

# Perfection

*by Dreamy\_Dragon*

Hermione knows the difference.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione knows the difference.

*Still not mine. Unfortunately.*

*Written for slytherinlaurel's prompt "Lucius and glitter"*

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Rows and rows of glittering gold and sparkling diamonds on the tray in front of her. The obsequious clerk, representing Baruffio and Sons, the wizarding world's finest jewellers, hovers around them, waiting for her to choose one of the rings. Lucius waits, too. The decision is hers. Always was.

There, at the end of the last row, nearly hidden among the glitter, she sees it: white-gold, flawless, strikingly elegant in its simplicity and beauty.

Later, hands roaming over skin, soft noises followed by heat. Curled up in his arms, she looks into silver-grey eyes and knows. She has found perfection.