

# Bag of Surprise

*by Sirius Girl 08*

Draco struggles with Hermione's birthday present.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** Everything you recognise belongs to JK Rowling.

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Draco Malfoy was struggling to wrap his wife's birthday gift. It sounded simple enough when he thought of it – just put it in a handbag and tie a bow around it. Now, however, Hermione was waiting in the sitting room while he was in his study trying to re-catch said birthday 'present'. The 'present' had already found its way to the top of the curtains, and he'd spent ten minutes trying to extract it before it had jumped free from his grasp and scuttled under one of the bookshelves. He was sure his hand was going to bear the war wounds from that encounter for at least a week.

Finally, bloodied and stressed, he managed to grab it by the hips, pushing it to the floor to trap it, while his other hand wrapped round it securely and lifted it up.

'I've got you now, you little bugger,' he said to the 'present' as it wriggled. Stuffing it into the bag and snapping the clasp shut with a fair amount of force, he wondered if it would have been more sensible to have put it in there in the first place and just risk it suffocating. No, Hermione wouldn't have appreciated her 'present' being dead before she got it, no matter how much easier it would have made his life. He tied a quick bow of cream ribbon around the handles of the bag before picking it up. The bag moved ominously and Draco walked quickly through to where Hermione was waiting.

'Cover your eyes, darling,' he said and smiled as he saw his wife play along. Walking round to stand in front of her, he told her she could now look.

Hermione opened her eyes to see Draco proudly holding out a very nice black leather bag with a bow wrapped around the handles.

'Happy birthday,' he said warmly.

Hermione reached out to take the bag, placing it in her lap. She smiled for her husband, but she wasn't overly enthusiastic about her gift. She already had more handbags than she knew what to do with. Plus, Draco had been acting so suspiciously about her present that she had convinced herself it had to be something more ... special. However, regardless of her thoughts, she knew that Draco had bought it with the best of intentions, and she didn't want to hurt his feelings.

'A handbag ... unwrapped. How ... lovely. Thank you, honey,' she said, in a friendly tone. Draco smiled, but at that moment the handbag suddenly moved in her lap and made a noise. Her eyes focused on the bag in shock. 'Um, Draco, did my present just ... move?'

'Yes, I think it did. You might want to open the bag, but do it carefully,' Draco advised, peering down at the bag himself. It was only now she noticed Draco's hair was slightly ruffled and that he had a big scratch down the back of one of his hands.

Cautiously, she reached out to open the silver clasp on the bag. Opening the top slowly, she jumped back as a fluffy white head, with creamy, champagne coloured strips popped out to look at her.

The kitten had big blue eyes that studied her intently before it gave a welcoming meow.

'Oh, Draco,' Hermione exclaimed in delight, 'she's gorgeous!' Hermione quickly plucked the kitten out of the bag and held it close to her, smoothing her head as she purred loudly. The little kitten truly was a fluff ball, with a big bottle brush tail, white tufts of hair sticking out of its ears and over-sized paws. 'Oh, aren't you just the sweetest little thing?' Hermione said to the kitten in a babyish voice.

Draco looked at his hand, the angry red scratch stark against his skin. 'Yeah, she's just adorable.'

Hermione stood up, the kitten still wrapped in her hands. 'Thank you, Draco. She's absolutely perfect.'

'Well, I knew how much losing Crookshanks upset you, and while he can never be replaced, I thought you might be ready for a new kitten now.' He smiled warmly as he reached out a finger to tickle the kitten's ear. The kitten hissed and swiped at his hand again, and he snatched it away quickly. Hermione tried to stifle her giggles, now knowing for certain the cause of her husband's dishevelled appearance. Draco glared at the kitten. 'However, next year, I think I will get you a non-threatening present, like jewellery.'

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This was written for **twilexis** who requested the following for her birthday:

*It's Hermione's birthday. The Malfoys are not short of money by a long shot. What can a husband get for his wife when she has everything she could ever want?*

*All more than 500 words, no more than 1000.*

Confession time, she did originally ask for HG/SS but I can't really write that, so she let me change it to HG/DM. Happy birthday, Twilexis - hope you like it.

Big thanks to beaweasley for helping me with ideas and to my friend, Meda, for the beta job. You guys rock!