

Some Like it Hot

by ofankoma

Draco learns the benefits of going Muggle.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"*Mmm*, OH! That's bloody fucking fantastic, that is."

"I thought you'd like it."

"Oh, gods! Why were you holding out on me for so long, Ginny?"

"I wasn't! You're the one who doesn't like to experiment!"

"But, this – *mmm*, AHH, *yes!* – *this* is better than you ever described it."

"Is it?"

"Push me harder next time, will you?"

"Even on things you think are Muggley?"

"Muggley, Mugglish, Mugglesome, Muggledy-Puggledy... whatever. Yes, push me!"

"Then you should give *this* a try."

"What, darling?"

"Here. Dad loves them, but they never seem to work right for him."

"Where'd you get this one, then?"

"Hermione."

"Granger? That figures... So I just push the—"

*** *CLICK* ***

"Yep."

"Did it work?"

"Look there on the little screen."

"Ooh... I see! I'll play around with it, shall I?"

"Do."

"Darling?"

"Yes?"

"Please reconsider. *Please*."

"Draco, I'm not sure—"

"Fair's fair."

"You try coffee in lieu of tea *once* with breakfast after I've spent *four months* waving it under your pointy, privileged nose, and I'm supposed to agree to a wedding your parents rather vocally disapprove of?"

"I'm quite partial to a piping cup of Earl Grey!"

"So?"

"You don't know what a sacrifice it was for me, passing on my beloved bergamot to gamble on an unknown sludge!"

"But you adore this!"

"*Gods*, yes! *Mmm*, YES! I'll track down the house-elves in the kitchen later to inform them of the change in protocol."

"Draco?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Will they ever accept us together?"

"I'm not giving you up. Full stop."

"I'm not expecting them to pay for a honeymoon in Morocco, but it would be nice to have them stand beside us and support us at a ceremony."

"They'll likely never throw a parade, but Mother likes you. It's Father who needs to change his mind. In time, he'll come around."

"*Mmmm*. Th-that's... bloody... f-f-fucking... fanta-*ahhh*-astic! PUSH ME! *Gods*, yes... *Ahhhh*, YES!"

"Father?"

"*DRACO!* GET OUT!"

*** *CLICK* ***

"Yes... *Hello*, Father. This is rather... *surprising*, is it not?"

"Er... What's THAT in your hand, Son?"

"Merlin! I hope I never see that much of your father ever again!"

"Or of the house-elves! Pidge and Niggle *bathed* me as a child!"

"Only *you*?"

"I'm choosing not to respond to that inflammatory remark."

"Oh, I saw *something* inflamed, all right."

"Show some restraint, woman! I'm feeling betrayed here, my childhood innocence forever sullied!"

"You, innocent?"

"Please shut it, Mrs. Malfoy."

"Mrs. *Weasley-Malfoy*."

"Really?"

"We talked about this!"

"Mrs. *Weasley-Malfoy*, then."

"Please bin that. I never need to see it again."

"A second copy is stored in our Gringotts vault in case we or the future children need anything else from him."

"And this one?"

"I'm incinerating it, just as my retinas were burned by the vision beyond the pantry door."

"Good. This is our ocean liner, isn't it, Mr. *Weasley-Malfoy*?"

"This? Yes, it is."

"Casablanca, here we come!"

"I've got the camera."

"You know, Draco, I hear Moroccans brew a fantastic cup of coffee."

Many, many thanks to kittylefish, the loveliest beta, who kindly took this on at the very last minute and stopped me from making quite a few errors. If any still sneaked and/or snuck on through, they are entirely my doing!

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