

Denial

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was originally written for the 2016 Harry/Draco Mpreg Fest. Many thanks to kyriecolors for being my lovely beta. I hope everyone enjoys.

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Draco rubbed his stomach, a content smile on his face as he looked around the nursery. Everything seemed to be in place, from the toys in the chest to the blankets perfectly tucked in the crib. His gaze landed on the dresser and he narrowed his eyes. *Now that won't do...*

Draco saw one tiny piece of clothing sticking out of the corner of the drawer. He pulled it open and frowned, the urge to refold all the infant clothing taking hold of him. Reaching in, he grasped all the clothes and dumped them onto the floor in a pile. Sitting down, he began to refold.

Harry entered the flat, his back hurting from a long day in the office. He frowned when he realised Draco wasn't in the living room or kitchen. *Maybe he's having a lie-in,* Harry thought to himself. *Draco is eight months along. I'd be tired too if I was carrying around a small human inside of me.* He took a moment to be thankful that Draco had been the one to volunteer to carry their child.

Harry made his way towards their bedroom, a small look of confusion appearing on his face when he realised his husband wasn't in their bed. "Draco?" he called out, deciding that he would check the nursery next.

Pushing open the door, Harry stepped inside, stopping when he saw Draco sitting on the floor surrounded by small piles of folded onesies. "Draco, what in Merlin's name are you doing?" Harry asked.

"Folding," Draco replied, a smile on his face. "How was work?"

"Fine," Harry said. He took a seat on the floor next to Draco. "These clothes were already folded. Why are you folding them again?"

"Because one looked out of place," Draco replied as if it were the most obvious answer in the world. "I can't have anything be less-than-perfect for our little one's arrival."

Harry smiled at Draco before leaning in to kiss him briefly. "I love you, Draco, but your nesting is killing me."

"I am not nesting," Draco insisted. He held his hand out to Harry. "Help me up, love."

"You are nesting," Harry replied, shaking his head as he helped Draco to his feet. "Go rest, Draco, and I'll put these clothes away."

"Neatly?" Draco asked, arching a brow at his love.

"Of course," Harry retorted. "I know you wouldn't have it any other way."

When Harry finished putting away the clothes, he made his way to the kitchen, a groan escaping his lips when he saw Draco on the floor scrubbing. "What in Merlin's name are you doing?"

"The floor is dirty," Draco replied, wiping the sweat from his brow. He continued to scrub.

"Draco, I'm sure it's not healthy for you to smell all those chemicals," Harry said gently. "And besides, the floors like fine."

"No, I noticed a couple spots." Draco arched his brow at Harry. "The floor needs to be immaculate. What if the baby drops something and puts it in his mouth?"

Harry couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of the statement. "Draco, our kid won't be eating off the floor. If something gets dropped, we can just wash it off. I don't think we need to worry about him eating something dirty just yet."

Draco pursed his lips. "Be that as it may, the floors still needed to be scrubbed."

Harry sighed. "Draco, I'll clean the floor. Please, just go relax. Read a book or something." He helped Draco to his feet, shaking his head as Draco headed towards their bedroom. "He's definitely nesting," Harry grumbled under his breath.

"What are you doing now?" Harry asked, noticing Draco doing something near the power outlet.

Draco looked up, a sheepish expression on his face. "I thought it'd take you longer to finish the floor," he grumbled quietly, although Harry could still hear him.

Harry shook his head. "I told you, the floors weren't that bad." He went and took a seat next to Draco on the floor. "Babyproofing?" he asked when he saw that Draco was plugging up the power outlet.

"So he doesn't stick his little fingers in there," Draco explained, arching a brow at Harry. "I don't want him to electrocute himself!"

"Seriously, love, the house is fine. You don't need to plug up every outlet."

"Of course, I do, Harry. It says so in the parenting handbook my mother got me." Draco sighed. "I can't believe I forgot about this until now. There are so many plugs in the house, and I'm absolutely exhausted."

Harry looked at Draco, a tiring sigh escaping his lips. He held his hand out. "Here, give me the plugs and I'll put it all together. You can order us some pizza for dinner, and then have a lie down on the couch."

Draco smiled at Harry, tears in his eyes. "You're the best husband anyone could have." He leant forward, kissing him fervently. "I love you so much."

Harry couldn't help but return the smile. "I love you too, Draco, now please, order the pizza and have a lie down. You know I worry about all the time you spend on your feet."

"One pepperoni pizza coming up!" Draco explained, carefully getting to his feet and heading towards the kitchen to order the pizza.

Harry had just finished scrubbing the dishes from dinner when he heard a noise coming from their pantry. "Good lord, Draco, please don't tell me you're messing around in there," he called out.

There was a pause before Draco answered, "Um, no, not really!"

The tone of Draco's voice gave him away. "Draco," he groaned, getting tired of Draco's nesting behaviour. "You should be resting, not cleaning everything in this house." When he got the pantry, he saw that Draco was reorganizing the formula they had stocked up on.

Draco turned, flushing. "I'm just about done, Harry. No need for you to finish this project for me. Do you think we'll need more jarred baby food?"

"Draco, the nesting needs to stop. The house is fine. Everything is fine and ready for our little one's arrival." Harry moved forward, wrapping his arms around Draco's waist from behind and pressing a kiss to Draco's shoulder. "We're ready."

"I don't feel ready," Draco admitted quietly, his hand rubbing his stomach. "There's just so much I'm unsure about."

"Draco, we'll handle this together," Harry promised. "Just please, relax. I worry, that's all."

Draco sighed. "I'm not nesting," he insisted. "I've just been a little more... nitpicky than usual. But I promise that I'll try to relax more."

"I know you mean well," Harry assured him. "But trust me, we have everything we need and the house is ready for him."

"If you say so," Draco murmured.

"I do." Harry turned Draco around so that he was facing him. "I love you." He leant forward, brushing his lips against Draco's. His hand rubbed Draco's bump and he smiled when he felt their little one kick. "Why don't we head to bed early? And tomorrow, I promise I'll make pancakes for breakfast. Does that sound good?"

Draco nodded, smiling. "Sounds perfect."

Draco slid into the bed next to Harry. He shifted for a few moments, trying to get comfortable. Every position he tried just didn't feel right.

"Draco," Harry said with a sigh, rolling onto his side so he could look at him. "What's wrong?"

"I just can't get comfortable. There are five million things that I need to be doing right now." Draco gently worried his lower lip.

"Draco, the only thing you need to do right now is rest."

"But what about my hospital bag?" Draco's heart raced. What if he forgot something?

Harry moved closer, snuggling up against Draco and pressing a kiss to his cheek. "The hospital bag is fine, love. Just relax, okay? Everything is all taken care of. You just need to rest."

Draco took a deep breath, knowing deep down that Harry was right. He did need sleep, and thinking of all these things to do wouldn't do him any good at the moment.

Harry's thoughts from earlier popped into his mind, and Draco frowned. "Harry, you were right," he whispered in a moment of realisation.

"About what?" Harry asked.

"I am nesting," Draco whispered. "Damn, I never thought I'd be one to engage in that sort of behaviour."

Harry chuckled. "I've been telling you, Draco. Glad to hear that you've finally realised it too." He kissed Draco on the lips lightly. "I find it to be rather endearing, though..." He smiled. "Now, it's time to get some rest." He kissed him once more. "Goodnight, Draco."

Draco smiled, one hand caressing his large bump. He couldn't wait to meet his little one, and he knew that everything would be perfect in time for his arrival. Putting his mind to ease, Draco closed his eyes and drifted to sleep, knowing that everything would be as it should.