Lullabies for the Moon -- A Flinty Encounter

by Greye

Summary

Female Harry, meet Marcus Flint.

Notes

So this is a bit of an odd pairing, femHarry/Marcus Flint. It's not really fluffy, but there is a second part to it! So, if you like it, leave me a Kudos or review. Like the other parts in this series, this is a gift I wrote for my sister, Lady_Lullaby.
Harriet was furious. Currently, the young Gryffindor stood fuming in her team's quidditch tent. Her fists were balled at her sides, her green eyes rage filled, and her chest heaving. Again. Again!

The rest of her team was gone now, the match finished, but Harriet had remained behind to get ahold of herself. Her efforts were proving futile as her brain replayed the match over and over. They had lost, to Slytherin no less!, and all because Marcus Flint liked to play dirty. Somehow, Madame Hooch never witnessed Slytherin's flagrant displays of aggression and cruelty-like this match, when Marcus Flint had snagged a bat from one of his beaters and deliberately pounded a bludger directly at Harriet. She hadn't been after the Snitch or doing anything but watching the match, flying around, and keeping her eyes open for any flicker of gold. The bludger had nearly broken her arm. Had she not seen it coming and rolled with it in midair, it would have.

Harriet gritted her teeth. And somehow, only her own team had seen it. It was ludicrous. Utterly ridiculous. And then, to top it off? Harriet had lost Gryffindor the game when she had retaliated. When she realized that the bludger was deliberate, she had hexed the hell out of Marcus Flint. How was it her fault he had fallen off his broom?

She knew it had been stupid on her part to get carried away as she had-but it galled her to know that he could do as he liked, but the moment any Griffindor thought to repay Slytherin in kind for their cruelty, they were the ones reprimanded. "Bloody hell." She muttered, scuffing the ground with her boot in frustration. And now her team was angry with her. They understood her actions, but not the cost of them. They kept saying, why didn't you wait until after the game to hex him? Couldn't you have caught the Snitch first?

Really, Harriet thought, she had been doing well so far. Marcus found a way to foul her almost every game, and she had never once lost her cool until now. Didn't that deserve some recognition? Didn't that count for anything? She let out another angry breath before deciding it was best to head back to the castle. She was tired and hungry, and wasting time being angry about something she couldn't change right now was pointless. Harriet Potter took a few deep breaths and carefully straightened her robes before casting a quick glance around the tent, eyes gliding over the table and benches, mini lockers, and the Gryffindor practice ball set before coming to rest on her broom. Nothing else she needed to take. Harriet hefted her broom, and exited the tent.

Night had fallen on Hogwarts, and so Harriet picked her way carefully back across the grounds. She could easily have lit her wand, but she found some kind of perverse pleasure in making herself walk back in the dark, especially with the overcast sky. Like a childish punishment for her foolishness.

"Hey Potter." A disembodied voice floated out of the darkness, tone somewhat teasing...maybe condescending? Harriet immediately pulled her wand and lit it with a muttered word. Standing directly in front of her, was her current nemesis Marcus Flint. A smirk played about his lips, and his face was set in familiar lines of condescension. Rage filled her.

"What the bloody hell are you playing at, Flint?" She snarled. Her fury from before, so recently brought under control, flared anew within her. Harriet felt her hand trembling, and realized suddenly that she had her wand up and pointed directly at Flint. She had no knowledge of the movement, but she was just fine with the outcome. "Talk fast or I will hex you so bad even Madame Pomfrey will have a hard time putting you back together!"

The Slytherin boy's grey eyes widened in feigned worry before his smirk widened. "Didn't hex me so bad last time, did you? I'm not worried." Green eyes narrowed, and Harriet lifted her wand, mouth
already forming the words to the Bat Bogey Hex.

Suddenly Flint put up his hands in surrender. "Wait, wait!" Harriet frowned. Gone was the condescension. Gone was the smirk, and she could sense no sarcasm in his voice now. Her words faltered, and Harriet hesitantly lowered her wand. It wasn't really in her nature to hex someone without reason. (Not that Marcus Flint hadn't given her plenty) Still, she kept her wand ready and the words close to mind.

