

Malfoy Music

by janus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Supper had been laid. True, it was not the most important meal of the day, but it was the last one. Narcissa always liked it, for she could chat with Lucius alone in quiet intimacy. Where was he? She set warming spells and went to search for him in his study.

He was bent over his papers with a light smile. Ah, he was enjoying himself. She stood behind him, her hands gently resting on his shoulders, and looked down at his work. There was a book open on the desk beside him along with a theory book.

"Schönberg was a mathematical wizard," he told her. "This book details his life, and this other one explains what he did. Listen." He touched the papers with his wand and leaned his head back against her. Music welled up, fluid and complex, though she could not catch the root tone.

"This is yours?"

"I wanted to surprise you. Representation through Arithmancy."

The next time Lucius did not arrive at supper, she had a good idea where he might be. He was not sitting at his desk, however. His study was empty, and he was lying on his back in the centre of the carpet. His eyes were open, and again he was graced with that small smile. The furniture was gone. Instead he looked up at the ceiling, and the smell of evergreens was in the air.

He turned to her and beckoned. Narcissa joined him, as he had intended, albeit with an uncharacteristic little giggle. He put his arm about her to pillow her head. "My father said that Grindelwald had told him he could transform an entire city with his music. Listen."

Again Lucius touched the papers on the floor next to him and immediately trees rose from the places where his desk would have been, the settee, the hassock, the chair and the sideboard. They soared with the music, climbing straight and true, spreading a canopy above their heads.

"Ottorino Respighi," Lucius told her. "The Pines of Rome."

The third time, Narcissa felt excited. What wonders? She set the spells to keep the food and hurried to the study in anticipation. Would it be music again?

"Narcissa. Come here with me." The study looked perfectly normal, but she could see the sheaves of music in his hand, covered in tiny round notes. He was on the settee. "This one is for you. The greatest musical wizard of them all."

She sat and he pulled her close, touching his lips to her silver-spun hair. "Close your eyes. Listen."

It was lyrical, simple, elegant. It was triumphant and poignant. It was perfect. And then came the words. Such words.

"For you," he whispered again, through the music. "Ode to Joy."

Author's Notes: A kind thank you to blue_artemis who acted as beta. This one is for ladyinthecloak.

Prompt from ladyinthecloak: A Malfoy of your choice discovers new music.