In Tatters and Pieces

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Summary

The discovery of a family tapestry and Potter's pregnancy. They both have one thing in common: turning Draco's life upside down.

Notes

Author's note: So this is something that popped up in my head around a week ago and refused to leave until I started on it. Originally this was supposed to be just a long oneshot, but the story just kept growing and well, it's going to be four long chapters in total *clears throat* Because we all know by now that I don't know any limits.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter. J.K. Rowling owns it.

I hope you'll like it!

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Mother and I will visit you as soon as possible," Draco swore; his right hand clenched around his father's left wrist. It was all the affection he dared to show with other people around them.

"I know you will," Father murmured, inclining his head slightly. His lips barely moved when he continued, "Take care of her and of yourself. Do not give them any reason to hunt you down."

"I won't," Draco promised and stepped back, releasing his hold on his father, in order to give his parents a few moments of privacy before Lucius would be taken to Azkaban where he would spend the next five years of his life.

There had been cries for a harsher punishment, a longer one, some even demanding he be Kissed, but in the end the Wizengamot had ruled that five years in solitary confinement would be sufficient. They had also taken half of what was in the Malfoy vaults, but they had left the manor alone and he and his mother had been quick enough to hide their important heirlooms and artefacts from the grabby hands of the Ministry.

It would be enough for them to pick up their lives again and build up their reputation once more.

"Excuse me, coming through!"

The familiar voice had his head whipping around before he could stop himself and the crowd parted in front of him to reveal Harry Potter, looking harried; his glasses slightly askew. His dark blue robes were wrinkled, his hair as untidy as ever, and a grim look painted his face.

"Potter," he greeted the other man cautiously, ignoring the dark muttering that rose up. He and Potter had a truce going on ever since they had started working together during the war.

Living in close quarters for more than a year hadn't given them much choice but to reconcile, if only to ease the tension somewhat. There was no point in holding on to old grudges and silly school feuds when they ran the risk of dying every time they set foot outside and their only chance of surviving was having each other's back.

"Malfoy." Potter nodded and then held out Draco's hawthorn wand with a wry smile. "Figured you'd like it back."

A shudder of pure warmth rippled through Draco when his fingers closed around the familiar wood, the wand back with its original owner. For a few seconds he closed his eyes, relishing the fact that he wasn't defenceless anymore – the temporary wand he had been forced to use had never worked quite as well for him as his hawthorn one – and then nodded.

"Thanks, Potter," he murmured, slipping the wand into his pocket.

Potter cocked his head to the left, a faint smile playing around his lips. "More like I should be thanking you for letting me use it." He took a step backwards and his eyes briefly flickered towards Draco's parents who were sharing a last kiss before Lucius would be taken away. "I guess I'll see you around."

Draco raised an eyebrow, slightly bemused. "I guess," he said blankly. He couldn't think of any particular situation where he and Potter would see each other again now that the war and the trials
were over, but well, it wouldn't hurt to remain polite.

Potter nodded and after offering another smile, he turned around and disappeared back into the throng of Ministry employees and reporters, ignoring their demands for an interview.

A soft touch on his elbow made Draco turn his head to his left, where his mother stood serenely. When looking at her, one would never guess she was grieving the fact that she would have to miss her husband's presence near her for five years.

*Mother is strong,* Draco reminded himself, having witnessed that particular fact with his own eyes during the war. "Yes, mother?"

"Let us return to the manor," she spoke calmly, ignoring the curious looks of some other witches passing by. "There is nothing left for us here."

He inclined his head and offered her his arm, which she took with a serene smile.

Together they left the Ministry, leaving behind the suspicious scowls and the bewildered stares of the ones who had been hoping to witness a Malfoy break down.

Too bad they wouldn't get what they wanted.

With their heads held up high, mother and son disappeared into the green flames.

The surprised hum disrupted his focus and he blinked, resurfacing from his study of his great-great grandfather's diary, which he had found stuffed behind a large pile of thick tomes detailing the content of the Malfoy vaults. He hadn't decided yet what he would do next with his life now that he no longer had to act as spy for the Light side and had taken to riffling through old, abandoned rooms in the manor, interested in the trinkets and books he discovered in them.

He had found the diary one hour ago and had joined his mother in the parlour, which looked out on the large garden. It being the middle of July, the air was filled with the heavy scent of the various flowers blooming and the sound of bees buzzing around created a pleasant background noise as the sun shone relentlessly.

"Something interesting?" Draco inquired and looked up, turning his attention to his mother, who was studying an article in the newspaper with narrowed eyes.

"Hm, it is, yes," she murmured and handed over the page she had been reading.

Several short articles littered the sides of the page, but he knew at once that the large article in the middle had been the one responsible for eliciting that sound out of his mother. He imagined that many a people would utter a sound similar to that of Narcissa at seeing the article and the bold headline stamped right above the moving picture of an irritated looking Potter, hurrying out of Saint Mungos, with Weasley and Granger at his side.

*Our Chosen One Pregnant?*

*Earlier this morning, our newspaper got wind of the fact that Harry Potter was admitted to Saint Mungos urgently. Given the fact that the Boy-Who-Lived-Twice has yet to announce his decision whether or not he will be joining the Auror ranks soon, naturally questions arose as to why he would be admitted to the hospital. Has he already started his training as an Auror or was he attacked by one of the Death Eaters or supporters from You-Know-Who still remaining at large?*
None of those, our reporter can assure you. In fact, it is quite the opposite.

Our source in Saint Mungos confided in us that Mister Potter was brought into the hospital due to a fainting spell. Fainting spells on their own can be quite innocuous, but Mister Potter's best friends informed his attending Healer that he has also been experiencing bouts of nausea. This, of course, ensured that the examination was more thorough and they uncovered the cause of the fainting spell and the nausea.

Dear readers, we can bring you the – albeit quite shocking – news that our hero is pregnant! According to our source, Mister Potter is currently three to four months along, though they could not give us the specific week count.

Mister Potter nor his friends were ready to give commentary on the news, but rest assured, dear readers, that our reporter will give you more news soon.

The article continued speculating about who the other father could be, even going as far as wondering whether one of the Weasleys had fathered the child, before asking the readers to come forth with any possible information they might possess.

Potter was pregnant.

Draco blinked and leant back in his chair, playing around with the news in his mind as if it was a Quaffle. It was entirely unexpected, more so because he hadn't known the man was bent. He supposed he couldn't be faulted for that, though, considering their conversations had either been screaming matches or discussions about battle plans in the last year. There had been no time and no reason to discuss something as intimate as romantic preferences. What would have been the point?

Still, he had expected that Potter would take it easy for a while after emerging from the war as the winner. Having a baby wasn't exactly taking it easy.

Not that he cared what Potter did. They had their own lives now.

"Curious news, isn't it?" Mother murmured thoughtfully, taking a delicate sip from her ice cold lemon tea.

"We can only hope he isn't contributing to the Weasley family," Draco scoffed, placing the page back on the table, and turned his attention back to the diary.

He did spare one more thought to the news: who had managed to get Potter up the duff?

He paused and rolled his eyes at himself. What did it matter who Potter was shagging? Sure, it would be interesting to know where he had found the guy, considering they had been mostly locked up in Grimmauld Place – unless it was one of the Weasleys, in which case Potter's taste was even more deplorable than he had suspected. More desperate as well.

It could be one of the older adults, like Shacklebolt, but Draco didn't think Potter would stoop that low – nor would any of the adults be stupid enough to try something with Potter.

Well, it didn't matter.

He turned to the next page of the diary and let himself be absorbed in his great-great grandfather's attempt to court a Veela woman.

"And I already told you that it isn't the Boiling Hex," Pansy smiled snidely; her dark eyes narrowed
dangerously. Her left hand was clamped around her right arm, where dark purple and leaf green blisters were hissing and popping underneath the white bandages.

The Mediwizard – a lanky, dirty blond bloke with pale blue eyes – drew himself up, looking haughtily down at her. "You might have misheard your attacker when they spoke the spell, but I can assure you that - "

"That you weren't with me when that bastard attacked me and therefore don't have the slightest clue as to which incantation he used," she finished with bright glittering eyes. The brighter they were, the more dangerous she became. "And I can tell you with absolute certainty that it is not the Boiling Hex. I sincerely hope your education progressed further than simple third year curses."

Silently, unobtrusively Draco left the hospital room, trusting that his friend was able to handle herself against the Mediwizard. She wouldn't appreciate him helping her and he had recognised that particular tone in her voice; it meant she wouldn't give up on the argument until she had won. That might take a while, depending on the stubbornness of the Mediwizard, and Draco was not in the mood to listen to the growing argument.

The two Aurors who had escorted them reluctantly to the hospital after a wizard had attacked Pansy in Diagon Alley had already left and Draco snorted derisively, stuffing his hands into his pockets. Of course they had left already; they wouldn't want to stand guard for people they thought were beneath them.

At least they had taken Pansy's testimony, which was more than Draco had expected them to do.

Wandering further down the corridor, he ignored the glances the passing Mediwitches and Healers threw him and contemplated whether he should go downstairs and find something to eat. He had already messaged his mother where he was to prevent her from becoming worried, so there wasn't much he could do bar waiting for Pansy to verbally beat the Mediwizard into submission.

The corridor split into two others and he turned left, gazing disinterestedly at the pictures of former Healers decorating the walls, together with paintings of forests and oceans. This particular corridor was quiet with none of the medical professionals bustling around and he had just started to think that he was alone when he picked up the sound of soft voices deeper down the corridor.

Curiosity piqued against his will, he drew nearer to the only door which stood ajar.

"Look, mate, it's not good to keep ending up here, you know."

Draco stilled and his hands balled into fists inside his pockets as he realised that that was Weasley talking. And where Weasley was, was …

"Really? I hadn't realised that," Potter retorted; voice dripping with heavy sarcasm and unwillingly Draco smirked.

He could appreciate sarcasm, even if it came from the green eyed git.

"What Ron means, is that you can't keep going on like this, Harry." And that was Granger talking; her voice so worried, one would think the Dark Lord had risen again.

Draco cocked his head, pursing his lips slightly. What had landed Potter in the hospital again? His pregnancy? It couldn't be a regular check-up then, if that was the case, because Granger and Weasley wouldn't be concerned about that.

Potter uttered a heavy sigh and there was the soft rustling of cloth. "It's not like I have much choice,
do I?" Bitterness laced his voice and Draco blinked surprised.

"You could tell him," Weasley suggested, but it was said in a tone which made it clear that this was an old argument they were having.

"No, I can't, and you know bloody well why!" Potter snapped and a silence so deep fell, one could probably hear a needle being dropped on the floor.

"He deserves to know, Harry," Granger said softly, breaking the silence.

"Drop it, please," Potter said wearily.

"I'll ask Healer Ravenwood whether you can go home," Granger sighed and the creaking of a chair announced she had stood up.

"I'm going to send a quick update to mum, before she decides it's necessary to burst in here," Weasley muttered.

Footsteps approached the door and Draco hastily cast a Not-Notice-Me Charm over himself before he could think twice about it. The door opened fully, revealing Granger and Weasley sharing a worried look with each other, before they walked past Draco, not taking notice of his presence at all.

Contemplatively he stared at their retreating backs until they had turned around the corner and he dismantled the charm. His ears caught the nearly inaudible sigh escaping Potter's mouth and in an impulse he would scold himself later for, he set foot inside the room.

The bed looked more comfortable than the ones in the other rooms, but Draco supposed Saint Mungos wanted nothing but the best for their Saviour. The man in question was lounging on the bed, staring at the ceiling with a heavy frown, as his hands rested on the gentle swell of his stomach.

The sight of the rounded stomach made something in Draco squirm and he frowned faintly.

"What, already ba- Dr- Malfoy?" Potter sputtered, his eyes growing wide, and he sat up straighter. "What are you doing here?"

The blond wizard was a tad gratified to see that despite his surprise, the younger man wasn't holding him at wand point. Still not entirely certain why he had stepped into the room instead of returning to Pansy, he shrugged, resting a hand on the doorknob. "Pansy was attacked when we were out in Diagon Alley, so she's getting treated here."

"Sounds like she's going to be okay then," Potter chuckled and his left hand started rubbing his stomach. He flushed when he caught grey eyes staring at the motion and stilling his hand. "Still doesn't explain why you're here in this room, though."

"Is she okay?" Potter asked, slightly alarmed.

Draco paused, not having expected the sign of empathy and nodded slowly. "I think it is safe to say she's okay, considering she's verbally abusing a Mediwizard at this moment, because he refuses to believe she wasn't hit with a Boiling Hex," he answered dryly, rolling his eyes.

"You do not want to be near Pansy when she starts arguing with someone, trust me. I was planning on going downstairs for a while, but I heard you talking and got a bit curious."

He sounded more curious than angry and the blond relaxed a bit. "You went from one argument to the
next one, huh?" he muttered wryly.

"Problems with your partner?" Draco inquired neutrally.

The newspapers still hadn't managed to find out who the father of Potter's unborn child was and neither Potter nor his friends were inclined to give in to the enquiries. Draco thought it strange that the other man wasn't present here. One would think he'd join his pregnant partner at the hospital, if only to protect him from possible rabid fans.

Green eyes stared at him blankly. "Partner?"

"Well, I assume it wasn't an immaculate conception," Draco snorted, nodding towards Potter's swollen stomach.

Potter curled an arm around his stomach and something in his eyes shuttered close. "We're not," he licked his lips and continued, "he doesn't know about the baby."

The blond paused, taken aback by the honest – and completely unexpected – answer. "Oh. I take it you have your reasons?"

Potter pursed his lips and nodded; his green eyes hooded as he gazed at the blond lingering in the doorway.

"It's your life," Draco said dismissively.

Who cared why Potter hadn't informed the other man about his impending fatherhood? Although not telling him might have been useless considering Potter's pregnancy was all the newspapers could talk about these days. You'd have to live underneath a rock and not have ventured into society these past few months to not know about the baby.

It was strange, though. Draco had always envisioned Potter to want to have a family after losing his own when he was still just a baby. Why would he take that chance away from his own child?

He shook his head and sighed inaudibly. It didn't matter. That was between Potter and the mysterious guy; if Potter wanted to deny his child having two parents, that was his prerogative. He might even have good reasons to not want to involve the other man. What did Draco know about it anyway? It wasn't like it was his business.

Granger's voice drifted towards him and he tensed, realising he had spent longer in Potter's room than he had originally intended to. Grimacing he turned around, slipping his wand back out of his pocket to cast another Not-Notice-Me Charm.

"I'm going back to Pansy. Maybe she finally beat some sense into the guy," he muttered.

"Malfoy!"

Raising an eyebrow at the unexpected call, he looked back at Potter. "What?" he asked impatiently. Granger and Weasley were nearly around the corner and he didn't fancy a confrontation with them now.

"I hope Parkinson feels better soon," Potter said and blinked as if he was surprised by his own words. The sunlight streaming through the window created a gentle glow around the contours of his body.

"Thank you. I hope you feel better soon too," he murmured and cast the charm on himself and
slipped out of the room before Potter could open his mouth.

Only when he was back in Pansy's room, watching how a different Mediwizard was applying a potion to her blisters, did he realise that he never had found out just why exactly Potter had been admitted to the hospital.

"You invited Potter," Draco stated blankly, watching with apprehensive eyes how the house elves busied themselves with setting the table while others were rushing around in the kitchen, preparing an elaborate meal.

