

# Finding Magic

*by Stefdarin*

As Voldemort regains power, conspiracy and attacks cause havoc. But students cannot be made aware of every troubling event, especially when it involves a Hogwarts professor.

## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 2*

As Voldemort regains power, conspiracy and attacks cause havoc. But students cannot be made aware of every troubling event, especially when it involves a Hogwarts professor.

"Professor Sprout? Professor Sprout!! Quick, fetch Madam Pomfrey!" Neville Longbottom instructed a scared second-year student.

The frightened, little redhead stared at the immobile form of her Herbology teacher for scant moments before nodding her head, looking at Neville, and sprinting off in the direction of the castle. Staring down at Professor Sprout, Neville gulped, looking concerned.

"I – is she going to be all right?" Nathan Cresswell asked, a slight tremor in his voice.

Turning around, Neville addressed the second-year students gathered in a huddle around Professor Sprout's body. "I want everyone to calm down. Moira, you and the others in your group, go back over to the Alihotsy and study them. But don't touch them! Phillip, you and the other half of the students, carry on with repotting the shrivelfigs."

Dejectedly, the students went back to their lessons, casting worried looks over their shoulders now and then. A few moments later, Madam Pomfrey burst through the door of greenhouse two, followed closely by the little red-haired girl and Professor Slughorn.

Slightly winded, Poppy knelt over Pomona. Quickly, she cast a spell over the prone witch to check her vitals. Frowning, she gazed up at Neville, who looked down at her with worry etched into his features. "How long has she been like this? What happened, precisely?"

"I – I'm not really sure. One moment she was pruning the bellapods, and the next, she was lying there." Neville motioned with his hands. "The students were working on their shrivelfigs, and Professor Sprout had asked me to join her at the table. She picked up the pot, and when she did, it just sort of exploded. I didn't even have a chance to stop it." Neville's voice cracked a little, and a pained look crossed his face as he stared down at the still form of his favorite professor.

"There, there, Neville, dear. We all know you would have done something if you could have."

"A bellapod, did you say?" Slughorn questioned, looking over the table Neville was standing near.

"Y – yes, sir. It's a special project Professor Sprout and I are working on for my N.E.W.T.s"

"Hm, how very interesting—"

"Horace, you can ask Mister Longbottom about that later. I need to get Professor Sprout to the infirmary immediately! Help me, will you? Mister Longbottom, will you please excuse the students?"

Rising, the matron cast *Mobilicorpus* on Pomona, lifting her gently from the ground. Madam Pomfrey took off through the door of the greenhouse at breakneck speed, Pomona's inert form floating between her and Professor Slughorn.

Striding to the door, Neville watched despondently as the pair made their way across the grounds. Off to his left, he saw Draco Malfoy, Gregory Goyle, and Theodore Nott in a huddle. Snickering, Malfoy pointed to the procession making its way to the castle.

Frowning, Neville turned back to the Herbology class.

"All right, everyone, let's clean up. And remember, Professor Sprout requested twelve inches of parchment on the effects of shrivelfig in potions." His reminder resulted in several groans from the students.

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"Oh, Headmaster, I think she is coming around!" Madam Pomfrey exclaimed.

Blinking rapidly, Pomona squinted when bright light assaulted her pupils. Closing her eyes against the source of stabbing pain in her head, she grimaced, bringing a hand gingerly to her head. Shading her eyes, she peeked from under her hand, her vision focusing on the image of Albus Dumbledore smiling with relief down at her.

"My dear, Pomona, you have had us all worried. That was some jolt you must have received."

"How are you feeling, Professor?" Poppy inquired, running her wand over the Herbology teacher once more. Shaking her head slightly, she looked down at Pomona, worry evident.

Puckering her brow, Pomona thought about how she felt. "My head hurts rather badly, and I feel... odd."

Raising his eyebrows, Albus leaned back. "Odd?" he asked, exchanging a look with the Healer.

Moving forward, Poppy prodded, "Pomona, dear, can you sit up?"

"I – I think so," Pomona replied hesitantly.

Groaning a little, Professor Sprout rose up on the bed with a little assistance from Poppy and the Headmaster. The room spun a moment, stopping when Pomona steadied herself with one hand. Sighing, she looked up at Poppy and Albus and gave them a slight smile. They smiled back, but their smiles did not quite reach their eyes, causing Pomona to frown once more.

