

When in Need

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Malfoy goes to Rome to find love in a magical fountain. What comes from his picking a coin?

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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He hid in the shadows, wary of the Muggles surrounding the fountain. It was standing there, just as his great uncle's journal said it would. He remembered the sketch that was in the book at home. The fountain looked the same, if a little more worn and in need of a good cleaning. Still, it was the same fountain. His decision made, he walked forward through the crowds to stand at the fountain's edge. A small, nude Venus surrounded by nymphs stood in the middle. In her bowl were coins, thrown in by would-be lovers. He had come for one of those coins.

He remembered the instructions. He simply had to circle the fountain until he found his coin. But he must not pick up the wrong one. That was basically all Uncle Alessandro had said. This had seemed simpler while he had been standing in his father's library having his betrothal dictated to him. This was the only way. His father would understand, if he found love from the fountain. It was, after all, a Malfoy tradition.

The air was hot, the Muggles insistently talking. That was something that he could not understand. They had nothing interesting to say, so why did they keep talking? Several of the older ones looked at him as he made his way around the fountain; smiles from the women and nods from the men came his way as he continued the walk.

Was he supposed to be thinking about anything in particular? He needed this to work! He refused to marry that girl they had picked out. There was no way he would be shackled to that woman. She reminded him too much of relatives he would rather avoid thinking about. But how was he to... In the middle of his musing he found himself stopped. He literally couldn't go any further. He turned toward the fountain, sure that he was to find what he wanted... no, needed.

There, almost covered, was a little bronze Knut. Who had put it there? They shouldn't have done that. What if the Muggles found it? Cautiously, he rolled his shirtsleeve up and reached into the surprisingly chilled water. The Knut was dinged and tarnished from having been in the water for a while. But he was sure it was meant for him.

He stood staring at it for what felt like an eternity, needing, reaching, feeling. There was someone meant for him; he was sure of it.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He closed his eyes. The pressure felt amazing. A thumb brushed the column of his neck, pushing under his hair. He turned his head slightly towards the breathing and heat. When he opened his eyes, he found a vibrant green pair looking back at him. "It took you long enough. I've been needing you, too."

AN: I love Hermione's prompts. I grabbed another one. "A witch of your choice visits Rome and picks a coin out of the fountain, and the gent immediately falls in love with her. Who is the witch and who is the wizard? Rules: NOT Hermione and Severus. Hermione can be the picker or Severus can be the gent, but it can't be both of them. 1000 words max. Inspired by the film When in Rome. Addendum: I am not opposed to a wizard falling in love with a wizard or a witch falling in love with a witch. Janus cleaned this up for me. As usual, I bow before anyone willing to take my stuff raw.