

Flora

by Ladymage Samiko

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He's pacing the rows, eying this one and that, debating their merits, searching for the tiniest flaw in their presentation. You can see in his face that he's passing harsh judgment on each, ruthlessly banishing inadequate candidates from his consideration. Very few even warrant a second glance; I stand tall and proud as you pass and nod.

Please. Pick me. I'm exactly what you need.

Your nostrils flare as they test the scent; your fingers delicately lift and caress the blooms. For it isn't every day that the Potions Master picks flowers for his beloved.

So please... Please pick me.

ANs: This sort of challenge ('please, pick me' in this case) always make me want to approach it sideways, turn it on its head. So my brain sought out another 'pick me' reference that didn't relate to Hermione, and here we are. Hope you enjoyed. Cheers!