"Yes, I did," Mother said calmly, studying the plates and the cutlery criticizingly, discerning it for any possible fault.

Draco waited, but she remained silent, save for directing a house elf to place the vase with sunflowers near the window instead of on the table.

"Why?" he asked eventually when it became clear she wouldn't offer further explanation.

She turned towards him and raised an eyebrow. "Why not?" she retorted serenely. "He helped us during our trials. We never officially expressed our gratitude for that."

He cocked his head and smiled wryly. "I think he would be more embarrassed to be thanked like this instead of appreciative," he murmured, calling up the few pieces he had learnt about Potter when they were living in one house.

Most likely Potter wouldn't understand why they were grateful for his help; as far as he was concerned he just had done what needed to be done.

"Perhaps we ought to teach him how to properly accept an act of gratitude then," Mother murmured and clucked his tongue at the house elf who was placing down eggshell white napkins. "Not that colour; take the lavender blue ones instead."

"Yes, Mistress," the house elf squeaked and instantly the eggshell white colour deepened into a soft lavender blue.

Mother nodded in approval and then her blue eyes took in the layer of dust coating Draco's hands, his sleeves, parts of his shirt and his thighs. "Go wash up, dear. It won't do to greet a guest while looking like you were attacked by dust," she reprimanded him and went back to her scrutiny of the table.

With her back towards him, he felt safe to roll his eyes, but he left the room, agreeing with his mother all the same. He had been planning on washing up either way, because the layer of dust had started irritating him as soon as his attention was no longer fixed on the strange silver bowls he had uncovered in a room in the most eastern wing of the manor. He knew some wings had fallen in disuse after their inhabitants had died, but he hadn't expected their belongings to actually gather dust.

Their house elves were usually rather rigorous in keeping the manor clean, so it had come as a complete surprise to see a layer of dust in the rooms of the eastern wing. The creatures might have decided that the most frequented wings were the most important ones to clean and leave the others to collect dust for a while. Regardless, he didn't particular care about it, save that the dust on his clothes annoyed him. The dust was easy to ignore, though, when more interesting items and books were there to grab his attention.

He would go back to the eastern wing tomorrow and try to figure out from the belongings which
ancestor had lived in that particular place.

But first he would take a shower and sit through a dinner with Potter.

He had done stranger things, he supposed.

"So what do you do nowadays, save for trying to escape the paparazzi and your 'adoring' fans?" Draco inquired, leaning back into his chair. A glass of cold lemon water was resting next to his hand; the music of crickets chirping filled the evening air.

Potter grimaced and rubbing the back of his neck. "Taking care of Teddy mostly and trying to make Grimmauld Place more habitable," he replied and took a sip of his own cold water. The blue shirt he wore did nothing to hide his rounded stomach, which seemed slightly bigger than when he had seen it a week ago in the hospital.

Or maybe his mind was just playing tricks on him.

Dinner had been surprisingly pleasant once the initial awkwardness had passed and afterwards they had moved into the patio, relaxing now that the air had grown cooler and wasn't as humid anymore. Narcissa had left them a few minutes ago, claiming she had become tired, but reassuring Potter that he didn't need to leave immediately.

Draco frowned and stared incredulously at the man next to him.

"What?" Potter asked defensively; a frown of his own creasing his forehead.

"You think cleaning up that house is a good idea while you're pregnant?" Draco asked disbelievingly.

Grimmauld Place had been their base during the war and even though he should have felt home in it, considering the blood of the Blacks ran in his veins as well, he had never felt comfortable there. Maybe because he hadn't been able to relax while the war was going on and he had to play spy, but the building just exuded misery with its dark, dirty rooms; its Doxy infested curtains and Merlin knew what else resided there. They had been forced to disable wards, hexes and curses more than once and had to deal with the screaming portrait of Mrs. Black every time someone woke it up.

Draco couldn't imagine a place worse than Grimmauld Place to live in – let alone for a pregnant person to putter around and attempt to make it habitable again.

Green eyes cast him an annoyed look and Potter huffed. "You sound like Hermione," he complained. "She's been on my case about it ever since I decided to clean it up."

"As much as I abhor the thought of agreeing with Granger," Draco started and shuddered, "she has a point, Potter. We barely could handle some of the curses with everyone helping; what happens if you run into that type of curse again? You're at a disadvantage now."

"I'm pregnant, not an invalid!" Potter snapped, surging forwards. His wand spat out red sparks in response to his anger. "I'm perfectly capable of handling my – oh!" His hands flew down to his stomach, cupping it as he bowed over it.

Unwillingly something akin to alarm made Draco lean forwards quickly. "You okay?" he asked sharply and wondered whether he should have a house elf call his mother. "Do you need to see a Healer?"
"Oh no! Not at all!" Potter surprised him by laughing brightly. He shook his head and straightened up again, though his hands remained on his belly. "No, sorry for that. I just felt the baby kick for the first time!" he exclaimed excitedly and green eyes gleamed almost unnaturally when they looked at Draco, whose breath hitched at the unexpected sight of deep green blazing like a roaring fire.

The blond shook his head, forcing himself to relax now that he was reassured that Potter wouldn't suddenly go into labour. "Don't startle me like that! I thought that - "

"Here, maybe you can feel it already!"

Taken by surprise Draco allowed Potter to snatch his wrist and tug him closer, forcing him to abandon his chair or make an ungraceful tumble on the floor. Then his hand was resting on a firm, rounded stomach, warm to the touch and he stiffened. A tanned hand covered his own and guided his hand slowly over the gentle swell.

"I think it's somewhere around here," Potter mused; a look of concentration on his face as he brought Draco's hand down. "At least just now I – here! Can you feel it?"

He should pull his hand back. He wasn't interested in feeling an unborn baby move and he wasn't like Potter's sidekicks who would probably fall over themselves to feel the child of their friend move. Something, however, compelled him not to pull his hand away and so he remained hovering in an awkward pose above Potter's stomach as his hand was pressed to Potter's right side, near his hip.

He didn't feel anything, save for the way Potter's stomach rose up and down almost unnoticeably with every inhale and exhale, and rolled his eyes.

Shaking his head, he started to pull his hand away and said, "I don't feel any - " he cut himself off when he felt something odd against his thumb and he held his breath and his eyes shot down.

A pause and then the strange sensation was back, like a kitten paw nudging his thumb.

"Is that …"

"That's the baby kicking, yes," Potter laughed delighted and his grin was nearly blinding when Draco looked at him. "I thought I had felt my baby moving before, but I wasn't sure. Now he was definitely kicking." He rubbed lovingly over his stomach, seemingly having forgotten that Draco's hand was still on it. "I didn't know whether you would be able to feel it too, but it's amazing, right?"

Draco felt himself flush slightly at the expectant look he was suddenly favoured with and retracted his hand hastily, clearing his throat. "So you know it's going to be a boy then?" he asked in an attempt to distract himself.

Potter smiled a bit embarrassed. "Well, no, not yet. I'll probably know with my next check-up, but I have a feeling the baby is a boy."

"Well, they always say to trust your gut feeling," Draco muttered dryly and Potter beamed.

The subject was changed to what Draco was occupying himself with these days and the blond wizard sank back down in his chair and they watched how the sun set completely as their chattering filled the cool air.

When Draco went to sleep that night, his fingers still seemed to tingle; the nudge of Potter's unborn baby a phantom touch.
What the hell am I doing here?, Draco thought dismayed, fingering his wand inside his pocket. Across the street Grimmauld Place Twelve stared back at him with dark windows. A bead of sweat dripped down his right temple and he grimaced, renewing his Cold as Ice Charm. The August sun was relentless, even at this early hour of the day, and he longed to be back at Malfoy Manor where he could hide into the cool building and not have to experience feeling his clothes stick tightly to his skin.

He could still go back; nobody knew he was here now and nobody would know if he left again. But his conscience – an irritating thing he seemed to have developed during the war – kept nagging at him and if he went back now, it wouldn't leave him alone.

Damn it.

Gritting his teeth, he quickly crossed the street and passed through the wards that kept the outside world from seeing Grimmauld Place Twelve. The wards tingled and bent around him, putting brief pressure on him before they relaxed and allowed him to go through. He rapped sharply on the door and hoped the other man was close enough that he would hear the sound.

It seemed he did, because footsteps soon could be heard approaching the front door from the inside and then the door swung open, revealing a flushed looking Potter, whose white shirt was already streaked with grey lines and dampened around his neck and chest.

"Malfoy! What are you doing here?" Potter asked surprised, shoving his glasses back when they slipped down a tad.

"If you insist on being a stubborn idiot, at least let me help you out," Draco sighed.

Potter looked taken aback. "What? You don't have to do that. I'm fine, I promise."

"Stop being so daft and just let me in," Draco snapped annoyed, scowling at the other man.

Green eyes rolled and an exasperated huff left the dark haired wizard, but he took a step back, allowing the blond to enter. The macabre looking umbrella stand had been switched with a regular dark wooden one which had flames carved out near the bottom. The hallway looked a lot cleaner than Draco remembered it being; he had never known the tiles were actually a shiny black.

"I was just planning to clean up some of the bedrooms on the first floor," Potter explained as he trudged past the portrait of Mrs. Black, hidden behind long, thick curtains, and started ascending the staircase.

"Where's your godson?" Draco inquired curiously as he followed behind the other wizard, eyeing the rickety bannisters warily.

"With Andromeda," Potter replied, rubbing his lower back absentmindedly. "Whenever I'm working here, she takes care of him. I can't keep my eye on him and clean this house after all."

"So you do have some common sense at least," the blond muttered darkly and Potter turned his head to glower at him.

"Really, you and Hermione are worrying about nothing," he muttered, slipping his wand out of his pocket.

"No, she and I just have a better memory and know what can happen in this place," Draco retorted snippily and threw a suspicious look around the corridor when they arrived on the first floor. "Did Kreacher die?"
"What? No, he's just hauling up somewhere, trying to hoard as much stuff as he can," Potter snorted; a light sneer lingering around his mouth. He had never forgiven the house elf for the part it had played in his godfather's death.

"And he hasn't tried to stop you from cleaning out this dump?" Draco raised an eyebrow incredulously, remembering all too well the wailing and hissing Kreacher had done during the war whenever they had attempted to throw something out.

Potter glanced at him and something in those bright green eyes made Draco pause. "He knows better than to try and stop me," Potter said quietly and waved his hand at the second room of which the door stood ajar. "You can start in that room if you insist on helping me out."

"Wouldn't it be - "

"I'll be working in the room right next to it. If something happens, I'm sure you'll know immediately," Potter muttered and looked incredibly put out before slipping into the first room.

Only Potter could be frustrated because someone wanted to help him.

For a moment Draco wondered once more what exactly he was doing here. Then a Doxy suddenly came flying straight at him, screeching, and he had to throw a Knockback Jinx at it in order to knock it out.

Right. This was exactly why he was here. Because someone had to have common sense and it was clear Potter had as much self-preservation now as he had had during the war.

God damn idiot.

Something – maybe his bloody conscience – compelled him to return over and over again to help Potter clean out the Black house. He reasoned to himself that it wouldn't look good if the Saviour of the Wizarding World was done in by a filthy house, but the truth was that he was actually starting to enjoy his time with Potter.

He still considered him an idiot for cleaning the house whilst being pregnant, but he wasn't quite as annoyed anymore and he caught himself actually laughing a few times at some of Potter's jokes. They filled their days with attacking each room one for one, getting rid of the dust and grime and vanquishing any Doxy and or Boggart they encountered and which had escaped their attention when they had stayed at the house during the war. Occasionally Kreacher tried to stop them from throwing out a moth eaten curtain or carpet, but one look of Potter and the house elf was quelled and disappeared, darkly muttering, into whatever hole he crawled into when they couldn't find him.

While Draco had given up on trying to convince Potter to stop cleaning, he did put his foot down on the kind of lunch they ate. After the first week filled with nothing but stale sandwiches and Butterbeer, Draco insisted on leaving the house and finding a place where they could eat their lunch. He would have offered the assistance of his house elves, but Potter still had strange reservations about actually using them, so eating out was the next best option. It also allowed them to breathe in something else than stale air and it was definitely nice not to have to look out for a Doxy attempting to bite their noses off or ratty drapes trying to strangle them. Potter had resisted at first, naturally, because that git was just stubborn like that, but had given in when Draco had reminded him tersely that he needed decent food for his baby.

That had made him give in fast.

So the days passed with him either rummaging through forgotten rooms in Malfoy Manor or battling
the grime and pests in Grimmauld Place with Potter at his side as outside the sun burned everything it touched.

And somehow, somewhere, 'Potter' became 'Harry'. Draco didn't know how that had happened. It had been nearly a month since the dinner at Malfoy Manor and he was on the third floor of Grimmauld Place, trying to dispel the Biting Cheek Curse and the Dancing Fluid Curse someone had cast on a decrepit looking chair. Whenever he came too close, the raffled cushion on the chair tried to bite him and whenever he attempted to just be done with the bullshit and blast the wooden chair apart, the chair danced out of his reach, neatly avoiding his curses.

It was incredibly frustrating.

His fingers tightened around his wand and he glared at the chair, which had moved right next to the door now, seemingly taunting him. It stood completely still now, but he knew that if his wand even so much as twitched, the chair would scuttle away again.

_Fuck the Blacks. Fuck his ancestors._ What was the bloody point in cursing a damn chair?!

"Say, what do you think of eating at -"

"Wait, no, Harry!" He reacted before thinking twice: he jumped right in front of the shocked, pregnant wizard, casting a silver shield around him, and cried out when the cushion – filled with razor sharp teeth – clamped down around his right leg. Acting on instinct now, he kicked out with his right leg, hitting the chair and managed to dislodge the cushion. Before the chair had the chance to race away, he hit it with a Blast Ball curse, putting more force behind it than he normally did.

The chair exploded in a thousand pieces and a shield enveloped him before the tiny wooden shards had a chance to impale themselves in his body.

"What the hell was that?" Green eyes stared at him shocked.

Draco sneered, dispelling the shields as soon as he was certain the blasted thing wouldn't start moving again. "That was the result of someone with a bad sense of humour."

"You're bleeding!"

Grey eyes looked down blankly at his leg, where dark red blood was sluggishly dripping down from the bitemark. All of a sudden his nerves came alive again and he hissed as he became aware of the sharp, burning sting radiating throughout his leg.

"Come on, I've got some medical supplies in my room." An arm slipped around his waist and together they made their way to the second floor where the dark haired man had claimed a room for his own during the war.

With every step he took, the pain flared up in his leg and a grateful groan left him when he sank down on the bed; the wound throbbing less now that he wasn't putting any weight on it.

A small, white box was placed down next to him on the floor and when it opened, it revealed several small, dark coloured flasks and five rolls of gauze. The cloth around his wound was cut away with a spell and he grimaced, hoping he wouldn't botch the repair spell later on.

Slender fingers retrieved a flask in the middle and removed the cork from it, releasing a sharp, bitter scent. The other man sank down in front of him and after letting a piece of dark cloth soak up the potion, he carefully pressed the cloth against the bleeding bitemark, ignoring the vicious hiss that escaped the blond as the burning in his leg worsened.
"Sorry, but I figured disinfecting it first would be best," the younger wizard murmured apologetically.

