

The Ultimate Trust

by Celestial Melody

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Witness the marriage of two of the most beloved characters in the world of magic.

Roses

Chapter 1 of 1

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Roses

A luscious, creamy, filtered light beamed and splintered into tiny, needle-like shards through the etched glass windows of the clean and well-ventilated chapel. The streaming light bounced off the knotted pine rafters in an attitude of unfettered and boundless joy. The intoxicating scent of freshly cut English roses: strong, spicy Constance Spry with light touches of myrrh; the light, Old Rose fragrance of Happy Child brushed with strokes of lemon; apricot and peach notes permeating from the lovely Evelyn. Haunting heliotrope embedded in Fair Bianca; Leander and raspberries; the enchanting scent of midsummer Prospero; sharp, citrus Wenlock and many, many other captivating blooms filled the clean yet mystic atmosphere with their perfumed fragrances. A softly-hued grey dove fluttered to one of the white rafters and gazed beadily down on the romantic spectacle six meters below her twig-like feet.

Soft music, like the haunting yet melodic twinkling of a child's antique music box, drifted delicately around the smiling, and often teary-eyed, people gathered together yet apart as they stood in straight, stern rows separated by white pine pews.

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Standing on a raised platform at the northern end of the chapel, his feet planted squarely on the white, grained wood, was a tall young man. He had the lean and perfectly muscled look of one who has spent hours outside training in all types of weather for some sport.

His callused hands were clasped nervously together in front of his body. The young man's muscular body was encased in robes of deepest ruby red; his arms were tanned, corded, and golden. One hand twitched involuntarily as if wishing to traitorously sneak up and flatten the untamed tufts of black hair that stuck up in a permanent cowlick on the young man's head. His eyes, behind the glint of round glasses, were anxious and searching, gazing hungrily towards the opposite end of the church; waiting, waiting...

Cooing gently, the lone dove fluttered into the air, beating her wings madly, as she was suddenly accompanied by one hundred other doves, each launching dramatically into the air and billing melodiously as fragrant rose petals floated down from the rafters, representing nearly every lovely color in the warm spectrum.

Accordingly, a gasp rose from the crowd of cloaked people as, in one sweeping motion, all turned in their pews to gaze, eyes wide, towards the back of the chapel as the twin white pine doors swung inward. A brilliant flash of sunlight blinded the people's already dazzled eyes as the glass lamps hanging overhead sparkled. One could almost believe that the chandeliers were coated in fairy dust.

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The man at the north end of the room reached a shaking hand up to his spiky hair, desperately trying to flatten it; the cowlick sprang back up, undaunted, cheekily refusing to cooperate.

As the bright cloud of sparkling light dissipated, it left in its shining, vacated place a smiling, fiery-haired young woman of seventeen fresh years. Taking a deep, imperceptible breath, she stepped forward, her white velvet slipper stumbling slightly in her anxiety. She would have fallen had not she been saved by the firm clasp on her arm as a pair of tired yet twinkling blue eyes smiled down at her reassuringly.

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Roses cascaded down, as if descending from Heaven, and landed softly on the heads of the watching people. The scented petals perched precariously on the young man's deep black locks as his hand froze, its futile attempt to tame the wild elflocks cut off.

The strong hand, long fingers tuned by hours of careful practice, was suspended immobile near the young man's head. There it hung until another hand, elegant and masculine all at once, reached up and grabbed the still, but once roving, hand.

Nervously, the thin young man looked up at the owner of the hand whose face, handsome and dashing, was framed by long raven hair as a broad smile spread across the aristocratic face.

Twitching hand stilled, the young man relaxed, his anxiety visibly fading at the encouragement from his Best Man ... his best friend.

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At the south point of the chapel, the young woman took a deep breath, her bright green eyes sparkling with hopeful tears of joy. She felt the veined ancient hand of the man standing beside her pat her white arm and draw her slender frozen body down the aisle past the admiring glances of the people. Many pairs of eyes sought to attract her attention as each wished to give their own silent congratulations, but she saw nothing ... only the two glowing hazel points of light that were gazing into her own green eyes.

