

# reine de cœur

*by Ladymage Samiko*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Green didn't suit her. Neither did silver.

Red did, irritatingly enough. But she disdained wearing it, saying it was adolescent to cling to childhood labels. She was probably correct. But gold, on the other hand...

He had dreams of her draped in nothing but swathes of gold jewellery, like some lush fantasy from the Arabian Nights. He couldn't quite afford 'swathes', but over time, he'd managed some lovely pieces for her to bedeck herself with.

He thought she looked like a queen in them.

She said it was because he treated her like one: Queen Regnant to his Prince Consort.

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AN: Just a little interlude between bigger projects... A token in the little box is always appreciated.