

Budding Charms

by MMADfan

Ten loosely related drabbles of courtship, early romance, and discovering love. Fluffy, humorous romance. (A few of these may seem familiar; four of them also appear in "Circadian Rhythm," my other series of drabbles.)

Ten Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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Conversation

He'd sat next to her at meals in the Great Hall for five weeks. With each day, it grew more difficult to find anything to say. She probably thought him rude, surly, or simply dull. Filius sighed. Conversation usually came easily for him, but Pomona exuded such abundantly bewitching femininity, she rendered him incapable of speech. Quite ridiculous at his age.

Filius sighed again; on his right, Kettleburn began discussing the difficulties of feeding the new Thestral foals. Pomona turned to them. "Thestral foals love timothy mixed with blood meal. We three could walk down later and try it."

Decorating

He was decorating the Great Hall for May Day. Hogwarts hadn't celebrated it in years, but Albus recently became Headmaster and remembered it from his own schooldays. He would need greenery. Filius smiled. "Greenery" meant only one thing to him. A short time later, he was approaching the greenhouses. And there was the witch of his dreams, whistling as she used her wand to repot rosemary.

"Good-morning, Filius! What brings you here?"

"Good-morning, Pomona. May I decorate you with flowers in the Great Hall?" He blushed, realising his error.

She beamed. "You may decorate me anywhere you like, Filius. . . ."

Invitation

Filius fiddled with his quill. He hadn't courted a witch in so long, he'd forgotten how. Perhaps that was just as well. But to know whether his attentions would be welcome was as much a conundrum now as it had been when he was young. He could just ask her to dinner . . . her response would say it all. A knock interrupted his reverie. A flick of his wand opened the door.

"Good-evening, Filius. Would you like to go into Hogsmeade for a drink?"

"Just the two of us?"

Pomona nodded, smiling. "If that's all right . . ."

"That would be delightful!"

Sparks

They'd agreed to meet for lunch at Madam Puddifoot's. Filius, overwhelmed by the profusion of pink, sat beside a grotesquely pink-charmed Flutterby bush, drinking a peculiar pink liquid through a tiny straw, waiting for his date. His "date." At the thought, he blushed pinker than the tearoom's decor. There she was now, looking around for him. He considered sending sparks from his wand, but that was too dramatic. Instead, he stood on his chair and waved. Pomona's blue and brown robes were a relief in the pink sea; her brilliant smile of recognition sparked a warmth deep within him.

Flowers

No witch had given him flowers before. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to give this particular witch flowers, so Filius had given her chocolates the first time he'd called and elderberry cordial the next. He was nervous throughout lunch, wondering whether the flowers had been a good sign and whether his sentimental tears on accepting them had been fatal to their burgeoning relationship. When Filius suggested a postprandial stroll, Pomona shook her head, smiling. Now, as he lay beside her, tickling her tummy with a rosebud, he knew the flowers had been a very good sign, indeed.

Company

They had finished the most lovely lunch, and now, sitting together on his settee, a fresh breeze blowing through the open window, they let out simultaneous sighs of contentment. Pomona smiled at Filius, taking his hand.

"I'm glad you liked the flowers," she said softly.

He squeezed her hand, then said shyly, "Very much. And the company even more."

"I enjoy your company, as well."

When his dark eyes met hers, her heart skipped a beat, her breath caught in her throat, then she leaned toward him and whispered, "I love it, in fact." And her lips touched his.

Charm

Pomona insisted that he not bring her anything that evening when he came to call, but Filius didn't think it right to arrive empty-handed. He pondered this difficulty as he demonstrated swish-and-flick to his class. He looked at the wand in his hand and beamed. He was never empty-handed.

After dinner, he said, "I have something for you –"

"Oh, Filius," the witch sighed.

Filius smiled, eyes glowing. An elaborate swish of his wand, and the room filled with music.

"I hope you like Liszt."

"It's lovely, Filius. Very romantic . . ." Pomona smiled, taking his hand and moving closer to him.

Disproportionate

She continued kissing him, pulling him closer; his arms went around her. Oh, for more! She needed more, but he seemed shy.

"I want you, Filius, so much, in every way."

His breathing was ragged, his voice hoarse. "I want you, too, Pomona. Truly." He touched her cheek. "Show me what you want."

Pomona kissed him again, right arm around him, left hand caressing him, groping its way lower. She pressed her palm against him, then gasped and blinked, unbuttoning his robes to grasp him.

"I'm not proportionate," he whispered, reddening.

Pomona grinned gleefully. "I don't mind at all!"

Surprise

She forgot she'd been elbow-deep in fertiliser only moments before and sprang up from where she knelt by the bed of Mandragoras. A broad smile on her face, she trotted toward him. Such a surprise in midmorning! Other than at meals, which they took in the company of others and so it hardly counted, they were only able to spend their nights together, and precious few of them. Duty called them both. But today was Sunday! Her eyes gleamed; she thought of her potting shed and a few easily Transfigured burlap sacks.

Bending for a kiss, Pomona murmured, "Filius!"

Love

Pomona stepped from the shower, cocked an ear, then smiled. Filius was singing. She couldn't make out the words, but it was probably one of those popular Muggle tunes

he had recently taken to.

Wrapping a towel around herself, she carefully opened the door and peeked into her bedroom. Her smile grew. Filius was dancing, nude and happy, with a pair of her knickers, holding them out before him as he sang, "She loves me, yeah, yeah, yeah! She loves me, yeah, yeah, yeah!" It seemed those were the only lyrics he knew. Or the only ones that mattered.

Note: *Written for the Potter Place/Petulant Poetess Podcast Challenge.*