

# Shoes, Glorious Shoes

by sunny33

Lucius has lost his memory. He finds himself in a strange place when it returns.

—

## Chapter 1 of 1

Lucius has lost his memory. He finds himself in a strange place when it returns.

Disclaimer: Just borrowing them for a minute or two. They will be returned, with shoes intact and unharmed. Promise.

"Come on, Lucius. You need to decide. The black Artiolis with the buckle, or the patent Bruno Maglis?"

The young woman with the curly, brown hair seemed disturbingly familiar. He felt as if he was waking from a dream – a frightening dream, where magic had abandoned him, and his life had changed irrevocably. "Pardon? Where am I? *Miss Granger*? What...?"

She appeared surprised for a brief moment, then patted his arm reassuringly. "Ah. Welcome back, Lucius. We did wonder whether you would ever regain your memory."

"My memory? The last thing I remember was a flash of blue light. Why are we here? Isn't this a *Muggle* shop?" He looked around at the elegant surroundings, at once horrified and awestruck. The shoes were, in a word, divine.

"That spell caused you to lose your memory, Lucius. It was six months ago," she informed him as she gently eased the shocked wizard onto a nearby bench. "Along with your memory, you also lost your ability to perform magic. No-one knew whether you would ever return to normal, so I was assigned to teach you to live in the Muggle world. So far, you have done remarkably well." She refrained from commenting on the positive effect of losing years of ingrained prejudice.

"You did that, for me?" His last memory of her was of a wild-haired, avenging angel paving the ground with unconscious Death Eaters with her wand of fire. He vividly recalled the way she had protected his son who had been cowering behind a tree, all confidence shattered as the final confrontation took place. "It appears I am in your debt, once again, Miss Granger."

"Hermione," she smiled. "It has been Hermione for the last six months, Lucius. No sense in changing it now. Not when we have been living together for so long."

"Living together? You and I?" He could not imagine living amicably with this young Muggleborn witch, with whom he had been at odds for years. How did that happen?

"Yes. You and I. And we have been getting along just fine. More than fine, actually." She blushed becomingly. "I need to tell you about your wife. She—"

"Left me? Doesn't surprise me, really. She had only remained faithful to protect Draco from the Dark Lord. I always knew she would leave as soon as he was despatched." He gloomily contemplated his future. His magic was restored, but his wife was gone, and his pride and joy, Draco, had turned out to be a complete pansy. Suddenly, he recalled her blush. Had the powerful, attractive witch beside him just suggested that he and she...? Life was rapidly looking up. With the alacrity with which he had discarded last season's shoes, Lucius Malfoy tossed out his lifelong pureblood ideals and smiled at the woman beside him.

"We should really be getting back to the flat, Lucius. You will have many more questions, and this is not really the place for that discussion." She had dreaded this moment for months. Would the return of his memory destroy the budding relationship they had developed?

He placed a hand on her arm as she turned to leave. All those glorious shoes and a beautiful witch on his arm. Muggle living certainly had its advantages. "Can we stay just a little longer? I am sure I will make the right choice."

She knew he was not referring solely to shoes. "Sure, Lucius. Take your time."

\*\*\*

A/N: Saturday night drabble prompt from Severely Lupine: Lucius loses his memory and wakes up somewhere in the Muggle world. Who else is there and what's going on?

Thanks to rdholmantx for looking this over.