

Unrequited Love

StaubfingerxFarid

Von _Severus_

Kapitel 3: Chapter 3

Okay, so first of all, I want to say thank you to everybody who commented and added this story to their favorites or alert, or just read it. You guys are awesome, and I'm very happy that you like the story.

Then I want to apologize about all the mistakes I make. I will do my best to avoid it, and if anybody wants to beta the next chapter, just write me a message. I would be very pleased if somebody volunteered.

Now, I hope you enjoy the new chapter. Have fun reading.

Mo was standing in the garden, in front of a grill. There was a big wooden table in the middle of the garden, with matching chairs placed around it. Dustfinger quickly counted. eight chairs. But why eight? How many were they?

Meggie, Farid, Resa, Sarah, Mo and himself... that made six. So why eight chairs? Dustfinger was confused.

"Elinor and Darius are coming to stay with us for a few days." Dustfinger spun around to the person that had just talked to him. "I invited them."

Mo smiled at him, as if the fact that they would soon have even more company was something good. And to Silvertongue, it probably was. "The more the merrier!" he always said. Dustfinger didn't know if it were true.

Dustfinger didn't dislike Darius. He was a shy, insecure, but very kind man. He didn't get in anybody's way and was smart. No, Dustfinger couldn't say that he disliked Darius. But he didn't like him either. He simply didn't care about him, which was probably because he just didn't have anything to do with Darius.

Maybe he stays out of my way because he's scared that I'll burn his books, he mused, watching as Mo talked to Resa. He's exactly like Elinor when it comes to books. Just the thought of the old woman made him flinch.

Dustfinger didn't like her, and she didn't like him. The old bookworm had never forgiven him for showing Capricorn's people where she lived, and she still blamed him for the loss of the books Capricorn's men had destroyed.

It's good though, he thought, absently watching a bird fly over the house. This way I have one person less to make small talk with. And we can be in a room without killing each other. But I'm pretty sure Elinor would like to kill me more often than I her.

"Dustfinger!" Mo's voice once again woke him from his daydreaming. "Can you help us out here? I don't know where I put the lighter."

"Sure." With a few steps Dustfinger was standing beside Mo, rubbing his hands, quickly checking that nobody was watching. If Sarah saw what he did, she would probably start asking questions, and that was the last thing he wanted to happen. But Sarah didn't seem to be in the garden, he didn't see Meggie or Farid, either. It seemed safe. He opened his hands, and a small flame was dancing over the skin of his palm. "There you go."

"Thank you." Mo quickly picked up a charcoal with a pincer, and held it right into the flame Dustfinger was offering him. Only a few seconds later he put it next to the other charcoals, and closed the lid to the grill.

Dustfinger just nodded in reply. Mo knew that it wasn't a problem for him, so why bother saying it?

"You aren't happy with Elinor coming, are you?" Mo asked. He seemed to have a knack for knowing what Dustfinger was feeling or thinking.

"I don't get along with Elinor that well, you know that, Silvertongue. But it doesn't really matter. I'm leaving tomorrow morning anyway. I have to work."

"Why don't you stay a little longer Dustfinger? Just a few days. I'm sure everyone would be thrilled. Sarah would certainly be pleased." Mo winked at him.

Dustfinger forced a small smile and said "I'll think about it." There was no use in saying "No." Silvertongue wouldn't accept any answer other than a "Yes" or a "I'll think about it."

He was of course not going to think about it, but Silvertongue was so easily pleased and so naive. When Dustfinger lied to Mo, it almost felt like lying to a puppy, staring at you with two big, loyal eyes. He knew Mo trusted him, and believed whatever he said.

But sometimes Dustfinger had to stretch the truth. Because sometimes people deserved more than the truth. Sometimes the truth just wasn't good enough.

"Dustfinger!" Meggie called, walking into the garden. She was beaming at him, as if she had a surprise for him. Dustfinger gulped. He didn't like surprises. And to be

totally frank, Meggie's surprised were almost never good ones.

"Yes, Meggie?" he asked, watching her walk towards him.

Meggie stopped right in front of him and said, "I was telling Sarah about your fire-breathing and all that stuff, and she was really impressed. She doesn't want to ask you because she doesn't want to be impolite, but do you think you could show her some of it? Or maybe have a show for us?"

"Meggie I..." he started, but was quickly interrupted.

"That sounds like a great idea!" Mo said, while he put meat on the grill. "I'm sure we would all enjoy some of your magic, Dustfinger."

It was hard to say no to one person, but to two... Dustfinger felt helpless. But he didn't want to show his magic today; he wasn't in the mood. Again he wanted to speak, but then again was interrupted.

"You really should Dustfinger. I bet it would be a lot of fun." Farid's voice sounded so sweet. Dustfinger turned his head towards the boy, who was standing only a few steps away to his right.

Dustfinger had to smile. Farid still moved as quickly and as soundlessly as he used to when they had traveled together. Nothing had changed.