"Somehow, I get the distinct impression that something else is wrong," she told them, looking first at Poppy, then at Albus. "The children—"

"Are fine, Pomona. I assure you," Albus informed. "Your health is what concerns us—"

"Oh, Albus, I feel all right. Though I am not quite sure what happened. The last thing I remember, I had called Neville over to show him how to repot the new plant we were working on."

"Nothing else?"

Shaking her head slowly and wincing slightly, Pomona replied, "No."

"Here, let me get you a drink of water," Poppy offered, leaning toward the bedside table and the water glass sitting there.

"I can get that, Poppy. I am not an invalid, you know." Pomona reached out, expecting the glass to float to her outstretched hand. The glass never moved.

Poppy and Albus looked at each other, then at Pomona.

Scowling, Pomona gazed at her empty hand. "*Accio*," she uttered, staring back at the glass on the table. Again, it did not move.

Sighing heavily, Madam Pomfrey sat next to Pomona on the bed. "I had hoped that the readings were wrong."

Removing his spectacles, the Headmaster rubbed his eyes warily.

Looking from Poppy to Albus and back again, Pomona frowned. "What? What did the readings say?"

Raising worried eyes to Pomona, Poppy sighed once more and grasped her hand gently. "That it's gone—"

"Gone!? What is gone?" Pomona asked incredulously, studying Poppy hard and causing the matron to look away. Sucking in her breath, Pomona raised a shaking hand to her mouth when her eyes landed on the glass once more.

Rising from his chair, Albus moved to Pomona's side and laid his hand on her shoulder, squeezing it slightly.

"No! You mean my magic, don't you? How can my magic be gone?" Pomona croaked, her voice full of despair.

"We don't know, Pomona. We don't know."

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**Prompt:** Someone's lost his/her magic. How does he/she cope?

**A/N:** This fic is dedicated to my dear friend, OSUSprinks. I thank her for introducing me to this ship and causing my inspiration to flourish. And, I would like to send many kudos out to my lovely betas: ladyinthecloak and luvsev. You ladies are simply the best, and I do not know what I would do without you.

## Chapter Two

*Chapter 2 of 2*

As Voldemort regains power, conspiracy and attacks cause havoc. But students cannot be made aware of every

troubling event, especially when it involves a Hogwarts professor.

## Finding Magic: Chapter 2

Panting heavily, a short, stout wizard bounded up the stairs. Pausing momentarily to catch his breath and straighten his robes, his eyes rose to the wisps of fluffy white hair falling into his face. Distractedly, he raked a hand through them, took a deep breath and pushed open the door to the infirmary. Inside, all was quiet too quiet.

Hesitantly, he stepped inside, his shoes clacking on the stone floor, then stopped, listening for any sound. Creeping further into the room, he spotted Professor Sprout sitting on the cot nearest to the door, looking forlorn. Slumping sideways slightly, she stared out the window on the far side of the room.

He cautiously approached her. "Pomona?" he murmured, stepping closer and placing his hand over hers.

At the sound of his voice, Pomona's gaze shifted to his, and she straightened. Drawing in a deep breath, sudden tears shone in her eyes. "Oh, Filius..."

"Sh, sh, my dear, I am here. I am so sorry I was not here sooner. Poppy just..."

Gasping, Pomona pulled her hand from his. "She told you?"

Instantly, Pomona's thoughts ran to the conversation she had had with both Poppy and Albus before they went down to dinner. They had assured her no mention would be made of her condition for the time being. In the meantime, Albus would assist her with the Herbology classes for the older students while Neville would assist her with the younger ones. When they had mentioned dinner, Pomona had begged off. She really had no desire to face the students or staff just yet, even if they didn't know something was wrong with her.

Filius then replied with a frown. "I was looking for you at dinner. Poppy told me you were in the hospital wing when I asked if she had seen you. She just said you didn't feel like coming down to the Great Hall. Of course, there was talk among the students about what happened today in the greenhouse, which I had not known about until then," he interjected. "I got here as soon as I found out. Are you all right? Poppy didn't indicate that you were injured, but I wanted to see for myself." Stepping back, his gaze slid up her body, looking for damage.

Blushing, Pomona momentarily forgot her dilemma under his blatant stare. "Physically, I am fine," she informed, looking away.

"But," he prodded, nudging her chin up with his finger.

