

Blah

by nata

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Fuck!"

Draco lifted his head from his cauldron on hearing the expletive from his wife, well known for her dedication to proper use of informative sentence structure. All he saw was a robe disappearing down the hall.

She must've missed an appointment, he thought, to resort to cursing, not to mention to rush out of our potions lab without cleaning her workstation.

Seconds later, he was interrupted by a loud bang of a door being blasted, followed by sounds of retching.

He stabilized his experimental Stomach Soother and walked slowly over to arrive after the unpleasantness. No need to seek out the less suave aspects of cohabitation.

He found Hermione sobbing on the floor.

"It's not fair. I need coffee."

"I know you do."

"I can't finish the Wolowitz approximation of the sales on time without coffee."

"I know." Draco sat down, deciding that she now needed him more than his potion.

"We've tried everything. Brewing, pressing, seeping. Arabica, robusta, blends. Why, Draco? I need my coffee. I got sick roasting my own beans just now. Why did coffee suddenly start to make me sick? How can I function without coffee?"

Draco held her tightly, smoothing her hair off her sweaty forehead. She started to calm in his arms.

"I'm making you a Stomach Soother that you could pour into your coffee," he said.

"I know you think coffee tastes revolting, but that potion's much worse."

"I'm trying to make it tasteless. I'm almost there. Marketed as Tasteless Stomach Soother by Malfoy Enterprises. Trademarked, of course. The potion for all your nausea

needs, I'm thinking."

"Having the marketing campaign ready before the potion." Hermione chuckled. "I love you, Trademark Draco."

Draco was about to kiss her hair when she pushed him off and launched for the toilet again.

"That's it!" He jumped up. "Maffy!"

The house-elf appeared with a crack. "Yes, Master?"

"Bring Mistress the Stomach Soother immediately."

Maffy looked from his Master to his Mistress and back. "No. The potion is bad for Mistress."

"What are you on about, elf? Bring the potion now, and then perform number six from the approved punishment list."

"Master can assign the whole list and elves wasn't bringing the potion. We is protecting the Malfoys," Maffy said and Disapparated.

"Hermione, I'm telling you that punishment list is too mild. The elves have gone rogue."

"No, Draco."

"You can't mean that. You heard it yourself," Draco said, adding after a moment, "Maybe."

"I heard. But think what Maffy said. It's so clear I can't imagine we've been blind for so long." She smiled a small, knowing smile.

Draco frowned. Sometimes Hermione was beyond exasperating. Especially now that she's been deprived of coffee. This... this condition didn't allow her to have even her first morning cup.

Oh.

Really, how could they've been so blind?

"You're pregnant."

Hermione's smile widened to match Draco's.

A/N: Thanks to my lovely betas, Lady Karelia and Muse Amusant, for their help and support in forcing the story below the word limit.

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.