

A Sixth, Possible Seventh, Sense

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A Sixth, Possible Seventh, Sense

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Summary

Albus POV. Albus and Gellert spend an afternoon reading through books for some clues towards their eventual quest for the Hallows. Well, Gellert was reading. Albus is distracted.

Notes

Cross-posted from my fanfiction.net account :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was a cool summer's day, early-August 1899, the typical British two-week-summer seemed to have passed or was at least at its tail end. There was a light breeze upon the hillside that looked over Godric's Hollow. The wind could not be felt under the shelter of the large tree, but could be heard as it rustled through its branches and leaves. Beneath the shade of the tree, guarded from the rather mild elements, we sat in comfortable silence as we read some very old books with the hopes of finding any clues towards our search for the Hallows.

Well, Gellert was reading. Turning pages at a pace so quick that one would assume he had barely skimmed the contents. The intense concentration in his eyes showed instead that he was not skipping a single word. Nor any written punctuation. Not even the spaces seemed lost to him.

I, however, was in a rather different position.

While Gellert appeared to exist in a realm of pure concentration, I had found myself struck with constant distraction and had not turned a page within the last 10 or so minutes.

I know my efforts are supposed to be aimed at searching for hints and clues that may lead to us to the Elder Wand or even to its brothers, the Stone and the Cloak.

Yet I'm distracted.

A nagging thought. A question. Rolling around in my mind. It's been there for a week or so now, maybe longer, growing louder and more desperate to be asked as each day passes. I have my own suspicions of the answer and while I'm almost always right ... I'm just almost-always ... there is always a possibility for the failure of my own assumptions.

Right now the question is positively bubbling, bouncing, banging against my mouth in an urgency to be asked.

'Is he like me? And if so, does he like me the same as I him?'

Of course I can't just ask him straight out! One must be coy when touching on such a subject as this.

And yet as I sit here staring at how his golden curls drape across his bronzed face the question seems to grow exponentially each second. Still, I cannot seem to tear my eyes from him and so I beg every deity I know of; wizard, muggle, or otherwise, that the answer is yes to both strains of my question.

Unfortunately my mouth acts before my brain has come up with the entire plan and I end up blurting out "Odd isn't it?"

"Hm?" his head not lifting from the book, however, his eyes seem to slow down, dividing his attention and sending some towards me.

"How wizards can recognise other wizards, or potential-wizards, often by just looking. Yet muggles could go their whole lives surrounded by us and unless they engage in a relationship

or have a child or even sibling who is a muggle-born wizard then they would hardly know they had met one of us. It's odd, really" I clarified.

This time my words seemed to grab his full attention rather than just a fraction of it as he looked up from the page he was reading to "Odd? How so?"

"Well, it's odd that I can recognise you as a wizard but that muggles would-"

"No no no, I understand that. I'm confused as to why that's strange. We recognise each other and wizards alike because we can feel the magical presence of our own kind. Muggles are simply not capable of reading the same nuances as we are and even if they were capable they are far too oblivious and unobservant. It is not odd, Albus. It is nature."

He glared at me for a moment and then returned his attentions to the book. Although it seemed that my questioning had truly distracted him, his eyes just staring at the page in front of him without any of the concentration I had witnessed only moments earlier.

I shuffled where I sat, moving closer to him. "I suppose I should have clarified further. I was thinking that it was odd but what I intended to mean was, well, why?"

Gellert closed the book but kept his eyes from me.

"Why can I tell you are a wizard even when you are dressed as you are now in muggle attire? When you look no different to many of the muggle boys from the market? It's like a sixth sense, it's not forced or hard to learn how to differentiate wizard-kind from muggles. It's as you said. It is nature. I suppose I was wondering why its nature for us ... and perhaps a similar sense could be true for other ... people, wizard or not"

I ended my final sentence rather quietly.

Then a pause. Gellert still had not lifted his head towards me. As the silence continued the light breeze rustling the tree started sounding more and more like a strong wind which would threaten to strip the leaves from the branches.