Hazel eyes met deep brown, and Pomona found she could not look away. Swallowing slowly, she clenched her jaw. *Should I tell him?* Their relationship was so new, so fresh. If it hadn't been for Umbridge, it may not have started at all. Grimacing, she swallowed again. She needed to know if he would still desire her if she were no better than a Squib or a Muggle. Some wizards could be very fickle.

Sighing, Pomona clasped his hand, gently tugging it away from her chin and gazed at the floor. "Filius... my magic is gone."

His sharp intake of breath drew her eyes back to his, and his hand in hers shook slightly.

"Gone?"

Silently, she nodded. As she watched, tears rose in his eyes, and his throat bobbed.

Closing his eyes, Filius breathed deeply. Looking back at her, his tears gone, he asked gently, "How? How did this happen?"

"I'm not quite sure. One moment I was helping Neville, and the next, I woke up in the infirmary with a terrible headache." She studied him briefly. "Poppy and Albus said they would help me find out what happened, but I can tell they have doubts as to whether it will recover my magic." She glanced away again, not wanting him to see her tears, her weakness.

"Pomona, I will help you, too."

Sucking in her breath, she swiveled her head back around. "You will?"

Raising his eyebrows, Filius exclaimed, "Of course, my dear! Why ever would you think I wouldn't?" He studied her, but she wouldn't look at him. Grasping her chin between his thumb and forefinger, he gently tugged her face up and murmured, "Pomona, I thought you understood how I felt about you? Let's get this straight right now: the way I feel won't change, whether you have magic or not." Leaning up slightly, he covered her lips with his.

Pomona's eyes fluttered closed at the first touch of his mouth upon hers. His tender exploration of her mouth undid the tension that had been building within her, and her heart surged in her chest. She had her answer: it didn't matter that her magic was gone, and she adored him more because it didn't.

Pulling back, Filius left Pomona in a slight daze. "Understand?"

Nodding bemusedly, Pomona sighed with content.

Chuckling lightly, Filius gathered Pomona's cloak from the chair. "Do you have to stay here tonight?"

Collecting her thoughts, Pomona shook her head. "No. Poppy said I could return to my chambers, and she would check on me in the morning. I am grateful for that. I think I might sleep better in my own bed, at least."

"Well, do you mind if I escort you?"

"Oh, no, not at all, in fact, I would have to insist if you didn't offer." She beamed at him, her plight forgotten for the moment.

Strolling through the empty corridors arm in arm with Filius, the sound of laughter and the clink of silverware and plates rose to Pomona's ears from below. She was pleased that they had the time to enjoy a stroll to her quarters without worrying about onlookers. Pensively, Pomona's mind floated to the first date she and Filius had shared. It had started out as a meeting of the minds on how to cope with Dolores, but had quickly turned into a burgeoning awareness of how they felt about each other. Smiling to herself, Pomona recalled how angry Filius had been at the witch.

Looking up at Pomona at that moment, Filius' eyes lit. "Knut for your thoughts, love?"

"I was just thinking about the night we finally realized our feelings for each other, how cross you were." She smiled brightly down at him.

Chuckling, he squeezed her hand. "Yes, I was, wasn't I? It's a good thing Umbridge is such an overbearing witch. Someday I shall have to thank her. Of course, I won't tell her what I am thanking her for. That should go over very well, don't you think?"

"Well, that would still be more information than she ever gave willingly," Pomona replied dryly.

"True. Ah, here we are, my dear. Home safe at last," Filius chirped.

Stepping closer to her door, Pomona turned to Filius. "Thank you."

"It was my pleasure, my dear, if only to make sure you are all right."

Smiling back at him, Pomona turned to her door, drawing her wand. Absentmindedly, she flicked it in an arc, but nothing happened. Flushing profusely, she covered her face with her hand; she had forgotten her limitation already.

"Is it your usual wards, love?"

Nodding hesitantly, she clenched her hands and moved aside, giving Filius room to open her door.

"How can I fulfill my duties if I have no magic, Filius? I can't even get into my own chambers, let alone care for the students in my house," Pomona wailed.

"Sh, Pomona, sweet, I can have the Headmaster reroute the students alarm to my suite until we recover your magic..."

"And if we never do?" she snapped.

"Don't say that. I can see what this means to you. But we will cross that bridge when we come to it, all right?" He searched her face, his concern softening her.

Letting out a pent-up breath, Pomona's shoulders sagged in defeat as Filius nudged her through her door. "All right. Good night, Filius."

"Good night, Pomona. Do try to get some sleep."

