The Tied Tongue

by Rose of the West

Dyno Drabbles February 2009 Prompt One Runner Up.

Inspired by the phrase "Anything but chocolate or roses."

Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Anything but roses or chocolates," she had said.

Draco had smiled; he knew better. Back in the years right after the war, when she was sought after by many wizards their age, Valentine's Day was always the worst. The student office they had shared was small, and the smell of roses and chocolate was not good when the room was full of both.

They found they worked well together, and when their training was complete they opened a law office. They were both demanding, but her tendency to micro-manage made his personality seem more relaxed. It had made for some interesting moments while dating, but there she was less sure and allowed him to guide her. The masses of gifts had waned until he was the remaining admirer. They'd been together for quite some time, now, and this year would be special, he decided.

When she arrived at the restaurant, she thought it must be a mistake. "I *said* no roses or chocolate," she fumed.

"Just the asters are for you. I couldn't help being a June baby," he smirked.

"They're all mixed together!"

"How symbolic."

"*Fine,* I'll let you have the flowers. What about *that?*" She pointed at a large, red velvet, heart-shaped box.

He shrugged insouciantly. "Why don't you open it?"

She muttered as she untied the bow, "I said no—" The rest was lost in a choking sound.

"Ah, the Granger tongue is tied at last. I always wondered how to do it without snogging."

There were dozens of rings mounted inside. When she looked up at him, mouth agape, he smiled and kissed her free hand. "Pick one."