Finally Gellert looked me in the eyes.

This time it was not a glare. This time he was looking at me much softer. He looked softer himself. He looked younger, sweeter. It was a rare treat to see him like this, so often his sheer confidence and attitude can make him appear as though he would be my elder rather than the reality in which I am his.

"Why?" He started "why ... a reasonable question but again the answer is nature, Albus, and you should already know the reasons why. Such as ... such as safety, for some I suppose. Muggles are dangerous creatures, you would know better than others as you have seen what those young muggles did to your beautiful sister. And even without laws to stop us from using our magic against them safety would still be an issue. There is so many of them, they could overwhelm less powerful wizards by their numbers and their brutish force."

I nodded, agreeing and hoping he would soon get to discussing my real question. I wanted to know his opinion on my quiet addition. He was not an unobservant man, surely he knew I wasn't just wanting to understand the benefits of identifying wizards.

"Of course there is another reason, a reason I much prefer if I'm honest" Gellert continued, a smirk growing upon his lips. "Sex."

I felt my face instantly redden, which I am sure he noticed as it is hard to hide through my pale skin.

"Well, mating might be the more proper term as the ultimate goal is producing magical offspring. But truly I believe most people aren't aiming for the end result of children every single time they have relations!" Laughing a deep laugh as he finished that thought.

I was now the one left confused. I had said my words quietly but I had said them loud enough to hear, surely. Surely?

"So safety and, well erm I suppose, sex" I coughed out in reply. "Do you suppose there would be other groups, magic or not, whom would be able to sense their own kind like we do? For safety and ... for sex?" asking much bolder this time.

Gellert chuckled before answering me. "Of course there is, dear Albus. Is there a particular group you have in mind?"

Plucking up my Gryffindor courage I replied honestly.

"Yes there is"

"Do tell?"

I tried to keep my voice as steady and nonchalant as possible when I answered him.

"Homosexuals"

Another pause. I pray to Merlin that this silence would not turn into awkwardness, or at least if it did that it would be easily mended. I did not have to pray for long before me spoke once more.

"Albus, surely you already know the answer to that yourself?"

"I-I-I'm sorry?"

"You are a homosexual are you not?"

"What? How-Why would you?-"

"Well I am. Homosexual that is. Could you not tell? Oh, mein liebste, Albus, has this been what had you so distracted this afternoon" Gellert cooed as he placed a hand on my cheek.

"I had suspicions. I suppose that makes it true then," I felt a rush of breath leave me in the form of a light laugh. I had not even realised I was holding breath in, "and I suppose that would also mean we have seven senses" I joked.

"Ja," his thumb brushed my cheek as he spoke "it would. Albus, I believe we were meant to meet. I've never before met anyone so alike myself in so many ways."

I gasped, struck by the sudden realisation of what Gellert could be saying. The thousand deities had answered my silent prayers.

"We are truly equal and once we find the hallows we will be great rulers together"

He leaned in and touched his lips to mine.

The kiss was soft and quick, so quick I barely had time to reciprocate, but it was a kiss nonetheless.

As he pulled away he spoke quietly. "Now, no more distractions, we have maybe two more hours before you would need to leave me and tend to your dear sister and your not-so-dear brother. We *will* be great together once we find the Hallows, but in order for that to happen we must first *find the Hallows!*" He tapped my cheek a few times before turning his attention back to the book he had been storming through before our conversation.

And so I also began my search through the text for any leads which would help us on our quest. A determination now present in my mind.

We will be great *together* once we find the Hallows.

Once we find the Hallows.

We will be great *together*.

Together.

End Notes

Thank you for reading :)

Note: I used the word "Homosexual" in this fic because most things I read suggested that "gay" was not a common slang term in the 18th Century?. I've never written for these two before and I actually found it quite challenging so props to all the other Grindeldore writers out there. This unfortunately I think ended up with a not-quite-required tinge to it so apologies! I know this is a rare-ish pair to find fic on. Again, thank you for reading and reviews/criticism is greatly appreciated :)

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