Draco looked away, clenching his jaw as the potion bubbled and hissed and burned against the open wound. Soon the cloth was pulled away and exchanged with another one. The potion soaked up in this cloth felt cold, but soothing against his wound and he relaxed as the coldness spread out, numbing the pain.

"You could have just left it at casting the shield, you know? You didn't have to jump in front of me. Who's the Gryffindor actually?"

"Oh, shut up. I wasn't thinking, okay!" Draco snapped, annoyance flaring up. "I reacted before I realised what I was doing."

"Did you call me by my first name without thinking as well?" Green eyes regarded him expectantly.

Grey eyes glanced away, not able to maintain the staring match. "So what if that's the case?" Draco muttered petulantly and just barely kept himself from folding his arms in front of his chest like a child.

Fingers paused on his leg before they resumed rubbing the cloth carefully on and around the closing wound. "Well, I don't mind," Pot- Harry responded quietly.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Well, good," Draco mumbled and hesitated for a moment. He sighed and continued, "I – don't mind either."

When he glanced down, he was greeted by a bright grin, which had him blink and pause.

"Good." Harry rose up with a slight wince, rubbing his lower back. "Wait for a few more minutes and then you're good to go again. I was thinking we could go for an early lunch today."

"We're going to Madame Fonne today," Draco declared with a huff, carefully stretching his right leg. The newly healed skin looked red and a bit shiny, but he knew it would go back to looking normal soon.

"That posh restaurant? Why?" Harry grumbled, dumping the box with the medical supplies in his nightstand.

"Because I just saved your life and this is a way you can thank me," the blond sniffed and threw the other man a haughty look. Grey eyes looked pointedly down at his right leg. "I even got wounded for you!"

"Oh my god, you big cry baby." Green eyes rolled in exasperation and Harry threw up his hands in defeat. "Fine! We'll go to that bloody posh restaurant. You're paying, though."

"Excuse me? Seeing as I just heroically saved your life, you should be the one paying for me!" Draco retorted offended.

They left the house, bickering all the way to the restaurant.
Chapter 2

The sound of a screeching voice greeted him when he opened the kitchen door and it took him a brief moment to realise that the screeching wasn't coming from Mrs. Black – though she was definitely awake now, judging by the colourful language rebounding in the hallway – but from a Howler, hovering in front of a bored looking Harry.

"YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! MESSING AROUND WITH A DEATH EATER – WHAT WOULD YOUR PARENTS SAY? SOMEONE OF YOUR STATUS SHOULDN'T BE SPREADING HIS LEGS FOR THAT FILTH! I'M WILLING TO BET THAT THAT CHILD OF YOURS IS HIS, AND YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A – "

The red envelope burst out into flames and the screeching dimmed into warbled nonsense until even that noise died out and the ashes fluttered to the floor.

"I've been listening to that crap for five minutes already," Harry explained calmly when he saw Draco's bemused look. "I didn't want to figure out how long she'd go on still."

"What brought that on?" Draco asked perplexed and shut the door behind him, cutting off the screaming emitting from Mrs. Black's portrait.

A sigh left the younger man and he nodded at the newspaper lying on the kitchen table. "Apparently a reporter took a picture of us together when we were in that little pub yesterday."

"Ah fuck," Draco sighed, pulling the Morning Prophet closer to him. He hadn't read the newspaper this morning; he had been looking through what must have been a grand living room once before he realised that Harry would be working on the house again today and he had hurried out of the manor to get here on time. His leg had healed nicely from the attack of the chair, but the reminder of that assault had urged him to return here. Who knew what kind of other dangerous curses were tied to innocent looking furniture?

A tad sourly, he studied the picture that took up most of the front page – as the Prophet was wont to do whenever the news concerned Harry. It showed them sitting at a small table in the furthest corner
of the small pub as they ate their plates of fish and chips – Harry's choice. There was nothing indiscriminating about the picture; just two blokes eating lunch, but of course because one of them was Harry Potter and the other one suspected of being a Death Eater – never mind that it had become clear he had been a spy during the war – naturally the Wizarding World would jump on it like hungry Manticores.

"I thought it was a completely Muggle establishment," Draco muttered, pushing the paper away again.

"It is, but the reporter might have been a Muggleborn or a Halfblood," Harry sighed and shrugged, running a hand through his wild hair. "It being a Muggle place doesn't mean it's completely devoid of wizards and witches, you know."

"Yes, but I thought it would have been devoid of reporters," Draco growled; his wand vibrating slightly in reaction to his frustration.

Harry waved a hand haphazardly through the air, uttering a soft sigh. "Just ignore it; they'll find something else to talk about soon."

Considering the newspapers were still attempting to find out just who had knocked up Harry Potter, Draco didn't have much faith in that statement.

"Which room do you want to clean up today?" he asked to distract themselves from the article and the Howler. At the rate they were going, there weren't many rooms left to tackle; the house was actually starting to look decent, which was something Draco hadn't thought was possible.

"I figured we could start in the living room, get rid of the dust for starters," Harry answered, tapping his wand idly against the palm of his left hand. "I can't stay for long, though, because I have a check-up in two hours."

Draco's mind blanked out for a moment before his eyes fell on Harry's bulging stomach. "Oh, for the baby? Something in particular they're going to check?"

"Healer Rose is going to try for the second time to discover whether I'm having a boy or a girl," Harry chuckled and his hand caressed his belly lovingly. "Last time the baby was completely turned around and she couldn't get a good look at all."

"Someone joining you?" the blond wizard inquired curiously. Granger nor Weasley still hadn't shown up yet at Grimmauld Place and he wondered whether that had something to do with his presence. It wasn't a secret that they couldn't get along at all, even after working together against the Dark Lord.

"Nope, I'm on my own today," Harry replied lightly. "Hermione figured it's finally safe enough for her parents to get their memories back and she's in Australia now to locate them. Ron went with her. And as you know, Teddy is with Andromeda now, though I'm picking him up when I go home."

Before he could think twice about it, Draco blurted out, "I could accompany you." Directly after that, he groaned and rubbed his forehead. What was wrong with him lately?

His offer was met with a surprised look. "Oh, you don't have to; I'm fine on my own," Harry reassured him, ignoring how Kreacher stalked past him on his way to the cupboards.

Grey eyes narrowed slightly. "Didn't you say you got nearly bowled over by one of your rabid fans last time you were at the hospital?" he questioned suspiciously.
A deep flush decorated the pregnant man's face. "You're exaggerating now," Harry complained, pouting slightly. "She, eh, kind of walked into me, I guess. It was partly my fault anyways; I wasn't paying attention."

"Yeah, no, I'm going with you," Draco said determined, steadfastly ignoring the little voice in the back of his mind questioning his sanity. "If only to prevent you from being attacked by one of your supposed fans."

Arms crossed on top of his belly, Harry scowled at him. "Even if I refuse again, you're just going to follow me anyway, right?"

Draco smirked, tapping his fingers on the table. "Glad you've become smarter."

"Eugh, fine! If you insist!" Harry grumbled and made his way out of the kitchen, muttering darkly.

"Merlin forbid someone takes care of you," Draco sighed, but followed the other one; not trusting him alone in that room.

He was pretty sure he had heard something giggling when he had walked past it and he wasn't going to give it a chance to attack Harry.

Healer Rose was a woman nearing her forties with chestnut brown hair which fell in curls over her shoulders. She was slightly shorter than Draco and pleasantly plump and she regarded the two men with warm, caramel brown eyes when they entered her office. Rising from her chair, she offered them her hand to shake.

"Good afternoon, Mister Potter," she smiled, dipping her head slightly. "It's nice to see you again."

She turned questioning eyes towards Draco. "And this is …"

"Draco, my friend. He wanted to come with me," Harry explained and sank down on the chair in front of the Rose's desk; one of his hands resting on top of his belly.

An odd emotion flashed up in her eyes, but it disappeared as quickly as it had appeared and she gestured for Draco to sit down, reclining back in her own chair. She retrieved a file from one of her drawers and clucked her tongue as she opened it, looking through it quickly.

"So last time you were here, we attempted to find out the sex of your baby, but during that check-up your baby was a bit too stubborn," she chuckled, brushing back a stray curl. "Let's hope we'll find out today, hm? Let me just give you a quick check-up now." She flicked her wand, made out of dark wood, gently at Harry, muttered a spell underneath her breath.

A soft rose glow lit up Harry's stomach and a moment later a piece of parchment appeared out of nowhere in front of Rose, hovering in the air. A quill popped up right next to it and it started filling out the parchment rapidly; the scratching sound of the quill on the paper loud in the otherwise silent room.

As soon as the quill was done writing, the Healer plucked the parchment out of the air and read it attentively. "All right, seems like everything is in order, just like it should be. Your pregnancy is progressing well, Mister Potter. It looks like you completely cleared up the few deficiencies you had in the beginning."

"Deficiencies?" Draco repeated soundlessly, raising his eyebrow, as he chanced a look at Harry, but the other man shook his head; his lips pursed slightly.
Clearly that was a subject he didn't want to talk about.

"So you're twenty-two weeks pregnant now," Rose continued lightly, jotting down some notes in her file. "Let's continue with your - "

A knock on the door interrupted her and she looked up surprised. "Yes?"

The door opened with a soft creak, revealing a greying man. His deep blue eyes roamed across Harry and Draco for a moment before he dismissed them and said in a rough voice, "Apologies, Madeline, but could you give me your thoughts about a diagnosis for just a moment? It won't take long, I promise."

"Well …" Rose looked inquiringly at Harry, who shrugged and smiled.

"I don't mind."

"All right, let me see it," she said and quickly crossed the room, pulling the door close behind her.

Draco's mind was still focusing on one small detail Rose had mentioned just now and he frowned as he went through the mathematics, counting the weeks and going back in time. Shock settled in and he quickly counted again, certain that he was mistaken, but no.

If Harry was twenty-two weeks pregnant, that meant he …

"You were pregnant when you fought the Dark Lord?" he hissed sharply; his fingers curling around the thin arms of his chair.

Harry whipped his head around, clearly taken by surprise at the vehemence audible in the blond's voice. "Wha – yeah, I was, but I didn't find out about the baby until a few months afterwards," he responded softly and furrowed his eyebrows, looking a tad annoyed. "What, did you think I knowingly fought Voldemort while being pregnant? I didn't even know men could get pregnant back then!"

_It wouldn't be the first time you did something detrimental to your health_, Draco thought sourly. Immediately afterwards he knew he wasn't being fair. While Harry didn't have enough self-preservation, he did care a lot more about other people's lives. He wouldn't have knowingly risked his baby; his self-destructive streak which occasionally rose its ugly head didn't run that deep.

But this still begged the question: with whom had he slept with? It had to have been someone who stayed at Grimmauld Place, because he had barely been allowed to go outside.

"Who did - "

The door opened once more and he shut his mouth, not willing to have this particular discussion with an audience.

"Sorry about that," Rose said brightly, making her way back to her desk. "My colleague just needed a second opinion. Now, are you ready for your check-up?"

"Yes, please," Harry grinned and his eyes shone with anticipation.

"All right, you know the drill by now. Please take place on the examination table and lift your shirt a bit. I'll grab the Barrier Potion," she said and opened one of the cabinets next to the desk, which had been built at hip height.
"You want to look as well?" Harry inquired and there was something like hesitation thrumming through his body as he regarded Draco curiously.

"Why not? I'm already here; might as well," Draco muttered and followed the dark haired wizard to the examination table.

The white paper on it crinkled when the pregnant man sank down on it and he reclined back, pulling his shirt up so that his rounded stomach was bared. There were very faint stretch marks on each side of his stomach, but they were only visible if you held your head in a certain way and Draco presumed he was taking a potion to reduce the severity of the marks.

"It's a bit cold," Rose warned as she rubbed a light greenish jelly like liquid all over Harry's stomach, who shivered a bit, but didn't react otherwise. She rubbed her hands clean on a towel and grabbed her wand, pointing it at Harry's stomach. "Revalo Genum!"

The tip of her wand erupted with a baby blue light which spread out in several thin strands and latched onto Harry's stomach. The blue light covered the belly like a blanket and then one of the strands shot straight up and widened, splitting itself in two. The two new strands waved through the air for a few seconds before they bent and contorted, forming a rectangular shape.

Grey mist filled the shape and swirled around before it stilled and hardened, creating a screen. Another flick of the Healer's wand and white mist filled the screen, drifting aimlessly around until it slowly came together and formed –

The image of a baby, kicking its feet.

"Let me just …" Rose narrowed her eyes slightly and tapped her wand against her hand in the pattern of a star, muttering a spell underneath her breath.

A few seconds later, a strange, deep 'thump-thump' sound filled the room and it took Draco a moment before he realised with a start that he was listening to the baby's heartbeat. A glance at Harry revealed the man staring at the screen with shining eyes and a tender smile playing across his lips as he carefully rubbed two fingers against the left side of his belly.

Swallowing – his mouth felt oddly dry all of a sudden – Draco turned his attention back to the screen, though he couldn't really make out anything. The outline of the baby was perfectly visible and even the movement of the child kicking its legs was clear, but that was all he could discern.

"Your baby's heartbeat is steady and strong," Rose remarked approvingly, nodding to herself. "Let's see if he or she is less stubborn now, hm?" Amusement coloured her eyes as she leant forwards, studying the screen intently.

Harry's baby was slowly shifting around, waving arms and legs around, and Draco thought he could see a faint ripple going through Harry's stomach; his stomach did an odd flip at witnessing that particular motion.

"Aha!" Rose exclaimed and satisfaction was audibly ringing through her voice.

"And?" Harry asked impatiently, scrutinizing the screen intensely.

She grinned and answered, "Well, Mister Potter, it looks like you're expecting a boy!"

"I'm – I'm having a son?" Harry stammered, eyes widening as his hands cupped his stomach, heedless of the potion still smeared on it. "A boy?"
"If I'm not mistaken and I'm nearly a hundred percent sure of this, then yes, you're going to have a son, Mister Potter," she smiled warmly.

Draco started when green eyes suddenly shot to him, glowing almost unnaturally bright. "I'm having a son, Draco!" he said, smiling joyfully.

The blond blinked and shifted his right foot, feeling a bit unbalanced at being subjected to those glittering eyes, gleaming with unshed tears. He cleared his throat and offered a small smile. "Congratulations."

Harry's smile changed, turning oddly wistful, but before Draco could ask what was wrong, the dark haired man had already turned back to Rose, asking for copies of the ultrasound.

And Draco was left wondering whether he had said something wrong.

He was in over his head. Completely and utterly fucked. This is what he got for listening to his bloody conscience: his life turned upside down.

How had this happened? When had this happened?

"Damn it," he sighed and slammed the book he had been idly browsing through shut. Dumping it back on the table where he had initially found it, he strode towards the window, pushing the midnight blue drapes to the side. Streaming rain and a dark overcast sky greeted him when he looked outside. Nothing remained of the warm September sun; October had rolled in with rain and heavy wind, turning the immaculate path leading to the manor into slippery mud.

October had also officially announced the ending of cleaning up Grimmauld Place. They had finished the clean-up assault a week ago; the transformation to a respectable, clean house completed. Kreacher had stopped making a fuss the moment Harry had threatened to bury him far away from Grimmauld Place after his death and had contented himself with darkly muttering and glaring at them whenever they had entered a room he was currently dwelling in.