"I'll try," she whispered, shutting the door. Leaning against it, Pomona closed her eyes, a single tear rolling down her cheek. *How am I going to survive if I never find my magic again?*

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Thump, thump, thump.

Apprehensively, Pomona stood outside Filius' door, feeling incredibly tired after a near sleepless night. She had finally managed to fall asleep at three, only to be awakened at five by a nightmare. For the last hour she had paced, waiting for a more reasonable time to interrupt Filius in his rooms and see how the night had gone for him, having both Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff students to contend with.

With a slight creak, the door to Filius' chambers opened. Groggily, Filius blinked at her, still in his dressing robe and slippers, his hair a haphazard array on his head.

"Pomona?" he asked with some surprise.

"Filius, I am so sorry to bother you at such an early hour, but I..." Pomona didn't know what to say.

A reassuring smile touched Filius' lips. "Come in, come in, love." Reaching out, he took her hand lightly, coaxing her inside and shutting the door with a wave of his other hand. "No, no bother at all. I can understand your distress. I don't know what I would do in a situation such as yours. But I do believe it must be frustrating and worrying as well."

Wringing her hands, Pomona followed him into his sitting room. "I... I wanted to make sure you didn't have any problems with the care of my students last night."

"None at all, my dear." Studying her briefly, Flitwick crossed the room, taking her hands in his once more. "Pomona, love, please sit down. I know you are worried, you have every right to be, but fretting is not going to find the answers. Let me get dressed, and we can go see the Headmaster..."

"And what is Albus going to do? I realize he is powerful, but I believe recovering magic is even beyond him. If it wasn't, I would be back to normal already. I just don't understand it, Filius; the research Neville and I are doing should not have caused such a reaction. According to my research, the bellapods have no outward effects unless mixed with the proper ingredients in a potion." Pomona's face scrunched in thought.

Lowering himself to the sofa beside her, Filius rubbed her knee gently. "Well, what do you remember? Maybe something else happened, resulting in your current state."

Frowning, Pomona was quiet a moment. "Well, I remember picking up one of the bellapods. The pots are a good size and weight, but not too heavy to move yet. I had called Neville over to help with the pruning as I moved one to the table so we could work. The next thing I remember is waking up in the hospital wing. But I think you are right the answer may be in the missing part of my memory. Doesn't Albus have a Pensieve?"

Nodding, Filius stood up. "Yes, he does, and I am sure he would let you use it. I will be back in a flash, my dear Mona; just make yourself at home." Taking her hand in his, he brought it to his lips, brushing her knuckles lightly.

Blushing profusely at the endearing use of her name, Pomona slowly brought her hand to her mouth, watching him retreat into his bedroom. Sighing with pleasure, she laid her head back and smiled. Filius was such a gentleman. She hadn't come only to check on how his night had gone, she had known he would reassure her, make sense of the way she was feeling.

Raising her head once more, Pomona's gaze landed on a stack of books resting on the table in front of her. Tilting her head to one side, she scanned the titles. Most had to do with Charms, but next to the stack lay a book about fastening. Brow furrowed, Pomona leant forward, plucking the book from the table. The binding was well-worn and coming apart in places, and the pages were yellowed with age. Opening it carefully, Pomona scanned a few pages, her brows rising when she came across a spell that allowed a woman's lover to absorb her magic, resulting in the eventual complete absorption of all her magic.

Swallowing hard, Pomona's hands trembled and she bit her lower lip. *Could Filius have done this to me?* Shaking her head slightly, she snorted. That was impossible as their relationship was not quite to that stage yet.

Hearing the bedroom door open, Pomona jerked forward, replacing the volume where she had found it.

"Ah, sorry for the delay, my dear, I hope you found something interesting to occupy your time." Filius paced around the settee, taking her hand in his.

Eyeing the worn book, Pomona's cheeks reddened, and her eyes darted back to his. "I I was just admiring your books on Charms...."

His gaze traveled to the undisturbed stack of books on the table. "I see. Just a little project I am working on for the Deputy Headmistress. Shall we go see the Headmaster?"

Pomona rose unsteadily from the chaise. "Yes, thank you, Filius," she croaked.

Shuffling toward the door, Pomona let Filius lead her out of his rooms. Looking behind her at the suspicious book before he closed the door, she wondered, *What does magic absorption have to do with Charms and Transfiguration? Do I really know Filius as well as I think I do?*