A turn about the sky

by orphan_account

Summary

Lizzie goes flying at night, and learns something about her husband.
Chapter 1

Lizzie sighed, and looked at her sleeping husband. One disadvantage of being a married woman was that she couldn't spend a lot of time some of her favorite activities, like practicing her transfiguration, duelling with Jane or her father, or flying. Speaking of flying...

Lizzie looked out the window. It was a cloudy night, which would make it very hard for people to see her flying. She looked back at her sleeping husband and slipped silently out of the bed. She snuck over to the closet and cast a Silencing Charm, so that the sounds of her getting dressed in her old Quidditch robes wouldn't rouse Fitzwilliam. Once she was done, she grabbed the broom stored in there and quietly left the room.

Once she was outside the room, she cast a Disillusionment Charm on herself and walked through the house. Once she got outside, she made herself visible again, mounted her broom, and took off.

Lizzie had been a Chaser for the Ravenclaw Quidditch team for her last three years at Hogwarts, and had been in the habit of keeping up her flying abilities after she graduated, so she was a very good flier. After she'd flown for probably about an hour, she began to grow tired- it was the middle of the night, after all- and landed. She went around to the servant's entrance and opened the door to find her husband standing there, pointing a wand at her.

Lizzie froze. Fitzwilliam's expression morphed into one of shock, and he slowly lowered his wand. "Lizzie?" he asked. "You too?"

"Yes," Lizzie replied. "I thought you were a Muggle."

"No, I'm not," he said. "Well...sorry for threatening you, I just...I woke up and you weren't there and I thought there was an intruder."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I woke up and wanted to fly, and the weather's perfect for flying."

"Yes, well...let's go back to sleep, shall we?" he said, offering his wandless arm to her.

"Indeed," she replied, linking her arm through his.
"Fitwilliam?"

"Yes?"

"I was just thinking- if disguise of every sort is your abhorrence, why did you not tell me that you were a wizard?"

Darcy was caught by surprise by the question. He eventually said, "I guess I didn't think that you would believe me, or maybe you would run away screaming. Can I assume that that's why you also didn't tell me?"

"Yes," she replied. "My mother oh-so-kindly reminded me that I shouldn't tell you about my "abnormality", or you would fall out of love with me."

"That could never happen," he said. "Your mother is plainly very silly."

"Well, according to my father, she was shocked when he told her he was a wizard," she said. "And when Jane and I started showing signs of having magic ourselves, she made sure to remind us frequently to never tell anyone. I think she was slightly ashamed of us."

Darcy raised an eyebrow at this, and Lizzie smiled. "Or maybe not, but she made sure that no one knew that we were witches."

"My parents both had magic, so they were proud of me for being a wizard, even though I ended up in Ravenclaw rather than Slytherin."

"Oh! You were in Ravenclaw too?" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Yes," replied Darcy. "I wanted to be in Slytherin, because most everyone in my family was."

"And what about Georgiana?" asked Lizzie. "Is she also in Slytherin?"

"No," Darcy replied. "She's in Hufflepuff, but she's also remarkably clever."

"Like Charlotte," said Lizzie. At her husband's confused look, she explained, "That's one of the main reasons Charlotte and I are such good friends- even though she's in Hufflepuff, she had enough OWLs and NEWTs to be in Ravenclaw."

"Ah," he replied. "Well, I should definitely like to hear about your time at Hogwarts, but I can think of something much more pleasurable to do right now."
So I think I'm going to turn this into a multi-chap filled with one-shots about wizard!Darcy's and witch!Lizzie's life.
"Are you quite sure you want to do this?"

Lizzie smiled. "What, and not have our daughter follow my footsteps onto her House's Quidditch team?"

Darcy looked at Anne's eager expression. "Oh, Papa, please?" she asked. "I do so want to fly like Mama."

Darcy smiled. "Very well then," he said. "But be careful."

"When are we ever not?" said Lizzie, smirking slightly, and kicked off. Anne mounted her own broom and leaped into the air, joining her mother. Lizzie nudged her broom over to where Anne was hovering and whispered something in her ear, then took off eastward, with Anne following soon after.

Lizzie loved flying. It was why she was so good at it— it was no burden to her to spend hours up in the air practicing. She shot through the sky, occasionally pausing to look back at Anne or performing some aerial trick she had learned at Hogwarts.

Eventually, she turned around and waited a few seconds while Anne caught up to her. "Anne, would you like to have a picnic?" she asked.

"Yes, please, I'm very hungry," replied Anne.

Lizzie smiled. "Let's go to Auburn meadow," she said. "Race you there?"

"You'd just win, Mama," said Anne. "But may I have a head start?"

"Of course," replied Lizzie, and Anne took off, with Lizzie following after ten seconds.

Lizzie, because she was not only a better flier, but also knew the land a bit better, got there seconds before Anne did. When they landed, they were both out of breath and laughing, and quickly layed down on the ground.

A few minutes later, Darcy appeared in the clearing with a small pop, carrying a picnic basket. He and Lizzie quickly set up in a sunny spot. While they were eating, Darcy, who wasn't as hungry as Lizzie or Anne, pulled out his wand and made smoke figures come out of it, much to Anne's delight.

When they were done eating, a quick "Pack!" from Lizzie put everything away, and they walked back to Pemberley.

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