It had been a week since Draco had last seen Harry and spoken to him and he hadn't realised how much time he had been spending with his ex-school rival, how much he had been enjoying himself with Harry until he found himself floundering around in Malfoy Manor; not even the unexplored rooms managed to grab his attention completely.

The urge to visit Harry was growing with each day and his body thrummed with restless energy. He caught himself trying to come up with a decent excuse to visit the younger man, now that he could no longer rely on helping out with cleaning, and even worse, found himself longing to hear the man talking. More than once already he had even started wondering how the baby was doing, whether Harry was taking good care of himself and the unborn child.

It was disturbing. Completely unexpected.

It made him question when his feelings for the green eyed man had changed and it frustrated him to no end that he couldn't figure out when. Or why he even had fallen in love with the other man.

He grimaced, resting his hands on the high windowsill. *Fallen in love …* It sounded like something a Gryffindor would say, but it was undeniably the truth.

Somehow, somewhere along the line, he had fallen in love with Harry Potter.

Harry Potter, the man who had been his enemy for nearly six years. Who he had wanted as a best
friend ever since he had heard about his miraculous victory against the Dark Lord.

The man who was currently expecting a child from Merlin knew who.

Complicated didn't even begin to describe it.

Did Draco have a chance with him? Was it possible that Harry felt the same for him? Would he embarrass himself if he confessed his feelings, if he decided to pursue the younger man?

Did he want to be with someone who was expecting a child whose parentage remained unknown? Was he ready to deal with something as heavy as that?

That last question was the hardest one to solve.

Grey eyes watched amused how the six month old baby, sitting propped up against a pillow, smacked the soft toy blocks between his chubby legs. Each block lit up with a different colour whenever his small hand landed on it and the blond boy cooed, obviously delighted by the results he received.

"Hermione wanted to buy him toy blocks that would spell out words whenever they were touched," Harry spoke from the doorway and Draco craned his neck around.

Harry was leaning against the doorframe, his arms crossed on top of his bulging stomach; the dark blue sweater did nothing to hide how rounded and big his belly had become so far.

"Granger is far too obsessed with learning," Draco remarked and snorted, shaking his head. It didn't surprise him she would think of something like that, though. That was just the way her brain worked.

Harry snickered. "I told her she could buy those when he's one year old. That seemed to mollify her a bit." He straightened out and crossed the room, sinking down next to Teddy on the dark brown couch. A soft groan escaped him and he rubbed a hand over his belly.

"How are you doing?" Draco questioned, a bit gruffly.

Outside, the sky darkened and a moment later, the soft 'pitter-patter' of raindrops hitting the windows and sliding down the glass filled the room.

A swish of his wand and Harry raised the fire in the hearth a bit higher, letting it illuminate the living room more. The flames spattered harshly, adjusting to being bigger, before they returned to their merrily crackling noise.

"I'm fine," Harry sighed, placing his wand next to him on the couch. His hand was still absentmindedly caressing his stomach. "The baby is becoming a lot more active, though. It's getting harder to sleep throughout the entire night." He smiled when Teddy uttered a soft "Ah, ah" sound before smashing both fists on the blocks.

One block got smacked into the air and landed a few inches away from Draco. The blond man clucked his tongue and bent down to pick the red block up and deposit it back onto the couch. Teddy blinked owlishly before grinning and going back to smacking the hell out of the blocks.

"Do you have a name in mind?" Draco asked, crossing his legs.

Dark hair swished gently as Harry shook his head, grimacing faintly. "No, not yet. I've started thinking about it, but so far I've found nothing good yet," he sighed despondently.
"Well, you still have a few more months," the blond pointed out. "When are you due anyway?"

"Around the tenth of February," Harry answered, snatching another flying block – a green one this time – out of the air before it could land on the floor. "Careful, Teddy," he admonished his godson gently, who merrily smiled toothily and grasped a blue block, waving it through the air.

Deep green eyes turned back to Draco and the owner of them visibly hesitated before he inquired, "Did you – did you manage to visit your father already?"

Draco stiffened, his muscles locking up tightly, before he slowly exhaled, forcing his muscles to relax. "We did," he murmured, staring blankly at the dancing flames. A scoff left him as he recalled their first visit a week ago.

"They're keeping him on the second highest level, because he's apparently more dangerous than Greyback, can you believe that?" he sneered. "They seem to think he's planning an uprising. How he would manage that while being in solitary confinement is anyone's guess. I suppose we should be happy that the Dementors are long gone by now."

"I'm sorry, Draco," Harry said quietly. "I could ask Kingsley whether your father could be moved to a lower level?"

"No, don't bother with it," Draco sighed, rubbing a hand across his chin. "It's fine; it could have gone way worse. We're just going to keep our heads down for now."

Silence descended over them, broken only by Teddy mumbling incomprehensibly to himself as he waved the blocks around or poked them curiously.

Peeking through lowered eyelashes, Draco watched how Harry bent slightly towards Teddy, waving a bright yellow block in front of Teddy's face, catching his attention. Grey eyes studied Harry's face, catching glimpses of the fading scar underneath his too long fringe; the bright green eyes hidden behind spectacles; the warm colour of rose filling his cheeks; wispy, black strands framing his face.

Pale rose lips, looking bitten and worried at.

Instantly, without any warning, desire pooled in his stomach as Draco's mind was filled with an image of him leaning closer to Harry, capturing those rose, chapped lips between his own and letting his tongue soothe the rough edges, before slipping past pearl white teeth and exploring the other one's mouth.

Another burst of warmth spread out in his lower stomach and he gasped silently, flushing; his cheeks feeling like they would burst apart with heat. He rubbed a hand over his eyes and bit down harshly on his lower lip, using the sting to dispel the alluring image before he did something he would regret.

Well, if he had had any doubts about whether he really liked Harry or not, those certainly had been dispelled completely now.

"Draco?" Harry regarded him with furrowed eyebrows.

Licking his lips, Draco sat up straighter; a burst of adrenaline shooting through him. He might as well ask now, right? Just get it over and done with and then he could go on with his life, whatever the answer might be.

"I've got a question," he started, his heart beating madly in his chest as if he was running for his life. "Do you – are you inte- "
The sound of the Floo activating in the other room cut him off abruptly and he froze when a few seconds later, Granger's voice drifted over towards them.

"Harry? Where are you?"

"In the living room, 'Mione," Harry called back, sitting up a bit straighter, casting an apologetic look at Draco.

The blond wizard pressed his lips tightly together and looked away; the brief burst of courage having completely abandoned him now.

Granger entered with four books pressed against her chest and a bright smile, which faded when she caught sight of Draco sitting near the fireplace. She blinked and halted, caught off guard. "Oh, sorry, I didn't know you were here," she said, brushing a piece of her untamed curls back behind her ear.

He stood up, too antsy, too wind up to remain here any longer. "Doesn't matter," he retorted curtly, snatching his cloak from behind him. "It's time for me to go home anyway."

"Ah, you don't have to go," Harry protested, ignoring Teddy's disgruntled huff when he couldn't snatch his godfather's attention immediately. "Stay; it's almost time for dinner. I could make lasagne," he offered smiling, knowing it was one of Draco's favourite dishes.

Draco forced himself to smirk and shook his head. "As tempting as that offer is, I can't. I promised mother I would help her sorting out the mail we got from other families."

Harry deflated, pursing his lips. "Another time then."

"Another time," Draco agreed. "I'll see you, Harry. Granger," he added after a short pause and left the room before either one of them could say something.

Cursing himself the entire way to his home for not being faster and cursing Granger for interrupting them.

He knew there were reasons why he still didn't like her.

"Still unused rooms to explore?" Mother inquired amused, looking up from the book she was reading. Her blonde hair, curled slightly and falling across her shoulders like water, glinted in the light of the flames dancing in the hearth.

The wind and rain had stopped for now, but the sky remained overcast and it didn't appear as if the weather would get any better.

"Hm," Draco smiled, pausing in the doorway. "Not that many anymore. I think I've found the rooms of Great-aunt Selena, though."

"The one who made it her life goal to trace the entire Malfoy line back to the beginning?" she asked; a hint of interest lurking in her voice.

More like an obsession, he thought, but didn't say it aloud. Instead he nodded. "Yes, that ancestor. Her rooms were completely in the back of the south wing apparently."

"If you're in luck you might still find something interesting," she remarked, turning the page of her book.

"Maybe," he murmured and left his mother to her reading.
On his way to the south wing, he passed several house elves who were dusting off small statues and portraits, cleaning windows and removing the dust out of the carpets. They bowed respectfully as he passed them before returning to their task. The further into the manor he walked, the less house elves he encountered. By now he didn’t expect to see any in the unused rooms.

Candles flared to life, illuminating his path, and perhaps it was his imagination, but the light seemed smaller than that of the candles in the areas still used by him and mother. Shaking his head, he turned around the right corner and found himself in front of a white door, of which the colour had lost its shine years ago. The gold of the doorknob looked dull, but the door opened without making a sound, proving that the Oiled Hinge Charm worked for a very long time.

He stepped onto midnight blue carpet with silver specks dotted throughout the material. A thin layer of dust coated everything in the room, including the carpet and the white drapes; some cobwebs hung in the corners of the eggshell coloured ceiling.

Currently Draco was standing in what had been Great-aunt Selena's study. There was a leather couch places right next to the large window, which would overlook the garden if the drapes were pushed back. A small, dark wooden – perhaps oak – table was shoved against the left wall with a heavy armchair dragged in front of it. On the table there was still a bundle of parchment and an purple coloured inkwell of which the ink had surely dried by now. The rest of the walls were covered with large bookcases, each filled with thick, old tomes and thin, worn out covers which presumably were diaries.

One single painting hung next to the door and portrayed an idyllic landscape, made out of a still lake and a forest covered in snow. There were still some wooden blocks in the marble fireplace and a quick "Incendio" ensured that the room would warm up nicely.

The crackling of the fireplace serving as a soothing background noise, Draco started wandering across the bookcases; grey eyes trailing over the nearly illegible titles. Some had been printed in gold, the letters flaking and nearly peeling off. Others had been written in silver and even what looked suspiciously to be blood. There were instruction books about choosing the right ritual for your needs; potion books detailing the process of the most forbidden potions; several large tomes about the history of the Wizarding World, with some dedicated solely to one wizard or witch like Merlin and Morgana.

The third bookcase contained nothing but books tracing back old Pureblood lines to the very beginning, linking families to the Founders themselves.

The fourth bookcase seemed to be compiled out of miscellaneous topics. There were books about Transfiguration and Charms; there were frayed tomes explaining Pureblood culture and its etiquettes; books as thick as Draco's thigh giving detailed information about magical creatures …

On a whim he slipped out a thin book of the last shelf. The cover was a dark pink and depicted a rounded bottle with a pinkish, purple liquid in it. The title made it more than clear why the book had a pink cover: 'Capture Your Beloved's Heart'.

Grimacing, he browsed through it listlessly, finding various recipes – some of them outdated, others having been decided as being too dangerous later on in history – of potions meant to attract attention of the one you liked, fill them with desperate love and other such things. There were spells meant to ensnare people, have them bow to your every whim …

It seemed a bit ironic that in trying to escape his failure at Harry's home, he would find a book with all sorts of solutions to getting the one you wanted.
It had been nearly two weeks since he had attempted to ask Harry whether he was currently seeing
or interested in someone before Granger had interrupted them. Since that disastrous attempt he had
seen Harry a few more times, but during none of those moments he had felt brave enough to finish
his question. He told himself he just hadn't found the right time yet, but the truth was that he was a
coward, plain and simple.

If he didn't put himself out there, if he didn't make himself vulnerable, he wouldn't get hurt and he
would still have the illusion that Harry might return his feelings. He had already been rejected once
before by Harry and he wasn't keen on repeating that particular experience.

With a silent huff Draco put the book back where he had found it, coughing a bit when the dust got
stirred up and twirled around in the air. His nose itched and he felt the first prickles of a sneeze
coming up, but the sensation passed and he rubbed underneath his nose to get rid of any dust
particles that might have settled there.

*Maybe I ought to bring those potion books to the library*, he mused as he made his way further into
the room. *They'd make a great addition.*

He paused in front of long, black drapes, shielding something from sight between the last two
bookcases, and he furrowed his eyebrows, studying them warily. Keeping the lay-out of the manor
in mind, there shouldn't be any window between these two bookcases. Indeed, the only window in
this room was right next to the couch, its drapes keeping the dreary daylight out of the study.

If it wasn't a window, what was behind the drapes then?

Frown deepening, he took his wand out of his pocket and aimed it at the drapes, murmuring,
"*Detraho!*"

A small, silver beam of light shot out of his wand and hovered in front of the closed drapes for a
moment. Quickly it took on the form of a small key with tiny wings and it flew up and down along
the drapes, tracing the slim opening. The key melted away, not leaving any trace behind, and the
drapes opened swiftly.

It was a large, dark green tapestry with silver thread sewn throughout it.

Not any tapestry, he corrected himself as he studied the silver thread and discovered they didn't form
random patterns, but actual words. The tapestry contained the family tree of the Malfoys, going all
the way back until the eleventh century when their ancestor Armand Malfoy had arrived in Great
Britain, together with William the Conqueror. He was the one who had built the manor after been
given some land in Wiltshire, though his descendants would keep expanding the building throughout
the centuries.

Interest growing, Draco leant closer to the tapestry, studying the names glowing faintly in the
firelight, which not only contained the actual Malfoy members but also the majority of the families
they had been tied to, causing the tapestry to expand even beyond the bookcases.

There was Nicolas Malfoy, who people had suspected had got rid of Muggles under the guise of the
plague going through Europe back then. His father had made certain he knew everything about his
ancestors, even the less respectful parts, though admittedly he had forgotten some people already.
Not every member of the Malfoy family had led an interesting life and he couldn't be blamed if his
mind decided to discard the more boring ones.

Eyes trailing lower and lower, he came across more names he recognised. There was Selena's name,
the woman whose study he was standing in now and who had most likely created this tapestry. A bit
lower was Septimus, the one who started expanding the Malfoy influence in the Ministry of Magic. His father had often bragged that it was thanks to Septimus that the Malfoy influence was so high in the Ministry – even after several wizarding wars.

Even lower than Septimus was Draco's grandfather Abraxas, who he had only known for a short period in his life before the older man had died of Dragon Pox. He didn't have that many clear memories of the silver haired man, but he could remember the older man teaching him the more mischievous charms that his father would wrinkle his nose at – if that hadn't been an uncouth gesture, of course.

Naturally after Abraxas were his parents with his mother's name linking back to her sisters and immediate cousins, including Harry's godfather. And then right at the end, underneath his parents' names, shone his –

He stilled and his heart seemed to stop for a moment, before it started beating in overdrive; the sound of his heartbeat loud in his ears. His vision wavered and ringing started to overshadow his heartbeat as his throat dried up and his hands felt clammy; his wand feeling like an unfamiliar object in his grip.

His brain shortcut as he stared at the tapestry fierce enough to burn a hole through it if his magic decided to act up.

That – that couldn't be true, right? The tapestry was mistaken; the charm meant to update the tapestry with each birth had to be faulty. That had to be it, right? Even charms stopped working after a while. It had to be a mistake! There was no way …

The words 'Draco Malfoy' shone brightly against the dark green background – where it was linked to Harry's name.