"So, will you do it?" Meggie asked impatiently. Dustfinger looked at Farid for a few seconds, trying to find out what the boy was thinking. Was he going to act like nothing had happened? It was probably the best choice.

"Okay. Why not." Dustfinger finally said. He couldn't say "No" to Farid. He just couldn't. *And the others can enjoy it too. I guess it's a good idea. Maybe it'll distract me.*

"Oh, thank you, Dustfinger! It will be so much fun!" Meggie gave him a hug, then moved away quickly. Everybody knew that hugs made him uncomfortable, so when they hugged him, they kept it brief. Dustfinger was thankful for that.

Meggie wandered off with Farid, leaving him alone again. Slowly, Dustfinger looked around the garden. Meggie and Farid had sat down at the table and were talking and cuddling. He swiftly looked away. Seeing how happy they were just hurt too much.

He glanced at Mo, who was standing at the grill with Resa. She was smiling, he was talking... they were happy, too. Dustfinger almost choked on the atmosphere of love and happiness. Was he ever going to be happy again?

As he continued to look around, Sarah caught his attention. She was walking towards the table, holding a tray with drinks, bottles, forks, knives, and plates on it. It was clearly too heavy, and Sarah was staggering dangerously.

He rushed to her, placing one hand under the tray to support it and take away some

of the weight. "It's too heavy. Let me help you."

"No, I'm fine, really!" Sarah said, but Dustfinger could see that she had to make a great deal of effort to hold the tray and give him a small smile.

"You're quite stubborn." he said, gently taking the tray from her. "Let me help you for me, then."

Sarah looked at him, pouting slightly. Dustfinger couldn't help but smile. She was so much like Roxanne in a way... but it didn't matter. She was not his Roxanne. And he was in love with someone else.

"I could have done that. But thank you," Sarah said, the small pout on her face not yet completely gone.

"You're welcome. And I'm sure you could have," Dustfinger replied. "Is there anything else I can help with?"

"Well, right now I don't think there is. But I did want to ask you for a favor," Sarah said, playing with a strand of her hair. "I have a bookcase that needs to be put together. But it's too heavy and too big for me. Do you think you could help me out sometime? Maybe tomorrow?"

Dustfinger wanted to say "No." He really did. He had absolutely no desire to build a bookcase. But Sarah had let him stay in her house, had cooked for him, washed and ironed his clothes, and let him take a shower. He owed her. Seemed like Silvertongue was going to get his wish. He was going to have to stay another night.

"Sure," he said, again forcing a smile. "It can be done. Just tell me when you're awake, and I'll come over."

"Great. Thank you so much!" Sarah smiled again, and then walked over to Resa, asking if there was anything else to do.

When Dustfinger turned around to Meggie and Farid, Farid was watching him. The brown eyes looked upset, mad. Dustfinger blinked. Was Farid finally beginning to be mad at him? But he had acted normally before...

Doesn't really matter, does it? He's mad. And he has every right to be. Dustfinger turned his head away, not able to stand the look Farid was giving him. It just hurt too much. Why did he have to be so stupid?

A few minutes later the doorbell rang, and Dustfingers head turned in the direction of the house. "Dustfinger, could you get that? It's probably Elinor and Darius," Mo said, and Dustfinger nodded.

He hurried into the house, not wanting to make Elinor and Darius wait too long. Elinor tended to get grumpy when she had to wait, and Dustfinger couldn't handle a grumpy Elinor today. He wasn't sure if he could handle her at all, but he really didn't have a

choice. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door.

"Well, isn't that the match-eater," Elinor said. "So you're joining us, too. What a surprise."

"Hello to you, too, Elinor. Darius." He gave the man a short nod which was returned with a nod and a smile.

"Well, are you going to let us in or let us stand here for another hour?" Elinor asked impatiently. Dustfinger took a step to the side and let them come in.

"She's not in a very good mood I fear," Darius whispered to him, as if he were trying to apologize for Elinor's rude behavior.

"You don't say," Dustfinger muttered, closing the door behind the new guests. This evening would be a hand full, he could already tell.

He lead Elinor and Darius to the garden, where they were immediately greeted by everyone. Even Sarah seemed to know them both, because she wasn't introduced. They had probably met the last time the Bookworm and the Reader had visited.

"Food's ready everyone, so go ahead and sit down," Mo called, grinning like a child. He was happy about all the company, Dustfinger could tell. The man had always been a people person. Dustfinger himself was quite the opposite. He didn't like too many people in one place.

As they all sat down, Dustfinger noticed that nobody had taken the place on the right side of Sarah. *They have got to be kidding me. Do I look that desperate?* Slowly, Dustfinger sat down next to her, everybody smiling at him. *How am I ever going to survive this?*

After they had all stopped eating, it was story time. It was a tradition that Mo had brought to the family. As soon as he saw that everybody was done, he started telling a story. It was widely appreciated, and even Dustfinger had to admit that he liked listening to Mo. His voice enchanted everybody, and made the story come alive.

