

# Prayer100

## drabbles I wrote for my beloved 100 asylums

Von prayer\_at\_night

### Kapitel 17: Untitled - Sneville

Pairing: Severus/Neville

Asylum: Neville100

Prompt: Dusk

Genre: Romance... kinda

Rating/Warnings: PG/cigarettes (they can kill you, so please don't smoke them)

„I thought you had stopped smoking.“

The door fell shut behind Neville, cutting off the sound of classic music and polite conversation issuing from the dinner party downstairs. Severus, cigarette in one hand and a tumbler filled with two fingers of golden whiskey in the other, was leaning against the balcony's balustrade.

After one sharp look into his direction Severus went back to studying the sky over his head, painted in washed-out shades of blue and grey now that the sun had finally set.

Severus shrugged nonchalantly, then drew on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke in perfect little circles.

~\*~

“I ceased to try what ‘I have not in me to do’.” He eventually answered in the flat tone of voice he always used when he was hurt and tried not to show it.

Neville winced at the barb, then walked over to the black-clad man and settled his elbows next to Severus’.

“I guess I deserve that.”

Severus snorted dryly and tipped back his drink.

“Yes, you do.”

"Yeah, I do." Neville reached over and Severus handed him the cigarette.

He took a drag, allowing the bitter-sour taste to ground him and pondering on the best course of action.

~\*~

Blowing the smoke out through his nose, Neville decided on a direct approach.

"I still love you."

Severus let a curtain of black hair fall in front of his face in a childish try to hide from Neville's eyes.

"If you expect a similar response you will be severely disappointed."

Something defensive entered his voice, a touch of steel and stubbornness.

Neville drew on the cigarette one last time, then flipped it over the railing.

"I know." He said, his words accompanied by a cloud of white smoke. "That you won't say it doesn't mean you don't do it, though."

~\*~

Keen black eyes studied him through strands of hair that seemed like solid iron bars in the ascending darkness. Neville clenched his fist to keep from reaching out and brushing the fence away.

"I finally understood." He said into the expectant silence. "You always said it, in your way, but I didn't listen. I waited for your mouth to speak the words when your eyes and your hands said all the necessary things."

Swallowing, Neville tucked the veil of hair separating them behind Severus' ear. His hand lingered.

"Come home with me?"

Severus allowed the touch, and then nodded slowly.