"What already?" She finally spat when Flint appeared unable to say anymore. The older boy sighed and ran a hand back through his dark, messy hair. His grey eyes looked confused and unsure thought Harriet, unlike their usual cold, flinty appearance. Strange. Could this be a trap of some kind? But why bother? Slytherin had already won the game-there would be no point in wasting precious celebration time in ambushing her. Still, her eyes cautiously scanned her surroundings before returning to Flint. "Flint-Marcus, come on. What is it? I want to get back to the castle." Her use of his first name seemed to bring him around, and Marcus took a breath.

The Slytherin captain shuffled his feet awkwardly. "Look, Potter...Harriet?" He paused to see if she'd say anything to his using her first name, but Harriet's face remained impassive. He kept going. "I just wanted to say...good game." He met her eyes briefly before looking away, and Harriet had the distinct impression that this was not what he had actually wanted to say, though she couldn't fathom what else there could be. A frown creased her brow as she registered her words, and her anger rose to simmer again in her gut.

"What do you mean, "good game"?" She could feel her voice rising. "How dare you? It's you're fault Gryffindor lost! You cheated, and I took the damn fall for it!" The gall of this Slytherin amazed her. Did he really wait around for her, just to rub it in her face? Harriet shoved past him, fury driving her but reason recommending she not hex him into oblivion since she'd already gotten into trouble for that once today. She couldn't believe this-even after winning the Slytherins couldn't leave her alone. She heard feet running after her, and Flint was in front of her again, his expression strangely remorseful and almost pleading.

"Wait Harriet, wait a minute! That's not what I mean-damn it I'm no good with words. I just meant that...you know...good job. You played a clean game-you guys probably would have won." He shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably, and Harriet stared at him in perplexity.

What the hell? "I, erm..." Marcus fumbled over his words, eyes looking off into the darkness, unable to meet Harriet's. "I'm sorry. For what I did. It wasn't right, hitting that bludger at you."

Now Harriet's eyes were opened wide in surprise, though hers was genuine. Were her ears deceiving her, or was Marcus Flint apologizing? She didn't know what to say to that, but it didn't seem to matter as Marcus pushed on.

"When you hexed me back...well, I definitely deserved it." Now he met her eyes, rather sheepishly. "I guess I didn't realize how much fire you had in you until today. Or if I did, I wasn't letting myself acknowledge it." He rocked uncomfortably on his feet. "I know I'm kind of low on your list of potential...whatevers...but...well." Suddenly Marcus leaned forward, and Harriet stood frozen in surprise as he pressed his lips to her cheek. He quickly leaned back and cleared his throat as a flush spread over his cheeks. "If you'd, ah, ever be interested in-" But Harriet had heard enough.

"Nope! No. Not gonna happen." She had regained control of her faculties and marched around and past Flint. "No way Slytherin! I'm just going to pretend this never happened." She called over her shoulder. This time no footsteps followed her, and Harriet found herself alone again. This was good, because her mind was on overload. Marcus Flint had kissed her. Marcus Flint, Slytherin Quidditch Captain had kissed her. Albeit on the cheek, but even so. He had asked her out; or he was going to.
Was the world ending? Because it seemed like the world was ending. The thought that this was all a joke lingered in her mind uneasily, and Harriet grimaced in displeasure at the thought. She wouldn't put it past a Slytherin to try something as underhanded as baiting someone and then humiliating them.

With great relief Harriet looked up and saw Hogwarts looming before her, lights still on in the Great Hall. She ascended the steps quickly and came into the Great Hall, letting out a breath she hadn't known she'd been holding when she saw everyone else sitting and eating, perfectly normal. So not the end of the world. Unconsciously, her hand drifted up to touch her cheek, fingers lingering over where he had kissed her. Was he serious, she wondered as her legs carried her toward her usual spot? Or was this some prank? His eyes had seemed so nervous, she had a hard time thinking he was lying. He had been absolutely horrible to her the past years, and this year too—that was not exactly how one was supposed to express interest in another person. She sat down between Katie and Angelina, ignoring their talk for a moment as her brain processed. Or was this like a playground thing, where boys had this annoying penchant for knocking down the girls that they liked?

Well, Harriet thought suddenly, her back straightening into a stiff, proud posture at the table. If Marcus Flint thought he had a chance with her, he was going to have to get off the playground, and start playing the game. Properly this time, no cheating allowed. Her eyes lifted just in time to see the object of her inner debate enter the Great Hall. She tracked him across the Hall until he sat with Slytherin. After a moment it seemed he felt her eyes on him and looked up to meet them. She gazed at him steadily until she caught a faint smile on his lips. Ah, she thought, correctly interpreting his expression, *challenge accepted*. 

