

I Dedicate My Love

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"And now, my loyal listeners, I dedicate this song to the most wonderful woman in the world. Beloved, this is for you, since I couldn't make it tonight."

Lee Jordan flicked his wand and quickly murmured, "*Transpono vox ad carmen.*" It switched the wizarding wireless station from his voice to the song he'd chosen to dedicate to Padma – one of Trella's latest, full of grit, soul, and love.

Leaning back and stretching, Lee wished he could spend the vernal equinox with his lover. She'd planned a small ceremony to celebrate the return of spring; Lee had his own plans involving a ring and a question.

When the station's other two prominent hosts had fallen ill simultaneously – more like had their own plans and hadn't put in for time off, he thought spitefully – and some of the enchanted equipment started acting up, he'd been the only one that could come in and run things for the duration.

Sometimes being dependable and indispensable sucked.

A pair of arms snaking around him from behind shocked him out of his sulking.

"You always do make the best apologies," a voice murmured in his ear.

"Padma?" he said dumbly, surprised she was there. Their words earlier had been heated. He'd played the song in hopes that she might be listening.

"Yes, Padma," she said. "Unless you have another woman you'd like to tell me about," she said as she came around in front of him. Her tone was light, though, lacking any anger.

"I thought you'd be getting ready for that ceremony of yours just about now," he said, taking her hand and fidgeting with her fingers.

"Well, it wasn't going to be much fun without you," she told him, moving closer. "After all, spring is all about renewal ... fertility ... virility."

He tugged her into his lap. "Oh, really?" The word was a smooth growl that melted her insides. His voice, as his radio fans would readily agree, was swoon-worthy, especially when he put effort into it.

"Really," she said breathily.

He nuzzled her neck. "I thought you were angry with me."

"Like I said, you make the best apologies."

He shook his head, neat dreadlocks swaying with the motion. "You came here before that."

Padma bit her lower lip. "Well." She was hesitant. "I kind of found this under the clothes you changed out of earlier." She fumbled in the pocket of her robes and took out a small velvet box.

It was Lee's turn to look uncomfortable. "Um, yeah. That." For a man who was usually good with words, he was tongue-tied now.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, eyes searching his face.

He cupped her cheek. "Of course I do. I love you, Padma. I don't dedicate songs to just anyone," he teased. "I want us to marry, if you'll have me."

Her kiss answered that question, and he managed to set the station to play a very long song list while he was busy with other, more important, sexy things.

Author's Notes: I can definitely see Lee as a radio announcer with a following. I hope you enjoyed this little piece. Thanks to the fabulous Somigliana for the title and summary ideas. *mwah*