The sun started to sink, and Dustfinger got up from his chair. "Well, I'm going to prepare some stuff. I'll be done at about ten o'clock." He looked around and smiled. "Everybody is welcomed to watch. I think the garden will be fine. Is that okay with you, Silvertongue?"

"Only if you promise not to burn down my house," Mo said, grinning cheekily at him.

Dustfinger just forced out a laugh and nodded. "I promise. I'll see you later."

Dustfinger walked into the house, picking up the bag that he had totally forgotten all this time. He would probably have to borrow some things from Mo, but since he was the one who had asked him, it would probably be okay. *Not that it wouldn't be if I had made the suggestion*, he thought, slowly walking down into the garden, far away from

the others who were cleaning up the table. *He would probably give anybody whatever they want as long as it isn't his family or his books. Such a good-hearted fool.*

He started unpacking his things, carefully laying them out on the floor. He prepared far away from the others, so they didn't see what he was doing. He wanted to surprise them. If he was going to do this, he was going to do it right.

He was wrapping some cloth around a torch, as suddenly someone asked, "Need help getting ready?"

Dustfinger spun around, and was now facing Farid. The boy looked at him as if nothing had happened, smiling slightly. "I can help you if you like."

"Uh... sure," Dustfinger answered, somewhat surprised. Was the boy pregnant or on his period? It wasn't like Farid to change moods so fast. "You can wrap some more cloth around the... things." Dustfinger was too confused to remember the word.

Farid laughed, and then said, "Okay. I'll wrap some cloth around the things." He knelt down beside him, his hand moving quickly and precisely to do what Dustfinger had asked. Dustfinger had to admit that Farid was just as good as him. *Well... sometimes. I still play with the fire better than he does,* he thought, as if to soothe and build up his ego. But what was really bothering him was: Why was Farid acting normally?

They worked in silence, Dustfinger trying to concentrate on the task before him. Farid glanced at him a few times, but didn't say anything. The silence wasn't awkward, not at all. It was calming.

When the torches were done, Dustfinger got out the small balls that he used for juggling. He held them in his hands, softly tossing them up in the air and catching them again.

"So, Sarah really likes you, I heard," Farid suddenly said, watching as Dustfinger threw the balls into the air with more force now.

"I guess," Dustfinger answered, catching the last ball and looking at Farid.

"Are you going to go for her?" Farid pressed him, still preparing the torches and dipping them in the fluid that would later make them burn easier.

"I don't know," Dustfinger answered again. "She's a nice woman."

Farid nodded slightly, with a thoughtful expression on his face. "But do you like her? I mean, the way she likes you?"

"Farid, I really don't know. Why do you want to know anyway?" Dustfinger asked, taking out a cassette recorder and placing it on the floor. "Do *you* like her?"

"Of course not!" Farid immediately said. "She's nice, but she's way too old for me."

"Then why do you ask?" Dustfinger looked at the boy carefully, not wanting to stare

to openly.

"I don't know..." Farid said, now also standing up. "It's... I feel weird when she's around you. I don't think she's good enough for you."

Dustfinger arched a brow and asked "Not *good* enough for me? Then who is? I'm not much of a catch, you know? Wandering around the world, often depressed. Not to forget my beautiful face."

"You *are* a good catch! I wish you would start seeing that," Farid replied simply, and took a step towards Dustfinger. The fire-eater couldn't move. Whenever Farid was near him, it was like he was paralyzed.

Farid took another step forward, and now was standing only a few inches away from Dustfinger. "I don't get how you got this twisted opinion of yourself," he said, his hand reaching up to touch the scars that marked Dustfinger's face. "I think you're very handsome."

Dustfinger couldn't believe what he was hearing, seeing, feeling... There Farid was, the boy he loved more than anyone else in this world, and he was telling him that he found him handsome. *Relax, Dustfinger...* he thought, taking a deep breath. *He's just trying to help you be more self-confident... or he doesn't know how to act around you anymore. Or he has lost his mind, just like I lost mine.*

"The scars give your face character, make it special." Farid slowly touched the blond hair now. "Your hair is nice and soft, and your eyes are a nice color, too. Nobody plays with the fire better than you." Farid moved even closer to Dustfinger now. Dustfinger noticed that Farid's hands were shaking, as if he were nervous.

"Farid..." Dustfinger said, looking right into the brown eyes that were not watching his face. "You're exaggerating."

"I only speak the truth to you," Farid answered, moving his face closer and closer to his. "I think you're very good-looking."

It had to be a dream. It just had to be. Dustfinger watched as Farid's face came closer, watched the boy close his eyes. The hot breath was like a gush on his lips, and it made Dustfinger's knees grow weak.

Farid was so close, he could smell his scent, feel the warmth of his body. He felt his own blood rush through his veins, his heartbeat increasing dramatically. He couldn't move, talk, or even breath.

Farid was going to kiss him, and Dustfinger didn't have the foggiest idea why. He was about to close his eyes as well, and let it happen when suddenly...