

# Seeking

*by sunny33*

He seeks his past in the perfect brew.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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He knows not why he continues his search. The desperate hunger, the emptiness within drives him to seek that he believes is unattainable, the very essence of his heart, blended and brewed into one exquisite moment.

*Perfection.*

Three soulless years striving to forget, living a lie, masquerading as normal... loved... happy...

*Diminished.*

Then, when death's final embrace spurned his pleas for deliverance from the wretchedness of life, the acrid realisation he had been once again cheated.

*Abandoned.*

He clings to the memory of cold, winter's nights before the fireside, words left unsaid as dextrous hands worked their magic on the brew. Rich, complex, bittersweet, the seductive aroma always invoking nights of restless, sweat-drenched dreams filled with yearning and passion.

*Unfulfilled.*

The smooth curves of Dose Espresso's *La Marzocco* gleam red and promising, but the note too floral. Kaffeine, with its ludicrous spelling and Antipodean owners, provides just the right amount of body, but lacks in bitterness. Fernandez and Wells have passion to spare condensed into a tiny portion, but fall short in flavour. The list of London's best eliminated mouthful by mouthful, held to a standard found only in the depth of his loss.

*Inadequate.*

Aimlessly wandering now, straying from the districts awash with the noise and rush and accusation of life, his nose, ever-sensitive, twitches. Following the wisp of a memory, he closes his eyes and breathes in, sampling the nuances and variations within the thread he traces. Too familiar, the scent of dark-roasted Kenya with a hint of chocolate and citrus. The logical part of his brain nearly succeeds in quelling the emotion long since buried in grief.

*Hope.*

Stronger now, the aroma draws him to a shabby door under a sign two years past legible. The door swings open, releasing three leather-jacketed strangers who glance without interest at the newcomer as they head off into their own stories. He stands in the doorway and inhales, salty moisture gathering in his eyes as he finds no olfactory discordance.

*Impossible.*

The price is a mere pittance; the brew now before him on the table: black, sensuous, inviting. He tests the fragrance from a distance and then closer. More tears fall. Yearning reaches with familiar tugs as he finally allows his tongue to savour the silk and muted acidity of unspoken love.

*Memories.*

Eyes lift to scan the cafe, noting shabby benches flanking tables too old to be modern, too cheap to be chic. The counter has seen better days, and the floor is better not contemplated. He frowns as logic cries, 'I told you so,' to his foolish heart, which beats on despite the tightness of despair.

*Futile.*

The light from the kitchen blinds temporarily as a figure carries a tray of food to the servery, a limp barely noticeable as he turns to survey his customers. Black eyes narrow, meeting faded brown across the room.

"Remus," he whispers, unsure.

"Severus." The werewolf's heart fills, threatening to drown him in joy.

*Found.*

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A/N: Dose Espresso, Kaffeine, and Fernandez and Wells all feature in several top ten coffee shop lists on the net. La Marzocco is a fancy coffee machine, all red and shiny.

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.