*challenge accepted*.
If Flint and Steel makes Fire, who's the Steel?

Chapter Summary

So Female Harry, what do you make of Marcus Flint?

Chapter Notes

This is a sequel to the first oneshot about Harriet and Marcus. It's not super fluffy, but I think it's believable! So I hope you enjoy this second installment.

Harriet feinted left for a moment, drawing off the Slytherin Seeker from her true goal before bring her broom around in a hairpin swerve to the right that nearly unseated her as she bore down on the Snitch. Slytherin's Seeker shot past her in the other direction, trying to bring their broom around to follow. Unfortunately for them, Harriet's Firebolt wasn't about to lose to a mere Nimbus 2001. She did admit though that this Seeker was better than Slytherin's previous Seeker-Malfoy. Even his father's donation of the brooms to the team wasn't enough to keep such a shoddy player on for long.

Harriet's fingers closed confidently around the Snitch and she heard the stands around her erupt into a loud cheer as Lee Jordan's voice boomed, "Gryffindor Seeker Harriet Potter has captured the Snitch! 150 points to Gryffindor!" She heard Madame Hooch's whistle, and then found herself surrounded by a mass of red and gold as her team converged upon her, happy and laughing. The team descended from the air together, arms wrapped around each other as they celebrated their victory, adrenaline pounding at the continuing chant of "Go Go Gryffindor" echoing around them. Harriet didn't spare a glance for the green and silver figures slinking back to their Quidditch tent.

Harriet found herself alone in the Gryffindor tent once again, enjoying the quiet, satisfied stillness after their big win over Slytherin. Being around her energized team had been wonderful— but Harriet still struggled in large crowds sometimes, and was finding equal pleasure currently in being quietly alone. She sat on one of the benches by the lockers and took in a slow breath. The game had been intense, certainly. Slytherin almost won despite her catch of the Snitch. The fact was they just had good Chasers. Well, one really good Chaser in particular. Slytherin had lost by a narrow margin of twenty points.

She frowned. Really though, it had been strange. This game, she hadn't been fouled once. At least, not deliberately. There had been that moment at the start of the game when one of the Slytherin Chasers had collided with her as a result of being hit by a bludger themselves—but there had been no attempt made to hurt or unseat her all game. At least, none that she had caught. That wasn't to say that the rest of her team had received any reprieve. No, Slytherin had been just as hard on them as they had always been. But Harriet had somehow escaped unscathed—and this had allowed her to search for the Snitch in relative safety. She wasn't sure what to make of it, because Slytherin had never been known for their fair-mindedness. Perhaps it had just been luck?

A sneaking suspicion in the back of her mind persuaded her otherwise.

It had been over a month since Marcus Flint had approached her that night on her way back to
Hogwarts, and this had been the first Gryffindor/Slytherin match since. It would be the last match between them too if Slytherin didn’t beat Ravenclaw in the next match. Had Flint really made a conscious decision to play a relatively clean game? Was it possible?

Harriet passed a hand over her face and got to her feet, fatigue weighing her down. Perhaps...perhaps this was the Slytherin Captain’s way of making an effort. His first step in meeting her challenge.

Harriet picked up her Firebolt, which had been leaning against the “command” table, as Angelina called it, and left the tent. Hogwarts was dark again, and she could see that the Great Hall was dark too. She’d missed dinner, but that was alright. She wasn’t really hungry anyway.

It wasn't until she'd reached the front doors that she heard the familiar voice she hadn't realized she'd been waiting for.

"Hey, Harriet." Marcus Flint seemed to materialize out of the darkness, but Harriet knew it was just her eyes adjusting to his shape in the poor light from the stars. Marcus was leaning against the cold stone of the wall beside the front door. She could tell he'd been waiting for her a while—he was still in his Quidditch robes. The Slytherin boy pushed off the wall and took a few steps toward her before stopping. Harriet continued until she was just a couple of feet from him before halting herself.

"Marcus." She greeted, voice neutral. It was a far cry from friendly, but it was also light-years away from the cold, angry voice she'd used before. Marcus seemed to pick up on it, and his grey eyes lightened.