Underneath their names a short line was drawn vertically, leading to an empty space.

An empty space waiting to be filled with a new arrival.

Chapter End Notes

AN2: Ah, cliffhangers, how I love thee. Although this is a small one compared to some I've used before LOL

Please leave your thoughts behind in a review; should you spot any mistakes, please point them out to me!

I'll see you all next week in the third chapter!

Cuddles

Melissa
Chapter 3

Stumbling over to the couch, Draco managed to sink down on it before his legs gave out, having obtained the consistency of jelly. Shivers broke out over his entire body and his head pounded as he stared at the tapestry, of which the last names on it appeared to taunt him.

It wasn't possible. It just couldn't be. Why would the tapestry think he and Harry were together? A matter which was even more pressing: why was there a space made for a child? The tapestry had to be faulty, had to be lying, but the rest of the information on it was all correct.

What was going on here?

Why was the tapestry showing him together with Harry and expecting a child? It didn't make any sense. Unless …

"Revalo Futurum!" he spat, snapping his wand at the tapestry.

A bright purple beam zigzagged towards it and enveloped the material in a soft glow, almost like a shield. The shield-like glow pulsed and buzzed and then dissipated completely.

His wand clattered on the floor as he clapped his hands in front of his face, feeling like he would throw up any second now as nausea churned his stomach upside down.

For one fleeting moment he had entertained the thought that the tapestry contained a Future Seeking Charm, showing pairings and children who still needed to come into existence. That would explain why his name was linked to that of Harry's and why there was a line going down for their future child. However, there was no such charm placed on the tapestry. According to his family tree he was currently together with Harry and expecting a child to arrive.

None of that was true. Harry was indeed expecting a child, but they were certainly not together and the unborn baby boy couldn't be his. For that they would have actually had to sleep together at least once and Draco would definitely remember having sex with Harry. That was not something he would ever forget.
In a fit of desperation, he clapped his hands twice sharply and instantly a house elf with large, mud brown eyes and floppy, hairy ears popped up in front of him.

"Was can Nin do for Master Draco Malfoy, sir?" the house elf squeaked, its long, spidery fingers nearly trailing over the carpet.

"Can you tell me whether the charm on the tapestry is still working perfectly? It hasn't started malfunctioning after such a long time?" Draco inquired, keeping a tight lid on the confusion whirling inside of him. He wasn't in the mood to deal with a distressed house elf who thought it was his fault his master was displeased.

Nin cocked his head, but turned towards the tapestry, studying it intently and snapping his fingers several times. Whatever the snaps were meant for, it was apparently what Nin was looking for, because he nodded and turned back to Draco.

"The charm is still workings well, sir," Nin said, nodding again. "Mistress Selena Malfoy being very good with charms, Master Draco Malfoy."

"Thank you, that's all," Draco dismissed Nin and the house elf bowed once before disappearing quietly in the way only house elves were able to do.

A cold feeling swept over him and he leant forwards, the nausea creeping up again. So the tapestry wasn't faulty.

But nothing made any sense!

Surely if he was expecting a child with Harry, he would remember bedding the man! And if for some odd reason he had completely forgotten about it, Harry would certainly have mentioned something about it, right? Especially after discovering he was pregnant. At the very least he would be pissed off at Draco for forgetting they had slept together.

Unless Harry had also forgotten about it? But no, that was impossible. The both of them forgetting having sex with each other would be too much of a coincidence and didn't make any sense.

So what the fuck had happened to have the tapestry looking like …

Forgetting.

Draco stiffened, staring blankly at the carpeted floor. A high pitched noise filled his ears and his breath quickened as his mind grasped onto the concept of 'forgetting'. It didn't make any sense for him to not have any memories of sleeping together with Harry – unless someone had taken his memories away from him.

What if he and Harry had been in a relationship before and someone had discovered it and figured it was their right to take his memories of it away? What if they had done the same thing to Harry? It would explain why the other man hadn't mentioned anything about ever having sex with each other.

Why would anyone want to take their memories away, though? Draco snorted almost immediately after the thought had crossed his mind. Stupid question, really. They probably hadn't wanted Death Eater filth to 'taint' their precious hero. Never mind that Draco had acted as a spy for nearly the entire war. People had always acted rather irrational when it concerned Harry Potter.

So a Memory Charm. That was the only reasonable explanation as to why he couldn't remember a damn thing about being together with Harry and expecting a child with him. He didn't know who had had the nerve to block his memories or why, but he suspected he would find out once he
destroyed the barrier keeping the memories locked away.

If he got his hands on the one who had fucked with his mind …

Grimly Draco rose from the couch, ignoring the slight dust cloud that got stirred up with his movement, and strode determined to the door, teeth clenched. He still felt inexplicably cold, but he was more focused now, having a plan that would help him figure out just what the fuck was going on here.

He would use Legilimency on himself and hopefully through that manner locate the barrier of the Memory Charm and smash it like Severus had taught him. He could have done this in Selene's study, but he felt more comfortable in his own bedroom and made his way there, marching past house elves and portraits of ancestors who whispered and regarded him contemplatively.

The door of his bedroom closed with a resounding 'click' and he crossed the large room, straight to his bed, where he sat down on the right side and breathed out slowly. Being agitated wouldn't be conductive at all; he needed to clear his mind completely, empty it of all useless thoughts, forcing the emotions swirling through him to settle down and disappear into the background for now.

Later he would seek out an empty room and rage there, letting out all his frustrations at the one who had stolen his memories from him, but for now he needed to be in a calm state.

As soon as his mind was empty, cleared out of all thoughts, he exhaled slowly and placed the tip of his wand against his left temple, murmuring, "Legimens Ipsus."

This spell wasn't a very known one; only people studying Legilimency thoroughly learnt about its existence and even then it wasn't widely used. One generally didn't use Legilimency on themselves as they knew their own mind and this particular art was mostly used to delve into other people's minds. Severus had thought it was important for Draco to know how to use it, though, to ensure that none of his enemies would manage to attack his mind and hide away memories.

At the time he had scoffed at that warning, saying it was ridiculous and he would know if someone tried to steal his memories. Clearly the Potions Master had been right after all.

Draco dived deep into his mind, bypassing the thoughts and memories on the surface and instead breaking through the surface, finding himself floating in gentle, dark blue light. It pulsed and thrummed and memories drifted around him.

He passed a memory of when he was five years old and crying because one of the peacocks had bit his hand. A memory of him arguing with Pansy during third year slipped past him as he swam deeper and deeper; the sensation of being underwater difficult to ignore.

Somewhere to his right there was a cluster of memories, showing him during different Christmas' with his parents. He came to an abrupt halt in front of a memory which pulsed darkly like a vein rotten with Dark Arts; his godfather had made certain he knew what to expect if he delved deeper into the Dark Arts and hadn't minced his words nor his examples at all.

The memory, which had black and red colours running around it like a picture frame, was blank at first until he focused his attention on it. Then it came to life and the Dark Lord's voice rang out eerily from it, detailing his plans for the attack on the London Underground which the Order had only barely managed to prevent.

Shaking his head sharply, he thrust his hand through it, dispelling the memory instantly and watching it vanish like smoke. There was no point in watching that memory unfold. He knew how it ended
and there was a reason why he preferred not to think about it anymore.

Deeper and deeper he went; silence ringing loudly in his ears, only interrupted by the occasional speech emitting from the memories he passed. He was there as an eight year old, holding his father's wand as he guiltily looked around, knowing he wasn't supposed to hold his father's wand. Eleven years old and he had just been Sorted into Slytherin. Thirteen years old and being attacked by that damn hippogriff. Twelve years old and slamming his fist into the wall after having lost the Quidditch game to Gryffindor. Five years old and flying for the first time, wonder filling him like the sweetest dessert.

Sixteen years old and standing right across Harry, shivering and pale, fear and despair strangling him, as he requested the dark haired man to help him, offer him a way out when he realised that there was no glory to be found under the Dark Lord's reign, only death and despair.

His attention was grabbed by something dimly glowing in the distance and he swam in that direction, ignoring all the other memories drifting past him, under him, above him. The closer he got, the more certain he became that he was reaching the part in his mind that had been blocked off from him; the part that kept some of his memories – perhaps even the most important ones in his life – locked up.

"Found you," he breathed out and hovered in front of the dimly glowing mass. It resembled some kind of ball, but it had tentacle like tendrils splitting from the bottom, hooking into what appeared to be nothingness, but which Draco knew was actually his mind. The ball had a dark purple colour and looked drenched with slime.

The perfect image of a Memory Charm.

Now the most difficult part was about to start: dismantling the Memory Charm without damaging his own mind in the process.

Clenching his jaw, he gathered some of his magic, envisioning it as a pure white mass, pulsing within him. His fingertips tingled when he pushed his magic through his arms, imagined it coursing through his veins like water. For a few seconds he paused, his magic thrumming and humming quietly as it waited to do his bidding.

Taking a deep breath, Draco focused all his attention on the Memory Charm and his hands shot out; his magic streaming out in various thin beams, hitting the glowing mass at different points.

The mass … grumbled, for a lack of better word, and the ball shifted; the tendrils stretching out hesitatingly as if they weren't certain what to think of the injection of foreign magic in the ball. The ball gurgled discontented and Draco watched passively how the mass started wriggling violently; the tendrils lengthening and thickening as if they were slurping something.

The mass grew and the tendrils suddenly disappeared as if the growth had been accommodated by their disappearance. The charm was resisting, gearing itself up to fight, but Draco's will to uncover his lost memories was stronger, more forceful and the mass wiggled and shifted and trembled until it rapidly started changing colours as small indentations were seemingly beaten into it by an invisible fist.

First it flashed red, then blue, then green, back to red before it coloured a dark yellow, bleeding into pale orange. The colours started changing so fast that Draco couldn't keep track of it and while the impulse to back away was strong, he remained hovering where he was. If he backed away now, he would lose the fight and would have to start all over again. Sweat was already beading on his forehead and he felt the strain of battling the strong Memory Charm both in his mind and his body. He didn't know when he would be ready to tackle the charm again if he didn't succeed now.
So instead of backing off, he put more strength into the magic pouring out of him, more power, forcing the ball to deal with the ever growing pressure of his will and magic.

The ball shivered and then started shrinking rapidly; a bright green light filling it up from the centre and seemingly eating the ball. Draco had to shield his eyes to protect them from the fierce green light, not wanting to discover what would happen if he stared at it directly, and then all of a sudden there was the sound of air escaping, a high whistling sound and then –

He staggered back when memories crashed into him, flooding his mind; the force behind them strong enough to dispel the stronger version of the Legilimens Spell. He was thrown out of the deepest space in his mind and he gasped as the memories whirled around in his mind like a hurricane, filling every corner of his mind.

"Would you just shut up for once?" Draco snarled, slamming his fist down on the table, which trembled precariously.

"Oh, what's wrong, Draco?" Potter said mockingly; his green eyes ablaze with anger, as he strode over towards the blond wizard. "Can't handle the truth, hm? Is that it? You don't want to hear it, so I should just sh-"

Draco snatched the infuriating man by his collar and pulled him forwards, slamming their mouths together in a violent, all-consuming kiss. For a few seconds Potter struggled, but then fingers dug into Draco's back and the green eyed man returned the kiss equally as fierce; their teeth clacking together, their lips cut open and the taste of copper coating their mouths.

They tore away with a gasp, staring wide eyed at each other as their chests heaved and their hearts hammered in their chests.

"I didn't …" Draco started roughly, not having the slightest clue as to what had come over him to make him decide kissing the other man had been a good idea.

Potter uttered a dismissive sound and roughly tugged him closer, their hips slamming together. "Who cares?" he muttered and then they were kissing again; the argument forgotten.

oOo

Red and green and yellow streaked past him, only narrowly avoiding hitting him as he sprinted into the alley; panic threatening to overtake him. Somewhere behind him he heard Shacklebolt bellowing out a curse and then there was a shriek of one of the lower ranked Death Eaters. His feet pounded through the narrow alleyway, past discarded bins and blown apart boxes.

There was a body hidden in the shadow near the corner and for one moment his heart stopped, his sight wavering, until he closed in on it and realised that the dead man was Michael Dolohov, a cousin of Antonin. He had joined the Dark Lord a year ago, certain he would rise in ranks quickly and bragging to everyone that he was sure to bring glory to the Dark Lord.

Now he laid here in a dank alleyway, his throat bearing such a deep cut it was a wonder his head was still attached to his body.

Swallowing – he didn't think he would ever get used to gruesome scenes like this one – he took a step closer to the corner; his wand clenched tightly in his hand. If Michael was here, did this mean the other one had …

"Dr-Draco?"
Draco whirled around, holding his wand in front of him, but a sigh of relief left him as he saw Harry standing a few feet away from him, wide eyed and as pale as a ghost. There were streaks of dried blood on his forehead and cheeks, nearly hiding his scar, and he was shivering; his robes torn in several places and sticking to some cuts on his arms and left side.

Immediately Draco strode towards him, demanding sharply, "Are you okay? How bad are your injuries?" His eyes roved across the cuts he could see; the wounds crusted with blood but thankfully not bleeding anymore.

"I-I'm f-fine," Harry stammered; his fingers around his wand resembling claws. "Got a – a shield up most of the time."

"You fought Michael?" Draco halted in front of him, relaxing for the first time since the battle in Lightport Alley had started three hours ago.

The dark haired man nodded, licking his lips. His eyes were large, too large for his otherwise narrow, pale face, and blank, wiped clean of every emotion. "I didn’t – he was going to use the Killing Curse on me and I panicked and I – I just used the first spell I came up with," he whispered and his shivering grew worse, shock settling in.

And Draco realised this was the first time Harry had actually killed someone. He slipped his arms around Harry, ignoring how sticky and sweaty he was, and pulled him close, embracing him tightly. "You had no other choice, Harry," he said determined; lips barely brushing against Harry's temple. "It was either you or him."

"I didn’t – I didn’t think," but whatever Harry thought, he couldn’t finish, because a harsh sob tore through his body and he clung to the blond tightly, burrowing his face in his neck.

"You did well. You made the right choice," Draco murmured and then they were kissing, desperate noises escaping them, as they stood amidst the ruins of a battle.

Clinging to each other like that was the only thing keeping them whole.

oOo

A soft moan in his ear; reddened and bruised lips brushing and sliding against his own, as their bodies moved in tandem, hands gripping each other tightly.

Harry was on his back, long legs wrapped around Draco's waist, soft gasps escaping his swollen lips as Draco drove deeply into his body, filling him to the brim each time he entered him. Emerald green eyes stayed locked onto silver green ones, even when Draco shifted, brushing against Harry's sweet spot every time he thrust inside.

Their lips met each other again and again; soft moans and strangled groans escaping them, filling the dark night.

They had done this several times before: rushed during the mornings; erratic and wild when they needed to unwind after a close call, wanting to be reassured that the other one was still with them; long and slow like the first time they had done it until they felt like bursting with the sensations every thrust, every kiss and every caress evoked.

It was only during these times, these stolen moments in the darkest hours of the nights, that they could be themselves, that they could relax and leave the war behind for just a while.

That they were just Draco and Harry, instead of Spy and Hero.
Harry's breath hitched, his body stilled, and then his breath left him in a rush; his inner muscles squeezing tightly together as he let himself go, coating both his and Draco's stomach with his essence.

