

A Perfect Discovery

by MiHnn

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco Malfoy stared at the steaming mug of liquid that was placed before him. He was seven years old, and already he could tell that he wouldn't like it. But his mother had been insistent.

"Whatever they serve you, take it. Your father's family is very strict on etiquette. They wouldn't look too kindly on anybody refusing anything that's offered."

Hesitatingly, he placed his lips on the rim and delicately took a sip, trying to ignore the expectant looks from his family.

It was, therefore, a complete reflex when he spit out the drink to the surprised gasp of his mother.

Needless to say, his aunt never served him coffee again.

"Your coffee, Master Malfoy."

Draco sneered, his head rising from the book he was reading. "Have you taken complete leave of your senses? You know how I detest the bloody thing."

The house-elf's eyes immediately brimmed with unshed tears, his ears wilting in the face of his master's glare. "Dobby is so sorry, Master Malfoy. Dobby never meant to insult," he whispered. "Dobby was only following Lady Malfoy's orders."

Draco fought the guilt that was settling in his chest. He was a Malfoy, after all. And Malfoys didn't care for creatures beneath them. "It's my father who drinks coffee. Next time, get your orders straight."

Shivering from fear, the house-elf bowed low before leaving with a loud crack. It was a moment later when Draco noticed the steaming mug still placed beside him. Out of pure curiosity, he took a sip and found it quite tolerant.

"Not bad," he muttered to himself, before going back to his book.

"I don't understand this fascination that Muggles have with coffee. Why is it that many proclaim that they can't start the day without it? The idea is preposterous."

Smiling knowingly, Hermione placed a cup of coffee before him the way she knew he liked it. And as every morning, Draco took a sip while his eyes studied the Daily Prophet.

"I don't see why you're complaining," she said. "The only reason we met was because of your great search."

Draco placed down the newspaper. "What great search?"

Hermione stood up, preparing to clear the table. "The search for the perfect cup of coffee, of course."

As she passed him, Draco tugged at her hand, effectively bringing her down onto his lap. "I knew there had to be a cup out there that was more than a little tolerable."

She raised an eyebrow at him. "And the search stopped at my apartment?"

"Of course," Draco said seriously. "Those who make the best coffee make the best wives."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Is that why you married me? Because of how I made you coffee?"

"Don't be absurd," he said. "I married you because you're Muggle-born."

"And why was it important that you marry a Muggle-born?"

"My dear Mrs Malfoy," Draco said with a smirk. "Everyone knows that Muggle-borns make the best cups of coffee."

A/N – Prompt - A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.