Milk isn't Normally Lumpy?

by saelu

Summary

The core four eat Auradonian food for the first time. The conversation that follows is something the future King probably never hoped he'd have to deal with.

Notes

“Holy shit,” Jay whispered, “That’s a lot of food.”
“It’s so colourful,” Carlos murmured in agreement. The four approached the dinner buffet and grabbed plates as they saw others do. “So, we just take however much we like?” Mal wondered aloud.
“Well duh, that’s what it’s there for,” a girl in front of them rolled her eyes. Mal, Evie, Carlos and Jay loaded their plates with tonnes of food and went to find a table. Unfortunately for them, the only one with free spots was the table Ben and Audrey were sitting at. “Is it alright if we sit here?” Evie asked, “All the other tables are full.”
“Sure thing,” the Prince smiled. Audrey grimaced. The four sat down and appeared to huddle closer together and pool their plates. then, in a manner reminiscent of wild animals, attacked their food, eyes darting around constantly searching for the one who might take their food.

As quickly as they started, they stopped.

“How old is this food?” Carlos asked to no one in particular. The others were inspecting it, as if they were looking for imperfections. Ben answered Carlos, “It’s fresh; the chefs cook it daily.”
“So this was all made today?” Evie confirmed.
“Of course, wouldn’t it be disgusting to find mould on your bread or lumps in your milk?” Audrey sneered.

“Milk isn’t normally lumpy?” Carlos asked.

“Milk is never lumpy; you throw it out before it gets that far.” Audrey rolled her eyes and talked down at Carlos as if he were a small child.

“Tell that to the goblins at the Slop Shop,” Mal snickered earning her a laugh from her friends, “So, if lumpy milk and mouldy bread aren’t normal - are disgusting, what is normal?” she asked.

“What do you mean ‘what is normal?’ The Isle has the same foods as us,” Ben replied.

“I’ve never had this before,” Jay admitted gesturing to their plates, “At least, if I did, I don’t recognise it.”

“Everyone’s had spaghetti, it’s like a staple,” Li Lonnie said coming over and sitting down.

“Didn’t Cruella want that once, Carlos,” Evie asked, earning small jumps from the Auradonians at the mention of Carlos’ mother.

“Yeah but when I looked on the barge I couldn’t find any,” he replied, not noticing the winces from his friends, “She described it as hard and thin and straight, like thin sticks. This is not what she described.”

“Uncooked pasta is generally hard. It’s softens when you boil it,” Lonnie told him.

“Cruella wouldn’t have cared about how it came; it would have been the wrong thing,” Mal sneered derisively.

“I got out of that one because I found a fist sized lump of uncooked meat that was only a bit bad - well I mean according to mum, I thought it was still good.” Carlos grinned, “I’ve never seen her so pleased - it didn’t even smell.”

“What was it like?” Jay asked.

“So much better without that sour taste; I couldn’t believe it. Mum talked about before that night - even let me go to sleep without fluffing her furs.” The young royals sharing their table looked horrified by what they were hearing.

“What do you mean only a bit bad?” Ben asked cautiously.

“There wasn’t too much rot on it,” Carlos told him.

“My best score was the day I got to the slop shop early and got slightly sour milk in Mother’s coffee and they had this thing called hot chocolate and it was so good,” Mal shared.

“Mother one day sent me to the barge for more make-up and I found a barely used bottle in her colour,” Evie admitted, “And that wasn’t even the best part, there was an uneaten apple, Mother even let me have half of it.”

“You are so lucky, I never got something like that. Jafar always went to the barge, I was too busy ’stocking the shelves,’” Jay lamented.

“Like Jafar couldn’t have let you out of that for ten minutes. What were you going to steal? Another lamp from Lady Tremaine?” Mal sneered.

“Hold up, what is the barge? You’ve all mentioned it?” Ben questioned.

“The barge that comes over from Auradon. It has all the leftovers on it,” Carlos told him like he was an idiot.

“Don’t you have farms?” Audrey asked, “How do you get organically grown kale?”

“What the hell is a farm, much less kale?” Jay asked in reply.

“A farm is where you grow food,” Ben told him.

“Grow food? Like peasants,” Mal asked in her best impersonation of Maleficent.

“Ooh, that sent shivers down my spine, you sound almost like her,” Evie laughed.

“Why thank you young princess, I do try,” Mal half bowed in her seat. By this time the four had started eating their food again but at a much slower pace now they had determined no one would take it.

“Wait so you eat off food?” Lonnie asked.

“Of course not. Once it’s too rotten you don’t eat it but before that, sure it’s good,” Jay told her.

“But wouldn’t you get sick?”
“If you’re an idiot and eat the really bad bits,” Mal rolled her eyes.
“Yeah only the really dumb sidekicks do that,” Evie told the others.
“Le Frou,” Carlos snickered.
“The junior Gastons,” Mal poked her tongue out. “Oh I forgot that day! Ha! That was the best, both of them ate that sandwich. Idiots!” Carlos was howling with laughter.
“And then,” Jay could hardly breathe past his laughter at the memory, “Oh my god man, the best bit.”
“What, what happened, I wasn’t there,” Evie whined.
“They puked all over each other,” Mal finished, her eyes glowing with her barley concealed mirth.
‘‘I look foul,’ ‘You look foul?! No girl would ever like this!’ Best day ever,” Jay mimicked the Gastons.
“Good times man,” Carlos agreed. The four picked up their leftovers, put them in napkins and left, oblivious to the incredulous looks of the Auradonians they left behind.
“I’m going to look into the food situation there,” Ben said getting up, “Good night Audrey,” he wished her, kissing her cheek.
“Night Benny Boo.”

“What was that?” Lonnie asked.
“I don’t know,” Audrey replied, “But I get the feeling that it wasn’t good on the Isle.”

End Notes

This is my first Descendents fic. I noticed a lot of people glossed over the fact that the Isle kids literally grew up on scraps so I wanted to write about the first time they had Auradonian food. Obviously, this veered far from what I intended but I like what I ended up with. I hope you liked slightly nicer Audrey and the core four's interaction. I wanted them to be more like friends than they were in the movie.

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