

Hallie Potter

Amortentia



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ENGLISH FANFICTION

Ron's awfully quiet during the first few minutes of their first potions lesson in HBP, isn't he?

Vorwort

Seit Jahren mal wieder ein One Shot von mir!

Versuch mich gerade eher an englischsprachigen Sachen, wollte diesen hier aber trotzdem auch hier posten! (: Freu mich immer über Feedback!

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Amortentia

He smelled it right away when he entered the unusually bright and welcoming dungeon. He took a deep breath, he sucked the warm, almost steamy air through his nostrils into his system. And oh boy, did he feel like an addict when he almost choked from taking another sharp breath to get more, he wanted more.

It took him a few seconds to distinguish the smells, he wasn't paying attention to anything around him. Harry and Hermione led the way, he just followed them suit, and with pleasure for they had decided to sit down right next to the source of the beauty that was this liquid, golden liquid glowing like pearls.

Slowly, he was able to extract singular threads from this mixture of delight. One reminded him of the roast beef his mum would like to make for his birthday or any special occasions he triggered, which, with so many siblings to compete with, had never been all that many. There it was, he could almost taste the juicy meat on his palate, the gravy running down his throat and he could quite literally feel his mouth watering.

Slipping back into consciousness, he started catching up with his surroundings visually and saw Harry sitting opposite, smiling at him stupidly and he grinned back; it was a wide, toothy smile. Slughorn started talking but he had already trailed off again ...

The second smell ... was a bit harder to allocate. Inexplicably, it had a cool note to it, not in a negative, just not as warm and steamy as the first scent had seemed, and yet it was just as comforting. It was cool and a bit earthy, perhaps even with a hint of burned wood, and he closed his eyes (if everyone could smell what he smelled, no one could have been paying too close attention to him anyway) and sunset was spreading in front of his inner eye. It wasn't the bright part of sunset that people usually climbed hills for to get better a view; it was the moment right after the sun had dropped, when it wasn't completely dark but the sky was coloured in a cool cobalt blue shade that soothes the eye when the burning sun has bid its goodbyes. He was in his garden, he could hear Fred and George laughing and he could see Percy try and read a book in the little light their dad's wand gave off and in the corner of his eye, he could see Ginny and Bill play tag. And Charlie - Charlie was telling him all about this type of dragon he was really into but he didn't listen. He couldn't listen because he had to smell, smell the grass and the river and the flowers and everything else the Burrow's flora and fauna had to offer.

'It's the most powerful love potion in the world!', he heard someone say far away and yet very close, and he knew it was the only person he would leave a place like this for.

Hermione's voice filled his head and his grin returned and immediately, he tried to cover it, make his muscles stop smiling like he so often had to upon listening to Hermione answer the 23409th question correctly in class.

And there it was, the third smell ... it was perfume and it wasn't sweet, it was sharp and tantalising. If the other two smells had played with his brain, this one made him go full on mental, it had his mind spinning. Of all of them it was the most familiar and yet he craved it more than any of the others. It smelled wild and heavy and strange and exquisite at the same time ...

'And the steam rising in characteristic spirals' Hermione's voice rang again in his head, pulling him back and yet pushing him further toward the craziness in that head of his. Her delicate voice served as soundtrack for the wonders going on inside his nose and brain and heart.

'and it's supposed to smell differently to each of us, according to what attracts us,'

He had heard. And it was her.

‘... and I can smell freshly mown grass,’

If he ever needed any kind of proof, any last piece of evidence, this was it. He opened his eyes, he needed to see how she felt. If *she* was going crazy just as much as he was.

‘... and new parchment and-‘

She stopped and she turned pink and she looked down. But then for a split second, she tilted her head and her eyes met his and god, this was it, wasn't it? This spark between them, this never-ending thing going on between them. The conversation went on, Slughorn asked her questions about who she was, but Ron couldn't keep his eyes off her, his forehead wrinkled in utter concentration, yet his mind at ease. He didn't know what her third scent was, he would perhaps never find out but Merlin, he would give anything to know, to be finally sure that she lived through the same sensation, went through the same insane hallucinations and melted for the same kind of visions smelling him the way he did when he smelled her.