

The Stages of Affection

by Stefdarin

A set of four flashfics following the courtship and romance of Filius and Pomona.

Filius and Pomona

Chapter 1 of 2

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Disclaimer: Don't own them, and JKR and I do not see eye to eye about their relationship. Oh, well.

Thanks to Semptra, you rock, girl!

~~Knocked for Six~~

"Do you think I am stupid!? Just because I am a Hufflepuff doesn't mean I haven't got eyes or a brain in my head! If you have a problem with me, then by Merlin, you should come to me and discuss it like a civilized wizard, Professor Flitwick! You... you... you – Ravenclaw!" Pomona Sprout stabbed the air only inches from his chest, advancing on him with each stab.

Filius Flitwick's brows rose in surprise as he retreated a bit, caught off guard by the fury of the woman before him. "But, Pomona, I—"

She cut him off. "I have seen you talking to all my friends behind my back! You stop talking when I come in the vicinity. And when Minerva, my oldest and dearest friend, got caught up in this, that was the very last straw! What, exactly, is your problem with me!?" Pomona crossed her arms over her chest in defiance.

Filius eyed her cautiously. "But, Pomona, I was only gathering information so I could ask you out," he began hesitantly.

Pomona's arms dropped, her breath caught in her chest, and she exclaimed, "Oh!" She then pulled one side of her bottom lip into her mouth with her teeth and colored brightly.

"So... can I pick you up around seven?" Filius asked, taking advantage of Pomona's stunned silence.

Silently, Pomona nodded, and then stuttered, "U—Umm... seven? Y—Yes, alright."

"Then I will be at your door at seven. Until then, my dear..." With which he reached out and took her hand to place a gentle kiss upon it, then spun around and walked up the stairs.

"Y—Yes, okay, s—see you then." Pomona stood there, still flabbergasted, but her eyes began to focus just a little as she raised her hand to her mouth. A gentle smile came to her lips when she heard him start to whistle.

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~~Distressed~~

"Ahhhchoo! Ahhhchoo! Di—did— ahhchoo! You— ahhchoo — findityet— ahchoo!" Filius Flitwick managed to get out through sneezes.

Pomona's brow furrowed in concentration as she flipped through the book in front of her; who would have thought this could happen? She certainly hadn't. They had been so cute sitting there. She simply couldn't resist. Resting as they were, smooth and naked and nubby. "No. No... not yet, my love."

She and Filius had been seeing each other for a while, but there were still things she didn't know about him. Like this. How was she to know he reacted like this? On and on it went. "Ahhhchoo... ahhchoo... ahchoo — ahchoo... uh — ahhhchoo!"

Stealthily, she had moved in and pounced, hoping to make him laugh; she loved his laugh. It brought joy to her heart. But now, he was distressed, and it was all her fault.

"Ah ha! Here, my love, *Obsturo Sternui*," she recited as she aimed and swished her wand at Filius, and the sneezing stopped abruptly.

Across the room, he leaned over the side table for support and looked up at her. She gazed back with concern. "I am so sorry, my darling, I had no idea."

"It's alright, Mona, love. You didn't know. Just don't ever tickle my feet again."

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~~Of Poppies and Questions~~

As they Apparated by side along, a shock of excitement ran through her. Before she could ask where they were going, they were there, and when Pomona opened her eyes, they widened at the view before her. There was a white linen-covered table, replete with tapered candles, food, and elegant dinnerware. Crystal and silver gleamed in the fading light of the sun, as the table had been placed among a field of poppies.

Pomona's heart rose to her throat. Red poppies, thousands of them, bent and swayed in the wind, as if leaning to kiss each other, while their soft fragrance drifted on the breeze. In the distance she could see a line of mountains, their purple hue a shadow against the sky. Above them, the first stars were beginning to wink in twilight as the sun slowly sank.

Filius watched her as warmth came to her cheeks in pleasure; no words could describe how she felt. Her heart beat wildly, and a languid smile touched her lips when he took her hand, his eyes never leaving hers.

Pomona watched Filius, her heart beating faster with every movement as he bent down on one knee and held out his hand to her. With a shimmer, a brilliant diamond in a marcasite setting appeared. Pomona's breath hitched in her throat as her eyes landed on the ring.

Filius took the band with his thumb and forefinger and then looked up at Pomona. Her chestnut locks floated on the wind, and sudden tears hovered in her hazel eyes. "Mona, my love," his voice trembled ever so slightly, "there is a question I need to ask you."

A tear slipped silently down her cheek, and a timid smile curled her lips when Pomona lifted a quivering hand to stroke his face. He had his answer.

