

Pomona's Buns

by OSUSprinks

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Pomona stepped even closer to the counter as she brushed a glaze over the hot cross buns, fresh from the oven. They were Filius' favorite, and when Horace had overheard the two discussing baking them that night and mentioned how much he enjoyed them, Pomona had thought it only fair to invite him over.

She tried turning to her side, hoping Horace would take the hint that she was trying to put distance between them as she willed Filius back into her rooms. He had been called away by his students, and Horace had apparently thought it the perfect time to make a move. She had been everything but outright rude to the man and still, he would not leave her alone. He was currently droning on about a former associate's *exquisite* gardens in Buenos Aires that she just had to see. Of course, he was willing to arrange a private visit - emphasis placed squarely on private - for the two of them.

Just as Pomona had had quite enough and was about to say so, three things happened. The timing charm for the next set of buns went off, Horace made a grab with one hand for a hot cross bun, and his other hand landed on her backside. She was so shocked she was at a loss for words. Luckily, not everyone was.

"Get your hands off the buns, all of them." Filius' wand was pointed directly at Horace's heart, and it was the first time Pomona really understood how intimidating a dueler he made. Horace backed away from her and the buns, his hands raised in front of him.

"I think I'll be going. If you don't mind, I'll just -" He gestured towards the buns on the counter. Filius' scowl deepened. "On second thought, I'll..."

The rest of his sentence was lost as he quickly left her rooms. Pomona was torn between sighing in relief and squealing with laughter. She turned to Filius, ready to reward her hero with a kiss, only to find his mouth already busy with a bun.

"What?" he asked in response to her scowl. "Your buns are delicious."

Written for a Saturday Night Drabble prompt by peppermint: Someone is busy baking in the kitchen. Another someone comes in to bother them. "Get your hands off the buns!" must feature in this drabble. Thank you so much for reading!