

Something the Prince Never Knew

by Stefdarin

A glimpse into the lives of Filius and Pomona from a different point of view.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: As always, the characters belong to JKR. The song in italics is *Cinderella* by Steven Curtis Chapman, which I also do not own.

During my life, I have seen many things: sunrise, sunset, trees, people and the tides come and go. Yet, still I am here, where I was made to be. One, such as I, does not always see the world, or people, impartially as it would seem. For I admit to being fond of a few couples, and one in particular, the gentleman especially.

Oh, don't get me wrong, his lady has many attributes I think highly of as well. She has a nurturing and kind spirit, but he has the warmest, gentlest and most loving heart I have ever seen. And not one whom he has ever cared for has been left wanting. Indeed, often he is the one left aching in the end, so I find it only fitting that he would seek my arms at those moments.

Over the years, I have witnessed so many bittersweet and loving moments in his life, and I feel privileged for having shared them. Even if he had no idea that he was sharing them. Take, for instance, when he met his wife. Oh, I was jealous because he met me first, but then, I could never show him my true feelings, so I settled for just observing him.

When he came to Hogwarts, he would come to the same spot every afternoon for lunch, and it was here that I first saw him. He would sit and enjoy the rolling waves of Black Lake and the warmth of the sun on his face. I always loved when he would lift his face up to its rays, close his eyes, and sigh with utter bliss. It gave me a shiver of pleasure to hear that sound.

Not long after Filius, that is his name, met Pomona, I knew he was lost to me. But I could easily see the love these two felt for each other. And then, they did me the honor of marrying right beneath that willow tree over there, and I watched as they began their life together. Oh, what a sweet day that was.

Not too long afterward, Pomona's belly got larger. And as time moved on, she grew heavy with their first child. Filius was beside himself, and during that time, they spent many days here in the sunshine under my watchful eye while they prepared for their child. Soon, Fiona Flitwick was born, and the moment Filius brought her out to show me, I could tell he was neatly wrapped around her finger.

As she grew, Fiona shared her father's love for music. I recall a time when Filius was worried about the upcoming war. He and Pomona rested while a five-year-old Fiona played in her tutu...

"Papa... Papa! Please, won't you dance with me? Aunt Minerva has promised music in the Headmaster's suite after dinner, and she wants me to dance for her," she pleaded as chestnut curls tumbled and hazel eyes smiled up at him.

Filius sighed. "My little one, I will never miss a dance with you." Filius got up and moved onto the grass while Fiona pulled a small box out of their picnic basket. Filius laughed and asked, "What is this?"

At his question, Pomona laughed as well and told him, "She slipped it in when you went to retrieve the cherry syrup you forgot." Pomona smiled up at her husband as he held out his arms to their daughter.

The little charmed music box played Brandenburg Concerto number five, and Fiona, who was just a bit shorter than her father, flew into his arms, and he spun her around to the music.

She spins and she sways

To whatever song plays

Without a care in the world

And I'm sitting here wearing

The weight of the world on my shoulders

It's been a long day

And there's still work to do

She's pulling at me

Saying, "Dad, I need you

There's a ball at the castle

And I've been invited

And I need to practice my dancing

Oh, please, Daddy, please?"

So I will dance with Cinderella

While she is here in my arms

'Cause I know something the prince never knew

Oh, I will dance with Cinderella

I don't want to miss even one song

'Cause all too soon the clock will strike midnight

And she'll be gone...

Time moved on and the war came. I was fortunate to still exist, and I saw as they rejoiced. Soon, Fiona was old enough to attend the school. And before Filius knew it, she was a fifth year. The Yule Ball was coming, and she and Pomona had returned from their shopping trip to Diagon Alley...

"Somehow, I knew we would find you out here," Pomona sighed happily. Her cheeks were rosy from the winter chill in the air, and she and Fiona were laden with boxes.

Fiona dug through them excitedly and pulled out a small, parchment-wrapped parcel. "We brought something back for you, Papa." Fiona's eyes shone with delight as her father hesitated over the wrapping.

"So, am I going to allow you to attend the Yule Ball in the dress you both purchased?" Filius asked with a mock serious look.

"Oh, Papa!" Fiona said with exasperation, but smiled anyway. She lifted the lid of a box and pulled out a magnificent green dress. She held it up to show him, then quickly put it back when he finally finished opening his package.

As Filius opened the black box inside, he saw an ancient-looking pocket watch. "Oh, Pomona," he exclaimed in awe and looked up at his wife, who blushed down at him.

"Open it, my love," Pomona prodded.

When he did, a gentle melody played, and Fiona said excitedly, "Happy birthday, Papa, won't you dance with me?"

Filius looked up and tears hovered on his lashes. He couldn't speak, so only nodded, and then danced in circles with his daughter, now a foot taller than him. Pomona beamed at her little family as snow began falling gently around them.

She says he's a nice guy and I'd be impressed

She wants to know if I approve of the dress

She says, "Dad, the prom is just one week away

And I need to practice my dancing

Oh, please, Daddy, please?"

