

Moonflower Seeds, Pools, and Wedding Rings

by Fairfield

A fine romance.

Chapter 1 of 1

A fine romance.

"You want to what?"

"Become Whole-Earth Witches," they said.

"And that necessitates?"

"Initiation by the male principle," they said.

"The steady rock to our flightiness," said Lavender.

"The practical opposite to our soft side," said Parvati.

"The logical antithesis of us dreamy-eyed girls," said Luna.

"Why me?" asked Draco.

"Some boys think we're wanton," said Lavender.

"You don't have hearts of stone," said Draco.

"Some boys think we only like luxury," said Parvati.

"You appreciate the finer things in life," said Draco.

"Some boys think we're ethereal," said Luna.

"You perceive what others cannot," said Draco.

"That's what we're talking about," they said. "You're the one."

"I'm not certain about this," said Draco. "Besides, how does one go about it?"

"We entice you with our fine qualities," said Parvati.

"The Moon Goddess sings through us," said Luna.

"Then irresistible nature takes its course," said Lavender. "By the way, we drew straws earlier since we knew you would agree, and I'm the first to sing the irresistible song of my fine qualities."

Lavender:

No wedding ring need we.
It's nature's finest fling:
To touch and feel and see,
To make a maiden sing.
Say sweet things for my ear.
Come and strut your stuff.
Bring out your best, my dear
To bury in my fluff
Earthshaking it t'will be
Our coupling under a tree

Parvati:

The deep pool of my soul
Will burn with angel fire.
Come have the part and whole,
And play the handsome squire.
Fine jewels I love to wear
Though none can match my joy
With bliss that's hard to bear
When worn by my fine boy.
With grass as our fine bower
We'll raise a mighty tower

Luna:

To seek the moonflower seeds.
To strive with all my might.
To answer all my needs.
To blossom in the night.
Estranged girls such as me
Desire one true of heart
To take us on their knee
And dwell upon our art.
And when the night is over
Confess to be our lover.

DRACO

I'm trapped by a fate
That cares naught for me,
But life might be great
By grace of these three.
They've spoken so well
With all their fine arts.
It's easy to tell
They've shown me their hearts.
Could anyone be
So cold as a stone
So thick as a tree

And leave them alone.

And now I must beg

Everyone's pardon.

A glimpse of their leg

Gave me a hard on.

To those who don't know

What follows seems rude.

High art is the goal

Though methods are crude.

By prick, dick, and cock,

We'll tryst round the clock.

MuseAmusant: Moonflower seeds, a pool, a wedding ring.