His pleasure rushed over him, crashed into him, and Draco groaned, biting down in Harry's shoulder as he spilt inside his lover, filling his channel with his seed, as he trembled and shook; his hips weakly stuttering through the last tremors of his climax.

They didn't speak when they separated. Silently they cleaned themselves and the sheets and crawled back in the bed; their arms slipping around each other, their legs entangled.

They shared one last kiss before sleep took over.

oOo

Fingers trailed across a naked back, following the spine, before resting right above the gentle swell of his arse and Draco sighed, retracting his fingers. The cool April air drifted through a crack in the window into the room.

"It's going to be okay," he said quietly, wearily. He had hoped for one last peaceful night between them before shit would hit the fan and he would have to leave for three weeks, taking up his role as spy again – hopefully for the last time. He had finally entered the circle closest to the Dark Lord and for three weeks he would take note of his plans and guide things in such a way that the final battle would happen soon.

If everything went according to plan, then the war would be over in less than two months. Only a few more weeks and then they would be free. It was a thought Draco clung to whenever despair threatened to overwhelm him. They were ready, though, more than ever. The blond wizard was fairly confident that soon the war would end and they could take up their lives again.

Harry thought differently.

After a rather tense dinner during which they had half-heartedly celebrated the Weasley twins' birthday, they had disappeared into their room, spelling it shut with strong Locking Charms and Repelling Charms. They had made love, trying to reassure each other that they would be fine, that they would still have each other in the end – at least that was what Draco had hoped to do, but while he had distracted Harry for a while, their lovemaking clearly didn't have a long lasting effect.

Harry snorted harshly, sitting up in bed, as he ran his hands through his hair agitatedly. "You don't know that," he said lowly; his eyes dark.

"I know that I'm not going to allow myself to expect defeat," Draco retorted harshly, turning his head to glare at the dark haired man. "We've come this far, Harry, we're not going to give up now."

"Spying in the lower circles isn't the same as spying on Voldemort directly, Draco!" Harry snapped, returning the glare. "You'll be in danger and excuse me if I don't want - "

"We're all in danger now!" Draco snarled and shot up. "And that's not going to change as long as the war continues! We need to end it and I'm in the perfect position to help things along. There's no other choice, Harry!"

Their harsh breathing was the only sound disrupting the heavy silence in the room as they glared at each other.

Green eyes were the first to look away as Harry turned his head to the other side; his arms clenched
around his raised knees. "Fine," he said thickly; his whole form radiating tension.

Draco deflated, anger leaving him as fast as it had come up, and he sighed, running a hand through his hair before his hand dropped onto the messy sheets. This wasn't how he had pictured their night to go.

"Look, I swear I'm going to be okay," he murmured, hesitantly placing his hand on Harry's thigh. When the younger man didn't shrug him off, he gained some more confidence. "We're both going to be okay, I promise. You'll see, by the end of next month everything will be over."

"My, you're confident," Harry muttered wearily. "And optimistic too."

"I know it's usually the job of a Gryffindor to be optimistic, but I figured we could change roles once in a while," Draco replied dryly.

A twitch that might have been the start of an amused smile was all he got as a reward for his comment. He would take what he would get tonight.

"We'll be okay, you'll see," he said, coaxing the dark haired man to lie back down next to him.

Harry sighed; a few strands of black hair fluttering with the exhale. "I'll make you regret it if you lie about that," he warned the blond.

"I'm sure you will," Draco smirked and pressed a soft kiss on slack lips. "I love you," he whispered, the words slipping out of him before he could hold them back. He needed to say those words, though. Should his mission go wrong, at least he wouldn't have any regrets about this.

Harry stiffened for a short, tense moment and then relaxed; his hand gripping Draco's and squeezing it softly. "I love you too," he whispered back; the words barely audible.

Sleep started to tug at his consciousness and his eyes slipped close; exhaustion finally taking over. He didn't want to go to sleep, not when he didn't know how long it would be until he could see Harry again, but his consciousness was fading fast and blackness started to creep up on him.

Vaguely he felt Harry shift around and he uttered a faint noise of protest; his grip around Harry's waist tightening.

"I'm sorry, Draco," Harry whispered and the utter misery in his voice had grey eyes shooting open again; worry filling him.

"Harry, what's wr-"

"Obliviate!"

Instantly a white mist filled his mind and all sounds became muted as he stared blankly at the man next to him. He felt like he was adrift, floating; his body both heavy and light.

"When you'll wake up, you'll forget about our relationship," the green eyed man stated; his voice wavering slightly and his eyes oddly damp. "You'll forget that we were ever more than allies during the war. Even that part you'll wrap tightly behind Occlumency shields so that none of the Death Eaters or Voldemort will discover that. You'll perform your tasks as a spy and continue the mission until the end. You'll forget every kiss we shared and every intimate moment. We were just allies during the war. Nothing more."

Then darkness.
Grey eyes opened slowly as the whirlwind of memories died down and settled gently into his mind, slotting back into place next to the other memories.

Ice cold rage filled him as he acknowledged just what exactly had been taken away from him. Stolen by the one person he had trusted the most in the entire world.

*Oh Harry, you made a big mistake.*

Carved and hollowed out pumpkins decorated each house as he slowly made his way further down the street. Some of the pumpkins had a lit candle inside of them, casting long, eerie looking shadows onto the paths and sidewalk. Above him, the moon was nearly full; its silver rays illuminating the street.

Draco paused in front of the last house on the street. This one didn't have a pumpkin outside, but strong wards shimmered brightly when one knew where to look at. They wouldn't allow entrance to any enemies and could sustain heavy attacks; perhaps only the wards surrounding Hogwarts were stronger than these ones.

They didn't matter to him. He had been keyed into the wards a while ago and they parted for him easily once they recognised his magical signature; caressing him like warm water as he walked through them.

He walked to the front door, his footsteps loud in the otherwise silent evening, and knocked on the hard wood. The door cracked open for a bit and Harry's voice floated over towards him.

"Come on in, door's open."

Raising an eyebrow Draco did as he was told, shutting the door firmly behind him. He would have wondered whether it was a smart idea for Harry to open the door with magic without knowing who was behind it, but he knew that the wards would have alerted the pregnant man as to whom was visiting him.

Yellowish light was shining underneath the door of the living room and he slowly pushed it open, stepping inside. Harry was placing some pillows back on the couch and gathering some toys. He craned his neck around and offered a distracted smile.

"Sorry about that. I only just managed to get Teddy to fall asleep and I'm still cleaning up a bit," he explained sheepishly before directing the toys to a basket next to the bookcase.

As he turned around to face Draco, the blond got a good view of his rounded belly; the sweater stretched firmly around it, showing off the roundness. The knowledge of whose child Harry was carrying burned in the back of his mind and his fingers twitched.

"How's our baby doing?" Draco asked mildly, though anger was simmering closely underneath the surface as the proof of their love for each other was staring him right in the face.

Hands dipped down almost automatically by now to cup his stomach as Harry smiled and said, "He's doing …" He froze, trailing off as his mind caught up to what exactly Draco had asked him. Green eyes widened; a touch of fear lurking deeply inside them and then he shook his head, chuckling weakly. "What are you talking about, Draco? He's not - "

"Don't make this any worse than it already is," Draco interrupted him harshly and Harry paled, shutting his mouth quickly. "Do me a favour and stop fucking lying to me!"
"How did – how did you figure it out?" Harry asked, voice small as he remained frozen next to the couch.

"Funny thing, that," Draco said sarcastically, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "I was just looking through the study of one of my great-aunts when I found the family tapestry she had been working on when she was alive. She was quite obsessed with tracing the Malfoy roots, you know."

The dark haired man said nothing, staring at the blond with large, guilty eyes.

_Good, he should feel fucking guilty._

"I was curious, you see. Figured it would be interesting to see how far she had traced back. Quite far as it appears and the charm she placed on it ensures that the tapestry keeps growing with each generation that is added," Draco continued, his voice tight with restrained anger. "Lo and behold, what do I see when I reach the most recent generation? Not my name alone, oh no. No, the tapestry showed my name tied to yours and another line going directly down, announcing a new generation."

"Draco, I …"

"First I thought the tapestry was wrong, because clearly we're not together, right?" Draco laughed harshly and the younger man flinched. "And certainly that child can't be mine, because for that we would have to have sex and I think I would remember fucking you. But the tapestry wasn't faulty, so I came to the conclusion that someone must have messed with my mind, used a Memory Charm. They must have used one on you too, because surely you would have said something to me if you remembered everything, right?"

Something in the kitchen shattered.

"So I decided to use Legilimency on my mind and break the Memory Charm, considering I really wanted to know who had had the balls to Obliviate me," the blond continued and some bookshelves rattled dangerously.

If possible Harry became even paler; his fingers clenched so tightly into his sweater, they had turned white.

"And when I finally manage to break through that goddamn Memory Charm, I find out that the one who stole my memories was the one I trusted the most! The only one I ever confessed my love to!" Draco could barely keep himself from shouting as he took a step forwards; the thought of Teddy sleeping upstairs the only thing keeping him in check.

"Draco, please, I …"

"Was it fun?" Draco hissed, taking another step closer. "Hm? What, you had your fun fucking a Death Eater and decided that enough was enough? Didn't think I was good enough for more? Or was it getting too serious for your liking? Why the fuck did you - "

"Because I love you!" Harry finally burst out; his eyes wild and his magic thrumming visibly around him. "Okay?! Because I fucking love you and I wanted to protect you!"

"Protect me?" Draco snorted harshly. "Protect me from what?!!"

"I didn't want Voldemort to find out how close we had become, okay?" Harry said, lower lip trembling. "I was scared that he would find out without you realising it and I thought you'd be safer at least a little bit more if you couldn't remember – if you couldn't remember us. I'm sorry, okay? I can't apologise enough for this, but at the time it was the only thing I could think of that could keep
you safe. You yourself had said that some of the Death Eaters were suspicious of you!

Draco opened his mouth to retort, to remind the other man that he didn't need his fucking protection, but Harry’s self-deprecating, bitter laugh made him pause.

"I know I didn't have any right to do that to you and there's not a day that goes by that I don't wish I hadn't done it. When the Healer told me I was pregnant, my first reaction was that I had to tell you, but of course I couldn't because you didn't remember anything! I know you're furious at me and you have every right to be. I fucked up, I admit it." Harry swallowed. "But I just wanted to keep you safe. I didn't want to lose more people just because they were close to me. Nobody has ever been so close to me as you were and I was scared Voldemort would take advantage of that. I didn't want to Obliviate you, but if losing memories of us would keep you safe …" he trailed off and looked away, hugging himself as much as he could with his stomach in the way.

"You had no right to do something like that to me," Draco said through gritted teeth, clenching his fists. "But fine, let's pretend I accept your stupid fucking reasoning, care to tell me why the fuck you didn't lift the Memory Charm after the war? Why you didn't remove it when you discovered you were pregnant? Were you ever planning on telling me that that child is mine or were you planning on hiding it from me?"

Biting his lower lip, Harry sank down on the couch; his arms wrapped around his stomach. "I - the reason why I didn't remove the charm after the war was because I thought you'd still be safer without the memories."

Draco really, really wanted to punch him now. The window trembled violently underneath the strain of his agitated magic, but didn't shatter – yet.

"You fucking – what kind of bloody excuse do you have now for keeping me safe after the war?" he sneered, throwing his arms out. "Go on, tell me, this has to be a good one! What the hell were you protecting me from, huh? From being disappointed that I apparently fell in love with a fucking coward who thought I couldn't take care of myself? Newsflash, Potter: if that was your reason, you failed!"

The dark haired man flinched as if struck. "After – after the trials were done, Kingsley called me in his office. He knew we had been close and he warned me that – some Death Eaters escaped after the final battle and Kingsley had heard they were planning on regrouping and grabbing someone close to me in order to lure me out," he replied in a low voice; eyes downcast. "Hermione's and Ron's names were mentioned, but … they were thinking of grabbing either you or your mother because they heard I had testified in your favour and … Well, apparently they figured that meant you and I had to be very close."

He took a deep breath and continued hollowly, "Hermione and Ron didn't want to leave me alone. I got the strongest wards around this place and limited my trips to other places. I – with the Memory Charm you just considered me an alley during the war, someone you didn't need to keep meeting with after the war was fought. You'd stay away from me and that would keep you safe from the remaining Death Eaters. I'm not making up danger where there isn't, you know." This time he looked up and for the first time this evening, determination shone in his eyes. "Kingsley kept track of the group and his spy told him they lost interest in you and your mother after a few months when it became clear that you and I weren't meeting up anymore."

"If your genius plan was to keep me and mother safe from staying away from us, then why did you accept her invitation?" Draco demanded, narrowing his eyes.

Harry stilled and looked away with something akin to shame colouring his face. "It's – because you
talked to me at the hospital and I – I missed you so much that I just … I figured one dinner couldn't hurt and I'd get to see you again for a little while before things would turn back to normal. You weren't meant to seek me out and help me in the house and I should have turned you away, but …"

"But what?"

The green eyed wizard rubbed his hands briskly over his face, before he settled them back on his stomach. He stared at the floor as he asked flatly, "Do you know how men are able to become pregnant?"

A frown creased Draco's forehead as he was taken aback by the unexpected question. "Through potions or spells usually," he replied blandly, not understanding where this was going all of a sudden. What did this have to do with why Harry had allowed him to visit him if it had been so dangerous for him?

"That's usually the case, yes, but I didn't take any potion or cast any spell," Harry replied and shook his head. "I asked the Healer about it and he told me that in severe circumstances, the combined magic of a couple could be enough to make a pregnancy happening without the use of a potion or a spell."

"Those instances are rare," Draco couldn't help but point out. "You'd need a lot of magic and the need to continue the line …" he trailed off, his mind flashing back to the last night they had spent together. A night where they both had feared they would never see each other again. His breath hitched.

Harry nodded and smiled wryly. "Well, we aren't exactly weak wizards and I suppose being afraid we would die is a good enough requisite to make this possible."

"While it's nice to finally know how you ended up pregnant, what does this have to do with you not turning me away?" the blond questioned tersely.

Abruptly Harry rose up and started pacing up and down in front of the fireplace. "That time you met me at the hospital – I had ended up there because my magic was too much out of balance. Turns out that having a large magic reserve doesn't mean squat when you're actually pregnant. You need both parents' magic to have a healthy pregnancy."

"That's why you didn't turn me away," Draco realised and bitterness filled him, leaving a sour taste behind. Even though he was furious at the other man for stealing his memories, a part of him – a part he had tried to quell but refused to back down – had been thrilled. Harry had been in love with him before – given how willingly he had met up with Draco despite having wanted to keep him supposedly safe, that must have meant he still loved Draco, right?

But in the end, he didn't even have this anymore. Harry meeting up with him had been nothing more than a way to reassure his pregnancy would progress well. Without the baby would Harry even have tried to see him at least one more time?

"That's partly the reason," Harry answered quietly and halted in front of the hearth. "I couldn't have my baby suffer because of a stupid mistake I made, but the real reason is that I missed you too much to turn you away. I told myself I was seeing you again for the baby, but really, I'm just selfish and I wanted you in whatever capacity I could get."

"What about the remaining Death Eaters?" Draco inquired wearily.

Harry shrugged half-heartedly. "Kingsley put a team together to hunt them down," he replied flatly.
"I would have been on it, but I couldn't because of the baby. They've caught nearly all of them now. Supposedly some of them have fled to other countries."

