

The Taste of Quidditch

by IrishEspressoGirl

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"After Gryffindor creams Ravenclaw as smoothly as Holyhead overran Chudley back in seventy-two, the birds'll be pulling 'a Chudley' and adopting a new motto," Sirius claimed audaciously.

James joined in Sirius's laughter.

Listening doubtfully, Lily didn't understand why wizards lived and breathed Quidditch. It seemed James liked Quidditch because it gave him reason to strut around Hogwarts. The tangibility of the game itself, she always argued, just didn't exist.

"Evans doesn't get Quidditch," James observed loudly.

"Potter," she retorted, "there are five sensory requirements for anything to be *real*. Take this gateau." She levitated the plate over. "You can see the dark, creamy wedge. It certainly smells divine, and when you take a bite, you feel the fluffiness in your mouth and taste the chocolaty goodness. Quidditch doesn't have any of these."

"Yes, but, Lily, chocolate gateau doesn't make *a sound*, so how do you know it's real?" James smirked at her.

Using her own fork, Lily slid a morsel between his lips.

"Mmmm," he murmured.

Lily quirked an eyebrow at him. "See? The gateau elicited sound from its taster."

"Alright, Evans. Come to tomorrow's match. I'll show you five things that make Quidditch exist."

"You're on, Potter."

Lily arrived at the pitch as skeptical as ever. When the match began, James soared high above everyone else; after two years as a Chaser, he was now Seeker.

Cheers and jeers from the stands seemed to spur the players into flying with greater purpose; each goal brought more noise. Following the seventh Gryffindor score, James flew near Lily and lifted a gloved finger to his ear.

Lily's eyes grew round with realization. These were the sounds of Quidditch!

A look of determination replaced his smirk, and he zoomed toward her. She shrieked! James was going to crash into her!

James's excellent flying skills prevailed, and he stopped just before her. She saw him capture the Snitch!

Gryffindor had won the Quidditch Cup!

Excited fans flooded the pitch, bringing Lily with them. It suddenly didn't matter if she won their argument; the rush of adrenaline was enough to make anyone love Quidditch.

Lily was soon caught up in a jubilant embrace. She buried her nose in the curve of James's neck, inhaling deeply. James smelled sweetly of sweat, grass, and butterbeer from the surrounding celebrants.

Silently, James held the elusive Snitch against her palm. Lily was stunned; the furiously fluttering wings caused a tickling sensation that travelled throughout her body -- it was amazing! No wonder James always carried around that Snitch!

In the deafening, jostling crowd, Lily impulsively stood on tiptoe and pressed her lips to his in a firm, tender kiss. James tasted of tangy salt, and it was so fantastic that she was tempted to lick James's lips. Instead, she settled with pressing her mouth once more to his.

"Mmmm..." she purred. "Quidditch does exist."

A smile rivalling the one he'd worn after catching the Snitch slowly spread across his features. It appeared she'd finally agreed to be his girlfriend.

Author's Notes: As much as I'd like to say that it was the taste that inspired this tale, the sense that actually got my thoughts flowing was the scent described above. Sweat, grass, and the Muggle version of butterbeer mingled together sweetly are smells that I associate closely with the Muggle sport of football (aka soccer). I'm far away from my beloved footballers at the moment, and not long before the challenge began, I caught a whiff of the game's scent and knew I had to write about it.

Much thanks to Sea Isle Witch for her incredibly talented mind, encouraging words, and patience with a struggling artist.

The Taste of Quidditch was written for RTW's *Challenge Thirteen: Marauder's Map*. It had to be set during the 1970s and take place at a specific location around Hogwarts; I chose the Quidditch pitch. The story needed to be 500 words, incorporate the prompt "new motto," and show some magic.