

# Prayer100

## drabbles I wrote for my beloved 100 asylums

Von prayer\_at\_night

### Kapitel 7: A Force More Powerful Than Death - Snarry (pre-slash)

Pairing: Severus/Harry

Asylum: Snarry100

Prompt: The Locked Room

Genre: Er... a bit of drama or mystery or something?

Rating/Warnings: PG/nude body (in a non-erotic way^^)

"I wish I could bring him back!"

Harry had been terribly drunk that evening and soul-crippling lonely, lamenting his woes to the patient canvas of Dumbledore's twinkling portrait.

"If there was a way, \*any\* way..."

"Would you really bring him back, my boy, whatever the consequences?"

Dumbledore had studied him over the rim of his half-moon glasses, looking almost... dubiously?

There had been only one possible answer for Harry: "Yes!"

That was how he found himself deep in the bowels of the Ministry, in the middle of the night, facing the unassuming door that hid his destination: The Locked Room.

Taking one last fortifying breath, Harry breached the distance and laid both palms lightly upon the wooden surface.

He could feel the heat that had molten Sirius' knife pulse against his fingertips, comfortably warm at first but getting increasingly hotter and somehow more threatening the harder he pushed.

When his palms began to blister, Harry gritted his teeth against the pain and pressed on.

"I just want him back. Please, I want him \*back\*..."

Suddenly, the heat was gone, replaced by inviting, living warmth that soothed his sore hands.

A soft click echoed around Harry and the door opened slowly.

After the Entrance Chamber's bluish gloom Harry was blinded by the clear white light that greeted him in the No Longer Locked Room.

Blinking furiously, he took one step inside the room and was instantly embraced by the warm, pulsing light that issued a sound so heart-rendingly beautiful it reminded him of Fawkes' song.

Letting the light lead him, Harry finally found what he was searching for: Suspended in mid-air, held up by the light itself, was Severus Snape.

Harry didn't dare look away from the man, not even long enough to blink, for fear that he would disappear again.

With watering eyes he stared at Snape intently, watching raptly as the naked body floated downwards.

When Snape touched the ground, it was as if a spell was lifted; the light receded and Harry, released from what had felt like a Petrificus Totalus, rushed to Snape's side, mouth opened in awe.

His hand shook uncontrollably where it hovered an inch above Snape's chest, until Harry took a deep breath and lowered the trembling appendage.

He gasped when realization hit him in the form of Snape's steady heartbeat: the man was painfully thin and sickly pale, but unmistakably, unbelievably, wonderfully alive.