

A Fate Worse than Death

by christev

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Albus Dumbledore has been ordered off sweets after a diagnosis of diabetes.

"NO! I tell you I'm fit as a fiddle! I've had the same diet for years, and I'm still considered the most powerful wizard in Britain! Perhaps your spells need adjusting and not my diet, Poppy."

As Minerva spoke the password (*Krispy Kreme*), causing the gargoyle to activate the stone stairway, she heard raised voices coming from the office above.

"Now, Albus, Poppy and I are only watching out for your welfare, *as you have so frequently watched out for ours*"

"You don't have to sound quite so smug about it, Severus. You just watch – all those sleepless nights, all that black coffee, skipping meals – it'll come back to haunt you!"

As soon as Poppy had confirmed his diabetes, she had descended on Albus's office like a hawk, with Severus in tow to help confiscate all Albus' hidden treasures. She had already issued strict orders to the house-elves not to give the Headmaster any unapproved foods, or pain of clothes.

Severus and Poppy continued Summoning bag after bag of candies, biscuits, chocolates, and several questionable items Minerva didn't care to identify. Poppy appeared horrified, Severus amused, at the amount of candy Albus had stashed in hidden nooks and out-of-the-way corners of his office.

"Here, Albus," Minerva soothed, handing him a tin. "I've brought this for you."

Poppy glared at her. "You're not helping!"

"Not to worry, they're dietetic sweets, perfectly harmless."

Now Albus was glaring at her, looking most decidedly non-twinkly.

"Found them! He'd transfigured them to look like memory vials." Severus crowed, handing a large bag to Poppy, who immediately Banished it, as she had the other treats.

Albus gasped. "Not my sherbet lemons! Noooooo!"

Original prompt: Albus Dumbledore is diabetic, submitted by ApollinaV.