So I will dance with Cinderella

While she is here in my arms

'Cause I know something the prince never knew

Oh, I will dance with Cinderella

I don't want to miss even one song

'Cause all too soon the clock will strike midnight

And she'll be gone

She will be gone

It wasn't very long before Fiona sat in this very spot and gave Filius and Pomona some very exciting news...

"Is that what I think it is?" Pomona asked almost breathlessly. Her eyes fell to the sparkle on her daughter's hand, illuminated in the moonlight.

Fiona looked down sheepishly and moved her hand nervously. She swallowed audibly, and her gaze traveled to her father. Filius remained silent... waiting. "Oh, Papa, the French Ministry promoted Justin to Chief of Magical Law Enforcement...I know this isn't what our original plan was...so suddenly.... But I'm still going to University. Just... not here. The Sorbonne will accept me, you know they will..." She rushed to get her information all out, but Filius interrupted.

Filius cleared his throat, causing her to pause, and said quietly, "I know they will, sweetheart. It's alright." He looked at Pomona when she tightened her grasp of his hand, then looked back at his daughter. "We love Justin... We knew it would only be a matter of time. It's just..." He paused as words escaped him, and he cleared his throat once more.

When he looked up at Fiona, tears filled his eyes and her own welled up. "Oh, Papa we will still have time for a wedding. I would never miss a chance to dance with you, you know that."

Fiona moved to her father and held out her gently-sculpted hand, the ring catching a moonbeam and throwing off a sparkle as Filius slipped his fingers through hers. When he rose, he hugged Fiona to him warmly. Filius and Fiona parted slightly, and he pulled Pomona up into their embrace. Slowly, they spun to a music all their own.

Well, she came home today with a ring on her hand

Just glowing and telling us all they had planned

She says, "Dad, the wedding's still six months away

But I need to practice my dancing

Oh, please, Daddy, please?"

So I will dance with Cinderella

While she is here in my arms

'Cause I know something the prince never knew

Oh, I will dance with Cinderella

I don't want to miss even one song

'Cause all too soon the clock will strike midnight

And she'll be gone

That was half a year ago, and tonight was the night my Filius had to give his darling daughter away. I was not surprised to find him in my arms. As his tears spilled over, I offered him what comfort I could, but then Pomona came out into the courtyard and found him.

"Somehow, I knew I would find you out here on this old bench," she said with a sigh.

Old? Me? Honestly, if I could, I would have frowned at that remark. But, dear Filius looked up at his wife and smiled through his tears. "You know me so well, my love."

Pomona smiled and sat down next to him, taking his hand in hers. As their fingers laced, she asked him, "Is it so bad? I thought you had a lovely time at the wedding."

Filius sniffed, and then turned to Pomona, his eyes welling once more. "But she is gone, my dear..."

"Sh, sh, now that's enough of that. She isn't gone, Filius, you know that. But I know how you feel. Our baby is all grown up, she's moving on with her life, and she won't be around. But no matter where her life takes her, she will always be our baby." Pomona looked out at the waves of the Lake and sighed heavily, her voice wavering just a little.

Filius' hand gave hers a squeeze, and his voice was thick when he told her, "No one ever tells you how hard it is to let go, to let them fly on their own. I miss her already." He gave a sniff and reached for his handkerchief to blow his nose loudly.

Pomona moved her arm around him and leaned over to give him a hug. "I know, my love. But, do you think it has been so hard that you wouldn't want another child?" She whispered her question almost shyly.

Filius was silent a moment and then moved to look at her. "Why are you asking me this?"

Pomona was silent as her gaze met his steadily, and her lips curved in a small smile. She looked down for a moment, and when she looked back up at him, there were tears in her eyes. "Because...I mean..." She looked away quickly as if searching for the right words.

Filius reached up, and his hand trembled. With his index finger, he tugged her chin back around to face him. "Are you... Are we going to have another child?"

Pomona only nodded, and they sat there in silence for a moment. "Please tell me you are not unhappy?" Pomona asked in a pleading whisper.

"Oh, my dear, do not worry about me. Nothing would please me more than to raise another child with you, but how do you feel about this?"

"It is unexpected, but never unwelcome. I am already missing Fiona, too. Perhaps we can find ways to keep our minds off of such things."

Tears rose once more in Filius' eyes, and he hugged his wife to him. "Do you think we will have another girl?" But before Pomona could reply, Filius leaned back and asked in exasperation, "What if it's a boy?"

Pomona smiled at Filius and told him, "Then we shall hope that Fiona will give you a granddaughter to dance with, my love." Pomona laughed out loud when his eyebrows rose over that remark. She then stood, offered her hand to him, and said, "Come on, Papa, let's go to bed." Filius took her hand and, rising from the bench, left the courtyard entwined with Pomona.

As I watched them go, my boards gave a creak when I smiled. After all, what good is being enchanted if you can't smile once in a while. I really am fond of those two. And I am so happy that I get to watch them raise another little one. I can hardly wait.

End

So many thanks go to my beta, Semptra.

A/N: I would also like to thank Dracontia for the POV idea.