

# Waiting at the Wye

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Hugo is waiting for the one woman he wants in his life. Does she come for him?

## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I'm borrowing some of JKR's characters for a bit of fun. No money is being made.

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Frowning, Hugo looked out at the moonlit river, its small ripples shimmering in the pale light. He'd been waiting for over an hour, and she had not come. He should have known that she'd change her mind.

Perhaps her father had found out and forced her to stay home. "How hard is it to slip away at this time of night to the Wye River?" He turned and froze. She was there, her wandlight glowing above her head like a halo, his angel.

"Cassiopeia? I thought you weren't coming!" He rushed forward and embraced her.

"My father, he found out I was leaving."

"How?"

"Scorpius told him."

"That blighter. I might have known."

"I'm glad he found out."

Hugo felt apprehensive. "Oh?"

"He understands now. I told him that you were my decision, and I didn't care about any stupid old Weasley and Malfoy feud! I love you."

"And he let you come?"

"Yes."

He pulled the dainty amber ring from his pocket and dropped to bended knee. "All I want is you--without our family problems. We seem to have that now. Will you marry me?"

She nodded vigorously, obviously at a loss for words, and extended her hand so that he could place her favorite gem, which sat atop the shiniest gold band, on her finger.

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Written for Potter Place's Drabble Night. Requests by beawesley2: Hugo, amber (gem), and Wye River

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