

The Way to a Man's Heart

by dracontia

Was a tummy supposed to look like that? Why did no one tell Draco these things?

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters. No offense to JKR and all the other letters, but if that child were mine, I'd have named him something other than 'Scorpius.' (Seeing as I have a child whose name means 'Dragon,' I can't exactly say the same about 'Draco'...)

Are you doing this deliberately? Do you have some sort of wards that tell you when your mother won't be coming home as usual? Speaking of mothers...

"How-in-Merlin's-name-long does it take to get Tummy Taming Drops from the apothecary?" Draco fretted, glancing frantically at the Floo every few moments. It wasn't just baby boys who wanted Mummy to come home so that everything would be better.

"If we still had house-elves, Mother wouldn't—" Draco stomped on the thought angrily. *Things are different now. I will deal with things being different. Not like Father.* Scorpius wailed, stretching every second into an hour.

'Colic,' Mother says. 'Perfectly normal.' Since when is screaming like this normal for anything but a banshee?

"What could be going on in there?" Draco wondered aloud. He pulled up the soft, little, pale-blue baby robe that Scorpius wore, studying his tiny tummy anxiously.

Moon-pale skin trembled with the force of every yell. A delicate lace of blue veins and dainty filigree of pink arteries were visible in places. His navel sat in the middle of it all, a miniscule, grotesque gobstone in the only crater of that little round moon.

Is it supposed to look like that? It's moving so much when he breathes! I don't like those veins at all, and I'm pretty sure it's not normal for a Malfoy to have an unattractive navel...

As if overhearing his father's thoughts, Scorpius screeched louder. Draco felt like joining him. Fear seized him, sending shards of icy dread ripping through his own stomach.

"What if it's a curse? What if someone's hurting you because of me..." Draco choked on the whispered fear, unable to follow it through even in his mind. "Scorpius, please, *please* be okay," Draco begged, his heart in his voice. Pulling his precious only child up to a sitting position, he gazed into pale little eyes that were shiny with tears. He knew his own eyes were tearing with distress—becoming magnified mirror images of the ones before him—and he didn't care. "Please, Pappa will do anything to make it better. Let *me* hurt, instead. It's not your fault, you've never been bad. Just be all right."

Abruptly, Scorpius gave one more garbled yell, and spit up a veritable fountain of curdly formula.

Draco stared at Scorpius, who now looked rather as if he were made of cottage cheese from the neck down. He stared down at his own stomach, now visible through the wet translucency of his shirt. His ears rang in the sudden silence.

Scorpius stared at his daddy's slack-jawed expression, little eyes wide. He looked down at himself, noticing what a mess he was. Then he looked back up and smiled, baring glop-spotted, little pink gums. "Heh," he said, rejoicing in the comfort of his now-empty tummy.

"All—all better?" Draco asked tentatively, fearing that excessive optimism would anger the Tummy Gods and bring back their wrath.

"Heh!" Scorpius reiterated, reaching down to play with the fascinating stuff covering his stomach.

Draco watched his now-peaceful offspring for a moment longer before a smile took over his face. He Vanished the goo, dried things as best he could, and Summoned a bottle of water, giggling so hard with relief that he could barely perform the spells.

Scorpius hugged his bottle against his now-quiet tummy and took a few sips. "Gah," he said contentedly.

"You're welcome, little man," Draco muttered into the wisp of white silk sprouting from the top of his son's head. "My good, good boy." He lay back and cuddled his precious round bundle against the concave plane of his own stomach, resting the huge baby head over his heart.

They were still in that position, sound asleep, when Narcissa returned.

FIN

Many thanks to ravine for the thorough and insightful beta-read! :D