

# Black Robes and Fuzzy Slippers

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

Second in a series after Death Eater Molly

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Second in a series after Death Eater Molly

It was after midnight as Arthur sat up in the bed he and Molly shared and swung his legs over the side, slipping his feet into the crocheted slippers his wife had made for him. They were her trademark multicolored style, but she had discovered a Muggle yarn called 'fun fur' and had utilized that in making them so they were fuzzy and soft but still rather warm on a cold night such as this one. The space next to him was empty, and he stood, grabbing his plaid robe into which he slid his arms as he made his way across their bedroom to the door. Arthur quietly made his way down the stairs, still in the habit of not wanting to wake the children even though most of them had now moved out into Burrows of their own.

This had become the normal pattern the last few weeks, ever since his Mollywobbles had made the decision to change her 'style', for lack of a better way to say it. He still could not believe she had made the decision she had. Okay, well, maybe he could considering the loss of their son and how much everyone else had lost as well. But she was serious about it and had spent the last few weeks staying up late at night crafting, stitching, sewing her new ensemble. That was where Arthur found her now, sitting at their kitchen table in her usual spot and surrounded by billowing black robes as she hand-stitched the hem in to finish them.

"It's late, Mollywobbles," Arthur said quietly as he began getting out the fixings for a warm drink for both of them.

"I'm almost finished with the robes, dear," she assured him, not looking up lest she make the stitch too deep and it showed on the other side. Not that she really had to worry considering the fullness of the garment as well as the fact it was black. By the time she had finished the hem and was setting the black robes aside, Arthur was bringing two steaming mugs of hot cocoa over to the table for them and taking a seat next to her. For a while, they both sat in silence, savoring the rich chocolate brew that he had made while Arthur slipped his arm around his wife's shoulders and Molly snuggled against him, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Are you done for the evening?" he finally asked, breaking the silence.

"Yes," she replied, adding with a bit of a grin, "Not tired though."

"Good," was his one word reply, followed by, "Shall we, Mollywobbles?"

"We shall," she agreed and with that the pair rose and headed back to their rooms minus the hot cocoa, black robes and eventually the pairs of fuzzy crocheted slippers they each wore.