

In the Beginning

by lady_rhian

There are two sides to every story.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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HIM

Coffee? said Lee

With cream, said she

Two pounds, said Lee

Oh shit, said she

Need change? said he

Thanks—*oh*, said she

You—you're ...? said he

You're Ted, said she

You know? said he

I know, said she

Let's walk, said he

I don't— said she

You're *here*, said he

Okay, said she

HER

She had money in her pocket, just converted. The goblins had looked at her strangely the first time—a Black sister asking for galleons to be converted to pounds? They must have thought the world had tipped on its axis.

But this was her third trip to London, and they'd asked no questions, which was good since she didn't know why she was doing this. She just ... needed some air.

This café was always her first stop. Someone had told her that Lee's served the best coffee in town, and he hadn't been lying. Not that she'd ever tell him that.

"Two pounds," Lee said after she ordered.

She fished in her pocket for money; it wasn't there. Shit, where had it gone? She took a step to get out of line when a voice behind her asked, "Need change?"

"Thanks," she said, turning to face her benefactor.

Spiky blue hair, piercing blue eyes, leather jacket, bemused grin.

Her eyes widened. "Ted."

"Here you go, Lee," Ted said, handing over enough change for two coffees, and he nodded towards the door. "Let's walk."

"I—"

"You're *here*," Ted said, walking out the door with their mugs in tow.

They sat at a table outside. Andromeda sipped her coffee and stared at the sky, at the sidewalk, at anyone but him.

"So is this what it looks like?" he asked, not looking at her.

"What does it look like?"

"Like a Black heiress taking a walk on the wild side, just for kicks. Are you amused yet? Got enough stories for your Slytherin friends?"

She set her coffee down so hard it spilled. "Why the hostility?"

He sat back. "I don't know, Andie, you tell me. We're lab partners, maybe something more, I ask you out, you turn me down."

"You asked me in the Great Hall! What was I supposed to do?" she asked.

He looked her in the eye. "Say yes."

"And defy my family? For what, a cheap shag?"

He gave a sideways smile. "Could be more than that." He paused. "Why are you here?"

She stared at her coffee, dripping off the table's edge.

"Cause I talked about this place all the time." He scooted his chair so that it was right next to her. "I know you don't believe what your family believes, but you're no idealist. They come before principle—always will. So at the end of the day, your bumming around Muggle London is nothing more than teenage rebellion. Unless ..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you're here because you love me."

Author's Note: Many thanks to my dear friend and beta, Shug (sshg316). Also, the style of HIM is taken directly from e.e. cummings' "may i feel said he."

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