. He tried guiding her into the hut, out of the hot afternoon sun, but she shoved him back again; he acquiesced. After trying to take his length in her mouth, she whispered, “Lift me.” He did, impaling her with one stroke.

“Hagrid!” she moaned.

“Hooch!” he gasped.

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**Author’s Notes:** Please note that Arabella has two guests for tea. (An earlier reader was confused on that point.) Guess who her other guest was!

## Set Three: Five Evenings

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Five more vignettes featuring some of our favorite HP characters, including at least one somewhat unexpected one! Some of these were written in response to Southern\_Witch\_69’s request for drabbles for Phoenix Rising.



### Five Evenings

#### Duty

He’d waited for this evening all year. It was always important, only ever coming once a year, but he still quivered in anticipation at helping decide the fates of dozens of witches and wizards. They actually determined their own Houses; he only identified what was in them. Even at over nine centuries old, he felt a thrill each time he became the centre of attention. He sighed for the days when he was carried in on a pillow. At least this Deputy didn’t grab his crown, but held his brim. She was here for him now; he was ready.

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#### Waiting

She moved the curtain aside again, looking out across the grounds, thinking he might Apparate to the gates rather than arrive by Floo. Soon the sun would set, and she would be unable to see him walking up the long path. She wanted to meet him when he arrived, greeting him as he returned from one of his mysterious trips. “Adventures,” he called them. They were *too* adventurous; at his age, he should avoid such risks. Dusk approached; she transformed and sat on the windowsill, tabby eyes glowing, ready to leap down and sprint to him when he returned.

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#### Invitation

Filius fiddled with his quill. He hadn’t courted a witch in so long, he’d forgotten how. Perhaps that was just as well. But to know whether his attentions would be welcome was as much a conundrum now as it had been when he was young. He could just ask her to dinner . . . her response would say it all. A knock interrupted his reverie. A flick

of his wand opened the door.

“Good-evening, Filius. Would you like to go into Hogsmeade for a drink?”

“Just the two of us?”

Pomona nodded, smiling. “If that’s all right . . .”

“That would be delightful!”

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### ***Diversion***

His lips fascinated her. She wanted to take them between her own, taste them, lick them, nibble them. Then do the same thing to other parts of him, parts she had yet to see. Sitting here across from Remus in the dimly-lit kitchen, distractedly listening to Kingsley repeat what she already knew, her gaze inevitably reverted to those sweet lips. She tore her eyes away and turned to look at the dignified Auror as he spoke. Her attention wandered back to its preferred preoccupation, and brown-gold eyes caught hers; each stared, then blushed. Remus averted his gaze; Tonks winced.

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### ***Devotion***

Hermione arrived at twilight, silently offering an invaluable gift. Now his fingertips grazed the ancient manuscript, tracing words written by an obscure but talented wizard over eight centuries earlier. She was right: this presented him . . . not salvation, perhaps, but certainly a large measure of relief. Severus didn’t believe for a moment it had been a mere serendipitous find. Hermione was methodical. She’d likely devoted herself to its pursuit, not knowing exactly what she was looking for, ever since that day she’d noticed him gripping his left arm, grimacing, and he’d so rudely dismissed her.

He looked up. “Thank you.”

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**Author’s Note:** *First person to name the character featured in “Duty” receives a little prize! Just put the identity of the character in your review. Pottermania received the prize for identifying Minerva McGonagall as Arabella’s second guest in “Tea” in the last set of drabbles.*

## Set Four: Five Nights

*Chapter 4 of 4*

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### **Five Nights**

#### ***Waxing***

Moonlight splashed through the window. The weary wizard looked out at the palely-lit courtyard behind the old house, where a young witch lounged, leaning against the garden wall, watching fireflies, her hair changing colour in rhythm with the flashing lights around her. Remus smiled.

He joined her under the gibbous moon. Her hand sought his; he let her take it.

“I thought you didn’t like moonlight, Remus.”

“I was attracted by something else entirely.” He touched her hair.

“I thought I would have to come to you, like a female firefly seeking her mate.”

“Not tonight, Tonks, not tonight.”

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### ***Fortuitous***

Why she’d been sent with this midnight message was beyond comprehension. She could barely stand being in the same room with the dog. He was a prime example of arrested development. Literally. Snickering, Hestia started up the stairs to find him.

She tripped over his slippers and fell into his arms.

“Do you always leave your slippers there?” she grouched.

“Why? Would you like to find out?” His voice was dark and hoarse in her ear.

Suddenly aware of his earthy scent, like fresh loam after spring rains, she looked up, seeing Sirius as if for the first time.

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### **Presence**

He turned in the darkness, waking when he encountered an unexpected fragrance, like jasmine and rose with a hint of spice. Reaching out, he found another surprise. Soft hair, soft cheek, bare neck, bare shoulder. Slowly, memory seeped into his sleepy brain; he smiled. He touched her cheek again, reassuring himself of her reality, her continued presence. Rousing to his touch, she breathed deeply, letting it out with a content sigh, and moved closer to his warmth.

Her arm around him, Minerva whispered, "You're really here."

"For as long as you will have me, my dear."

"Forever," she replied.

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### **Love**

Pomona stepped from the shower, cocked an ear, then smiled. Filius was singing. She couldn't make out the words, but it was probably one of those popular Muggle tunes he had recently taken to.

Wrapping a towel around herself, she carefully opened the door and peeked into her bedroom. Her smile grew. Filius was dancing, nude and happy, with a pair of her knickers, holding them out before him as he sang, "She loves me, yeah, yeah, yeah! She loves me, yeah, yeah, yeah!" It seemed those were the only lyrics he knew. Or the only ones that mattered.

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### **Home**

Albus hummed to himself as he soaped his body then rinsed and began the long, relaxing process of shampooing his hair and beard. Turning his face into the shower, he closed his eyes. He heard a noise behind him, but before he could wipe the water from his eyes, warm breasts pressed against his back, and a familiar hand reached around and took hold of him, stroking him, bringing him to the brink before letting go. Minerva stepped in front of him and put her arms around his neck; he grasped her legs, lifted her, then drove home deeply.

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**Author's Notes:** *In some species, female fireflies seek their mates, which remain stationary; in contrast, in other species, the female fireflies remain stationary while the male fireflies fly to them. Fireflies are usually referred to as "glow worms" in Britain, but they're also known as "lightning bugs," "fireflies," and even occasionally as "fire beetles."*

*If you enjoyed these drabbles, check out "Budding Charms," a loosely related set of ten drabbles of courtship, budding romance, and love.*