

# This Love I Have

*by Delayed Poet*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter, nor am I getting any type of compensation for the writing of this fanfiction.

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The young man sat hunched over a stack of parchments, scribbling impatiently. Every few moments he scratched out what he'd been writing, crumbling the parchment and levitating it into the overflowing bin. He knew that this task he'd been given was of vital importance. She would never let him live it down if he bugged it.

Frank Longbottom read the words and frowning, started crossing it out. "Not right at all," he mumbled, "but the last part could work."

*I eagerly anticipate the chance to grow together, getting to know the woman you will become, and falling in love a little more every day.*

As he set the parchment aside to consider later, the portrait hole opened, and the Marauders walked through, oddly subdued. So caught up in the task at hand, Frank did not notice his friends gathering around him.

"What are you doing, Frankie?" Sirius asked, his smirk not quite reaching his eyes.

Frowning, Frank said, "Writing my vows. Go away."

Before he could stop him, James snatched up the parchment he'd just set aside and read it aloud. "Mate, this is terrible. Does Alice know this is what you're coming up with?"

"It's not *that* bad," Remus broke in.

"It's terrible." A slow smile grew on James's face. "But not all hope is lost."

"It isn't?" Frank asked, skeptical.

Sirius slowly nodded in understanding. "We have the answer you didn't know you were looking for."

Frank looked between James and Sirius, wondering how long it would take them to divulge whatever it was they thought would win Alice over at their wedding.

"Poetry," James said simply.

"Marlene had a thing for Elizabeth Browning," Sirius said conspiratorially. "I'll be right back."

Sirius went up the boys' staircase and returned moments later with a book in his hands. When he held it out, Frank took it curiously. Flicking through it, he realized that it was a book of poetry.

"There should be something in there you can use. Good luck, mate." Sirius nodded at the others, and they left as subdued as they had come. Frank pushed the curiosity aside, deciding that he had more important things to worry about.

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Frank managed to get through his seventh year, leaving behind the comfort of Hogwarts for the harsh reality of the world. Even though Alice still had her seventh year to experience, they agreed that with the growing threat of You-Know-Who they wanted to be married as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, as soon as possible wasn't soon enough. Frank held Alice when she found out her parents had been mercilessly murdered. He made love to her when she needed to be taken away from reality. He laughed with her; he cried with her; and when there wasn't anything else to do, he simply held her gently in his arms.

They had planned to have a fairly large wedding with friends and family. That was not to be. Soon after school let out for the summer, they found themselves at the Ministry. They went alone to say their vows, to become husband and wife without anyone there.

Frank was a nervous wreck. Even though he wasn't going to say his vows in front of all his friends and family, he had always been most worried about what Alice would think of the words he had decided upon to bind himself to her for the rest of their lives.

They were in front of the officiating wizard, facing one another, holding each other's hands. Alice was saying her vows, the words touching him in ways he never thought possible. Then it was his turn, the moment he had been both dreading and anticipating. He just hoped that Elizabeth Browning wouldn't let him down.

"How do I love you, Alice? Let me count the ways. I love you to every depth and height, as far as my soul can reach. I'll love you to the end of time, through everyday. I love you by the sun and candlelight. I love you freely, purely, passionately, faithfully. This love I have, I'll never lose. I love you with my breath, smiles, tears, all my life. And if it comes to it, I'll love you even in death."

A tear slipped from Alice's eye and he brushed it away gently. Finally, Frank tugged Alice in for the kiss. He felt the spark of magic flowing through him as they were bound as husband and wife. As long as he had Alice, he would be all right.

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**Author's Notes:** Written for Challenge 17 at the LJ Community, *Romancing the Wizard*. This was my first time writing Frank and Alice, but I must say I'm rather happy with how it turned out. Thanks so much to Gelsey for her wonderful beta work!