

Ship Drabbles

by phoenix

Five vignettes that look at the canon relationships.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Here is another set of drabbles I wrote back in the 2005/6 time frame. I really wish I could remember which website this was from. Perhaps one day I'll dig out my old computer and see if the bookmark is still there.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this look at five different canon relationships. They should all be self-explanatory.

ETA: I am almost positive these were posted on the web site Diagon Alley. That name seems familiar and I think was the first place I felt at home as a Harry Potter fan.

Watching her hair flutter in the breeze, he longed to touch her, but knew he couldn't. The moonlight made her skin glow most pleasingly. He thought she had never looked more beautiful. In his dreams, he wrapped his arms around her, showered her with kisses, but they were just dreams.

The moon was his enemy. There would be no moonlit walks, only moonlight vigils as she ensured his safety. He had tried to dissuade her, but she had been adamant this was the life she wanted. For this, he was grateful. He loved her and amazingly, she loved him, too.

Another night, another torment. I know it is my duty, but I do not like it. There is only one thing that makes it worth it. She is waiting for me.

"Darling." She kisses me hungrily.

"Narcissa." I must have her. Soon, we are both undressed. I caress her swollen belly. I do what I have to do for her, for the child, for us.

"Take me."

I cannot resist. This is the only way it is bearable. She loves power, and he gives it to me. I lose myself in her, feeling sweet release of knowing Malfoys will survive.

Finally alone, Bill looked into Fleur's eyes. "I'm glad you still want to marry me."

"I 'ave told you. I love you. But we must."

"What do you mean?"

"We are to be parents."

"What? Oh, Fleur, that's wonderful." He pulled her close, hugging her, wishing he could kiss her. "Mum might not think so."

"I do not care what you mother thinks, but we must marry soon."

"As soon as I'm out of the hospital." He couldn't believe his good fortune, he just didn't want to tell his parents why they wanted to marry so quickly. "I love you."

Molly panted, the pain was nearly unbearable.

"Nearly there, Mollywobbles. Push!"

"I am pushing." It felt like she was trying to pass a watermelon. It was beyond her why women chose to go through this more than once. "I am never doing this again," she growled.

He held her hand, urging her on.

Finally, they heard the hearty wail of a newborn.

"It's a boy!" the Healer said, and handed the baby to Molly.

Looking into his beautiful face, she was overcome with joy. "Let's call him William." Watching Bill, she understood how women did it more than once.

"Ow, Ron, that's my foot!"

"Sorry. How's that?"

"Better. A little to the left now."

"Right there?"

"Up a little... Ow! Would you be careful?"

"Sorry. I've never done this before. What should I do next?"

"You are hopeless, aren't you?"

"Be patient with me. I just need a little practice."

"A lot of practice, I'd say."

"Hey, you're no expert, either."

"Better than you. Stop, right there. That's it."

"We should have used magic."

"Then it wouldn't work right. Okay, that should do it."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

Picking up the remote, Hermione turned on the television.