

Heart Like A Wheel

by pokeystar

Daphne's on a hillside in the Cotswalds. What was Fred up to?

Heart Like A Wheel

Chapter 1 of 1

Daphne's on a hillside in the Cotswalds. What was Fred up to?

"Fred."

"Yes, Daphne?"

"Why am I standing at the bottom of a steep hillside in the Cotswalds?"

"Because it's difficult to find steep hillsides in Diagon Alley?"

"Fre-e-ed."

"Da-a-aphne."

She had to smile. "What are we doing here?"

"Conducting an experiment. Here, hold this." He handed her an enormous water biscuit.

"What is this?" she asked, holding it away from her Prada outfit.

"An enormous water biscuit."

She raised an eyebrow at him in irritation.

"Imbued with a Summoning Charm, like a Muggle magnet."

"A Muggle magnet? What does a magnet do?"

"It attracts things. Okay, Daphne, just stand here and I'll be right back." He urged her into position and then loped off, his hair gleaming in the noontime sun.

"But –" She looked up and noticed that she was standing in a crowd behind a barricade.

This is what I get for wishing my life wasn't boring. She was raised to be the perfect pure-blood wife, her life an endless whirl of parties against a backdrop of rules so rigid there was a correct way to sneeze. Daphne secretly longed for excitement and adventure, so the help ad in the *Quibbler* seemed the answer to her wish. She remembered the twins' shenanigans at Hogwarts. She had envied the aura of mischievous adventure that surrounded Fred, George and their friends. What was it her mother always said? *Be careful what you wish for.* She should have listened.

Since she'd started working for the Weasley twins, her hair had been turned green. She had been locked in the storeroom. After closing. She'd had Muggle-Never-Melt ice cubes thrust down her back. When their pranks misfired and drove her to distraction and exasperation – with a stop at frustration on the way – Fred was there, flirting shamelessly, with her favorite chocolates and Daydream Charm in hand. She wondered if he knew all her daydreams were about him.

Speak of the ginger devil... Daphne spotted him at the top of the hill, talking animatedly with a group of people. She still had no clue why he had brought her there. One minute, she'd been teasing him about his marketing skills, and the next, he'd mumbled something about lunch and Apparated her to... she spied a sign... Cooper's Hill. She hadn't even had a chance to remove her Wireless-Extendable-Ear... *Oh!* She turned the WEE on to give him a lecture. She took in a deep breath and – a sexy baritone tickled her ear, freezing her brain.

"I can't tell you how I feel..."

Was Fred singing?

An announcement startled Daphne out of her reverie.

"Welcome to Cooper's Hill Cheese Rolling. Chasers, are you ready?"

The group surrounding Fred yelled and whistled.

"Gentlemen, release the cheese!"

A huge round of cheese was sent careening down the hillside. A second later, Fred ran after it.

"My heart is like a wheel..."

The man was certifiable. Certifiably *what*, she wasn't sure. *He must have a death wish.*

"Let me roll it. Let me roll it to you..."

The whole hillside had joined in. Fred swung his arms like a conductor, picking his way nimbly down the steep hill.

"I wanna tell you. And now's the time..."

Time for what? Lunch? She was quite hungry and eyed the biscuit, wondering if the charm rendered it inedible.

"I want to tell you that you're going to be mine..."

She gasped. *His?* It couldn't be true. *This is not happening.* Her hunger was causing hallucinations. The water biscuit tried to jump out of her grasp. Partway down the hill, the cheese changed course, veering toward her.

"I can't tell you how I feel..."

Fred was at the head of the group running after the cheese. He had a gigantic smile on his face, eyes only for her. Daphne's knees felt wobbly.

"My heart is like a wheel..."

She was standing next to the finish line. *What a clever man.*

"Let me roll it..."

Two-hundred feet.

"Let me roll it to you..."

One-hundred.

"Let me roll it ..."

The slightly softened Double Gloucester stopped slowly, touching the biscuit Daphne held in front of her.

"Let me roll it to you..."

Fred fell to his knees next to it and held out his arms. She dropped the biscuit and grabbed his hands.

"I said *you* were cheesy. Not that I wanted some cheese," she said, her eyes twinkling.

He pulled her to him and kissed her soundly. Then, he smeared a yellowy-orangish substance on her nose.

He winked at her. "Now who's cheesy?"

Author's Notes:

Many thanks to somigliana for the beta-proofing.

Song lyrics from "Let Me Roll it" by Paul McCartney

[Let Me Roll It - Paul McCartney & Wings](#)

"Fre-e-ed." - a tip of the hat to my favorite scene from *Valley Girl*. If you've never seen it, go rent it now.

Info about: [Cooper's Hill Cheese Rolling and Wake](#)

Original posted to the romancing the wizard community at live journal in response to the "Bring Out Your Dead" challenge. Requirements: One (formerly) dead wizard, one assigned prompt (a silly misunderstanding), one original magical device.