

# Percy's Valentine

by MuseAmusant

Percy meets Bill's new fiance on Valentine's Day...

## One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Percy's eyes nearly popped out of his head, and he very nearly choked on one of Molly's famous melt-in-your-mouth Valentine's sugar cookies as he fought not to openly gawk at the gorgeous, stunning, silver-blond maned and porcelain-skinned creature that the selfish bastard he called his eldest brother was introducing to their family. This utterly exquisite, fairy-like being was *Bill's fiancée*?

He had only just broken things off with Penny, who had taken issue with his desire to prove exactly how dedicated he was to the Ministry and its Minister. Really, what was so hard to understand about that? Penny was lovely and ambitious, he had thought, but clearly she was not as ambitious as he was. Therefore she was not and never could be the girl for him.

But, oh, Merlin, this magnificent, absolutely *spectacular* vision of witchly loveliness before him...

Was currently frowning bemusedly at him, as she had extended her delicate hand to be shaken while he had been inanely woolgathering.

Blushing furiously, but seizing the Frenchwoman's dainty fingers with alacrity, Percy bowed and dropped a lingering kiss on the back of her hand. "Enchante, mademoiselle," Percy murmured huskily, taking advantage while Bill was preoccupied with accepting their parents' hugs and kisses of congratulations.

Fleur, delighted, began to chatter on in rapid French, overcome with pleasure to find someone who apparently understood her native tongue, while Percy quickly cast a discreet translation charm and began leading his charmer out back for a nice, long, private chat in the rather more romantic environs of his mother's rose garden.

Soon, the pair were seated on a stone bench and surrounded by roses of every size, shape, and description, the air redolent with their rich perfume.

"Oh, Per-zee," said Fleur with surprised pleasure, "I zee you are quite the romantic! Why 'ave you not a lovely witch of your own?"

Percy dropped his eyes as if ashamed to confide in his heavenly inquisitor. "I'm afraid I've not been so lucky as to find someone like you, my sweet. The witches here in England are so... coarse and almost masculine compared to your lovely self, I'm afraid."

"Mon Dieu!" Fleur covered her mouth in stylized horror. "But yes," she admitted, "I 'ave noticed that the witches 'ere are not so versed in the feminine arts, not like we were back 'ome."

"Oh, Fleur," Percy moaned softly in mock anguish, "Perhaps I should go to France myself, but even there, such beauties as yourself must surely be rarer than dragon-fire red diamonds. I fear I will never in my life find any witch anywhere near as breathtakingly fine as you. My beautiful valentine, could you perhaps allow me to take a picture of you, that the image of your fairness might comfort me in my lonely Ministry office?"

Fleur was truly touched, not to mention flattered, by the earnest young man's flowery words and obvious admiration. Percy rushed to fetch his camera and Fleur happily posed for him. When he had taken several pictures and pocketed them under his robes, close to his heart, the Frenchwoman was moved to near-tears. "Mon cheri, I will talk to Maman. We could..."

**"PERCY!"**

Fleur let out a little scream and Percy, startled, nearly toppled from the bench out in sheer fright.

Seeing a furious Bill storming in his direction, Percy quickly kissed Fleur's hand, made his excuses and *Disappeared* just in the nick of time.

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Prompt by astopperindeath: Percy meets Bill's new fiance Fleur for the first time—on Valentines Day. Asshattery ensues.