

Chocolate, Lemon, and Quidditch...Tarts?

by *IrishEspressoGirl*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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My muses, I must admit, pop up in the strangest of places. On my way to the *Daily Prophet* offices to finish off an article, I passed wizarding Chelsea's lone patisserie. Through the hand-painted glass, I spotted my next story.

He sat at a tall window table, indulging in a breakfast pastry. His biceps, toned from years of professional Quidditch, shone with the light sheen of an early-morning workout. I watched his gaze follow a blonde witch across the shop; her capelet-style robes barely reached her thighs.

I could see the headline clearly:

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An Exposé on the Lifestyles of Professional Quidditch Players.

Kevin Entwhistle was captain of the Montrose Magpies, the winningest team in Quidditch history. An interview with him, together with my stunning diction, would land my piece on the front page--upstaging even Rita Skeeter! I pulled some parchment from my satchel, pointed my wand, and whispered, "*Scribo*." Instantly, my idea flew onto the page; I couldn't forget something so brilliant.

Determined to get the interview, I removed the pin that held up my hair. My locks tumbled in loose waves to my shoulders. I was ready.

I entered the patisserie and quickly ordered something to go. With the small bag in hand, I turned to leave the shop. I timed my movements carefully; as I passed Entwhistle's table, I bumped into another witch, and my belongings scattered across the floor.

My plan worked. Two hours later, I had him sitting on a bench in Hyde Park, and I was flirting the spring Saturday away, though mentally cataloguing every word he spoke.

"Kevin," I cooed, widening my eyes and lightly placing my hand on his, "does it bother you that people think Quidditch players are, well, promiscuous?"

Entwhistle's deep voice rung with laughter, his blue eyes sparkling. "Does it bother *you*?"

When I didn't answer, he continued. "Romilda," he said, his eyes sliding from mine to his finger, which was curling around a bit of my hair, "some witches find that attribute

rather attractive."

His eyes darted back to mine, and suddenly I felt much younger and much less experienced than Entwhistle seemed to be. I could sense my reporter's resolve slipping. Although I suspected he was trying to add me to the many notches on his broomstick, part of me didn't care.

I giggled and swatted his hand away, as I imagined any Quidditch tart would, but he was undeterred.

"Do *you* find me attractive, Romilda?"

I breathed in sharply, unsure of how to respond. I knew I should focus, but I did find him quite appealing.

When I didn't answer, he leaned closer, his intentions clear. Although I knew better, my lips had a mind of their own. I was, quite avidly, kissing him back.

Before long, I understood why so many witches flocked to the Quidditch stands. Now my only question was which flavor I was: blueberry or raspberry? Somehow, I doubted my supervisor would be interested in that answer.

Author's Notes: *Chocolate, Lemon, and Quidditch...Tarts?* was written for Romancing the Wizard's Challenge Eighteen: March Madness Redux. The challenge called for a 500 word piece that included a pre-determined rare pairing, incorporated the idea of the prompt "chocolate and lemon tarts," involved an original spell, and took place in a spring-like setting. *Chocolate, Lemon, and Quidditch...Tarts?* was awarded an Enchanted Quill.

My original spell, *Scribo*, causes the caster's thoughts to appear on a piece of parchment. It certainly saves a lot of time for a reporter like Romilda, and she doesn't have to worry about the exaggeration of the Quick-Quotes Quill. Information about the Quick-Quotes Quill is from [the HP-Lexicon](#).

Information about the Montrose Magpies is also from [the HP-Lexicon](#).

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