

All I Ask

Draco Black couldn't think of a better day in his life.

To start with, it was someone's wedding day, and weddings were always good. As well, his family was neither hiding from the law nor being pursued by an evil maniac. The only person who was ill in any way was the radiantly pregnant matron of honor, whose best man husband had been unnecessarily fussing over her all night.

Oh, and there was also the little detail that this was *his* wedding, and he was marrying the girl he'd adored since he was eight.

He sneaked a look at her, beaming under her veil as she accepted handshakes and good wishes from a few of his more remote relatives. How had a girl this beautiful, this self-assured and daring, ever become interested in him?

As if aware of his scrutiny, she turned her head, and her beautiful smile blossomed. *Shall we showthem what we can do?* she asked silently, her fingers speaking easily over distance.

Of course, he answered, and waved at Harry, fresh from fetching Ginny a new drink (the old one had half-melted ice cubes in it).

Harry drew his wand and tapped his throat. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced over the sound of conversation, which quickly died away. "In lieu of the traditional first dance, the bride and groom have prepared a special tribute to one another. I give you Draco and Luna Black with *All I Ask of You*."

The applause was warm but not overly enthusiastic, as most of the people present had heard Draco and Luna sing this at least once before.

But they've never heard it like this.

Draco ducked under the high table and helped Luna down from her chair. Hand in hand, they rounded the end of the table in time with the measured chords of the introduction. Draco saw all eyes turning to him, and allowed himself a smile.

We made it ours, more than we ever have...

He turned to face Luna and let some of what he'd felt during the war return to his eyes. Her hand, warm and soft, stroked his cheek as she began to sing.

No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears

Draco could hear the ripple of surprise and delight. He had to work hard to keep from smiling—they'd managed one more surprise.

*I'm here, nothing can harm you
My words will warm and calm you*

She let him gather her close.

Let me be your freedom

Her finger traced the scar on his cheek.

Let daylight dry your tears

They moved into a forward-facing embrace, her back against his front, his arms around her loosely.

*I'm here, with you, beside you
To guard you and to guide you*

Draco spun her out one-handed on his breath and took the melody.

*All I ask is every waking moment
Turn my head with talk of summertime*

Luna was removing the hairpins holding down her bridal veil with her free hand. Draco noticed and just kept from smiling. They'd practiced this in secret for weeks.

Say you need me with you now and always

Promise me that all you say is true

Her veil was almost loose.

That's all I ask of you

Over his last note, Luna took the melody again, lifting the veil from her head.

Let me be your shelter, let me be your light

She held the veil between them and the audience, still singing.

You're safe, no one will find you

A white whirl around both their heads, and the veil lay on Draco's shoulder.

Your fears are far behind you

Draco drew the cloth over his shoulder inch by inch as he sang.

All I want is freedom, a world with no more night

The veil came free. He changed his grip on it and swirled it around behind Luna, catching its opposite corner with his other hand, holding her in a spurious captivity.

*And you, always beside me
To hold me and to hide me*

Luna laid her hands atop his arms and gave him the full benefit of her highest notes.

Then say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime

A step back broke his left hand's grip on the veil, and she grasped its now free end.

Let me lead you from your solitude

Hand over hand, she drew him to her.

*Say you need me with you, here beside you
Anywhere you go, let me go too*

She slid back into the embracing position, looking up at him for a moment, their hands clasped at her waist over the veil.

Love me, that's all I ask of you

Draco joined in before Luna could even finish, spinning her this time with their hands still held, turning above their heads as though they danced some formal pattern.

*All I ask for is one love, one lifetime
Say the word and I will go with you*

Luna's hands slid up Draco's arms, Draco's hands slid down Luna's, as they sang one line in unison.

Share each day with me, each night, each morning

Draco freed one hand to stroke Luna's cheek in his turn.

Say you love me

Luna didn't even wait for him to finish.

You know I do

Returning one last time to their embrace, the newlyweds sang their last phrase in harmony and to each other's faces.

*Love me
That's all I ask of you*

The applause was much more energetic this time. Draco and Luna had to take three or four bows before they were finally allowed to sit down. Harry took the floor as they did. "And now, the Pride's tribute to our newest happy couple," he announced, producing a tape recorder from under his jacket. "You've heard them singing in public, now listen to them in private—they never produce these glorious sounds for anyone else to hear."

Draco nearly missed the step up to the dais where the high table sat. *Oh no. He can't mean—*

Harry pressed play.

“Sing, my angel!” cried Draco’s own voice, somewhat distorted by the tape and the background noise but unmistakably his. “Sing for me!”

A female voice in the background obeyed him wordlessly, her notes held longer and longer, soaring higher and higher, to the accompaniment of Draco’s ever more frenzied exhortations—“Sing for me! Sing! Sing!”

The guests were starting to snicker. Draco was seriously considering sliding under the table.

The female voice hit a note that set all the glasses in the room humming.

“Yes!” cried Draco’s taped voice in exultation. “Yes! Yes! Yes!”

Harry clicked the tape off and gestured grandly to the high table. “The bride and groom, ladies and gentlemen,” he announced.

A storm of laughter and applause broke over Draco and Luna. Luna smiled and waved to the guests. Draco, aware his face was the color of his second groomsman’s hair, glared furiously at Harry.

Harry grinned without embarrassment. Away from the guests, his fingers moved.

Payback’s a witch, Draco translated, and growled to himself. *I never would have guessed that if you hadn’t told me, Harry...*

Then he had an epiphany.

Yes, it certainly is, he signed back, allowing a wicked smile of his own to surface. *It certainly is.*

The sudden apprehension on Harry’s face was worth every second of embarrassment he’d just been through. And now someone was tinging a spoon against a glass.

Yes, this is definitely the best day of my life.

Draco Black pulled the white veil from his pocket and draped it over his and Luna’s heads as they kissed.