

Crimson & Clover

by Tarah_Fae

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns the rights to anything you recognize in this fic. I wish I did, but alas! Life is like a box of Bertie Bott's. Sometimes you get chocolate fudge, sometimes you get earwax.

AN: Housepoints to the one who can identify my inspiration, bonuspoints for the year. Don't cheat now!

It always happened the same way. He would wait for her by the fifth marker stone along the path, standing well away into the shadows of the trees and obscured by tangled brambles. The berries would be full and ripe, and he would pick them one by one, popping them into his mouth and letting their sweetness burst over his tongue as he bit into their flesh.

He watched the other students pass by – silent singles, dreamy-eyed couples, raucous groups – but they were not she. The hair at the back of his neck would always tingle in anticipation before she came into view. They knew when the other was near. Her green eyes would lock onto his and she wouldn't look away.

He would always be the first to break contact, turning his face away from that which he knew he could never have. His hair would fall across his face, mercifully shielding him from her searing gaze. He would stay still until the shadows had shifted before he looked up again. She would always be long gone by then, leaving him to his lonely wanderings.

But one day, it was different. His breath caught in his throat as the soft rustling of leaves approached him; a cool touch stroked across his brow, tucking his hair behind his ear. He didn't dare look up, didn't dare breathe – afraid he would frighten her away. He stayed perfectly still, absorbing the soft caresses she, like a redeeming goddess rewarding a champion, chose to bestow on him.

Only when her fingers lightly cupped his clenched jaw and directed his lips down to hers did he react. He clung to her like a drowning man, knowing she would be his only salvation, his only saving grace. Her tongue danced over the berry-sweetness of his tongue, her lips soft and trusting, conforming to his every aching need.

He didn't know how they had ended up naked, but his hands were running over every inch of her satin-smooth skin, marvelling at its softness, the faint blush that adorned her chest, the slickness between her creamy thighs. He had been practically dribbling his own desire when he had eased himself into her.

The world had stopped as they moved against each other; touching, stroking, kissing. Neither uttered any sound, both afraid of breaking the spell. Her hair had been spread out like a fiery halo on the cool green undergrowth as she arched against him, her mouth open in a silent cry of pleasure as shudders racked her body. He had crushed her to him, jerking his hips firmly against hers as he was swept along in the blissful wave that now shuddered through them both.

He had held her to him afterwards, listening to the wind rattling twigs above them, the few ignorant stragglers out on the path, the almost imperceptible scurry of small animals in the leaf litter. But he knew the moment was over, he couldn't hold her forever. She knew it too.

They dressed slowly, not looking at each other. When both were ready again, he reached for her, running his long-fingered hand across her tousled hair. A small scrap of green drifted from her tresses and she caught it without thinking. She smiled when she saw what it was. Taking his hand in hers, she placed the four-leaf clover onto his palm.

"For luck," she whispered, and then she was gone.

Tarah Fae's art on

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