

# He Would Never

*by cflower*

She could travel from Tibet to Tokyo, or even from China to Russia; he would not follow her anywhere.

## snap-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

She could travel from Tibet to Tokyo, or even from China to Russia; he would not follow her anywhere.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything that J.K. Rowling has written.

~oOo~

She could travel from Tibet to Tokyo, or even from China to Russia; he would not follow her anywhere.

It didn't matter that she could soften the stress induced lines on his face with just her presence.

It certainly didn't matter that she loved him in black.

He wouldn't follow the woman who always gladly accompanied him to the library for a bit of "light-reading."

He shrunk his shirts; he wouldn't follow her.

He shrunk his pants; he wouldn't follow her.

She couldn't be worth all the foolish wand-waving he was being forced to perform.

~oOo~

He wouldn't talk to her again.

It didn't matter that when he saw her, his walking pace quickened.

It didn't matter that his walking pace seemed to work simultaneously with his heart-rate.

He didn't want conversation, to see her eyes light up when she rambled on about a particular subject once more.

He didn't care that he felt warmth engulf him when she spoke.

He wouldn't tell her his feelings; he didn't have any.

He wouldn't allow her to explain her reasoning; he wouldn't admit he hoped she did.

~oOo~

He wouldn't touch her.

He didn't want to feel her hand cradled in his.

He didn't want to let himself sink into her wide, curious eyes; he didn't want to let himself sink into her sensible, knowing eyes either.

He would refrain from running his fingers through her wild hair.

He wouldn't care that his arms instinctively wanted to wrap around her waist.

He wouldn't stand directly in front of her, or pull her towards him.

He would never think of caressing her cheeks, or pressing his lips to hers.