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#### ~~Paint~~

Filius wearily raised his head to survey the milieu. His breathing came in short pants as he tried to calm himself. He was breathing as if he had partaken in a race. But then, he smiled wickedly to himself; of course that almost described what they had done. He looked down at his flushed wife when she moved her hand up to cup his face.

"You do look rather attractive in peach, my love." Pomona's bright, hazel eyes shone up at him from her position on the tarp covered floor. Her finger traced a line of paint that reached from the corner of his eyebrow to the edge of his mouth.

Filius' lips quirked up in a smile. "Alright, my sweet Mona? That was rather sudden." His fingers traced the cheerful, happy, and light aqua face that stared up at him from his wife's protruding belly.

"Never better, my love." She struggled to sit up while he assisted her and looked around. Her eyes took in the painted bubbles of the walls in lime green, and she beamed. "Oh, Fil, it's wonderful!"

Casting a Scourgify charm to clean the excess paint from the surrounding area, he stood and took her hand when she struggled to rise. "I think I am going to keep you this way. You always seem hungry for things other than food. Now, how about a bath?" He smiled naughtily at her and wiggled his brows.

Pomona sniggered and nodded, the look of hunger rising in her features again. Filius led her to the bathroom where they took a sensuous, nook and cranny bath. As they finished, he reflected vaguely, half the fun had been making the mess, but the other half, definitely, had been cleaning it.

## I'll See You Then

### Chapter 2 of 2

Pomona reflects on this life with Filius and the next. This is the fifth and final part for this pairing.

***Thank you for everything, Sempra.***

#### I'll See You Then

Pomona lay in her bed, an old, cracked photo album resting on her lap. As she turned the pages, her hands shook. But they did not shake because she was upset or nervous; they shook because, like the album, she was old.

She gazed at the photos and reflected on the happy times they captured. Each image held a memory more dear to her than life itself. They depicted her family as it had grown over the years. But more importantly, it held images of Filius... her friend, her lover, her husband; the love of her life.

She paused. Filius' brilliant brown eyes looked up at her and then crinkled at the edges as his smile beamed from the page. Almost instantly, her eyes misted with tears. How she missed him: his laugh, the tone of his voice when he said her name, the warmth of his embrace, his scent.... Now, all she had were memories... memories and an

old photo album she looked through every night.

Pomona turned the page and smiled through her tears at an aged photo of the two of them. They were twirling and dancing at the wedding of their son, Gavin. The sequins on Pomona's gown sparkled in the light as Filius spun her around. While she turned, Filius threw his head back to laugh. She could almost hear him... almost.

It was hard to believe it had only been two months since his death. They had known... It was hard to explain, but Filius had known his time was coming. He constantly told Pomona he was ready. He had lived a full life; he couldn't have asked for more. His only regret was that he would miss her until they met again. But he told her, "Don't fret, my love, no matter how much longer it takes you, I'll see you then."

Pomona closed her eyes as she remembered his words. That night, they had snuggled down in their bed, he had wrapped his arms around her and he had left her as he slept. The following morning, she had woken to find him with a smile on his face as he held her tightly, but his soul, that part that gave him life, had gone.

Since then, Pomona had gotten her affairs in order, and now, she knew she would be joining him soon. She no longer worried that her children needed her. They had families of their own, lives of their own. And when she was gone, she knew Gavin and Fiona would have each other. That knowledge eased her heart more than anything.

With a final caress to Filius' smiling, photographed face with her hand, Pomona laid the album aside and placed a note on the table by her bed. She sighed, whispered, "Nox," and the torches around the room extinguished. After one hundred and fifty years on this earth, she was tired, and gratefully, she lay down to rest.

The next morning, Fiona came in to wake her mother. She threw back the drapes, letting bright light spill into the room. "Mum, time to get up..." she trilled in a cheerful voice as she turned.

When she turned, she expected to see her mother's warm, brown eyes smiling back at her. Instead, Pomona's face looked peaceful, and there was a slight curve to her lips. If Fiona didn't know how lightly her mother slept, she might've thought Pomona was having a pleasant dream. But then Fiona's eyes rested on the note Pomona had left, and she knew her mother was gone.

Fiona moved slowly to her mother's side and sat down. She tenderly held the hand that had held hers for so long and laid it back down gently. She took a steadying breath and reached for the parchment leaning against the cold torch. When she opened the letter, her hands shook and tears filled her eyes as she read:

*'Don't worry. I'm with your father, and when your time is done, we'll see you then.'*

*Love,*

*Mum'*