

A Lazy Morning

an *A Discovery of Witches* ficlet

by Rodo

for *Spacecadet72*

MATTHEW CLAIRMONT WOKE to a subtle but unsettling shifting of beams that no human would be able to perceive. It made his blood run cold, filling him with sudden terror in the face of an imminent collapse. Then he remembered where he was and forced his body to relax. Diana was still sleeping peacefully, cradled in his arms. There was no threat. It was just his body reacting to the instincts of a carpenter long forgotten. There were noises a house should not make, noises you became attuned to if you'd worked with wood for all your natural life. But the Bishop house didn't care. It didn't behave like houses should – far from it. Diana might be used to its whims, but for Matthew, it was disconcerting, even after a couple of days. He couldn't go back to sleep, and so he just lay there, listening to Diana's steady breathing until she awoke when the sun rose and the birds outside started to chirp in a mad frenzy.

“Morning,” she said, stretching her arms in the warm light accentuated by dust motes. She looked divine. He was once again struck by it all, by the way the light illuminated her golden hair, by the way her mouth quirked upwards when she smiled. He even loved the little bit of sleep caught in the corners of her eyes. She was it, he thought. He'd had to wait for a millennium and a half, but it had been more than worth it, despite the short time they could hope to have together.

“Good morning,” he answered, letting his hand run through her hair.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Not really,” Matthew admitted. “This house takes some getting used to.”

In the background, said house shifted and turned in ways physics would never be able to account for while Diana chuckled, oblivious to its indignation.

“So all it takes to scare a mighty vampire is a simple house?” she joked. Matthew could swear he heard the walls reverberating in laughter as well.

“There's nothing simple about this house, I'd say.”

That statement seemed to gain him some approval, at least. The rafters calmed and Diana smiled at him with mischief in her eyes.

“I’ll protect you,” she assured him shortly before Matthew leaned in for a kiss. He’d love to spend an eternity like this, just the two of them, creepy house and all, but soon, Diana’s aunts would wake and life and time would intrude upon this most intimate of paradises. Until then, he embraced her with all he had.

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