

Dr. Alice Granger or: How She Learned to Stop Doubting and Believe the In-Laws

by ofankoma

She could usually keep her thoughts to herself.

Mum's the Word

Chapter 1 of 1

She could usually keep her thoughts to herself.

A buttoned-up woman in a button-down shirt, Alice allowed Son-in-Law (her mental nickname for the boy) to pull her into the expansive flat her daughter called home. The baseboards were immaculately dusted, the litter box was tucked away, the table was beautifully set with—

Buggering hell, she thought.

Five.

It was set for five.

Bollocks!

She'd be dealing with *them*.

He had grown on her when she saw his adoration of her exceptional daughter, but *they* were another story.

. o O o .

They first met six years earlier...

A comfortable drive up a long lane led to an extravagant manor home.

"Mrs. Granger, Hermione dear, do come in!"

"That's Doctor Granger."

"Yes, yes. How... quaint."

Hermione ran inside into Soon-to-Be-Son-in-Law's waiting arms, leaving her to face the pale couple.

"Thank you for having us. Your home is..."

Ostentatious? Peacock ridden?

"... lovely."

. o O o .

Dinners for five were announcement dinners. 'We're getting married!' dinners. Promotion dinners. Moving-to-a-New-Flat dinners. When Hermione and Son-in-Law threw a 'Crookshanks is a big brother!' dinner two years ago, the elders had assumed they were becoming grandparents.

They learned otherwise.

When Son-in-Law pulled a purring fluffball from under the sofa.

. o O o .

"Mum!"

Hermione welcomed her mother as the telltale fireplace sputtering signaled the arrival of... *them*.

Son-in-Law's ludicrously posh and bizarrely anachronistic parents.

"Alicia, darling," Mother-in-Law fawned.

"*Alice*."

"Yes, yes. You look well."

"Thank you," Alice replied stiffly. "You look..."

Overdressed? Overstuffed?

"... lovely."

Son-in-Law took control, seating them all.

"Dear parents." He glanced at his wife excitedly. "We're pregnant!"

"Congratulations." Father-in-Law clapped him on the back.

"Tabby or Siamese?"

"No!" Hermione interrupted. "A baby!"

"What?" Alice leapt up, embracing her daughter. "My baby's having a baby?"

Much weeping ensued as the speculation began.

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl!"

"When?"

"Seven months."

And happiness surrounded them until matters took a combative turn between herself and Father-in-Law.

"She'll be flaxen-haired."

"Doubtful."

"Malfoys are blonde."

"Possibly dark blonde, but probably a brunette."

"Malfoys... Are... Blonde."

"Blondeness is a co-recessive trait. The baby *can't* be as fair as Draco."

That earned her a blank stare.

"It's genetics."

And some blinking.

Bloody idiot.

"I'm a denti—"

"You claim to predict the future based on your predilection for affixing soft metals to teeth?"

"It's not—"

"Because divination is tosh!"

"It's *science*!"

He paused.

"Actually, this child will be the test..."

"What?"

"It's said that Malfoys will be fair-haired regardless of parentage. Some less discerning ancestor supposedly bedded a gypsy or pirate wench, and who wants that much body hair? Theoretically, fairies were involved."

"Impossible!"

"You doubt magic?"

She hesitated.

"So why is *this* the test?"

"Hermione remains the swarthiest woman a Malfoy's married in centuries."

"Me, swarthy?" The woman in question giggled. "I'm hardly a pirate!"

. o O o .

Seven months later, Alice heard the cries through the swinging doors.

"FFFU-FU-FU-FU-FUUUCCCKKK!"

Hermione cursed like a sailor.

Like her proud mum.

Or a pirate.

And then it happened.

Son-in-L—

No, *Draco* carried out a tiny, wriggling bundle.

Containing the fairest child she'd ever seen.

"Mother Granger?"

"My dear, she's..."

Exceptional? Exceedingly blonde?

"... absolutely perfect."

Prompt: An improbable family legend is, surprisingly, based in fact.

Thank you to kittylefish, an *exceptional* beta. I have greatly appreciated all of your help over the course of LDWS.