

Freshly Mown Grass

by sunny33

Hermione has left him, and he knows why.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They all belong to JKR. I'm just borrowing them.

She's gone.

She's gone, and it's all my fault.

I should have listened. I should have believed her when she told me she loved me. But how could I? She's so young and vibrant, and I'm so old and bitter. What did she see when she looked at me?

Everything I do reminds me of her.

I brew potions alone in my dungeon, and I feel her presence, watching, listening, learning. But I turn, and she's not there. It's just a memory, a bittersweet memory of how much I have lost.

The aroma of crushed peppermint leaves evokes her sweet breath in the morning when she'd arrive for the day, fresh and alert. I was cantankerous and out of sorts at that hour, but she always forgave me, brewing hot, strong coffee just the way I liked it. I don't drink coffee any more. It reminds me of her.

Wormwood is sweet compared to the bitterness in my heart as I grind ylang-ylang flowers and remember the scent of her shampoo when her hair brushed past my nose. Of course, I'd always scowl and order her to tie it back.

Her face when she told me she was leaving was tear-washed and beautiful, but I said nothing. I was afraid she would leave and afraid she would stay. Standing there, breathing in her life and energy, I remained silent, allowing my surly disposition to smother the hope in her eyes.

Why?

I'll always remember the day she told me exactly what she had smelled in Horace's Amortentia. Freshly mown grass, new parchment, and wool. She'd decided I was the object of her desire and opened her heart to the possibility, a heart generous enough to forgive an old teacher's scornful words and seek out the underlying man. She plied me with questions and insisted on spending all her time with me until my resistance wore thin and I conceded defeat. She became my one true friend, and although I have never told her, I love her with all my heart.

She truly believed she loved me. But there was one important fact she had never discovered.

I am horribly allergic to newly mown grass.

A/N: This was the other drabble I wrote for the Snape_Idws which I didn't submit. The prompt was the sense of smell and a memory.

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