Draco sighed, exhaustion filling him as his anger slowly drained away. This whole mess all came back to Harry wanting too much to be a hero and the blond didn't know how to go from here on. What did one do after discovering the person they loved was the same one stealing their memories to keep them safe?

What did one do if despite locked away memories they fell in love again?

"I didn't want to hurt you, Draco," Harry whispered. "I never meant to do that. But I wanted to keep you safe and that was the only way I could think of to do that. There were already rumours floating around that some of the Death Eaters thought you were too close to me. Obliviating you seemed like the only solution back then to keep you safe."

"I knew of those rumours, Harry," Draco said quietly, staring at the man in front of him with weariness. "I knew what I was getting myself into when I agreed to go deeper as a spy. You should never have done that. Severus taught me how to lock away any dangerous memories I had – there was no way anyone would have got any confirmation of us in my mind."

He shook his head, feeling empty. "The memories I have of us together – they're one of the best I have. They kept me going during those long days and nights that I was away from you. And you stole them because you didn't trust me to take care of myself. You stole the knowledge of my son from me."

"I'm sorry, Draco," Harry said thickly; his eyes wet with unshed tears. "I'm so sorry."

"I know you are," Draco murmured and took a step back, breathing out noisily. "You did all that because you feared my loving you would lead me into danger," he paused, before continuing softly, "but you never stopped to think what would happen if I fell in love with you again."

Stunned Harry stared at him, his mouth parting a bit.

The blond man took a deep breath and released it slowly, raising his eyes to the ceiling before flicking them back towards the younger man. "I don't know what to do now, Harry," he confessed, shaking his head. "I just don't know."

He turned around and silently left the house; the 'click' of the door falling shut behind him echoing loudly in his ears, as he stood there for a moment, bowing his head.

He had his answers now.

He didn't feel better.

Only worse.

Chapter End Notes

AN2: *hums* Does this count as a cliffhanger? Yes? No? Well, at least you finally know what happened! Next chapter will be the last one.

Please leave your thoughts behind in a review; should you spot any mistakes, please
point them out to me.

See you all in the last chapter!

Cuddles

Melissa
"So the Ministry lost interest?" Father questioned, narrowing his eyes slightly. He was sitting regally on his chair as if he was holding a conversation in the grand living room of Malfoy Manor instead of his small cell.

"It appears so," Draco murmured, pausing when the sound of footsteps reached his ears. They passed the cell however and the blond man relaxed slightly. "They removed the last Auror on watch off our property a month ago."

"The Minister seems preoccupied with hunting down the last Death Eaters," Mother added with a thin smile; her hands neatly folded on her midnight blue robes.

Father eyed them contemplatively before a faint smirk painted his lips. "I imagine the absence of the Aurors might have something to do with Draco visiting Potter regularly as well."

"You know about that?" Draco asked sharply; his heart skipping a beat. During their last conversation they hadn't talked about Harry Potter once; they had had more important topics to discuss and it hadn't come up in Draco's mind to inform his father about his meetings with the pregnant man.

His stomach turned upside down at the mention of the dark haired wizard and Draco took a deep, slow breath; forcing the memories of their last meeting down again.

"Son, being in solitary confinement does not mean I am completely cut off from news of the outside world," Father retorted dryly and the younger blond flushed, glancing away. "I can assure you that any news concerning Potter is eagerly shared in this place."

Draco remained quiet, not certain how to react to that. Fortunately for him, Lucius was more
interested in discussing their family's business than what the Boy-Who-Lived-Twice was doing nowadays.

They talked for another ten minutes and then there was a rapid knock on the door, signalling their visit was over for now. Draco and his mother said goodbye to Lucius and were escorted by a grim looking Auror to the lowest level of Azkaban where they received their wands again.

Sharp, biting cold wind greeted them mercilessly when they set foot outside; the large, heavy doors falling shut behind them with an ominous sound. Above them the sky was darkening rapidly, promising a heavy downpour. The Dementors no longer were present at the island, but that did not take away the dreariness nor the misery clinging to the building and the surrounding land. Only the howling of the wind and the crashing of the waves could be heard as there weren't even any seagulls flying above the prison. Even birds didn't like the atmosphere here.

The Auror who had brought them to the island – a gruff, old man with a long scar running from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth – waited until they had sat down on the small boat and then steered the boat away from the shore, remaining as silent as he had been on the way here. He hadn't even introduced himself, simply gestured for the two to step into the boat, but Draco couldn't bring himself to care about that particular bit of rudeness. As long as he brought him and his mother to the island and back safely, he could be as quiet as he wanted to be.

The blond man was aware of the occasional glance resting on him, but he didn't react to it and simply stared out into the distance. His mother had been looking at him peculiarly for several times this past week already, but so far he had managed to evade having to talk to her. He realised his avoidance couldn't last forever, but he wasn't in the mood to confess what was bothering him.

What would talking about it change, really? It would still leave him furious and betrayed and confused; he still wouldn't know what to do.

Not talking, not thinking about it – he couldn't ignore the problem forever, no, but for now he could.

"Any plans for the rest of the day?" Mother asked mildly when they left the foyer; their outer robes already handed over to two house elves to clean.

"I'm planning on brewing some potions," Draco answered lightly, already turning towards the cellar where one of the rooms had been turned into a potion's laboratory. The room had originally belonged to his great-grandfather, who had built the potion's lab and Draco had added more cauldrons and shelves and potion ingredients to it throughout the years, turning it into his own lab.

"I figured I could start creating new potions and brewing potions on commission now that the Ministry is no longer suspicious of us," he continued; a light sneer audible in his voice. He had always loved brewing potions, the love for the art instilled in him by his godfather, but had decided it best to wait with creating potions until they no longer had an Auror guard breathing down their necks.

Creating new potions wasn't illegal, but it was all too easy to imagine one of those idiotic Aurors claiming he wanted to brew illegal ones just to get him into trouble.

"A good plan," Mother said approvingly and he smiled.

No matter how old he would become, there would always be a part of him who would be happy with his parents' approval.

His smile was wiped off at her next casual question. "You're not planning on visiting Harry this
"No, I don't have any plans, why?" he asked, curter than he would have liked to be, but he couldn't help himself. Any mention of the younger wizard set him on edge now.

"No particular reason," she hummed and regarded him thoughtfully. "I merely wondered, because it has been nearly two weeks since you went to visit him."

"I wasn't aware I'm obligated to visit him weekly," he retorted sharply, but his mouth felt oddly dry and he cursed himself silently. Of course his mother would notice his sudden refusal to visit the other wizard.

"You're not," she spoke calmly, but her eyes narrowed slightly as she moved closer. "I do wonder whether something has happened between the two of you."

"Why? I have a life outside visiting him, you know," he scoffed.

"I sent him a letter last week," she said; her lips thinning as she pressed them together. "Inviting him to another dinner here at the manor, but he refused."

"Maybe he wasn't in the mood. He doesn't have to join us for dinner if he doesn't want to," he retorted annoyed.

"He's never refused a dinner or lunch before," she stated, linking her fingers together. "Yet he did right after you came back upset. Forgive me, my son, but I cannot help but think that something happened between you two."

"Nothing happened," he repeated stubbornly.

Silence reigned loudly between them for a moment before mother inclined her head.

"You know where to find me if you want to talk about it," she murmured and ascended the staircase, brushing her hand against his left cheek when she passed by him.

Gritting his teeth, a whirlwind of emotions wreaking havoc inside him, he made his way to the cellars in the vague hope that brewing would take his mind off his problems for at least a little while.

The second explosion caused the walls to tremble and he flung himself back just in time to avoid being splattered by the greenish, sickly purple potion. That was supposed to be a Muscle Relaxer Draught, but looked more fit to poison someone at the moment.

With a sigh Draco waved his wand at the cauldron, vanishing the mess with a quick flick and using a Draft Wind Charm to dispel the lingering fumes. That done, he slumped back into his chair, staring up at the ceiling despondently.

Clearly brewing potions wasn't the way to distract himself. In the state he was in currently he was more liable to have a potion explode in his face.

He had thought that brewing would distract him, give him a moment's reprieve from the storm growing in his mind, but of course it didn't work now. Instead of clearing his mind, he only grew more frustrated and his nails bit into the palms of his hands as he curled his fingers into fists.

He just didn't know what to do.

What was he supposed to do, now that he knew he had been in a relationship with Harry before the week?"
man had stolen his memories in a misguided attempt to protect him? How was he supposed to act, knowing that the younger man was carrying his child?

*Fuck, he would be a father soon.*

A strangled noise left his throat and he pressed his fist against his mouth, staring blankly at the wall in front of him.

This wasn't … He hadn't thought of children before. Why would he when he had just become eighteen? Before the war he had imagined he would have some fun after he was done with school, flirt around a bit before he would start looking for a decent spouse his parents would approve of. After the war he just wanted to live, adjust himself to the fact that he was no longer risking his life.

Not once, not before or after the war, had he imagined he would have a child soon. There hadn't been any point; he wasn't fucking anyone, so why would he have thought about the possibility of a child being conceived?

Except he had been sleeping with someone, but that person had taken his memories away from him, had stolen the chance of discovering he would become a father.

He couldn't decide what hurt the most: the fact that Harry had Obliviated him or the fact that thanks to his memory loss, he hadn't been there when Harry had discovered he was pregnant. If he hadn't broken through the Memory Charm, would Harry have ever confessed that the child was his? Would he ever have given Draco a chance to date him or wouldn't he have risked it?

Had Harry ever planned to be honest to him or had he just wanted to hide behind the flimsy excuse of keeping Draco safe?

Perhaps the most important question – and the most pressing one currently – was: could Draco forgive him for Obliviating him? Could he look at Harry, be with him, without getting furious for the violation he had endured underneath the other man's hands?

Draco leant forwards, his head resting in his hands as he gazed at the potion splattered floor; willing the mess to give him some sort of answer.

He had never felt this confused before. On the one hand, the love he felt for Harry hadn't diminished, even with the knowledge of the Memory Charm. It made him feel pathetic, but it was the truth. On the other hand, he didn't know if he would ever be able to forgive Harry for locking his memories away, for violating his mind.

Had no way of knowing Harry would never do that again.

His breath hitched and he swallowed painfully; his cheeks oddly warm, pricking, as nausea swirled his stomach around. That was the question of the day, right? Would the Memory Charm be a one-time kind of deal, something Harry had done under duress, thinking he had had no other choice in a vain attempt to keep his lover safe?

But what if a new danger popped up? What if some Death Eaters escaped and tried to take revenge? Would Harry take his memories away again? Would he keep casting Memory Charms every time there was the slightest hint of danger?

Would Draco forever have to be wary, questioning his own mind if he remained near Harry?

He shouldn't have to wonder about that, he knew that. He shouldn't be questioning whether his memories would be stolen from him again by the one person he was supposed to trust the most. The
person he had loved and still loved, even if he didn't want to anymore.

Had he actually ever fallen out of love? Was this his second time falling in love with Harry or had his love just laid dormant all this time until he started to spend more time with Harry?

Did that matter?

He breathed out slowly, rubbing his temples. Here he was questioning whether he still wanted Harry, whether he could trust him not to Obliviate him again.

But even if he reached a conclusion now, who said Harry still felt the same? He had admitted to wanting to be around Draco, but in what kind of way? As a lover, as a friend?

Just because he was the other father of his child?

Well, nothing of that mattered as long as Draco couldn't figure out what exactly he felt for the dark haired wizard.

If he couldn't decide whether his love for Harry was bigger than the sense of betrayal and hurt – then they didn't have a future together either way.

How was he supposed to decide, though?

Dark blue eyes flicked up from the old tome they were perusing when Draco entered the spacious study. The tome was closed with an almost inaudible 'thud' and a slender hand beckoned him closer.

"How is the brewing going?" Mother asked, picking up her cup of tea to take a delicate sip.

"I've had better days," Draco admitted begrudgingly, sinking down in the leather armchair across from his mother.

He had given brewing potions a few more tries these past couple of days, but it clearly wasn't going to help him as long as his mind remained in this muddy state of indecisiveness. It was pure frustration, coupled with a sliver of desperation, that had him seeking out his mother.

At this point nothing could get any worse, really.

Mother just regarded him calmly, not a hint of impatience in her face as she waited for her son to gather his thoughts and speak about what was bothering him.

"I'm …" Draco started and trailed off, not certain where he wanted to go with that sentence. He shook his head and tried again. "You and father – I was wondering … Has father ever done something you found difficult to forgive?"

He didn't think his father had. Not that the older man was perfect – Draco might have thought that once, but the last couple of years had been a painful eyeopener as to how flawed his father could be. The relationship between his parents, however, had always appeared steady, like a rock refusing to be bested by the ferocious sea. No matter what happened, no matter what the Ministry had tried or what had happened during the war, his parents had never seemed to lose faith in each other.

He knew Lucius and Narcissa loved each other very much; they didn't need verbal claims of their love. It was there in the way they behaved towards each other; the way they looked and talked with each other.

Yes, his father had made mistakes, but he doubted that any of them had been severe enough for his
mother to not forgive him. Why would you stay with someone you couldn't forgive?

"Yes, he has," Mother answered serenely to his utter shock.

"But – so you never forgave him for whatever he did?" he questioned astonished.

If she hadn't been able to forgive father, why was she still with him? Wasn't trust one of the most important parts of a relationship? Or was this just part of keeping up appearances?

"No, I did not and he knows that," she continued calmly, but her eyes sharpened as she studied him. "I never forgave him for accepting the Dark Lord's mark. I knew back then that it would bring nothing but trouble, but he did not want to listen to me."

Draco licked his lips, trying to order his thoughts. "Why – how are you able to stay with him then?" he asked, a tad helpless. Was it possible to love someone, stay with them even if you couldn't forgive them for something they did? He couldn't really wrap his mind around that fact.

Bemusement coloured her voice when she replied, "Because my love for him is bigger than the betrayal I felt back then. Don't misunderstand me, my dragon, I was furious when I discovered what he had done. We've spent weeks fighting about it, but in the end I decided that what was done was done and we couldn't go back. We just had to make the best of it." She shifted a bit, tapping her nails thoughtfully on the cover of the book.

"I swore to stand by his side through whatever life throws at us and that is still true. Will I ever forgive him for accepting the mark? I don't think I ever will. Was it enough to separate us? No, it was not. I knew he was a flawed man when I married him, but the love I have for him is bigger than the betrayal I felt back then, bigger than any kind of anger he can elicit in me. So I made peace with what he did. I can't forgive him for it, but I'm not going to let his mistake define us either. We're more than the error he made."

Draco's mind was reeling with the onslaught of honest answers mother was giving him. She had never spoken so frankly about her marriage with father before and he had honestly expected her to just give a vague answer that would leave him dissatisfied and still not closer to gaining a solution for his own problem.

"Aren't you … worried that he'll do something to betray your trust again?" he questioned uncertainly, not wanting to cross a line, but needing to hear the answer.

She cocked her head slightly, gazing at him pensively. "No, I'm not," she answered, crossing her legs. "Because I trust him not to repeat his mistake. If I couldn't trust him with that, we wouldn't be together anymore."

