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As if a full moon isn't rough enough for Remus, add Friday the 13th (and Snape) and things really start to go wrong. Written for the Friday the 13th Podcast.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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As the sun set, Lupin drank his potion, staring out the window, waiting for the full moon. The full moon never bode well for him, but this full moon rose on Friday the thirteenth, and already the day had not gone well—he did not expect much better from the night.

Snape had been hours late with the Wolfsbane potion; Lupin was not sure he had taken it soon enough for it to penetrate his bloodstream before the transformation began. Hermione had been late in returning from work; evidentially, the Floos were clogged with Friday traffic from those superstitious about Apparating on Friday the thirteenth, thus giving her only minutes to throw together a bag and leave for the Burrow, her home away from home during his transformations.

Lupin was arguing with Snape, who insisted on staying to see that Hermione made it out safely when the spell settled over the house, activated by the rising full moon. No one could enter or leave the house now. The three of them were trapped inside, one used to this monthly ritual, the other two helpless in their confinement. Breaking up the argument, Hermione took Snape upstairs. Lupin sadly watched her go into their bedroom with another man, the helplessness transferring to him. Snape and Hermione both secured the bedroom door, intertwining spells. Safely locked in the bedroom, boredom and hunger soon set in, each growing more irritable with the other. Snape saw only one solution; he pulled a large flask out from under his robes and took a long, indulgent sip, feeling the warmth spread through his body—numbing his brain to his surroundings. He wordlessly offered it to Hermione who cautiously imbibed.

Hermione passed the flask back and forth, and from her vantage point of the floor, watched the blur of the moon begin its downward descent. She was oblivious to the man next to her except for the rhythm of the drink returning to her possession and the hand that touched hers with every pass. The combination of the liquor and being locked in made the cramped room stifling. Hermione felt as if she couldn't breathe as she strained to take short, frantic breaths. Snape took the flask from her hands and grabbed her shoulders.

"Breathe slowly!"

Hermione hiccupped and tried to catch her breath. Snape unclasped and removed her robe as he sat her on the edge of the bed. Her eyes looked as if she was on the verge of tears, and Snape suspected that these monthly disruptions were harder on her than she ever let on—her emotions exacerbated by the alcohol. As he stood over her, he realized that he was feeling quite pissed himself.

Hermione lay back on the bed, kicking off her shoes and untucking her shirt. Snape decided to call it a night also, removing his robe and boots, and all but passing out next to Hermione.

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The next morning, the house was quiet, the inhabitants sleeping in. Lupin had endured a rough start, but the potion had finally taken over and he fallen asleep just before

dawn. Upon awakening, he found himself leaning against his bedroom door, the previous day slowly reentering his mind through the dream-like haze.

No, things had not gone right yesterday, he thought, but today is Saturday the fourteenth, things cannot get any worse

For one thing, he remembered that Hermione had not gone to the Burrow and that even though he would be extremely tired, they could spend a quiet weekend together. Their bedroom door was locked against him. He had to try several counter-spells before the door opened. The sight before him was more disconcerting than the previous day had been—Hermione and Snape half-dressed, tangled in bed together, and the room reeking of alcohol to his overly sensitive nose.

Lupin turned, shut the door behind him, and went downstairs to double-check the date on the calendar.