

That Old Charm

by Stefdarin

Filius and Pomona make a discovery.

That Old Charm

Chapter 1 of 1

Filius and Pomona make a discovery.

My thanks go to the lovely Luvsev for looking this over and the prompt on Saturday night. *Prompt will follow.*

That Old Charm

Staring openly at Filius and distracted by his presence, Pomona set down her goblet without a thought to where it landed. The glass teetered precariously on the edge of the table and fell into Professor Snape's lap.

"Merlin's ghost, Professor Sprout, where is your mind of late? You are as clumsy as a first-year, and that is being generous."

"Oh, Severus, I am sorry. I wasn't paying attention." Pomona rose, casting a Scourgify to remove the pumpkin stains from Snape's robes. Pausing a moment, she glanced over her shoulder at Filius once more, finding he was no longer in the Great Hall.

"Indeed."

Frowning, she excused herself from the head table, apologizing once more to Severus, who sniffed in derision. Scanning the room, her eye caught a glimpse of Filius' form before the side door shut. Hurrying down the aisle, Pomona wrenched the door open and followed Filius down the corridor.

Halfway down the passage, Filius slipped into a classroom. Silently, Pomona approached the door and leaned against it. From inside, she could hear the most beautiful piano music playing. Leaning back, she studied the door, noting this wasn't the music classroom.

Reaching forward, her hand trembling slightly, she turned the knob, pushing the door ajar. Closing one eye, she peered inside, and abruptly drew in her breath. The room was swathed in brilliant color. Vibrant blues and yellows swam along the walls, glistening symbols danced in the air, creating pictures, and Filius stroked the keys of a magnificent grand piano at the heart of it all.

Trancelike, Pomona stepped inside, the door shutting behind her automatically, as subtle, sweet sounds of mezzo piano filled the air. The floating notes synchronized an image before her... of her. She stood rooted to the spot, gaping at the perfect likeness. And when it smiled her smile, she smiled, and when it danced as she had never danced, she gasped. Suddenly, the music stopped.

"Pomona?" Filius' voice was an octave higher than normal.

Blushing profusely, Pomona looked down at her toes. "Hello, Filius. I—I... I didn't mean to intrude on your moment alone..."

Rising from the piano, Filius strode over to where she stood. "My dear, it wasn't really a moment alone. It was simply me being fanciful – wishful thinking... I remembered

an old charm and wanted to see if I could still cast it correctly.”

Crinkling her brow, Pomona looked down at him. “Fanciful? What kind of old charm? I don’t remember a charm producing such wonderful visions.” Pomona glanced around, as if trying to see the images of only moments ago.

“Oh, my dear, it was not one you were taught in school. It is one I stumbled across when studying Mozart some time ago. Would you like to see it again?” he asked, staring up at her hesitantly, offering her his hand.

Nodding, Pomona took his proffered hand and let him guide her to the piano. Motioning for her to sit, he circled the stool and sat beside her.

Gazing up at Pomona, Filius informed, “With this charm, the music will take shape according to how it makes the witch or wizard feel. Here, take my hand.” Filius held his wand over the keyboard.

Trembling slightly, Pomona laid her hand over Filius’.

Creating a gentle arc with their joined hands, Filius murmured the incantation, “Cantus adverto transpectus.”

White light erupted from his wand, hitting the piano, and it immediately began to play. The room was once again filled with the dolce tones of Debussy’s *Clair de lune*. Effervescent color began to materialize and hover as green and red mingled with the blue and yellow from before. Sparkling yellow notes created an image of Pomona. Shimmering green tendrils twined into a likeness of Filius, and the two figures moved to embrace each other tenderly.

Gasping, Filius’ gaze rose to Pomona’s, and she smiled shyly. Raising her hand to his lips, he whispered, “My dear.”

End

Original Prompt: PS/FF, an old charm, and a moment alone