

# Gingerly

by ApollinaV

The newest addition to the Malfoy family has a surprise.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for Narcissa, who prompted me with: 'The first Malfoy born with red hair' and requested that it be named *Gingerly*. Rated T only for language.

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Mother was not a shrew. Nor was she a harpie's hatchling. And Draco didn't care what the *Prophet thought* they had taken a picture of; Mother would never hex any witch while her back was turned.

Mother was always patient and kind, and represented Malfoy ideals of style, good taste and sophistication.

And that was why Draco was shocked to his very bootlaces when Mother raised her voice, shrilly enough for him to need to cover his ears. She had never raised her voice at him, but then he was a Malfoy, and his lovely bride Astoria, was not.

"Vile cow," Mother hissed. "It was Gertrude then. That bitch was always running around the schoolyard with her knickers down. She'd show any wizard or Mudblood her flabby cunt."

Astoria sobbed into his collar, wetting it with her sniveling tears and snot, adding to the tear stains that had already saturated most of his shirt. Draco could only hold her comfortingly and rub small circles into his beloved's back as she cried. Honestly, how was he supposed to call off Mother? He'd never seen her fly off the broom handle until that morning.

Beautiful Scorpius, full of dimples and chubby cheeks, was the darling of the family and was as bald headed as a billiard ball, but overnight the tyke had sprouted hair. A mess of baby-fine curls, lush and adorable. Enough for any mother to squeal and be proud of, except of course when the hair was *not* the signature Malfoy ice blond. In fact, not a single curled hair on his cherubic head was blond.

Adding to the Malfoy travesty, the hair was red. Not strawberry blond enough to even attempt to call it blond. No, Scorpius sported red hair. Weasley red. Ginger. If he had freckles, Mother would have hexed Astoria for sure.

The first hour that morning had been spent drawing blood and performing dark paternity spells. It wasn't enough to prove that Draco was his son's father. No, Narcissa Malfoy had to determine if the cuckolding witch he'd married and to whom he'd given the Malfoy name hadn't masked her philandering ways with spells and enchantments to hide her wickedness.

Once it was determined that Draco was beyond a doubt the father of the son he'd laid claim to (and would do so again as many times as necessary regardless of paternity tests), the charts of their family trees were pulled from the vaults, and Narcissa had moved on to critically assess just how whorish all the witches in Astoria's lineage were. Ignoring the fact that these whores were all first and second cousins to Narcissa.

Draco winced when he saw just how little the two trees branched. There were circles between the two. He knew enough to know that there ought not to be circles on a family tree.

He'd looked pleadingly at his father for some salvation, but the elder Malfoy stood back and let his rabid dog tear away at Astoria.

"...ugliest bitch I'd ever seen. With great big buck teeth like her father and grandfather. I don't know how she got around like she did. Sucked every cock in Hogsmeade with those teeth. You kind of favor her, girl. You've got Lucindra's horsey mouth. Do I need to brew up a healing salve for poor Draco's cock too, or do you not touch that? I bet you don't. He's looked so mopey in the last month, I bet you're not giving him anything, but I understand when you spread your knobby knees for so many common wizards, pleasing your husband isn't a priority."

"Mother. Enough," Draco roared, finally raising his voice, and Astoria sobbed all the harder into his shoulder. "Hold your vicious tongue."

She glared at him with fierce, flashing blue eyes, her hackles raised, but Narcissa was trained to be silent. Pureblood witches never spoke out of turn to the wizards of their household.

Cradling her head gently, Draco looked upon the blotchy face of his young and tender bride; she sniffled and gave him a sweet smile that didn't at all look horsey.

"Go take a nap," he whispered. "Go lie down and get some rest. Okay? I'll be in there shortly."

She nodded and rushed off without looking back.

As soon as the door was closed behind her, Draco drew up to full height and stared down at his mother, the woman he loved, who'd carried him as a child and filled his pockets full of sweeties. No words were spoken as he locked eyes with her, sharing his disappointment and wrath. Glancing once at his father, observing from the darkened corner of the room, he gave the wizard the deferential nod required to the head of the family, before following his bride out the door.

Behind him he could hear his parents begin to argue.

The hallway to their suite of rooms was quiet, as the thick carpet muffled steps and sins alike. Draco paused at the doorway to his wife's chambers and walked on to the nursery.

The pale yellow nursery was brightened by windows that let in cheerful sunlight. And the happy room reflected the happy tot, gurgling and kicking in his crib, as he reached out for the owl mobile that flew overhead.

Upon seeing his daddy, his son stopped and beamed a wet, drooling baby smile, and Draco grinned. The shock of red hair was unimportant. His chubby boy, who clutched his fingers with the same gusto as he clutched and gummed on toy wands, was the pride of his heart.

"Hey, you. How's my boy?" Draco gently cooed. Scorpius frantically waved both arms in greeting.

"Have you seen the tickle monster?" Draco asked in earnest. "Is the tickle monster lurking about? Where's the tickle monster? Where's the tickle monster, Scorp? Is he here?"

The little boy giggled and screamed as his feet were tickled.

"Is he here?" Draco asked, putting his fingers upon the child's stomach and tickling lightly.

Scorpius' hair flushed indigo blue.

A/N:

Beta'd by the peaceful Christev, who doesn't approve of Narcissa's behavior at all. Thank you, Christev.