

Strawberry and Vanilla

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The first time she sat in his class, his senses were assaulted by the scent of strawberry and vanilla. Then her hand shot up and he was assaulted by her then-irritating voice.

Two years later, as he shielded the idiots from the werewolf, her bushy hair whipped in the wind and hit him in the face—strawberry and vanilla.

After he sent her out of harm's way to tend to Flitwick, he committed the scent of strawberry and vanilla to memory, cataloging their subtle nuances as he took the stairs up the astronomy tower two at a time.

And as he stared out the tower window of the headmaster's office at the blackness beyond, wondering if the reckless idiots still lived, he longed to again smell strawberry and vanilla.

Before he succumbed to the urge of his consciousness to flee the memories that bled out of him, viscous as the sluggish river of red flowing from his neck, he smelled... strawberry and vanilla?

The boy left, and she was still.

Go! He needs your help!

If he had the energy to smile, he would have as he heard the rustle of her leaving.

Good girl. Godspeed.

The darkness embraced him.