"Good game." His words came fast, like he was excited, but he kept his voice soft too. Harriet raised an eyebrow.

"Good game." She responded. The young witch paused for a moment, debating leaving it at that, but figured she had to give him something. "It was nice to play the game without worrying so much about...interference." That was the closest Harriet would get to saying "thanks". He had been the one cheating anyway—she shouldn't have to thank him for playing fair. But it still felt right to acknowledge his obvious effort. She shifted her weight from foot to foot, feeling a little anxious now.

What did he want this time?

A faint smile flashed across the Slytherin’s face so fast she would have missed it if she'd blinked. "You're not a target anymore." He declared, as if that was some great mercy. Harriet's green eyes rose swiftly to Harriet's lips, but Marcus continued speaking. He either anticipated her response and cut her off deliberately, she thought, or he was oblivious to her irritation. "But you are a challenge. A challenge I will meet." This time, she knew she saw the smile.

"Marcus, you've got a lot of work to do if you think-" Her words broke off as a delicate flower, a white lily, appeared before her. Without thinking she raised a hand and took it carefully by the tender green stem. She stared at the flower, a hundred thoughts and a dozen feelings running through her rapidly. Had he chosen a lily on purpose? Did he know she liked white flowers, or was that coincidence? Harriet's green eyes rose to meet Marcus' grey ones, and when he read the confusion in hers, he spoke again.

"I am going to show you a different side of Marcus Flint," his voice came steadily in the night. "Try not to hold my past misdeeds against me"
herself by allowing him to take it. Marcus' hand was large and warm around her own, and his voice reflected that steady warmth. "I'll see you again soon, Harriet." She felt the lightest touch of lips to her hand, and then Marcus was gone, only the dark of night before her.

Marcus Flint stood just inside the huge front door of Hogwarts, his heart beating erratically against his chest. He could hardly believe he had managed to pull off such a cool air when the entire time he'd been sweating and wondering if he was about to have a heart attack. With a start, the Slytherin boy realized there was still a goofy grin on his face, and he managed with some effort to get rid of it, replacing it instead with his trademark sneer. Just in time too, as another Slytherin wandered by, headed back to the common room. The other boy gave Flint a brief nod, and continued on his way. Marcus waited until he was a ways ahead before heading back to the common room himself.

As he walked, Marcus ran over the events of the day in his mind. He had given his team strict orders not to play dirty with the Gryffindor Seeker. They hadn't liked it-had liked it less when they lost-but he had managed to convince them by saying they should lay off for a while, because they were getting too obvious and Madame Hooch might say something. He couldn't tell them the real reason of course, that he was developing feelings for the feisty Gryffindor Harriet Potter. No, they would never understand. Marcus hardly understood himself.

There was something about that mane of wild dark hair and those intense green eyes though that arrested him, a captivating aura that he knew now had affected him for a long time, and was likely the reason he had been so hard on the girl up until now. He felt ashamed to think he'd let himself respond so immaturely to his feelings. At first, the fact she was a Gryffindor was enough to keep him away. But after she'd hexed the hell out of him, Marcus couldn't deny his growing desire to get to know the girl. She had made it clear that night though that she had wanted nothing to do with him. Marcus had come up with a new plan.

A plan so simple, he doubted most of his fellow Slytherins would have considered it a "plan" at all. He, Marcus Flint, was going to do his damndest to be kind to Harriet Potter. While not really in his nature, he found himself willing to do things for her that he would never had considered before. His grey eyes glinted in the dark as he drew nearer his dungeon common room. And he was planning to pull out all the stops to get her to go with him to Hogsmeade this weekend.

Harriet Potter continued to stand outside the great main doors of Hogwarts for a time. A shiver passed through the-Girl-Who-Lived, and it had nothing to do with the dark night. It had even less to do with any dark threats she currently faced. It had everything to do with a boy. Not a situation she had ever considered finding herself in, Harriet concluded as she ascended the last few steps into Hogwarts, but not necessarily a bad one. A smile curled her lips as she beheld the white lily in her hand. Somehow she knew it would never wilt. It would remain forever as fresh as it was on the day Marcus Flint declared his intentions. That left Harriet with a very beautiful reminder of an important decision she had to make. Was she going to give Marcus a chance?

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