# Cats in the Cradle

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## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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So this fic is the story of the Malfoys.

*My child arrived just the other day*

*He came to the world in the usual way*

*But there were planes to catch and bills to pay*

*He learned to walk while I was away*

*And he was talkin' 'fore I knew it, and as he grew*

*He'd say "I'm gonna be like you, Dad*

*You know I'm gonna be like you"*

Narcissa's eyes opened wide as she felt a contraction ripping through her middle. She didn't know where Lucius was; he had Death Eater business to tend to, and she knew better than to presume that he should be disturbed for anything. The Dark Lord was not a forgiving man.

"Dobby!" she cried as another pain ripped through her.

"Dobby is here, Mistress Malfoy," Dobby ran to her side, bowing low. "What can Dobby do to help Mistress?"

Glaring at him through narrowed eyes, Narcissa gritted her teeth. "Can you not see that my child is coming? Dobby, I wish for you call the family Healer and to contact my sister. And do it post haste! I do not wish to deliver this baby by myself!"

"Dobby will tend to that right away," Dobby said, bowing out of the room.

Narcissa sneered as she watched the house-elf run from the room. Insolent fool! She would have to remember to tell him to punish himself later.

~*~

"One more push and your baby will be here, Mrs. Malfoy," the Healer said encouragingly.

"Shut up your mouth! You work for my husband, remember? I will thank you to remember your place!" Even during the pain of childbirth she remembered her status.

A child's cry ripped through the room as the small body was thrust into the world.

"Welcome to the world Master Malfoy," the Healer said to the small baby. He wrapped him up and laid him on Narcissa's chest.

For a moment, the heart of ice inside of Narcissa melted as she clutched the baby to her breast. "Draco... my little Draco...."

The sound of a door opening caused those in the room to look up. Lucius Malfoy stood in the doorway, framed by the light from the hallway. His wand was clutched in his hand, and he was wearing his Death Eater robes.

"Congratulations, Mr. Malfoy, you have a son." The Healer smiled at him, but his smile froze in place at the look on Lucius' face.

"Leave us."

"But, sir, I must examine the child and your—"

"I said, leave us!" Lucius raised his wand in anger at the Healer, showing that he had every intention of using it. "In fact, for your insolence you no longer work for my family. I will find a new Healer. *Obliviate!*"

The memory charmed Healer left the house without another word. Lucius watched him go and then turned to Bellatrix.

"I wish to be alone with my wife and my son."

When they were alone at last, Lucius' eyes showed no signs of love or affection. He placed a Imperturable charm on the door so that no one could see hear what was going on and turned to Narcissa.

"I will be leaving tonight; I have a mission for the Dark Lord, and I don't know how long I will be gone." With a sneer he looked at the baby in his wife's arms.

"Do you want to hold him, Lucius?" Narcissa asked quietly as to not disturb the baby.

"This boy is a Malfoy and he will be raised as such. He will one day be a great wizard and take his place in the service of our lord." He took the baby from Narcissa's arms and peered into his face. "You will serve the Dark Lord, my son. I will teach you what it means to be a Malfoy."

With that, he handed his son back to his wife and turned to leave. "Yes, he will learn what it means to be a Malfoy."

~*~

Narcissa walked outside the garden of Malfoy Manor with Draco in her arms. He was growing so fast... He was just over a year old now and looking more and more like a Malfoy every day.

Lucius had been home a couple of times over the past year, spending only a day or two before leaving again. This time he had been gone for nearly three months.

Draco squirmed in her arms and she let him down; he had been standing on his own for over a month and could take a couple of steps while holding on to someone's hand. She bent down and allowed Draco to hold her hand so that he could walk with her, but his small fingers slipped out of her grasp, and he was walking on his own!

"Draco! Well done!" Narcissa could not keep the pride out of her voice. "I do wish your father were here to see it."

Realizing what she had said, she glanced around quickly to make certain that no one had heard her. The Dark Lord had spies everywhere. Scooping up Draco in her arms, she rushed back to Malfoy Manor, feeling her body tremble. No one could ever know that she hated the life that she led, that she didn't want Draco to follow in her husband's footsteps.

Looking into Draco's eyes, she silently pled with her son.*Please, Draco, promise me that you won't serve the Dark Lord when you grow up.*

She took Draco up to the nursery and watched as Dobby put him in his crib. She felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to see Lucius standing there, his steely eyes burning into hers.

"I have returned, wife. I wish for you to join me in our marriage bed and perform your duties as both my wife and the mother of my child."

Narcissa submissively followed Lucius to their bedroom, all the while thinking about their son and how Lucius had now missed two important parts of his life — his birth and his first steps.

She had gotten used to Lucius rarely being home, but what of the effect it would have on Draco?

*And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon*

*Little boy blue and the man on the moon*

*When you comin' home, Dad?*

*I don't know when, but we'll get together then, son*

*You know we'll have a good time then.*