

Perfect Match

by karelia

An antique cloak, a Black, and a Malfoy.

Perfect Match

Chapter 1 of 1

An antique cloak, a Black, and a Malfoy.

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters, though I do have some green silk I call my own.

"Beautiful," came the reverent whisper as slim alabaster fingers delicately ran over the soft green fabric.

His own, equally pale, fingers longed to explore her skin—perhaps not as gently as hers inspecting the material, but nevertheless without marring the perfection. He knew then she was his perfect choice.

"It is," he agreed, his eyes following the digits of her right hand caressing the exquisite fibre. *How will it feel when my skin is the subject of her attention?* he couldn't help wondering. "There is a portrait in my father's study showing my great-great-great-grandmother wearing it when she was young."

"Father informed me it's imbued with Charms that make it indestructible. It won't tear, nor will it fade."

She looked suitably awed.

He made a mental note to impress her sometime with his own achievements. "And having seen it on the portrait, I well believe it."

Her eyes returned to the cloth. "It's so vibrant. And look how the silver threads emphasise all the green! This is just like a May meadow, that one like a Scottish pine forest."

He nodded. "And this," he pointed to the darkest green, "reminds me of Father's best red in the manor's wine cellar."

She looked out of sorts when the first breeze of a thunderstorm permeated the air.

He saw his chance. "I'll Apparate you home. Alternatively, there is a hut just over there for shelter."

She swallowed hard at the lightning. "... the hut?"

Yes! "Come." He took her hand to lead the way. It fitted his own well. Small enough to cover. Bold enough to feel comfortable. Cool enough to suspect a warm heart. Dry enough to expect cunning.

The downpour started ten yards away from the shelter, but by the time they reached inside, both were soaked to the skin.

When she still shivered minutes after he'd cast drying and warming charms, he pulled her close. "I suggest we'll wait the rain out; it wouldn't do for you to catch a cold," he said, his voice a timbre lower than usual.

The smile she offered in return reminded him of a cloudless night sky filled with bright stars, and held many promises. Emboldened, he pulled her yet closer. His lips sought hers until they touched softly.

With agonising slowness that was nothing less than perfection, she allowed him entry *Heaven*.

When she uttered small noises of content, heaven became Nirvana.

Time became meaningless as thunder and rain gradually subsided until the sun entered through the cracked roof. She broke away, uttering a delicate sneeze. "Sorry. *A voice like caressing hands...*

Even her sniffles sounded elegant. Yes, perfect partner indeed.

"Don't..." His voice drifted off for a moment before he asked the question he hoped to ask only once in a lifetime. "Will you be my wife?"

The smile she awarded him now spoke of summery days, the deep-blue sky reflected in her eyes. "I will."

Exquisite. He handed her the antique silk cloak. "Will you wear it?"

"Yes. Of course."

Lucius didn't like to interrupt his wife when her friend visited, but he needed the parchment he'd left the previous evening. He halted at the door.

Cissy sounded exasperated. "Honestly, Greta, if you wait until he acts, you'll die a spinster!"

"But that's what you did, Cissy!"

Cissy's laughter rang out into the hallway. "Lucius wouldn't have noticed me if I hadn't figured him out."

Lucius raised a brow. *Oh?*

"I took time to get to know him, to learn everything about him, but eventually, I succeeded in winning his heart."

His smirk was one of admiration. *My perfect partner*.

A/N: Grateful thanks to Ariadne and Lyn_F for the beta.

My gratitude also to HermioneDiggory for coming up week after week with inspiring prompts. After having gone through a rather writingless streak for months, her following prompt set my Muse free: The couple of your choice, a summer storm, green silk and red wine.