To Draco, mother's answer felt like a contradiction. She hadn't forgiven his mistake, yet trusted her husband not to commit another error. How could she be so certain that he wouldn't wrong her again? Just because she loved him? Was love really enough to get past a betrayal?

"Love isn't easy, Draco," Mother murmured; her hair shimmering in the light of the fire. "It requires hard work and trust. I chose to trust your father after he made his mistake and he hasn't let me down since."

"But how did you know you could still trust him?" Draco insisted, frowning, as he rubbed absentmindedly over his thigh.

"I just know," she answered simply.
Well, that didn't really help him out, did it?

"Do your questions have something to do with what happened with Harry?" she inquired cautiously.

He smiled thinly. "Something like that," he muttered evasively and left the study before she could ask further.

Could he trust Harry not to steal his memories again? Or should he just give up now?

So many questions, yet still no answer.

"Malfoy?"

The reserved, familiar voice had him tensing up and he slowly craned his neck around, laying eyes on Granger who stood at the beginning of the aisle, five books clutched against her chest as she regarded him apprehensively.

"Granger," he returned neutrally. So far he only had had to endure some glares and dark whispers during his trip in Diagon Alley and he was hoping to get back to the manor without landing himself into a fight. Getting into a possible argument with Granger – something that nearly always seemed to happen whenever they were near each other – was not conducive to having a calm shopping trip.

"I – didn't expect to see you here," she murmured, shifting her books a bit. They were thick and dark coloured, but the titles were covered.

He shrugged stiffly. "Needed to get some books about potions," he muttered, turning his attention back to the book clutched in his hands, dismissing the young woman.

Outside the cold November wind howled, making the windows rattle with its force.

Soft footsteps approached him and he tensed up, letting out an annoyed hiss between his teeth. It figured that she wouldn't just leave; that would have been too easy.

"Eh, how are you doing?" she questioned rather meekly, freeing one arm to brush a stray lock behind her ear.

"Just dandy," he answered curtly, refusing to look up from the potion's guide. "Why do you ask?"

"Harry – he told us that you know …" she trailed off, clearly uncomfortable.

A bitter chuckle left him before he could stop himself. "That I'm the one who knocked him up? Or are you referring to the fact that I know he Obliviated me? Well, I know both, so." He abruptly turned around, his fingers tightening around the spine of the book. "How long did you know about him Obliviating me?" he asked harshly; pure frustration flaring up once more.

She stared at him wearily and sighed. "Ron and I didn't know until we discovered the pregnancy. He didn't want to tell us, but well, he's never been able to keep a secret for long from us."

Draco wanted to point out her best friend had managed to keep it a secret for months, but wasn't in the mood to start a new argument.

"Harry didn't do it to hurt you," she said quietly, her wand dancing through the air as she cast a Privacy Shield around them. "I'm not agreeing with what he did and I'm not making excuses for him," she continued hastily when Draco glowered at her. "But I know he did it to protect you."
"That doesn't make what he did right," he spat, but his ire had been drained out by weariness a while ago. His conversation with mother and his yet to die out feelings for Harry had been occupying his mind for days now as he tried to come to a decision. It was harder than he thought it would be.

She shook her head, biting her lower lip. "I know and he knows that too. The war – we all did fucked up things, Malfoy. And Harry – he's lost too many people. He didn't want to lose you too. What he did wasn't right, but – I can understand why he did it."

"What do you want me to say, Granger?" Draco sighed, rubbing his forehead. A headache was steadily building, like a heavy pressure pushing down on his head.

"I'm not …" She hesitated, shuffled her feet before huffing and pursing her lips. There was a fire dancing in her eyes as she replied, "Just talk to him one more time at least, okay? Clear up the air between you and decide what you're going to do with the baby."

"Is the – are they doing okay?" The question was forced out of him before he could think twice and he pressed his lips together, glancing away, as if that could undo his inquiry.

"They're all right," she answered, her voice audibly softening. "They're strong."

He nodded, keeping his mouth shut as he stared at the floor.

"Just go talk to him," she said softly. "You both need it."

Before he could say anything to that, she walked away, leaving him standing in the small aisle. Feeling more conflicted than ever before.

Dark green eyes, made darker by the bags underneath them, widened and stared at him in shock when the door opened, revealing the blond standing there.

"We need to talk," Draco said quietly.

The rain continued to fall as the front door closed behind him.

"I can't – I need to know I can trust you, Harry. I need to be able to trust that you won't erase my memories anymore if a new danger pops up. If we're going to do this, if we're going to try this, I need to know."

A shuddering breath.

"I can – if you want, I can swear an Unbreakable Vow."

Stumped. "You'd do that for me?"

A self-deprecating laugh. "I think it's the least I can do after the shit I put you through. I didn't expect a second chance, Draco, so I'm willing to do whatever you want to earn your trust again. I swear I'm not going to fuck up again." Voice slightly choked up. Hands trembling slightly as they laid on his swollen stomach.

Thirty weeks pregnant. In less than three months their son would be here.

Grey fastened onto green.
"Okay."

A soft exhale.

A weak smile.

They agreed to take it slow.

Draco started visiting Harry multiple times each week now; sometimes just to hang out, sometimes they did nothing but talking. There was still uncertainty hanging between them as they tried to get past what had happened; insecurity crossing Harry's face whenever he reached out to touch Draco, not certain whether his touch would be welcomed.

Despite Harry's offer, Draco hadn't wanted him to make an Unbreakable Vow. The vow would have been the easiest way to ensure that Harry would never betray him like that again, but Draco didn't want to rely on magic to trust the dark haired man. If he couldn't trust him without a magical aid, what was the point in being with each other? He didn't think he would ever really forgive Harry for Obliviating him, but he was willing to get past it if it meant getting a chance to be with the dark haired man.

He was still in love with Harry. That was a fact. He wanted to be with him. That was another fact. They still had to work on the trust issues lingering between them, but that was okay. They had time. It was enough to work on it together.

It was enough to be together, take care of Teddy, and discuss names for their son.

Their son.

A strange giddiness filled him every time he thought about their son growing steadily in Harry's stomach, waiting for the day to be born; warmth filling him when he felt his baby kicking underneath his hands, Harry's stomach rippling with each kick and press of a fist.

He hadn't envisioned becoming a father at such a young age, but the prospect didn't terrify him as much as he thought it would have now that he had had some time to get used to the idea.

They informed his mother about her grandson on a snowy day in the middle of December during one of Harry's visits at Malfoy Manor. She didn't question their relationship, didn't demand to be told why she only got to hear the news now instead of months ago, but simply hugged them both, offering her help should they need it.

"Are you certain about this, my dragon?" she asked once Draco stepped out of the hearth, returning from his short journey of escorting Harry home.

The younger man's balance had already been shit before his pregnancy, but being nine months pregnant had only made it worse and Draco saw to it that he accompanied him during his Floo travels, wanting to prevent him from falling flat on his face.

He dusted off some soot and regarded her calmly. "I am," he stated, knowing that she was concerned for him. If he hadn't been certain, he wouldn't have introduced Harry as his partner to her.

She wouldn't ask questions, but that didn't mean she wouldn't worry. She knew that not everything was perfect between him and Harry, but was willing to remain out of it. He knew she would have his back regardless if it ever did go wrong between him and Harry.
She inclined her head, before brushing a cool hand over his cheek. "I trust your decision," she murmured, pressing a kiss against his right cheek before silently leaving the foyer.

Draco remained standing there for a little while longer, aware of the small smile on his face. No, everything wasn't perfect yet between him and Harry; some hurdles still laid in front of them, but they were working their way through them, talking and getting used to being with each other in that manner again. It wasn't easy, but this thing between him and Harry, this relationship – it wasn't impossible either. They might have to work harder on their relationship than others, but Draco wasn't opposed to that. He had made the decision to give Harry another chance and so far he hadn't been disappointed. They would get there, he was sure.

Everything was gradually falling into place. Slowly, but surely.

They kissed each other for the first time a week into the new year. They had been rearranging the furniture in the nursery, Harry growing more antsy the closer he neared his due date and needing something to do to work off the excess energy. There had been tentative hints coming from him about Draco moving in with him, but they were kept vague enough that Draco didn't feel pressured into giving an answer now.

Harry was changing the order into which some stuffed toys had been put on a shelf, saying, "Andromeda's offered to keep Teddy with her for a few weeks after the baby is born."

"To give you some time to rest?" Draco furrowed his eyebrows, lowering his wand now that the bed was standing in the left corner next to the window.

Harry snorted, taking a step back from the display. "As if a new born baby is going to let me rest much," he replied and rolled his eyes. "It's a nice offer and I might take her up on it for a few days, but I'm used to having Teddy with me now."

"And your protective father instincts are going haywire at the thought of not having Teddy with you," Draco teased, drawing closer to the dark haired man.

The younger man huffed, crossing his arms on top of his heavily swollen stomach. "They're not going haywire," he complained, scowling at the blond. "I just don't see the point in not having Teddy with me when he's going to grow up with the baby anyway."

"I wonder whose stubbornness is going to win," Draco mused, halting next to Harry. "Yours or my aunt's."

Harry turned around, narrowing his eyes slightly. The winter sunlight caught the green of his eyes and made them shimmer like emeralds held above a flame. "It's not stubbornness! I just want - "

Their lips met before Draco realised fully what he was doing; a sudden strong surge of love sweeping him away, urging him to feel that soft, smooth skin underneath his own. Harry's lips parted underneath his in surprise, but kissed back and slender arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him as close as possible with Harry's belly between them. His own hands settled on Harry's hips, feeling the smooth material of his dark sweatpants underneath his fingertips as he turned his head slightly, deepening the kiss, getting to know Harry all over again in this way.

He knew they had kissed before – the memories were there now and he could recall with clarity the many times they had sneaked away to snog in a forgotten corner or an unused room; the heated, passionate kisses they had shared while having sex. The slow, tender kisses right before they fell asleep. The harsh ones tainted with desperation after each battle had ended and they had found each
other again, hurt but alive.

He had all those memories – and yet this kiss couldn't compare to all the others they had shared before. This one felt deeper, softer, right. It was in the way their mouths brushed against each other, soft but determined and in the way their breaths mingled and their bodies moulded themselves against each other.

It was like discovering Harry all over again, like this was the first time they were kissing.

It was bloody amazing, that was what it was.

When they parted – quite reluctantly, but their lungs were screaming for air – Draco's lips tingled as if an undercurrent of electricity was running through them, only more pleasant and they both panted; their cheeks flushed red.

"You're going to make it a habit to stop an argument by kissing me?" Harry questioned breathlessly and then winced. "Sorry, I shouldn't have – "

"I'm going to make it a habit to kiss you again and again," Draco interrupted him before the other wizard could sink down in a spiral of guilt. They had talked about this over and over again and the blond man wouldn't allow the other man to drown himself in guilt. What was done was done; they could only go forwards now instead of remaining stationary in the past.

Draco had made his decision and he wasn't going to regret it. He wasn't planning on regretting any of this.

Harry's face softened and his eyes, dimmed at the reference to their past, started sparkling again as he bit down on his lower lip, drawing Draco's attention to the slightly swollen, reddened mouth. Green eyes peeked at him coyly from underneath long eyelashes as fingers slipped into his hair, tugging playfully at some strands.

"Far be it from me to put a stop to that habit then," Harry whispered before sealing their mouths together again, pulling Draco into another deep kiss.

Nothing else much was done in the nursery that day.

Their son was born a few weeks later, on the twelfth of February. Harry's contractions had started early in the morning and Draco had been jolted out of his sleep by the stag Patronus announcing that Harry's water had broken. Panic had swept over him for a moment, paralyzing him for a few minutes, before he had forced himself to calm down and change into a sweater and trousers, hastening towards the fireplace so he could Floo to Harry's home. He had had spared enough time to send a house elf to wake up his mother with the news before he was barrelling into the Floo; his heart drumming loudly in his ears.

The look of pure relief plastered on Harry's face had made him realise that despite their growing intimacy of the last few months, the labouring man had been afraid he wouldn't show up.

That thought had him crossing the room faster than either one of them had expected and he drew the panting wizard into his arms, rubbing over his back soothingly as he pressed a kiss against Harry's temple.

"I'm here," he murmured; the words belying a deeper meaning than either of them were ready to acknowledge right now.
Hands clenched around his arms and Harry rested his head against his shoulder. "I know," he muttered before a pained groan escaped him as he was hit by a contraction.

They waited a few more hours before calling Healer Rose, knowing that the process of Harry getting ready to give birth would last a while even with the potions helping him along. Once she had arrived, though, everything went fairly quickly and before Draco realised it, he was sitting behind Harry, getting his hand squeezed to the point of being numb as he whispered encouragements in Harry's ear with the younger man pushing with all his might.

Some time passed, Draco too distracted by the feeling of Harry's body tensing against his own to take note of how much time had gone by exactly, but then suddenly a loud shout left Harry, he fell back against Draco's chest and there was the sharp, piercing cry of their new born son as he finally entered the world.

He was here. Their son was here.

Draco accepted the small, blue bundle with trembling arms and when he looked down into the small face of his son, saw the pouty, dark pink lips, the small button nose and the dark tuft of hair peeking out from beneath the blanket, he felt like he would burst out of his own body with happiness; his vision wavering, blurring, as he blinked away hot tears.

"He's perfect, Harry," he rasped, carefully placing their baby boy on Harry's chest, slipping next to him on the bed while placing an arm around Harry's shoulders.

"Yes, he is," Harry muttered exhausted, but a smile full of love bloomed open on his face as he carefully stroked the baby's cheek. "Welcome into the family, Scorpius."

Draco tightened his grip around Harry's shoulders, drawing him nearer as he looked down upon his little family.

A family he hadn't thought he would have any time soon.

A family he would do anything for and fight for to keep.

At that moment he finally comprehended fully what his mother had meant when she told him about his father's mistake. Harry had made a mistake, a mistake that had nearly cost them everything, but they were here now. Together.

It wasn't easy and they still had their struggles, but they were getting there one day at a time. They were willing to fight for each other and that was what counted in the end.

Love wasn't easy, especially not in their case, but it was worth it.

Their son was here now, marking a new chapter in their lives. A fresh start, a new beginning. Draco was looking forward to finding out what would happen next.

Green eyes locked onto grey ones and Draco smiled, bending down to share a soft, tender kiss with Harry.

No, fighting for their love wasn't easy, but Draco wouldn't have it any other way. They had each other now and that was all that mattered.

They still had their struggles, Harry proving that he could be trusted and Draco slowly getting over his distrust, but he was certain that they would get there in the end.
They had the rest of their lives to figure it out.

The End

Chapter End Notes

AN2: Can anyone tell how many times I've rewritten the ending? *sweatdrops* This started out as easy to write and then it somehow transformed into this complicated mess *groans*

But well, we reached the end of this story. It was supposed to be a oneshot and turned out to have four chapters in the end - not a surprise anymore when it comes to my writing I guess. I hope that despite the ending you still enjoyed the story. I know I enjoyed writing it - even if the last chapter gave me a lot of trouble.

For the last time please leave your thoughts behind in a review; should you spot any mistakes, please point them out to me.

I hope to see you all in my other stories!

Cuddles

Melissa

End Notes

AN2: So what do you think of this first chapter? Interested in reading more? I hope so anyway!

Please leave your thoughts behind in a review; should you spot any mistakes, please point them out to me.

See you all in the next chapter!

Cuddles

Melissa

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!