

# Best Laid Plans

*by pokeystar*

Some eggs aren't that hard to crack.

## Best Laid Plans

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Some eggs aren't that hard to crack.

He stared at the delicate crack lurking under the egg's glittering surface and cursed the day he'd met Dominique Weasley. Their paths might've never crossed if she hadn't been hired at Malfoy Inc. straight out of Uni.

Most of his summer was spent interning at the company, which had sounded exciting. But instead of sitting in board meetings and ordering cute secretaries around, he had been assigned a mail position—preparing boring documents for delivery all day long, while dodging owl poop.

It was her fault this happened. He'd done it for her—envisioned a sophisticated soirée that would demonstrate his maturity, enabling her to see him as a man*finally*. Instead, she'd turned his intimate gathering into a Beauxbatons reunion and had spent the night snogging some git named Francois. *Francois!*

The musical ping announcing Apparation arrivals sounded and Scorpius hastily adjusted his stance in front of the mantel, blocking his father's view of the much-cherished heirloom.

He was doomed.

They entered the room laughing, and Scorpius immediately changed strategy. Feigned ignorance might just work after all...

"How was the trip, Father, Hermione?" he inquired, summoning a charming smile.

"Marvelous," replied Draco, giving Hermione a look that caused her to blush.

Scorpius gave them both tight hugs. "Wonderful... I have some packing to do before dinner...last year at Hogwarts, you know... I want to hear all about it at dinner." He fairly flew from the room.

They watched him go and then Draco walked over to gaze at the crystal. "Obviously, he had a party," he drawled.

"Well, yes, of course," returned his wife. "Will you ever tell him that crack has been there since your great-grandfather was a child?"

Smiling wryly, Draco replied, "Maybe. When his first child is born." Then he captured his wife's giggles with a passionate kiss.

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A/N:

Originally written for the sortinghatdrabs community on Live Journal.

Prompt: a flaw.

Object borrowed from "Risky Business"