

A Lack Of Forethought

by felinefelifelicitis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Stupid. He digs his spoon into the convenient tub of ice cream as if trying to stab it to death.

No bloody plan beforehand in case this happened. He swallows the spoonful whole, distracted, glaring at the tub of sugary goodness as if it had personally offended him.

Of course it bloody happened at her grandmother's house. He stabs the cookies and cream flavored concoction with a vengeance.

Of course the dear old Muggle refused to leave her side. A particularly large spoonful causes him to start coughing when he doesn't take the time to chew it.

Now she's in a Muggle hospital of all places. His rate of inhalation of ice cream increases.

Bloody Muggles and their bloody system. His stomach contracts, and he tells himself that it's anger at the current awkward situation.

My wife is in fucking labor and I can't be by her fucking side. His spoon misses the tub of creamy bliss and dents the table by accident.

Those cretins fumbling about her won't let me near her because I can't prove my relationship to her. He shovels another slab of congealed milk into his mouth, fighting off the temptation to blow something up.

We're not Muggles, why should we have had our marriage license on file with their government as well as ours? He hurls the spoon at a window and summons another one from the drawer.

Now they've got their grubby paws on her, we'll never be able to get her to St. Mungo's if there are complications. His spell is too strong, and the spoon smacks him upside the head.

And I'm not present at the birth of my child. Giving up on both magic and kitchen utensils, he sticks his face directly in the tub of ice cream.

Hermione is going to throw a fit when she's back to herself. He licks the last drops up blindly.

We are the MALFOYS, dammit, we are not to be treated this way. His stomach lodges a stronger complaint.

This treatment of a grand old family like us turns my stomach. He drops the empty carton with a groan and a cramping of his stomach.

It just makes me sick how they... no, wait, I think I really am going to be sick. He staggers in the direction of the bathroom.

Fuck, I forgot I was lactose intolerant.