

Falling

by x_dobby

A tiny snapshot in the life of the seventeen-year-olds Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindlewald. Written after I found out that Dumbledore's gay.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Hey, Albus, c'mere."

Gellert waved his hand, beckoning me. I felt that familiar lurch in my chest as I followed him into the woods behind Bathilda's house. He led me down the banks of a small creek, and we hopped over rocks.

"Whoa!" he yelled, slipping on one particularly slimy one. He fell back, and my heart gave a jump as he grabbed my hand for support to avoid crashing into the murky water that would probably rise up to his knees.

I savored that moment, drinking in the way his dark hair fell over his chocolate-brown eyes. The way his tall, lean physique arched backwards, twisted to avoid falling. And especially the way his hand felt, soft and warm and slightly damp.

Beads of perspiration bloomed on his forehead as he steadied himself. I wanted to reach up, wipe them away. But then, he let go of my hand. Damn. Just another second would have been nice. Just another half a second would have been nice.

Gellert continued down the creek, me following each one of his steps. He finally stopped maybe two hundred meters from his house. He bent down and scraped with his hands at the dirt by the creek's edge. Finally he pulled his now brown-stained hands from the babbling water and held them up for me to see. Cupped in his hands was a frog. He held it in front of my face, and I could hear a tiny, muffled *Ribbit!* sound.

"I found the frogs' nest yesterday," he announced proudly, crouching to set down the frog then wiping his hands on his jeans. "Is that what it's called, Albus? A frogs' nest?"

"I'm not sure," I replied, still thinking of how joyous it had been to just hold his hand. Even for a moment. Even for a second. I had stopped him from falling. But for me, it was already too late.

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Review? Please? Remember the muffin basket...