

Perfection

by Aylarah

Draco has always searched for perfection.

Perfection

Chapter 1 of 1

Draco has always searched for perfection.

It's a shame really, how we each have our own little quirks and curiosities that we absolutely cannot live without, that turn something that should be unimportant into something critical, simply because that's the way it has to be.

Draco sighed. He hated this.

"Ernie, I'm afraid it's just not going to work out, and it's better we end it here than it hurting even more in the future."

Ernie blinked, confusion flickering across his face. He and Draco had been together a little over a month, and last night was the first time Draco had stayed the night. There had been no sign that something was wrong.

But then this morning...

This morning, Ernie had made Draco a cup of coffee, and Draco knew then that this relationship was over. Ernie had made instant coffee. And Draco couldn't live with that.

He hated this because Ernie was nice, despite his Hufflepuffness. There had been nothing in their relationship to complain about. But Draco often saw his coffee as a metaphor – he was looking for perfection. Instant coffee might be momentarily satisfying, but in the end it's definitely missing something.

Pansy's coffee had been too rich, Blaise's too bitter. He'd tried to date the Brown girl once, but she added so much sugar that it was far too sweet and sickly. A brief fling with Charlie Weasley had been too fiery – apparently the man added chilli to his coffee, whereas Draco was under the impression that chilli should only be added to Asian food or chocolate. Needless to say, none of those relationships had lasted. It was only afterwards that Draco noticed how closely the coffee mirrored the person who made it.

When he finally left Ernie's, Draco felt like shit. He couldn't tell the man that he was breaking up about coffee of all things, so all that came out of his mouth was a lot of pathetic clichés. Finally, Draco could take no more of it, and he fled, leaving Ernie at the kitchen table, staring forlornly at the still hot drink in front of him.

On his way home, he decided to stop by a café where he knew Potter was working. He needed to get the taste of the instant (failed relationship) coffee from his mouth. And coming here tended to cheer him up anyway. For some reason, Potter had developed a very obvious crush on Draco, and Draco found it immensely flattering.

"Coffee," he said shortly. "To go."

"Odd," Harry said with a grin. "You normally order tea from here. But then you were always an odd boy, Draco."

Harry's back turned and the drink was quickly prepared. Just before Harry handed over the polystyrene cup, he scribbled something on it. His number, again.

Draco rolled his eyes and turned to leave, taking a sip of the beverage. At the door, he stopped, turned and marched back over to Harry and kissed him square on the lips in front of everyone.

It was perfect.

A.N: Written for The Petulant Poetess LDWS Week 1. Many thanks go to my beta unnamed. Any errors are completely down to me.

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.