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The white bearded man released the slender hand of the young girl beside him, his eyes misting over as she walked up the steps to the raised platform, alone, her eyes still locked on the hazel eyes of the thin young man.

The sunlight filtered down in soft beams, lighting the fire caught deep in the young woman's red curls. People...now seated...in the first row were overwhelmed with amazement as a thousand tiny sparklers danced in the brilliant red.

Wiping his weeping eyes on a white linen handkerchief, a chubby man with a pointed nose was suddenly wrapped in a comforting hug by the strong, animal-like arm of another young man whose own blue eyes were filming over and spilling down his pale, slightly papery cheeks. Despite their apparent sadness, however, both faces were wreathed in smiles as the fiery-haired woman placed her slender white hand in the tanned muscular one of their best friend.

A sudden hush fell over the chapel, even the doves were silent ... waiting, and the people had checked their happy weeping. The clasped hands of the couple were the focal point of many pairs of misted eyes as a man wearing the dark robes of the clergy stepped up to the white pine pulpit and began to speak, his voice rising and falling with the inflection of an experienced orator.

The words of his address were heartfelt and tender, but the young girl and boy only had eyes for one another. Hazel bored into emerald, igniting the magic fire of love that cannot be explained, but is felt only once in a lifetime. Suddenly, however, a questioning note in the varying waterfall of words spoken by the pastor jerked the two pairs of eyes away from each other as two piercing gazes fixed the frail old man behind the pulpit with the angrily flashing stare of interrupted love.

Unperturbed, as though he had witnessed this resentment many times before, the reverend's cloudy grey eyes asked the question once more, and though neither young person had heard the exact words, both instinctively knew their meaning.

The young man looked at his blooming, blushing bride and reached over the shoulder of his ruby red robes for the lustrous golden ring that his Best Man was holding, sewn flat, on a satin pillow. Ripping the small thread holding the ring to the pillow, the young man gazed dreamily at the piece of metal in his shining callused hands, pouring all of his hopes and dreams, his thoughts and ambitions, but most of all, his love and adoration into the binding, visual symbol of their marriage.

"With this ring...I thee wed." The simple yet loving words choked out from his nervous, rapidly closing throat as he gently slid the golden band onto the thin white finger of the young woman. Her emerald green eyes slid behind a cloud of tears as she blinked furiously to keep them at bay.

"With this ring," the girl replied softly, her voice barely above a whisper as she took another gold band from the pillow proffered by the handsome Best Man with the long raven hair, *"I thee wed."* She slid the thin delicate band onto the third brown finger of the young man's left hand, gasping a little as it stuck on a protruding knuckle-bone, but sighing in relief as the ring slipped free and glided into place.

Rose petals continued to cascade from above as the young girl and her new husband grasped both hands together, white and brown interlacing, their hazel and emerald gazes flying from their clasped hands to each other's faces.

They barely heard the slightly wheezy voice of the preacher but whispered, *"I do,"* almost simultaneously as they leaned towards one another, their lips touching and parting as the entire congregation erupted in great roaring cheers.

Breaking apart at last, James and Lily Potter smiled at their gathered friends. Feeling a sting of heartbreak even in their absolute happiness they recognized, as if for the first time, the absence of certain individuals. However, as hazel gazed into emerald, a special understanding passed, and both knew that as long as they had each other, they would be able to get through all of the barriers that life placed in front of them.

And so, hands still interlaced, making it nearly impossible for one to tell them apart but for the color, the newly-married couple stepped down off the platform, white velvet robes swishing with ruby ones as they walked down the sun-lit aisle, treading on perfumed rose petals, and passed through the double doors into a blaze of brilliant sunlight.

Author's Notes

This is my first One-shot, yea!

I own nothing (except what I create) ... I only borrow from the illustrious J.K. Rowling's enchanting work.

That said, I would also like to thank Evie, my fantastic beta who helps me and puts up with all my questions! And I would also like to thank Dani, my other wonderful beta who gets my chapters back so quick! I love you guys! :)

Enjoy!

~Julia~