

# Stehen gelassen

Lily x James?

Von kaherashico

## Kapitel 2: Left in the Cold

Bewildered she watched the thick flakes falling slowly to the ground. Staring at the white winter wonderland in front of her, she asked herself how this could have happened. For almost four years now, he had been courting her. The young lady cursed the day. In a weak moment, he had asked her to go out with him once again, better yet, he had literally begged her. She had hoped, he'd changed and finally grown up, grown mature. So she'd given in. As mentioned earlier, it had been a weak moment. Had it been the expecting glance in his eyes? Or perhaps the curiosity how he would react? She didn't know for sure.

He had chosen this meeting place. Had ordered her here, outside, during this freezing time of the year. Once more she felt the cold getting to her. She could hardly make out her feet anymore. Why was she still standing here?

Because you don't want to admit your defeat, a low voice in the back of her mind answered. She tried to chase away those unpleasant thoughts. What defeat anyway? He would never know she had been cooling off her heels. In fact, she had regretted agreeing to this date immediately. That self-satisfied grin of his was displeasing her a lot. He'd always get what he'd wanted. And now he didn't seem to want it anymore. Or maybe he had wanted to embarrass her all along. That was probably the reason for his no-show. Soon the whole school would be laughing at her. Not that she cared what others thought. No, not at all. It was the fact that he would win once again which made her mad. So why was she still standing here?

To expand his triumph? Who knew, maybe he was watching her right now from somewhere, laughing at her naivety. Well, he should go ahead. His laughter would wear off soon enough; she'd take care of that. Her slender body trembled. It was bitterly cold. So for heaven's sake why was she still standing here?

Did she really hope he would come?

To be honest, she had been expecting everything.

Him waiting impatiently for her right on time.

Him behaving worse than ever just to impress her.

Him presenting her self-satisfied to everyone as his latest trophy.

Him being devastated when she'd told him, it was a mistake to go out with him in the

first place.

She had been expecting everything except this. Her being left in the cold. Left by him. Him, of all the people. By the guy that wouldn't miss a chance of making a fool of himself whenever she was around just in order to get this date. Having it though, he didn't think it was necessary to honor her with his appearance.

Again, she watched the white flakes whirling around her. She should go. And forget that she ever came to this godforsaken place. The young woman sighed and closed her eyes. Noticed nothing but the snow touching her skin. She completely lost herself in the moment. Coldness, time, waiting - everything came second.

Suddenly she felt a hand stroking her cheek almost affectionately. Surprised she opened her eyes – and her gaze met two hazel eyes behind steamed glasses. Confused she took a few steps backwards, evading the warm hand. Almond-shaped eyes glared at him reproachfully.

"Evans, I...I'm sorry." he murmured. Apologies of any kind weren't his strong point at all.

"You're *sorry*?" she snarled angrily. "You've got nothing else to say?"

He sighed with resignation. There he was, finally having the opportunity to go out with her, and he screwed it up. Her lips were already turning blue. All of the sudden, he felt very guilty.

„Unforeseen, *undeserved* detention.“ was his remorseful excuse.

The young witch hardly suppressed a grin. Once again, he resembled a defiant little boy. "Certainly, it was not undeserved." she remarked sharply.

Why did she feel such relief? Because she wasn't mistaken? Because he really didn't want to leave her waiting? Without her being able to do anything about it, single teardrops streamed down her cheeks. He noticed the twinkle and carefully wiped them away.

The peaceful silence seemed to have a comforting effect. There was nobody around except them. She shivered once more. Of course he sensed it and so he pulled her into his arms. Ignoring her protest, he wrapped his robe around her and warmed them both. Embraced that tightly, it was hard to say which part belonged to whom. At first, the red-head refused but eventually she was overwhelmed by the warm feeling of security. After a while he broke the silence as he bent down, whispering in her ear:

"Why did you wait?"

Certainly not, because he'd deserved it. Neither because she had wanted it. Rather because while standing in this severe cold, one thing became very clear to her; and that would be to say how much one depends on the warmth of someone else. She loved him. Nearly unconditionally. She failed to see that until it had almost been too late. When he'd seemed to be gone forever. And she needed him. Him, the arrogant, self-confident, daring marauder. The more she denied it, the less she could help it.

"Because."

To him, her answer was satisfying enough. Gratefully he kissed her snow-covered hair.

"But Potter, if you dare to leave me in this coldness once more..." she whispered threateningly.

He grinned. "Don't worry, Evans."

Thanks for reading!