

Uncross the Stars

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"James, I don't think you should do that," Albus says nervously, watching the door as if it's going to explode any minute.

Knowing Rose's temper, if she knew they were going through her stuff, the door would explode, and they'd die. Mum really shouldn't have taught their cousin her famous Bat-Bogey Hex.

His increasingly dread-filled musings are interrupted by a triumphant "Ha!" from James. "I knew she was hiding something!" his brother crowed. He's holding a bundle of letters, tossing them hand to hand as he shakes off the vestiges of a protective charm he'd missed.

Albus is reluctantly curious — Rose *has* been acting secretive. He asks, "What do they say?"

James flops onto Rose's bed, wrinkling the normally smooth quilt. "*Dearest Thisbe*," James starts dramatically, opening a letter randomly.

"If only life was kind enough to give me a wall to whisper through while you are home. I miss the sound of your voice, even if it is just mumbling over notes as you revise.

"How is your family doing? Any sign that I might ever be well received? I think Father suspects, but he isn't showing any of the classic signs of anger, so I'm uncertain.

"Any chance you can get away? I promise there will be no lion to trick us into dying. Let me know if you can come — you know where. All my love forever, Pyramus."

James started out with an exaggerated, overly sweet voice, but it degenerated into confusion. "Pyramus? Thisbe?" he says bemusedly.

Albus sighs and shakes his head. "Do you ever read?" he asks. "They're one of the first star-crossed lovers' stories."

James looks at him blankly before his mind shifts. "I wonder who this Pyramus fellow is. Let's read another."

Albus opens his mouth to protest but shuts it before uttering a sound; James in this sort of mood is a lost cause.

"My Juliet." James snorts; Albus is grateful that James knows this reference. "Blah blah blah ... *You're not supposed to be the at my balcony, you minx! That is supposed to be me. But that discrepancy aside, my love, last night's outing was delightful. Your skin in the moonlight ...*"

James trails off, obviously uncomfortable, spots of red colouring his cheeks. This is their cousin, after all. He hastily switches from Romeo and Juliet to ones addressed Heloise and Abelard; Albus has to explain once again.

"Dearest Hero, I can see the light of your tower from here. If only it could guide me to you – Merlin smite the rules about boys in girls' rooms! Even the Head Boy in the Head Girl's rooms."

What started out as mischief and a set of cryptic letters suddenly became clear; everyone knows Scorpius Malfoy was Rose's counterpart in the Hogwarts' hierarchy last year. The references to doomed, star-crossed lovers makes sense now – if ever there were two families that resembled the Montagues and Capulets, it is the Weasleys and Malfoys.

Before Albus' mouth could close or James' face could do more than cloud over, a commotion sounds in the hall. The door slams open, and a very angry Rose stands framed in the doorway, riotous red hair practically vibrating in her fury.

Albus wisely dives out of the way as her wand is unceremoniously tossed to one side. She launches herself at them with an inarticulate sound of rage. James is forgetful in his cockiness; Rose is fierce when her fuse runs out. She's throttling him before he knows what hits him.

Albus ponders interfering, but he's distracted by the arrival of several people: Hugo in the lead – explaining how Rose knows what they were doing – followed closely by Aunt Hermione, a red-faced Uncle Ron, and the surprising addition of a smartly dressed Scorpius Malfoy.

He gawks as the blond bravely enters the fray. Several umphs and groans later, Scorpius manages to pull Rose off her cousin.

Rose obviously wants to have another go at James, but surprisingly Scorpius restrains her. "Shh, luv, no. I promised you, we're going to uncross our stars. That isn't going to happen if you kill James, no matter how tempting it may be."

Though glares and discomfort still abound, this remark, audible to all, cuts some of the tension. A star pendant gleams on a thin chain around Rose's neck, and she relaxes into Scorpius' embrace. The look the two share makes Albus' doubts slide away.

"For never was a story of more joy, Than this of Rosie and her Malfoy," he murmurs, sending the two lovers into a gale of stress-relieving laughter.

Author's Notes: This is set after Scorpius and Rose have graduated Hogwarts, so everyone is of age and everything. And I believe a child of Hermione would know her Shakespeare, among others, and for some reason I like Albus being a little bookish too.

Written for Challenge 17 at Romancing the Wizard on LJ.