

de la nuit

by Ladymage Samiko

The loss of one sense doesn't necessarily diminish one's perceptions. Drabble omake for an unwritten fic called 'Nightingale.'

Aoratos

Chapter 1 of 2

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Aoratos

First is sound. Slightly harsh breaths as he sleeps, the ever-so-slight rustle of faint movement.

Sound makes me keenly aware of touch. Always slightly distant, but close enough that his breath stirs my hair, tickles my ear. And always, always, a warm hand heavy at my waist.

I'm unfailingly amazed that after the night's rest, however long, the taste of him remains, sharply sweet.

Sharp, too, is his scent, redolent of the rosemary he works with, shaded with other aromatics and his own underlying character.

No, I cannot understand why I should need to see Severus to know he's there.

en cherchant

Chapter 2 of 2

She seeks him in the darkness... For the GS100 'Senses' challenge.

en cherchant

She moved her foot carefully, steps uncertain in unforgiving blackness. Hands stretched, searched for objects that could make her fall—she never realised how low tables could be. But *where was he?*

You're not trying hard enough. His stern voice jarred into her mind.

Not trying! She struggled not to simply fall to her knees and weep.

No. Stop. Breathe.

A whisper of cloth. A tendril of scent. Unexpectedly, physical presence became as clear as his mental one.

Turn. Step carefully. Reach forward.

Hermione smiled brilliantly as her fingers met with the expanse of fine black wool. "Found you, Professor..."