

# The Kitchen Table

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

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## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The table in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place gives Harry reason to wonder if he's lost his mind.

The kitchen table looked the same as it always had: long, made of dark wood, and shiny. However, it was as if it mocked him somehow.

"Come on in and have a seat, Harry," it called to him.

He crept by it and went to the cooker to get some of the bacon Ginny had cooked for breakfast. Instead of going to the table, he stayed by the corner and quickly ate his food, watching the table for any outward sign that it was different.

The feminine touches Ginny had added to the table, center arrangements, candlesticks, and the like, were just as she'd placed them the day before. However, Harry knew that they'd been moved--pushed aside in a frantic sweep of hands to land on the floor overturned and nearly ruined.

Cheeks turning red, Harry stepped forward; closer and closer he got. Once at the head of the table, he leaned over to check for smudges, scratch marks, or any evidence that something had taken place there, something animalistic.

Nothing. Not so much as a speck of dust was even on the table. "It was a dream then," he said with a nod. That had to be it. There was no way that he'd actually seen what he'd thought he'd seen.

"Right then," he said, feeling better. He went about pouring himself a cup of coffee, even grinning foolishly. What a berk he'd been. He'd have to ask Ginny later if he'd been having a nightmare the night before. Surely she'd know.

He snickered to himself. 'It's not like I really would have come down for something in the middle of the night and walked in on Hermione and Snape shagging on top of my kitchen table. No way.' The dream had been so vivid. Instead of interrupting them, he'd slipped back out of the room and had gone back to bed.

"Not bloody likely," he grumbled aloud. If he'd truly walked in on such a scene, there was no way he'd have just left without saying a word. Certainly not. He'd have gone in there and asked them what the hell they thought they were doing on a table where he and his wife ate!

An eyebrow arched. "Hmmm, not a bad idea. Might have to run this by Gin." He made his way back up the stairs to let his wife know that he was leaving for work. However, he paused at the top of the second landing, mouth agape.

Severus Snape was backing out of Hermione's room, a smug smile on his face. "Oh, good morning, Potter," he greeted coolly. "Slept well?"

Harry nodded and watched the humming man glide down his stairs and leave his home.

There was a loud thud moments later that prompted Hermione to look out of her doorway.

"Harry? All right?" She bent down next to him. "He's fainted!"

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Written for the Potter Place Drabble Night. It's the last challenge of the night and was requested by SW69 for all: one of the trio, Grimmauld Place, and a kitchen table.

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